

CONSTANTINOPLE
AND THE SCENERY OF
SEVEN CHURCHES OF ASIA MINOR

ILLUSTRATED
BY THOMAS ALLOM

WITH AN HISTORICAL ACCOUNT OF CONSTANTINOPLE,
AND
DESCRIPTION OF THE PLATES

BY THE REV. ROBERT WALSH

FIRST AND SECOND SERIES

Constantinople and the Scenery of the Seven Churches of Asia Minor

by R. Walsh

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IN A SERIES OF DRAWINGS FROM NATURE
BY THOMAS ALLOM.

WITH
AN HISTORICAL ACCOUNT OF CONSTANTINOPLE, AND DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PLATES,
BY THE REV. ROBERT WALSH, LL.D.
CHAPLAIN TO THE BRITISH EMBASSY AT THE OTTOMAN PORTE.

FIRST AND SECOND SERIES.

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PREFACE.

Nothing can form a stronger contrast in modern times, than Asiatic and European Turkey. The first preserves its character unchanged—men and things still display the permanency of Oriental usages; and they are now as they have been, and will probably continue to be, for an indefinite period.

Not so the second—Constantinople having for centuries exhibited the singular and extraordinary spectacle of a Mahomedan town in a Christian region, and stood still while all about it were advancing in the march of improvement, has at length, as suddenly as unexpectedly, been roused from its slumbering stupidity; the city and its inhabitants are daily undergoing a change as extraordinary as unhopd for; and the present generation will see with astonishment, that revolution of usages and opinions, during a single life, which has not happened in any other country in revolving centuries.

The traveller who visited Constantinople ten years ago, saw the military a mere rabble, without order or discipline, every soldier moving after his own manner, and clad and armed after his own fashion; he now sees them formed into regular regiments, clothed in uniform, exercised in a system of tactics, and as amenable to discipline as a corps of German infantry. He saw the Sultan, the model of an Oriental despot, exhibited periodically to his subjects with gorgeous display; or to the representatives of his brother sovereigns, gloomy and mysterious, in some dark recess of his Seraglio: he now sees him daily, in European costume, in constant and familiar intercourse with all people—abroad, driving four-in-hand in a gay chariot, like a gentleman of Paris or London; and at home, receiving foreigners with the courtesies and usages of polished life. He formerly saw his kiosks with wooden projecting balconies, having dismal windows that excluded light, and jalousies closed up from all spectators; he now sees him in a noble palace, on

which the arts have been exhausted to render it as beautiful and commodious as that of a European sovereign. He formerly saw the people listening to nothing, and knowing nothing, but the extravagant fictions of story-tellers; he now sees them reading with avidity the daily newspapers published in the capital, and enlightened by the realities of passing events.

It is thus that the former state of things is hurrying away, and he who visits the capital to witness the singularities that marked it, will be disappointed. It is true, it possesses beauties which no revolution of opinions, or change of events, can alter. Its seven romantic hills, its Golden Horn, its lovely Bosphorus, its exuberant vegetation, its robust and comely people, will still exist, as the permanent characters of nature: but the swelling dome, the crescent-crowned spire, the taper minaret, the shouting muezzin, the vast cemetery, the gigantic cypress, the snow-white turban, the beniche of vivid colours, the feature-covering yasmak, the light caïque, the clumsy arrhuba, the arched bazaar—all the distinctive peculiarities of a Turkish town—will soon merge into the uniformity of European things, and, if the innovation proceed as rapidly as it has hitherto done, leave scarce a trace behind them.

To preserve the evanescent features of this magnificent city, and present it to posterity as it was, must be an object of no small interest; but the most elaborate descriptions will fail to effect it.

It is, therefore, to catch the fleeting pictures while they yet exist, and transmit them in *visible* forms to posterity, that the present work has been undertaken, and, that nothing might be wanting, Asiatic subjects are introduced; thus presenting, not only the Turk of one region as he was, but of another as he is, and will continue to be.

The Views are accompanied with letter-press, describing the usages, customs, and opinions of the people, as ancillary to the pictorial representations; and a Map of the Bosphorus is added, pointing out localities, and directing attention to the spot on which the reality stood or still stands. To complete the whole, an historical sketch of the city from its foundation is annexed, with a chronological series of its Emperors and Sultans to the present day; thus combining a concise history of persons and events, with copious details of its several parts, and vivid and characteristic representations of its objects.

ROBERT WALSH.

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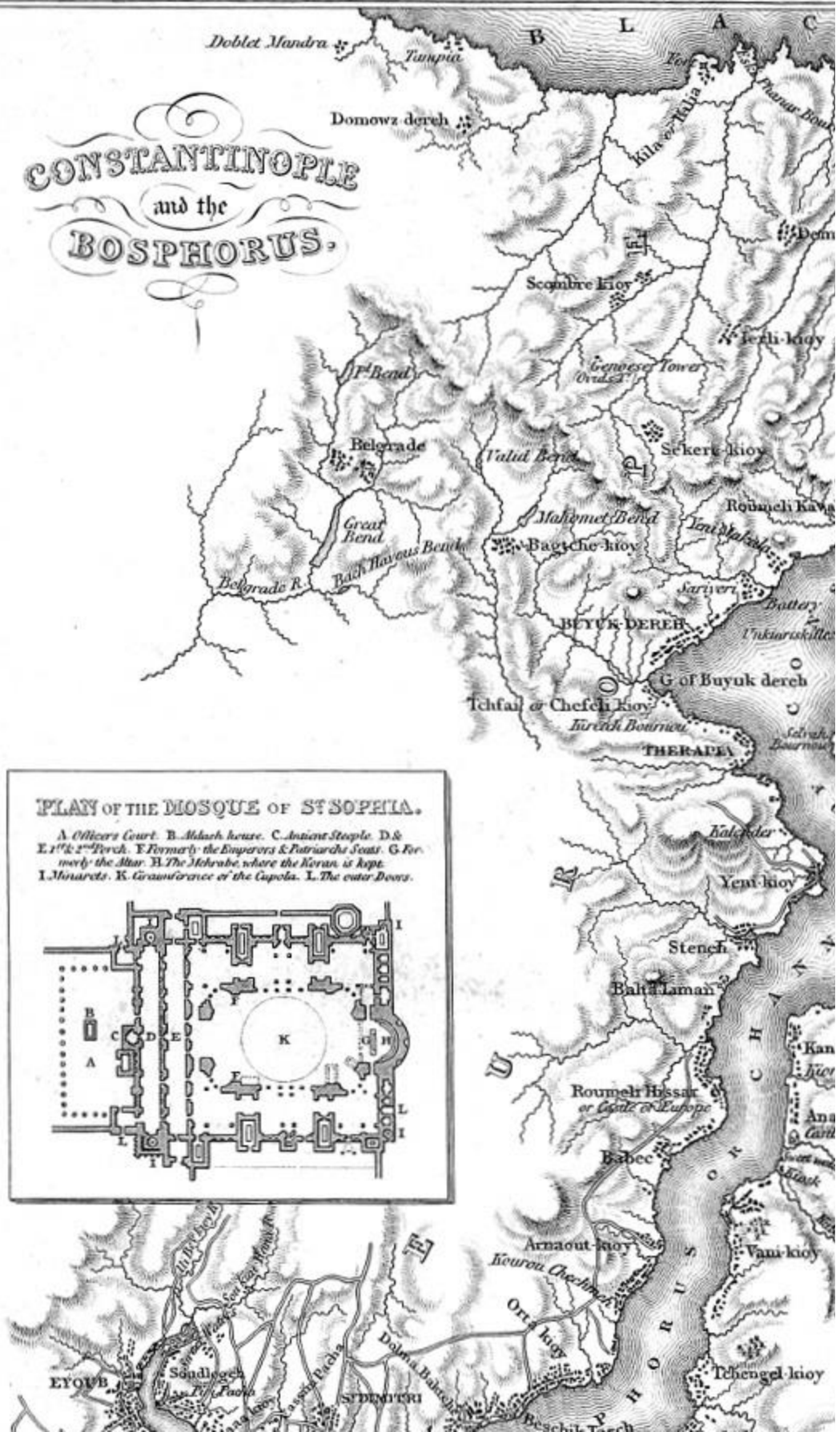
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[Map of the Mediterranean, and Turkish Empire.](#)

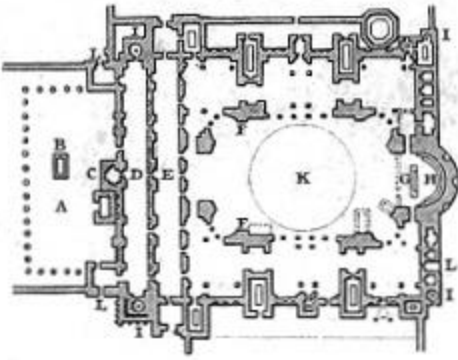
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CONSTANTINOPE and the BOSPHORUS.



PLAN OF THE MOSQUE OF ST SOPHIA.

A Officers Court. B Aldash house. C Ancient Steeple. D & E 1st & 2nd Porch. F Formerly the Emperors & Patriarchs Seats. G Formerly the Altar. H The Mohrabe, where the Koran is kept. I Minarets. K Circumference of the Cupola. L The outer Doors.



DRAWN & ENGRAVED BY ALEX^R FINLAY & SON.

CONSTANTINOPLE and the BOSPHORUS.

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

The first mercantile expedition undertaken by the Greeks, to a distant country, was that to Colchis, the eastern extremity of the Black Sea, to bring back the allegorical golden fleece. This distant and perilous voyage, could not fail, in that rude age, to excite the imagination; so the poets have adorned its historical details with all the fascinations of fiction; the bold mariners who embarked in the ship *Argo* are dignified with the qualities of heroes, and their adventures swelled into portentous and preternatural events. The Symplegades were placed at the entrance of this dark sea, which closed upon and crushed the daring ships that presumed to penetrate into its mysteries, and so for ever shut out all access to strangers. But the intrepid sailors, whose names are handed down to posterity for their extraordinary physical powers, overcame every difficulty; and Jason, the Columbus of the ancient world, returned in safety with his golden freight. From that time the hitherto impervious sea changed its name. It had been called by the inhospitable appellation of *Axenos*, because it was inaccessible to strangers; it was now named *Euxenos*, as no longer repelling, but, on the contrary, inviting foreigners to its shores.

The dark Euxine, and all its visionary dangers, soon became familiar to the enterprising Greeks, and colonies were every where planted on the narrow waters that led to it. Little, however, was understood of the advantages of selecting a site for these young cities; and one of the first on record still remains, to attest the ignorance of the founders. In the year 685 before the Christian era, Argias led a colony from Megara, which he settled at the mouth of the Bosphorus. The site selected for the town was the shore of a shallow bay that indented the Asiatic coast, and was exposed to every wind. It was first called Procerastes, afterwards Colpusa, and finally Chalcedon.

A few years had brought experience to the Greeks, and a more mature judgment led them to select a better situation. About thirty years after, Byzas led another colony from Megara. He consulted the oracle, as was usual in such cases, where he should erect his new city; and the answer was, of course, wrapt in mystery. He was directed to place it “opposite the city of the blind men.” On exploring the mouth of the strait, he discovered, on the European shore, a situation unrivalled perhaps by any other in the world. A peninsula of gradual elevation was

washed on one side by the Propontis, and on the other by a magnificent harbour, broad and deep, and sheltered from every wind, capable of holding in security all the ships of all known nations, and just within and commanding the mouth of the great watery thoroughfare to the newly discovered sea. Here they built their city, and called it Byzantium, after its founder Byzas, who, from his singular judgment and sagacity in maritime affairs, was also denominated the Son of Neptune. The accomplishment of the mysterious oracle was now apparent. The striking contrast between his selection and that of his predecessors on the opposite coast, caused their settlement to be called “the City of the Blind Men,” because its founder overlooked, or could not see the beauties and benefits of the site of Byzantium, when he had full liberty to choose. Byzantium was afterwards enlarged and re-edified by Pausanias, a Spartan, and, in process of time, from the singular superiority of its commanding situation and local advantages, became one of the most important of the free and independent republics of the Greeks, and suffered the penalty of its prosperity by becoming an object of envy and cupidity to its contemporaries.

The sovereigns of Bythinia and Macedon were the most persevering in their attacks. A siege by the latter is rendered memorable by a circumstance connected with it. Philip sat down before the city, and attempted to take it by surprise. A dark night was selected for the purpose, when it was hoped the citizens could not be prepared to resist the concealed and sudden attack. The moon, however, appeared to emerge from the black sky with more than common brilliancy, and illumined distinctly every object around the city. The obscure assailants were thus unexpectedly exposed to view, and discovered; and the citizens, now upon their guard, easily repulsed them. Grateful for this seasonable and supposed miraculous interference of the goddess, the Byzantines adopted Diana as their tutelar deity, and depicted her under the form of a crescent. By this emblem she is represented on the coins of the city, still extant, with the legend $\text{BY}\Sigma\text{ANT}\ \Sigma\Omega\text{T}$, implying that she was the “*saviour of Byzantium*.” This emblem of the ancient city was adopted by Constantine, when he transferred hither the seat of empire, and it was retained by the Turks, like many other representations, when they took possession of it. The crescent therefore is still its designation, not as a Mohammedan, but a Byzantine emblem.

After many struggles, with more powerful nations, to maintain its independence, Byzantium attracted the attention of the Romans. In the contests of the different competitors for the empire, the possession or alliance of this city was of much importance, not merely on account of its power and opulence, but because it was the great passage from Europe to Asia. It was garrisoned by a strong force, and no less than five hundred vessels were moored in its capacious harbour. When Severus and Niger engaged in hostilities, this city adhered to the latter, many of whose party fled thither, and found a secure asylum behind fortifications which were deemed impregnable. Siege was laid to it by the victorious Severus, but it repelled all his assaults for three years. Its natural strength was increased by the skill of an engineer named Priscus, who, like another Archimedes, defended this second Syracuse by the exercise of his extraordinary mechanical powers. When it did yield, it fell not by force, but famine. Encompassed by the great Roman armies on every side, its supplies were at length cut off, as the skill of the artist was incapable of alleviating the sufferings of starvation. By the cruel and atrocious policy of the most enlightened ages of the pagan world, the magistrates and soldiers were put to death without mercy, for their gallant defence, to deter others from similar perseverance; and to destroy for ever its power and importance, its privileges were suppressed, its walls demolished, its means of defence taken away; and in this state it continued, an obscure village, subject to its neighbours

the Perentians, till it was unexpectedly selected to become the great capital of the Roman empire, an event rendered deeply interesting because it was connected with the extinction of paganism, and the acknowledgment of Christianity, as the recognised and accredited religion of the civilized world.

The emperor Diocletian, impelled by his cruel colleague Galerius, had consented to the extermination of the Christians, now becoming a numerous and increasing community all over the Roman empire: decrees were issued for this purpose, and so persevering and extreme were the efforts made to effect it, that medals were struck and columns erected with inscriptions, implying that “the superstition of Christianity was utterly extirpated, and the worship of the gods restored.” But while, to all human probability, it was thus destroyed, the hand of Providence was visibly extended for its preservation; and mankind with astonishment saw the sacred flame revive from its ashes, and burn with a more vivid light than ever, and the head of a mighty empire adopt its tenets from a conviction of their truth, when his predecessor had boasted of its extinction on account of its falsehood. This first Christian emperor was Constantine.

Christian writers assert that he, like St. Paul, was converted by a sensible miracle while journeying along a public way. There were at this time six competitors for the Roman empire. Constantine was advancing towards Rome to oppose one of them—Maxentius: buried in deep thought at the almost inextricable difficulties of his situation, surrounded by enemies, he was suddenly roused by the appearance of a bright and shining light; and looking up, he perceived the representation of a brilliant cross in the sky, with a notification, that it was under that symbol he should conquer. Whether this was some atmospheric phenomenon which his vivid imagination converted into such an object, it is unnecessary to inquire. It is certain that the effects were equally beneficial to mankind. He immediately adopted the emblem as the imperial standard, and under it he marched from victory to victory. His last enemy and rival was Licinius, who commanded in the east, and established himself on the remains of Byzantium, as his strongest position: but from this he was driven by Constantine, who was now acknowledged sole emperor of the East.

His first care was to build a city near the centre of his vast empire, which should control, at the same time, the Persian power in the east, and the barbarians on the north, who, from the Danube and the Tanais, were continually making inroads on his subjects. It was with this view that Diocletian had already selected Nicomedia as his residence; but any imitation of that persecutor of Christianity, was revolting to the new and sincere convert to the faith,—so he sought another situation. He at one time had determined on the site of ancient Troy, not only as commanding the entrance of the Hellespont, and so of all the straits which led to the Euxine Sea, but because this was the country of his Roman ancestors, to whom, like Augustus, he was fond of claiming kindred. He was at length induced to adopt the spot on which he had defeated his last enemy, and he was confirmed in his choice by a vision. While examining the situation, he fell asleep; and the genius who presided over mortal slumbers, appeared to him in a dream. She seemed the form of a venerable matron, far advanced in life, and infirm under the pressure of many years and various injuries. Suddenly she assumed the appearance of a young and blooming virgin; and he was so struck with the beautiful transition, that he felt a pride and pleasure in adorning her person with all the ornaments and ensigns of his own imperial power. On awaking from his dream, he thought himself bound to obey what he considered a celestial warning, and forthwith commenced

his project. The site chosen had all the advantages which nature could possibly confer upon any single spot. It was shut in from hostile attack, while it was thrown open to every commercial benefit. Almost within sight, and within an easily accessible distance, were Egypt and Africa, with all the riches of the south and west, on the one hand; on the other were Pontus, Persia, and the indolent and luxurious East. The Mediterranean sent up its wealth by the Hellespont, and the Euxine sent hers down by the Bosphorus. The climate was the most bland and temperate to be found on the surface of the globe; the soil, the most fertile in every production of the earth; and the harbour, the most secure and capacious that ever opened its bosom to the navigation of mankind: winding round its promontories, and swelling to its base, it resembled the cornucopia of Amalthea, filled with fruits of different kinds, and was thence called "The Golden Horn."

His first care was to mark out the boundaries. He advanced on foot with a lance in his hand, heading a solemn procession, ordering its line of march to be carefully noted down as the new limits. The circuit he took so far exceeded expectation, that his attendants ventured to remonstrate with him on the immensity of the circumference. He replied, he would go on till that Being who had ordered his enterprise, and whom he saw walking before him, should think proper to stop. In this perambulation he proceeded round six of the hills on which the modern city is built. Having marked out the area, his next care was to fill it with edifices. On one side of him rose the forests of Mount Hæmus, whose arms ramify to the Euxine and the mouth of the Bosphorus, covered with wood; these gave him an inexhaustible supply of timber, which the current of the strait floated in a few hours into his harbour, and which centuries of use have hardly yet thinned, or at all exhausted. On the other, at no great distance, was Perconessus, an island of marble rising out of the sea, affording that material ready to be conveyed by water also into his harbour, and in such abundance, that it affords at this day, to the present masters of the city, an inexhaustible store, and lends its name to the sea on whose shores it so abounds.

The great materials being thus at hand, artists were wanted to work them up. So much, however, had the arts declined, that none could be found to execute the emperor's designs, and it was necessary to found schools every where, to instruct scholars for the purpose; and, as the pupils became improved and competent, they were despatched in haste to the new city. But though architects might be thus created for the ordinary civil purposes, it was impossible to renovate the genius of sculpture, or form anew a Phidias or a Praxiteles. Orders therefore were sent to collect whatever specimens could be found of the great artists of antiquity; and, like Napoleon in modern times, he stripped all other cities of their treasures, to adorn his own capital. Historians record the details of particular works of art deposited in this great and gorgeous city, as it rose under the plastic hand of its founder, scarcely a trace of which is to be seen at the present day, and the few that remain will be described more minutely hereafter. Suffice it to say, that the baths of Zeuxippus were adorned with various sculptured marble, and sixty bronze statues of the finest workmanship; that the Hippodrome, or race-course, four hundred paces long, was filled with pillars and obelisks; a public college, a circus, two theatres, eight public and one hundred and fifty private baths, five granaries, eight aqueducts and reservoirs for water, four halls for the meeting of the senate and courts of justice, fourteen temples, fourteen palaces, and four thousand three hundred and eighty-eight domes, resembling palaces, in which resided the nobility of the city, seemed to rise, as if by magic, under the hand of the active and energetic emperor.

But the erection that gives this city perhaps its greatest interest, and it is one of the few that has escaped the hand of time or accident, is that which commemorates his conversion to Christianity. He not only placed the Christian standard on the coins of his new city, but proclaimed that the new city itself was dedicated to Christ. Among his columns was one of red porphyry, resting on a base of marble; between both he deposited what was said to be one of the nails which had fastened our Saviour to the cross, and a part of one of the miraculous loaves with which he had fed the five thousand; and he inscribed on the base an epigram in Greek, importing that he had dedicated the city to Christ, and “placed it under his protection, as the Ruler and Governor of the world.” Whenever he passed the pillar, he descended from his horse, and caused his attendants to do the same; and in such reverence did he hold it, that he ordered it, and the place in which it stood, to be called “The Sacred.” The pillar still stands. The dedication of this first Christian city took place on the 11th of May, A. D. 330.

Constantine left three sons, who succeeded him; and numerous relatives, who all, with one exception, adopted the religious opinions he had embraced. This was Julian, his nephew. He had been early instructed in the doctrines and duties of the new faith, had taken orders, and read the Scriptures publicly to the people; but meeting with the sceptic philosophers of Asia, his faith was shaken, and, when the empire descended to him, he openly abandoned it. With some estimable qualities, was joined a superstitious weakness, which would not suffer him to rest in the philosophic rejection of Christianity. He revived, in its place, all the revolting absurdities of heathenism. In the language of the historian Socrates, “He was greatly afraid of dæmons, and was continually sacrificing to their idols.” He therefore not only erased the Christian emblems from his coins, but he replaced them with Serapis, Anubis, and other deities of Egyptian superstition. He was killed on the banks of the Euphrates, in an expedition against the Persians, having, happily for mankind, reigned but one year and eightvi months, and established for himself the never-to-be-forgotten name of “Julian the Apostate.”

The family of Constantine ended with Julian, and, as the first had endeavoured to establish Christianity as the religion of this new capital of the world, so the last had endeavoured to eradicate it. But his successor Jovian set himself to repair the injury. He was with Julian’s army at the time of his defeat and death, and with great courage and conduct extricated it from the difficulties with which it was surrounded. He immediately proclaimed the restoration of Christianity, and, as the most decided and speedy way of circulating his opinions, he had its emblems impressed on his first coinage. He is there represented following on horseback the standard of the Cross, as Constantine had done, and so was safely led out of similar danger. He caused new temples to be raised to Christian worship, with tablets or inscriptions importing the cause of their erection, some of which still continue in their primitive state. He reigned only eight months; but even that short period was sufficient to revive a faith so connected with human happiness, and so impressed on the human heart, that little encouragement was required to call it forth every where into action.

From the time of Jovian, Christianity remained the unobstructed religion of Constantinople; but an effort was made in the reign of Theodosius to revive paganism in the old city of Rome. The senate, who had a tendency to the ancient worship, requested that the altar of Victory, which was removed, might be restored; and an attempt was made to recall the Egyptian deities. On this occasion, the emperor issued the memorable decree, that “no one should presume to worship an

idol by sacrifice.” The globe had been a favourite emblem of his predecessors, surmounted with symbols of their families, some with an eagle, some with a victory, and some with a phoenix; but Theodosius removed them, and placed a cross upon it, intimating the triumph of Christianity over the whole earth; and this seems to have been the origin of the globe and cross, which many Christian monarchs, as well as our own, use at their coronations. From this time, heathen mythology sunk into general contempt, and was expelled from the city of Constantinople, where the inquisitive minds of cultivated men had detected its absurdities: it continued to linger yet a while longer, among the *pagi*, or villages of the country, and its professors were for that reason called *pagani*, or pagans, a name by which they are known at this day. The Christian city had so increased, that it was necessary to enlarge its limits. Theodosius ran a new wall outside the former, from sea to sea, which took within its extent the seventh or last hill. The whole was now enclosed by three walls, including a triangular area, of which old Byzantium was the apex. Two of its walls were washed by the waters of the Propontis and the Golden Horn, and the third separated the city from the country, the whole circuit being twelve miles. These walls, with their twenty-nine gates, opening on the land and sea, and the area they enclose, remain without augmentation or diminution, still unaltered in shape or size, under all the vicissitudes of the city, for fifteen hundred years.

When the city had thus increased in magnitude and opulence, it became the great mark for the ambition of the barbarians that surrounded it. Placed at the extremity of Europe, it was the bulwark, as it were, against Asiatic aggression, and, filled with the riches of the earth, the great object of cupidity. In the year 668, after it had stood for three centuries unmolested by strangers, the Saracens attempted to take it. They were at that time a great maritime nation, and had made immense naval preparations. They had been converted to Mohammedanism about forty years, and were under an impression that the sins of all those who formed the first expedition against this Christian town would be forgiven; and they set out with a vast fleet. They disembarked on the shores of the Sea of Marmora, and assaulted the city on the land-side along the whole extent of the wall of Theodosius. The height and solidity of it defied them. For six years they persevered in their attacks, till sickness, famine, and the sword nearly annihilated their vast army. Their attempts were renewed at several times afterwards, and defeated by the terror of the *Greek fire*, which was then for the first time discovered and made use of.

The attacks of the Saracens having failed, and the Asiatics having desisted from a hopeless attempt, a new enemy advanced against the devoted city, and from a very different quarter. In the year 865, in the reign of Michael, son of Theophilus, the Sarmatians, Scythians, and the barbarous people now composing the empire of Russia, collected a vast fleet of boats, formed out of the hollowed trunks of single trees, and from hence called by the Greeks *monoxylon*. They descended the great rivers, and, from the mouth of the Borysthenes, fearlessly pushed out into the open sea in those misshapen and unmanageable logs which are still seen in the same regions. Their vast swarms of boats, like squadrons of Indian canoes, arrived at the mouth of the Bosphorus, and darkened the waters of the strait with their countless numbers. But the rude navy of these undisciplined barbarians was either sunk by the Greek fleet, or consumed by the Greek fire. For a century they continued, with unsubdued perseverance, in their fierce attacks, fresh swarms always succeeding to those that were destroyed, till at length one great and final attempt was made to obtain the object of their cupidity.

In the year 973, a land-army was added to the fleet, and the command given to Swatislas, a savage of singular habits and ferocity. He slept in the winter in the open air, having a heap of snow for his bed, wrapped in a bear's skin, and with no pillow but his saddle. He quaffed an acid drink, probably the quass of the modern Russians, and he dined on slices of horse-flesh, which he broiled himself on the embers with the point of his sword. He was invited by the emperor Nicephorus to repel an invasion of other barbarians, and he gladly undertook the enterprise. Having proceeded round the coast of the Euxine in his hollow trees, to the mouth of the Danube, he disembarked; and, defeating the barbarians against whom he was allied, he advanced to the Balkan mountains. Here he looked down from the heights on the fertile plains below, and at once conceived the project of making himself master of the city, and obtaining that object of ambition, which the Russians never since seem to have abandoned. To this end, he descended, and first proceeded to Adrianople. The Greeks, finding he had passed this great barrier, became dreadfully alarmed. They sent a formal demand that their ally should now evacuate their territory, as they had no longer an occasion for his services. He replied, he could not think of returning till he had seen the wonders of their great city. Swatislas, never calculating on a retreat, had neglected to secure the passes open behind him, that the forces he had left at the mouth of the Danube might follow him. These passes the Greeks now seized, and cut off the connexion between the two divisions of his army. Finding himself sorely pressed and in imminent danger, he made a precipitate retreat, and with loss and difficulty reached the sea-shore, where he again attempted to establish himself. But he was compelled to abandon this position also, and, in attempting to escape by sea, became entangled in masses of ice, and unable to reach the shore. Here the greater part of his barbarous hordes miserably perished, but the remnant that escaped brought back with them a precious benefit, which compensated for all their losses. Olga, the mother of Swatislas, had been baptized at Constantinople, some time before, by the Greek name of Helena. The first seed of the Gospel was thus sown, and the invaders, when they entered the country, were prepared to adopt the religion of the people they came amongst. They had been generally baptized there, and those who escaped brought home with them the faith of the Greeks. The Russians, thus become members of the Greek church, adopted its discipline and doctrines,—to which they still adhere.

But an invasion was now meditated from a quarter, whence, of all others, it was least expected, and the Christians of the East were attacked by their fellow Christians of the West. The Crusaders were called to arms by a warning which they deemed the voice of God, and they set out from their own homes to obey it. The sufferings they brought upon themselves by their ignorance and presumption, the ruin they inflicted upon others by their vices and passions, could not repress the ardour of these infatuated fanatics. Three times had new swarms set out from Europe, and the miserable remnants returned utterly defeated, after desolating the country of friend and foe through which they passed. The fourth expedition inflicted misery and destruction on the Christian city of Constantinople. After Peter the Hermit and St. Bernard had excited and sent forth a countless rabble to the shores of Palestine, Fulk, another illiterate preacher, issued from his cell at Neuilly, in France, and became an itinerant missionary of the Cross. He commenced, as usual, by performing miracles, and the fame of his sanctity and superhuman power gave him all the influence he could wish in a barbarous and superstitious age; so he excited a fourth crusade against the Infidels, who had, by their presence, desecrated the holy sepulchre. The former soldiers of the Cross had suffered so much by their insane expeditions by land, that they now resolved to undertake one by sea; and for that purpose despatched deputies to

the Venetians and the maritime states of Italy, to supply them with a convoy: their request was granted, and a fleet accordingly prepared.

Constantinople had hitherto escaped these marauders; they had passed its walls without inflicting injury, but an occasion now occurred which gave them a pretext for entering it. The emperor Alexius had deposed, and put out the eyes of his brother Isaak, whom he kept in prison, and his nephew Alexius, the heir to the throne, was a fugitive in the west of Europe. He thought it a good opportunity to avail himself of foreign assistance, and he applied to the leaders of the crusade to aid his cause. They affected to say, that the recovery of the lime and stone of the holy sepulchre was too important an object to be postponed for one of justice and humanity; but, tempted by large pecuniary offers, and calculating on the pretext of taking possession of the great city, avarice and ambition soon silenced the claims of superstitious piety. Dandolo was then doge of Venice; he was totally blind, yet he embarked with the crusaders. Their immense fleets literally covered the narrow waters of the Adriatic, and they arrived in safety at Chalcedon, under the convoy of the skilful mariners that now conducted them. They mounted to the heights of Scutari, and from thence contemplated, with longing eyes, the wealth and splendour of the magnificent city on the opposite shore, spread out on the seven hills before them.

Constantinople was at this time the emporium of every thing that was grand and beautiful in the arts, science, and literature of the world. The city contained, it is said, two millions of inhabitants, and was adorned with the noblest specimens of statuary and architecture, either the productions of its own artists, or the spoils of Egypt and other lands.

The usurper, Alexius, arrogant in safety, but abject in danger, after a feeble resistance, fled from the city with such treasure as he could hastily collect, and the feeble Isaak was taken from the prison in which he had been immured. It was a singular and affecting sight, to behold the blind and venerable doge of Venice leading to the throne the equally blind and venerable emperor of Constantinople.

It was now that the real character of the crusaders developed itself. They claimed the promised reward for this act of justice and humanity; but it was in vain the young Alexius attempted to raise the sum he proposed to pay: the present state of his empire rendered it impossible; so his Christian guests were glad to avail themselves of his inability, and pay themselves. In the language of the historian, “their rude minds, insensible to the fine arts, were astonished at the magnificent scenery; and the poverty of their native towns, enhanced the splendour and richness of this great metropolis of Christendom;” they longed, therefore, for the pretext and opportunity of its pillage. A rude but vigorous Greek, named Mourzoufle, who saw their design, assisted by his countrymen, deposed the weak monarch and his son, who was now associated with him, and their deaths soon followed. With his iron mace, Mourzoufle stood the defender of Constantinople against the rapacity of the crusaders, and attempted to burn their galleys. He was, however, repulsed; and, after various struggles, the imperial city, the head of the Christian world, was taken by storm, and given up to plunder, by the pious pilgrims of the Cross, and its fierce defender was dragged to the summit of the pillar of Theodosius, and from thence cast down and dashed to pieces.

The scenes of carnage that followed are revolting to humanity. The Roman pontiff himself, who had granted a plenary indulgence to all who engaged in the expedition, was compelled to denounce their brutality. He accused them of “sparing neither age nor sex, nor religious profession, of the allies they came to assist; deeds of darkness were perpetrated in the open day; noble matrons and holy nuns suffered insult in the Catholic camp.” As an instance of individual suffering, an imperial senator, Nicetas, an eye-witness, details what he himself endured. His palace being reduced to ashes, he fled for refuge to an obscure house in the suburbs of the town. Here he concealed himself, guarded by a friendly Venetian in disguise, till an opportunity occurred of saving his own life, and the chastity of his daughter, from the ferocious crusaders who were pillaging the city. On a winter’s night, with his wife and tender child, carrying all they possessed on their shoulders, they fled for life; and, in order to disguise their rank and features, smeared their clothes and faces with mud; nor could they rest a moment, from their pursuers, till they reached a distance of forty miles from the capital. On their road, they overtook the venerable Greek patriarch, the head of the Christian church in the East, flying also for his life, mounted on an ass, and almost naked. Nicetas afterwards lived to instruct and inform the world, by his important history of these events.

Meantime the captors glutted, without restraint, every passion. They burst into the church of Santa Sophia, and other sacred edifices, which they defiled in the most wanton manner. They converted sacred chalices into drinking-cups, and trampled under foot the most venerable objects of Christian worship. In the cathedral, the veil of the sanctuary was torn to pieces for the sake of the fringe, and the finest monuments of pious art broken up for their material. It would be too revolting to detail all the particulars of these impious outrages; let one suffice. They placed on the throne of the patriarch a harlot, who sang and danced in the church, to ridicule the hymns and processions of the Oriental Christian worship.

In those excesses it was that this noble city suffered its first dilapidation. The monuments of ancient art, collected from all parts of the world, were defaced and broken to pieces, not simply from a bigoted rage against any superstition different from their own, but from a crusade of ignorance against whatever bore the stamp of literature and science. A contemporary writer details particular specimens of art that were wantonly broken and destroyed; and the present denuded state of the city attests that the deeds of those barbarians were as destructive as those of the equally ignorant Turks. Their utter contempt for learning was displayed in various ways: in riding through the streets, they clothed themselves and their horses in painted robes and flowing head-dresses of linen, and displayed on them pens, ink, and paper, in ridicule of the people who used such worthless things. It was therefore no exaggeration when the Greeks called them *Αγραμματοὶ καὶ ἀναλφαβetoὶ Βαρβαροὶ*, “Barbarians who could neither read nor write, who did not even know their alphabet.”

The Latins, who had thus seized on the capital, usurped the whole of the Grecian territories, and divided it among themselves. Five sovereigns, of the western invaders, occupied the throne in succession, till it descended to Baldwin. Michael Palæologus was destined to restore the ancient and rightful dynasty. In the year 1261, Alexius, a noble Greek, who was dignified with the name of Cæsar, commanded a body of troops in his service. He crossed the Hellespont into Europe, and advanced cautiously under the walls of the city. There was a body of hardy peasantry, at that time cultivating the lands of Thrace, of very doubtful allegiance. They were called volunteers,

for they gave their services freely to any one who paid them. These bold men were induced to join themselves to the forces of Alexius; and, by stratagem, they entered the town. They gained the co-operation of a Greek, whose house communicated with the wall by a subterranean passage. Through this, Alexius was introduced with some of his volunteers; but he had scarcely passed the golden gate, when the peril of the enterprise struck him, and his heart failed him. He was pushed on, however, by his bolder companions, and at length emerged from the dark passage into the Greek house in the heart of the city. From hence they suddenly issued, and, though few in number, soon filled the streets with terror and dismay, from the suddenness of their attack, and the unknown extent of the danger. But every one was predisposed to join the enterprise. They looked upon the Latin conquest with irrepressible and increasing horror, and the streets were soon filled with shouts for Michael. Baldwin, utterly unapprehensive and unprepared, was suddenly roused from his sleep: he made no attempt to preserve his usurped power. He escaped to Italy, where he lived a private life for thirteen years, an object more of contempt than pity, vainly soliciting aid to recover a kingdom which he had neither right to keep, nor courage to defend.

The Greeks were thus restored to their capital, after their Latin allies had held an unrighteous possession of it for fifty-seven years. As the ravages of their hands were irreparable and permanent records of their oppression, so the memory of them was indelible. It caused that irreconcilable animosity between the eastern and western people of the same faith, which has widened, to an unapproachable distance, the separation of the two churches, so that it is likely nothing within the probability of human events will ever diminish it. To such an extent had it reached, and so deeply did it rankle in the minds of the Greeks, that, two centuries after, when they were about to be overwhelmed by the resistless power of the Turks, they had rather trust to the tender mercies of the followers of Mohammed, than seek a perilous aid from their fellow-Christians. To this day the memory of these events is recent in the minds of the people of Constantinople, and it has generated a lasting hostility to the Latin church, which seems only to increase and strengthen with revolving years.

Immediately after the restitution of the city to the Greeks, a new feature was added to it: another western people were received into it, not as allies with arms in their hands, but as something still more useful—merchants, to cultivate the arts of peace, and enrich the Eastern empire by their opulence and activity. These were the Genoese. This enterprising little state had already penetrated to the remotest extremity of the Black Sea, and the commodities brought from thence were particularly valuable to the Greeks. The Oriental church prescribes a vast number of fasts, in the observance of which it is very rigorous. The Genoese had established an extensive fishery at Caffa, in the Crimea; and sturgeon, strelitz, and other fish brought down by the current of the Tanais, and fed in the flat and slimy bottom of the Palus Mæotis, were of the utmost value to the strict disciplinarians of the Eastern church. To vend this necessary commodity, and always to keep a supply for the demands of the Greek capital, they were allowed to establish a commercial mart in its vicinity.

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On the northern shore of the Golden Horn rises a promontory, similar to that on which the city is built, and called for that reason by the Greeks *pera*, because it stood on the “other side,” or

beyond the harbour. The extreme point of this peninsula, and just opposite the ancient Byzantium, was called Galata, for, as some say, it was the “milk market” of the Greeks, and it was assigned to these merchants, as the most convenient site for their imports, having the Bosphorus on one side to receive them, and the harbour on the other to distribute them through the city. In process of time their town increased, and, in consequence of some attempt made by their rivals, the Venetians, they were permitted by the Greek emperor, Cantacuzene, to surround the city with a wall having turrets and battlements. It ran from sea to sea, shutting up this little enterprising community in a secure asylum, and still continues in a very perfect state. They were also allowed to use their own form of government, to elect their podesta, or chief magistrate, and to practise the forms and discipline of their own worship. Thus the mart of a few fishermen assumed the port and bearing of a considerable city. Though their independent estate has been abolished by the absorbing despotism of the Turks, they have left behind them another memorial of their consequence, beside the walls of their city: they introduced the Italian language into the East, and it is that Frank tongue that is now most universally spoken by all classes. The most respectable portion of the present inhabitants are the descendants of those merchants, and they are selected as dragomans, or interpreters, by the several European embassies.

But a new power was now preparing to overrun and astonish the world, not by the sudden and transitory inroad of a barbarous multitude, carrying with it the destruction of an inundation, and, like it, passing on, and remembered only by the ravages it left behind; this was a permanent invasion of a stubborn and persevering race, destined to obliterate the usages of former ancient people, and establish, in their place, its own. On the banks of the Oxus, beyond the waters of the Caspian Sea, there dwelt a nomadic people engaged only in the care of their flocks and herds, and for that reason called Turks, from their rude and rustic habits. They had embraced the *Islam*, or true faith of Mohammed, and changed the appellation of Turks, which was a term of reproach, to Moslemûna, or “the resigned.”¹ From their remote obscurity in the centre of Asia, they issued, to carry the desolation of Islamism into the Christian world.

The first of this race who penetrated into the Greek possessions in Asia Minor was Othman. He seized upon the passes of Mount Olympus, and instead of razing, he strengthened all the fortified places behind him. His son Orchan conquered all the Christian cities established there, and finally made himself master of Brusa, the capital of Bythinia, which became the seat of the Turkish empire in Asia. The Seven Churches of the Apocalypse shared the same fate. Those lights of the world, swarming with a Christian people, were reduced to small villages, with a few Moslem inhabitants; even Ephesus, the great emporium of Asia, celebrated for its noble temple, had “its candlestick so xiiiremoved,” that the village of Aysilûk (its modern name) now consists of a few cottages among its ruins, and contains a Christian population of only *three* individuals. Philadelphia was the only city that made an effectual resistance: though remote from the sea, and abandoned by the feeble Greek emperors, it maintained its Christian independence for eighty years, against the Moslem invaders. From the fame of this first conqueror, his race adopted the patronymic as their civil designation, and called themselves, ever after, Osmanli, or “the children of Othman.”

The first passage of the Turks into Europe was attended with a romantic adventure. Soliman, the son of Orchan, was engaged in a hunting excursion, and was led by the chase to the shores of the Hellespont. An insatiable curiosity induced him to wish to cross to the other side, and visit, for

the first time, this new quarter of the globe. But the terror of the Turkish name had so alarmed the Greeks, that strict orders were issued, under the severest penalties, to remove every conveyance by which they could pass from the opposite shore into Europe. Under these circumstances, Soliman formed a raft of inflated ox-bladders, and, availing himself of a moonlight night, he floated over with some of his companions. When they landed, they seized on a passing peasant, who happened to be acquainted with a subterranean entrance into the town of Sestos. He was induced, by threats and bribes, to point it out, and so a few energetic Turks seized by surprise on this first European city. By this exploit a communication was at once established with their companions in Asia. Fresh succours crossed over and seized on Gallipoli, and thus the Turk first planted his foot in Europe.

Amurath availed himself of all the benefits of his brother's adventurous enterprise. He appointed a singular custom at Gallipoli. The marauding Turks, now established on the European side of the Bosphorus, made slaves of all the Christians they could seize on, and sent them over to Asia by this passage. Amurath claimed for his share a certain portion as toll. Of the young males so obtained, he formed that tremendous militia that were afterwards to terrify and control their own country. He caused them to undergo the rite, and be instructed in the doctrines and discipline, of his own prophet. A Dervish named Hadgee Bectash, of great sanctity and influence, was then called in, to give this corps his benediction. Laying his hand on the head of the foremost, the sleeve of his coat fell over his back, and he blessed them by the name of *yeni cheri*, or "new soldiers." Both circumstances afterwards distinguished them—the sleeve of the dervish was adopted as part of their uniform, and the name of janissary, corrupted from *yeni cheri*, was the terror of Europe for more than five centuries. With these young and vigorous apostates to Islamism, he subdued all the country to the base of the Balkan mountains, and having obtained possession of Roumeli, the "country of the Romans," as the territory of the modern Greeks was called, he finally established himself at Adrianople, which now became the Turkish capital of Europe.

This prince was succeeded by Bajazet, called, from his impetuosity, and the awful destructiveness of his career, *Ilderim*, or "the thunderbolt." He extended his conquests into the heart of Europe, penetrated into the centre of Hungary, and threatened to proceed from thence to Rome, to feed his horses with oats on the altar of St. Peter; but first he resolved to possess himself of the Christian capital of the East. To this end he advanced against Constantinople, and for ten years pressed it with a close siege. Its fate, however, was yet delayed by the sudden appearance of another extraordinary power, which, having subdued the remote parts of the East, and left nothing there unconquered, in the restlessness of ambition turned itself to the west in search of new enemies. This was the power of the Tartars, led on by *Demur beg*, or "the Iron Prince."² To oppose this new enemy, the siege of Constantinople was raised, and its fate suspended while the legions of barbarians encountered one another, and the Thunderbolt was to resist the Man of Iron. The battle was fought on the plain of Angora, where Pompey had defeated Mithridates. After a conflict of two days, the Turks were totally routed. Bajazet fell into the hands of the conqueror, and the treatment he experienced was such as one execrable tyrant might expect, or a still more execrable might inflict. He whose custom it was to celebrate his massacres by pyramids of human heads, erected at the gates of every city he conquered, would not hesitate to treat the rival whom he hated, and had subdued, without pity or remorse. He enclosed his captive in a cage, like a wild beast exposed to public view, and, as he was lame, made him and

his cage a footstool to mount his horse. The end of Bajazet corresponded with his life; impatient of control, and stung with desperation, he beat out his brains against the bars of his prison. Tamerlane possessed one redeeming quality, which distinguished him, in some measure, from his fellow-barbarians. He entertained no hostility to Christianity: on the contrary, he allowed a temple, dedicated to its worship, to be erected in Samarcand, his capital. He did not follow up his conquest by renewing the siege of Constantinople; so that this Christian capital, by his interference, was spared for half a century longer.

But the time at length arrived, when the man was born who was permitted by Providence to inflict this destruction. This was Mahomet II., endued with such opposite and contradictory qualities, that he may be esteemed a monster in the human race. He was the second son of Amurath II., by a Christian princess; his father had imbibed so deep an enmity to Christianity, that he brought his son, like Hannibal's, to the altar, and made him vow eternal hostility to its professors. He succeeded to the throne at the age of twenty-one, and his first acts were to strangle all his brothers, to the number of twenty-two, and to cast into the sea all the wives of his father who might be likely to give birth to posthumous offspring. The progress of his reign was in conformity to this commencement. His fixed and never interrupted intention was, to possess himself of Constantinople, and to convert the great capital of the Christian world into the chief seat of Islamism, and there was no effort of force or fraud which he did not use to accomplish it.

He is represented, by historians, as starting from his sleep, excited by dreams of conquering the city, and as passing his days in devising means for its accomplishment. Among others, he caused to be cast, at Adrianople, those enormous pieces of xvbattering cannon, capable of projecting balls of 800 pounds weight, which have been the wonder and terror of future ages. They still lie at the fortresses which line the Dardanelles; and the English fleet, under Admiral Duckworth, in modern times, experienced their tremendous efficacy.

The Greek empire, at this time, was confined to a limited space. The emperor Athanasius had, some years before, betrayed his weakness by his apprehension. A rude and fierce people from the shores of the Volga, and thence called Bolgarians, had crossed the Balkan mountains, and carried their inroads to the walls of the city. As a protection against their incursions, a wall was commenced at Derkon on the Euxine, and continued across the peninsula to Heraclea, on the Propontis, enclosing an area of about 140 miles in circumference, called "the Delta of Thrace," and beyond which the feeble Byzantine power could hardly be said to extend. The Turks trampled it down, and, to cut off all communication by sea, seized upon and rebuilt the castles of the Bosphorus, and then beleaguered the city with an army of 200,000 men. Where were now the fanatics of the Cross, to uphold it in its utmost need? they were applied to, and they affected to sympathize with their brethren in the East; but not one came to support this great bulwark of that faith, which the Osmanli had every where suppressed, to establish the intolerant creed of the Koran. The sovereign pontiff had predicted the fall of the heretic Eastern church, and withheld his aid till his predictions were accomplished. The whole force, therefore, to defend the walls, a circuit of twelve miles, and oppose the countless numbers that surrounded them, was 8000 men.

The invincible courage of this handful of Christians repulsed the Turks in all their fierce assaults. The fortifications on the land-side were formed of a double wall, with an interval between. In vain did the enormous artillery of Mahomet batter large breaches in the outside; there was still

another, to which the defenders retired, and from which they could not be dislodged; and after fruitless attempts to penetrate this last retreat, Mahomet was about to abandon the siege in despair, when he thought of an expedient as incredible as apparently hopeless. The city had been defended on the sea-side by a series of iron chains, drawn across the mouth of the harbour, which effectually excluded the Turkish fleet. He now conceived the idea of conveying his ships by land, from the Bosphorus, across the peninsula; and this he effected. Having prepared every thing, as soon as it was dark his machinery was laid—the ships were hauled up the valley of Dolma-Bactché and across the ridge which separated it from the harbour; and the next morning the astonished Greeks, instead of their own, beheld the Turkish fleet under their walls. A general assault was now commenced on all sides, the good and gallant Palæologus, the last and best of the Greek emperors, was killed in one of the breaches, and the Turks poured in over his body.

The Greeks now rushed in despair to the church of Saint Sophia. They were here assured that an angel would descend from heaven with a sword, and expel their enemies from the city, and they waited for the promised deliverance; but the Turks, armed with axes, battered down the outer gates, and rushed in among the infatuated multitude. The city was given up to plunder, and those who escaped the carnage were sold as slaves. Among them were 60,000 of the first families—females distinguished for their beauty and accomplishments, and men eminent for their rank and literary attainments. Poets, historians, philosophers, and artists, all were reduced to a common level, and sold as slaves, to hew wood and draw water for the rude and brutal barbarians who bought them. Such was the end of the great Christian empire of the East, which was extinguished by the downfall of Constantinople, after it had flourished, from its first dedication to Christ, 1123 years. It was founded in May 330, and it terminated in May, 1453. The feebleness of its government, the vices of its emperors, and the weak superstition of its people, were natural causes to accelerate its fall, and induce us the less to regret it; while, by the arrangements of a good providence, the lights of literature, the arts and sciences which improve social life, and the gentle courtesies which endear us to our kind, hitherto shut up exclusively in this city, were now diffused over a wider sphere; and the fugitives that escaped, and the slaves that were sold, brought with them those qualities into various countries, and so were instruments which, no doubt, tended to improve and ameliorate society wherever they were scattered.

When Mahomet had thus obtained the full fruition of his wishes, he speedily gave a greater latitude to that selfish cruelty, and disregard for human life, which had always distinguished him. Some acts of this kind are recorded of him, from which the ordinary feelings of our nature revolt as altogether incredible. He was particularly fond of melons, and cultivated them with his own hand. He missed one, and in vain attempted to discover who took it. There was a certain number of youths, educated as pages, within the walls of the seraglio, called *Ichoglans*, and his suspicion fell on them; he ordered fourteen of them to be seized, and their stomachs to be ripped up in his presence, to discover the offender. But his treatment of the woman he loved, has no parallel in the history of human cruelty. He had attached himself to Irené, a Greek, as beautiful and accomplished as she was good and amiable; she softened his rude nature, and controlled his ferocity: and such was the ascendancy she had gained over him, that he desisted from many intended acts of brutal inhumanity, through the gentle influence he suffered her to exercise. His attachment was so strong, that the Janissaries began to murmur. To silence their clamour, he assembled them together, and caused Irené to be brought forth on the steps of the palace; he then unveiled her face. Even those rude and unpitying soldiers could not contain their admiration: the

loveliness of her features and the sweetness of their expression at once disarmed their resentment, and they murmured approbation and applause. Mahomet immediately drew his sabre, and severing her head from her body, cast it among them.—He himself died of an attack of cholera in his fifty-third year, having reigned thirty. He it was who changed the name of *Sultan*, by which the sovereigns of his nation had been hitherto distinguished, into that of *Padischah*, which is a prouder title, and which the Turks confer on their own sovereign exclusively at this day; the appellation of the city was also altered to that of *Stambool*, or *Istambol*, by which the Orientals now distinguish it.³

xvii

Selim I. began his reign in 1512, and it was distinguished by some remarkable events. He is represented, by the historian Chalcocondyles, as exhibiting in his countenance a singular display of his predominant passions—a cruelty inexorable, an obstinacy invincible, and an ambition unmeasurable. He had the wrinkled forehead of a Tarquin, the fearful eye of a Nero, and the livid complexion of a Scythian; and, to complete the expression of his countenance, his mustaches were rigid, and drawn up to his ears, so that his head resembled that of a tiger. Yet he had many great qualities, which distinguish him among the sultans. He erected the Tersana, or arsenal, on the Golden Horn, and so was the founder of the Turkish navy. He was an historian, a poet, and, contrary to the law of the Prophet, a painter of human figures, and in this way commemorated his own battles. He added Egypt to the Turkish dominions. The fierce militia who governed it had been originally Christian slaves, like his own, and had established a dynasty which had lasted 200 years; but the Mamelukes now fell before the superior energies of their brethren the Janissaries. Another accession was made to his subjects. His hatred to Christianity was extreme, and his persecution of those who professed it relentless; and on this account he encouraged the Jews to supply their place at Constantinople. This people had increased exceedingly in Spain, under the Moors; but, on the returning power of the Spaniards, they were everywhere expelled by the inquisition. They set out from Spain, to the number of 800,000 persons, and received that protection from Turks which Christians would not afford them. They were invited to establish themselves at Constantinople and the villages on the Bosphorus, where 100,000 were located, and others in different parts of the empire. Several points of their belief and practice recommended them to the Mohammedans—their strict theology, their abhorrence of swine's flesh, their rite of circumcision, were all points of resemblance between them. They called them Mousaphir, or visitors, and treated them, accordingly, with kindness and hospitality. They are at this day distinguished as a people, still speaking the Spanish language in the Turkish capital, which they brought with them from the country from which they were expelled.

An attempt was made to destroy Selim by a singular poison: Mustapha pasha composed a ball of soap with various aromatic ingredients, but one of so deadly a poison, that, like prussic acid, it was immediately absorbed by the skin, and destroyed the person to whose face it was applied; and this was sent to the sultan's barber, as a precious invention, to be used when shaving his master. It was accompanied by a packet enclosed in a case of lead; a precaution which excited suspicion, and led to discovery. The pasha, barber, and all connected with them, were strangled, and the sultan escaped. He afterwards died of a foul cancer, in the eleventh year of his reign, having justly acquired the name of *Yavuz*, “the Ferocious.” He displayed his qualification of poet

by writing his own epitaph, which is seen upon his tomb, and describes his “ruling passion, strong in death.”

“The earth I conquered while alive;
In death to combat yet I strive.
Here lies my body, seamed with scars;
My spirit thirsts for future wars.”

xviii

Soliman I. (or as he is by some classed II.) is represented as the greatest prince that ever sat upon the Turkish throne; and he obtained the name of “the Magnificent,” for the splendour of his achievements. He commenced his reign in 1520, which lasted forty years; and made three vows, which he hoped to accomplish before his death: to complete the hydraulic works of Constantinople—to erect the finest mosque in the world—and to establish the western capital of Islamism at Vienna. The two first he effected, and nearly succeeded in the last. After conquering all the countries between the Euxine, Caspian, and Red seas, he turned his arms to Europe, in order to accomplish his vows, and penetrated to Vienna, to which he laid siege without success; but he established a strong garrison at Buda, the capital of Hungary, and held possession of it, to renew his attempt. In the mean time, his fleets, united with the piratical states of Barbary, under the banner of Barbarossa, or “Red Beard,” ravaged the shores of the Mediterranean; and captive nobles from Spain, the most western country in Europe, were seen in chains among his slaves at Constantinople. Carrying thus his conquering arms from the Caspian to the Atlantic, and from the centre of Europe to the centre of Africa, there was but one little spot which opposed his plan of universal empire: that spot was the island of Malta. The crusaders had left this single remnant behind them, so excellent and noble as to redeem all their other failings. The knights of St. John had retired from Palestine to Rhodes, and from thence to Malta; and there they stood, the last barrier and bulwark of Christianity against the overwhelming torrent of Turkish dominion. These were now to be exterminated, and their island made the stepping-stone to establish the religion of the Prophet in the western world. The siege which Malta sustained on this occasion is the most gallant and interesting to be found in the records of human actions. The knights amounted but to 700 men; they organized a force of 8000, and with this they had to oppose a fleet of 200 sail, carrying an army of 50,000. After incredible acts of heroism and devotedness, they compelled the Turks to withdraw the remnant of their forces; and the first effectual check was given to their hitherto resistless power.

The character of Soliman, as drawn by historians, is more perfect than that of any other sovereign who occupied the throne of the Osmanli. His love of literature, his enlightened mind, his inviolable faith, placed him in strong contrast with his fellow-sultans; yet his private life is stained with more than Oriental barbarity. He had children by two wives, one of whom was the celebrated Roxalana; the elder, Mustapha, was heir to the throne, and a youth of great promise, but Roxalana was determined to prefer her own, and to that end stimulated Soliman to put Mustapha to death. He sent for him to his tent; and as soon as he entered, caused him to be seized by several mutes, who were in waiting with a bowstring to strangle him. The young man made a vigorous resistance, when the father, fearing he might escape, raised his head above the canvass partition of the tent, and with menacing gestures threatened the mutes with his vengeance if they

did not despatch him. The unhappy youth caught his father's eye, and passively submitted to his fate. He was strangled, and his body thrown on a carpet, to be exposed in front of the tent. Mustapha had yet another brother, whom it was necessary to dispose of also. He was a mere boy, and, as his mother kept him carefully secluded within the walls of her apartments, the wily Kislár Aga, who was sent to visit her, was obliged to have recourse to stratagem to separate them. He represented to the mother that Soliman was tortured with remorse for the death of her eldest son, and wished to repair his fault by affection for the younger. He was afraid his health would suffer by confinement, and it was his wish that he and his mother should take air and exercise; and for this purpose a horse, splendidly caparisoned, was sent for the boy, and an arrhuba for herself and her female slaves. The credulous mother was persuaded, and they set out to visit a beautiful kiosk on the shores of the Bosphorus. The boy rode on "in merry mood," with the Kislár Aga, and she followed in the arrhuba. When arrived at a rough part of the road, the carriage, which had been previously prepared, broke down, and the truth instantly flashed upon the wretched mother's mind; she sprung out, and rushed after her son, who had by this time entered the kiosk with his companion. She arrived breathless, and found the door closed; she beat at it with frantic violence, and when at length it was opened, the first object that presented itself, was her only remaining son, lying on the ground, strangled, his limbs yet quivering in his last agonies, and the bowstring of the eunuch yet unloosed from his throat.

The last years of the wretched old man were embittered by the conduct of the sons, for whose advancement he had suffered those foul murders to be committed. His son Bajazet was a rebel to his father's authority; and Selim, who succeeded him, was the most weak and wicked of the Mohammedan line. His noble mosque, and the tombs that contain the ashes of himself and his wife Roxalana, are shown by the Turks to strangers as the most splendid monuments left by their sultans.

Selim II. succeeded to the throne in 1566, and was entirely devoted to the gratification of his appetites. His father was temperate in wine, and forbade its use under the severest penalties. It is said he attributed the failure of the attack on Malta to the violation of the law of Mohammed in this respect, and he caused caldrons of boiling oil to be kept in the streets, ready to be poured down the throat of any person, Turk, Jew, or Christian, who was found intoxicated. Selim, as if in contempt and mockery of his father, indulged in wine to such excess, that he despatched an expedition to Cyprus, and annexed that island to the empire, for no other reason but because it produced good wine. The loss of the sanguinary battle of Lepanto, in his reign, was another blow following the defeat at Malta, which shook the mighty fabric of the Turkish empire. Selim died after a reign of eight years and five months, a rigid observer of all the Prophet's laws, except sobriety.

The people of the West had now begun to recover from the terror which the first eruption of these terrible barbarians into Europe had excited, and to consider the many commercial advantages to be derived from an intercourse with them. The French and Venetians, in the reign of Selim, had already established this intercourse; and the English were supplied with Oriental produce by the latter, who sent Argosies, or ships of Ragusa, in the gulf of Venice, to England, freighted with the wealth of the East. One of these rich vessels was wrecked on the Goodwin sands, and the Venetians were afraid to send another. But the English having tasted of Asiatic luxuries, could not dispense with them; and the enterprising Elizabeth, in whose reign the

accident happened, sent Raleigh and Drake to explore the West, while Harebone was despatched to open a communication with the East. She wrote a Latin letter, addressed, *Augustissimo invictissimoq. principi Sultan Murad Can*; in which she seems not only to prize highly the incipient reformation in England, but also to recommend herself to the Turk by a principle common to Islamism, “an unconquerable opposition to idolatry.” Her letter was well received, and Sir E. Barton was appointed her first resident ambassador. He accompanied Amurath in his Hungarian wars, and died on his return to Constantinople. He was buried in the island of Chalki, and his monument still exists in a Greek convent there. Hence originated an English residence at Constantinople, and the establishment of the Levant Company, a body of merchants who, for 240 years, have caused the name of England to be respected in the East, among the most honoured nations of Europe.

Amurath III. was distinguished by the extraordinary number of his children. He had attached himself to a fair Venetian, sold to him as a slave, and raised her to the dignity of Sultana; but she had no children, and the Janissaries began to express their discontent. They accused her of sorcery, and caused her attendants to be put to the torture, to discover what philtres she had used to entangle the sultan’s affection. None were discovered, except a good and amiable disposition. Amurath, however, soon attached himself to so many others, that he filled the seraglio with 200 of his progeny. He died in the year 1595, at the age of 50, leaving 48 children alive.

The first care of his successor, Mahomet III. was the usual resort of Turkish policy. He strangled twenty-four of his brothers—nor was he satisfied with this carnage. He escaped an insurrection of the janissaries, and, suspecting that his favourite Sultana and her son were concerned in it, he caused them to be sewed up in sacks, and drowned in the sea of Marmora. He died in 1603, after a reign of 8 years.

Achmet I. also commenced his reign with a measure of Turkish precaution. He had a brother, and, to render him incapable of reigning, he caused his eyes to be put out. This horrid process is performed in various ways—either by scooping out the eyes; by compressing the forehead till the balls are forced out of their sockets; by rendering the lens opaque with boiling vinegar; or, finally, by heating a metal bason red-hot, the intense glow of which, held to the eye, soon destroys the sensibility of the optic nerve. This latter is said to be the least painful, and has been practised by the more humane. Not satisfied, however, with the operation, and still apprehensive of the janissaries, he caused his blind brother to be strangled. He was, notwithstanding, celebrated for his taste and magnificence; and the mosque, of his erection, and called by his name, is a lasting memorial of these qualities. He died at the early age of twenty-nine, in the year 1617. His reign is remarkable for the first introduction of tobacco into Constantinople, by the Dutch, who then began to trade there, and brought with them this plant from America. It was at first strongly opposed by the mufti as a violation of the koran; but the grand vizir, who became fond of it, ordered it to be served out in rations to the janissaries, and they soon silenced all opposition.

xxi

Amurath IV. ascended the throne in 1524. He took Babylon, and caused 30,000 of its inhabitants to be massacred in cold blood, under his own eyes. In addition to the usual cruelty, and disregard

of human life, which distinguished other sultans, he adopted a practice peculiarly his own. It was his custom to issue from the palace at night with drawn scimitar in his hand, and not return till he had committed some murder. Another of his favourite amusements was to place himself in a window with a bow and arrows, and pin to the opposite wall any casual passenger. Historians represent him as so fond of shedding human blood, that it seemed to be the aliment on which he lived. His caprice was equal to his cruelty; he found, or made, cause for displeasure in every thing, as a pretext to justify him. He sent thirty poor pilgrims to the galleys, because he did not like their dress. It was his delight to render those unhappy, whom he hesitated to deprive of life. Whenever an ill-assorted marriage was likely to cause this, he adopted it. He broke suitable arrangements, and compelled young girls to marry decrepit old men, and youths of eighteen to unite themselves with women of eighty. He indulged freely in the use of wine, but disliked tobacco, and was so determined that no one else should enjoy it, that he instantly stabbed with his yategan the man on whom he detected the smell of it. One instance only of mercy is recorded in the course of his life. A certain Tiraki was an inveterate smoker, and, to indulge it, he dug a hole in the ground. Here the sultan stumbled upon him, and proceeded at once to despatch him; but the smoker bade him observe, that his edict was issued for the surface of the earth, and was not meant to extend below it. For the first time, he spared the life of an offender. He died in 1640. Unfortunately for his subjects, he reigned fourteen years.

Mahomet IV. was placed on the throne at the age of nine years, but the talent of his vizir compensated for his own want of experience. His reign was distinguished by several remarkable events. The great island of Crete, or Candia, had hitherto resisted Turkish rule. It was determined to reduce it, and, after an obstinate resistance of twenty-four years, it was at length taken by treachery. The Turks lost 200,000 men; and such were the ravages committed, that this fine island remained a desert. A second siege of Vienna followed. Tekeli, the noted Hungarian rebel, had raised the standard of revolt against his sovereign: to aid his plans, the renegade Christian called in the assistance of the greatest enemy of his faith; and Mahomet advanced with an immense army, now certain of realizing the plans of Soliman the Magnificent, and declaring himself Sultan of all Christendom. But his projects were arrested in the moment of their accomplishment, and from a quarter least expected. John Sobiesky advanced from his deserts with his gallant Poles, and signally defeated the Turks in two engagements. They were driven from their strong hold in Pest, the capital of Hungary, of which they had held obstinate possession for 157 years, and retired behind the Danube. Since that time, instead of being the assailants, pushing on their advances into Europe, they merely struggle to keep their position in a European soil. To console himself for his losses, the Sultan, whose disposition seemed susceptible of other enjoyments besides those of war, became attached to rural occupations. The Turks have always been distinguished by their fondness for flowers, and he engaged in the pursuit of cultivating them with morexxii pleasure than any of his predecessors. To encourage it, his vizir, Cara Mustapha, collected, in every pashalik of the empire, whatever was rare and curious in the vegetable world; the seeds, bulbs, and roots of which were conveyed to Constantinople. Hence, as some erroneously say, originated⁴ that love of flowers which at this day distinguishes the Turks; and Europe is supplied with its most beautiful specimens of floriculture by a rude people, whose coarse and brutal indulgences in other respects, seem incompatible with so elegant an enjoyment. He shortly after caused his favourite vizir to be strangled, on the suspicion of intending to master Vienna, in order to establish a dynasty for

himself in Europe. His own death soon followed, by the hands of the discontented Janissaries, after a reign of thirty-nine years.

Achmet II. was more distinguished by the talents of his grand vizir, Kiuprili, than by any act of his own. The father of this man was an instance of the singular and unexpected fortune for which some are remarkable in Turkey. He was a Frenchman, born in a village called Kuperly, in Champagne, from whence he took his name. He committed a murder, and was obliged to fly, but the boat in which he escaped was taken by Algerine pirates. Under this circumstance, whoever assumes the turban is no longer a slave. He did not hesitate to abjure his faith, and enrolled himself among the Janissaries at Constantinople, where he obtained paramount influence in that turbulent corps. His son was raised to the rank of grand vizir—governed the great Turkish empire—and set up and deposed sovereigns at his pleasure. His destruction was resolved on by the Kislär Aga, who feigned a plot in which he was concerned against the sultan,—while in the act of revealing it, a mute raised the curtain of the tent. Accustomed to listen rather by sight than sound, he at once learned the subject of the conversation by the motion of the lips, and revealed it to Kiuprili. The Kislär Aga was strangled, his secretary hanged in his robes of office with his silver pen-case suspended from his girdle, and Kiuprili remained in the ascendant. As if to mark his hatred of the religion for which his father had apostatized, he caused two patriarchs of the Greek church to be strangled in prison. He was killed in battle in Servia—the Turks were everywhere defeated—and his master soon after died of grief in 1695.

The reign of Mustapha II. was marked by calamities which have never since ceased to afflict the Turkish empire. Besides the ordinary inflictions of war, every other seems to have been laid, by the hand of Providence, on this ruthless nation: Constantinople and Pera were utterly destroyed by fire—a bolt of thunder fell on the imperial mosque, and left it in ruins—the caravan of pilgrims proceeding to Mecca was attacked by Arabs, and 25,000 of them put to the sword—the turbulent Janissaries, availing themselves of every pretext for discontent, were again in a state of insurrection, and compelled the sultan to fly for his life to Adrianople, along with the mufti. Here he was obliged to surrender the unfortunate head of the church, who was treated with every indignity, and then thrown into the river, where he perished. The new mufti, with his son, were seized, tortured, and executed; and the sultan himself was soon after deposed in 1703, and his brother Achmet set on his throne. This military revolt was the most serious that had afflicted the empire since its foundation, and was a prominent feature of that principle of total disorganization, which seemed inherent in the political and moral state of this people.

Achmet III. was called to succeed his brother, and his first act was to avenge himself on the conspirators, who had placed him on the throne in a truly Turkish manner. He disarmed their suspicions by rewards and promises, and, having separated them into various situations of trust and profit, caused every man of them to be strangled in detail.

Notwithstanding the state of insecurity of every thing in Turkey, it nevertheless became in his reign the asylum of the Christian monarchs of Europe. Charles XII. of Sweden, and Stanislaus the king of Poland, whom he had set up, both fled thither for protection: yet, violent and outrageous as was the conduct of “Macedonia’s madman,” whom the Turks for folly and obstinacy called “Ironhead,” both kings were treated with kindness and hospitality. They were followed by their great enemy, the czar Peter, whose usual sagacity seemed to have deserted him.

He was shut up behind the Pruth by the Turks, and they had now the opportunity of holding three Christian monarchs in their hands, and dictating what terms they pleased: but avarice, that ruling passion of the Osmanli, saved Peter and his army—Catherine, his wife, who had accompanied him, brought in the night all her personal jewels, and as much money as she could collect, to the czar, who immediately sent them to the grand vizir: he was not able to resist the offer, and the Russian monarch and his army were allowed to depart in peace.

Another circumstance distinguished the reign of Achmet III., even still more important than his being the arbiter of the fate of three Christian kings. The art of printing had now been invented for more than two hundred and fifty years, and every other state in Europe had adopted the important discovery. The Turks alone rejected it, and assigned, as a reason, that it was an impious innovation. They allowed no book but the Koran; they affirmed that it contained every thing necessary for man to know, and any other knowledge was worse than useless. Such was their veneration for this book, that it was strictly forbidden to sit, or lay any weight, upon a copy of it; and if a Frank was detected in the act of doing so, even unwittingly and by accident, he was immediately put to death. This veneration they extend to paper of any kind, because it is the material of which the sacred book is composed, and that on which the name of Allah is written; and hence they strictly prohibit its being desecrated by any common use, and carefully lay up any fragment of it which they accidentally find. The process of printing they consider as compressing and defiling a sacred book, and the mufti denounced it. It was not, then, till the year 1727, that this innovation was tolerated, and a press established at Constantinople. Even then it was done in such a way as was attended with no advantage to an ignorant people. It was still prohibited to print the Koran, and, as that was almost the only book read in the empire, little was added to Turkish knowledge. Achmet was soon after deposed, and the patron of printing deemed unfit to reign.

He was succeeded in 1730 by his nephew Mahomet, the fifth of the name who had ascended the throne of Turkey, but usually called Mahmoud I. It was in his reign the celebrated usurper, Thamas Kouli Khan, seized on the crown of Persia, and war was kindled with the Turks. These nations comprise the two great sects into which the followers of the Prophet are divided. The Persians hold in abhorrence Abubekir and Omar, whom the Turks revere; and they adhere to the doctrines of Ali, whom the Turks abhor. The latter call themselves *Sunni*, or “the orthodox,” and have no fellowship or communion with the *Rafazir* or *Shiites*, “infidels” or “heretics.” They affirm, that Allah may have mercy on Jews and Christians, but he will have none on the Persians, whom he hates sixty and ten times as much as the most inveterate infidels. The enmity, therefore, between the discordant sects of the faithful is even greater than between the faithful and the infidel. It was the enlightened policy of Thamas Kouli Khan to put an end to this bloody dissention, and reconcile the different shades of opinion among the professors of the same religion. It was stipulated as an article in the peace which followed, that their respective priests should labour assiduously to this end; but, like all such attempts, it was unavailing, and the enmity is at this day more inveterate than ever. Mahmoud died in 1754, and was regretted as the least sanguinary of the Ottoman race.

But the time was now approaching when the dynasty of the Mohammedans in Europe seemed hastening to its close. The Russians, ever since the capture of Asoph, on the Mæotis, by Peter the Great, had never ceased advancing on Constantinople. The Turkish territories on the north of the

Euxine were intersected by vast rivers which fell into that sea; and the policy of the Russians was, to advance from river to river, and, at the end of every war, to make the last the boundary of their territory, and secure for themselves all that lay behind it. In this way Catherine pushed her frontier to the Dnieper, and built a naval arsenal at Cherson, thereby establishing a naval supremacy on the Black Sea; and, that her object might not be ambiguous, she caused to be inscribed on the western gate, "This is the road to Constantinople." Meantime, the Turkish government seemed to contain within itself the elements of rapid decay. While all Europe was advancing in the arts and sciences which improve life and strengthen kingdoms, the Turks alone stood still and refused to move—their ignorance inveterate, their obstinacy intractable, their cities falling to ruins, their population daily decreasing, their internal dissensions growing more sanguinary, and, above all, the insolence of the Janissaries without control—interdicting every improvement, paralyzing every effort, utterly inefficient as soldiers, and formidable only to their own government. The first step, therefore, was to establish some force to restrain these men, that the people might be at liberty to follow other states in the march of amelioration: and this was now undertaken by the reigning sovereign.

Selim III. was the most amiable and enlightened man that had yet filled the throne of the Osmanli. He succeeded his uncle, Abdal Hamed Khan, whose sons were infants^{xxxv} at the time of their father's death in 1789. His anxious wish was to correct the prejudices, and enlighten the ignorance of his subjects, by gradually introducing European usages among them. His first improvements were military: a corps was formed, adopting the European discipline, and called the *nizam dgeddit*, or "new regulation." Against this innovation the Janissaries revolted: they spurned with indignation all customs but their own; they thought their institutions the perfection of human nature, and that any change must be a degradation. They therefore deposed Selim in 1807, and called to the throne his cousin, Mustapha IV., the son of Abdal Hamed Khan, who had now arrived at adult years. Selim, however, by his many good and amiable qualities, had secured the affections of a large body of his subjects, who, though they did not accede to his military plans, were strongly attached to his person: and among these was Mustapha Bairactar.

This man was a rough soldier, of large stature, and immense bodily strength, fierce in disposition, and coarse in manners, but susceptible of the most affectionate attachment. He was called Bairactar because he had been originally a standard-bearer, and, though now raised to the command of a large army, with the usual pride of a Turk, still retained the original name of the humble rank from which he had raised himself. When he heard that the master he loved was deposed and a prisoner, he hastened with his army to the seraglio, and demanded admission at the great gate of the Babu Humayun.

Mustapha, who was of a light and frivolous, though cruel character, was in the habit of amusing himself daily on the Bosphorus; and when he heard of this insurrection in favour of his deposed cousin, he hastened to land at the sea-gate of the seraglio. He here motioned to his attendant eunuch, who ran to obey his orders. Selim was found in his private apartment, engaged in the performance of the *namaz*, at the hour of prayer, which he never omitted. In this position he was seized by the eunuch, who attempted to strangle him. He started up, however, and made a vigorous resistance; but his murderer, twining round his legs, seized him in such a way as gave him exquisite pain: he fainted, and in this senseless state was strangled. Meantime, the Bairactar thundered at the great gate, and threatened to batter it down, if the deposed sultan was not

produced. He was answered, that his wish should be immediately complied with. The gate was thrown open, and the lifeless Selim cast before him: the rough soldier threw himself upon the body of his gentle master, and wept bitterly.

Another revolution immediately ensued—the cruel and frivolous Mustapha was deposed, and the soldiers searched for his brother Mahmoud, who was known to be in the seraglio, but was nowhere to be found. It was at length discovered, that a slave attached to his person had immediately seized him when the disturbance began, and hurried him to an oven, where she shut him in, and kept him concealed. From thence he was taken, and placed on the throne. His first act of Turkish policy, immutable in ferocity and disregard of human life, was to cause his brother Mustapha to be strangled; and his next, to cast into the sea all the females of his brother's harem, lest any of their children, even then unborn, should cause a disputed succession.

The present sultan, Mahmoud II., was born in the year 1788; he was the second^{xxxvi} son of Abdul Hamed Khan, and is now the only survivor of fifteen male children. He was placed on the throne on the 28th of July, 1808, and from the moment of his elevation showed symptoms of that energetic and resolute character which has since distinguished him. The Russians had advanced from the Pruth to the Danube, and, in the disorganized state of the Turkish army, there was no force to oppose them. The young sultan erected the standard of the Prophet at Daud Pasha, just within the walls of Constantinople; he raised a large army, and the Russians were compelled to retire without crossing the Balkan mountains, as all Europe expected; but they left behind them, in the bosom of the Turkish empire, a more formidable force than their own arms—and this was, the discontented Greeks.

The Greeks, retaining that excitability and impatience of control which ever distinguished that nation, and which centuries of slavery and oppression could not subdue, were ever ready instruments in the hands of the Russians, to embarrass and annoy their enemies. The identity of their religion, the Russians having early become members of the Greek church, gave them a powerful influence, and in 1790 a deputation of Greeks waited upon the Empress Catherine, to request her interference. One of her sons was baptized Constantine, the favourite name of the Greek emperors, brought up by a Greek nurse, and intended for the throne of Constantinople. Several attempts at revolt were unsuccessful. Their allies always sacrificed the unfortunate Greeks to their own plans of ambition: every insurrection was followed by confiscation and massacre, and at length it was proposed, in the divan, to cut off the whole race, and extirpate the name of Greek. From this they were preserved by the avarice of the Turks, for, were this measure executed, there would be no one to pay the capitation tax; and this appeal to their cupidity alone saved a whole nation.

The Greeks, however, were now become an opulent and intelligent people; availing themselves of all the lights and advantages which the Turks neglected, they had accompanied the rest of Europe in the march of improvement, and determined to rely no longer on Russian faith—but to attempt their own emancipation. A mysterious society, called *Hetairia*, was ramified wherever a Greek community was established, who prepared for another insurrection. In the year 1815 a secret meeting was held at Constantinople, and it was resolved on. Six years after, the standard of revolution was raised by Ypselantes, in Moldavia. It was responded to by a general rising in other places, and, after a sanguinary conflict against the whole power of the vast Turkish empire,

their independence was finally established, a new nation was recognized in Europe, and modern Greece for ever severed from their barbarian masters.

The utter impotence of the Turkish power was so clearly established by this event, that it was obvious nothing but a change of its institutions could save it from total dissolution. Mahmoud therefore was determined to effect this change, or perish in the attempt. His preliminary step was the extirpation of the Janissaries. This desperate militia now turned up their kettles in the Atmeidan and 40,000 men rushed round them. The sultan caused the standard of the Prophet to be displayed in the Mosque of Achmet, and all the well-affected flocked to it. He required a *fetva* from the Sheikhxxvii Islam, to authorise him to kill the Janissaries if they resisted: it was granted by the chief of the Faith, and he sent his adherent, *Kara Gehenna*, or “the black infernal,” to execute it. The Janissaries were surrounded with artillery, and he at once opened a discharge with grape-shot on the dense crowd. He battered down their *kislas*, or barracks, over their heads, and never ceased till this fierce and formidable body of men were left a monument in the midst of Constantinople, a mound of mangled flesh and smoking ashes slaked in blood. To perpetuate the utter destruction of this corps, and ensure its extinction, a firman was issued, obliterating its very name, and declaring it penal for any man ever to pronounce it.

Just before the destruction of the Janissaries at Constantinople, that of the Mamelukes had been effected in Egypt. These descendants of Christian slaves, equally formidable to the Porte, had been doomed to like destruction by the predecessor of Mahmoud. They were invited to a feast on board the Capitan Pasha’s ship, when the most formidable of their chiefs were seized and strangled. The remnant were induced, by solemn promises of protection to enter the fortress of Cairo, when every man of them was sacrificed in cold blood, without pity or remorse. Thus these two corps, originally formed and recruited from a Christian population, became, in the hands of the Osmanli, for many centuries, the most powerful and unrelenting opponents of the people professing the faith of their ancestors, and at length became so formidable to their employers as to render their own destruction necessary. Not a remnant of these extraordinary renegades, now exists in the world, and the very names of Mameluke and Janissary are condemned to everlasting oblivion.

The energetic and terrible sultan, having thus silenced opposition, and created unanimity to his plans, by putting to death every man that presumed to differ from him in opinion, proceeded rapidly with his reforms. A new order of things was every where established. The soldiers, who were a mere uncontrollable rabble, every one dressed according to his own fancy, and doing whatever seemed good in his eyes, were now clad in regular uniform, subject to discipline, and exercised in European tactics. Civil usages which stamped the Turks with barbarism, were abolished. Ambassadors, who represented infidel kings, were no longer dragged by the neck into the presence of the sovereign of the faithful like criminals, or sent to his prison like malefactors; but, above all, knowledge was no longer proscribed as an impious acquisition, and ignorance cherished as a venerable quality. Lancasterian schools were opened; literary works on various subjects were written by Turks, and published at the press at Constantinople, now revived for that purpose; and, finally, an innovation was introduced, supposed to be altogether hopeless and extraordinary, among a people so stubborn and prejudiced: to spread the lights of European knowledge with more rapidity, and present them daily to the eyes of every man, four newspapers were established in the capital, in Turkish, Greek, Armenian, and French, for the different people

that compose the population; and thus 700,000 persons, the calculated number of inhabitants on both peninsulas, instead of being kept in utter darkness of every thing around them, are now constantly apprised of all that passes, not only in their own, but in every other country. The arts,xxviii the sciences, the improvements in social life, the incidents and events which happen in the world, are subjects to which the attention of the Turk is now turned, and the fictions of his “story-tellers” are superseded by the realities of life. Every day the distinctions which marked this great capital, as an Asiatic city on an European soil, are beginning to disappear, and it is probable that, in a few years, such an amalgamation of its inhabitants with those of other European cities will take place, that the strong characteristics which lately distinguished it will only be found in our pictorial representations.

EMPERORS AND SULTANS OF CONSTANTINOPLE, FROM THE DEDICATION OF THE CITY TO THE PRESENT DAY.

Those individuals only of each dynasty are noticed who reigned at Constantinople.

GREEK DYNASTY.

Family of Constantine.

Flavius Valerius Aurelius Constantinus I. was born in Britain, A.D. 272; crowned at Rome, 306; transferred the seat of empire to Constantinople, and dedicated the city to Christ, 330; died 337, after a reign of thirty years and nine months. The place of his birth is doubtful; by some said to be Dacia; by others, Britain, of which his father was governor, where he married Helena, a British lady. Among other evidence is the panegyric of Eumenius, “Oh, Britain! blessed of all lands, who first beheld Cæsar Constantinus,” &c. Constantine was esteemed an eloquent preacher, and one of his sermons has come down to us. He left behind him three sons, who succeeded him.

Flavius Julius Constantinus II. Junior, succeeded his father: he was born at Arles, 312; crowned, 337; and was killed in 340 in battle, and his body cast into the river Elsa.

Flavius Julius Constantinus was born in Pannonia, 318; crowned, 326; and died of apoplexy, 361.

Flavius Julius Constans I. was born 330; crowned, 333; and died, 350. The manner of his death is disputed: he either was killed in battle, or put an end to his own life, to escape his enemies.

Flavius Claudius Julianus, nephew of Constantine the Great, was born at Constantinople in 332; crowned, 361; and died, 363. He was killed in battle in Persia, by an arrow from a Persian horseman. He endeavoured to extinguish Christianity, and obtained the name of the *Apostate*. In him the family of Constantine terminated.

Family of Jovian.

Flavius Jovianus was born in Pannonia in 324; crowned, 363; and died, 364. He was suffocated by the fumes of charcoal. He revived Christianity, but lived only seven months and twenty-one days after he came to the throne.

Family of Valentinianus.

Flavius Valerius Valentinianus I. was born in Pannonia in 321; crowned, 364; and died, 375, of apoplexy.

Flavius Gratianus was born in Belgium in 359; crowned, 367; and killed in battle, 385. The empire was now divided into Eastern and Western; Valentinianus II. was nominated to the latter, and Valens to the former.

Flavius Valens was born in Pannonia in 328; crowned, 376; and burnt to death in a cottage in Thrace by the Goths, 378.

Family of Theodosius.

Flavius Theodosius I. was born at Seville in Spain in 335; crowned, 379; and died, 395, of a dropsy. He obtained the name of the *Great* for his achievements. Among others, he restored peace in Britain, when disturbed by the Picts. To encourage the arts, he erected a splendid column at Constantinople, to rival that of Trajan at Rome. It was cast down by an earthquake, and no longer exists.

Flavius Arcadius was born in 379; crowned, 395; and died, 408. He followed his father's example in erecting a splendid column: both have been prostrated by earthquakes. His brother Honorius succeeded to the Western empire.

Flavius Theodosius II. junior, was born in 401; and died, 450. He was nominated to the empire the year after his birth. He reestablished public schools at Constantinople, with a view to revive literature, and published the Theodosian code of laws. In his reign the Romans abandoned Britain, never to return.

Marcianus was born in Thrace, of obscure parents, in 387; crowned, 450; and died, 456. He erected a pillar at Constantinople, which still stands. In early life, he found the body of a man, and buried it; but he was accused of the murder, and would have been executed, had not the real murderer appeared, and saved him.

Family of Leo.

Flavius Leo I., (Macela,) was a native of Thrace, called to the empire in 457, and died in 474, after a reign of seventeen years and six months. He was the first Christian potentate of the East crowned by an ecclesiastic. After him, the ceremony was generally performed by the patriarch. He obtained the name of *the Great*.

Flavius Leo II. minor, was born 457; and died 474, aged 17, having reigned but ten months. He was the grandson of Leo I.

Flavius Zeno, (Tarasicodista,) was born in Isauria, in 426, succeeded Leo II. as sole emperor, and died in 491, having reigned seventeen years. Some affirm he was buried alive by his wife. The term Tarasicodista was an Isaurian name, which he changed for Zeno. Under him, the Western Empire was entirely destroyed, and Odoacer, king of the Heruli, was proclaimed king of Italy. For fifty years after, till the time of Justinian, the reigns of the emperors are obscure and indistinct.

Family of Anastatius.

Flavius Anastatius, I. (Dicorus,) was born at Dyrrachium, in 430, and was killed by lightning in his palace in 518, having reigned twenty-seven years and eleven months. He was distinguished for running a wall from the Euxine to the Propontis, and including a triangular space, called the "Delta of Thrace."

Family of Justinus Thrax.

Flavius Anicius Justinus I. was born in 450, in Illyria, called to the throne on the death of Anastatius, and died in 527, after a reign of eight years and seven months.

Flavius Anicius Justinianus I. was born in Dacia, in 482, and died in 565, after a long reign of thirty-seven years and seven months, which was devoted to useful objects. Besides the erection of the church of St. Sophia, he introduced the culture of silk into Europe, and caused to be drawn up the codes, pandects, institutes, and, a few years after, the digest of laws, forming a system of civil jurisprudence, which is an everlasting monument of his reign. Under him, Proclus, a second Archimedes, set fire to the Gothic fleet by means of a concave mirror of brass.

Flavius Anicius Justinus II. junior, (Curopalata,) was born in Thrace, crowned on the death of his uncle Justinian, and died in 578, after a reign of twelve years and ten months. He had been superintendent of the palace, and hence the title Curopalata.

Family of Tiberius.

Flavius Anicius Tiberius, I. called the New Constantine, was born in Thrace, and died in 582, after a reign of three years and ten months.

Flavius Mauricius Tiberius II. was born in Cappadocia, in 539, and was killed in 602, having reigned twenty years and three months. In his reign Augustine and his monks proceeded to preach Christianity in Britain, and the Saxon heptarchy commenced.

Family of Phocas.

Flavius Phocas was crowned in 602; he died in 610, after a reign of eight years. He murdered his predecessor Mauricius, and decapitated him and his five children: he was himself

assassinated by his successor Heraclius. He is represented as a monster among the emperors: his person small and deformed; his hair and eyebrows red and shaggy; and his cheeks disfigured with scars; his temper was savage; his pleasures brutal; and he was grossly ignorant, not only of letters, but his own profession—war. From the time of Justinian, the pleadings of the courts had been in Latin, but from the reign of Phocas, they were held in Greek, and the writings formed a barbarous mixture of Greek and Latin characters.

Family of Heraclius.

Flavius Heraclius, son of the præfect of Africa, sailed to Constantinople, and having put Phocas to death, was crowned in 610. He died in 641, of dropsy, after a reign of thirty years and five months. He was distinguished for his conquests over the Persians, and for his pilgrimage to Jerusalem to restore the true cross; the ceremony resulting from it is still called “the Elevation of the Cross.” In his reign Mohammed fled from Mecca to Medina, and the era of the Hegira commenced.

Flavius Heraclius II. or Constantinus III. was born in 612; and died by poison in 641; having reigned but one hundred and three days. He was associated in the empire with his brother Heracleonas.

Flavius Heraclius Constans II. was born in 630; and was smothered in a bath in 668; after a reign of twenty-seven years.

Flavius Constantinus IV., (Pogonatus,) died in 685; after a reign of seventeen years. He was called Pogonatus, or “the Bearded,” because when he went against the tyrant of Sicily to avenge his brother’s death, he would not suffer his beard to be cut till he had effected his purpose. In his reign the city was besieged by the Saracens, and their fleet destroyed by the Greek fire.

Flavius Justinianus II., (Rhinometus,) was born about the year 670, and was killed in 711; he reigned first ten years. He was called Rhinometus because he was seized by his enemy Leontius, who cut off his nose. After a reign of seven years he was deposed, and then restored, and reigned six more. With him and his young son was extinguished the race of Heraclius, after enjoying the sovereignty for one hundred years.

Filepicus Bardanes, was blinded, and deposed one year and six months after his coronation.

Anastatius II., (Artemius,) was crowned in 713; resigned; and was put to death by Leo Isaurus, when he attempted again to recover the crown.

Theodosius III. was crowned in 715; resigned. His sanctity in retirement was such, that he was reputed to work miracles.

Family of Leo Isaurus.

Flavius Leo III., called Conon, died of a dropsy in 741; after a reign of twenty-four years and eleven months. He was called the Isaurian, from the country whence his family came to

Constantinople. He began the first reformation in the Greek church, by causing all images to be pulled down, and excluded from places of worship as idolatrous.

Flavius Constantinus V., (Copronimus,) was born, 719; and died, 775; after a reign of thirty-five years and eleven months. He was in derision called Copronimus, because he defiled the font at his baptism. During his long reign he followed up the reformation of his father, and was seconded by the people, who formed themselves into associations, called Iconoclasts or “image breakers,” and destroyed every such idolatrous representation. He also suppressed monasteries. The writers of the Latin church represented Copronimus as “chained with demons in the infernal abyss;” while the Greeks venerated his tomb, and prayed before it as that of a heaven-directed saint. In his reign, historians first dated from, the birth of Christ.

Flavius Leo IV., (Chazarus,) was born at Constantinople in 750; and died of a fever in 780, after a reign of five years. He followed up the reformation, and the Latin writers affirm that he sacrilegiously took a crown with precious stones, from the church of Santa Sophia,xxxix and when he placed it on his head, his face burst out into carbuncles, similar to those in the crown, as a punishment for his impiety, and this caused the fever of which he died.

Flavius Leo Constantinus VI. was born at Constantinople in 771; and died in 797; after his eyes had been put out, he reigned seven years. In concert with his mother, Irené, he restored the worship of images, for which he is highly praised by Latin writers.

Flavius Nicephorus I. was born in Seleucia; he was drawn into an ambush by the Bulgarians, and killed in battle in 811; having reigned nine years and nine months.

Flavius Stauricius was presented with the diadem by his father Nicephorus in 803. He was grievously wounded in battle, and, after lingering in hopeless pain, he became a monk, and retired to a monastery, where he died in 812.

Michael I., (Rhagabe Curopalata,) married the daughter of Nicephorus; was proclaimed emperor in 811, on the death of his father-in-law; but was deposed, and died in a monastery, after a reign of one year and ten months.

Family of Leo the Armenian.

Flavius Leo V., (Armenus,) was born in Armenia, and crowned in 813; and was assassinated while celebrating divine service in his palace in 820; after a reign of seven years and five months.

Family of Michael Balbus.

Flavius Michael II. (the Stammerer,) was born in Phrygia, crowned in 820; and died in 829, of a dysentery, having reigned eight years and nine months. He was named Balbus from a hesitation in his voice. He revived the reformation by expelling images from churches.

Flavius Theophilus, called Augustus by his father, was born in 820, crowned in 829, and died in 842; having reigned twelve years and three months. He vigorously continued the reformation of the church, and is thus described, *Is impietatis paternæ æmulus cultores imaginum persecutus est.*

Flavius Michael III., (Ebriosus,) was born in 836; crowned in 842; and was assassinated in 867. He acquired the name of Ebriosus, or the Drunken, from his constant intemperance. He suffered his mother, Theodora, to introduce images into churches. The sister of the king of Bulgaria having embraced Christianity, he and all his subjects, by her persuasion, became converts in this reign. Clocks were then first brought from Venice to Constantinople.

Family of Basilius Macedo.

Flavius Basilius I., (Cephalos,) was born in Macedonia, crowned in 866, and died in 886. He was called Cephalos from the size of his head. He was a zealous promoter of image worship. In his reign, Alfred king of England died.

Flavius Leo VI., the Philosopher, was crowned by his father at the age of five years in 870; and died in 911. He devoted a long reign of twenty-five years, after his father's death, to literary pursuits, and composed works which have come down to us: amongst others, a "Treatise on Tactics."

Flavius Constantinus VII., (Porphyrogenitus,) the son of Leo VI. by his fourth wife, was born in 905; crowned in 913; and died in the year 959, of poison, administered by his own son. He was called Porphyrogenitus, or born in the purple, because an apartment in the palace was lined with that colour, in which his birth took place. It was a title generally given to those whose fathers were on the throne when they were born, a rare distinction in the Lower Empire. He was the first to whom the distinction was applied. His birth was accompanied by the appearance of a comet. He was distinguished for his devotion to literature, and left behind him "the Geography of the Empire," and other works. In his reign Arabic numerals were first used for the clumsy prolixity of alphabetic letters.

Romanus I., (Lecapenus,) was born in Armenia, crowned in 919; and died in 946. His reign was remarkable by the siege of Constantinople by the Bulgarians.

Romanus II. junior, was born in 937; and crowned in 959. He died of poison in 963; after a reign of four years.

Basilius II., (Bulgarotoctonos,) was born in 955;xxxii crowned in 960; and died in 1025. He obtained the name "Bulgarian-killer," from the cruelty he exercised over them. He took 15,000 prisoners, and ordered the eyes to be scooped out from the heads of every ninety-nine out of one hundred.

Nicephorus II. (Phocas,) was born at Constantinople, and crowned, 963, on the death of Romanus. He was assassinated by Zemiscas, and other conspirators, in 969.

Flavius Constantinus VIII. son of Lecapenus, was associated with his brother, and in 1026, became sole emperor at the age of sixty-nine, and died in 1028. It was in his reign the practice of duelling was introduced: one, fought in 1026, is the first on record in the annals of the empire.

Johannes Zemiscus was a domestic in the palace while Nicephorus Phocas enjoyed the crown. After his assassination, he assumed himself the purple, but was poisoned in 975, after a reign of six years.

Constantinus IX., brother of Basilus II., was born in 961, and reigned singly, after the death of Basilus, three years. He died in 1028, having enjoyed the title of Augustus sixty-six years. The reign of the two brothers, with the intervening usurpations, is the longest and most obscure in Byzantine history.

Romanus III., (Argyrus,) succeeded to the empire in 1028, and was put to death by his wife Zoe in 1034. She had administered slow poison, but, impatient of its operation, caused him to be suffocated in a bath by an eunuch, who held his head under water.

Michael IV., (Paphlagonicus,) was born in Paphlagonia, crowned in 1034, and afterwards retired to a monastery in 1041. He married Zoe after the assassination of her former husband, and his death was hastened by never-ceasing remorse. The first schism commenced in this reign between the Greek and Latin churches.

Michael V., (Calaphates,) was crowned in 1041, and was put to death the same year, after a reign of four months. He was called Calaphates because his trade had been careening boats.

Zoe & Theodora, (the Matrons,) were crowned in 1042. They were taken at an advanced age, one from a prison, and the other from a monastery. Zoe, at the age of sixty, took a third husband, and died in 1050.

Flavius Constantinus X., (Monomachus,) was crowned in 1042. He was called Monomachus from his bravery in single combat. He died in 1055, having survived his atrocious wife Zoe two years. In his reign the Turks first entered the territories of the Greek empire in Asia.

Theodora was crowned sole empress in 1055, at the age of seventy-six, and reigned one year and ten months. She took an associate, and thus for twenty years two feeble sisters, and one an abandoned profligate, nominated whom they pleased to the empire.

Michael VI., (Stratioticus,) was crowned in 1056, and resigned the year after. He obtained the name of Stratioticus from his supposed skill in war. His aged and feeble associate died just before, the last of the Basilian dynasty.

Family of the Comneni.

Isaak I., (Comnenus,) was crowned in 1057, and resigned in 1059. The name of Comnenus is one of the most distinguished of the Lower Empire.

Family of Ducas.

Flavius Constantinus XI., (by some IX.) (Ducas,) was crowned in 1060, and died a natural death in 1066. During his reign Jerusalem was taken by the Turks and Saracens, William the Conqueror entered England, and the Norman dynasty began.

Eudocia was crowned in 1067, on the death of her husband, and reigned alone but one year. She was expelled from the palace, and lingered in obscurity till the time of Anna Comnena, who saw her alive in 1096.

Romanus IV., (Diogenes,) was crowned in 1068, and was killed in 1071. He had married Eudocia, and was nominated to the crown in prejudice of her sons. He was taken prisoner by the Turks, who scooped out his eyes; of which he died, covered with worms, and in extreme misery.

Michael VII., (Parapinace,) crowned in 1071, and resigned in 1078, and retired to a monastery. He was called Parapinace because he had suffered the bushel of corn to be reduced to the size of a quart. He associated his two brothers with him in the empire, under the names of Andronicus I. and Constantine XII.

Nicephorus III., (Boutaniates,) was crowned 1078: he resigned in 1081, and entered a monastery. In his reign, Domesday Book began to be compiled in England, to ascertain the tenure of estates.

Restoration of the Family of Comnenus.

Alexius I., (Comnenus,) was crowned in 1081, and died in 1118. He lived to the age of seventy-one, and reigned thirty-seven. His daughter, Anna Comnena, illustrated this era by her writings. The history of her father's eventful reign is yet extant. In England, William Rufus and Henry I. were his contemporaries, and the first crusade commenced. Johannes II., (Comnenus,) Kalojohannes, began his reign in 1118, and died in 1143, of the wound of a poisoned arrow, accidentally inflicted by himself. He obtained the name of Kalojohannes for his personal beauty. His contemporary in England was Stephen.

Manuel I., (Comnenus,) was crowned in 1143, and died in 1180. In his reign the canon law was drawn up, and the second crusade commenced.

Alexius II., (Comnenus,) was crowned in 1180, and died in 1183. He was murdered by his successor Andronicus.

Andronicus I., (Comnenus,) was crowned in 1183, and died in 1185. He was cruelly put to death, also, by his successor, who caused his eyes to be put out, and his hands cut off, and then led him through the city, seated on a camel, when he was torn in pieces by the multitude.

Isaak II., (Angelus,) was crowned in 1185, and in 1195 his eyes were put out. In his reign the third crusade commenced. His contemporary in England was Richard I.

Alexius III., (Angelus) was crowned in 1195, and died in 1204. The deposition of his brother Isaak was the pretext to the Crusaders for the sack of Constantinople.

Isaak III., Alexius IV., Alexius V., (Ducas Mourzoufle,) 1203. In six months, five emperors were crowned at Constantinople; three were murdered, and two fled. Mourzoufle (so called from his dark eyebrows) was cast from the monument of Theodosius. The Crusaders took and sacked the city, and the empire was partitioned: Lascaris obtained Nicæa and Bythinia; Alexius, Trebisonde; and Michael, Epirus.

Frank Family.

Baldwin I., (Robert,) crowned in 1204. He was drawn into an ambush by the Greeks and Bulgarians, by whom some say he was cut to pieces. He never afterwards appeared. Aristotle's works were now first brought from Constantinople, Ghengis Khan reigned in Tartary, and Magna Charta was extorted from king John in England.

Henry was called to the throne on the supposed death of his brother in 1206, and reigned 10 years.

Baldwin II. was crowned in 1228; deposed in 1261. He fled to Italy. The Latin dynasty was extinguished, and the Greek restored. The Inquisition was established in the Latin church. Henry III. reigned in England.

Family of the Palæologi.

Michael VIII., (Palæologus) crowned in 1262; died in 1283. He was regent during the minority of John Lascaris, whom he put to death. He endeavoured to effect an union between the Greek and Latin churches without success. The Mamelukes now seized on Egypt. Edward I. reigned in England.

Andronicus II., (Palæologus,) was crowned in 1283, and abdicated in 1328. He retired to a monastery, where he lived to the age of seventy-four. The Turks seized on Bythinia, and Othman established his capital at Brusa. From him they are since called Ottoman, or Osmanli. Edward II. reigned in England.

Andronicus III., (Palæologus,) crowned in 1328, having deposed his grandfather, with whom he had been associated. He died of an irregular life in 1341. Edward III. reigned in England.

Johannes III., (Cantacuzene,) was crowned in 1342, and abdicated in 1355. He retired, with his wife, to a monastery, where he lived till 1411. He there composed the "History of his own Time," which is still extant. In his reign the Turks first entered Europe.

Johannes IV., (Palæologus,) was crowned on his father Andronicus's death, in 1341, and died in 1391. In his reign Amurath took Adrianople, and established a capital in Europe. Richard II. reigned in England.

Manuel II., (Palæologus,) was crowned sole emperor in 1391, and died in 1425. In his reign, Bajazet laid siege to Constantinople, which was raised by Tamerlane. Henry IV. and Henry V. reigned in England.

Johannes V., (Palæologus,) crowned sole emperor in 1425, and died of the gout in 1448. In his reign the art of printing was first discovered in Europe. Henry VI. was his contemporary of England.

Constantinus XIII., by some XI., (Palæologus,) was crowned in 1448, and killed in 1453. Mohammed took the city of Constantinople, and put an end to the Greek empire. Constantine had two brothers—Demetrius, who basely submitted to slavery, and permitted his daughter to be received into the conqueror's harem; and Thonas, who made vigorous efforts to rescue Greece from the Ottoman power. He finally retired to Italy. His children proceeded to England, where he died: and the ashes of the last of the family of the Greek dynasty repose among the free in Britain, where their monument is still to be seen in Llanulph Church in Cornwall. It is remarkable, that the first Christian emperor of the East was born, and the descendants of the last, repose in England.

TURKISH DYNASTY

Mahomet II., (Fatih,) He was proclaimed sultan in 1451, and took possession of Constantinople on the memorable 29th of May, 1453. He died of a colic in 1481. The title of Fatih, or “the Conqueror” was given to him on the occasion, as opening a way into the Christian capital. He prepared an epitaph to be placed on his tomb, containing the names of all the kings, countries, and cities he had conquered. His contemporary in England was Edward IV.

Bajazet II. He was proclaimed in 1481, and ceased to reign in 1512. His son Selim had appointed for him a place of retreat such as he wished, but in the meantime had corrupted his physician, who poisoned him at Tzurullo. His contemporaries in England were Edward V., Richard III., Henry VII., and Henry VIII.

Selim I. (Yavuz) began his reign in 1512, and died of a fever in 1520. His contemporary in England was Henry VIII.

Soliman I. (by some II.) (Kanuni) began his reign in 1520; and terminated it in 1566. He is generally called in Europe the “Magnificent,” but by Turks, Kanuni, or the “Institutor,” as he drew up a list of institutes by which the kingdom was afterwards to be governed, instead of those traditions which had before been their unwritten law. His contemporaries in England were, Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth.

Selim II. succeeded his father Soliman in 1566; he died in 1574. Contrary to the usual temperament of a Turkish sovereign, he was fond of peace, and sighed for repose, particularly after the loss of the terrible battle of Lepanto, in which Cervantes lost an arm. His contemporary in England was Elizabeth.

Amurath III. succeeded his father Selim in 1574; and died in 1595; a victim to melancholy and a morbid imagination. The discharge of a cannon broke the windows of his kiosk, as he reclined on his divan. Supposing that this portended his death, he died in a fever under that impression. His contemporary in England was Elizabeth, who wrote him a Latin letter.

Mohammed III. succeeded to the throne on the death of his father Mohammed in 1595; he died in 1603. He drowned all the odalisks, or female slaves, of the seraglio, suspected of pregnancy, and put to death nineteen of his brothers on the first day of his elevation. He, from policy, was advised by his mother to affect a dissipated life, and contracted a habit which he could not afterwards get rid of. He died prematurely of excess. His only contemporary in England was Elizabeth.

Achmet I. came to the throne in 1603; and died in 1607. He escaped the fate usually attendant on a younger brother in Turkey, by the premature death of his elder. His life was attempted by a Dervish, who hurled a large stone on him from the roof of a house, which bruised his shoulder. He supposed that dogs communicated the plague, and he ordered them all to be killed; but the mufti saved them, by affirming that every dog had a soul. His contemporary in England was James I.

Osman, or Othman II. succeeded his father Achmet in 1617; he was strangled by the janissaries in 1621, at the early age of nineteen years. A meteoric phenomenon, which assumed the appearance of a huge cymeter, was seen in the sky in his reign for a month, which the Turks were persuaded portended to them the conquest of the world. Charles I. was his contemporary in England.

Mustapha I. was dragged from prison, and set on the throne by the janissaries in 1621, on the death of his nephew Osman. In 1623 he was compelled to resign by the turbulent janissaries, and re-entered the prison from which they had taken him. James I. reigned in England.

Amurath IV. began his reign in 1624; and ended it in 1640; having hastened his death by an intemperate use of wine and ardent spirits, so as to break down a strong constitution at the age of thirty-one. He had conceived the extraordinary projects of extinguishing the Ottoman race, by putting his brother Ibrahim to death; but his own death anticipated his intention. He annexed Bagdad to the empire. In his reign, Cyril Lascaris, the Greek patriarch, published, at the patriarchal press, a confession of eighteen articles, declaring the faith of the Greeks on these points, similar to that of the reformed church in Europe. The contemporary reign in England was that of Charles I.

Ibrahim, succeeded his brother in 1640, and was strangled by the janissaries in 1668. He was a miserable-looking man, had a pale visage, scanty beard, seamed with the small-pox, mean appearance, spare person, hypochondriac, and subject to the falling sickness. His contemporary in England was Charles I.

Mohammed IV. the son of Ibrahim, ascended the throne in 1648, at the age of seven years. He was deposed in 1687, and shut up in the seraglio, where he lingered in solitude four years. In the year 1666, in this reign, Sabathi Levi, or Sevi, appeared in Palestine as the expected Messiah,

and was invited to Constantinople by the sultan, who promised to restore Jerusalem. Multitudes of people, both Turks and Jews, believed on him. Among other miracles, he professed to be invulnerable; but when he was set up as a mark to be shot at, his courage failed, and he confessed the imposture. Contemporary governments in England, "the Commonwealth," Charles II.

Soliman II. (III.) brother to the former, succeeded in 1687; and died in 1691, of a dropsy. He was austere and indisposed to accept the throne. He passed his whole time in studying the koran. In his reign Lewin Warner, the Dutch ambassador at the Port, caused the Bible to be translated at Constantinople into the Turkish language. The MS. remained from that time shut up in the University of Leyden, till it was discovered, and lately published by the British and Foreign Bible Society. Some copies were circulated among the Turks of Constantinople in the year 1824, which caused a firman to be issued for their suppression. English sovereigns, Charles II., James II.

Achmet II. the younger brother of Mohammed, succeeded to the throne in 1691; he died in 1695. His mind was mean and powerless, and his person bloated: he had large staring eyes, and a very long nose. Contemporaries in England, William and Mary.

Mustapha II. brother to Achmet, succeeded him in 1695; he abdicated the throne in 1703. His contemporaries in England were William III. and Anne.

Achmet III. the brother of Mustapha, succeeded in 1703; after a reign of twenty-seven years of prosperity, he too was compelled by the turbulent janissaries, to abdicate the throne in 1730; the third whom the caprice of the people had dethroned in fifty years. His contemporaries in England were Anne, George I., and George II.

Mahmoud I., or Mohammed V., the nephew of Achmet, succeeded in 1730; he died in 1754, after a mild reign of twenty-four years. He was condescending and humble, and much regretted. It is a precept of Islamism, that every man should be prepared for his destiny, and able to support it by some useful employment. Many sultans were mechanics, and so was Mahmoud; he was a cunning worker in ivory, which he wrought with a dexterity far exceeding that of a Turk. His contemporary in England was George II.

Othman III. the brother of Mahmoud, succeeded him in 1754; he died in 1757. His reign was distinguished by the persevering and sanguinary efforts of the Russians to effect their great object of advancing to Constantinople, by urging the Greeks to insurrection. His contemporary in England was George II.

Mustapha III. (Gazi,) nephew of Othman, and son of Achmet III., began his reign in 1757; and died in 1776. His uncle had administered poison to himself and two brothers; they perished, but he survived, and ever after retained the traces of it. The approximation of Turks to European habits and improvements, began with him. He ordered Boerhaave and Machiavel to be translated into Turkish, and commanded his son to be inoculated; and he founded a library and an academy. He made vigorous efforts against the Russians, and was thus called Gazi, "The Victorious." George III. reigned in England.

Abdul Hamed, the last of the sons of Achmet III. succeeded in 1776; he died in 1789. His reign, like his predecessors, was marked by the advance of the Russians to their great object. Sovereign in England, George III.

Selim III. the only son of Mustapha, succeeded in 1789, to the exclusion of the children of Abdul Hamed. He was deposed by the janissaries in 1807, and afterwards strangled for attempting to alter their discipline, and establish a nizam dgeddite, or new corps. He was an amiable and enlightened prince. Contemporary in England George III.

Mustapha IV. was the eldest son of Abdul Hamed, and succeeded in 1807; after a brief reign of one year, he too was deposed in 1808, and afterwards strangled. Sovereign in England George III.

Mahmoud II. or Mohammed VI. succeeded his brother in 1808. He extirpated the turbulent janissaries, remodelled the empire, and, amid more perils, perhaps, than ever sovereign encountered, he still reigns. He is the thirtieth monarch of the Ottoman dynasty, and the twenty-fourth on the throne of Constantinople, and has seen four fill the throne of England—George III., George IV., William IV., Victoria.

END OF HISTORICAL SKETCH.

1

CONSTANTINOPLE
AND
ITS ENVIRONS.



T. Allom.

J. Cousen.

1. Mosque of Bajazet, 2. Seraskier's Tower, 3. Yeni Jami, 4. Solimanie, 5. Mahomet, 6. Selim, 7. Tower of Galata

CONSTANTINOPLE, FROM THE GOLDEN HORN.

The situations of Oriental cities, in general, possess advantages, in point of view, of which those in the west are deprived: London, Paris, Vienna, and St. Petersburg present only flat levels; and it is necessary to climb some impending height, to obtain a bird's-eye view, so as to take in any portion except the first line of houses, and the tops of a few of the more lofty edifices which rise behind them. But in the East, every city has its Acropolis: some lofty eminence is chosen to build

on, the summit of which is crowned with a fortress, and the sloping sides covered with streets and houses. In this way ancient towns are described by writers, who compare them to amphitheatres, with their streets, like the seats, rising one above the other. Constantinople participates in this advantage in an eminent degree.

The approach to this magnificent city, from the Sea of Marmora, is more beautiful, perhaps, than that of any other city in the world. Before the spectator lies a romantic archipelago of islands covered with pine, arbutus, and oak woods, from whence emerges, on every summit, some monastery of the Greek church. These lovely islets seem to float upon a sea generally calm and unruffled, and are beautifully reflected from a surface singularly pure and lucid. Beside them is the coast of Asia Minor, from which rises, at a distance, the vast contour of Mount Olympus, not, as the poet describes it, with “cloudy tops,” but usually unveiled and distinct; its flanks clothed with forests, and its summits crowned with eternal snows, glittering in sunlight, imparting to the heated atmosphere below an imagined feeling of refreshing coolness. In some states of the air, the effect of refraction is so deceptive, that the mountain seems almost to impend over the spectator.

From hence the coast sweeps round to the mouth of the Bosphorus, in a recess of which lies the town of Chalcedon. Beside it stretches, for more than three miles, the great cemetery of the Moslems, the most extensive, perhaps, in the world; and rising² from the plain, and ascending the side of a hill, is the fine city of Scutari, associated with early historical recollections. It is of considerable extent, covering the inclined plain of the hill on which it is built, till the ascent is terminated by the lofty mountain of Bourgourloo, a detached portion of the great Bythinian chain. From thence a splendid view is commanded, including the romantic windings of the Bosphorus, almost for the whole extent of the strait, from the Euxine to the Propontis.

Below the promontory of Scutari, the Bosphorus rushes out with its rapid current, and, no longer confined within its narrow shores, expands itself into the open sea. The limpid torrent, like that of some great river tumbling down from its source, now wheels and boils, and creates such commotion that boats are oftentimes dangerously entangled.

On the European shore, and opposite to Scutari, two promontories project into the Bosphorus. The first is the peninsula of Pera, its lower part terminated by the ancient city of Galata, where the enterprising Genoese established one of their commercial marts under the Greek emperors, and where their language still attests their origin. The walls, with their ramparts and towers, are still entire; and the gates are nightly shut by the Turks with the same vigilant precaution as they were by their former masters. This is the crowded mart, where merchants of all nations have their stores and counting-houses, and which the active and busy genius of the Genoese still seems to animate.

The town of Pera occupies the elevated ridge of a high promontory between the harbour and the Bosphorus. On the spine of this eminence the European natives have established their residence. The merchants, whose stores and offices are below, have their dwelling-houses on this lofty and healthful elevation, to which they are seen climbing in groups every evening, when the business of the day is over. Their habitations form a strong contrast to those of the Turks. They are lofty, solid, and convenient, and from their height command a magnificent view of the circumjacent

seas, with all their bays and islands. Here also the ambassadors of the different powers of Europe have their palaces, among which the British, before its destruction by fire, was the most beautiful and conspicuous.

Below the promontory of Pera, the noble harbour of “The Golden Horn” opens to the view, its entrance formed by the points of Galata and that of the seraglio. Here it is that ships of all nations are seen floating side by side, and indicating, by the peculiarity of their structure, the people to which they belong. But the most remarkable and characteristic are those which are sent from the different parts of the vast Turkish empire, in Europe, Asia, and Africa.

The enormous vessels that compose the Turkish fleet are the most conspicuous objects. Some of them rise out of the water with a length and breadth so imposing, as to excite wonder how a nation, so ignorant of maritime affairs, and limited in their commercial intercourse, could have built such stupendous specimens of naval architecture. Many of them carry 140 brass cannon, of a calibre so enormous on the lower deck, as to throw balls of 100 lbs. weight. They are navigated by crews of 2000 men,³ and seem capable of opening a cannonade that could instantly sink the largest opponent. The brightness of their guns of burnished brass, the freshness of their cordage, the snowy whiteness of their sails, the gaiety and richness of their painting, always fresh and bright, give an impression that the nation to which they belong must have brought the art of ship-building to the highest perfection. On the bow of each is a colossal lion, highly carved and naturally coloured, which presents the emblem of the Turkish empire in its most formidable attitude. The first impression made by these great engines of naval warfare, is the vast superiority they possess, and the hopelessness of any opposition to them. Yet they are utterly powerless in the unskilful hands that guide them. The Turks, like their predecessors the Persians, are impotent by sea; and as the ancient Greeks with ease destroyed the fleets of the one, so did the modern Greeks those of the other with their tiny ships. Their small craft, like fishing-boats, with decayed timbers, ragged sails, and rotten cordage, which are now sometimes seen in the harbour lying peaceably beside the Turkish men-of-war, were more than a match for those gorgeous but unmanageable masses; and their rusty iron guns, whose explosion sounded like the shot of a pistol in comparison, silenced the immense batteries of ordnance, that seemed capable of blowing a Greek island out of the water.

The galleys of Africa next attract attention; these are always summoned, and ready to join the naval armaments of their sovereign, like the military vassals of some feudal lord. Their habits of ferocity, though restrained, still continue; when attached to the Turkish fleet, they carry ruin and desolation wherever they sail. These allies destroyed, in Greece, whatever the less merciless Turks had spared, and would have utterly exterminated the remnant of that people, had not Christian Europe interfered.

Beside these pirate galleys of the Mediterranean, are to be seen moored the lofty merchantmen of the Euxine. The singular structure of these vessels is peculiar to the eastern coasts of the Black Sea, and has been preserved from the earliest times. These immense and unwieldy ships rise to a considerable height out of the water, both at the bow and the stern, and seem altogether incapable of resisting a gale of wind. They have seldom more than one mast and one immense mainsail, and seem to move with so infirm a balance, that they totter along through the water as if about to upset every moment. Approaching Constantinople, they are overtaken, late in the year, by the

violent north-easter of the Melktem, or the misty weather that then prevails; and unable to make the narrow entrance of the Bosphorus, or bear up from a lee-shore, less skilful or less fortunate than the Argonauts, they are either dashed on the Cyanean rocks, or driven on the sands. Against this misfortune they adopt many superstitious precautions. Every vessel has a wreath of blue beads suspended from the prow, as a protection against the glance of an evil eye, which is supposed to expend itself on this amulet.

But the vessel which gives the “Golden Horn” its most distinctive character and striking feature, is the “light *caïque*,” It is impossible to conceive forms more elegant; from their levity and fragility, they have been compared to an egg-shell divided longitudinally, and drawn out at each end to a point. They project to a considerable elongation at the stem and stern, and, gracefully ascending from below, seem to touch the water⁴ only at a point. They are made of thin beech-plank, not grosser than the birch-bark of an Indian canoe, and finished with considerable care and neatness. The gunwale and sides are tastily carved with beads and various devices of Turkish sculpture, and the pure and polished wood is not defiled by paint. The exceeding levity of the materials of which the *caïques* are composed, the slight resistance they meet with in the water from the small surface in contact with it, and the great strength and dexterity of the *caïquegees* or boatmen who propel them, give them wonderful rapidity. The oars are not, like ours, confined in rullocks, emitting a harsh sound by their attrition, and impeding the stroke by their concussion; they are paddles of shaven beech, exactly poised by a protuberance on the handle to counteract the length of the blade, and bound to the gunwale by a single pin, with a thong of sheep-skin leather. This is constantly kept oiled, so that the stem slips freely and noiselessly through the loop, and the blade cuts the water with the whole collected strength of the rower. Each *caïquegee* pulls a pair of oars, and their skiffs glide along the surface with the speed, silence, and flexibility of a flight of swallows. The only objection to their structure is the difficulty of getting into them. If the passenger step on the stem or stern, his footing has no stability, as the boat has no hold of the water beneath the point of pressure: if he step on the gunwale, it turns over at once, as there is no keel to offer resistance. It requires therefore considerable caution to enter a *caïque*; and when this is effected, the passenger sits on the bottom, either at length or from side to side. Sometimes these unstable skiffs carry a sail, at the imminent hazard of upsetting. As they have neither keel, ballast, or rudder, the passenger must move hastily to the windward side, and watch to counterpoise the pressure of the sail. *Caïques* are the only ferry-boats to cross from shore to shore, and various wooden platforms, called *iskelli*, project from the beach for their accommodation. On each of these stands a venerable Turk with a long beard, and generally a badge, which denotes him to be a *hadgee*, or “pilgrim,” who has made a perilous journey to the tomb of the Prophet. He keeps order with his baton; and when you are safely deposited in the bottom of the boat, he gives you the pilgrim’s benediction—*Allah smaladik*, “I commend you to God.” From the constant and crowded intercourse between 700,000 people, inhabiting the peninsulas on both sides of the water, and each skiff taking no more than one or two passengers, the water is covered all day long with these *caïques* in constant motion. The passengers are clad in snow-white turbans, tall calpacs, and flowing pelisses, of scarlet or other dazzling colours, so that this ever-moving scene is a perpetual change of elegant forms and brilliant hues.

Mixing with them, and penetrating through the crowd, are daily seen the larger *caïques*, destined to convey the sultan, or some high dignitary, from the seraglio or the porte, to some palace or kiosk on the Bosphorus. These long galleys are propelled by sixteen or twenty pair of oars. They

are ornamented by a long projecting prow, with various sculpture, curling over or about, and covered with the richest gilding. At the stem is a silken canopy, and within it the stately and solitary personage to whom it belongs. Below the canopy sits the Reis, the important person who guides it, with its valuable freight. This man is often chosen for his humour, with which the sultan is⁵ fond of amusing himself on his passage, like an European monarch, of old, with his fool; and he sometimes prefers him, for his talent in this way, to the first post in the empire. The Reis who most distinguished himself was the Delhi Abdallah. He had a loud voice, shouting out his words—a rude humour, very coarse—and a faculty of inventing new and extraordinary oaths and curses. After it was supposed that he had exhausted all the forms of imprecation, the sultan laid a wager one day that he could not invent a new one. To the great gratification of his master, he did so; and he was so pleased with his ingenuity, that he raised him at once from the state of a boatman on the Bosphorus to that of Capitan Pasha; and he who had never been on board a larger vessel than a caïque, now commanded the vast Turkish fleet. His first occupation was that of bostandgee, or gardener, at the seraglio. Such are the incongruous pursuits and rapid elevations of public men in Turkey.

Mixed with these light and elegant forms, are large, deep, and clumsy barges, rowed with long heavy sweeps, and filled with people of all nations crowded together. These are used for conveying persons to their residences in the villages along the shores of the Bosphorus. In a country where there are neither roads nor carriages, these boats are the only conveyance for the lower order of people. They are seen every evening slowly emerging from the harbour, filled with Turks, Jews, Armenians, Arabs, Greeks, and Franks, in all their variety of costumes, covered over with a cloud of tobacco-smoke from their several chibouques, and making the harbour resound with the loud and discordant jargon of the several tongues.

Within these few years a new feature has been added to the moving picture of the harbour. When steam-boats were adopted by all the nations of Europe, the tardy Turks alone rejected them. The currents of the Bosphorus constantly running down from the Black Sea with the velocity of four or five miles an hour, renders it extremely difficult for ships to ascend, unless assisted by a strong wind, and even with this aid they hardly stemmed the rapid stream. It was not uncommon to see lines of twenty or thirty men, with long cords passed over their shoulders, slowly dragging up ponderous merchantmen with a vast labour, which a single steamer would at once render unnecessary. It was among the first reforms of the sultan to introduce any European inventions which could assist human labour; and he not only encouraged the introduction of these boats, but he erected an arsenal in the harbour for building them by his own subjects. This spacious and novel ship-yard is under the superintendence of the laborious and patient Armenians, who are the great mechanics of the Turkish empire. Here they not only build the boats, but cast the machinery, which the stupid Moslems could not comprehend, till they saw their own sultan embark in the wonderful self-moving machine, that issued from their own arsenal, and swiftly climbed the rapids of the Bosphorus against both wind and tide.

A singular circumstance connected with the first introduction of steam-boats was the subject of universal conversation. An immense crowd had collected, as well to see the sultan, as the vessel in which he had embarked. When he stood upon the deck, a broad flag was displayed floating over his head, with the sun, the emblem of the Turkish⁶ empire, embroidered on it; but within the disc was worked a cross; and the pious Moslems saw, with fear and astonishment, their sultan

sail under this Christian emblem. He had just before shown such indulgence and good-will to the rayas of that faith, that his enemies every where gave out, that, among his innovations, he was disposed to adopt it himself, and the present flag was a public display of it. It appeared, afterwards, that the unconscious sultan knew nothing of the emblem over his head. The sanguine Greeks of the arsenal had that morning inserted it in the midst of the sun; and so had exhibited it as another cross of Constantine, converting an infidel sovereign to Christianity.

Entering the harbour are always seen large rafts of timber, cut in the woods of the Black Sea, and conveyed down the Bosphorus. These floating islands are of considerable size, and navigated by companies of boatmen. They supply not only the wood for the arsenals, but the firing for the city. Some years ago, a coal-mine was discovered at Domosderé, not far from the mouth of the strait, and several tons of coal were bought and used by the Franks of Constantinople. But the Turks conceived a prejudice against its smoke, and refused to introduce any more; so it fell into disuse. The present sultan will not suffer this important acquisition to his steam-boats to be lost, and, it is said, he is about to avail himself of its advantages.

From this ever-moving surface of the “Golden Horn,” the city of Constantinople rises with singular beauty and majesty. The view of the city displays a mountain of houses, as far as the eye can reach: the seven hills form an undulating line along the horizon, crowned with imperial mosques, among which the grand Solimanie is the most conspicuous. These edifices are extraordinary structures, and, from their magnitude and position, give to Constantinople its most characteristic aspect. They consist of large square buildings, swelling in the centre into vast hemispherical domes, and crowned at the angles with four slender lofty minarets. The domes are covered with metal, and the spires cased in gilding, so that the one seems a canopy of glittering silver, and the other a shaft of burnished gold. Their magnitude is so comparatively great, and they cover such a space of ground, that they seem altogether disproportioned to every thing about them, and the contrast gives them an apparent size almost as great as the hills on which they stand.

Among the conspicuous objects arising above the rest, and mingling with the minarets of the mosques, are two tall towers, one on each side of harbour, called the “Janissaries’ Tower,” and the “Tower of Galata.” They command an extensive view over both peninsulas, and are intended for the purpose of watching fires, to which the city is constantly subject. Instead of a bell, a large drum is kept in a chamber on the summit, and when the watchman observes a fire, for which he is always looking out, he strikes the great drum with a mallet; and this kind of tolling produces a deep sound, which comes on the ear, particularly at night, with a tone singularly solemn and impressive.

The valleys between the hills are crossed by the ancient aqueduct of Valens, which conveys the water brought from the mountains of the Black Sea to the several cisterns⁷ of the city. The humidity oozing through the masonry, nourishes the roots of various plants, which, trailing down, form festoons with their long tendrils, and clothe the romantic arcades, which cross the streets, with a luxuriant drapery. Almost every house stands within an area planted with jujube, judas-tree, and other fruit and flowery shrubs peculiar to the soil and climate; so that the vast mass of building covering the sides and summits of the hills, is interspersed and chequered with the many hues displayed by the leaves, fruits, and flowers in their season. Of these the judas-tree

affords the predominant colour. The burst of flowers from every part of it, in spring, at times actually gives a ruddy tint to the whole aspect of the city.



FOUNTAIN AND MARKET-PLACE OF TOPHANA.

As there is no object of consumption in life so precious to a Turk as water, so there is none which he takes such care to provide, not only for himself, but for all other animals. Before his door he always places a vessel filled with water for the dogs of the street; he excavates stones into shallow cups, to catch rain for the little birds; and wherever a stream runs, or a rill trickles, he builds a fountain for his fellow-creature, to arrest and catch the vagrant current, that not a drop of the fluid should be wasted. These small fountains are numerous, and frequently executed with care and skill. They are usually fronted or backed with a slab of marble, ornamented with Turkish sculpture, and inscribed with some sentence from the Koran, inculcating practical charity and benevolence. The beneficent man at whose expense this is done, never allows his own name to make part of the inscription. A Turk has no ostentation in his charity; his favourite proverb is, “Do good, and throw it into the sea; and if the fish do not see it, Allah will.”

Among the many fountains which adorn the city, there are two on which the Turks seem to have exerted all their skill in sculpture. One in Constantinople near the Babu Humayun, or “the Great Gate of the Seraglio.” The other in Pera, near *Tophana*, or the “*canon foundry*.” They are beautiful specimens of the Arabesque, and highly decorated. That at Tophana, represented in the illustration, is particularly so. It is a square edifice with far-projecting cornices, surmounted by a balustrade along the four façades. These last are covered over with a profusion of sculpture, and

every compartment, formed by the moulding, is filled with sentences from the Koran, and poetical quotations from Turkish, Persian, and Arabic authors. The following is a translation of some of the inscriptions. It was erected in 1732.

“This fountain descended from heaven—erected in this suitable place, dispenses its salutary waters on every side by ten thousand channels.”

“Its pure and lucid streams attest its salubrity, and its transparent current has acquired for it an universal celebrity.”

“As long as Allah causes a drop of rain to descend into its reservoir, the happy people who participate in its inestimable benefits, shall waft praises of its virtues to that sky from whence it came down.”

8

“It should be our prayer that the justice of a merciful God should reward with happiness the author of this benevolent undertaking, and have his deed handed down to a never-ending posterity.”

“This exquisite work is before Allah a deed of high merit, and indicates the piety of the Sultan Mahmoud.”—1145.

The whole of the water department is under the direction of the *Sou Nazir*, or, “*president of water*,” who has under him the *Sou Ioldgi*, or “water engineers,” and the *Sacgees*, or “watermen.” The business of the first is to watch that the Bendts, &c. receive no damage, and are in constant repair; the second distributes the water over the city. They are supplied with leathern sacks, broad at one end and narrow at the other, somewhat like churns, and closed at the mouth with a leather strap; when it is filled at a fountain, it is thrown across the Sacgee’s back, the broad end resting on his hip, and the narrow on his shoulder; when he empties it, he opens the flap, stoops his head, and the water is discharged into some recipient. There are generally in every hall two vessels sunk in the ground, and covered with a stopper. These the Sacgee fills every day, and receives for his trouble about two paras, or half a farthing.

Around the fountain is the great market, the most busy and populous spot on the peninsula of Pera. It is held between the gate of Galata on one side, and the manufactory of pipes on the other: above is the descent from Pera to the Bosphorus, and below the crowded place of embarkation, so that the confluence of people from these several resorts, creates an almost impassable crowd. Among the articles of sale, the most numerous and conspicuous are usually gourds and melons, of which there are more than twenty kinds, called by the Greek *Kolokithia*, and by the Turk *Cavac*. They are piled in large heaps, in their season, to the height of 10 or 15 feet. Some of them are of immense size, of a pure white, and look like enormous snow-balls—they are used for soups: others are long and slender—the pulp is thrust out, and the cavity filled with forced-meat. This is called *Dolma*, and is so favourite a dish, that a large valley on the Bosphorus is called *Dolma Bactche*, or the gourd garden, from its cultivation. Another is perfectly spherical, and called *Carpoo*s. It contains a rich red pulp, and a copious and cooling juice, and is eaten raw. A

humal, or porter, may be seen, occasionally, tottering up the streets of Pera, sinking under the weight of an incredible load, and overcome by the heat of a burning sun. His remedy for fatigue is a slice of melon, which refreshes him so effectually, that he is instantly enabled to pursue his toilsome journey. The Turkish mode of carrying planks through their streets is attended with serious inconvenience to passengers. The boards are attached to the sides of a horse in such a manner, extending from side to side of the narrow streets, that they cannot fail of crushing or fracturing the legs of the inexperienced or inactive that happen to meet them. Neither are the dogs, nor their most frequent attitude, forgotten in our illustration. The market-place is their constant resort: there they quarrel for the offals; and a Frank, whose business leads him to that quarter, has reason to congratulate himself, if he shall escape the blow of a plank from the passing horse, or the laceration of his flesh by an irritated dog.

9



T. Allom.

R. Smith.

ROUMELI HISSAR, OR, THE CASTLE OF EUROPE. ON THE BOSPHORUS.

The supposed origin of the Bosphorus is connected with the most awful phenomena of nature; and the lovely strait, which now combines all that is beautiful and romantic, grateful to the eye, and soothing to the mind, owes its existence to all that is fearful and tremendous.—At its eastern extremity, and above the level of the Mediterranean, there existed an inland sea, covering vast plains with a wide expanse of waters, several thousand miles in circumference. By a sudden rupture, it is supposed, an opening was made, through which the waters rushed, and inundated the subjacent countries. For this supposition there are strong foundations of probability. The

comparatively small sheets of water now partially occupying the space which the greater sea once covered, under the names of the Euxine, Azoph, Caspian, and Aral seas, are only the deeper pools of this great fountain, which has, in a succession of ages, been drained off, leaving the shallower parts dry land, with all the marks of an alluvial soil. The spot where the great rupture is supposed to have taken place is indicated by volcanic remains: basalt, scoriæ, and other debris of calcination, lying all around. The strait itself bears all the marks of a chasm violently torn open, the projections of one shore corresponding to the indentations of the other, and the similar strata of both being at equal elevations, while the bottom is a succession of descents, over which the water still tumbles with the rapidity of a cataract. The opinions of antiquaries accord with natural appearances. The first land which this mighty inundation encountered was the continent of Greece, over which it swept with irresistible force. Tradition has handed down to us the flood of Deucalion; and ancient writings have assigned as its cause, “the rupture of the Cyanean rocks:” so that both poets and historians concur in preserving the memory of this awful event.

After the first effects of this inundation had ceased, a current was still propelled by the Danube, the Borysthenes, and other great rivers, which pour their copious streams into the Euxine, and have no other outlet: hence it still runs down with considerable velocity. In some places, where the convulsion seems to have left the bottom like steps of stairs, this is dangerously increased. It is possible that the continued attrition of the water, for thousands of years over this rocky surface, has worn it down to a more uniform level; still three cataracts remain, one is called *shetan akindisi*, or “the devil’s current:” it is necessary, from its laborious ascent, to haul ships up against it with considerable toil. To the ancients it was accounted a perilous navigation, when the broken ledges were still more abrupt. Among the acts of daring intrepidity was deemed the navigation of this strait. Hence Horace says—

“To the mad Bosphorus my bark I’ll guide,
And tempt the terrors of its raging tide.”

There is not a promontory or recess in all its windings, that is not hallowed by the recollection of either fictitious mythology or authentic history. The ancient name of ¹⁰ Bosphorus signifies “the traject of the ox;” the passage being so narrow that such animals swam across it, and hence it is sometimes spelled Bosporos. But the fanciful mythology of the Greeks assigned a more poetic derivation of the name. They assert that Iö, having assumed the form of a cow, to escape the vigilance of Juno, in her solitary wanderings swam across this strait, and consigned to fame the tradition of the event by the name it bears. One promontory preserves the name of Jason, who landed there in his bold attempt to explore the unknown recesses of the Euxine. Another retains that of Medea, for there she dispensed her youth-giving drugs, and conferred upon the place that reputation of salubrity which still distinguishes it. The narrow pass, that divided Europe from Asia, was also the transit chosen by great armies. Here Darius crossed, when the hosts of Asia first poured into Europe, and the rage of conquest led the gorgeous monarch of the East, from the luxuries and splendour of his own court, to penetrate into the rude and barbarous haunts of the wandering Scythians. Here it was that Xenophon, and his intrepid handful of Greeks, crossed over, to return to their own country. Here it was that the Christian crusaders embarked their armies, to rescue the holy sepulchre from the infidels; and here it was that the infidels, in return, entered Europe, and destroyed the mighty Christian empire of the East.

The accompanying illustration exhibits the scene of these events, and so commemorates the deeds of remote and recent ages. The strait is here not more than seven stadia, or furlongs, across; and, as Pliny truly says, "You can hear in one orb of the earth, the dogs bark and the birds sing in the other; and may hold conversation from shore to shore when the sound is not dispersed by the wind." In particular seasons, during the migration of fish, boats are seen, extending in a continued line, and forming a bridge from side to side. The rock on which Darius sat is still pointed out; and, if a stranger occupy the rude seat at such a moment, it will powerfully recall to his imagination those times when mighty armies crossed and recrossed on a similar fragile footing.

The events connected with Roumeli Hissar, or the Castle of Europe, are of surpassing interest. When the fierce Mahomet determined to extinguish the feeble Roman empire, and transfer the Moslem capital to a Christian soil, he found two dilapidated towers, one in Asia, and the other in Europe, which had been suffered to fall into utter decay. He re-edified that on the Asiatic shore, and, having been allowed to do this without opposition, crossed over and rebuilt the European castle also, so as completely to command the navigation of the straits, by occupying two forts on the most prominent points of the nearest parts of it. When the emperor remonstrated against this violation of his territory, he was tauntingly but fiercely answered, that "since the Greeks were not able to protect their own possessions, he would do it for them;" and he threatened to slay alive the next person who came to remonstrate. To establish his usurped right, he prohibited the navigation of the strait by foreigners. The Venetians refused to comply with this arbitrary mandate, and attempted to pass; but their vessel was struck by a ball from one of those enormous cannon which Mahomet had caused to be cast for the destruction of the Greek empire: the crew were beheaded, and their bodies hung out of the castle, to deter others from similar attempts. The castle was thence called *Chocsecen*, "the amputator of heads;" and such is the immutability of Turkish ferocity, that, with reason, it retains the name at this day.

Roumeli Hissar consists of five round towers, connected by massive embattled walls, ascending the slope of the hill. It is now useless as a fortress, but is applied to other more characteristic and equally important Turkish purposes. In the wall which fronts the Bosphorus, there is a low doorway concealed behind a large platanus: this is the postern of death. The fortress had for many years been converted into a prison, and may well bear the inscription which Dante read on the infernal portals,

"Lasciate ogni speranza, voi ch'entrate."

No prisoner is ever known to repass the gate of death; hence the Turks call their dismal fortress, the "towers of oblivion," adopting the appellation given to them under the despotism of the Greek empire, when the castles were named "Lethé," and for a similar reason.

During the struggles of the present sultan with the janissaries, it was his constant practice to have his opponents secretly arrested, and conveyed to this place. Every morning some Oda missed their old officers. They had been conveyed to this place after it was dark, entered the low doorway, and were seen no more. During this period, some Franks, who had taken a *caïque* to Buyukderé, where they were detained longer than they intended, were returning late. Boats are not permitted to pass the fortresses after sunset, and the signal-gun is fired: so they had to make

their way secretly along, under cover of the shore. When arrived near the castles, they saw a large caïque advancing from Constantinople, and, to avoid detection, remained close under a rock, not far from the fatal gate. The strange boat approached, and landed just before it. Two distinguished-looking men, wrapped up in their pelisses, disembarked; they were held up by the arm on each side. One of them passed on in silence; the other sighed heavily as he approached, turned round, and seemed to cast a lingering look upon the world he was about to leave for ever. He then stooped his head, and disappeared, with his more impassive companion, under the fatal arch; the gate, groaning on its rusty hinges, closed behind them. The caïque returned immediately to Constantinople. The Franks then slipped past, and arrived without being stopped. The next morning it was known that two Binbashis, or colonels, who had great influence on their respective Odas, and strongly opposed the nizam geddite, were missing. They never re-appeared.

The navigation of the Bosphorus is the most lovely that ever invited a sail. Its length, in all its windings, is fifteen miles; and when the caïque glides down with the current, there is something exquisitely beautiful and grateful to the senses in every thing around. Nothing can exceed, in picturesque scenery, the whole coast on each side. It affords a continued succession of romantic wooded promontories, projecting into the stream, and presenting, at every winding of the strait, new and diversified objects. As you pass each headland, some placid bay opens to your view, in whose bosom a shaded village reposes. These are so numerous, that twenty-six occur from the Euxine to the Propontis; and in one line of coast there is a continuity of houses for six miles. From the centre of each village an enormous platanus generally rears its lofty head, and expands its wide extent of foliage: round its gigantic stem the houses are clustered, over which it forms a vast canopy, so that large villages are often covered with the shade of a single tree.



T. Allom.

J. C. Bentley.

THE GREAT CEMETERY OF SCUTARI.

Among the first objects that present themselves to a stranger entering Turkey, are the groves of cypress extending in dark masses along the shores. These are the last resting-places of the Turks; and their sad and solemn shade, far more gloomy than any which Christian usage has adopted, informs the traveller that he is now among a grave and serious people. The Turks permit the Jews, Armenians, Greeks, and Franks to plant their cemeteries with other trees, but reserve the cypress exclusively to themselves.

The cypress has, from early ages, been a funereal tree; the ancient Greeks and Romans so considered it; and the Turks, when they entered Europe, adopted it. Its solemn shade casting a dim religious light over the tombs it covers—its aromatic resin exuding from the bark, and correcting by its powerful odour the cadaverous smell exhaled from dissolving mortality—and, above all, its evergreen and unfading foliage, exhibiting an emblem of the immortal part, when the body below has mouldered into dust and perished,—have all recommended it to the Mussulman, and made it the object of his peculiar care.

It is an Oriental practice, to plant a tree at the birth, and another at the death, of any member of a family. When one, therefore, is deposited in the earth, the surviving relatives place a cypress at the foot, while a stone marks the head of the grave; and the pious son, whose birth his father had commemorated by a platanus, is now seen carefully watering the young tree which is to preserve the undying recollection of his parent. Thus it is that the cemetery extends by constant renovation. Whether it is that the soil is naturally congenial to these trees, or that it is enriched by the use to which it is applied, it is certain the cypress attains to majesty and beauty in these cemeteries, which are seen nowhere else; their stems measuring an immense circumference, and their pointed summits seeming to pierce the clouds, exhibit them as magnificent specimens of vegetable life. Sometimes they assume a different form, and the branches, shooting out horizontally, extend a lateral shade. These varieties have been by travellers mistaken for pines, which the Turks never admit into their cemeteries.

But of all “the cities of the dead” in the Turkish empire, that of Scutari in Asia, at the mouth of the Bosphorus, is perhaps the most striking and extensive. It stretches up an inclined plain, clothing it with its dark foliage, like a vast pall thrown over the departed. It extends for more than three miles, and, like a large forest, is pierced by various avenues, leading to different places. Such is its size, that it is said the area it encloses would supply the city with corn, and the stones which mark its graves would rebuild the walls. Among the causes assigned for this increase, one is, that two persons are never buried in the same spot, so the graves are constantly expanding on every side; another, a prepossession unalterably fixed in the mind of a Turk: he considers himself a stranger and sojourner in Europe, and the Moslem of Constantinople turns his last lingering look to this Asiatic cemetery, where his remains will not be disturbed, when the Giaour regains possession of his European city; an event which he is firmly persuaded will sometime come to pass. Thus the dying Turk feels a yearning for his native soil; like Joseph in the land of Egypt, he exacts a promise from his people that “they would carry his bones hence,” and, like Jacob, says, “bury me in my grave which I have in the land of Canaan.”

Among the objects which distinguish a Turkish necropolis, is the stone placed to mark the grave. The island of Marmora, contiguous to the city, affords an inexhaustible supply of marble at a cheap rate, so that the humblest head-stones are of this valuable material. They are shaped into

rude representations of the human form, surmounted by a head covered with a turban, the fashion of which indicates the rank and quality of the person: on the bust of the pillar is an Arabic inscription, containing the name of the deceased, without any enumeration of his virtues: the Turks never indulge in such panegyrics: the letters are in high relief, generally gilded with such skill, that they remain a long time as perfect and beautiful as embossed gold. The stones which designate the graves of women have no such distinction: they are marked with a lotus leaf, and surmounted with a knob like a nail, and this is said to be an intimation of the disbelief in the immortality of a female's soul, as connected with their want of intellect.

Notwithstanding the doubt thrown upon the subject, the living female supposes that, in this life at least, she is permitted to hold communication with those who have passed to another, and render such service as may please them. In our illustration, a woman is represented enveloped in her yasmak and feridgē, performing this duty. On the grave is usually a trough or cavity, for the reception of plants or flowers, offerings of pious affection to the dead. Sometimes lattices of gilt wire form aviaries over the grave of a beloved person. Flowers and birds are among the elegant and innocent enjoyments of a Turk; and the amiable superstition of the survivor hopes to gratify her departed friend by the odour of one and the song of the other, even in his grave.

In the distance is a Turkish funeral, winding its ways through the solitude of this cypress forest. It is a group of men, for such processions are rarely attended by women, except those hired to lament the dead: as it is a belief that the body is sentient after death, and suffers torment till committed to the repose of the tomb, funerals are generally hurried, and sometimes with indecent haste: so, in this as in other things, the Turk is entirely opposed to European habits; the only hurry in which he is ever seen, is when going to his grave.



T. Allom.

E. Challis.

THE CISTERN OF BIN-BIR-DEREK. CALLED, THE THOUSAND AND ONE PILLARS.

The shores of the Black Sea, among the forest-covered ramifications of the great Balkan, is a region of constant showers and copious streams, filling, naturally, small reservoirs in the mountains. Wherever such rills poured down, and became confluent, they were stopped by a mound thrown across the valley, and in this way formed into various triangular lakes at an elevation above the summit-level of the city. These reservoirs, called *Hydralea*, were highly prized by the Greek emperors. The embankments were faced with marble, adorned with sculpture, and dignified by the name of the sovereign who formed them. They were deemed so sacred, and of such vital importance to the city, that severe edicts were enacted to preserve them; some regulating the planting of trees, some the abstraction of water, and one exacting a penalty of an ounce of gold for every ounce of the crystal fluid. As water is more precious to the Turks than it was to the Greeks, they watch these reservoirs with even more anxiety and vigilant precaution. They call them *Bendts*, and have increased the number left by the Roman emperors. One of the largest and most magnificent is called *Valadi* Bendt, from the mother of the present sovereign, at whose expense it was erected.

From these reservoirs the water is conducted by pipes, formed of cylindrical tiles jointed together, and so conveyed to the city a distance of about fifteen miles. The ravines, that break the intervening country, are crossed by aqueducts, some of vast dimensions, striding the valleys, and towering above the forests. They are whitewashed at stated intervals, and form striking objects in distant prospects, strongly relieved by the dark woods above which they rise. One of them terminates the view up the great valley of Buyukderé, and seems, to mariners passing on the Bosphorus, like the battlements of a large city, on the distant horizon.

Besides these, there are others of more peculiar structure. They are insulated hydraulic pillars, called *Souterrais*, standing in long rows, like slender square castles or watch-towers. The water ascends one side of each, is received into a small square reservoir on the summit, and from thence descends the other. It climbs the next in a similar manner; and by this contrivance, for which the Turks are indebted to the Arabs, the vast expense of aqueducts is saved, and the water conveyed by many channels over various hills and valleys, in continued and never-ceasing streams, to its magnificent reservoirs in the city.

When the water arrived here, it had the same irregularity of surface to oppose, its seven hills to surmount, and seven valleys between them to cross. This was effected by a second series of aqueducts, which are described by the Byzantine historians with all the inflated language of astonishment. They are represented as “subterranean rivers” conducted through the air over the city, while the people gaze in wonder from below. Of these, but one remains to attest what they were. This is the aqueduct of Valens,¹⁵ stretching from hill to hill, and seen in almost every direction. Its erection was the completion of a singular prophecy: On the ramparts of Chalcedon was found a stone with an occult inscription, implying that “the walls of the city should bring water to Constantinople.” To extend these walls across the sea, seemed altogether an

impossibility, and the oracular announcement was despised. But Chalcedon having incurred the resentment of the emperor, its walls were pulled down, the stones conveyed to Constantinople for building, and, among other erections formed of them, was the aqueduct of Valens, thereby accomplishing the oracle.

By means of this aqueduct, the waters were deposited in various cisterns; some open, and some covered, so that the whole city was excavated into exposed or subterranean reservoirs. One great inconvenience attended those that were exposed. The city and vicinity of Constantinople abounded in storks; they were supposed to convey serpents, and drop them in the water, by which it was poisoned, and rendered fatal to those who drank it. The celebrated impostor Apollonius of Tyana, who was reputed to work such powerful miracles, was applied to, by the reigning emperor, for a remedy. By his directions, a pillar called Pelargonium was erected, on the summit of which were three storks fronting each other; and by this talisman the kindred birds were immediately expelled the city, and the salubrity of the waters restored. To commemorate the event, the following epigram was inscribed on the base of the pillar.

On sculptur'd column stands the mystic charm,
And guards the fainting citizens from harm.
Far fly the storks, to seek the distant wood;
And snakes no longer taint the wholesome flood.

These cisterns were afterwards filled up with earth, and are now converted into gardens, where the storks, no longer the cause of evil, are invited to return. The Turks evince a particular attachment for them, and erect frame-work like cradles on the tops of their houses, which the birds inhabit and breed in.

Of the covered cisterns, but two remain. One is called *Yéré Batan Serai*, or the "Subterranean palace," and is still filled with water. It resembles a vast subterranean lake, out of which issue rows of 336 marble pillars, of various orders of architecture, supporting an arched roof. The memory of this magnificent watering-palace was altogether lost; the streets passed over it, and the houses above were supplied from it with water, while the inhabitants knew not whence it came. After it had remained unknown to the Turks since the capture of Constantinople, it was discovered by Gillius more than three hundred years ago. A second time it fell into oblivion among this incurious people, till it was searched for, and again found a few years since. It was formerly in total darkness, but part of the wall has fallen down, and sufficient light is admitted to examine it. A boat, or raft, is moored to one of the pillars, in which strangers are permitted to embark, and explore its dim recesses; and marvellous stories are told by the Turks of the fatal end of those bold adventurers.

The second cistern is no longer employed as a reservoir for water. It lies beneath an open area in the vicinity of the Atmeidan, and is converted into a silk manufactory¹⁶ by a number of industrious Jews and Armenians. The Turks have named this subterranean palace *Bin-bir-derek*, in allusion to its supposed original number of columns, 1001, although 212 are all that can now be distinguished. Each column is said to consist of three shafts with their respective capitals, but the lowest is, at present, buried beneath the material of the flooring. The whole enclosed area

occupies 20,000 square feet, and is capable of containing 1,237,000 cubic feet of water, a quantity sufficient to supply the population of Constantinople for fifteen days.

The pillars of this cistern are distinguished by monograms deeply cut on the shafts and capitals, like hieroglyphics on an Egyptian obelisk, and so obscure as equally to puzzle the learned. One of them consists of the Greek initials for *Euge philoxene*, “Hail, thou strangers’ friend.” This cistern, under the Greek empire, was decreed to be public for the use of all strangers, and was therefore called *philoxenos*.



T. Allom.

H. Adlard.

THE SOLIMANIE, OR MOSQUE OF SULTAN SOLIMAN. FROM THE OUTER COURT.

The Franks have so changed the terms of the Turkish language, that they are hardly to be recognized. *Moslem*, which signifies a “professor of the true faith,” they have corrupted into *Mussulman*; and *Mesjid*, the temple in which he worshipped, into *mosque*!

When the Turks appropriated to themselves the great Christian church of Santa Sophia, they made it the model of all their future religious edifices. The general outline is a Greek cross, enclosed in a quadrangle. This is surmounted with a large dome in the centre, to represent, as the modern Greeks say, the great wound in our Saviour’s side; the four smaller domes at the angles, depicting the smaller wounds in his hands and feet. This form the Turks usually observe, without any reference to its origin; but they have added members peculiar to themselves. They hold bells in abhorrence, and invite their congregations to prayer by the human voice only. For this purpose

certain slender towers shoot up from the angles of the edifice, where the *Muezzim* ascends by interior stairs, and from a circular gallery round the shaft calls together the faithful. These towers are denominated *Menar* or *Minareh*, an Arabic word which signifies a “beacon or light-house” to guide the true believer. The Muezzim puts his hands behind his ears, and from the hollow of his palms shouts out his invitation, walking round and repeating to the four points of the compass, “There is but one God, and Mohammed is his prophet:—come to prayers—come to salvation.” This cry, called the *Ezan*, is repeated five times a day at regular intervals; and as it issues from every minaret, and perhaps two thousand mouths at the same moment, it fills all the air with a solemn and supernatural sound, and regulates all the arrangements of the people, who have no public clocks to direct them. Besides the common mosque of the city, there are thirteen eminently distinguished. They are called *Djami Selatyn*, or “Imperial mosques,” because they have been erected by some sultan as the highest act of piety. They are always distinguished by their magnitude, magnificence, and the number and beauty of their minarets. While the smaller mosques have but one, they have never less than two, and generally four. But of all these Djami, that erected by Soliman II. is the most splendid among the mosques, as its founder was among the sultans. He was called “the magnificent,” and his temple justifies the appellation. The Christian church of Saint Euphemia, at Chalcedon, in which the grand council had been held, was celebrated for its size and architectural ornaments. It contained on that memorable occasion 630 bishops in its nave, and was the most distinguished of Christian churches after Santa Sophia: when that edifice was dedicated to the Prophet by his predecessor, Soliman could not appropriate any of its parts to his new erection; so he dilapidated the church of St. Euphemia for the purpose, and built his mosque with its materials. It was commenced in 1550, and took five years to build it.

It would be difficult to convey, by any description, a perfect idea of a building so vast and complicated. A notice of its prominent features must suffice. It is a quadrangle, 234 feet long, and 227 wide. The great dome by which the edifice is surmounted, is flanked or supported by two hemispheres, one on each side, and over each aisle are four smaller ones. A broad flight of marble steps leads to the great door, before which is a façade, which particularly distinguishes this temple. It consists of six pillars of Egyptian porphyry, of immense size and singular beauty. Attached to the edifice are four minarets in front and rear, having galleries ornamented with tracery; and by a singular irregularity, two, having but two galleries, are shorter than the others which have three. Beside it are splendid mausolea, surmounted with domes, under which repose the bodies of the founder and his Sultana. At the head stands a knob covered with his turban, richly ornamented with precious stones, and near it is suspended the Alcoran, from which an Imaum reads a daily portion, for the consolation of him whose ashes repose in the tomb, and who is supposed to hear it. Over one of the gates is an inscription recording its erection. It states that it was built by “the glorious Vicar of Allah, existing by the authority of the mystic Koran, the tenth of the Ottoman emperors, for the faithful people who served the Lord.” It concludes with a prayer, “That the imperial race may never be interrupted on earth, and enjoy eternal delights prepared in paradise.”

This mosque, like most others, is surrounded by two areas; one of which, planted with trees, is a common thoroughfare usually filled with groups of people. Here soldiers sometimes encamp, and men of war pitch their tents within the precincts of the mussulman’s God of peace. Here,

also, small merchants expose their wares, and no one casts out those who “buy and sell.” Here even a Giaour may pass unobstructed, and the infidel hat be seen mixed with the sacred turban.

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T. Allom.

E. Goodall.

THE MOSQUE OF SULTAN ACHMET.

The monarch who erected this mosque, ascended the throne in the year 1603, and at the age of fifteen. He was immediately afterwards seized with the small-pox, and, in order that the janissaries might not avail themselves of his illness, he caused his own brother to be strangled, having first put out his eyes. His object was to deprive the turbulent soldiers of every pretext for dethroning him, as they were disposed to do, when there existed no another of the line of Mohammed to succeed him. His next act was to build a mosque, as fratricide is no impediment to Turkish piety; and it is remarkable, that in this mosque, two centuries afterwards, was the utter extirpation of these janissaries effected.

He was determined that it should exceed in beauty that of Santa Sophia, or the great Solimanie, so he ordered that it should be distinguished by six minarets. When this design was communicated to the Mufti, he represented to the Sultan the impiety of such an act, as the mosque of the Prophet at Mecca had but four, and no sacred edifice since built had presumed to exceed that number. Achmet assured the Mufti that he must be mistaken, and immediately summoned a Hadgee, who had just made the pilgrimage to Mecca, into his presence, who affirmed that he had himself seen and reckoned the six minarets; and, to satisfy entirely the

Mufti's scruples, a caravan of pilgrims were directed to proceed to the tomb and temple of the Prophet, and make their report. Meantime the Sultan despatched a Tatar, who was to travel night and day, with orders to the Sheik Islam, that two new minarets should be immediately added to the temple; and when the slow caravan arrived, they found the number to be what the Sultan had stated—and reported accordingly. Achmet now pushed on his building with indefatigable activity, and in order to expedite it, he worked at it himself with his own hands, devoting one hour every Friday after prayers to the employment, and then paid his fellow-workmen, every man his wages, in order by his personal example to stimulate their exertions.

The site he selected was the most admirable and commanding which the city afforded. It forms one side of the Atmeidan, and is separated only by an open screen from this extensive area, one of the few open spaces within the walls of Constantinople. From this it is seen to great advantage on one side; while on the other, towering over the gardens of the Seraglio, and surmounting the lofty hill on which it stands, it is the most conspicuous object presented to a stranger approaching from the Sea of Marmora, and gives the first and most favourable view of those imperial edifices. The materials selected were of the most costly kind, in so much, that it is affirmed that every stone in the edifice cost three aspers. It stands in an open space, which forms round it an extensive ambulatory, from the latter of which the edifice arises, and is seen to more advantage than any other in the city.

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The first objects that strike the spectator are the six beautiful minarets, with their elegant and slender forms ascending to an immense height, and seeming as it were to pierce the clouds with their sharp-pointed cones. Round each run three capitals or galleries for the Muezzim, highly ornamented in fretted arabesque. Above these appears the majestic edifice swelling into domes and cupolas, and covered with light tracery and fancy fretwork, forming a strong contrast to the comparatively heavy, dark, and dismal dome of Santa Sophia, which rises at no great distance beside. This juxtaposition strikes a stranger. He sees with surprise that the genius of a dull and ignorant Turk should produce an edifice so superior in beauty and elegance to this chef-d'œuvre of Grecian art. Architects of that nation had been employed in erecting the imperial mosque of Mohammed II. and Selim II., but this of Achmet is exclusively Turkish or Arabic architecture.

The summit of the edifice is distinguished by thirty cupolas, from whence ascends the great dome, flanked by four semi-domes. The mosque is entered by massive brazen gates, embossed in high relief, and the interior presents a view of the dome supported by four gigantic columns, fluted and filleted, round which are inscribed, in bands, sentences from the Koran. The walls are richly painted in fresco with more variety than regularity, and gilded tablets on them every where display Arabic inscriptions. The light is admitted by windows of stained glass, thickly studded in small compartments, which look exceedingly rich, casting a soothing and a religious, but yet ample light; for this mosque is distinguished above all others in this respect, that by the construction and arrangement of the casements, the interior is fully illuminated, which forms a strong contrast to the dim and doubtful twilight admitted into most other religious edifices of the East.

Between the pillars is a large circle of wire-suspended lamps, which does not add to the general effect; globes of glass, ostrich eggs, and other frivolous and mean ornaments, frequently deform the interior of those noble buildings, and mark the genius of a Turk—at once puerile and magnificent. There is, in other respects, a noble simplicity, a naked grandeur, well befitting a worship from which all idolatrous representations are excluded. The interior of a mosque resembles the nave and transept of St. Paul's, with the exception of its statues—grand and noble by its vastness and vacuity.

The occasion chosen by the artist, in the illustration, exhibits a display of the most important circumstance that has occurred since the Osmanli established themselves in Europe. It was the moment when it was to be decided, whether they should remain the rude and obstinate barbarians that first crossed the Hellespont, or be illumined by the lights and amalgamated with the nations of Europe, and when the reforming Sultan, struggling for life and empire, was compelled to have recourse to the last expedient left him. The janissaries having the whole population of the city entangled in their connexion, and enlisting all its prejudices on their side, were accumulating such a vast force, as would soon bear down all opposition: but Mahmoud, at once, determined on that course which could alone counteract their influence. He ordered the *Sandjak sheriff*, or sacred standard of the Prophet, to be taken from its repository in the imperial treasury. This²⁰ sacred object was only seen on the most solemn and important occasions, and was now, for the first time for half a century, exhibited, and brought with great pomp to the mosque of Achmet. When this was rumoured abroad, there was no man who professed the true faith, that dared to resist the call: thousands and tens of thousands were seen rushing from all quarters to this temple; and when it was filled by the multitude, the standard was displayed from the lofty pulpit of the Imaum. On the steps stood the Sultan, exhorting the people, by the faith they owed the Prophet, now to rally round the sacred ensign. A deep murmur of assent, the strongest display of Turkish feeling and determination, filled the lofty dome. They all fell prostrate in confirmation of their resolve, and from that moment the cause of the janissaries became desperate.



T. Allom.

R. Sands.

TOPHANA—ENTRANCE TO PERA.

Tophana literally signifies, the place where cannon are deposited, and here are the great foundry and arsenal where they are made and laid up. This establishment is represented on the right of the illustration, by an edifice with pointed windows, admitting light through a number of apertures, and having its roof crowned with cupolas. In front is a spacious quay, constructed along the Bosphorus, and always lined with several ranges of ordnance, which are here scaled and proved, and occasionally used on days of rejoicing, like those formerly on the Tower-wharf at London. There is nothing, perhaps, in which a Turk more delights, than in the discharge of a cannon. It is, therefore, the sound that is heard every day, and almost all day long. It announces the rising and setting of the sun; the birth of a child, and the death of a traitor; the movement of the Sultan in all directions; the opening and closing of the Ramazan and Bayram, and other religious periods. In time of war, the arrival of noses and ears to be piled at the gate of the seraglio, is proclaimed by these cannon; and on occasion of any success, however trifling, the two peninsulas of Pera and Constantinople are shaken to their centre by the explosions.

At the commencement of the Greek revolution, this wharf was nearly fatal to Pera. One of those fires which so constantly devastate the city, broke out here, and extended to Tophana. Towards midnight, the city of Scutari was assailed by showers of balls, and it was instantly rumoured that the fire was caused by the Greeks, who had seized on this depôt, and were directing its cannon against different places. This news was spread to Constantinople, and an immediate insurrection of the janissaries took place. They rushed down to the water to the number of 10,000, and were about to seize the caïques, and pass over to assist their countrymen. They had long waited for an opportunity or pretext for plundering the Greeks; and had this body of exasperated, armed men rushed into a town on fire at midnight, it is probable that not a Frank or Greek would have been left alive in “infidel Pera.” Fortunately, their aga had the water-gates closed in time, and he

persuaded them to wait till messengers were sent²¹ over to ascertain the fact. They found that all the cannon on the wharf had been left loaded with ball, which the Turks never thought of drawing, and when the fire reached them, they discharged their balls of themselves, which passed across the Bosphorus to Scutari on the other side.

Behind the Tophana is the *Eski Djami*, or old mosque, to distinguish it from the *Yeni Djami*, or new one, lately erected by the present Sultan in this district; and on the left, crowning the summit of the hill, are the heights of Pera, covered with the residences of European ministers and merchants; whose houses, the finest in the city, command a magnificent view on all sides of the Bosphorus and Sea of Marmora. These edifices are situated in a street ascending the spine of a ridge, like the High-street of Edinburgh, and approached only by steep narrow passages, like the Wynds of that town. They are so precipitous, that it is necessary to form them into broad steps, to enable a passenger to reach the top.

The Turks are not fond of multiplying names, so they often make one serve for a whole district. Tophana, therefore, includes a large space, altogether unconnected with the cannon foundry. At the base of Pera hill is a low alluvial flat, once overflowed, perhaps, by the waters of the Bosphorus. This has been enlarged by casting upon it all the offals of the cities of Pera and Galata, so that it has encroached upon the harbour. Here are heaps and hillocks of all manner of decaying vegetable and animal substances, festering and dissolving, which continually exhale a cadaverous odour. This attracts the foul animals of the region; packs of savage dogs like wolves or jackals, flocks of kites and vultures in their season, and at all times flights of gulls and cormorants, who almost cover and conceal these heaps with their multitudes, and deafen the ear with their howling and screaming. When gorged with their foul meal, these harpies light upon the roofs of the houses, where they exhibit a singular spectacle—sleeping off the effects of repletion, and waiting again to attack their prey. They enjoy among the Turks such perfect security, that they often light on a *caïque*, and dispute the possession of it with the passengers.

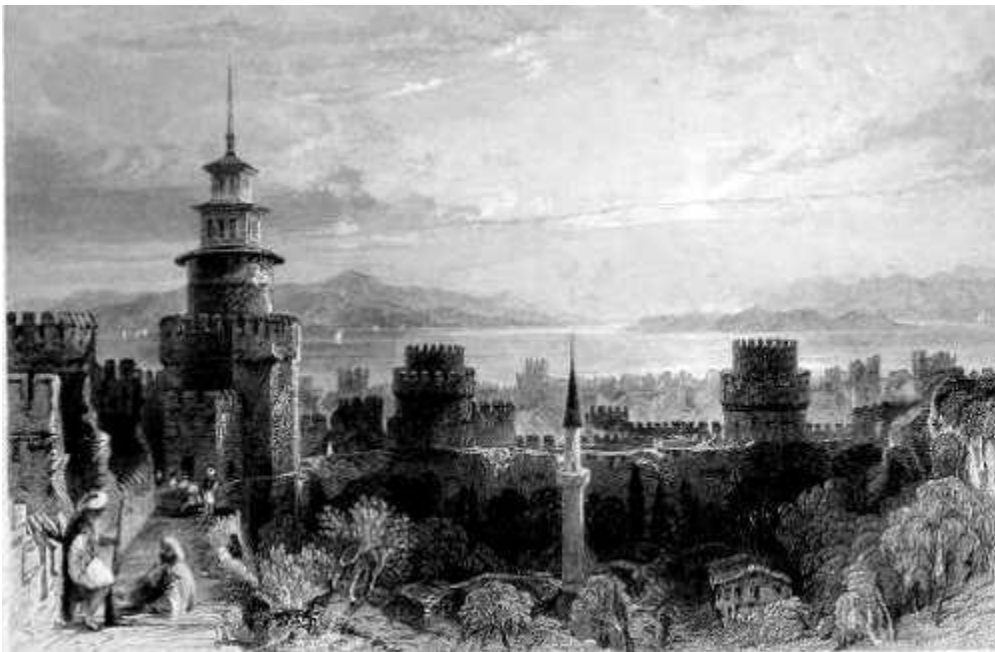
But what has rendered Tophana so distinguished is, that it is the great point of embarkation, either for the Bosphorus or the Sea of Marmora. In a country where there are no carriages, nor, properly speaking, roads to run them upon, water is the great medium of conveyance. This then is the resort of a continual moving mass, of all nations and costumes. Along the shore, beside a modern slip and platform, light *caïques*, and the heavier barges of the Princess' Islands, are in constant attendance. Above is a range of coffee-houses, where the *caïquegees* sit over their coffee and *chiboque* till a passenger appears, and they are invited to attend him. The characteristic traits of the people are here strongly marked. The Greek, bustling and shouting, almost forces you into his *caïque*; the Turk, grave and decorous, seldom utters a word, but merely points to his boat just covered with a rich and fresh carpet. A *Hadgee*, with a green turban, grey beard, badge, and silver-headed baton, interposes, and lets you choose for yourself, never giving a preference to his own countrymen.

22

Among the vessels seen here are those singular ships from the Black Sea, before mentioned; their lofty prows and sterns, towering above the water to an extraordinary height, reminding you of the extreme antiquity of their shape, when

High on the stern the Thracian raised his strain,
And Argos saw her kindred trees
Descend from Pelion to the main.

The bold Argonauts brought the first model of a ship into those remote waters, where it has ever since been preserved and imitated.



T. Allom.

W. H. Capone.

STATE PRISON OF “THE SEVEN TOWERS.”

At the extremity of the land-wall of Constantinople, where it meets the sea of Marmora, rises an enclosure flanked by battlemented towers. It is the first object seen by Frank ships, and thus the stranger is presented with a prospect that reminds him of the most striking and singular usage of Turkish despotism. This enclosure, and the towers, existed under the Greek empire, and were called “Heptapurgon,” from the number of the castles included. They were first erected by Zeno, and enclosed by the Comneni, and were employed as a prison for state offenders. When the Turks took possession of the city, the Sultan appropriated them as a secure place to deposit his plunder. They afterwards reconverted them to their original purpose of a state prison, and added a feature peculiarly their own. The character of an ambassador, held sacred by all other nations, was here violated. The first symptoms of a rupture between the Turks and a foreign state, was, to seize the resident minister, and incarcerate him in this prison; and the European states, instead of revolting against this barbarous outrage on the laws of nations, quietly submitted to it, as they did to the oppression of the Barbary pirates, because each rejoiced, and felt itself elated, at the degradation of the other. Mr. Beaufeu, a French minister, confined there, made his escape; and the Sultan was so enraged, that he immediately caused the governor to be strangled in his own prison. Since then, the Turks are not disposed to admit strangers, lest they might discover the

secrets of their prison-house. This barbarous custom continued so late as the year 1784, when the Russian envoy was sent there, as the first act of hostility. The lights and usages of civilized Europe began immediately after to dawn on the East. The just and amiable Selim discontinued the practice, and the present Sultan has abolished it altogether. It was generally supposed the custom would be renewed, and the Sultan would think himself justified in imprisoning the ambassadors of all the powers leagued against him at Navarino, in retaliation for that wanton and unprovoked attack; but he suffered them quietly to depart, and set an example of moderation, and scrupulous regard to the law of nations, which European states might do well to imitate.

23

While used as this extraordinary prison, the strangest tales of mystery were whispered about, and are still told to visitors. A cavity is shown, called “the well of blood,” which imagination still pictures as overflowing with human gore, and its stained and darkened sides countenance the tradition. In another place is “the cavern of the rock,” where confession was extorted from the unhappy prisoners. A number of low arches are also pointed out, into which the wretched victims were compelled to force themselves, too low to admit their bodies through the aperture, and from whence they could not again extract them—and there they were left to perish with hunger. Places, too, are still shown, where skulls were piled so high as to rise above the surrounding walls.

The towers were originally seven in number, but are now reduced to four. Three of them were thrown down by the great earthquake in 1786. They were never rebuilt by the Turks; yet they still call them “yedde-kule,” or the seven towers. The buildings themselves are exceedingly unsightly. They are octagonal with conical roofs. The most conspicuous, represented in the illustration, was somewhat of a better order. It is that in which the foreign ambassadors were confined, and the apartments assigned to them were not very inconvenient.

Connected with this edifice was the celebrated “Chrysopule,” or golden gate, so renowned for its splendour under the Greek empire. It opened into the area, and was one of the entrances to the Seven Towers. It was covered with some beautiful sculptures in basso-relievo, which were considered chef-d’œuvres of art, and among them Venus holding her torch over the sleeping Adonis, to examine his beauties. Its position is on the right of the illustration. In the distance is the romantic archipelago of the Princess’ Islands, on one side, and on the other, the promontory of Scutari.



T. Allom.

W. J. Cooke.

CONSTANTINOPLE END PETIT CHAMP DES MORTS. FROM THE HEIGHTS OF PERA.

It is remarked by travellers, that the Turks pay more attention to the accommodation of the dead than of the living; and hence the number and extent of the places they provide for their reception. Their city is scarcely approached at any side but through receptacles for the dead. Besides the vast cemetery at Scutari, there are several beyond the walls of Constantinople; and two, of great extent, on the peninsula of Pera. The first object of a Turk's attention, in forming a cemetery, is a beautiful site; hence they all occupy positions commanding the best prospect, either of the Bosphorus or the Golden Horn. The isthmus which connects Pera with the country, is entirely covered with tombs, where Greeks, Armenians, Franks, and Turks repose in their respective burying-grounds, which are but continuations one of the other. The Jews alone preserve their exclusive character,²⁴ and even in death will not approximate to other people. Their grave-yard lies at Hasskui, at a considerable distance. Overhanging the Bosphorus, on the isthmus, is one great cemetery of the Turks, embosomed in cypress, which the rays of the sun never penetrate, and resembling in every particular that at Scutari. On the other side is a second, overhanging the harbour, and, though called by the French *Petit Champ des Morts*, and by the English, after them, the "Little Burying-ground," is of immense extent, covering an area nearly as great as either of the former. It is not, however, distinguished by the same solemn characteristics. Lying between the various suburbs of Pera, it is intersected by avenues, which are constantly thronged by passengers like public streets; and this moving picture of life abstracts much from the solemnity of death, which the secluded solitude of others so strongly impresses. Here it is, therefore, that Franks often witness the ceremonies of Turkish funerals, without that intrusion so offensive to Turks in the less public cemeteries.

Near the centre of the burial-ground is a small edifice, to which the bodies are brought. Here ablution is performed, and all the decencies of respect shown to the mortal remains, before they are consigned to decay. From hence they are removed to the pit prepared for them: they first burn incense round the spot, to keep off evil spirits; they leave a small lock of hair on the scalp, and then sew up the body in a sack of cloth just its length, and open at both ends. A Turk believes that his corpse will be subject to a strict examination by two angels, to ascertain his fitness for paradise, and the grave is constructed with accommodation for the purpose. It is arched overhead, that the body may have room to sit up; when the angels arrive, they seize him by the lock of hair, and draw him through the open end of the sack. He then sits between the examiners, and answers such questions as may be propounded. The arch is frequently constructed with fragments of marble pillars, but more usually with the planks of the coffin, which is taken to pieces for the purpose. The attendants on the funeral quietly sit round, often smoking their chibouques, and an Imaum sometimes reads a passage from the Koran. The Turks are particularly anxious that the tombs be not desecrated, or the posture of the bodies unsettled. They imagine some part is to remain undecayed, as the nucleus of their future resurrection. The particular member, called by them *al-aïb*, is not yet ascertained by their theologians, and they are careful that no part be disturbed. The general impression, however, is, that it is that portion of the pelvis connected with the lower extremity of the spine; so they are more careful of it after death, than of any other bone in the body.

This cemetery is marked, like others, by an appearance of great dilapidation. The marble head-stones are broken; and a negligence is displayed about their preservation, which one is surprised to see in the burying-place of an Osmanli. But this is the effect of design. When the janissaries were extirpated, the vengeance of the Sultan pursued them even to their tombs. Many of them were reported to be vampires, their graves were opened, and their bodies pinned to the earth by stakes, to prevent their rising to suck the blood of the faithful; while all the emblems that appeared above ground, to designate them, were destroyed. The stones that marked their graves were distinguished by their turbans. Even these were decapitated, and the marble heads cast about the ground, where they now lie.

The views from the different avenues leading through the cemetery, are very beautiful, particularly the higher part, in so much so, that it has become the great promenade of the Franks, who here assemble every evening, to enjoy the air and prospect; and by a singular anomaly, the cypress shades are converted into myrtle bowers, and gay groups of laughing Franks desecrate the last resting-place of the solemn Turks. The dogs, however, avenge this insult to the Moslem graves; there is no place where these hateful animals give such annoyance. Crouched among the decaying bodies, and attracted, perhaps, by the foul odour, they rush furiously at the passing Frank who comes to disturb them. It seems a strange contradiction in the Turks, that these carnivorous animals should be permitted to burrow among the remains of the dead, which they are so anxious to preserve, as the Oriental dogs have been, from the earliest times, the last consummators of human vengeance,—as they are now of human justice. The bodies of criminals are left weltering in the streets, with a view that the dogs may tear them. Their howl at night, issuing from the graves, adds much to the dismal solemnity of the field of tombs.

The illustration presents a view of a fine fountain. It was surmounted by a roof of correspondent beauty, but it fell a victim to the great fire that ravaged Pera in the year 1823, and destroyed all

the European palaces, including the English. Near the fountain is a sacgee, or water-man, with his leathern vessel, and beside it are women in the common walking-dress of the country: this consists of a ferridgé and yasmac; the first is a wide misshapen garment, that totally conceals the form of the person; and the other is composed of two veils, drawn over the upper and lower parts of the face, and meeting at the ears, leaving open a small triangular space, through which the nose and eyes protrude. In the perspective is, the city of Constantinople, displaying its most conspicuous objects—the Mosque of Solimanie, and the Aqueduct of Valens. In the centre is the new bridge which the sultan has erected across the harbour.

26



T. Allom.

T. Barber.

GATE OF ENTRANCE TO THE RECEPTION ROOM OF THE SERAGLIO.

This magnificent palace occupies the apex of the triangle on which the city is built, including nearly the whole of ancient Byzantium. It was appropriated, under the Greek empire, as a college for the numerous priests of Santa Sophia, which is close beside it; but when Mahomet converted that edifice into a mosque, the convent was fixed on as the site of his own palace, and exceeds in beauty any other spot he could have chosen, even in his recent conquest. He added new buildings, and extended its area: his successors made further additions, and it now includes a space four miles in circumference; washed on one side by the sea of Marmora, and on the other by the Propontis, while the rapid current of the Bosphorus sweeps round its walls with a pure and limpid stream. It is filled with a gorgeous display of palaces, baths, mosques, kiosks, gardens,

and cypress groves, laid out by the Greeks, and preserved by their Turkish successors. Here is also an armoury, containing the various weapons used by the crusaders in their attack on Constantinople; and the library of the Greek emperors, which was supposed formerly to contain all the classical literature of the ancient world, and many of the lost works of the classic writers,—but it has been explored by Franks, and whatever remains of classical literature were once there, have now disappeared.

The principal entrance of the Seraglio is on the summit of the hill. There is the large and lofty gate called Babu Humayun, which literally signifies, “the high door,” and from thence the diplomatic phrase adopted by the Franks, who call the Turkish government “the Sublime Porte,” because all political business is supposed to be here transacted. It was erected by Mahomet II. On each side are deep niches in the thickness of the wall, and here the heads of inferior delinquents are exposed. Within is a large area of an irregular shape, containing the Taraphanay, or mint, built on the site of the Greek church dedicated to St. Irené. In the centre is a low marble pillar, destined for the exposure of the heads of pashas, and offenders of rank in the Turkish empire. Here they are displayed upon a large dish for the inspection of the curious; while a Bostangee stands by with a rod, with which he points to each head, and enumerates the offences of the sufferers. On the wall beside is usually a paper called a *yafra*, containing the titles of the criminal and other particulars, all strongly reminding us of the permanency of Oriental usages. In the first court, though it is thronged with the officers of the palace, a strict silence prevails, and the breach of it is attended with corporal chastisement. Passing through this, you enter the second gate. Here sits the chief executioner with his assistants, and on the walls are suspended various implements²⁷ of punishment. Foreign ambassadors, proceeding to an audience, were formerly delayed in this spot for a considerable time, as if to exhibit the superiority of the Osmanli, and proud contempt for the infidels, who were meet associates for the public executioner of the empire. Beyond this is a more spacious and secluded court, planted and laid out in walks. On one side is an extensive range of kitchens, each appropriated to the respective officers in the seraglio. On the other is the divan, where the grand council is held, the troops paid, law-suits decided, and where foreign ambassadors used formerly to be washed, fed, and clothed, before they were admitted to the presence of the Sultan. It is a small edifice containing two compartments, surmounted with domes. Inside are sofas round the walls, which are called *divans*, and hence the name of the building. Behind, projecting from the wall above, is a small lattice-work gallery, capable of containing one person, entirely concealed from view. This has been compared to the Ear of Dionysius, where the tyrant sits unseen, and hears the opinions of those below. He sometimes applies his eye to a small aperture, through which it is seen gleaming like that of a basilisk, fascinating and paralyzing the speaker on whom it lights.

Beyond this, and opposite the entrance, is the gate represented in our illustration. It is decorated with the most gorgeous display of Turkish sculpture, covered with large semicircular projections, supported on a colonnade of pillars. The embossments are of gold on blue and green grounds, and the whole is in a style perfectly Oriental. To add to this effect, the gate is usually thronged with eunuchs, both black and white. The sallow aspect, beardless chin, and disproportioned bodies of these creatures, dressed in satin robes of bright green, have an unnatural appearance that is quite revolting. The time chosen, is a procession of the grand vizir to visit the Sultan, attended by guards in the costume of the seraglio. The practice of salutation, by drawing the hand or garment in the dust, and placing it afterwards on the forehead, is observed as the vizir is

passing. Here it is that the foreign ambassadors and their suites were seized by the collar, and dragged, as it were, down the passage leading to the reception-room of the Sultan. This apartment is dark and mean, dimly lighted by a single window; and the throne is a dingy platform, very much resembling a four-post bed.

Beyond this, all is veiled in impenetrable mystery; and no Frank can enter, except at the hazard of his life. Some travellers have described the imminent peril they encountered in attempting to explore these forbidden haunts. From the secrecy observed, many suppose the word seraglio to be derived from “serrare,” to lock up, but *serai* signifies simply a palace, or hotel, and is indiscriminately applied to any large building. Here begins the harem, or women’s apartments, in which are kept five hundred females, devoted exclusively to the Sultan’s pleasure. On his accession, he is presented with a number of virgin slaves, from whom he selects six, called afterwards “Kadina,” from whom alone are born heirs to his crown; she that first provides one, obtaining the superiority over the rest, is called “Hassekir Sultana.” The Sultan uses no such ceremony as throwing his handkerchief at the female whom he selects; she is simply conducted to him by the kishlar aga, or chief eunuch, when he has made his choice.

28

From the gardens of the harem, gates open on the sea of Marmora, with kiosks of various Turkish character. One is the “yali kiosk,” where a suspected vizir, or other high officer of the seraglio, is ordered to retire to await his destiny. A venerable man, with a long beard, is sometimes observed, by passing boats, sitting in this kiosk, smoking his chibouque. He is a dismissed favourite, quietly waiting his doom; and when the door opens behind him, does not know whether the chaoush who appears, is the bearer of a bowstring to strangle him, or a pelisse to invest him with new honours. Near it is a window, from whence the bodies of the strangled are thrown into the sea at night; and the number of the victims as they drop into the water, is announced by a correspondent discharge of the cannon below. The seraglio is inhabited by six thousand persons, including the corps of bostanjee, or gardeners, who are distinguished by a very peculiar costume.



T. Allom.

J. C. Bentley.

BRUSA AND MOUNT OLYMPUS. ASIA MINOR.

This city, sometimes called Bursa, retains, with little corruption, its primitive name, and commemorates the king of Bithynia more celebrated for his illustrious guest than for any achievement of his own. When Hannibal fled from the persecutions of his inveterate enemies, the Romans, he retired into Bithynia, and was received with apparent kindness by Prusias, its king. In return for this hospitality, the accomplished Carthaginian introduced into the more barbarous regions of his host, the arts and sciences of Tyre and Phœnicia, and, in the year 220 before Christ, evinced his taste and judgment by building a city for him on the most beautiful spot that Asia Minor or any other country could afford, the side of Mount Olympus. The effeminate Oriental, however, had not the fortitude to continue the protection he had afforded. Terrified by the threats of the implacable Romans, he was preparing to surrender his persecuted guest to his enemies; but he anticipated his intention by poison, which historians say he carried in his ring for that emergency. He was closely besieged in a house in Brusa, where he swallowed the draught, and he was buried in Libyssa on the Propontis, where a monumental tumulus at this day marks the spot; and the first object a traveller to Brusa sees on landing, is the last resting-place of its illustrious founder. When he enters the city, he is shown a fortress, as the military work of that great master in the art of war, which has stood for 2058 years.

When the crusaders sacked Constantinople, and established their usurped authority in the capital of the Greek empire, they seized on all its dependent cities in Asia Minor, and Brusa formed part of the dynasty of Lascaris. It finally fell into the hands of the Turks when they expanded themselves over the region of Bythinia in 1327, and Othman made it the capital of the young Turkish empire. It continued to enjoy this distinction till the increasing power and ambition of

the Osmanli led them into Europe, and they²⁹ seized on Constantinople itself. Their seat of empire was then transferred to the great capital of the Greeks, and Brusa remained a provincial town.

It has, however, numerous local attractions, which will always render it a delicious residence to any people; and some of so peculiar a character, as to endear it particularly to a Turk. It is situated on the side of a magnificent mountain, embosomed in lofty forests behind, and having before it, on a gentle declivity, the richest tract in nature. Issuing above the forest scenery, are conspicuous the abrupt and rugged ridges of the mighty mountain, covered with eternal snows, glittering in the sun, and forming a strong contrast with the dark and dense foliage below them. The rays of summer acting for nine sultry months on the frozen surface, send down perennial torrents of pure and limpid water, tumbling over the sides of the mountain in a thousand streams. As they rush along, some of them are conducted through the city, and every street is permeated by a meandering rill of the coolest water, under a heated atmosphere, when the thermometer stands at 96°. From the streets it is led through mosques, bazaars, shops, and private houses, so that almost every edifice in the city has a marble reservoir in the centre, where the living waters leap and gurgle, and beside this the daily repast is spread. After thus imparting freshness and coolness to the city, the currents ripple into the plains below, where they form streams and rivulets, giving to the favoured spot a surprising verdure and fertility, when all beyond is parched and arid. Nor is this the only recommendation that endears this place to the followers of the Prophet. Besides these copious means of cold ablution, there are others which they still more highly prize. In the midst of those frigid solutions of snow, the soil contains hot water, which issues forth in strong currents, at a boiling temperature. These are collected into marble reservoirs of great extent, surmounted with lofty domes, and forming the most noble baths in the world. With such local and permanent attractions for a people whose most indispensable and unremitting duty is washing the body, it is not surprising that this should escape the fate of other deserted capitals. It has been remarked “that Nature seems to have created Brusa for the Turks.” It is, therefore, at this day a more beautiful city than when their sultan abandoned an Asiatic for an European capital. It is still resorted to as the most delightful residence in the Turkish dominions; and many of the sultans, as if to compensate for their abandonment when living, directed that their bodies should repose here in death. It is distinguished by many imperial tombs; and among the rest, that of Orchan, who first penetrated into Europe, but returned here to die.

Brusa stands upon an area of eight miles in circumference, and contains a population of 75,000 people, of whom 11,000 are Jews, and Christians of the Greek and Armenian Church. The most striking objects the town presents are, the mosques and spires, which seem to bear a larger proportion to the size of the place than in any other Mohammedan city: some travellers estimate them at 300. In fact, the whole surface seems swelling into domes, and bristling with tall and taper minarets. The tree whose foliage gives a distinctive character to the vicinity of the town is the mulberry, which is every where planted for the nourishment of silk-worms, the management of which forms the employment of the whole population. The web manufactured from their spinning³⁰ is highly prized; and Brusa silk is not only famous all over the East, but it is one of those articles which the Asiatic traveller sends home to his friends among his Oriental curiosities.

But the circumstance which gives Brusa its greatest interest, is the mighty mountain on whose side it is built. Olympus, which literally means “all-shining,” was a name by which many mountains were distinguished amongst the ancients, from their conspicuous appearance; but it seems to be applied to this vast and glittering object with peculiar propriety. It stands on a base of seventy miles in circumference, rising by itself from the plain in single and solitary grandeur. Situated in the immediate vicinity of Troy, it is by some supposed the place assigned by Homer,

“Where Jove convened the senate of the skies;”

and poetic fiction adds its interest to the beauty and magnificence of nature.⁵ Ascending from the city, the traveller penetrates an immense forest, with trees of surprising magnitude. This is intersected by ravines of immeasurable depth, and his way leads along the edges of precipices of awful grandeur. He at length emerges on an extensive plain of the richest verdure, intersected with considerable rivers, rushing from the snowy ridges, which now rise before him like a vast wall. These rivers are distinguished for nourishing fish, which are nowhere else to be found in Asia Minor: congenial to the cool streams of this region, they perish and cease to exist when carried down by the currents into the heated climate below. When the venturous traveller climbs through the barrier of snow which lies before him, he issues at length upon a clear and open summit, which the region of snow girdles as with a broad belt. From the point of this cone, 10,500 feet above the level of the plain, he commands a magnificent prospect of Asia and Europe; the Euxine and the Egean, with the strait and seas that unite them, winding like rivers just below him; and feels that “the wide-seeing Jupiter” could not have selected a more judicious point to overlook the affairs of the nether world. A singular object marks this summit,—a circle of twelve large stones, resembling what we call druidical remains; but, from the Oriental region in which they are found, they recall the memory to the usages of a still more remote antiquity, when Moses “builded an altar under the hill, and twelve pillars,” and Joshua set up “twelve stones” in the midst of Jordan, and ordered twelve more to be carried on men’s shoulders, to be “set up in their lodging-place.”⁶

The snow of this mountain constitutes a considerable part of the treasures of the Turkish empire, as it does of its comforts and its luxuries. It is the exclusive property of the sultan, who farms it out to tenants, who vend it as more valuable than any produce of the soil. They are bound to supply the seraglio with a certain quantity, and the rest is disposed of to the population of Constantinople. It is sent down from the mountains cut into cuneiform wedges, and packed in felt, and caravans of mules are continually descending with such loads. It is brought to a promontory near Moudania, called from thence Booz Bournou, or “the Cape of Ice,” whence it is embarked for the capital, and in such abundance, that the poorest hummal cools his sherbet with it during the hottest season of the year.

The illustration presents all the objects of interest peculiar to the place. In the foreground is a caravan crossing an antique bridge, thrown over one of the snow-dissolved currents which intersect the plain. On one side buffaloes are dragging the ponderous arrhuba; on the other, they are grazing on the low pastures, or cooling themselves in the water. The horse, in Turkey, is never degraded to a servile use: the drudgery of labour is thrown upon the buffalo. It is a singular species of ox, of immense strength, but of a structure so coarse and rude, that it seems “as if Nature’s journeymen had made it, and that not well.” Its ponderous body, its clumsy limbs, its

flatted horns, and lustreless eyes, like dull glass, give it a singular appearance of obstinacy and stupidity; but it drags the greatest burdens, through places impassable to other animals, with irresistible force. On the left is the city of Brusa, with its minarets, domes, and regal tombs; and in the background are the rugged ridges of Olympus, with its snows, forests, and precipices.



T. Allom.

W. C. Cook.

EMIR SULTAN, BRUSA. ASIA MINOR.

When the conqueror of Constantinople recrossed into Asia, and was preparing to attack his enemies, the sultan of Caramania, the shah of Persia, and the sultan of Egypt, who had conspired against him, he was overtaken by death near Brusa, and was brought to be buried, not in his new conquest in Europe, but in the ancient capital of his race. A magnificent mosque was erected at Emir Sultan, and his body deposited in a mausoleum beside it. This is represented in the background of the illustration. The time is that of the Ezan, when the muezzin invites the people to pray, represented by the human figures in the galleries of the minarets. When the prophet fled to Medina, he did not neglect the five periods of daily prayer: his followers wished that all the faithful should offer up theirs to Allah at the same moment, and that it should be publicly announced; but the manner of the announcement was a subject of controversy. Flags, bells, trumpets, and fires, were already used by various sects, but they were all exceptionable: the first, as not comports with the grave sanctity of devotion—the second, as a Christian practice, and to be abhorred—the third, as a Jewish profanation—and the last, as a symbol of idolatrous worship. In this indecision they separated; but during the night one of the party had a vision of a celestial being, clothed in green, who ascended to the top of the house, and called the people to prayer. This was communicated to the Prophet, who adopted the human voice as his signal.

The houses leading to the mosque are perfect specimens of Turkish edifices. They generally have a foundation of stone to the height of eight or ten feet, and then a superstructure of wood, supported on curved beams, which rest upon the masonry. The house is covered by a far-projecting roof, which is surmounted by a kiosk, or cupola, commanding a view of the distant country. The windows are strictly closed with lattice-work of cane, in the centre of which the incarcerated female endeavours to see what is passing in the street. Whenever the clattering of hoofs and the yelping of dogs announce a passing stranger, he will perceive, if he looks up, an eye gleaming on him through the aperture, or the ruddy lips of a mouth hissing on the dogs to attack him. A Turk seldom builds a house for himself entirely of stone. The insecurity of property is such, that he never calculates on any possession, even for his own life: and he thinks, besides, it is irreligious to erect any thing like a permanent dwelling for his own use on the earth. Hence it is, that while wooden frame-work houses have long since been laid aside in Europe, a Turk, with Oriental pertinacity, still clings to them; and hence it is that fires are so frequent, and that they consume not merely houses and streets, but whole towns, and are never extinguished till the inflammable materials are exhausted.



T. Allom.

W. Floyd.

THE VALLEY OF GUIUK-SUEY, SWEET WATERS OF ASIA.

“Sweet Waters” is a translation of the French *eaux douces*, and does not imply that they are distinguished by any remarkable purity or sweetness of taste, but simply that they are not salty. Two rivulets are so named by the Franks, one in Europe and the other in Asia; and they both

flow through flat alluvial soils, and are generally muddy and dirty. Their banks, however, in summer are rich and verdant, enamelled with flowers, and are places of resort, where gay and festive parties of Turks, Franks, and Rayas meet for recreation. That in Asia is the place represented in the illustration.

It is situated on the shores of the Bosphorus, near the Anadoli Hissar, or Asiatic castle, in a verdant meadow, through which the river meanders. Here the Sultan has a kiosk to which he retires in summer, to practise archery or shooting with a rifle, and amuse himself with various sports, some very coarse, where buffoonery of a very indelicate kind forms the principal part of the entertainment. This kiosk is represented in the background of the illustration. This retreat of the sultan attracts great crowds of his subjects, particularly on the evening of Friday, the Turkish sabbath. Those who resort from the European shore come in *caïques*; those from the Asiatic in *arrhubas*. This carriage, peculiar to Turkey, forms a conspicuous object in the plate. The general shape is a flooring of planks laid upon high wheels, without springs: on this are erected pillars supporting a canopy of wood, from which descend fringed curtains of silk or rich stuff. The body and canopy are sometimes highly carved and gilded:³³ within, sit on the floor as many women as it can contain, their heads just appearing above the edge whenever the motion on the uneven road throws the curtains aside. It is drawn by two or more buffaloes, or oxen, whose tails are fastened to a long and lofty bow extending from the neck-yokes, and projecting over their backs. This arch is profusely decorated with gaudy tassels. The white locks of the animals between the horns are stained with henna, and round the necks are suspended amulets of bright blue beads, to guard them against the effects of an evil eye. It is the most improved carriage of the Turkish empire, and travels at the rate of two miles an hour. In these machines, covered up from human gaze, the sultan and great men of the empire transport their harems: they are conducted by black eunuchs, with drawn sabres, who menace any one who approaches the line of march, with instant death.

When parties proceed to those pic-nics, even the members of a family never mix together. The unsocial jealousy of a Turk so separates the sexes, that the father, husband, and brother are never seen in the same groups with their female relatives. The women assemble on one side round the fountain, and the men on the other, under the trees. Between, are the various persons who vend refreshments to both indiscriminately. On the left is the *tchorbagee* mixing sherbet. This word means, literally, any kind of fluid food, and it is sometimes applied to soup. A colonel of janissaries was called a *tchorbagee*, because he was the dispenser of soup to his corps. The drink, however, which is generally so called, is a decoction of dried fruit. Raisins, pears, peaches, prunes, and others, are prepared and kept for the purpose, and a liquor of various flavour is compounded from them, more or less acidulated or sweetened, and always cooled with ice, a small lump of which floats in every cup. On the other side is a vender of *yaourt*. This is a refreshment of universal consumption and extreme antiquity. The Turks affirm that Abraham was taught by an angel how to make it, and that Hagar, with her son Ishmael, would have perished in the wilderness, but for a pot of it she had the precaution to take with her. It is more certainly described by Strabo as in use in his day in the Taurica Chersonesus, and so is at least 1800 years old. It is a preparation of sour milk, forming a thick consistent mess, cool and grateful to the taste, and wholesome to the constitution. It is sold in small shallow bowls of coarse earthenware, and is the constant food of all classes in Turkey.⁷

The itinerant confectioner is always a necessary person at these meetings. He carries about upon his head a large wooden tray, and under his arm a stand with three legs. When required, he sets his stand, and lays his tray upon it covered with good things. The first is a composition of ground rice boiled to the consistence of a jelly, light and transparent, called *mahalabie*; from this he cuts off a slice with a brass shovel, lays it on a plate, of which he has a pile on his tray, and, dividing it into square morsels, he drops on it attar of roses, or some other perfume, from a perforated silver vessel, and it forms a very cooling and delightful food. The next is halva, a composition of flour and honey, which separates into flakes; a third is a long roll like a black-pudding, formed of walnuts, enclosed in a tenacious glue, made of the inspissated juice of various fruits; the fourth is a gelatinous substance, formed into large square dies; it is made with honey and the expressed juice of fresh ripe grapes. It melts in the mouth with a very delicious flavour, and at once softens and mitigates any inflammation there. It is the most highly-prized confection of the Turks, who call it by a very appropriate name, *rahat locoom*, or “comfort to the throat,” which it well merits. These are the principal confections peculiar to the country; they are all excellent in their kind, and consumed in great quantities by the natives at those parties.

But of all the refreshments sought for, simple water is perhaps the most in request. It is inconceivable to a person born in a cold, humid, western climate, how necessary, not only to enjoyment but to existence, is this simple element, in the torrid regions of the East. The high estimation in which it is held, and the eagerness with which it is sought, are recorded by all writers, ancient and modern, sacred and profane. It is a pure beverage, particularly adapted to the taste of a Turk. He never rides to any distance without a leathern bottle of it attached to his saddle: he never receives a visit, that it is not handed to his guest; and in all convivial pic-nics on the grass, the sougee, or “water-vender,” is in the greatest request. He is everywhere seen moving about, with his clear glass cup in one hand, and his jar with a long spout in the other, and the cry constantly heard is, *sou, soook-sou*, “water, cold water.” When called, he attaches a mass of snow to the spout, and the water comes limpid and refrigerated through the pores of it. In the illustration is seen one of those magnificent fountains, by which the Turks express their respect for the precious fluid. The front is the reservoir into which the water pours. This is generally surrounded with gilded cups or basins, and a dervish, or other person, stands beside them to dispense the water.—Among the fruit sold is the grape. The Turks cultivate a peculiar kind, called *chaoush*; it is large, white, and sweet, and consumed in vast quantities. Though producing indifferent wine, it is perhaps the finest table-grape that is cultivated. Among the sellers of refreshments, is the *oozoomgee*, who weighs out his fine fruit at five paras, or less than one halfpenny, per pound.



T. Allom.

M. J. Starling.

THE BATH.

It has been truly said of the Turks, that “they hold impurity of the body in greater detestation than impurity of the mind.” This feeling the precepts of the Koran have caused or increased. They make frequent ablution so essential, that “without it prayer will be of no value in the eyes of God.” There is no point, therefore, of religious discipline, for which the directions are so minute, or so often repeated. Two modes are prescribed. The *goul*, which requires the ablution of the whole body, and the *hodû*, which confines it to the head and arms as high as the elbow; and where water cannot be procured in the desert, the ceremony must be performed by sand or dust, as its symbol. These ablutions are enjoined to all at stated times, but besides there are occasional circumstances which render them essential. The law enumerates eleven occurrences after which the person must wash, some of which are exceedingly curious, but not fit for the public eye. So important is this practice deemed, that it forms an item in every marriage-contract. The husband engages to allow his wife bath-money, as we do pin-money; and if it be withheld, she has only to go before the *cadi*, and turn her slipper upside down. If the complaint be not then redressed, it is a ground of divorce.

The first objects which strike a stranger on entering a Turkish city are the mosques, and the next certain edifices, roofed like them with domes, contiguous to each other. These domes are perforated by a number of apertures, which are closed by hemispheres of glass, resembling the globes by which our streets were lighted, inverted on the roof. These edifices are the public *hummums*,⁸ or baths, and the globes the means by which the light is admitted. There is no town in the Turkish empire so obscure, or so destitute of other comforts, that is not provided with a public bath, which is open from four o’clock in the morning until eight in the evening. The bather enters a saloon, in the midst of which is a fountain, where the linen of the establishment is usually washed; round this is a *divan*, covered with mats or cushions, on which he sits smoking

till the *hummumgee*, or master of the bath, directs him to undress. His clothes are carefully deposited in a shawl tied up in the corners, and remain on his seat till his return. The *tellah*, or bathing attendant, now approaches, with two aprons and a napkin: the first he ties round his waist, and the latter round his head. He is then led into another saloon, more heated than the first; but the heat is so regulated that he feels no difference, though divested of his clothes; and when the body is thus prepared by this gradual increase of temperature, he is led into a third, when the business of the bath commences. This, in some baths, is very fine, supported on columns, and lined with marble.

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The marble flooring is so hot, that he is now obliged to mount on wooden pattens, as his bare feet could not endure to come in contact with it. A dense vapour sometimes so fills this saloon, that he sees nothing distinctly, but figures flit before him, like visions in a mist. At the sides are ornamented fountains, whence issue pipes of hot and cold water, which he mixes to his fancy, and bedews his person with it from a large copper or iron spoon provided for the purpose. Having walked or sat in this heated mist till a profuse perspiration bursts out, the *tellah* again approaches, and commences his operations. He lays the bather on his back or face, and pins him to the ground by kneeling heavily on him; and having thus secured him, he handles him in the rudest and most painful manner: he twists and turns the limbs, so as to seem to dislocate every joint. The sufferer feels as if the very spine was separated, and the vertebræ of the back torn asunder. It is in vain he complains of this treatment, screams out in anguish and apprehension, and struggles to extricate himself. The incubus sits grinning upon him, and torturing him till he becomes passive from very exhaustion. When this horrid operation is over, the tormentor offers to shave him; and if he make no resistance, he leaves but one small lock of hair on the crown, by which the angel of death is to draw him from his winding-sheet. It is remarkable, that while the bather is burning with heat, the flesh of this fiend, though exposed to the same temperature, is as cold and chilling as monumental marble. A second *tellah* now attends, and uses him more gently than the first: he envelopes his hands in gloves, or little bags of camlet, and, by a gentle and dexterous pressure of the surface, he expresses, as it were, all the deposit of insensible perspiration: it is surprising what a quantity he peels from the surface of the skin, of this inspissated fluid, resembling in colour and consistence rolls or flakes of dough.

When this substance ceases to exude, the operator rubs him with scented soap, and drenches him almost to suffocation with deluges of hot water. After this thorough ablution, he wipes him perfectly dry with soft, warm, perfumed towels, and leads him to a divan, on which he reposes some time,—still in a state of nudity, with the exception of a shawl thrown over him. Here refreshments are brought, and partaken of with an extraordinary increase of appetite; after which he rises and dresses, perfectly refreshed. Before he goes forth, a looking-glass set in mother-of-pearl is brought, to adjust his cravat, on the glass of which he deposits the price of his bath. It was originally settled at four aspers, which according to the present currency would be about one-third of a farthing, and it still continues nearly the same in the small towns and villages. In the capital, however, it is increased, in the more sumptuous baths, to fifty paras, or four pence.

Where warm-springs are found, they are immediately diverted into reservoirs, and edifices erected over them. Those of Kaplizza, near Brusa, already mentioned, are perhaps the finest in

the world. In the centre saloon, under a noble dome, supported by marble pillars, is a basin of fifteen yards in circumference, also of polished marble, and five feet deep, filled with hot and limpid water. At its source, whence it first issues into day, it is at a boiling heat, and blisters the finger that incautiously feels it. In the 37 baths, however, the heat is reduced to a tolerable temperature—in summer to 102°, and in winter to 90°. The process of bathing, substituting water for steam, is the same as that described. The salutary effects of it are highly extolled, and perhaps with reason—opening the pores, and emulging, as the hakims say, the perspiratory glands; but strangers who first submit to the rude and suffocating process, complain that it is as debilitating as it is painful, under the coarse and awkward manipulation of such an operator; and to natives who constantly use it, it is one of the enervating causes which is justly supposed to exhaust the strength and prostrate the energies of a modern Turk.

The mysteries of a female bath, it is not permitted to see, no more than those of Eleusis: all that could be known, Lady Mary Wortley Montague has told a century ago. Their bath is the great coffee-house, where they assemble, and enjoy a freedom they can nowhere else indulge. If a stranger enter this sacred place by mistake, even his mistake is punished with death. Not long since a Frank stumbled into one, supposing it to be for his own sex; he was instantly seized, and dragged before the *cadi*. On his way, some friendly passenger suggested to him to feign madness, as his only chance of escape: he took the hint, and did so with such success, that the *cadi*, instead of ordering him to execution, dismissed him with that tenderness and respect the Turks show to the foolish or insane, whom they fancy to be chosen vessels inspired by Allah with a better gift than reason. Another Frank, presuming on the impunity thus acquired, entered a female bath by design. He was seized; but not counterfeiting insanity with such success, he was suspected—and disappearing soon after, was supposed to have been strangled.



T. Allom.

P. Lightfoot.

THE AURUT BAZAAR, OR SLAVE MARKET.

The Aurut Bazaar, or Female Slave Market, stands in the quarter of the city near the burnt column. It consists of a quadrangular edifice, including a square area of about two hundred feet, surrounded with apartments. In the front are platforms raised four or five feet from the ground, and ascended by steps, forming a kind of colonnade, and in the rear are latticed windows. In the one, blacks and slaves of an inferior kind are kept and disposed of; in the other, those of a choicer quality, who are guarded with a more jealous vigilance, and secluded from the public eye.

All parts of the old world furnish materials for this market, but principally the shores of the Mediterranean and the eastern end of the Euxine sea. The human face is here seen in every diversity of colour, from the ebony of Nubia and Abyssinia, to the snowy whiteness of the mountains of Georgia and Mingrelia, Formerly, Franks were freely admitted into this bazaar, but they were excluded by a firman, because it was supposed they purchased slaves only for the purpose of giving them freedom; and the Turks allow³⁸ no manumission unless the captives embrace Islamism, and then they become free as of right, and can be no more sold. The strictness of this exclusion, however, is now relaxed, and Franks are admitted to see, but not to purchase.

The first impression made upon a stranger is the cheerfulness and hilarity of the inmates of this prison. He enters with his mind full of the horrors of slavery: he expects to see tender females dragged from their families, the ties of nature torn asunder, and the helpless victims overwhelmed with grief—sad, and weeping, and sunk in despondency. He sees no such thing: they are singularly cheerful and gay, use every means to attract his attention, and, in their various dialects, invite him to purchase them.⁹ The circumstances of their early life, and the state into which they are about to enter, account for this. The condition of slavery in Turkey is generally to them an amelioration. A regular traffic is carried on, and parents in Circassia and Georgia educate their most comely daughters, not less that they should profit by the sale, than that the children should profit by being sold. They impress upon their minds the splendid fortune that awaits them at Stamboul; and when the annual traders arrive at Anaka, or other ports of the Euxine, for white slaves, the girl leaves without regret the home where she is taught to feel no ties of family affection, and embarks with a light heart and joyous anticipations of the happy prospect before her. Nor are her bright hopes disappointed: the state of slavery in which she is found, and the traffic by which she is bought, do not degrade her in the eye of the Turk who purchases her; she is transferred to the harem of some vizir or pasha, where she may become its mistress, invested with all the consequence and dignity of his favourite wife; the splendid destiny of those that are periodically purchased for the imperial seraglio is quite dazzling—any one of them may become the arbitress of empires, and the mother of sultans. Yet this bright prospect is clouded by dismal forebodings. When the reigning monarch dies, his whole female establishment purchased here, is removed to the eski seraï, or old palace, where five hundred of the most youthful and lovely females in the universe are condemned to a state of perpetual celibacy and seclusion. A still more terrible fate sometimes attends them. On vain pretexts they are sacrificed to the caprice or suspicion of the successor to the throne; and hundreds at once, in the prime of life and splendour of beauty, are consigned to a watery grave.

The merchants who purchase slaves are usually Jews. When a female of great beauty is not accomplished in the arts of pleasing, the Jew undertakes her instruction. She is taught, by competent masters, music, dancing, and other personal attractions—the cultivation of the mind is never thought of. When her value is thus enhanced by her acquirements, the most extravagant price is exacted and given. The usual purchase of a young white slave is 6000 piastres, or about £100: for a black, merely intended for the domestic drudgery which a Turkish woman will not submit to, 1200 piastres, or £16.

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The illustration represents the act of sale. On one side are females purchasing black servants. A slight examination as to health and strength is all that is used. The girl starts up, draws her scanty coarse garments about her, and, with a merry laugh and cheerful countenance, trips away after her mistress. The severe decorum of a Turk at once changes her half-nakedness for a more suitable dress: her head and feet are no longer bare—her dark visage is dignified with a snow-white veil—and she feels pride and gratification in her new and altered state. On the other side are white slaves, who are examined not by females, but by a master, of whose happiness they are hereafter to constitute a part. He is attended by his black eunuch, and the slave-merchant is pointing out all the personal charms of his purchase, and eulogising those which escape his observation. In the gallery above, are slave-merchants settling their various accounts, with the aid of coffee and tobacco.



T. Allom.

P. Lightfoot.

THE MOSQUE OF YENI JAMI.

This is called *Yeni*, or “new,” to distinguish it from those of more ancient structure. It is justly remarked by writers, that no people have selected such excellent sites for their religious houses as the Turks: they are generally seen crowning the summits of hills, and having every advantage of display for their architectural ornaments. This, however, is an exception. It stands near the centre of the Golden Horn, in a low part of the city, but is very conspicuous from its situation. It swells, as it were, from the water’s edge, forming a mountain of edifices. The only place where Turkish beggars are seen is the area or vicinity of a mosque, and even here very few obtrude themselves; forming a strong contrast to the multitudes that beset houses of Christian worship. Those who with us are disabled by age or sickness, are in Turkey supported by their masters, either because they are slaves, or because the charity of the Osmanli will not suffer his brother to want. The few who ask alms are idiots, a respected and privileged class; or Arabs, who bear about standards, which they affirm were the same as those under which their ancestors propagated the faith of the Prophet. In the evening, you are met by a man who proffers you a candle, an orange, or a melon, and you purchase it for double its value: so, a Turkish beggar sells, but receives no alms. In the populous region about this mosque, such persons are more usually met than elsewhere. Immediately below is a great scala, or landing-place, which is constantly crowded with caïques of all shapes and sizes, and forms an animated scene of bustle and activity. Leading to it is one of the aqueducts which convey water for the necessary ablutions of the faithful, when they attend the call of the muezzin to assemble at the hour of prayer.



T. Allom.

F. J. Havell.

BALUK HANA AND METHOD OF FISHING FOR THE RED MULLET.

AT THIS SPOT, STATE CRIMINALS ARE THROWN INTO THE BOSPHORUS FROM THE SERAGLIO.

This literally means the house or edifice of fish. It is one of the numerous stages erected on many parts of the Bosphorus, from the Euxine to the Propontis, to arrest the numerous shoals of fish that are migrating from sea to sea through this channel. It is formed in this manner:—posts are driven into the water at a short distance from the shore, with which they sometimes communicate by a platform; these are strengthened by cross-posts, forming a ladder by which the platform is ascended. On the summit is raised a shed, ten or twelve feet above the surface, over which is drawn a rude covering of mats. Below, is an enclosed area, marked by piles, into which the passing fish enter, and cannot again make their way out. A man continually on the watch in the shed gives notice of this to the fishermen on the shore, when the nets are drawn, and the whole shoal generally captured.

The progress of these shoals is frequently marked by flights of gulls and other aquatic birds, which, when the net is drawn, rush down among the fishermen, and fearlessly and clamorously demand their share, which is never withheld from them. These wild fowl are so tame by use and impunity, that they are sometimes seen disputing with a Turk for a particular fish; and the man almost always yields to the bird.

The fish usually taken in these nets are of various sizes, and many peculiar to this region. The largest is the *xiphias*, or sword-fish, sometimes attaining the length of six or eight feet in the body, and a circumference of three or four. From its snout is projected a flat horn, a yard or more in length, exactly resembling a Highland broad-sword, from whence the fish derives its name. Its flesh is red, and when exposed for sale in the market, a junk of it might be mistaken for a round of beef. The next in size is the *thunny*; the various kinds of scomber, down to the size of small mackerel fry; the *lufer* and the *kephālos*, called so by the Greeks, from the size of its head. Among the flatfish is a species of turbot, of excellent quality, covered with hard cartilaginous knobby scales like a bossy shield, and thence called by the Turks, *kalchan*, or the buckler-fish. These, and an infinite variety of others, crowd the waters in incredible quantities, for nine months in the year; and the boats engaged in taking them are so numerous, as to stretch from side to side of the strait in such a way as to bridge the current; and the eagerness to take them is so great, that all ranks indulge in it, from the sultan to the hummal. Mustapha, the brother of Mahmoud, was engaged in it when he heard of the insurrection in favour of Selim—and he left his fishing, to strangle his cousin. The present sultan is so fond of it, that one of his apartments at Beshiktash has a trap-door over the water, from whence he often angles. Nor is this amusement confined to the day: by night the waters are covered with many lights, which float in various mazes, and form picturesque objects round the islands of the Propontis. A brazier is projected from the prow, in which a glowing fire is kept up continually, and the fish, attracted by the flame, hover about like moths round a taper, and are harpooned as they approach the boat; when the water is disturbed or muddy, a small quantity of oil is cast upon the surface, which renders it transparent and every object distinct.¹⁰

The Baluk hané, represented in the illustration, is distinguished by another circumstance. It is situated on the sea of Marmora, below the walls of the seraglio, and above it are seen, towering, the dome and minarets of the mosque of Achmet. The torch in the caïque is not for the purpose of fishing, but for a very different and dismal one. When sentence of death is passed on an inmate of the seraglio, he is brought to the *Capi Arasi*, a space so called between the second and third gates, and there arrested “within the doors,” as it is ordered. Here the executioners reside who despatch him; and the strangled or headless man is brought down to a kiosk on the sea-wall, from whence a window opens on the water. From hence, in the dead of night, the body is consigned to a caïque in waiting, which rows to a little distance, and consigns it to its watery grave. The sullen plash is sometimes accompanied by a discharge of a gun on a wharf not far distant, and the silence of the night is broken by a solemn sound which comes booming over the water as the knell of the departed. So frequent have these executions been, that a passing boat to ships in the harbour, at this place, might always expect to see at midnight the gleam of a torch attendant on this watery funeral. There is something insuperably revolting in the proximity of the places. The fish are said to be attracted by such bait, and are thus fed and fattened on human flesh in this aquatic charnel-house.



T. Allom.

J. W. Lowry.

THE GREAT BAZAAR, CONSTANTINOPLE.

Markets at Constantinople, where various commodities are vended, are properly distinguished by three names—*Bezesteen* contained shops where cloth was sold; *Bazaar* was an open market where eatables were exposed for sale; thus *Et-Bazaar*, and *Baluk-Bazaar*, are the flesh and fish markets; and *Charschey* was a covered street, with stalls or shops on each side, where all kinds of manufactured wares were to be met with. These original designations, however, have merged into one, and bazaar is a general name by which every market is denominated.

The Great Bazaar, or Charschey, was erected by Mohamed II. when he took possession of Constantinople, and began to change its character from a European to an Asiatic city, by introducing the edifices and usages of the East. It was afterwards re-edified by his successors, and its parts distinguished by Eski and Yeni, the Old and the New Bazaar. They now consist of long avenues covered over with lofty arches of brick, lighted by apertures in the roof, and branching off in various directions. The ceilings of the vaults, and other parts of the walls, are painted with various flowers and devices. On each side of the passage are counters, or stalls, ranged along, leaving a wide way between. On the counter of each stall the merchant sits, generally smoking a chibouque, or narghillai, with his crossed legs drawn under him. If he be distinguished by a calpac, or inverted cone, upon his head, or a large snow-white turban, he is either an Armenian or a Turk; so he quietly abides his time, and suffers you to pass with imperturbable gravity, seldom condescending to ask your custom. If he wear a cross-barred handkerchief, twisted round the crown of a hat, or a coarse muslin wound about a red fez, he is either a Jew or a Greek, and is as importunate with you to buy as a salesman in Monmouth-street. Behind him, his larger wares are ranged against the walls, and his smaller in clumsy glass-cases beside him on the counter, where all articles are confounded in a heap. In his rear is generally a low door, opening into a small room in the thickness of the walls, where his unexposed goods are stored.

These edifices, filled with light and inflammable goods, are liable to danger from the constant fires which occur at Constantinople, though they are in some measure protected by their construction, and the thickness of the walls. When fires have penetrated, they have been attended with the most awful consequences. It has happened that both ends of the covered way have been blazing at once, and all egress prevented to the crowd within, and hundreds have miserably perished, either consumed or suffocated in these vaults of fire. In order to guard against this, no smoking, or light of any kind, is allowed: notwithstanding this, the inveterate propensity of the Turk is not to be controlled, and, relying on his unalterable destiny, he is often seen with the glowing bowl of his pipe thrust among the inflammable materials of his counter. Every evening at sunset, the bazaar is closed with iron gates, and the merchants having locked up their wares behind certain partitions drawn before them, are seen wending their way in groups to the several quarters of the city in which each class is located—the Jew to Galata, the Greek to the Fanar, the Armenian to Ypsomathia, and the Turk to various quarters.

Under cover at all times, and protected from wind, rain, and sun, this bazaar is the resort of crowds every day and all day long. In the heats of summer it is particularly agreeable. People escape from the burning atmosphere, and an exposed unsheltered street, to this retreat. It then resembles a subterranean city, crowded with a busy population of many thousand persons, bustling, buying, and selling in the cool and dim twilight. But the fair sex form by far the majority. It seems a privileged place, where the ordinary distinction of sect or caste is laid aside, and the Turk, Frank, and Raya, all mix and chat and bargain together without restraint; and it seems the only place where the pride and taciturnity of the Osmanli is laid aside. At the entrance are crowds of poor Jews, who proffer their services to conduct you to what you want, and carry home what you purchase.

The first attraction is generally a perfume-stall. Here attar of roses, essence of lemon, extract of jasmine, pastiles of odoriferous gums, which, when ignited, fill the air⁴³ with their aromatic

scent, are presented to your choice. The last are particularly recommended, as used by the ladies of the seraglio, who burn them in their pipe-bowls. But of all the singular perfumes presented to you, are rats'-tails. An animal of this species is endued with musky secretions, and its tail yields a strong scent, which it retains for an indefinite term. All these and many more odoriferous delicacies, which a Turk prizes, are presented to you; and to induce you to buy, your hands, lips, hair, whiskers, and cravat, are bedewed with them all, and you go forth redolent with animal and vegetable odours. The next attraction is the shoe-bazaar. Here the varied display of *imeh* and *papoosh*, boots and slippers, is very dazzling: a Turk never wears a boot without a slipper. The first are red or yellow morocco, without soles, but sewed below into a pointed bag, into which the foot is first forced; and then, with the boot, into the slipper. The gait of both men and women, thus encumbered, is singularly awkward and helpless. The feet scrape the ground, and the sole of the slipper, which scarcely adheres to the point of the toe, is dragged along, continually flapping against the heel. These characteristic parts of Oriental dress are the particular objects of Frank purchasers. The slippers are made of all materials, and braided with all kinds of embroidery in gold and silver, and often ornamented with pearls and precious stones. In this department are found drinking-cups of untanned leather, and mirrors with morocco frames.

But by far the most attractive display is the pipe department, and the variety of chiboques. It is here the fancy of a Turk luxuriates, and loves to exhibit itself with a dexterity shown in nothing else. The implement consists of three separate parts—tube, bowl, and mouth-piece—in each of which there is an endless variety of shape, size, and material. The most favourite wood for the first is cherry-tree brought from Trebisond, rose-wood and jasmine, sometimes extending to the length of ten or twelve feet. When you choose your rod, the artist pierces it with the aid of his toe, a member he uses with more skill than his finger. The bowl is a red earth, found and manufactured at Burgaz, highly gilt and polished. The mouth-piece is generally amber, imported by Armenians from the Baltic. This is prized above all materials, not only for its beauty, but for its qualities. It is supposed to be unsusceptible of the contagion of the plague; and when that disease is raging, and every man shrinks from contact with his neighbour, the amber chiboque passes from mouth to mouth without any apprehension of pestilent saliva. A pipe is sometimes ornamented with precious stones, and, with the tobacco-bag glittering with spangles, varies in price from 10 to 1000 piastres, according to the workmanship. Besides these and other articles peculiarly Turkish, clothing, stuffs, carpets, shawls, &c. are displayed, and among them the highly-prized manufactures of Manchester.



T. Allom.

S Lacey.

THE ATMEIDAN, OR HIPPODROME; AND MOSQUE OF ACHMET.

WITH THE COLUMN OF CONSTANTINE AND EGYPTIAN OBELISK.

The word *meidan* signifies “a place,” and corresponds with the sense in which we use the latter term in our towns. There are many so called in Constantinople, but the most distinguished is the Atmeidan, or “Place of the Horse.” It was, under the Greek empire, called *Hippodrome*, which implies a horse-course. The Turks applied it to the same purpose, and translated the Greek appellation into their own language. It is described in the most gorgeous manner by the writers of the lower empire, as ornamented with marble colonnades, and surrounded by seats like an amphitheatre, where the courses were observed by the spectators. These things have disappeared under the Turks, and it is now a naked oblong area, with a very ruinous and neglected aspect. It has, however, still its attractions. It is almost the only open and airy public space within the walls of the city, and it is the only spot where the very few ornaments of this great capital, now extant, are to be seen in their original site and form.

The present area is an irregular quadrangle, about 260 yards long, and 150 wide. It is bounded on one side by the mosque of Sultan Achmet, from which it is separated only by an open screen, and from it this beautiful edifice, with its six elegant minarets, appears to the greatest advantage. On the others, by large but mean edifices, one of which is the menagerie of the Turkish empire. Among the gifts expected from the pasha of a distant province, are specimens of its wild animals; and lions, tigers, and other beasts are here enclosed and exhibited, as formerly in the tower of London. Among the animals here in the time of Busbequius, was an extraordinary elephant, which, he affirmed, “could dance and play ball.” They are not confined to cages, but allowed to walk about in large caverns, where the solitary magnificence of the animal would be

strikingly exhibited, were it not that the foul odour exhaled from putrid offals, on which they feed, repels a stranger with insuperable disgust.

Down the centre are seen the splendid remains of the Greek empire. The first is the granite obelisk, still in high preservation, brought from the Thebaïd to Rome, and from thence to ornament the new city of Constantine. It is supported on brazen globes, resting on a sculptured pedestal bearing an inscription implying that it was erected by Theodosius. On one face is sculptured the machines by which the obelisk was raised to its present site, and is a curious display of the mechanical powers at that time in use. A singular circumstance occurred at its erection, which has since that time furnished an extraordinary auxiliary to mechanical powers. When the ponderous block was raised as high as the combination of cords and pulleys could draw it, it was found to want one inch of elevation to place it on the pedestal. The emperor and all the spectators supposed the labour and expense lost, and the case hopeless; when the ingenious artist who had undertaken to raise it, caused water to be thrown upon the cords by which the obelisk was suspended: an immediate contraction of the fibres took place, the cords shortened, and the immense weight was quietly raised to its place without any⁴⁵ other mechanical Contrivance. Another is that called the Colossus: it was once covered with dense brass plates; and a Greek couplet on the pedestal, described what it formerly was, and the reason of its name—

“A brazen wonder of colossal size,
Which Rhodes could boast—lo! here is seen to rise.”

But the Turks have belied the inscription. They have carefully picked off the brass plates for their trifling value, and left nothing but an unsightly shaft of masonry and mortar in which they were embedded. But the most valuable remnant of antiquity existing here, or perhaps in any other country, is a colossal brazen twisted serpent, which once had a triple head, from whence issued wine, water, and milk. It had formed a shrine at Delphi, on which were placed the golden tripod and patera presented to the god of the temple by the Greeks, to commemorate the victories in the Persian war, and was removed to Constantinople as one of the most valuable remains of ancient art and historic recollection. It was so highly prized, that the Turks considered it as the talisman that protected the Greek empire; and when Mohammed entered the devoted capital in triumph, he struck off one of the heads with his battle-axe, to destroy, as it were, the delusion. It is now a truncated stump, and constantly battered with stones by the Turks, as if their ancient superstition and prejudice yet existed.

The illustration represents the present state of the Hippodrome, and gives an idea of its ancient use. The Turks have no trials of equestrian skill like those of the Greeks; but here they usually exercise their horses, and throw the *djerid*, a wooden pointless spear, which they cast to a distance, and catch as it recoils from the ground, with considerable dexterity. On one side is the palace of Ibrahim Pasha, now the head-quarters of the cavalry staff, who are seen among the equestrians.



Drawn by Leitch.

Engraved by J. Sands.

THE MOSQUE OF SANTA SOPHIA AND FOUNTAIN OF THE SERAGLIO.

When Constantine dedicated his great city to Christ, he thought it right to erect in it a suitable edifice for Christian worship, on a scale of magnificence commensurate with his capital; he therefore built one of the first public temples, to the new faith, that had been permitted since the destruction of Christian churches and the extirpation of their congregations by the decree of Diocletian, and he dedicated it to the Ἀγία σοφία, “the Holy and Eternal Wisdom of God,” as manifested in his blessed Son. During the discordant schisms which unhappily rent the Christian church, this splendid structure was reduced to a state of ruin, and it was reserved for the emperor Justinian to re-edify it. He had the old foundations cleared away, and purchased, at a considerable expense, a larger area on which to erect it. To obtain funds for the purpose, he suspended the pensions he had granted to learned men, and melted down the silver statue of Theodosius the Great, which weighed 7400 lb. Ten thousand men were employed, whose exertions⁴⁶ were stimulated by encouragements and rewards. The emperor himself appeared among them, and paid them every night, in pieces of silver, for the work they had executed during the day. He was seen divested of his imperial robes, in a simple tunic of linen, examining their progress, and applauding and conferring gifts on the most expert and industrious artisans. In five years and eleven months, the vast building was completed; and when he had thus accomplished his splendid undertaking, he exclaimed with exultation, “I have conquered thee, O Solomon.” The city was at that time so subject to earthquakes, that private houses were generally constructed of wood, to obviate their destructive effects. This magnificent work had scarcely been completed, when it was shattered by one of those rude and frequent shocks; but the indefatigable emperor again repaired the shaken ruins. From some unknown physical cause, the violent concussions ceased to shake the place, so that slight and scarcely perceptible shocks

occur only at intervals of many years; and the church of Santa Sophia is now as it was left by the last re-edification of Justinian.

When the Turks entered the city, they rushed to this building, to massacre or make slaves of all who took refuge there; they then proceeded to demolish it, as the most eminent place of infidel worship. In this critical moment, the sultan entered, and arrested the destruction just as it had commenced. He announced, that he gave to his soldiers the plunder of spoil and captives, but the public edifices he reserved to himself. He at once conceived the idea of converting this magnificent Christian church into a Mohammedan mosque; and as he had transferred the government of the Osmanli to the most splendid capital, so the worship of Islam should be celebrated in the most splendid edifice in the world. In order to accommodate the interior to the new rites, the effigies and pictures which covered the walls were erased, and all trace of such representations was effaced by a simple and uniform colouring: the arms of the cross were, with little violence of alteration, bent up into the form of a crescent; and, to silence the sound of a bell, so revolting to the followers of the Prophet, he caused a minaret to be erected at an angle, to invite the faithful to prayer by the sound of the human voice; and having thus purified it from what he supposed to be superstitious and idolatrous emblems, he sat down cross-legged in the sanctuary, and caused himself to be shaved there. He then ordered the Koran to be read in place of the Bible, offered up his prayers, and finally suspended the curtain that had once closed the door of the temple at Mecca. He made no further alteration in the Christian church, and it remains as it was left by Justinian, unchanged for 1300 years, the most perfect and splendid monument of the arts of the Lower Empire.

The general model of a Christian church was that of a cross; the stem represented by the nave, the cross by the transepts, and the upper part by the choir: but from the inequality of the parts, the western churches laboured under a disproportion from which the eastern were exempt. The arms of the Greek cross are all of equal length, and Santa Sophia is built on its model; it has therefore a symmetry which the Latin churches have not, though founded on the same symbol. The ground-plan is that of a cross enclosed in a square whose sides measure 243 feet, but, including the portico, its length is 269. Over the centre of the cross rises the dome. This dome is called “aërial,” because it is so constructed that its height is only one-sixth of its diameter, and its curve so flat that its convexity seems to correspond with that of the sky, and be a portion only of the great firmament, let down, and suspended, as the Greeks say, by a chain. To effect this, it is built of materials of the least possible gravity, pumice-stone, specifically lighter than the water on which it floats, and bricks from Rhodes five times less weighty than those of ordinary burnt clay. The vast dome, thus reduced in weight, is further secured by the pillars on which it rests. These are ponderous piles of freestone, made of blocks hewn into cubes and triangles, united by huge cramps of iron. It is partly by this judicious distribution of its materials, that the vast edifice has stood so long unshaken by those shocks of earthquakes, which have prostrated so many other edifices in the same period.

The mosque is entered by a portico twelve yards in breadth; this communicates with another by nine gates with marble arches, closed by valves of rich bronze cast in high relief: this opens into another parallel to it. These vestibules formed what is called the narthex, or pronaos, of the Greek Christian church. Here stood the font where catechumens were baptized, and penitents

were placed before they presumed, or were deemed worthy to enter the naos, or body, of the sacred edifice. From hence they passed into the interior by five doors of plain bronze.

The first object that strikes, on entering the body of the edifice, is the vast aërial dome, rising to the height of 180 feet above the flooring, reposing on four massive arches, forming the segments of semi-domes, and supported by others still less. The dome is perforated by twenty-six windows, and a multitude of others appear in the perspective. On each side are colonnades supporting galleries, one of which was reserved for the emperor, and called the Gallery of Constantine. Round the base of the dome runs another gallery, at a great elevation. It is splendidly illuminated during the evenings of the Ramazan and other Turkish festivals, and produces a magnificent effect. Different parts of the edifice are supported by 104 pillars, amongst which are eight of porphyry removed by Constantine from the temple of the Sun at Rome, and six of green jasper from the temple of Diana at Ephesus. The sun was the tutelary deity of the emperor while he continued a heathen; when he adopted a better, he removed those ornaments of the temples both of Apollo and Diana, to enrich the temple of Christ. The walls and domes are encrusted with mosaic, which forms various figures and devices. They have been nearly obliterated by the Turks. There yet remain, however, great winged seraphims in the four angles under the central dome, whose faces are mutilated because they represented the human countenance. The rest are covered over with Arabic inscriptions from the Koran, and among them the 104 attributes of Allah, which every Turk is bound to repeat over in his daily prayers. The mosaic of the dome is constantly falling from its cement, and is found to consist of small cubes about the size of playing-dice, of various-coloured glass, which the imaums collect and sell to Franks, who have them formed and set in crosses, and thus commemorate that faith for which the mosque was originally built.

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Passing under the great dome, and opposite the vestibule, is the semi-dome which forms the termination of the temple. Here was the high altar of the Christian church; behind it, the sanctuary, separated by a screen from the body of the edifice. This sacred place is now the Mehrabé, where the Koran is deposited. The ground-plan annexed to the map will convey a better idea of these localities than any description.

The exterior of this interesting edifice is singularly heavy, and, as a celebrated French traveller says, *furieusement lourde en dehors*. It exhibits an irregular mass of cupolas, half-domes, shelving roofs, and stunted minarets; one of which, more mean than the rest, is the identical one erected by Mahomet to convert the church into a mosque. Even the great dome, so celebrated for its architectural beauty, and which the Turks have never yet been able to imitate, looks low and flat when viewed on the outside, and produces nothing of that “aërial” effect, in comparison to its internal structure. The edifice has at length begun to exhibit symptoms of decay. About six years ago, after a continued storm of wind and rain, one of the smaller domes fell into the church. On clearing away the surface of rubbish, the flooring was found covered over with glittering cubes which had formed the ceiling, and, in such abundance, that every one was supplied with as much as he chose to take for a trifling gratuity.

The Turks regard this mosque with a veneration and jealousy greater than any other. It is not always difficult to obtain admission to the rest, and generally the area in which they are placed is a thoroughfare, through which a Frank may pass unmolested, but the foot of an infidel is never suffered to desecrate, a second time, the precincts of this converted temple: if he attempt to approach, he is always driven back with abuse. The only occasion when permission is given to see it, is when an ambassador arrives, or is about to leave Constantinople. As a special favour, a firman is granted to him and a certain number of his suite, who are then, only, permitted to enter without molestation. But even this is not always a protection against the fanaticism of individuals. Secretaries to embassies, accompanied by their ladies, have been insulted and assaulted with the sultan's firman in their hands.



T. Allom.

G. Presbury.

EYOUB SULTAN,—FOUNTAIN AND STREET OF TOMBS.

The Turks recognize three persons distinguished by the name of Eyoub, or Job, and confound them together, with little regard to time or place. One was the patriarch of Uz, whose character resembles that given in our Bible, with some variations. The Koran and its commentators say, that his wife so overcame his patience, that he beat her with a palm branch; but, in recompense, when he was restored to health, she was restored to youth and beauty: and further, that Allah gave back his property in a summary manner, by raining down on his threshing-floor gold and silver, from two clouds sent for that⁴⁹ purpose. Another was one of the captains of Alexander the Great, and also one of Solomon's household. He was called Chederles, and his achievements resemble those of our St. George and the Dragon, as they are represented in the Christian churches of the East. Him they call Eyoub, or *Job infari*. The third, and him to whom the mosque

is dedicated, is Abu Eyoub. When the Prophet was in peril, he was succoured by certain persons from Medina, who were there called Ansars, or “Auxiliaries.” One of them was named Job, or Eyoub, who became afterwards the personal companion of the Prophet. When it was determined to destroy the Christian capital of the Romans in Europe, a plenary indulgence of sins was promised to all the faithful who should proceed to accomplish that object, and the Ansar Eyoub set an example by enrolling himself in the Saracen army, which set out for that purpose in the year 672. He fell, with many thousands of his countrymen, before the walls of Constantinople, and received a magnificent funeral. His memory was had in veneration by the majority of his people, but the particular spot where his body was laid had unfortunately been forgotten, nor was it till after the lapse of 750 years that it was discovered. It was revealed by a vision, and, to identify the sacred spot for all posterity, a mosque was erected over it by Mahomet II., in which every succeeding monarch was to receive his inauguration.

When a sultan succeeds to the throne, instead of the ceremony of European sovereigns, placing a crown on the head, his dignity is conferred by the more appropriate one of girding a sword on the thigh. To this end, the mufti, vizir, and other officers, on horseback, assemble at the seraglio, from whence, accompanied by the sultan, they proceed to the mosque of Eyoub. When they arrive, some celebrated imaum delivers a discourse, exciting the sultan to the vigorous propagation of Islamism and the extirpation of infidels. This he swears on the Koran to do, and then, ascending a marble tribune, the mufti approaches, and girds on a sword, to enable him to perform his promise. From hence the cortege proceeds to the harbour, where a splendid vessel awaits, and the commander makes a bridge of his back, over which the sultan embarks. He then sails to the arsenal, and, while reposing there on a divan prepared for him, he finds a large purse under the cushion, which he receives as the first offering of his faithful subjects. He finally retires to his harem, where he remains several days to repose himself. Modern usage has neglected many ancient ceremonies of the inauguration, but girding on the sword at Eyoub is immutable and indispensable, and never omitted.

The Mausoleum and Mosque are seen enclosed in trees; the former is built of pure marble, the windows covered with gilded lattice, through which is seen the sacred tomb inside, consisting of a catafalque, surmounted with the supposed turban of the deceased. The mosque is a plain edifice, consisting only of a single dome with minarets. The walls of the interior are lined with marble, and the floor covered with carpets. Among the relics preserved is a fragment of marble, having impressed upon it the imprint of the Prophet’s foot, which the yielding stone received and preserved as a miracle. The tomb is surmounted by a railing of silver: near it is a sacred well, supplied by a stream,⁵⁰ which confers immortality on those who drink it; but its course is hidden at present from mortal eye, and will only be revealed when man, unstained by sin, shall be worthy to taste it. A small portion of its virtues only is permitted to trickle into the well, which is endued with many salutary qualities. The precious water, therefore, is drawn up with silver buckets, and presented to the faithful in silver goblets. Round this, and every water of such reputed virtue, the person healed hangs up a part of his dress as a *votiva tabula*: and these rags of superstition are seen over holy wells in Turkey, as they are in Africa, Ireland, and other parts of the world.

The mosque and tomb of Eyoub are situated beyond the district called Blachernæ, on the west side of the harbour, near its head. The richness and fertility of the alluvial soil confer on this

district a singular exuberance of vegetation. Nothing can exceed the luxuriance with which trees and fruits in their season blossom and mature in this place. Here flowers exhale the most delicious perfume, and the nightingale is heard to warble its sweetest notes, as if Allah had conferred upon the resting-place of a favourite all the richness of nature. In the midst of this rise the mosque and tomb of the Ansar, forming part of a street, composed of charitable or religious edifices, embosomed in the shade of a majestic cypress. Then there are the haunts of the turtle-doves, who flock to this sequestered place, as one suited to their nature; and their gentle cooing fills the air with a pensive and congenial sound, adding considerably to the effect of the solemn objects around them. These sacred edifices are held in such veneration, and so guarded from desecration, that an infidel is repelled from them with even more jealousy than from the precincts of Santa Sophia.

The time chosen for the Illustration is the return of the sultan from the mosque, after the ceremony of girding on the sword has been performed. Beside him, as supporters, are two Bin Bashis, or colonels of Ortas, in the old Janissary corps. These men wear, as part of their official dress, helmets of an enormous height, with a profusion of horse-hair plumes. This singular costume, the Turks say, is intended to conceal the person of the new sovereign from the aim of an assassin, should an attempt be made upon his life.



T. Allom.

F. W. Topham.

**THE VALLEY OF UNKIAR ISKELESSI, OR—THE
SULTAN'S STAIRS.
IN WHICH THE CELEBRATED TREATY WITH RUSSIA WAS SIGNED.**

The most extraordinary title bestowed upon a sovereign is that which the Turks have conferred upon their own. They do not, when they speak of him, call him *padescha* or *sultan*, but *Hunkair*, which signifies “the manslayer,” and conveys, in one word, the sense they entertain of the absolute power he is supposed to possess over the lives and properties of his subjects, and the arbitrary manner in which he sometimes exercises it. The Turks confer it as a title of dignity, which conveys no reflection on the personal character; but during the revolution, the Greeks changed it to *Kassapi*,⁵¹ “the butcher,” conveying the same idea of a homicide, but meant as a term of bitter reproach.

On the shores of the Bosphorus, opposite *Therapia*, on the Asiatic side, is one of those lovely, and extensive valleys, which open on the strait, and add so much to its beauty. Here the sultans possessed a kiosk, to which they sometimes retired for recreation; and for their accommodation, a *scala*, or slip, was constructed on which they landed from the *caïque*: hence the valley has been called *Hunkair iskellesi*, or “the landing-place of the Manslayer;” an appellation rendered famous by the treaty recently made there.

This noble valley is distinguished by other circumstances. When Sultan Selim wished to excite a literary feeling among his subjects, and a printing-press was reared at *Scutari*, he converted his kiosk in this place into a manufactory, to supply it with paper. When first established, its arrangements corresponded with its former use, and its princely founder. The reservoirs for water were ornamented marble basins; and the whole gave the idea of a sultan’s palace given up for a mechanic’s workshop, and excited a feeling of respect and admiration for the enlightened and patriotic prince who had surrendered his splendid dwelling and delightful retreat for such a purpose.

Paper is an article to which a Turk annexes a certain degree of sanctity, and beyond that which it claims for its ordinary use. It is that on which, they say, the sacred name of Allah is written, and they never suffer it to be defiled, or used for any unworthy purpose. Wherever they see a fragment of it lying about, they carefully take it up, and throw it into some receptacle. It is often seen, in this way, stuffed into any hole or crevice in a wall which may present itself. With the same feeling, they have not yet suffered their Koran to be printed. They think it a profanation of the name of God, to have it squeezed, as it must be, in the press. The more sensible, however, assign what they consider a more reasonable cause. They call their sacred books, as we do, the Scriptures, or “Writings;” and, with an adherence to the mere letter, they say they could no longer be *scriptures*, if suffered to be printed.

The eminence on the right is the *Jouchi Daghi*, or “Giant’s Mountain,” impending over the valley. The reason assigned for this name is a singular one. Among the many persons of our Scriptures, recognized by the Koran, is Joshua the son of Nun; to whom its commentators attribute an immense stature. They affirm that he was sent against the Roum or Greek infidels, whom he defeated in a battle, during which the sun went down in his ordinary course, but immediately rose again; so they could not be saved. It was his custom to sit on this mountain, and bathe his feet in the waters of the Bosphorus below; and when he died, they could find no place large enough on the hill for his grave, so they buried only one of his feet. These extravagant fictions they support by two authorities. There is a dervish mosque on the summit, and a large enclosure beside it. In the enclosure is a tomb seven yards long, which they show as

the evidence of the length of the foot buried there; and on the walls of the mosque is an inscription in Arabic, detailing the history of Joshua, whom they call *Usha ben Nun*. It concludes with a caution to the incredulous: "If any one doubt, let him look to this inscription, and believe."

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A circumstance almost as incredible, in modern times, has rendered the Giant's Mountain famous. It is now ten centuries since the Russians, in their log-boats, made the first attempt on Constantinople, and their squadrons advanced to the Balkan Mountains. As they became a more civilized and powerful people, the attempts were made with more probability and perseverance; and Peter the Great, having Archangel on the White Sea, and St. Petersburg on the Baltic, conceived the hopes of rounding his vast empire by annexing Constantinople as his southern port, and so commanding all the seas that encircle it. Since that time, the great policy and ambition of the Russians seemed directed to this object; but while all Europe were anxiously watching their hostile approaches, and the desperate struggles of the Turks to resist them, people saw with astonishment a large fleet and an immense army quietly approach the capital, and disembark, not as enemies, but as friends and protectors; and, after an interchange of amity and good will between these deadly enemies, the one departed as peaceably as they came, and the other erected a monument as an everlasting memorial of their visit. It was at this interesting moment the Illustration was made, while the tents of the Russians whitened the mountains above, and the treaty of Hunkair Iskelessi was signed in the valley below. It represents the splendid caïque of the sultan returning from a friendly visit to his new allies, and the crowded boats of the Bosphorus "suspending the dashing oar," as the homage paid to his passing.

On the left of the picture is the great Aqueduct, striding across the valley of Buyukderé, and leading the waters of the Bendts, or reservoirs, to Pera;—a part of that great hydraulic system, by which the precious and necessary fluid is conveyed from the shores of the Black Sea for the ablutions of the faithful in the great city.



T. Allom.

J. C. Bentley.

ENTRANCE TO THE BOSPHORUS FROM THE BLACK SEA. VIEWED FROM THE GIANT'S MOUNTAIN.

This spot recalls many interesting recollections of mythology, history, and natural phenomena. Here it was the Symplegades opened to invite, and closed to crush, the stranger who dared to intrude on these forbidden seas. Here it was the Greeks entered on the expanse of the Euxine, and disclosed new regions and new sources of wealth to their enterprising countrymen: and here it was the disrupted mountains first gave a passage to the waters of a vast internal ocean, which have continued ever since to pour down with impetuosity through the great chasm. As evidence of the first of these facts, the Cyanean rocks are still seen, but now firmly fixed in immovable positions; the one bound to the European, and the other to the Asiatic shore: as evidence of the last, the debris of a volcano are every where scattered about over a great extent. Besides scoria and rocks in various states of calcification, columns of basalt lie strewed along both shores; and immediately beyond the bay of Cabacos on the Asiatic shore is a basaltic formation of great beauty and regularity, supporting the promontory of 53 Youm Bournou, with a colonnade as regular as that at Staffa in Scotland, or the Giants' Causeway in Ireland. If, as the Vulcanists say, these are undoubtedly the productions of fire, here are still the proofs of that mighty rupture that formed the Bosphorus. From the awful convulsions connected with it, this entrance to the Bosphorus was called by the Greeks *ἱερὸν*, or "the Sacred;" it is now called by the Turks, Boghaz.

Its present aspect presents a singular and beautiful prospect. The blue and limpid Bosphorus, now expanding into bays, and now cooped between promontories, here suddenly expands into an apparently interminable ocean. The promontories which swell out are clothed with a bright and

permanent verdure, covered with villages, fortresses, and beacons, whose white walls and battlemented towers crown them with their turreted diadems, and harmonize well with the bright tints of green and blue from sea and land. These are called phanaraki, from phanar, the Greek for light-house, and kui, the Turkish for town. On the most conspicuous eminence is seen a memorial of the enterprising spirit of the Genoese, a dilapidated castle, still in tolerable preservation, which they erected at one end of the Bosphorus, when they built the town of Galata at the other. Over the entrance, and on other parts of the front, are perfect monogrammal inscriptions, which evidently belong to the Greeks of the Lower Empire, whoever were the architects of the edifice.

All parts of these shores command delightful views, and are refreshed by the invigorating breeze which is wafted through the Boghaz from the Euxine, and ventilates this region in the greatest heats of a sultry summer. The thermometer sometimes stands here ten degrees lower than at Pera; and the panting inhabitant of the city escapes with delight, to breathe the bracing air of this cool and refreshing vicinity. The Frank ambassadors, instead of congregating in summer at Belgrade, as in the time of Lady M. W. Montague, have with more taste and judgment fixed their residence here; and Buyukderé is filled with their summer palaces. From this village the high land stretches away in a direction across the Bosphorus, and presents a front to the opening of the Euxine.

Amidst these lovely undulating grounds, so varied in form as to command an extensive prospect, while the observer feels almost unseen, parties of pleasure are continually assembled. No true mussulman is unconscious of nature's charms, on the contrary, his highest enjoyment is in the contemplation of a solemn, silent, and wide-spread landscape. It is this that attracts such numbers to the agreeable heights of Buyukderé, and pleads an apology for the presence of the old Seraskier and his suite, who are represented as partaking of the rural festivities of this happy, healthy spot.



Drawn from Nature by E. Hervé. Esq.

Eng^d by W. H. Capone.

ANCIENT ARCHWAY & CAVERN IN THE BALKAN MOUNTAINS.

The extent of country from the Danube to the Propontis, is generally a flat plain, with occasional irregularities of surface, divided by an immense ridge of lofty mountains, rising perpendicularly, like a stupendous wall, and dividing the level space into two nearly equal parts. That on the south side, extending from the mountains to the sea, was called Thrace, and, in modern times, by the Turks, Roum-Eli, or the country of the Romans. That on the north, extending from the mountains to the river Danube, was formerly named Mœsia, but now Bulgaria. This chain of mountains excited the admiration of the ancients, who attributed to it an elevation greater than any mountain in the then known world. They supposed it was the ridge from whence the revolted giants attempted to scale the heavens, and they called it *Hæmus* from a Greek word signifying “blood,” because one of the impious invaders was slain by a thunderbolt, and the torrent of his gore stained the mountains. They further affirm, that both the Euxine and Ægean seas could be seen at once from its summit. The length of this chain is as remarkable as its height; it extends for more than five hundred miles, one end resting on the Black sea, and the other on the Ægean. It is now called the Balkan, a Turkish or Sclavonian word, which implies difficult defiles, because it opposes a natural rampart to an invading army, and is the most advanced bulwark of Constantinople. For a long time it was considered impassable by any ordinary force, and the Greek and Turkish empire rested in confidence behind it; but a few years only have passed, since the Russians proved its insecurity, and, to the astonishment of Europe, as well as of the Turks, they scaled this mighty barrier, and established themselves at the other side.

Except in a few places, the whole extent of the ridge is impassable—steep precipices, rugged and abrupt ascents, lofty rocks and impending crags, render the general face of the mountains so difficult, as to repel all attempts to climb them. The chain may be said to consist of three

branches; two lower ridges rising at each side parallel to the great one. The intervening valleys are exceedingly beautiful: they form extensive sequestered tracts, shut out, as it were, from the rest of the world, and abounding in every production that the fecundity of nature could supply, or the most elaborate industry produce. Some of these spots exhibit, in the wildness of the descent, all the beauties of a cultivated taste: pure streams of clear water rippling over pebbled beds, skirted by copse-wood, and margined by swards of the richest grass, through which the road winds like a gravel-walk in the young plantations of an English demesne; in other places, expanding into broad meadows filled with sheep and horned cattle, or corn-fields covered with growing grain in various stages. In the midst of these pastoral scenes are many villages of singular appearance; and cottages scattered about without⁵⁵ any regularity or arrangement. They are built of wicker-work. An oblong space is marked out, circular at one end, and square at the other; round this area, wattles or short poles are stuck in the ground, and between them, strong willows are interwoven, so as to form a large basket; on this, poles are laid for the roof, or some of the wattles are left long enough to be bent for the purpose. The top is then thatched with straw, and the basket-work plastered with mud of a light grey colour. The entrance is at the square end, where the roof projects considerably, and is supported on pillars, the whole exhibiting a pretty and elegant cottage, with a portico and colonnade in front. The floor is spread with thick striped woollen carpets, on which the family sit by day and sleep by night. In winter the fireplace is supplied with logs set on end, to receive a fire six or seven feet high of blazing wood. Every cottage is secured with a wicker-work enclosure, generally filled with corn-stacks and cattle; and the peasantry of this wild and remote region enjoy a cleanliness, comfort, and abundance, that render them some of the happiest on the continent of Europe. Among other objects of cultivation on the Low Balkans, is the rose which produces the attar, and from hence it is sent to Constantinople, where it is sold in the bazaars, and exported to other countries: the refined and elegant of polished nations becoming indebted to these simple peasants for the richest and most exquisite perfume in nature.

These people were once the most fierce and untractable savages, and the scourge of the Greek empire. They were, and are still called Bulgarians, or Volgarians, from the river Volga, from whose shores they originally migrated to this place; and for centuries they threatened the very existence of the enfeebled state. In the reign of Justinian, they approached the city of Constantinople with fire and sword, but were repulsed by the great Belisarius. After various defeats, they were converted to Christianity, and their subdued and broken spirits, aided by the mild influence of the new religion, produced such an effect, that, instead of the once rude and ferocious mountaineers reported by historians, they are now, though the same race and in the same locality, distinguished for industry, for mildness of disposition among themselves, and kindness and hospitality to strangers. They have extended their population to the plains below, on each side: on the north to the Danube, and on the south nearly to the Propontis; and their manners form a strong contrast to those of the rude and inhospitable Turks, with whom they here mingle.

When a traveller enters a cottage, he is received with smiles and cheerfulness, as if he were one of the family returned home after an absence. The females treat him with that unsuspecting confidence which they would show to a brother, and with a good-will which those who have experienced their hospitality will never forget. The young women are particularly distinguished by their dress. They wear in some parts a blue, and in other a white cloth gown, wide and open at

the sleeve and bosom, displaying a snow-white chemise of cotton or linen, tastefully embroidered. This gown is sometimes cinctured with a band and buckle of dressed leather, or bound by a red girdle, to which the cloth skirts are tucked up when dancing, or in other active motions. But that which most distinguishes them is the ornament of the head: it is fancifully dressed, and⁵⁶ braided with a great variety of coins of different metals, sometimes so densely strung together, that they form a thick metallic cord of considerable weight, and presenting the edges of the coins. These are esteemed the reticules in which a young lady preserves her marriage portion; and when the pendent purse is broken up, these perforated coins, first used as ornaments, are seen in constant circulation. When a traveller enters a cottage, and demands the rites of hospitality, it is swept and garnished for him, and the carpets laid; and, while he reclines upon it, the belle of the village enters with a white handkerchief in her hand, leading a train of her companions: they form a dance of pleasing movement, and a chorus of sweet voices expressive of welcome. When it is concluded, the fair conductress approaches, and casts her handkerchief into his bosom; this implies a request for a few paras, which is never denied, and “the village train” depart with cheerfulness and modesty.



C. Bentley.

T. Jeavons.

PASS IN THE BALKAN MOUNTAINS. BY HAIDHOS.

In this great and apparently impenetrable chain, five passes have been discovered, each at a considerable distance, by Haidhos, Karabat, Jamboli or Selimno, Kersaulik, and Tâtar-bazaar. Of these, the passes by Haidhos and Tâtar-bazaar are the most picturesque—the one at the east, and the other at the western extremity of the mountains.

From Haidhos the traveller begins to ascend, and, after surmounting the Low Balkans, and passing the lovely valleys between them, finds himself in a deep sequestered vale, surrounded on all sides by mountains. Directly before him is the vast wall of rock, extending interminably both ways, and presenting a perpendicular form ascending to the skies. When close under it, the flank seems suddenly, as it were, torn open by some rupture, presenting a dark chasm, which before was not seen. This he enters beside a rivulet, and for some time descends with it towards the very bowels of the mountain, involved in dim twilight below, and seeing, at an immeasurable distance above, a scarcely describable stripe of blue sky. Ascending, and winding his way, up one side of the chasm, he at length emerges on the summit, and stands on the ridge of the High Balkans, enjoying a prospect, of unparalleled extent and magnificence, of the less elevated hills and plains below. From hence the road proceeds across a kind of table-land, generally enveloped in mist and entangled in morasses, crossed by various ravines and tottering planks, so loosely set as to rise at one end as the traveller presses the other, or by decayed wooden bridges, which frequently break down, and precipitate horse and rider into the abyss below. Reaching the opposite or northern face of the ridge, the way descends to Lopenitza, a Balkan village, after a transit of twenty-seven miles, across the High Balkans, and proceeds to the Danube by Shumla.

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Drawn from Nature by F. Hervé. Esq.

Engraved by J. Tingle.

**ROUTE THROUGH THE BALKAN MOUNTAINS, BY
TÂTAR-BAZAAR.
ON THE FRONTIERS OF BULGARIA & ROUMELIA.**

The western pass, by Tâtar-bazaar, presented in the Illustration, is not approached by a chasm so singular and wild as that by Haidhos, but the passage on the summit is of a much more grand and romantic character. The distinct mountains rise into immense cones of splintered schist or granite, indented into clefts and fissures. Sometimes masses of rock rise perpendicularly beside the traveller, between which the road passes, with sharp-pointed tops, of a pyramidal form, and outline so regular, as to make it doubtful whether they are not artificial constructions. The road runs between them, and they stand like “mountain sentinels” placed to guard the pass. The delusion is increased when he arrives in this wild and lofty region at the remains of a great arch of Roman brick, which apparently was one of those pylæ, or mountain-gates, raised, to guard against the incursions of the barbarous hordes from Dalmatia, Dacia, and other places beyond the mountains, who for centuries continued to press and harass the declining Roman empire. Such is the use to which it is at present applied. Here is stationed a Dervenni, or guard of Albanian soldiers, which form part of the cordon of posts, planted in various parts of the ramparts of the chain, when the Russians prepared to ascend and pass it. The Turks, in several parts of their vast empire, both in Europe and Asia, select those points for defence which the Greeks and Romans also appear, by their remains, to have chosen, but they never think of repairing the old gate, or strengthening the pass by new fortifications.



T. Allom.

P. Lightfoot.

THE BABYSES, OR, SWEET WATERS OF EUROPE.

Only two rivers flow within many leagues of the great city of Constantinople; they rise at a short distance between it and the Black sea, and wind their way along a valley at the head of the Golden Horn. One of them was formerly called the Cydaris, and now the Bey Low; the other the BabySES, now changed to the Kyatkana Low, or “Water of the Paper Manufactory.” Where they

fall into the harbour, the soil is alluvial and marshy, and the quantity of slime collected there induced the ancients to⁵⁸ designate it “Marcidem Mare,” “the Putrid Sea.” The French, however, called it, *les Eaux Doux*, because the water was not salt; and the English now denominate it the “Sweet Waters.”

Notwithstanding that the waters are impure, and the high grounds around sterile and denuded, the place possesses many attractions. Higher up the stream, the valley improves, and circumstances have given the locality much celebrity. The paper factory having fallen into ruins, Sultan Selim built a kiosk in its place, in imitation of the palace of Versailles. A mound has been thrown across the river, and the stream detained, so as to form a large and tranquil sheet of water. On its banks stands the kiosk, one side of which is supported by pillars rising out of the water. It was once a favourite residence of Mahmoud II., but a slave, to whom he was greatly attached, died here in the prime of life; and her master having erected a tomb to her memory on the bank, abandoned the place for many years. Time, however, has worn out the impression, and it is again a favourite retreat. At the head of the valley is the *Ocmeidan*, or “Place of the Arrow,” the royal archery-ground; and marble pillars, erected at different distances, attest the Sultan’s skill, and the almost incredible distance to which he can send a shaft. On these occasions, he is attended by his officers, and sometimes the females of his family, in arrhubas: the valley is then shut up with guards, and no stranger permitted to intrude: at other times, it is open to all classes, who come here to rusticate, particularly Greeks, on Sundays and festivals.

There is one period, however, in which it is the thronged resort of every person seeking amusement; and the Golden Horn is covered with caïques from all parts of Pera and Constantinople. This occurs on St. George’s day in the month of May, when the splendid stud of the sultan is brought out from the stables of the seraglio, for the first time in the season, to graze on the rich herbage of this place. The horses are in the care of Bulgarians, and crowds of peasants accompany their countrymen. They come down from the Balkan mountains at this season of the year, to dress the vineyards about the city; and groups of them, with their honest, good-natured faces, are seen everywhere dancing through the streets. Their dress is a jacket of brown cloth, caps of brown sheep-skin with the wool on, and sandals of raw hide, drawn under the sole, and bound over the instep. But what particularly distinguishes them is an enormous bagpipe. The minstrel draws after him a crowd of his countrymen, capering through the streets of Pera and Constantinople, on their way to the Sweet Waters, to amuse the company assembled there. The banks at this season are covered with a rich verdure, and enamelled with a profusion of flowers of all hues: the very humidity of the soil confers a luxuriance on the sward which is nowhere else to be seen. The soil round the city is a poor and sterile gravel, and for nine months in the year presents a parched and arid surface of irksome brown; it is only in the cool, humid valleys, that a blade of verdure is to be seen. This spot, therefore, is much frequented by the Franks; and there is no stranger on a visit to the capital, who is not invited to see the Sweet Waters. The Illustration represents one of these festive meetings. On the right of the foreground is a group of Greek girls, dancing through the graceful mazes of the romaika,⁵⁹ their unveiled faces and necks, and their neatly sandalled feet, forming a striking contrast to the yasmaks and slippered-boots of other Oriental females of the capital. In the background are companies engaged in various festivities, and embosomed in the trees; behind is seen the sultan’s kiosk, with a never-failing minaret peeping through the foliage.



T. Allom.

W. H. Capone.

INTERIOR OF A TURKISH CAFFINET. CONSTANTINOPLE.

Many circumstances strike a stranger on entering Constantinople, and many objects different from those to which he has been accustomed in European Christian cities. Here are no straight spacious avenues, thronged with foot-passengers on the wide flags, and with carriages on the level centre; no names to the streets, to direct his way; no advertisements on walls; no women behind counters; no public places, for walking or amusement; no monuments displaying taste, or recording great men or actions; no libraries or news-rooms; no club-houses; no theatres, or public exhibitions; no hackney-coaches, cabs, omnibuses, sedan-chairs, or equipages of any kind, either public or private; no clocks on steeples or public buildings, indicating the hour of the day, nor bells announcing festivals or public rejoicings; no lamps to illumine the city by night; no shops blazing with the glare of gas; no companies flocking to or from balls; or parties or public assemblies, of any kind, thronging the streets after night-fall, and making them as popular as at noon-day. On the contrary, he gets entangled in crooked, narrow, steep lanes, where the pavement is so imperfect that he is every minute in danger of breaking his leg between the loose angular stones. During the sunlight, the busy throng is nowhere to be seen but in the bazaars, or the avenues leading to them; and every other place seems totally deserted, except by dogs, who howl when he appears, and attack him in whole packs. The only equipage he sees is the sultan's, going to some mosque on Friday, when the people congregate in the street through which he passes. The only carriages are women's arrhubas, or kotchies, which, generally speaking, cannot climb the steep and narrow streets. When they do appear, they are conveying, closely shut up, the harem of the sultan or some pasha, and then they are accompanied by black eunuchs with drawn sabres. Their approach is announced by the dead silence that suddenly pervades the busy din of a crowded thoroughfare: the moving mass of the people is suddenly arrested, and every man stands

closely wrapped up in his beniche, with his arms folded on his breast, and his head cast down and turned away. The unfortunate person who neglects this, is liable to be cut down, and forfeit his life upon the spot for his negligence. At sunset⁶⁰ all the shops are shut up, and their owners hurry to their respective residences; and when the evening closes in, the streets are as dark and as silent as the grave. If a Frank, following the usages of his country, remain at the house of a friend beyond the limited hour, he is liable to be arrested by the Coolah guard, unless he be attended by some lights. He often lights himself. He goes into a Baccùe, or huckster's shop, while it is open, and purchases for a few paras a circular fold of paper. This is a lantern compressed into a flat surface, which may be elongated to the extent of half a yard. He draws it out, places a light outside, attaches it to the end of his long chibouk, and smoking in this way, with the light thrust out before him, is protected, on returning home through the streets, at any hour of the night.

The only places of public resort that seem in any way to remind him of the social habits of a European city, are the taverns and coffee-houses. Even these are distinguished by customs peculiarly Oriental. The tavern is an open shop, where cooks are employed in preparing different kinds of refreshment over small counters filled with red-hot charcoal. Having passed these, he is shown into a dark room behind, or above, through a narrow staircase. Here he sits down on a tattered straw mat, and a joint stool is placed before him, on which is laid a clumsy metal tray; presently an attendant comes with two dishes, of coarse brown earthenware, one containing a mess of thick, heavy, greasy pancake, made of flour, and the other a skewer of kabobs. Kabobs are small pieces of mutton, about the size of penny pieces, which they much resemble in shape and colour, roasted on an iron needle, which is served up with them. There is no napkin, no knife, fork, or spoon, no wine, beer, or spirits. The entertainment concludes in about ten minutes with a glass of plain water, or, in extreme cases, a cup of sherbet.

The caffinet, or coffee-house, is something more splendid, and the Turk expends all his notions of finery and elegance on this, his favourite place of indulgence. The edifice is generally decorated in a very gorgeous manner, supported on pillars, and open in front. It is surrounded on the inside by a raised platform, covered with mats or cushions, on which the Turks sit cross-legged. On one side are musicians, generally Greeks, with mandolins and tambourines, accompanying singers, whose melody consists in vociferation; and the loud and obstreperous concert forms a strong contrast to the stillness and taciturnity of Turkish meetings. On the opposite side are men, generally of a respectable class, some of whom are found here every day, and all day long, dozing under the double influence of coffee and tobacco. The coffee is served in very small cups, not larger than egg-cups, grounds and all, without cream or sugar, and so black, thick, and bitter, that it has been aptly compared to "stewed soot." Besides the ordinary chibouk for tobacco, there is another implement, called narghillai, used for smoking in a caffinet, of a more elaborate construction. It consists of a glass vase, filled with water, and often scented with distilled rose or other flowers. This is surmounted with a silver or brazen head, from which issues a long flexible tube; a pipe-bowl is placed on the top, and so constructed that the smoke is drawn, and comes bubbling up through the water, cool and fragrant to the mouth. A peculiar kind of tobacco, grown at Shiraz in Persia, and resembling small pieces of cut leather, is used with this instrument.⁶¹ The pipe is lighted either by a fragment of ignited charcoal, or amadhoo; this last is an inflammable spark prepared from decayed wood, or a particular kind of fungus, and a Turk never goes without a portion of it, with a flint and steel, in his tobacco-bag. In the centre of the room is generally an artificial fountain, bubbling and playing in summer, and round it vases

of flowers, with piles of the sweet-scented melons of Cassaba, to keep them cool, and add, by their odour, to the fragrance of the flowers.

A frequent addition to the enjoyments of the *caffinet*, is the *medac*, or story-teller. There are several of these public characters at Constantinople, who, at festival seasons, are engaged by the *caffinet*-ghees to entertain their guests. On these occasions, to accommodate the increased company, stools are placed in semicircles in the streets before the *caffinet*, and refreshment sent from the house. A small platform is laid on the open window, so that the audience within and without may hear and see. On this the story-teller mounts, and continues his narrative sometimes till midnight. The excellence of some of these men in their department, is surprising, and altogether out of keeping with the dull and phlegmatic character of a Turk. In humour and detail, they are equal to the best European actors; and sustain singly, and without any aid, a whole drama of various characters. Their tact is equally clever. When the attention of their audience is excited to the highest degree at the approach of some interesting catastrophe, the *medac* suddenly steps down from his platform, and going round with a coffee-cup in his hand, the audience soon fill it with *paras*, to induce him to resume his place; and then, and not till then, does he mount, and go on with his story. One of these *medacs*, called Kiz Achmet, or “Achmet the Maid,” was particularly famous. He has been engaged during the Bairam at a salary of eight hundred *piastres*; and the sultan often sent for him, to entertain the ladies of the harem, though his stories on ordinary occasions were of a very coarse and indelicate character.



T. Allom.

J. Sands.

THE VILLAGE OF BABEC, ON THE BOSPHORUS.

In a very deep recess, formed by the expansion of the Bosphorus, immediately above the Buyuk Akendisi, or “Great Rapid,” and between it and the Roumeli Hissar, or Castle of Europe, are the bay and village of Babec. The latter extends along one side of it, having a level quay in front, and generally exhibits a scene of busy population, with its caïques and fishery. Beyond it rise the wooded hills which skirt the shores of the Bosphorus. Here the steep ascent is clothed with a very dense growth of trees, casting their dark shadows on the waters below, which wash the margin of the deep recess of the bay, and give it a peculiarly sequestered and solitary appearance. Here, in the darkest shade, is seen a lonely kiosk, which strikes the traveller passing in a caïque, as having something more than ordinary connected with it. The kiosk is shut in with walls, the entrance entirely closed up, and no human being is ever seen to enter or depart from it. The jealous precaution usually visible about a Turkish house always has a desolate and repulsive aspect; but this kiosk, it has been remarked, has a solitude even more than Turkish, and, without the usual marks of desertion, decay, and dilapidation, it looks as if abandoned by inhabitants, or devoted to some secret or mysterious purpose. It is the retreat of Turkish diplomacy—the appointed spot for secret negotiations.

Mystery and deception, the wheels on which it usually moves, are here practically exemplified. The bureaux of the Porte are appointed for the transaction of ordinary business, but on extraordinary occasions it is transferred to this place; and this solitary recess of the Bosphorus is resorted to in order to prevent any possibility of the secret transpiring. When it is necessary to meet a foreign minister, on any affair of importance, he is directed to repair to this place. Hither he comes in his caïque, divested of pomp or parade, and endeavouring to pass without any notice. He climbs the rapid, and creeps along the shore of this sequestered bay, to the mysterious kiosk, and is, with due precaution, admitted. He finds, within, the reis effendi, or minister for foreign affairs, who has approached by land with similar precaution. The doors are closed, and the conference commences. When the affair is arranged, the diplomatists separate, and the kiosk is abandoned, and closed up till another mysterious affair renders another mysterious conference at this place necessary. This attempt at concealment is highly characteristic of the court and the people; but it is altogether defeated. The prying jealousy of the ministers of the European powers resident at Constantinople, is continually on the alert: the chief dragoman of one mission makes a daily report to his ambassador of what every other is doing, or about to do: he visits the bureaux of the Porte, and worms out the most secret intentions; and while the principals are shut up at Babec, as they suppose, unknown to all the world, the tattling dragomans are every where disclosing the subject they are discussing, and the conference at Babec is no more secret than the news of a public coffee-house.



T. Allom.

W. J. Cook.

THE RUINS OF EPHEBUS.

THE CASTLE OF AIASALUK ON THE DISTANCE.

ASIA MINOR.

This city is not only celebrated in profane history, which ascribes its foundation to the Amazons, but is rendered interesting to mankind, for being commemorated in the Sacred Scriptures by many important recollections. When Christianity began to expand itself in Asia, seven churches were founded, eminently distinguished among the early Christians, as fountains, whence the light of the gospel should flow upon a benighted world. The first and chief of these was the great city of Ephesus. When St. John in his Apocalypse addresses these seven churches, the first he named was that of Ephesus. To the professors of Christianity there, he gives a high character, intimating the reformation which the infant gospel had already effected among the Gentiles. “I know thy works, and thy labour, and thy patience, and how thou canst not bear those that are evil.” To this church, St. Paul addressed his epistle when in bonds at Rome, to guard them against that false doctrine that was even then beginning to taint the purity of the gospel. This city he visited in his travels, and adds the testimony of sacred history to that of profane, to the estimation in which the great heathen temple was held; and from this city he took his final departure at that affecting moment, when they kneeled down, and prayed on the sea-shore, “and wept sore for the words which he spake—that they should see his face no more.” This city once had a bishop, the angel of the church, Timothy, the beloved disciple of St. John; and tradition reports that it was honoured with the last days of both these great men, and of the Mother of our Lord.

The present state of this “light of Asia,” this “emporium of the world,” forms a sad and striking contrast to its former splendour. The traveller lands on a dismal swamp at the mouth of a river, choked up with sand. Beside this is an extensive jungle of low bushes, the retreat of wolves and jackals, and all the wild animals whose solitary and predatory habits lead them to those haunts,

which had once been, but are no longer, the habitations of men. From thence he advances up an extensive and fertile plain, through which the Caÿster winds, exhibiting all the capabilities of culture and abundance, but now a rank marsh, scattered over with muddy pools, the retreat of flocks of aquatic fowls, among which are sometimes seen flights of swans, indicating the permanent character of nature still remaining unchanged, though the habits of man are altered. At some miles from the sea are marble columns, supposed to have formed part of the quay when the river was navigable, and Ephesus the great mart of Asia. Beyond, the plain is skirted by a rising ground, on which appears a succession of ruins for several miles,⁶⁴ including a stadium in a more perfect state than the rest; but by far the most interesting are the remains of the temple and the amphitheatre.

On the side of the hill, and partly excavated from it, is a section of a great amphitheatre: the seats have been destroyed or removed, but part of the marble front, many bas-reliefs, and sculptured fragments, attest its primitive splendour. This magnificent area for representing the spectacles of the ancients, gives a high idea of the wealth and population of the city to which it belonged, and the number of spectators it was necessary to accommodate. Immediately below are the supposed ruins of the Artemision, or Temple of Diana, of which Ctesiphon was the chief architect; it was one of the seven wonders of the world: it measured 425 feet in length, 200 in breadth; was adorned with 127 columns, each the gift of a king; occupied 220 years in building; and was eight times reduced to ruins. Its foundations were laid in a swamp, as Pliny says, to guard against the effects of an earthquake. To absorb the damp, wool and charcoal were interspersed, and the arches form a subterranean labyrinth, in which the waters now stagnate. The walls are formed of immense blocks of marble, the faces of which are perforated with cavities; into these were sunk the shanks of the brass and silver plates with which the temple was faced, but they have been long since abstracted. In front are the remains of vast porphyry pillars, which probably formed the portico of the temple. When Constantine the Great issued his decree against heathen worship, this the principal of its temples was finally destroyed, and some of its pillars removed to Constantinople, to adorn the Christian church of the “holy and eternal freedom of God.”—So celebrated was this magnificent pile, that Herostratus, a philosopher, conceived the extraordinary idea of rendering himself immortal by destroying it. He set it on fire on the night Alexander the Great was born, when, as the mythologists say, the goddess to whom it belonged was so engaged in one of her functions at this important birth, that she neglected the care of her temple, and the splendid fabric was burnt to the ground. To defeat the hopes of this incendiary, a decree was issued, rendering it penal to pronounce his name, but this only contributed to preserve it the more.

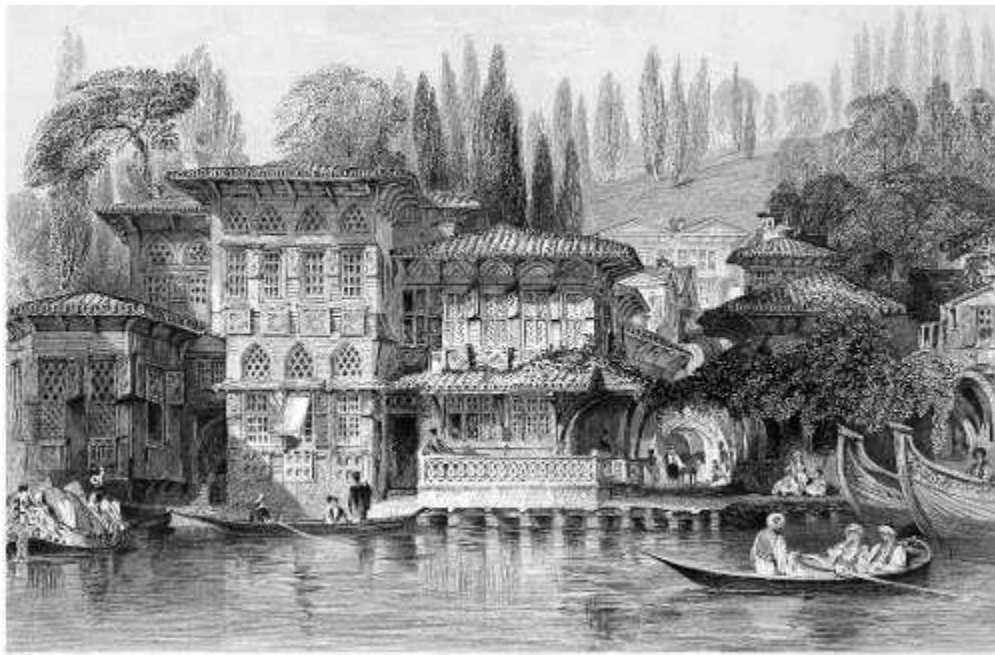
The vicinity of this ruin to the amphitheatre is an additional and deeply interesting reason for supposing it to be what remains of the ancient temple of Diana. Here was the place where St. Paul excited the disturbance among the silver and brass smiths who worked for the temple; and opposite was the great public resort, where the people were assembling for the exhibition of spectacles, into which they rushed, carrying with them Gaius and Aristarchus, Paul’s companions. Here they had a full view of the magnificent front of the temple “which all Asia worshipped,” and in their enthusiasm they cried out, “Great is Diana of the Ephesians!”

Passing these ruins, the traveller arrives at Aiasaluk, situated on a hill near the upper extremity of the valley. Beside it is the ancient aqueduct which conveyed water to the great city; and near it a

church, supposed to be that of St. John, rebuilt by the emperor Justinian, but now converted into a Turkish mosque. All that remains of the habitations of the living is now contained in this Turkish village, whose name still reminds him of its former Christian population. Aiasaluk is a corruption of Ayas⁶⁵ Theologos,¹¹ the name by which the Greeks denominate St. John, to whom the neighbouring church was dedicated.

Such is the brief account of the great and interesting city of Ephesus! Its “candlestick has been removed,” as the prophet predicted. All that remains of the Gentile population are, one hundred Turks, enclosed within narrow limits on the summit of a hill; and its numerous Christian congregation is reduced to two individuals, one a Greek gardener, and the other the keeper of a coffee-house,—and these are the representatives of the first great church of the Apocalypse!

The Illustration represents these objects. On the right, in front, are the remains of the theatre, ascending the side of the hill; and before it, extensive ruins are scattered over the surface. Other fragments of edifices are strewed about, and beyond is the humid plain of the Caÿster. In the back ground are the hills which terminate the plain; and under them, on a lower eminence, the town of Aiasaluk, having below all that remains of the church of St. John, and the aqueduct, built by Herodes Atticus from the ruins of the great city.



T. Allom.

J. Sands.

GREEK PRIEST'S HOUSE NEAR YENI KUEY. ON THE BOSPHORUS.

The various nations that compose the population of Turkey are all distinguished in the metropolis by peculiarities which are not left to their option, but are strictly prescribed to them, that there may be no amalgamation, and the Osmanli may be marked everywhere by separate and distinct

characters from their Rayas. Not only the manner of their turban and the colour of their slippers distinguish them from their masters, but the hue of their houses; and while the Turk indulges in every gay and gaudy tint, the mansions of the Jew, Greek, and Armenian are confined to dark and leaden colours, and are at once known by their dull and dismal aspect. This is particularly distinguished in sailing along the Bosphorus; and so rigid are the Turks in exacting this distinction, that those who violate it are punished with death. During the progress of the Greek revolution, it set a fatal mark on the devoted inhabitants. The troops, in passing up and down the strait, selected these houses as targets, at which to direct their tophees. Wherever a person appeared at an open window, a volley was discharged at him in very wantonness, till the house was riddled with shot. Nothing could be more dismal than the appearance they presented—their dark and dingy fronts torn and ragged, and the inhabitants frequently hanging out of the windows or against the tattered walls. The rage at one time was particularly directed against the priests. After the execution of their venerable patriarch, all sense of sanctity, which the Turks are willing to allow to the sacred character, whatever be the profession, was converted into hatred and insult. The bishop of Derkon was hung against his own church at Therapia; his clergy were executed whenever they were taken, like common felons, on the shores of the Bosphorus; and the beauty of this fair region was deformed by the most appalling sights. The waters, too, bore frightful testimony of these enormities. The bodies thrown into the current were sometimes carried by the eddies into the little bays and harbours, where they remained putrifying in the still water, tainting the air, and exhibiting to the terrified survivors the decaying remains of their pastors, still wrapped in the vestments in which they died.

Happily this dismal period is passed away, and the constitutional gaiety of the Greeks now evinces its usual hilarity, and their music and dancing again enlivens the shores and villages of the Bosphorus. Their social dispositions, evinced in the structure of their houses, is strongly contrasted with those of the Turks. While the windows of the latter are shut up by impenetrable lattice-work, which is always kept jealously closed, and a human being is never seen in the solitary house, those of the former are distinguished by open casements, at which is generally observed some gay groups of laughing female faces, holding a cheerful and unrestrained communication with any passenger. Nor are the houses of their ecclesiastics prohibited from this social enjoyment. The Greek secular priests are allowed to marry: their religion does not inhibit gaiety, though it prescribes many fasts: they have often a numerous family, and the “priest’s house” has nothing of that ascetic and austere observance that marks the celibacy of the Latin church.



T. Allom.

W. G. Watkins.

1. Palace of Croesus, 2. Church Of Panayia, 3. Theatre, 4. Acropolis, 5. The Pactolus, 6. Mount Tmolus.

THE ACROPOLIS AT SARDIS. ASIA MINOR.

Sardis, one of the seven churches of the Apocalypse, was anciently the capital of the rich kingdom of Lydia. Here was the court of the splendid Croesus, the contemporary of Cyrus the Great, to which were invited men distinguished by worth and learning. Here it was that Æsop composed those apologues, which at this day form the rudiments of our education; and here Solon gave that instructive lesson to the monarch on his throne, that riches and prosperity are no protection against the instability of fortune—a truth which the unhappy prince had soon reason bitterly to remember. This city,⁶⁷ like others, underwent many vicissitudes. It fell into the hands of Cyrus and the Persians, five hundred and fifty years before the Christian era. It was burnt by the Athenians half a century afterwards; was the occasion of drawing down the resentment of the “Great King” led the Persians to invade Europe; and was the cause of all the celebrated events that followed. It was totally destroyed by an earthquake in the reign of Tiberius, and about the time of the crucifixion of our Lord. Immediately after, the renovated city became distinguished among the seven Christian lights of the world. Sardis was one of those which the prophet, in the Apocalypse, reproves for declension from the Christian faith, and who thus exhorts them: “Be watchful, and strengthen the things which remain, that are ready to die; for I have not found thy works perfect before God:” They despised the admonition; and when Julian attempted to restore paganism, he re-erected in this town all the pagan altars that had been prostrated; and when the Mohammedans invaded Asia Minor, Sardis, like the rest, fell into the power of the inveterate enemies of Christianity.

Sardis, now called Sart by the Turks, has not any collection of human habitations. The only temporary occupants are the hordes of marauding Turcomans, who, with their camels and their flocks, sometimes pitch their tents on the plains, and, when the herbage is exhausted, pass to other places. Ruins scattered over an extensive surface, intimate the existence of a former city, whose name would not be recognized and ascertained, but for the permanent characters of nature which surround it, and still remain unchanged. As Diana was the great deity, and chief object of adoration to the Ephesians, so Cybele was to the Lydians, among whom she was said to be born. Her great temple stood at Sardis. On the plain is still seen the remnant of a noble edifice of which the five columns still standing supported a vast mass of marble, exciting the wonder of the ancients by what power it could be raised so high. It now lies a prostrate fragment, serving only as an indication of the structure to which it belonged. The remains of the Gerusia, or House of Cræsus, are considerable, and consist of brick-work remarkable for its durability. But the objects of greatest interest to the Christian visiter are the ruins of two Churches, those of the Panayia and St. John. Among “the Seven Churches,” these are perhaps the only actual edifices of early Christian worship, that can be distinguished at the present day.

At the extremity of the plain is the hill of the Acropolis, at this day representing, by its shape and position, what the ancient site is described to be. Its front is a triangular inclined plane, not difficult to approach; its rear was an abrupt precipice, supposed to be inaccessible. The view from the summit is commanding, and includes the vast plain of the Hermus, the tomb of Halyattes, and the Gygean lake. When Antiochus besieged the city, he observed that vultures and birds of prey were gathered about offals thrown from the fortress above, and he sagaciously inferred that the wall of this place was low, and negligently watched. It is added, that a Persian soldier, allured by a high reward, attempted to climb the dangerous precipice; and having done so, he descended, and pointed out the way to his companions, who followed him, and entered the citadel. The front aspect of the Acropolis, which is accurately represented in our Illustration, exactly corresponds with this detail. Behind the Acropolis rise the ridges of mount Tmolus, covered with snow, and once celebrated for vines and saffron, odoriferous shrubs, and the longevity of its inhabitants. These properties of nature it retains to this day, and travellers speak of its balmy air, and the rich fragrance that is wafted from its aromatic herbs. In it the celebrated Pactolus took its rise, and, pouring down its auriferous streams, enriched the capital with such abundance of gold, that mythologists accounted for it in their fanciful manner. The mountain has parted with all its auriferous particles, and the golden reservoir is exhausted, but the sands are still of a ruddy hue, and justify the name of the “Golden Pactolus.” The splendid remains of Sardis are calculated to recall early impressions, and excite the most solemn reflections. Once the capital of the richest kingdom on earth, and her name associated with mighty events, she affords now no permanent habitation to any human being, while her whole Christian population is comprised in two servants of a Mohammedan miller in the vicinity.



T. Allom.

J. W. Lowry.

THE PALACE OF SAÏD PASHA. ON ONE OF THE RAPIDS OF THE BOSPHORUS.

The first objects that present themselves on ascending the Bosphorus, are the palaces of the several female members of the imperial family, hanging, as it were, over the water. They display long fronts, with coarse balconies of wood, having little of architectural beauty to recommend them. Each balcony is supported by sloping beams of timber, the upper projecting beyond the lower, so as to impend over the water, leaving a narrow quay as the public street beneath. The windows are closed up with more than Turkish jealousy. The lattices are dense and impervious to all view, leaving only one minute aperture, to which the inmate of the harem applies her eye when she wishes to contemplate the busy and living picture continually before her.

The first of these palaces is that of the Asmé Sultana, the sister of the present sultan. It is distinguished by its brazen doors, and by the sounds of music continually issuing from it, particularly at night; when concerts attract multitudes of boats, and caiques of all sizes, filled with company of every grade, crowd the Bosphorus before it. Next this is the palace of the sultan's daughter, the princess Sahilé, and beside it the humbler edifice of her spouse—the difference of rank still scrupulously observed, that the son-in-law may not forget that he is married to the daughter of the sultan. Immediately beyond is the palace of Saïd Pasha, lately united to the princess Mirameh, the youngest marriageable daughter of the imperial family. The pasha has availed himself of the privilege denied to the rayah, by painting his house of “a rosy hue,” alluding, it is said, to the emblematic colour, to the happiness of his nuptial state.

Immediately below the palace is one of the rapids called by the Greeks *Megalé roë*, and by the Turks, *Buyuk akindisi*, over which the stream tumbles sometimes with the velocity and turbulence of a cataract, and is supposed to be one of the evidences of that awful convulsion

which tore open the strait, and sent the waters of the upper ocean down to the lower regions in an eternal current. As no vessel can ascend here by force of oars, it is necessary to tow them. The shore is seen lined with men holding coils of cord: when a vessel arrives, the efforts of the crew are suspended; the coil is cast to the ship, and fastened to the prow; it is then passed over the shoulders of a long line of men, and by main force, and most laborious exertions, the largest and most ponderous ships of the Black sea are thus dragged up the descent, with a bodily strength and perseverance which a Turkish hammal alone can exert. When the lighter caïque arrives, it ascends with little labour. The passenger then wraps a few paras in a morsel of paper, throws them ashore to the robust assistants, the tow is thrown off, and the light caïque, now arrived at the summit, shoots on its way. The introduction of steam-boats was opposed, as depriving so many persons of a means of support, but they are now used for larger vessels, and partly abridge this painful toil.



T. Allom.

E. Benjamin.

THE RUINS OF HIERAPOLIS.—NOW CALLED PAMBOUK KALESI. ON THE WAY FROM LAODICEA. ASIA MINOR.

Hierapolis, or “the Sacred City,” stands on the confines of ancient Caria and Lydia, in Asia Minor, and a few miles from Laodicea. It is now called *Pambouk kalesi*, the first part of the name signifies “cotton,” from a very singular phenomenon. On approaching the place, the traveller sees before him the sloping face of a hill, of a pure white, and apparently fleecy texture, swelling into little eminences, and resembling a mass of wool laid upon the surface, and as if slightly agitated by the wind. The soil abounds with hot springs, and this singular appearance is a

pure white concrete substance, generated by the water flowing over the steep, and leaving behind a chalky deposit. On being tested with acids, it is found to ferment; and like the dropping-well at Knaresborough, and from the same cause, leaving behind it an incrustated surface of carbonate of lime wherever it flows. The abundance of this concrete deposit was so great formerly, that it performed the function of Amphion's lyre, and raised spontaneous walls. The water was conducted round edifices and enclosures, and the channels then became long fences of a single stone. When the rill first drips over any surface, it leaves behind it a lurid appearance, resembling wet salt, or half-dissolved snow. Several of the vineyards and gardens are now fenced with this substance.

Over the summit of this chalky cliff appear the remains of Hierapolis. These consist of the ruins of a stadium, and amphitheatre, which no ancient town, yet discovered, has been without; they were the most indispensable, and the most permanently built. The meanest as well as the most insignificant cities seem to have thought them necessary to their well-being. Mixed with these are numerous sarcophagi, with and without covers; the whole occupying a space of one mile in length; and among the inscriptions found are some celebrating this city for its hot springs, declaring it to be revered over Asia for its salubrious rills. It was, therefore, dedicated to Apollo, who, with Æsculapius and Hygeia, appear on the medals which remain. They had another property, that of assisting the tincture extracted from vegetable dyes, and imparting to wool its richest purple.

Besides its hot springs, Hierapolis was distinguished by a very remarkable and deleterious exhalation, called very properly, *plutonium*, as appertaining to the key of the infernal regions. This was a small excavation in an adjoining mountain, having an area before it of four or five hundred yards in circumference. This space was always filled with a dense vapour, so that the bottom could not be discerned. Like the modern Grotto del Cane, this vapour was mortal to those who breathed it; bulls and other animals were driven into the enclosure, and immediately fell down suffocated; and birds, as at Averno, dropped senseless when attempting to fly across it. The priests of Cybele, availing themselves of this mephitic cavern, pretended to work a miracle. They alone were able to walk through the exhalation unhurt. The imposture is easily detected; the vapour is carbonic acid gas, like that of the grotto in Italy; it is a dense and heavy fluid, which does not rise high above the ground. Animals, whose heads are immersed in it, are immediately suffocated; but those who walk erect, above the surface, pass through it with impunity.



T. Allom.

W. Floyd.

PHILADELPHIA.

CALLED BY TURKS ALLAH SHER, THE CITY OF GOD.

Of all the churches of the Apocalypse, Philadelphia retains more of its former Christian character than any other. Ephesus and Sardis *are not* but Philadelphia *is*; and the profession of Christianity is not only cherished there by a large population, but it is presided over by a Christian bishop; and while the cooing of turtle-doves in every tree, the mansion of the filial stork in every roof, and sundry other objects of nature, of soothing sound and placid aspect, reminds the traveller of its Christian name, Philadelphia, or “brotherly love,” the Turks, as if to mark its former sanctity, now call it Allah Sher, or the “City of God.” The inhabitants, too, are of a most urbane character, and have obtained for themselves, in the barbarism that surrounds them, the eulogy of being a “kind and civil people.”

The city was originally built, like many others that long adorned Asia Minor, by descendants of the enterprising soldiers that followed Alexander the Great in his Persian expedition; who, after carrying war and its destructive train into the countries of the East, compensated their ravages by building cities in the place of those they had destroyed, and leaving behind them the arts and language of Greece. Attalus Philadelphus selected a site at the foot of Mount Tmolus, and called it Philadelphus, after himself. When Christianity expanded, the inhabitants early received the Gospel, and it became one of the churches distinguished by the Evangelist among the seven. He eulogizes it as that which “kept the word of God, and denied not his name.” An impression remained⁷² on the minds of the people, derived perhaps from their interpretation of the Apocalypse, that their city never had and never would be taken. When, therefore, the Moslems inflicted ruin and desolation on other Christian communities, the inhabitants of Philadelphia despised them. They had heard that they had “laid waste defenced cities into ruinous heaps,” yet they read that “by the way they came, they should return,” and “not come into this city.” They

therefore made a vigorous resistance, and though remote from the sea, and bereft of all maritime aid, they, for near a century, and long after other Christian cities had been destroyed, repelled all the attempts of the Osmanli. At length, exhausted by famine, they could make no further resistance, and fell under the superior power of Ilderim, the Turkish Thunderbolt.

The town stands upon a hill, and, like all Greek cities, ascends to an acropolis. Around the base expands a singularly rich country, even now in a high state of cultivation, divided into gardens and vineyards, and beyond them one of those verdant and fertile plains which distinguish Asia Minor. There are few remains of antiquity which mark the era when Grecian art flourished. Such walls and masses of masonry as now stand, belong to the time of the Lower Empire. Among the barbarous remnants of those times is a wall of human bones, cemented together, near the town, and said to be evidence of the massacre perpetrated by Bajazet, who formed the structure as a monument of the terrible effects of resisting his wrath. It is a companion for the pyramid of human heads which his rival Tamerlane erected on similar occasions.

The present Christian population amount to about 1800. They have 25 churches, but the greater part of them are disused, except once in the year: in five only is weekly service regularly performed. The remains of ancient Christian churches, of an era immediately succeeding the Apocalypse, are still shown; particularly one dedicated to him who saw and recorded the vision.

The illustration represents, in the foreground, the remains of the walls of the city. They were originally of great strength, and formed a triple defence, like those of Constantinople. Two no longer exist, but the inner still stands, with many of its bastions and circular towers. Beyond is the present city, displaying the evidence of a populous town. The bristling minarets and swelling domes indicate a numerous Moslem population, said to amount to 15,000 persons. In the background are the ridges of Mount Tmolus.



T. Allom.

E. Challis.

PASS IN THE BALKAN MOUNTAINS ON THE BULGARIAN SIDE.

The chain of the Balkans generally consists of three parallel ridges, having valleys of exceeding beauty between them. But in some places on the north side, the lower ridge seems obliterated; the descent is very precipitous, and the face of the mountain, like a vast wall, descends almost perpendicularly to the plain below, uninterrupted by any lesser eminence. This is particularly the case with the pass by Philippopoli and Tâtar Bazaar. When the traveller stands upon the summit-ridge, he sees the plain of Bulgaria below him, extending its horizontal surface to the Danube, like the sea, to what seems to him an interminable distance. The roads down this side are not only steep, but dangerous, and frequent accidents happen to travellers from the abrupt and sudden descent of the pass. Winding down the narrow defiles on a rugged path, scarcely broad enough for one to pass; when two meet going in an opposite direction, the peril is awful. Neither can go back or turn aside, and one is often precipitated into the gulf below. This danger is increased, and more frequently occurs, from trains of horses laden with iron, the produce of mines found in the recesses of the mountains. The horses travel in a single file, and bound to each other by cords. When one falls over the edge of the precipice, he is generally supported by the rest of the train, till he regains his path and footing. This precaution is taken by other travellers, but baggage horses, from the greater weight and more unmanageable burdens, very often are precipitated over the edge, and disappear into the gulf below, where they are suffered to lie, without any fruitless attempt to follow or regain the baggage. To obviate such accidents, the Surrogee, or Tartar janissary who attends the traveller, stops at the entrance of a dangerous pass, and, drawing his pistols, discharges them into it several times, waiting for some space for a reply. If one is returned in the same manner, it intimates that the defile is already occupied by others, and the party wait their issuing forth. If no return be made to the discharges, they pass on.

Our illustration represents a steep descent from the village of Intiman into the ravine below, and, after fording the mountain-torrent in the bottom of the gulf, the equally steep ascent on the other side. On climbing this, the plain of Bulgaria appears before the traveller, from the summit, in all the luxuriance of verdure and fertility, and leads him to Sophia, the ancient capital of Bulgaria, where the ashes of its kings repose.

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T. Allom.

J. Tingle

MOSQUE OF SULTAN SELIM AT SCUTARI.

On the eastern mouth of the Bosphorus, opposite Constantinople, and, like it, rising from the waters up an inclined plane, stands the large town of Scutari, associated with many historic and classic recollections. When the Persian armies carried ruin to the Greek colonies on the Asiatic coast, and prepared to add Europe to their conquests, they formed a depôt on a promontory at the mouth of the Bosphorus, of all their rich plunder; and so great was the accumulation of wealth of all kinds in this place, that the town built on the spot was called Chrysopolis, or “the City of Gold.” The point of the promontory was named Bous, or “The Ox,” from a tradition that it was here that Iö landed in the shape of a cow, when she swam across the strait to escape the persecutions of Juno. It was just under this promontory that the Athenians defeated the fleets of Philip of Macedon, when he laid siege to Byzantium. It was here that Licinius, the brother-in-law of Constantine, was taken prisoner, and afterwards beheaded, which gave the undivided empire of the East to Constantine, and enabled him to build his new and splendid city on the opposite promontory, when he had rid himself of his last rival; and, finally, it was here the crusaders first

contemplated it, indulged in their visions of rapacity, and conceived the project of plundering this capital of their fellow-christians.

The Turks call it Scodra, or Scutari, and consider it a suburb of Constantinople, though on the opposite side of the straits, and in another quarter of the world. The beauty and salubrity of its situation have rendered it a favourite residence. The streets are wider, the open areas more spacious, and the houses better built than in the capital; and the prospect, as you climb the hills above, is exceedingly beautiful. In the ascent to the hill of Bourgourloo, you arrive at a plateau, celebrated for the richness of the scenery it affords. Mount Olympus, the Princess' Islands, the winding strait of the Bosphorus with its bays and villages, appear with singular beauty from this spot; while the fragrance exhaled from the gardens, and the chant of the nightingale, afford a gratification to every sense. Beside it is a valley called Bulbul Dereci, or "the Vale of the Nightingale," where these birds abound, and their song is heard all day. When a public functionary is deprived of his office, and suffered to retain his life, he retires to Scutari, and seeks solace in its soothing enjoyments. The Persian ambassador and his suite, excluded, like the Franks, from Constantinople, here take up their abode. With the exception of a few Jews, it is exclusively a Mohammedan city, and contains eighty thousand Moslem inhabitants.

It is distinguished by many edifices of piety or utility. Here the daughter of Soliman the Magnificent erected a mosque to the memory of her father; and an inscription recording the circumstance, represents her as "the gem of the world," and⁷⁵ prays that "Allah would render her excellent in every other qualification." Here Selim established his printing-press, when he revived it, to enlighten his subjects: here he erected a magnificent cotton-factory, to improve them in the industry and arts of life: here he built a noble kiswa, or barrack, for his nizam djeddit, or new troops, to discipline a rude and turbulent rabble to European restraints: and here he endowed a mosque, to which he usually repaired to perform his Friday's devotion. This edifice, given in our illustration, stands on the slope of the hill, surrounded by an extensive area, and exhibits considerable lightness and elegance. Among the group of Turks is seen some in the costume of European soldiers; which he lost his crown and life in endeavouring to establish, though his more energetic successor completely succeeded. The violence and impetuosity of one of those sudden currents of air which burst out in the Sea of Marmora, was strongly marked by its effects on this mosque. The principal minaret was snapped off like the stem of a pipe, and the upper part was carried unbroken to a distance.



T. Allom.

W. Floyd.

MOSQUE OF MAHMOUD II. AT TOPHANA.

This beautiful but small imperial mosque of the reigning sultan, is situated not on a conspicuous eminence like those of his predecessors, but in the low alluvial ground on the shores of the Bosphorus, and on the water's edge; but the beauty and finish of the edifice compensate for the defects of its site. All the skill of Oriental ornament is expended upon it. Rich lattice-work and taper spires of minarets highly gilded, glitter in the sun with a brilliancy and recency, as if they had been left just finished by the hands of the artisans; while painting and sculpture, in rich arabesque, give a peculiar elegance to the edifice. It is entered by a lofty approach of marble steps, and it is distinguished by a separate and detached spire, not a minaret, but intended for a use which modern improvement and approximation to European arts have lately introduced. The

Turks abhorred the sound of a bell in any form, and inhibit its use even to the Franks in assembling their congregations for divine service. They could not be induced to erect a public clock in the capital,¹² and it was supposed, some years ago, that there were but two in the Turkish empire of Europe—one in the town of Shumla, erected by a minister who brought it from Russia, where he had been on a mission, had learned its use, and conferred it as a benefit on his native town; the other was bestowed on Athens, while under the dominion of the Turks, by Lord Elgin, as a compensation for his abduction of the marbles of the Parthenon. The present sultan, however, among his improvements, has erected a steeple in his temple for a clock, that the muezzim may be directed with more certainty in calling the faithful to prayer; and it is probable that, in a few years, the more effectual sound of the prohibited bell will be substituted for the human voice.

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T. Allom.

G. Presbury.

CARAVANSARY AT GUZEL-HISSAR, ON THE MEANDER. ASIA MINOR.

There are two modes of travelling through Asiatic Turkey. When the traveller takes with him a firman from the sultan, and a Tartar janissary as a guard, and brings an introduction to the pasha or muzzelim of a town or village—on his arrival, and the presentation of his credentials, he has a *conak* assigned him; that is, some house is conferred upon him and his company, and a chaoush is sent to establish him in it. The house is generally the residence of some Greek, Armenian, or

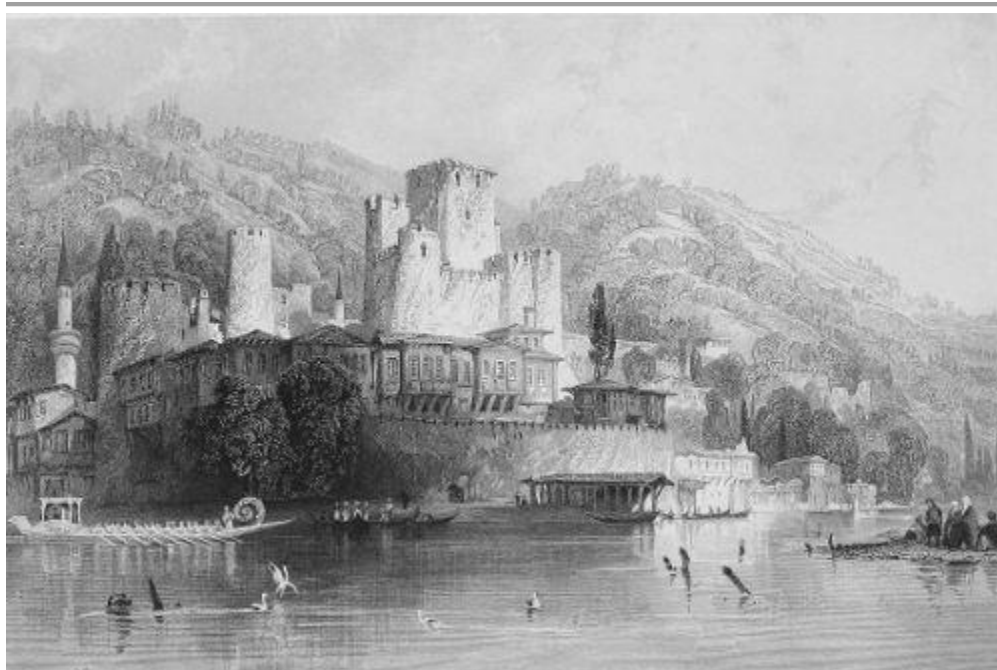
Jew. The chaoush enters without ceremony, turns out the family, and puts the stranger in possession of all it contains, as long as he chooses to remain. By special favour of some more considerate traveller, he asks the family to stay as lodgers in their own house, having assigned to the strangers the best apartments in it. Should the traveller not meet with the comfort and consideration of a conak, he is compelled to betake himself to a khan, or a caravansary. The first of these is an immense edifice, with a lofty roof and bare walls, resembling a rude imitation of Westminster Hall, in which the horses literally appear like mice, contrasted with the immensity of their stable. Round the bottom runs a low parapet, leaving a small space between it and the wall, which serves as a manger. Behind, it is filled with chopped straw, the usual food for horses. When a traveller arrives, he rides in without question or inquiry, turns his horse to his provender, spreads his carpet beside him for himself, sups on whatever he brings with him, sleeps where he eats, on the floor, and departs the next morning without payment. In cities, the khan has somewhat more accommodation, and in the country there is sometimes a small apartment stuck on the side of the lofty wall like a pigeon-house, and ascended by a ladder, like a hay-loft. Here the traveller finds a ragged mat on a rough dirty floor, and, perhaps, there is a coffee-room in the street, whence he can procure some refreshments; but these are rare luxuries. These naked edifices were first erected by Murad Khan, vizir to Soliman the Magnificent, and afterwards by the munificence and charity of sultans, for the gratuitous accommodation of all travellers.

The caravansary is an improved khan.¹³ Commerce with the interior of Asia is carried on principally by the Armenians, who travel in caravans. Companies of merchants combine and travel together; and when the number is considerable, a chief is appointed, who commands and regulates the march. They are often attended by hired soldiers, and every man is himself armed with some weapon. When a pasha, or other great man, is known to be about to make a movement, the caravan awaits his departure, and proceed under his protection, like a fleet of merchantmen under the convoy of a man-of-war. The caravan in this way sometimes amounts to several thousand persons. Along the usual route, large edifices are erected, having more accommodation than common khans. They consist of quadrangles surrounded by chambers, where the merchants are lodged, and their wares stowed, rising sometimes to the height of two or three stories, ascended by stairs, and connected by galleries and corridors. The area has frequently a fountain of pure water playing in the centre, is planted with shrubs and trees, and the fronts are trellaced with vines climbing over the roofs, affording agreeable shade, or pendent with rich clusters of fruit. Some of them are very picturesque and pleasing objects, and afford a most grateful repose to the tired and heated traveller. As the indispensable duties of charity, formerly prescribed to Moslems, and strictly followed, are daily becoming of looser obligation; the fountains, khans, and other erections of piety and charity, are rapidly falling to decay and ruin, and no new ones are erected to supply their places.

The town of Guzel-Hissar, the caravansary of which is given in the illustration, is supposed to be the ancient Tralles, stigmatized by Juvenal for sending its effeminate inhabitants to corrupt the Romans. It is situated in Asia Minor, on the north side of the Meander, about thirty miles from Ephesus. It is approached by an excellent road, with rich gardens on either side, planted with vines, olives, and other Oriental trees. On ascending the hill on which the Acropolis of the ancient city stood, the eye commands a magnificent view of the rich plain beneath, with the Meander twining its tortuous current in such a way, as conveys in a striking manner the character of the stream, and why it gave its name to all winding rivulets. The modern town contains a large

population of about fifty thousand inhabitants. The Jews have ten synagogues, and the Greek and Armenian Christians two churches.

Our illustration presents the arrival of a caravan, with all its busy accompaniments; the patient camel, “the ship of the desert,” and the great medium of communication in these countries, discharging its cargo. Contrasted with this enormous and misshapen beast of burden, is the Arabian courser, on which is mounted the tchelebi, or Turkish gentleman, seated on his lofty saddle, his feet thrust into his fire-shovel stirrups, and his knees protruding above his horse’s back by the shortness of his stirrup-leather. On the ground is seated the disengaged traveller, solacing his fatigue with his nargillai, and behind him a pious Mussulman, preparing by ablution for the namaz, or evening prayer.



T. Allom.

J. Sands.

ANADOLI-HISSAR,—OR CASTLE OF ASIA, AND THE HILL OF KANDELI. ON THE BOSPHORUS. ASIA MINOR.

This castle was originally built, with that on the opposite shore, by the Greek emperors, to command the passage of the strait at its narrowest part. It was falling into ruins by the neglect and supineness of the sovereigns of the lower empire, but the site was appropriated and the edifice rebuilt by Mahomet I., when the Turks extended their dominion to the Asiatic shores of the Bosphorus, as an effectual step in his advance⁷⁸ to the capital. Its fate was soon after sealed by Mahomet II., who completed his line of approach by seizing on and rebuilding the castle on the European shore.

The Asiatic castle stands, somewhat elevated, on a low promontory, which, with a village around it, it covers. Near it is the Guyuk Sou, or Sweet Waters of Asia, frequented as one of the favourite scenes of Turkish enjoyment. The neighbourhood, on both sides the Bosphorus, possesses springs of great celebrity. They are called by the Greeks *ayasma*, or “holy wells,” and held in high repute for the sanctity and efficacy of their waters, their spiritual and physical qualities healing all diseases both of mind and body. Within the cavity which covers the well, there is a shrine dedicated to the patron saint, at which the pious are constantly seen, by boats passing along the Bosphorus, offering up prayers and vows for the forgiveness of sins, or the recovery of health.

Rising from the low and alluvial soil below, is the beautiful and romantic eminence of Kandeli. This lovely hill projecting into a promontory, commands an extensive view on both sides, up and down the strait, nearly to its opening at both seas. It is the favourite residence of the rich Armenians, who, retiring from the dismal obscurity of their shops in the bazaars, or the cell-like offices where they are engaged in the city and confined all day, indulge here in airy and splendid mansions, an evening repose in more than Asiatic luxury.



T. Allom.

F. A. Prior.

OUTER COOLING-ROOM OF THE BATH, NEAR PSAMATIA KAPOUSI.

A district of Constantinople is called Psamatia, from a miracle of the Greek church. During one of those verbal and frivolous controversies which divided it, a priest was reproved by a young child for some unsound opinion. He replied, he would hold it till convinced by a sensible miracle that it was wrong. The child was immediately seized by an invisible hand, and held suspended in

the air over the heterodox priest, till he confessed and recanted his error. This miracle, called in the Greek church *ypsomatheia*, or “the divine elevation,” gave a name to the whole district, where it is firmly believed at this day. It is one of the quarters inhabited by the Armenians, and presents many indications of the wealth and industry of that thriving people.

It contains one of the principal baths of the city, in the luxury of which, Oriental Christians, as well as Moslems, indulge. After the process we have already described is gone through, the bather, purged from all corporeal impurities, and escaped from the sensations of suffocation and dislocation, is led by the *tellah* to enjoy the luxury he has, in the opinion of many, dearly earned. Here, in an apartment reduced to a moderate temperature, reclined at ease on a *divan*, his purified person slightly covered with shawls, entirely divested of his clothes, and perfectly free from all pressure or restraint,⁷⁹ he feels a renovated existence. Refreshments of various kinds are brought to him, and, after taking them, he lies for some time sunk in that dreamy repose of half-conscious existence, which is the very paradise of an Oriental. When this is past, and the heat of his body is reduced gradually to its usual temperature, so that he apprehends no peril from sudden change, he resumes his clothes, and goes on his way rejoicing.

Nothing can afford a stronger contrast than the cautious effeminacy of a Turk, and the rude hardihood of his neighbour and enemy the Russian, in this particular. Both equally indulge in hot-baths; but the one reduces the temperature of his body afterwards, by careful gradations, even in the midst of summer, and dreads any extreme sensation as mortal; while the other rushes from burning heat, with every pore streaming with perspiration, into the intense cold of frozen snow, in the depth of winter, and thinks the luxury and salubrity of the bath increased by the contrast.

By a return of the *Stambol effendi*, or Turkish lord-mayor, there were in the city 88,115 houses, 130 of which were public baths, in which most of the inmates of the other houses daily indulged. To accommodate the number, men and women were obliged to have recourse to the same bath, at different hours.



T. Allom.

J. Redaway.

THE ACROPOLIS OF PERGAMUS. ASIA MINOR.

This city of the Apocalypse was distinguished by many circumstances worthy of record, both in profane and sacred history. It was erected by Philoterus, a eunuch, into the capital of many nations, comprising Lydia, Caria, Phrygia, and other states of Asia Minor, two centuries and a half before the birth of Christ. It possessed the greatest library then known in the world, consisting of 200,000 volumes, afterwards brought by Cleopatra to form that of Alexandria. It gave rise to a material for writing which has since been invaluable in the world. Ptolemy had prohibited the exportation of papyrus from Egypt, and an artist of Pergamus invented parchment, thence called “pergamea.” It was celebrated for the worship of Esculapius, who had a splendid temple there. The priests were the physicians, and the temple was crowded with patients, who invoked succour by watching and prayer. This was communicated by means of dreams and visions through the priests, who administered the remedies which they affirmed the god directed. Mighty sovereigns were among the number of these patients. The last king, Attalus, was noted for his tyranny and singularity. He obtained the name of Philometor, for his love to his mother, and became a brass-founder, in order to cast for himself a statue of her. While engaged in his forge, working as a common artisan, on a hot day, he was seized with a fever, of which he died. His will was another mark of singularity: it consisted of one line—“Let the Roman people inherit all I possess.” The Romans were charged with forging this will, and poisoning the waters of the city, to compel the inhabitants to comply with it. The state from that time became a Roman province; and it was thus, by force or fraud, this ambitious people finally became masters of the then known world.

When Christianity expanded itself in Asia, Pergamus became the third church of the Apocalypse; but it appears, from the reproach of the evangelist, that it was early infected with that heresy, which has caused, in all ages, such injury to the church of Christ. “So hast thou also them which hold the doctrine of the Nicolaitanes, which I hate,” says St. John.¹⁴ These heretics were the followers of Nicolas—a proselyte of Antioch, and one of the seven deacons mentioned in the Acts.¹⁵ They were “addicted to the vain babblings of science falsely so called,”¹⁶ pretended to a more deep and mysterious knowledge of spirits and angels, and were the origin of the sect of “Gnostics,” who, in the early ages of the Gospel, degraded it by absurd opinions and foul practices. This church fell like the others, and less perhaps to be regretted, under the dominion of the Osmanli, when, with the sword in one hand, and the Koran in the other, they left the inhabitants of Asia no alternative but death or Mahomet. As they advanced among the Greek cities, they made their perfection in the arts the means of subduing them. They not only cut their beautiful marble columns into portions, and rounded them into cannon-balls, but they perforated the larger pillars into artillery for throwing the pieces of the smaller. At Pergamus many of the shafts of the columns of their temples were thus converted into cannon.

The present city, now called Bergamo, by a slight corruption of the original name, contains 50,000 inhabitants, of whom 1700 are Christians of the Greek and Armenian churches, and 100 Jews, who have a synagogue. It is approached by an ancient bridge passing over a tributary stream of the Caicus. It forms the front ground of our illustration, with a caravan passing it. In the background is seen the Acropolis, commanding a splendid view over the vast and rich plain below, as far as the Egean sea. On this grand elevation stood the magnificent temple, extensive remains of which still exist, visible from the sea. On the plain below was the Naumachia, where naval combats were held, supposed to be the most splendid in Asia; and among the remains of ruder works is a portion of a common sewer, consisting of a cylinder of brick, thirty feet in diameter. But the ruin most interesting to the Christian traveller is that of Agios Theologus, the Evangelist St. John, erected by Theodosius, when he surmounted the Globe he held in hand with a Cross—to declare that Christianity had now become the paramount religion of the world.



T. Allom.

J. C. Bentley.

THE TRIPLE WALL OF CONSTANTINOPLE. ON THE LAND SIDE, NEAR TOP KAPOUSI.

The walls of Constantinople, notwithstanding the shocks of earthquakes, the numerous assaults of besiegers, the decay of time, and the dilapidations of neglect, are at this day surprisingly perfect; and though fifteen centuries have passed since their first erection, they include the same space, and stand at the same elevation. The great wall, forming as it were the base of the triangular area on which the city is built, and running from sea to sea, is nearly five miles in extent: a broad high road passes parallel to and just under it, so that a traveller can view without interruption the whole line, from the Golden Horn to the Propontis, and contemplate, during a delightful walk, the most interesting remains perhaps existing in the world. In some places the rising ground so elevates him, that he sees a considerable part of the interior of the city over the walls, and he looks down upon places, hallowed by various recollections, which the narrowness and obscurity of the streets prevent his viewing from within.

This wall, originally erected by Constantine the Great, was enlarged by Theodosius, and is therefore called after his name. It suffered various shocks by violence of different kinds—of nature, time, and the hand of man—and was finally repaired by Leo and Theophilus. From the district called Blachernæ, where it meets the harbour, it rises to an immense height, and towers to a surprising elevation above the head of the passenger. The uniformity is broken, however, by the remains of edifices on the summit of the wall, and the rich drapery of ivy and various trailing plants, which cover it. Here the wall, secured by its magnitude, is single, and presents but one defence. But at the gate called Egri Kapousi, or the crooked gate, where it forms an angle, the elevation is less, and the defence increased by a triple wall of three parallel fortifications, which extend to the Seven Towers and the sea. The walls are eighteen feet asunder, crowned with battlements, and defended by fifty-nine towers, of various forms and sizes. Inserted in different

places are tablets of stone or iron, containing inscriptions which commemorate events, or persons who repaired the walls; but most of them are now entirely effaced, particularly those on iron, by the rust and corrosion of the metal. The masonry in some parts consists of huge blocks of granite, resembling those early structures in Greece called Cyclopean, from the fancy of mythologists, that they had been erected by gigantic architects. In others, they are composed of alternate courses of broad flat bricks, resembling our tiles, and stones twice the thickness. Arcades and arches, both in the walls and towers, are formed, in a curious manner, of similar materials. The wall is entered by seven gates, called by the names of the towns to which they lead, or some circumstance connected with them. Of the latter, is the gate of Top Kapousi.

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This gate, called also *Porta Sancti Romani*, as leading to the Greek church of St. Romanus, was that rendered memorable by the final attack of the Turks. Before it stands the Mal Tepé, one of those artificial mounds, supposed to be sepulchral tumuli, which are spread for many hundred miles over these regions, both in Europe and Asia. The summit commands an extensive view of the interior of the city, and here Mahomet II. erected the Sandjak-sheriff, or great standard of the Prophet, and directed the operations of the siege. Beside the gate are seen, yet unrepaired, the breaches made in the walls by that enormous artillery which he caused to be cast for the purpose, and on the summit of the gate are placed some of the huge granite balls discharged from them, in memory of the event; and hence the gate is now called Top Kapousi, or “Port of the Cannon.” When the cross was sinking under the crescent, and the great capital of the Christian world was just falling into the hands of the followers of Mahomet, Constantine retired to the church of Sancta Sophia, and, after receiving, with his few faithful adherents, the solemn eucharist, proceeded to make his last effort in the breach. He was killed in the attack, and the Turks poured into the devoted city over his body. There is no tomb, or coin, or other artificial memorial, to preserve the name of this good and gallant man; but nature has herself supplied the neglect. There grows out of the breach some picturesque and venerable trees, on the spot where tradition says he fell; and travellers gather the red berries in their season, to sow and propagate at home these testimonials of the last and best of the Palæologi.



T. Allom.

W. H. Capone.

YÉRÉ-BATAN-SERAÏ, CONSTANTINOPLE.

This appellation literally means “The Subterranean Palace,” and it is given to the only one of the many cisterns with which the city was excavated, now remaining in use for the purpose for which it was erected. Some are filled up, and converted into gardens; one called Bin bir Derek, which we have before noticed, and given in our illustrations, is a silk factory; but the “Subterranean Palace” still remains a cistern filled with water.

When the Turks took possession of the city, this magnificent work of Grecian art escaped their notice, and remained unexplored and unknown till the time of Gillius, who was in Constantinople in 1550. He appears to be the first who discovered and described this curious subterranean edifice; and so ignorant were the Turks then of its existence, that the houses in the streets above drew water from it, and knew not whence it came. From that time the memory of it was again lost; and travellers, taking Gillius for their guide in exploring the city, searched for this curiosity in vain; and some pronounced that it had no existence, or was confounded with some other. In this state it remained for two centuries more, till Andreossi, the French ambassador, discovered and⁸³ described it. Again the mysterious edifice was lost, and Janissaries attending travellers as guides could give them no clue to discover it,—this singular and magnificent excavation appearing and disappearing to human sight, like some enchanted palace in Oriental fiction. Finally, it was searched for by a Frank resident of Pera, and, after two years’ diligent inquiry, was at length discovered by him, under the foundation of a private house, in a remote and obscure street. Part of a wall had fallen in, and discovered to the astonished proprietor innumerable marble columns, of various orders of architecture, rising out of a vast lake of water, and supporting a lofty arched roof, on which his house stood. From that time, easy access has been afforded to it; every stranger visits it; and there is no probability that the Turks, now so

much more enlightened and inquisitive, will again suffer the memory of this noble work of Grecian art to perish among them.

As we have already mentioned this cistern with others, we refer to our former notice. We will merely add, that the actual extent and beauty, though sufficiently great to excite our admiration, are extravagantly exaggerated by the credulous Turks, who now begin to regard it with awe and astonishment. Some places at a considerable distance have fallen into other subterranean cavities, and they are asserted to be parts of this cistern not yet explored. The number of columns is nearly the same as that of the Bin bir Derek, and both excavations are supposed to be of the same extent. But the proprietor of the house, through which is the only known access, tells of fearful perils encountered by intrepid navigators, who attempted to explore this inland sea; of lost adventurers, who never returned to tell them; and, in the still unchanged spirit of a Turk, relates as true all the figments of an Oriental imagination.



T. Allom.

S. Fisher.

KIZ-KOULASI.—LEANDER’S, OR THE MAIDEN’S TOWER. ON THE BOSPHORUS.

Immediately opposite Scutari, and where the rushing current of the Bosphorus meets that of the Golden Horn, is seen a tower rising out of the midst of the turbulent estuary, and forming a striking and singular object, emerging with its white walls from the dark-blue waters. It is a small, square, castellated structure, standing on an insulated rock, and surmounted by a lantern and spire. It is now used as a beacon for ships entering the strait, and boats passing the estuary. It sometimes happens that sudden gusts, like typhoons, come on, attended with a dense fog, so dark

as at once to obscure both sides of the Bosphorus. The passage is generally crowded with *caïques*, which are thus left in the midst of peril without any guide to extricate them. In this blind commotion, the *pazar caïque*, or “great ferry boat,” is an object of great dread, running down and sinking the slight and fragile barks driven against it. The tower is a kind of refuge to which they betake themselves. It was originally built by the emperor⁸⁴ Manuel, and formed part of the chain of obstructions thrown across the entrance to the Bosphorus and harbour, in the decline of the lower empire. The other parts have been carried away by the torrents of the strait, and this alone remains on the firmer rock on which it was erected.

From the traditionary story of Hero and Leander, this tower takes its name: the Franks confer upon it the name of the unfortunate lover who lost his life in attempting to cross the current to his mistress; but the Turks assign it to the lady, and model the tale after their own fashion. One of their sultans, whose name is not agreed upon, was warned by his astrologer, that his daughter would perish by the bite of a venomous serpent; so, to obviate the danger, she was sent to this insulated tower. The rugged rock, scantily covered with sea-weed, afforded no harbour for venomous reptiles, and her father never contemplated the possibility of one reaching her place of seclusion. Her lover, however, separated from personal intercourse, opened a communication by the language of flowers, and had a basketful conveyed to her. She pressed to her bosom his fragrant emblems, which conveyed to her the sentiments of his heart, when a treacherous asp concealed among the leaves stung her to death, and thus the immutable decree of Allah was accomplished by the very means taken to defeat it; and the Turks, in memory of it, call the castle Kiz Koulasi, or “the Maiden’s Tower.”



T. Allom.

F. Lightfoot.

MOSQUE OF SHAHZADEH DJAMESI. CONSTANTINOPLE.

This mosque was erected on the following occasion. The fame of Soliman the Magnificent was stained by the murder of two of his sons, Mustapha and Selim, by his own orders. When in an interval of peace, he directed his attention to beautify the city, and erected the splendid edifice which bears his name: he also ordered one to be built in 1544, to the memory of his murdered son Mustapha, and as a mausoleum for his remains. Thence it was named Shahzadeh Djamesi, “the mosque of the king’s son.”

The area of this mosque, like that of many others, is open to the public, and a mart, where fruit and various articles are sold. Our illustration represents a scene among the groups of persons, of frequent occurrence—a Turkish functionary flogging a Greek fruiterer for false weights, while the rest look on and enjoy the chastisement he is receiving.

FOOTNOTES:

[1](#) The word *Islam* is mentioned in the Koran as, “the true faith.” It signifies, literally, “resignation.” A professor of it is called *Moslem*, and, in the plural number, *Moslemûna*, which is corrupted, by us, into “Mussulman.”

[2](#) He was lame of one leg, and hence called *Demur lenk*, which we have corrupted into Tamerlane.

[3](#) The origin of this word is a subject of controversy. Some suppose it derived from the Greek εἰς τὴν πόλιν, *eis tēn polin*, which they used when going to the capitol. It is, with more probability, a simple corruption of the former name. The barbarians who pronounce *Nicomedia*, *Ismid*, would be likely, in their imperfect imitation of sounds, to call Constantinople, Stamboul.

[4](#) The fondness of the Turks for flowers was remarked by Busbequius, in his embassy to Soliman the Magnificent, a century before—*Turcæ flores valde excolunt*. Busb. p. 47. He notices the *tulip* as a flower new to him, and peculiar to the Turks.

[5](#) It is, however, more generally supposed that Olympus in Thessaly and Macedon is that designated by Homer.

[6](#) Exod. xxiv. 4. Joshua iv. 3.

[7](#) As it may be agreeable to some of our readers to know how to make this ancient food, the following is the mode pursued by the Turks:—A quart of boiled milk is poured upon barm of beer, and allowed to ferment. Of this fermentation two spoonfuls are poured into another quart of milk. When this process is repeated, the flavour of barm is altogether lost. The yaourt thus made becomes the substance which forms the future food without more barm. A tea-spoonful is

bruised in a vessel, and a quart of tepid fresh milk is poured upon it, and set aside in an earthen vessel: in two hours it will be a rich, thick, subacid fluid, covered with a coat of cream.

[8](#) It is supposed the Hummums in Covent Garden, whose etymology has puzzled so many, were so called from the warm-baths they contain, first introduced from Turkey.

[9](#) To this the Greek girls form an exception. Refined by education, strongly attached to their families, and abhorrent to slavery, their natural vivacity is overcome by their state, and they appear sad and dejected amid the levity that surrounds them.

[10](#) This practice is resorted to on other occasions. When any article is dropped into the water too minute to be discovered by the eye above, or dragged for, a small quantity of oil is thrown upon the surface, and rings and other trinkets have thus been recovered in a depth of ten or twelve feet of water.

[11](#) “Les Grecs appellent Saint Jean Ayos Seologos au lieu d’Agios Theologus, le Saint Theologien, parce qu’ils prononcent le theta comme un sigma.”—Tournefort.

[12](#) Horologia in publico haberent nondum adduci potuerunt.—Busbeq.

[13](#) Caravan Seraï, the “Merchants’ Palace.”

[14](#) Rev ii. 15.

[15](#) Acts vi. 5.

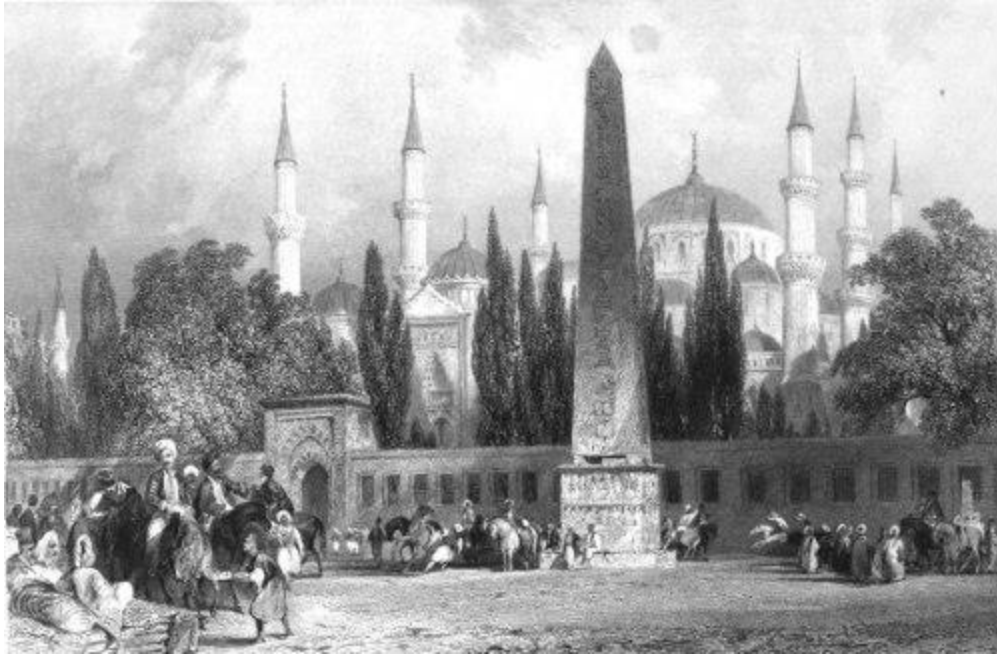
[16](#) 1 Tim. vi. 20.

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CONSTANTINOPLE
AND
ITS ENVIRONS.

SECOND SERIES



T. Allom.

S. Bradshaw.

OBELISK OF THEODOSIUS, IN THE ATMEIDAN.

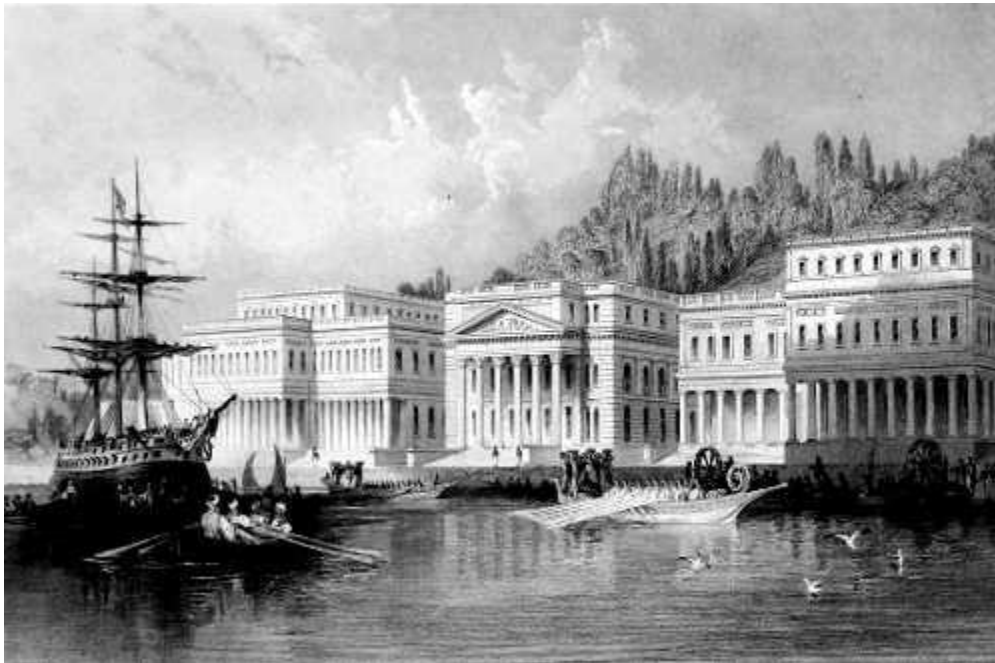
This splendid ornament of the ancient Hippodrome was brought from the Thebaïd in Egypt, and is one of those spoils which Constantine and his successors tore from their pedestals, to enrich and adorn New Rome with the pillage of ancient art. It was erected by the emperor Theodosius in thirty days, by means of machinery invented for the purpose, and of which some notice has been already taken in our description of the Atmeidan. The Obelisk consists of a single quadrangular block of Egyptian granite, sixty feet high, beautifully polished, and covered with hieroglyphics, still in perfect preservation. Of all the remains of antiquity, those of Egypt seem to be most perfect, though probably the most ancient. The hardness and durability of the material, the sharp and deep sculpture, and the mildness of the climate where they were erected, confer upon them an almost undecaying permanency; and while others of a more recent date, in the capital, appear defaced and nearly destroyed by the ravages of time and barbarism, the Obelisk of Theodosius is as beautiful and perfect, as when first finished by the hands of the workmen in the remotest ages.

The base on which it stands is in strong contrast with the pillar: originally of rude sculpture, and corroded by time, its figures and letters are scarcely to be deciphered. It contains four compartments on the four faces, in high relief. On the first are represented the emperor, his wife, and sons, sitting in state on thrones. In the second, he is receiving the homage of captive nations. In the third, he is alone, surveying the games of the Hippodrome. In the fourth he is holding a wreath between his sons. Portions of a Greek and Latin inscription appear on the base, alluding to the prostrate condition² of the pillar, the artist employed, and the time occupied in its re-erection; but the greater part is now effaced, and covered by the soil. We give them in their original perfect form:—

KIONA . TETPAΠΛEYPON . AEI . XΘONI . KEIMENON . AKΘOC .

MOYNOC . ANACTHCAI . THEYΔOCIOC . BACIAEYC .
TOAMHCAC . ΠPOKΛOC . EΠEKEKΛETO . KAI . TOCOC . ECTH .
KIΩN . HEΛIOIC . EN . TPIAKONTA . ΔYO .

DIFFICILIS . QUONDAM . DOMINIS . PARERE . SUPERBIS .
JUSSUS . ET . EXTINCTIS . PALMAM . PORTARE . TYRANNIS .
OMNIA . THEODOSIO . CEDUNT . SOBOLIQ; PERENNI .
TERDENIS . SIC . VICTUS . EGO . DOMITUSQ; DIEBUS .
JUDICE . SUB . PROCLO . SUPERAS . ELATUS . AD . AURAS .



T. Allom.

J. Sands.

THE SULTAN'S NEW PALACE ON THE BOSPHORUS.

Among the symptoms of growing European habits and usages, which are daily seen creeping over the metropolis of the Osmanli and its vicinity, one of the most remarkable perhaps is the change which is daily introduced into their public edifices, and the substitution of a chaste and classic, for a fantastic Oriental style of architecture. When the rude ignorant Turks first rushed among the monuments of European art, what they did not utterly destroy, they perverted. Ionic shafts were pierced for cannons, Corinthian capitals were rounded into balls; and wherever they were applied to their original purpose, they were invariably inverted; and to this day are seen everywhere Turkish houses built with remains of Grecian temples, sculptured architraves laid for door-steps, and pillars standing on their smaller ends with the base uppermost, as the preferable position. "I have grieved," said Gillius, "not so much at the broken and prostrate monuments of ancient art, as at the barbarous, perverted uses to which they were applied."

The most distinguished of the kiosks of former sultans was that of Beshiktash, on the Bosphorus, forming one of the first objects which presents itself to a stranger ascending the strait in a caique.

The style is very remarkable, and truly Oriental. In the centre is an edifice with projecting roofs, and surrounded by a cluster of similar ones, intended, it is said, to represent the original warlike habitations of the Turcomans—the tent or pavilion of the khan, in the centre, and those of his officers pitched round it as in encampment: but the present sultan, in his zeal to abolish the old and establish a new order of things, is everywhere changing the architecture, as well as the dress, of his subjects, and his new erections bear the stamp of this improvement, and form strong contrasts with those of his predecessors. His factories and founderies resemble those of Manchester and Sheffield, and his palaces are revivals of ancient Grecian art.

3

On the Asiatic shore of the Bosphorus, nearly opposite to Beshiktash, and the old palace, he has erected a new one, displaying a taste very different from the former, and a design equal in beauty and arrangement to any of those erected by European sovereigns. It consists of a centre with two extensive wings. The long façade presents, not foundation-walls of rude masonry supporting a barbarous superstructure of wood, with windows darkened by dense blinds, like all the imperial palaces on the opposite coast; but a Doric colonnade of marble is approached by spacious flights of steps of the same material; these elevate stately fronts of sculptured stone, pierced by regular open windows, ornamented with mouldings and architraves, and surmounted by cornices and balustrades. The centre is a superb entrance of six Corinthian pillars, crowned by a noble pediment, enclosing a sculptured tympanum. This central portion is the residence of the sultan; the left wing contains the harem of his establishment, and the right the various offices of his household. The edifice stands on a quay of hewn granite, and forms the most noble and novel object of all the buildings that line the shores of the Bosphorus.

The palace was commenced at the termination of the Greek revolution, and the acknowledgment of their independence, when the sultan, conquering the feelings of anger and vengeance, again received them into his favour. It was observed at the time, that he showed not only an extraordinary placability of disposition towards his revolted subjects, altogether extraordinary in one of his character, but conferred on them such favours, that his enemies circulated a report that he was about to abjure the faith of Mahomet, and adopt, among other European innovations, the religion of the Gospel. It was remarked, that he had built his new palace near Istauros, the ancient “city of the cross.” It had been so called because Constantine, when he embraced Christianity, had erected here a large golden cross, to commemorate the event of his conversion; and the sanguine Greeks did not fail to seize on it as a proof of the same intention of the sultan, that he chose the city of the cross as the site of his new palace, as if to record his conversion. That nothing might be wanting, a report at the time was circulated in the Fanal, that a large aerial cross, like that seen by Constantine, had just appeared over the dome of Santa Sophia—a certain indication that it was about to be purified from its desecration, and again consecrated to the service of Christ, for which it was originally built.

4



T. Allom.

T. Higham.

A STREET IN SMYRNA. ASIA MINOR.

This second church of the Apocalypse is, with the exception of Philadelphia, the only one that retains any thing of its former consequence. Its palaces, theatres, pagan temples, and Christian churches have passed away, but its riches, its commerce, its population, and its extent have been probably increased; and modern Smyrna is a more wealthy and prosperous town than either its pagan or Christian predecessor.

It was from the earliest ages celebrated as one of the most distinguished and frequented sea-ports of Asia Minor. It is approached by a noble and spacious bay, penetrating deeply into the country, expanding its capacious bosom to the Egean, and inviting the commerce of the world. Its waters are daily ruffled by the *Inbat*, a trade-wind, which blows with unerring regularity, morning and evening, bearing ships in and out, so that they enter and depart with the most perfect certainty

and security; and it is a locality where the riches of the East and West most conveniently meet together. Such permanent characters, impressed by the hand of nature, are of every age; and Smyrna has at all times been a great commercial emporium, as well of the ancient as the modern world.

The founder of Smyrna is disputed; some confer the reputation of it on Tantalus, others on the Amazons; but after various vicissitudes of earthquake, conflagration, war, and pestilence, it was splendidly re-edified by Alexander the Great, and became the chief of the twelve cities of the Ionian confederacy, and distinguished for its magnificence as well as its power. It contained temples of Jupiter, Cybele, Apollo, and Diana, the latter more beautified, though less extensive, than that at Ephesus. Games were periodically celebrated, like those of Elis and Olympia; and the reputation of being a learned people, was among the laudable ambitions of the citizens of Smyrna. They laid claim to Homer as a native, and pointed out the cavern, on the banks of their river Meles, where his immortal Iliad was composed, and from hence the poet is called *Melesigenes*, and his works *Meletææ chartæ*. The people erected statues to him, taught rhetoric in a temple dedicated to him, and impressed his head and name upon their coins; and of all the seven towns¹

Which claim the poet dead,
Through which the living poet begged his bread,

the assumptions of Smyrna seem to be the best founded; but whatever doubt may rest on Homer's place of nativity, it is certain that Bion, Mimnermus, and other distinguished writers, were natives of Smyrna, and ennobled the city of their birth.

5

Thus distinguished as an honoured and enlightened city of the pagans, its citizens were among the foremost that embraced the doctrines of Christianity when proposed to them. The apostle established here one of the seven churches; and while he denounced that "the candlestick of Ephesus should be removed," he exhorted the Christians of Smyrna "to be faithful unto death, and he would give them the crown of life." Ephesus is no more, but Smyrna still flourishes. It was assaulted by the Saracens, and nearly extinguished as a Christian city; it was restored by the emperor Alexius, and greatly enlarged when it was captured by the Turks. In the beginning of the last century it contained 28,000 persons, of whom 11,000 were Christians of the Greek, Armenian, and Latin churches, which have their respective temples, monasteries, and bishops. The present population is estimated at 100,000. It contains a number of Protestants sufficient to form a congregation for religious worship; and it is the only one of the towns of the Apocalypse in which is established a church of the Reformation.

The city describes a semicircle, at the lower termination of its noble bay; its site is low and alluvial, and embosomed in a range of hills. The Franks carry on an immense trade, by exchanging the produce of the West for that of the East. Caravans daily arrive from Persia, bringing raw silks and drugs, and ships from Europe with cochineal, indigo, &c.; but the most remarkable commodity in which the English trade, is fruit. Charles II., it seems, was so fond of figs, that he directed his ambassador, Sir T. Finch, to conclude a commercial treaty, by which

two ship-loads should be allowed for the king's table; and under the shadow of this, all England has since been supplied with them. The drying and packing of these form an animated and entertaining scene in Smyrna at the season.

The Frank quarter, which Europeans occupy, forms a spacious terrace, or marino, along the sea-shore, ventilated by the fresh and wholesome breath of the never-failing Inbat. The edifices in which the merchants reside, are divided into stores and offices below, and above into corridors and galleries which communicate with various apartments and saloons opening on the sea, the breezes from which circulate through them with a constant current. The Turkish quarter is perfectly Oriental, consisting of narrow streets, with balconies projecting one over the other till they nearly meet at top, excluding light and air. One is given in our illustration, its dark and distant prospect terminated by the hill of the Acropolis, and its narrow passage nearly obstructed by a single file of loaded camels, bringing to the Frank quarters the produce of Persia and India, to be exchanged for that of Europe and America.

6



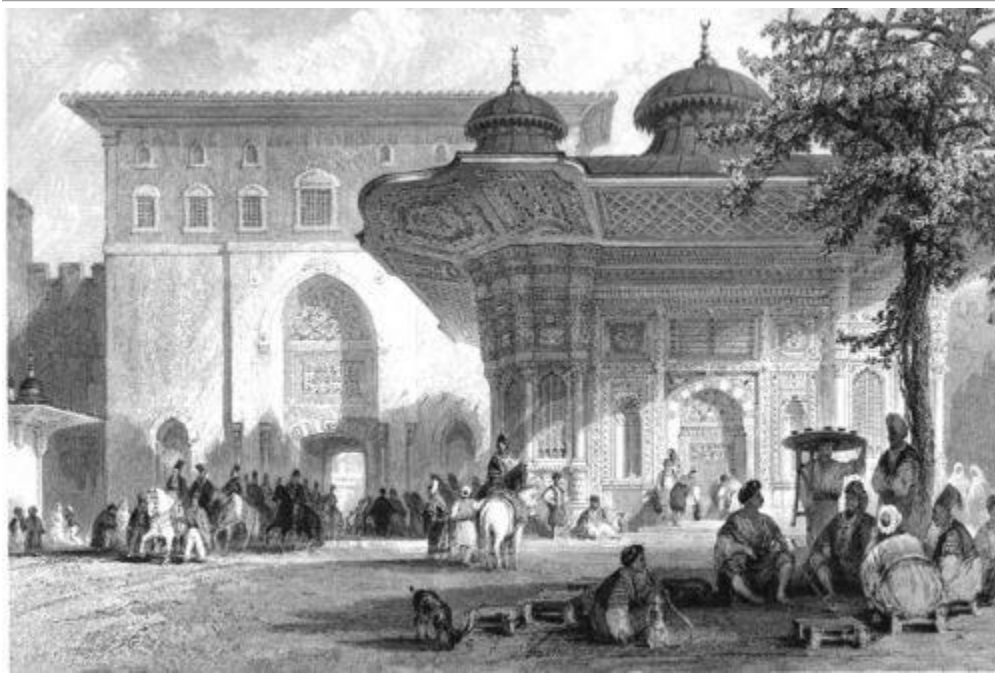
T. Allom.

J. Redaway.

MOSQUE OF BUYUK DJAMI, SCUTARI. ASIA MINOR.

This epithet “Buyuk,” or great, was conferred upon it, to distinguish it from the lesser mosques which adorn Scutari. It is known by the smallness of its dome, and by the balcony or gallery which runs round the outside. It stands on the edge of the water, near the scala, or landing-place

for passing caïques. Beside it is the usual fountain, covered with the common aquatic birds, which the considerate charity of the Turks renders so tame, that they mix undisturbed with the bustle of the passengers. On the right is seen the distant summits of the cypress which fill the great cemetery.



T. Allom.

L. Challis.

FOUNTAIN NEAR THE BABU HUMMAYOUN. OR GREAT GATE OF THE SERAGLIO.

After climbing through various narrow, winding, steep, dark, and dirty streets, which form the great interior of the avenues leading through the city, the stranger emerges near the summit of one of the seven hills; and here the town assumes somewhat of a new and spacious character. He enters an irregular but open and extensive area, which was the “Forum Augusti” under the Greek empire, and which the Turks have not yet entirely choked up with narrow lanes. Here he walks through wider, more level, and better-paved streets, and sees, almost clustered together, the mosque of Santa Sophia, a noble kiswa, or barrack, the opening of the Atmeidan, a beautiful fountain, and the Babu Humayun, or great entrance into the seraglio.

The fountain, somewhat similar to that already described, was erected by Achmet III. in the beginning of the last century. It is crowned with domes, and ornamented with the usual arabesque sculpture, but it is particularly distinguished by bearing sundry poetical inscriptions composed by the imperial builder of it.

Between the fountain and one entrance to the mosque of Santa Sophia is seen that of the seraglio. This gate, distinguished by its lofty arch, was therefore called Babu Humayun, or “the high

door,” by the Turks, which the French translate into “Sublime Porte:”² the term has become a designation for the cabinet of Turkish diplomacy, as before noticed. The gate was originally erected by Mahomet II. when he entered the Christian capital, and converted the residence of the priests of Santa Sophia into a palace for himself. It consists of a massive and clumsy pavilion, formerly crowned with turrets; it is pierced by the high door from which it takes its name, and under the arch is an inscription on a broad tablet. Above are one large and three smaller apertures for windows at each side, and below, the dead wall is excavated by two deep niches. It has undergone changes for improvements, but it still resembles rather the strong-hold of a military station, than the great entrance to the most extensive and gorgeous palace in the world; yet it is from hence the sultans of the East for centuries dictated to the sovereigns of Europe, and issued the mandates of the “high door” from the city, or of “the imperial stirrup” from the field.

Much of the brutal and bloody barbarism which the Osmanli brought with them into Europe, is still displayed in their most characteristic manner at this imperial gate. Here it is that noses and ears are exhibited as trophies of victory, like Indian scalps. In the year 1822, the conqueror of Patrae sent many sacks of those trophies; they were shaken out before the Babu Humayun, and formed two large piles of various mutilated portions of the human countenance; and through these ghastly and festering heaps of his subjects’ flesh, the sultan and his officers passed every day, till they rotted and dissolved away. In the niches, the heads of deposed Turkish officers were exposed; and the ambassadors of European sovereigns proceeding to an audience, saw them kicked about in sport and derision, and were threatened themselves with being pelted with human skulls. Within the gate, the heads of pashas of rank, Halet Effendi, Ali Pasha, and other great delinquents, were allowed the indulgence of silver dishes to support them, and were daily exposed to the multitude, like that of John the Baptist, in a charger.



T. Allom.

W. J. Cooke.

THE CASTLE OF SMYRNA.

Ascending from the alluvial and marshy soil below, are seen various ruins indicating the more healthy and elevated site of the ancient city. Crowning the summit of Mount Pagus, are what remains of the Acropolis, consisting of ramparts and embattled walls, flanked by numerous towers, some of which are square, and some circular. These walls enclose a very extensive area of many acres, which seem never to have been built on, or filled with any kind of edifices. It was a clear space, on which the garrison defending the town pitched their tents as on a field of battle, so that the whole formed a strong walled camp.—Here are still seen the remains of a temple, and the cistern that conveyed water. Here it was the knights of Rhodes took their stand, when they defended the Christian city against the infidel invasions. It was dilapidated by Tamerlane and his Tartars, who brought down the stones from the hill, and threw them into the harbour, in order at once to destroy both the security and commercial prosperity of this great emporium of the Oriental Christians. Over one of the gates is an inscription, implying that the walls were repaired by one of the Comneni, and his wife Helena. But the most interesting of sculptured remains, is a bust and head of marble, in good preservation, and highly finished. It represents a female with a profusion of long hair, which has given rise to various conjectures; some affirming it to be part of the statue of the empress Helena, who, with her husband, rebuilt the fortress. It seems, however, a better specimen than could be executed during the total decay of the arts of that period, and displays a boldness of design belonging to a more perfect age of Grecian skill. It is therefore with greater probability supposed to represent Smyrna, the heroic Amazon, who, according to Pliny, founded the city, and conferred on it her own name.

On the slope of the hill on one side, are the ruins of a stadium, or theatre. The stones were formerly removed to erect a khan, and displayed under the foundation of the walls, the cells where those wild beasts were confined, with which the early Christians were compelled to fight, as St. Paul, “after the manner of men,” at Ephesus. To this fate, St. Polycarp, the first Christian bishop, was condemned. He was the disciple of St. John, and appointed by him to superintend his church of Smyrna. He proceeded to Rome, at the age of one hundred and four, to confer with the Christians of that city about some subjects of controversy, which even then divided the infant church; and on his return he was, by the order of the emperor, thrown to the beasts of this theatre, and devoured, for the recreation of the assembled people of one of the most opulent and polished cities of the heathen world: some, however, say he was burned alive. The persecution of Christians has distinguished this church of the Apocalypse even in modern times. In the year 1770, after the defeat of the Turkish fleet, orders were given by the pasha to retaliate on the Greeks of Smyrna. Armed men were let loose on them at five o’clock on Sunday morning, who rushed into their houses, and the churches where they were assembled, and in five hours one thousand five hundred Greeks were sacrificed in cold blood. In the year 1822, similar cruelties were perpetrated. The massacre of Scio extended to Smyrna. For several days the Greeks were hunted out, and brought, as they were seized, to a spot below the ascent of the hill, as to a favourite place for immolation. Eight hundred were here murdered, and their putrid remains were left for a long time tainting the air, and spreading pestilence among their executioners.

In the front ground of our illustration is a bridge thrown over the mouth of the Meles, where it debouches into the harbour. Over it is constantly passing an uninterrupted current of caravans, bearing merchandise, indicating the immense commercial intercourse of the city. It is known,

that eight hundred laden camels a day, cross the Meles at this one point. Beside the bridge, is a tree, noted as the instrument of the summary justice of the Turks. When a suspected delinquent is seized in the neighbourhood, he is dragged to it, and immediately hung up to one of the branches.

9



T. Allom.

J. C. Bentley.

THE CITY OF MAGNESIA, AND MOUNT SIPYLUS.

Two cities in Asia Minor of this name were known to, and recorded by the ancients: one at the base of a mountain, and called “Magnesia on Sipylus;” the other on the banks of a river, denominated “Magnesia on Mæander.”—The first is that given in illustration.

This city, though not hallowed by the notice of the sacred penman, or selected as a beacon on which the early light of Christianity was to shine, has yet many claims on the notice of a traveller. Mythology and history contribute to the interest it excites, nor is its name unconnected with the arts and sciences.—Here it was that Niobe lamented the loss of her children, and the effects of her grief still appear in her supposed transformation—here it was that Scipio defeated the Asiatic confederacy, and obtained the first permanent footing in Asia—and here it was that extraordinary substance was first discovered, whose properties and affinities have since become the wonder and guide of man in the trackless ocean.

The city of Magnesia was founded by Tantalus, whose fabled punishment renders his name so notorious in the world. The situation is striking; it stands near the foot of a lofty mountain, on the

edge of a vast and fertile plain, and its site and soil resemble those of Brusa; but it wants those important advantages which the other enjoys. The ridges of Sipylus afford no perennial snows like those of Olympus, to refresh the inhabitants below; nor is there any solution of the frigid element, to ripple in copious currents through the streets, or meander through the fertile plain. Its site, however, is very beautiful. Above it rise in majestic grandeur the rugged and romantic precipices of a mountain once celebrated for its thunder and lightning, and which still seem to be the shattered and splintered effects of those electric storms; and below it, lies one of those vast and exuberant levels, which, in Asia Minor, are found at the base of its hill, endued with the capabilities of all the luxury of life. This majestic plain is eight or ten miles in breadth, and fifteen in length. Through the centre flows the river Hermus, which, like the Pactolus its tributary stream, abounds in auriferous sands, but, like the Nile, has the more valuable property of fertilizing its soil, and, by the deposit of its rich mud, producing golden harvests. This was so remarkable formerly, that medals in honour of the river were struck, representing its course; having on one side the branch of a fruit-tree, and on the other a cornucopiæ, emblematic of its abundant produce. The fate of Turkey has, however, now blasted it. The luxuriance of a wild vegetation covers its corn-fields, and its former crops are converted into groves of tamarisk; still it abounds in many indications of its former state. Gardens and vineyards cover extensive spaces, verdant pastures are filled with snow-white sheep, and the landscape is varied by herds of those sable goats peculiar to Anatolia, whose dark and silky coats contrast in so striking a manner with their woolly companions. The camel is nowhere more noble and majestic. The breed is here particularly attended to.¹⁰ They are seen gaily caparisoned, winding in long lines through the plains, laden with Oriental produce for exportation, to the mart of Smyrna, where the camel of Magnesia is particularly prized and admired.

The local attractions have rendered it in all ages the abode of a numerous community, and the selected residence of the great and the powerful. It was to Magnesia that Themistocles retired³ from the resentment of his fellow-citizens, when the Persian king afforded him a tranquil retreat, to close his turbulent life. It was here that Andronicus Palæologus sought repose, when he resigned the sceptre of the Greek empire, and was no longer able to contend with the growing power of the Osmanli. Here Turks as well as Christians sought a retreat. Kiorod, son of Bajazet, and Selim, son of Soliman, dwelt in Magnesia; and Murad, the father of the mighty Mahomet, the scourge of Christians, when he abdicated, betook himself to the solitude of this city, to seek that quiet which a throne denied him; and being again called to public life, he once more retired to this favourite abode.

The early history of this town is connected with interesting events, the records of which are still preserved in England. The noble bay of Smyrna being the great outlet for the produce of the fertile plains of Magnesia, a league was entered into by these free and polished cities, for mutual benefit and protection. The citizens of one were admitted to all the rights and immunities of the other; and the mutual alliance was ratified by erecting marble pillars in both cities, with the terms of the compact inscribed on them. One of these interesting documents has escaped the ravages of time and accident. The tremendous earthquake, in the reign of Tiberius, that prostrated thirteen noble cities in Asia, and with them Magnesia, respected this monument, and it is now preserved among the marbles which enrich the university of Oxford.

The citizens of Magnesia had been long celebrated for their skill in staining glass, and still retain some beautiful specimens. Travellers see with surprise, in the houses they enter, the floors covered with varied forms in vivid colours, and find them caused by “storied windows, richly dight,” through which the sun’s rays had passed. The glass here manufactured possesses a brightness and transparency of colours superior to those of Europe. It is thus that, while the arts have long fled from this barbarized region to the more polished people of the west, a beautiful one remained behind, the loss of which Europe long regretted.

Indications of the wonderful substance to which the city gave its name, is yet found in the mountain over the town. Pliny affirms that the appellation of magnet was derived from Magnes, the shepherd, who discovered it in mount Ida, by the iron attached to his crook; but Lucretius, the philosophic poet, and others, say it took its name from the place where it was first found.⁴ Travellers in modern times endeavour to settle the question; they bring with them ship and pocket compasses, to ascertain the existence of the magnetic stone in this place. They find the needle pointing to different quarters, as the compass is moved from place to place, and at length losing its quality of being attracted altogether; a circumstance known to be the effect produced on magnetic needles, when brought near other bodies possessing the same property.

The conversion of Niobe, not into a fountain, but a rock, was an opinion so universally received by the ancients, that Pausanias affirms, he himself, in ascending the hill, saw the statue with his own eyes. This indurated memorial of the tear-dissolved mother, is yet to be seen as Pausanias saw it 2,000 years ago. On the side of the hill is the rude fragment of a rock, bearing a semblance to a human form, which a lively imagination may easily convert into a Niobe. The person represented, however, has been disputed; some have taken it for the colossal statue of Cybele, the tutelar deity of the place.

The face of the mountain, ascending from the city, presents the remains of very extensive fortifications, once occupied by soldiers of various nations, but at present in a state of entire dilapidation. Its cannon were removed to Smyrna, and now protect its ancient ally. A more modern edifice, surrounded by well-timbered woods, attracts more attention. This is the residence of the present Ayan, or proprietor of the soil, whose family has been long distinguished in this region. When the Osmanli made their first inroads on Christian possessions, they secured them, by establishing, as they advanced, a feudal system. They left the acquired territory under some military chief, who portioned it out among his Moslem followers, on the terms of military service when called upon. These were named Deré beys, or “Lords of the valleys;” and the rich plains of Asia Minor were divided among them. They were classed as *Zaims* or *Timariots*, according to the number of spahis or cavalry they were bound to supply; and were the only hereditary nobility in the Turkish empire—few in numbers, but the petty and brutal tyrants of their respective territories. To these, however, was one distinguished exception: the family of Cara Osman Oglou preserved a high character for many generations, and every traveller who visited Magnesia spoke of them as liberal and enlightened benefactors of the territory over which they presided. This nobility is now extinguished; the energetic Mahomet, in his reforms, reduced this small but tyrannic oligarchy to the general level, and united, and confined to his own person, the whole nobility of the empire. The last descendant of the Oglous was invited to the capital, where he now employs his time and revenues in mechanical pursuits. He is a cunning shipwright, and has built a man-of-war, to serve in the Turkish fleet.

The present population of the city is estimated at somewhat more than 30,000, of which 20,000 are Turks, and the remainder Jews and Christians. The former have twenty mosques, whose bristling minarets are seen in our illustration. There are three Greek and Armenian churches, and two synagogues. In the foreground is represented one of those Oriental wells, which from the earliest ages were “digged” in the East, and which now form a conspicuous object in every landscape. A long horizontal beam of wood is divided into two unequal lengths, and supported and turned on a perpendicular. On the short arm is placed a weight which counterpoises the longer and the bucket and cord attached, when it descends into the well, and is very easily raised by means of this lever. One of these machines is seen erected in every garden, and, as irrigation is constantly required in an arid soil, it is always in motion, and its dull and drowsy creaking is the sound incessantly heard by all travellers.

12



T. Allom.

J. B. Allen.

INNER COURT OF THE MOSQUE OF SULTAN OSMAN.

Mahomet III. was distinguished by vice and imbecility; but his reign was embellished by learned and upright men. Risman Ben Ac Hissar wrote a treatise on government for the use of his master, which, notwithstanding the excellent precepts contained in it, seems to have but little improved his weak and vicious sovereign. The treatise has come down to us, with many sage maxims. One was—“that it is the duty of a prince to govern with equity, for his own interest is concerned in it: justice is the support of the throne, and Allah requires that those persons only should be entrusted with power and dignity, who show themselves worthy of exercising them.” Another, more shrewd, declares that “a thousand friends are too few, and one enemy too many;” but the only

injunction that seems to have had any weight with the heedless monarch was, that “he should not only honour and respect the Ulemah (men of the law,) but promote all his undertakings by securing the aid of their prayers, for they have the inheritance of the gifts of the Prophet.” Influenced by this advice, he determined on building a mosque, and adding another imperial Djami to the capital: in order to make it more splendid than that of any of his predecessors, he sent architects to collect the models of the Christian cathedrals in Europe, that his mosque might be constructed from the perfections of them all. This heterodox intention, however, was opposed by the Ulemah, who denounced it as a desecration of a temple dedicated to the Prophet; and while he hesitated in his architectural plans, and before he had matured the whole design, death overtook him, and he left his mosque unfinished.

It was reserved for Osman, or Ottoman, to complete it. His vizir died immensely rich, and, by the maxims of the Turkish empire, his wealth reverted to the sovereign. “The Sultan,” says the law, “never loses his inheritance to wealth, for, cast it upon the ocean, and let it sink to the bottom, it will again rise to the surface, and become visible.” Enabled, it should appear, by this accession of means, he set about completing the unfinished mosque of his predecessor. This he effected, though his pious work did not propitiate Allah to alter his decrees with respect to his own fate; it was very miserable. He was seized by Daud, his rebellious vizir, and sent a prisoner to the Seven Towers; here, at the age of nineteen, in the prime of life, vigour of youth, and bloom of beauty, he was strangled, his features mutilated, and one of his ears cut off, and sent as a grateful present to his successor.

Notwithstanding the intentions of its first architect, the design of the mosque of Osman is purely Oriental; yet it has an elegant appearance. The approach is by an arcade, supported by a colonnade of light and lofty pillars, enclosing the court. The whole of the interior is covered by an expansive dome, without any visible support of columns. Our illustration represents the court with the congregation gathering for prayer, and some of them engaged in the usual preparations. Nothing can be more grave and solemn than these. The people seem impressed with their pious purpose before they enter the house of prayer. They divest themselves of their gayest apparel, because they suppose humility of appearance is required before God. As they approach, the groups appear to be more than usually serious and silent, as if meditating on what they were about to do. When arrived at the reservoir of water provided for ablution, they wash their face, hands, and feet, from a feeling that personal purity is indicative of purity of the mind. When ascending the steps leading to the entrance, they deposit their shoes, from a conviction that the place they are about to enter is holy ground; and before the gate they sometimes prostrate themselves in reverence to the tomb of the Prophet, whose relative direction and position is always designated in every mosque. Before the door is suspended a curtain, which it is necessary to push aside on entering, and it immediately falls back, to screen the congregation from profane eyes. The floor is generally covered with carpets, on which the people kneel, and then fall prostrate on their faces, resuming occasionally their erect position. During their prayer there is no turning of the head, no wandering of the eye, to mark any abstraction of thought, but every faculty both of mind and body seems wrapt and bound up in the solemn act they are performing. Travellers who have noticed this total engagement of the attention of a Turk when he supposes himself in the presence of his Maker, and contrasts it with the languid and careless inattention so often observed and complained of in our churches, have remarked, “that Christian men might

take a lesson from men who were not Christians, in what manner they should worship their common God.”



T. Allom.

G. Presbury.

METROPOLITAN CHURCH OF MAGNESIA, ASIA MINOR.

INSTALLATION OF THE BISHOP.

The existence of the Greek church, and the religion of the Gospel, among its bitterest enemies, has evinced, at different periods when it seemed doomed to destruction, a preservation as unexpected as it was extraordinary. When the conqueror of Constantinople had suffered his followers to glut their worst passions on the Christians, and their total extinction was expected, he made a show of unexpected moderation, and, to the astonishment of all, he sent for the patriarch Gennadius, appointed him to his Christian pastoral office by placing in his hand a staff of ebony, and, to do him further honour, after the military manner of a Turk, he placed the meek minister of the Gospel on a war-horse richly caparisoned. He then divided the churches equally between the two sects; half being reserved to the former use, and the other to the use of the Prophet.

This apparent indulgence was of short duration. The extirpation of Christianity in the Turkish empire was resolved on, and his successor, like another Diocletian, issued his decree, for the purpose; it ordained that all the Greeks, subject to the spiritual authority of the patriarch, should conform to the religion of Mahomet. It was then that an extraordinary trait in the Turkish character displayed itself. The patriarch affirmed that he could not, consistently with his duty, comply with the firman, without first stating his reasons before the mufti and the divan. This was

pronounced to be reasonable. A Turk, in his fiercest determination, tries to preserve an appearance of equity and justice; so the patriarch was allowed to appear before the assembled divan. He there affirmed that “not only a compact was made on the surrender of the city, that the Greeks should enjoy the free exercise of their religion in half the churches, but that all the gates should be thrown open at Easter for three days, in order that those without may have an opportunity of going to them at this solemn season.” The Turks admitted no evidence but living witnesses; so they demanded if the patriarch had any such, to prove the fact. Aware of the circumstance, he had provided them. Two very old and grey Janissaries, who had been engaged for a large sum of money, were produced, who testified that they were present when the compact was made, though it was notorious it had happened before they were born. The divan was satisfied with this impossible evidence. The mufti pronounced a fetva, that the attestation of living witnesses could not be gainsaid, and the extirpation of Christianity was for that time averted.

Again, when the Greeks, instigated by the intrigues of Russia, endeavoured to throw off the Turkish yoke, and put themselves under the protection of their fellow-Christians, it was resolved in the divan that the whole population should be exterminated, and orders were issued for that purpose. Their fate now seemed inevitable, and the gospel was to be suppressed in Turkey by the extinction of all its professors. The sagacity of one enlightened Turk saved them. The Capitan Pasha, Gazi Hassan, was distinguished by his rough and energetic, but humane character. “If,” said he to the ferocious divan, “you extirpate the Greeks of the empire, who will remain to pay the haratch?” The haratch is a capitation-tax, laid on the rayas, or Christian subjects, which, when paid, ensures to them the permission to wear their heads for another year. This tax had produced annually 49,000 purses, or about £542,000; so this appeal to the cupidity of the Turks again saved the Christians.

After various similar menaces and perils, during which the Greeks adhered to their religion with the most inflexible constancy, their church has finally established itself, with some modifications, under its own independent government, while that portion of it under the Turks retains its old form. It is superintended by four patriarchs, in Asia, Africa, and Europe; viz. Antioch, Jerusalem, Alexandria, and Constantinople. They are elected by a body composed of the clergy and laity forming a synod; but in reality the situation is a mere matter of purchase from the Turkish government. Every patriarch, on his election, pays a large sum to the Porte; on many occasions the demand has amounted 15 to 250,000 dollars. When the exigency of the state requires such a sum, the existing patriarch is deposed or strangled, and his successor pays it on his election. This causes a constant succession; the tenure of a patriarchate seldom exceeds a year or two. On payment, however, of the money required, a written diploma, called *Berat*, is given, securing to the patriarch the full and free exercise of his functions. This is strictly observed by the Turks, till they seek occasion to depose him, and appoint another.

Under the Greek empire, the number of bishops was unsettled. They now amount to 150, of whom 60 are suffragans, and three claim independence of any superior ecclesiastical authority in their own sees. Both patriarchs and bishops are judges in right of their office, not only in matters of faith and discipline, in their church, but also in civil and criminal cases. They are assisted by a synod composed of laics and ecclesiastics, and administer justice in their courts with the same formalities as Turkish functionaries, with attendants, formerly Janissaries, who are bound to

execute their decrees. The code of laws by which they decide is that of Justinian, and they have the power of condemning delinquents to prison or exile. Such is the reputation of those courts, that Turks and Jews are known to appeal to them in preference to their own tribunals.

As the office of patriarch is purchased from the Porte, that of prelate is purchased from the patriarch; the amount paid is proportionate to the value of the sees, and varies from 18,000 to 150,000 piasters. This, with various other sums paid on different occasions, both by clergy and laity, form a common chest, out of which all the expenses of the Greek church are defrayed. This is managed by a *κοινον*, or public community, composed of members taken from all classes; for, notwithstanding the state of slavery and depression in which the nation lives under their Turkish masters, they preserve a semblance of freedom, and manage their own affairs by popular assemblies, like their republican ancestors.

The clergy, as in the Western church, are divided into regular and secular: the first are called *Kaloyers*, literally, “good old men,” the latter *Papas*, or “fathers.” The *kaloyers* are generally men of better education; they are not allowed to marry, and, as the dignitaries of the church are all taken from this class, neither patriarch nor bishop is permitted to have a wife. So rigidly is this regulation enjoined, that from some convents cows, hens, and all females of inferior animals, are excluded, as infringing on monastic discipline. They inhabit numerous edifices, scattered all over the Turkish empire. They are very strongly built, resembling fortresses, and in fact are retreats to which people retire from the outrages of pirates and robbers. They are seen the most conspicuous objects on hills and islands by land and sea; the most remarkable are those of mount Athos in Europe, and mount Sinai in Asia. The *papa*, or secular priest, is generally a married man; he is allowed to take one wife, and not marry another after her death; he has no fixed residence, is generally very illiterate, poor, and humble, and but little respected.

The dress of the clergy under the Lower Empire was not remarkable; and under the first year of the Ottoman sway, it retained its indistinct simplicity; but in the reign of Soliman an alteration took place. A deputation of the patriarch and his prelates issued from Adrianople, to do him homage; and the Turks seeing this mass of people¹⁶ approaching, and not recognizing them by any dress, supposed their intention hostile, and prepared to attack them, when they discovered their mistake. To prevent the recurrence of such a thing, the clergy were ordered to assume a particular and conspicuous dress, by which they could be recognized at a distance; they, therefore, adopted one on the other extreme: bright hats of crimson velvet, adorned with glittering crosses of gold. This is now laid aside, and one extremely humble, but sufficiently distinctive, is substituted. That of the dignitaries was adopted from the monks of mount Athos—a black crape veil thrown over a plain black cap, and falling down the shoulders. The dress of the *papas* is a plain tunic of blue cotton, and a felt hat without a brim, but broader on the top than below. When he is a married man, his state is indicated by a narrow band of white muslin round his black cap. All wear beards, which they cherish till they grow to a venerable length. Their vestments, when performing service in their churches, are rich and gaudy.

Our illustration represents the installation of a bishop in the metropolitan church of Magnesia: the throne is before a screen which separates the nave from the sanctuary, into which none are allowed to enter but the clergy. This screen is profusely adorned with pictures of saints,—an essential part of the decorations of every Greek church. Among the priests and elders who assist

at the ceremony, is one who holds a triple taper, to represent the Trinity; with this emblem, patriarchs and bishops confer their blessing, waving it over the heads of the congregation while they pronounce the benediction. During this, one finger is carefully bent, so as to separate the little finger from the first and second, to intimate that peculiar dogma of the Greek church, “the procession of the Spirit from the Father only.”

Among the display of the Greek church are banners, borne on festival days, representing favourite saints, to whose representation they attribute extraordinary qualities. A remarkable superstition of this kind prevails at Magnesia: St. George, the patron of England, is in high esteem there, and at Easter his banner forms the most distinguished object in the procession. It has the important property of distinguishing and punishing a sinner; it is borne to church always by a priest, who of course passes the ordeal uninjured and with credit; but on returning, it is given to some unfortunate layman, who bears to the grave the marks of the chastisements inflicted on him for his sins. He is violently beaten by some persons appointed for the purpose, while the blows are faithfully believed to proceed from the image of our pugnacious saint.

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T. Allom.

S. Fisher.

THE RUINS OF HIERAPOLIS, FROM THE THEATRE. ASIA MINOR.

Nothing marks so strongly the genius and propensities of the ancient Greeks, as their theatres. As these edifices were the most interesting and most attractive, so they seemed to have engaged their greatest attention, and to have called forth all their skill, to render them the most permanent

and beautiful of the buildings they erected. We have already remarked, that every town, inhabited by Greeks, or the descendants of Greeks, seems to have had one, as essential to its well-being; and they were not erected with the fragile and perishable materials with which the modern edifices of the same kind were constructed. Their seats were not wooden benches enclosed with slight walls and covered with slender roofs, or their decorations flimsy painted paper and canvass; they were built with solid blocks of marble, roofed with the canopy of heaven, adorned with statuary and sculptured ornaments of imperishable materials; and their remains, at the present day, are as durable as the rock on which they were generally erected. When every other vestige of an ancient city is obliterated, its theatre is the only building that remains, to determine its site; and when ruins had concealed it, or the lapse of time had covered it with soil, accident or design has detected it under the mass, as perfect in some of its parts as when it was frequented by a crowded audience. The beautiful theatre in the small and comparatively obscure Island of Milo had disappeared for ages, till unexpectedly discovered by agricultural labourers, in a solitary spot, where no other evidence existed but itself, of the city to which it had belonged. Its materials were solid blocks of beautifully sculptured marble; the angular mouldings seemed as sharp, and the workmanship as recent, as when the chisel had first struck them; and though probably not less than 2,000 years erected, looked as fresh, said a traveller, “as if the masons had just gone home to their dinner, and you expected them to return every moment, and put the last hand to their work.”

As these characteristic structures form so prominent a feature in ancient Greek cities, and at this day are generally the most striking objects emerging from their ruins, a brief notice of their structure will be the best accompaniment to our illustration. The inventor of dramatic entertainments was Thespis, who lived about 550 years before the Christian era. His theatre was as simple as his exhibition was rude; it was an ambulatory machine, moving from place to place, like the booth of an English fair. On the cart, a stage was erected; the dramatic representation was confined to two performers, whose faces were smeared with lees of wine, and who entertained the audience with a dialogue of coarse and rustic humour. This movable edifice was improved by being fixed, and the spectators accommodated with wooden benches, raised one above the other; but the fondness of the Greeks for such exhibitions was so great, and the throng so pressing, that frequent accidents occurred from the breaking down of these frail structures, and the loss of life was so serious, that it was necessary to accommodate the people with more durable edifices. The name of Æschylus is immortalized as well by his mechanical as his literary genius; he not only fixed the drama by the composition of forty regular plays, in which the characters were dressed in suitable costume, but he gave his representations in a regular and permanent edifice, the arrangement of which was the model on which all others were afterwards built.

The building was a semicircle whose extremities were limited by a right line; this was divided into three parts, each having its own appropriation. The theatre, properly so called, from whence the spectators “saw” the exhibition, filled the semicircle, where the people were accommodated with benches rising one above the other. The upper were allocated to females. The seats were confined to a particular number in each row, in all theatres they were eighteen inches high and three feet broad, so that the people sat at their ease, the feet of those above never incommoding those below. Behind each row were galleries, formed in the walls, by which the spectators entered from without, and, from the crowds that issued from them, they were called

“vomitories;” from them were passages through the seats in a right line tending to a common centre, and, from the shape of the enclosed spaces, broad above and narrow below, the portions into which the benches were divided, were called “wedges.” As the actor’s voice would be insufficient to fill the vast space enclosed by some theatres, which contained 40,000 people, the sound was augmented, and rendered distinct, by hollow vessels of copper, dispersed under the seats in such a way as to reverberate the words distinctly to the ear of every individual.

The right line, in front, was occupied by the orchestra, so called because it was originally intended for the exhibition of “mimes and dancers;” it afterwards admitted other exhibitions. In one of its compartments, the chorus acted, which from its square form was called thymele, or “the altar;” another received a band of music, and, from its position at the bottom of the theatre, was named “hyposcene;” behind this was the stage, divided also into three parts; the largest, properly called the “scene,” extended across the theatre. Here was suspended the large curtain, which fell, not rose, when the exhibition commenced; the next was the proscene, or “pulpit,” where the performance was carried on; and the last the parascene, or green room, the place “behind the stage,” where the performers retired to dress, and the machines were kept and prepared.

The bland and beautiful climate of the country inhabited by the Greeks, require for the greater part of the year no shelter. The theatre, therefore, had no roof, and all the exhibitions were in the open air; when a passing shower required it, there were porticoes to which the audience retired in winter; in summer, the rays of the sun were to be guarded against in a warm climate, and machinery was provided, by which canvass awnings were drawn across over the theatre. The degree of sultriness which this caused among a crowd in confined air, was mitigated by an artificial rain. Reservoirs of scented water were formed above the porticoes, from whence it descended to the statues and other sculptured ornaments, and was suffered to exude through certain pores in the marble, and filled the covered space not only with grateful coolness but fragrant exhalation.

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The fondness of the Greeks in general, and of the Athenians in particular, for such dramatic exhibitions, is not to be expressed; it was not only the medium through which the music of their poetry, the refinement of their sentiments, the display of their taste, and their moral impressions, were conveyed, but it was the great channel of their political opinions. Every sense and faculty was engaged in these exhibitions: the eye, the ear, the imagination, the understanding, were appealed to, and gratified; but what rendered it so deeply interesting was, that it became the arena upon which the public affairs were exhibited, the channel through which public sentiments were conveyed; and the great interests and transactions of the republic, in which every man felt a personal interest, were discussed in mimic representations. When an event or character was introduced in the drama, its parallel was immediately found, and its application was made to some passing circumstance or person. When a passage in Æschylus was uttered, that Amphiaras “had rather be great and good, than seem so,” it was instantly and simultaneously applied by the audience to Aristides, and they rose up spontaneously to salute him. It was thus, that not only in Athens, their vast theatre, capable of holding 30,000 people, was constantly crowded, but in every city inhabited by the Greeks, either in the islands or on the continents of Asia and Europe,

theatres were erected among their first public edifices; and there is scarcely a town, however obscure or little noticed, where one is not found at this day among the most perfect part of the ruins.

The theatre of Hieropolis, given in our illustration, is the least dilapidated among its existing remains; it is an extensive and sumptuous structure, even in its present ruinous state; it retains perfectly its semicircular form, and part of the proscene is still standing in good preservation; the wedge-form rows of benches still afford seats to the traveller; and the arched vomitories, opening upon the passages to admit spectators, are still perfect; but the centre is filled up with heaps of broken cornices, fragments of fluted shafts, and almost perfect capitals of pillars, tumbled from their elevation, and indicating, by their number and the excellency of their workmanship, the skill and labour bestowed upon the theatre of this provincial town. On a low semicircular screen, dividing the seats, is still legible an inscription in which "Apollo the Archegetes," or manager of the theatre, is entreated to be "propitious to the performers;" and on another is a panegyric on the city of Hieropolis, in which it is called "the city of gold." The perspective in the background exhibits the remains of stadia, baths, and other edifices before mentioned.

The circumstance which most strongly impresses a traveller in visiting these ancient theatres, is the dismal contrast presented by their first and present state. These crowded scenes of life and enjoyment are now the most dismal and desolate spots among the ruins; they seem to be the place to which every thing that is foul and venomous repair, attracted perhaps by the shelter and concealment their more perfect state affords. "The busy hum of men" is exchanged for the serpent's hiss and the eagle's scream—the crowded seats

"Are now the raven's bleak abode,
Are now the apartment of the toad."

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Snakes are everywhere seen gliding through the rubbish, or rustling among the thicket of shrubs that grow among them. Their exuviae are found deposited in every crevice, and the alarmed traveller starts back, supposing that to be a living reptile, which he finds is only the spotted skin from which the renovated serpent had extricated itself, and just left behind. Jackals and wolves drag here their prey, as to a congenial spot, to devour them; and vultures, "scenting their murky quarry from afar," are heard screaming in the air, and seen hovering over the carcase, ready to alight, and snatch it from their rapacious rivals. Such is the almost universal aspect that every ancient theatre we have visited presents to the traveller.



T. Allom.

J. Sands.

THE PRINCESS' ISLANDS.

FROM MONASTERY OF THE TRINITY/PRINKIPO IN THE MIDDLE DISTANCE.

The two straits by which Constantinople is approached, are marked at their entrance by clusters of islands. The traveller, before he enters the Dardanelles, passes through the Cyclades; as he approaches the Bosphorus, he finds himself among a similar group, forming an Archipelago in the Propontis, if not so extensive, yet still more lovely than that in the Egean.

The Cyclades of the Propontis was anciently called Demonesca, or the “islands of spirits;” but under the Lower Empire they assumed another denomination. Irené, the widow of Fl. Leo, had put out the eyes of her son, in order that she herself might reign in his place; for this she was banished by his successor, to these islands; and, having built a monastery on one of them, to atone for her guilt, and erected edifices where females of the imperial family were educated, the group was called, therefore, after her, the “Princess’ Islands.” They are nine in number, of different sizes, and are distinguished by Greek names, indicating some peculiarity of each.⁵ The four smaller are uninhabited; they lie between the European and Asiatic coasts, about 10 miles from each, and the same distance from the mouth of the Bosphorus; and to the houses of the streets built on the eminences, both of Pera and Constantinople, exhibit a picturesque and striking prospect.

The water which flows round them is not less pure than the air is balmy; they seem to float in a sea of singular transparency, so clear and lucid that objects are distinctly seen at the greatest depths; and the caïque which glides over it seems supported by a fluid less dense than water, and nearly as invisible and transparent as air. From various circumstances, it is conjectured that the islands were originally one mass, and torn asunder by some convulsion of nature; abrupt

promontories in the one correspond with bays and indentations in the opposite, and the space between is so deep, that the large 21ships of Admiral Duckworth's fleet anchored everywhere among them with perfect safety, when they passed into the Propontis, to menace the capital. Fish of many kinds abound in the streights, and their capture is one of the employments and amusements of the residents. The fishing carried on by night is very picturesque. The boats proceed with blazing faggots lighted in braziers of iron projecting from their bow and stern; and at certain times the shores are illuminated every night, by innumerable moving lights floating round them.

The islands labour under two disadvantages; one is, the want of water: there are no streams, and the springs found are impregnated with mineral ingredients, everywhere mixed up with the soil, particularly in the island of Chalki. To remedy this, the houses, and particularly the convents, have deep excavations, forming reservoirs into which the rain is received; so sacred is this deposit, that the wells are covered with iron stopples, carefully locked, and only opened with great caution at stated times. On the smaller deserted islands, deep cisterns of former times exist, where passing ships and boats at this day draw up water.

The next is, the sudden hurricanes to which they are subject in the most calm and beautiful weather. The air seems to stagnate, and a death-like stillness succeeds; then a dark lurid spot appears near the horizon, which suddenly bursts, as it were, and an explosion of wind issues from it, which sweeps everything before it. The doors and windows of the houses are instantly burst open, and every thing on land seems splitting to pieces; the sea is raised into mountains of white foam; and the only hope of safety for ships is to drive before it. The boats of the islands are sometimes overtaken thus in their passage to the capital: the boatmen at once lose all power of managing their caïques, and throw themselves on their faces in despair, crying out "For our sins, for our sins!" In this state the vessel turns over, and goes down with all her passengers. Accidents of this kind happen every year.

The islands are exceedingly beautiful and salubrious; unlike many of their kindred in the Egean, there is nothing bare or rugged in their aspect. They are generally crowned with arbutus, pine, cypress, myrtle, and different kinds of oak, particularly the kermes or evergreen, so that they preserve their leaves unchanged at all seasons, and render the islands at all times verdant and romantic. The arbutus grows with such luxuriance, that it ripens its berries into large mellow fruit, which is sold in the markets, and furnishes a rich dessert; they are eaten as strawberries, which they nearly resemble in shape, colour, and taste. There are, besides, various other trees, which, though deciduous, seldom lose their foliage; such as the terebinth or cypress turpentine, which yields a resinous aroma, so that a stranger, in making his way through these romantic thickets, as he presses aside the branches, is surprised at the grateful odours exhaled about him: but the shrubs which most abound, are the various species of the gum-cistus; they cover large tracts, and sometimes so tint the surface of the hills, that the islands are suffused with a rich hue from their bright blossoms. The fragrance of these spots is exceedingly rich and grateful. As the traveller moves through the low shrubs, and disturbs them with his feet, a dense vapour of odoriferous particles ascends, and the air²² seems loaded, as it were, with a palpable fragrance.⁶ This gratification of the senses has conferred upon the islands the character of luxurious enjoyment, which has at all times distinguished them; they were, therefore, considered the Capræ of the Lower Empire, and became the Capua of the Turks; when their rude military

energy degenerated, they retired there, to gratify themselves with indulgences which were prohibited even in the license of the capital. Whenever the plague rages, they are crowded with Frank and Raya fugitives, who escape to this asylum from the pestilential atmosphere of the city.

By a prescription, some time established, the islands have been entirely abandoned to the Greeks, and no Turk is allowed to take up his residence there, except temporarily, on official business. Even the aga who superintends them, resides on the opposite coast of Asia, and never visits them except to collect the haratch. No mosque or other Moslem edifice was allowed to raise its crescent-head; but the larger islands had one or more Greek monasteries crowning their summits, and forming the most conspicuous objects. They were erected in the time of the Lower Empire, and were the asylums to which the sovereigns retired when compelled to abdicate the throne: many of them were the retreats of those who were mutilated or blinded by their successors; many were the receptacles where guilt and remorse sought, by solitude and penance, to atone for past crimes. Some of these monasteries are now in ruins, and their “ivy-mantled towers” add to the picturesque scenery; some are still kept in good repair, and the residence of Caloyers, having chapels eminent for their sanctity, to which not only the people of the islands, but many families of the Fanal, resort, and celebrate their festivals with much pomp and devotion.

On the greater islands are towns called by the same names. They possess fleets of *caïques* of a larger size than ordinary, which keep up a daily communication with the capital in conveying goods and passengers. Every morning these fleets leave the islands at sunrise, and return by sunset. The merry disposition of the people is nowhere more displayed than in these passage-boats, which the gravity and taciturnity of a Turk, who is an occasional passenger, cannot suppress. It sometimes happens that this levity is severely punished: on a charge of some real or supposed delinquency, the crews are cited before the *cadi*, when they land at Tophana. His carpet is spread on the ground, and where he sits cross-legged smoking his *nargillai*, the laughing culprits are brought before him, and he dispenses justice in a summary manner. He waves his hand—the delinquent is seized by two men who throw him on his back, while two more raise his feet between poles, presenting their soles. Executioners then, provided with angular rods as thick as a man’s thumb, lay on the shrieking wretch till he faints, or the *cadi*, by another wave of his hand, intimates to them to cease: this punishment of the unfortunate *caïquegees* of the islands, is very frequent, and sometimes is inflicted on the whole of the boats’ crews. It often happens to be so severe, that the legs swell as high as the hips, and the victim is in danger of dying of a mortification; notwithstanding, it is soon forgotten by the sufferers. On their return, they only laugh at each other, and the next day repeat the fault for which they were punished.

During the Greek revolution, these islands were made the prison of the suspected. The families of the Fanal were sent here, to be kept in sale custody till their fate was decided in the capital; every day some unfortunate victim was taken away, and never re-appeared, yet this seemed to make little impression on the survivors. They were constantly seen in groups under some favourite trees, playing dominos, chess, or other games, and entering with as much earnestness and disputation into the chances, as if they were in a state of perfect security. Sometimes a *caïque* was seen approaching, and the turbaned head of a *chaoush* appeared over the gunwale—he landed, approached the groups of players, and laid a black handkerchief on the shoulder of one of them; the doomed man rose from his seat, followed the *chaoush* to the *caïque*, and never returned again. His place was supplied by another, and the game was continued as if nothing

extraordinary had happened. The bouyancy and reckless character of the Greeks, during the perils of their revolution, was nowhere, perhaps, so displayed as on these occasions; they saw their friends daily taken from the midst of them, and knew they were led away to be strangled or decapitated, yet it seemed but little to affect the careless hilarity of the daily decreasing survivors.

Among the suspected shut up in one of these insular prisons was the venerable and learned archbishop of Mount Sinai. After the execution of the patriarch and his prelates, he hourly expected his mortal summons; yet it never affected his cheerfulness: he was engaged in a work on the ancient and modern state of Constantinople, and his only wish, unfounded then on any hope, was, that he might be allowed to live and finish it. His wishes, contrary to his expectations, were fulfilled. I left him in his Patmos, every day looking for death; and I found him, on my return to Turkey, some years after, elevated to the patriarchal throne. His susceptibility to the beauties of nature that smiled here in his prison, was not impaired by any dismal apprehensions. In his work, since published, he describes with enthusiasm the view presented from his island: “The prospect from hence,” said he, “formed by the circle of lovely objects around, is inimitable on the earth; it stands like the varied representations of some grand amphitheatre, and the astonished and delighted eye, at sunset, sees the exceeding splendour of nature’s scenery.”

The view in our illustration is taken from the monastery of the Triades, or Trinity, in the island of Chalki. This edifice was erected by the patriarch Photios, who was named “the man of ten thousand books.” He called it Zion, but its name was afterwards changed. His ten thousand books were deposited in a library: the greater part was destroyed by fire, which consumed nearly the whole edifice, and the rest by time and neglect, so that not one now remains. The present edifice, inhabited by the Caloyers, is but a wing of the original building. In the foreground, on a platform, is a kiosk, from whence is seen one of those lovely views which almost every eminence of the island presents. Attached to every monastery is such an edifice; it is kind of coffee-house, open to 24 strangers, in which they repose, enjoying the beauty of the scenery, and are seen with pipes, coffee, and sweetmeats by the good monks. The view from this kiosk of the Triades, comprehending Europe and Asia, is particularly eulogized and described by the archbishop. The splendid city of Constantinople rising on its seven hills, with its gilded domes and glittering minarets; the sweeping shores of Thrace; the Bithynian chain of mountains, in the midst of which Olympus raises his head, covered with eternal snows; the whole circle of islands, floating below on the bosom of the placid sea—form an unrivalled panoramic picture.

Just below lies the varied face of the island, with its shrubs and trees; a range of gigantic cypresses leads, along the ridge of a sloping hill, to an edifice on the sea-shore; this was erected by an opulent Greek tchelebi, in the palmy days of their prosperity. He was suspected, apprehended, and executed, and his splendid mansion, containing all the requisites of modern Greek luxuries, was occupied by various Franks, who left the sultry heats of the capital for the refreshing breezes of the islands. Along the shore below run the streets of the capital of Chalki, with its fleet of small-craft lying in the harbour. Among the edifices are some which present an unusual sight in these islands: on a promontory, a minaret raises its taper head; and on the hill behind, is a Turkish kiswa, or barracks. When the insurrection broke out, the immunities of the islands were withdrawn, and Moslem edifices and Moslem people are now seen mixed with the hitherto exclusive Greek population.



T. Allom.

J. C. Bentley.

THE MONASTERY OF ST. GEORGE OF THE PRECIPICE.

There is no saint in the Oriental calendar held in more estimation, both by Moslems and Christians, than St. George of Cappadocia. The Greeks and Armenians dedicate many churches to him, and the legends they tell and believe of him correspond with those that are current in England of its patron saint. The Orientals do not reproach their favourite, as some incredulous historians do among us, with being the son of a fuller, becoming a parasite, a bacon-merchant, and a cheat, who was torn to pieces by his townsmen for his manifold crimes and vices, in the reign of Julian the Apostate. They represent him as a Christian hero, who suffered martyrdom for his inflexible adherence to Christianity in the persecution of Diocletian, but, before that, had distinguished himself by deeds of high heroic reputation. One of them seems a version of Perseus and Andromeda; and, as in many other instances, fables of pagan mythology are appropriated by Christian saints. After various achievements against Paynims and Saracens, he came to the land of Egypt in search of new adventures. He here found a winged dragon devastating the country with his pestiferous breath, and devouring those whom he had preserved. The wise men were called together, and a compact was made with the monster, that he should be content with devouring a virgin every day. They were all eaten, except the daughter of the soldan, and her weeping friends had just led her to the sacrifice, when St. George arrived. He attacked and slew the monster, and liberated the virgin. This legend, which corresponds with that of the old English ballad, is commemorated in this church of St. George, by a picture in the portico: the saint is depicted on horseback, piercing a winged dragon with a spear, exactly as he is represented on our coins and armorial blazonry; and so he is displayed in every one of the numerous churches dedicated to him in the East.

This fable, which is a popular legend both in the East and West, is, however, explained allegorically. The dragon is the devil, represented under that form in the Apocalypse; and subduing him, and trampling him under foot, by the saint, is emblematic of the faith and fortitude of a Christian. The Greeks call St. George the Megalomartyr, and his festival is a holiday “of obligation.” Constantine the Great built a church, which stood over his tomb in Palestine, and erected the first to his memory in the metropolis, where there were afterwards five more dedicated to him. Justinian, in the sixth century, introduced him into the Armenian calendar, and raised a temple to him. At the entrance into the Hellespont is a large and celebrated convent of his order, which gives his name to the strait; and the pagan appellation of Hellespont merged into the Christian one of “the Arm of St. George.” He was the great patron of Christian knights, and none went to battle without first offering to him their vows.

When Richard Cœur de Lion laid siege to Acre, the saint appeared to him in a vision, and the Crusaders attributed their victories to his interference and aid. The great national council, held at Oxford in 1222, recognized him, and commanded his feast to be kept as a holiday; and in 1330, Edward III. instituted an order of knighthood to his name in England, one of the oldest in Europe, and so he has become the patron-saint of England. His festival is celebrated on the 23d of April, in the Greek church; and the English ambassador at Constantinople, as if to identify our patron-saint with that of the Greeks, gives a splendid entertainment on the same day at the British palace, where St. George is held “as the patron of arms, chivalry, and the garter.”

But our saint has immunities and privileges which do not appear to be allowed to any other in the Greek calendar. At the early period of the reformation in the Oriental church, statues were everywhere torn down by the Iconoclasts, and excluded from their worship as idolatrous, though pictures were allowed to remain; adhering literally to the Commandment of making “no graven images,” but, by a singular anomaly of Greek refinement, venting their religious horror on wood and stone, and bowing down without scruple to paint and canvass. This distinction continues in all its strictness to the present day: the churches are profusely daubed with gaudy pictures of saints, to which profound adoration is paid, and the most extraordinary miracles are attributed; while no statue, or sculptured or graven representation, of the same persons, are tolerated: but to our saint alone an indulgence is extended. His image in some churches is formed on graven silver plates attached to a wooden block, which they affirm had miraculously escaped from the destruction of the Iconoclasts, and has peculiar faculties conferred upon it, corresponding²⁶ with the pugnacious propensities of the character whose person it represents; and to its wonder-working powers many miracles are attributed.

In the monastery of St. George, in one of the islands of the Archipelago, is a statue of this kind, which is highly serviceable to the Caloyers. If any one is indebted to the convent, and does not pay his dues—if a penitent omits to perform the penance, or violates the strict abstinence imposed upon him during the many seasons of fasting—above all, if he neglects to perform any vow made to the saint—the image immediately finds him out. It is placed on the shoulders of a blind monk, who trusts implicitly to its guidance, and walks fearlessly on without making a false step. It is in vain that the sinning defaulter tries to hide himself. The image follows him through all his windings with infallible sagacity, and, when at length he is overtaken, springs from the shoulders of his bearer to the neck of the culprit, and flogs him with unmerciful severity till he makes restitution and atonement for all his delinquencies. A French writer, who was a firm believer in

the miracles wrought by the images of saints in the Latin church, in recording these absurdities of St. George, adds with great naïveté: *Les Grecs sont les plus grands imposteurs du monde*.

In the church of the convent is a picture highly prized as a *chef d'œuvre* of Grecian art; it represents the last day, a subject which the Greek Caloyers are fond of impressing on their people. In some, the punishments of a future state, as painted on the walls, are hardly fit to be looked at. Devils riding ploughshares, and driving them through naked bodies of men, and serpents twining round the limbs of offending women. This picture, however, is less exceptionable; it depicts the Deity on the summit, dressed in sumptuous robes, and crowned like a king, having an expanded book before him, in which the fate of every mortal is recorded: below, on one side is a garden, having various departments like the pews of a church, in each of which is enclosed some celebrated individual. In one, Abraham with Lazarus in his bosom,—in another, the penitent thief with his cross on his shoulder. Immediately below, are the extended jaws of a vast monster, into which demons are casting the souls of the condemned, among whom are all the apostates and persecutors of Christianity—Judas, Julian, and Diocletian; with sundry Turks. Among the condemned, one is surprised to see a Greek with his calpac; he had been a dragoman of the Porte, who had offended the artist, and he took this not unprecedented mode of avenging himself on his adversary.



T. Allom.

J. Sands.

GUZEL-HISSAR, AND THE PLAIN OF THE MEANDER. ASIA MINOR.

The river Meander is perhaps the most celebrated of all antiquity, and has been made a generic term, in most languages, to designate a winding stream; poets and historians equally commemorate it. It rose near the ancient city of Celene, and, increased by various tributaries, it

fell into the Ægean between Miletus and Priene. So tortuous was its course, that it was counted to have made 600 windings in its progress to the sea. It²⁷ afforded Dædalus the model for his labyrinth, and travellers have discovered in many parts the various accurate outlines of some of the most convoluted letters of the Greek alphabet. It was remarkable for the alterations it caused in the countries through which it wound its way—obliterating old, and adding new tracts. This was so frequent, and attended with such damage, that an indictment lay against the river; and the person who suffered was remunerated out of the tolls of the bridges which passed over it.

This constant undermining of its banks, and the fall of them into its current, was the probable cause of its devious course. The soil, obstructed in one place, was deposited in another; while the great quantity held in suspension, was suffered to fall when the waters, meeting the obstructions of the sea, no longer supported it in the current. In its mouth it formed great bars, and threw up new lands. The changes thus made were celebrated by the ancients as so many mythological and preternatural metamorphoses:—

“The magic river in its tortuous wheel
Defrauds the mariner; and where his keel
Plough’d up the pliant wave—the rustic’s share
Delves in the soil, and plants his harvest there.
The moving waves to fixed furrows rise;
The sportive kid the dolphin’s place supplies.
The shepherd’s pipe delights the grazing sheep,
Where the hoarse sailor’s voice outroared the boisterous deep.”

Thus it happened that several celebrated towns, situated on its banks, are not now to be traced there. The city of Myus stood on a bay; the constant deposit of mud by the river obstructed the ingress of salt-water, and the bay was changed into an inland lake; the alluvial and marshy soil, generated by the slime, afforded a nidus to vast swarms of insects; and so Myus was infested, and called “the city of gnats.” The swarms at this day are an intolerable nuisance; towards evening, the inside of tents become black with them. Myriads of winged insects cling to the poles and canvass. The torture they give is so insupportable, that the sufferers blow them up with gunpowder, and often set fire to their tents, to get rid of a plague equal to any of those of Egypt. Miletus, celebrated for its woollen manufacture and rich dyes—the birth-place of one of the seven wise men, and the capital of Ionia—was ruined by the Meander; the capricious stream removed itself from its vicinity, and, for an easy and inviting approach, prohibited ingress by depositing inaccessible mounds of mud.

The process, which for revolving centuries marked this singular river, is still going on; deposits are daily made of soft soil, and that which had been left before, hardened into firm ground. This new-created land is stretching beyond the estuary of the stream, and the promontories which marked its mouth, as its barrier against the encroaching of the sea, are now so remote from it, that they are seen distant inland hills. A judicious traveller remarks, that it is probable the land will be pushed away, to join the island of Samos, and such a change will be wrought on this coast by the caprice of the river, that “barren rocks may be enamelled with rich domains, and other cities may rise and flourish on the bounty of the Meander.”

The rich valley through which this river winds its way, was formerly filled with many famous cities, and some distinguished for that luxury and effeminacy which a balmy climate and a fertile soil are apt to generate. Tralles and Alabanda sent from hence their swarms of “esurient Greeks,” with their cargoes of figs and prunes, to taint the Roman citizens, already sufficiently corrupt. Notwithstanding the desolation which Turkish indolence and barbarism brought into these fertile regions, the active spirit of the ancient Greeks still seems to animate their oppressed descendants. The whole plain is seen by the traveller in the highest state of cultivation: corn, wine, and oil, the evidence and emblem of fatness and fertility, are now abundant here, as in the days of the free Greek cities,—pastures covered with sheep and oxen, fields waving with golden crops of wheat, vineyards bending under vast clusters of grape, and gardens shaded by the broad foliage of the fig, are still the prospects which present themselves.

In the midst of this abundance is situated the town of Guzel-Hissar, appropriately called “the Castle of Beauty,” which its name imports. It lies on a small stream, about ten miles from the Meander, and on an eminence which commands a prospect of the lovely vale through which the river winds its way. Our illustration presents a view of it, with Mount Thorax rising behind it, and the ridges of the Messogeis before it—the wooded plain of the Meander lying between, and spread out under the city. Both seem to partake of the same quality of rank vegetation. Among minarets, and domes, and houses, rise cypress, terebinth, and oriental platanus, so that the whole is a forest of mingled spires and trees; among these, myriads of turtle-doves take up their abode, and they and their progeny, in surprising numbers, covering the branches and roofs, fill the air all day long with their incessant and plaintive cooing. The town is the residence of a pasha, but its edifices have little to boast of; they are mean and ragged, and travellers complain of the caravansaries, as being more comfortless and destitute than even Turkish khans. The inhabitants feel the effects of a rank and exuberant vegetation. During the sultry months, a mal-aria is generated, highly pestilential. The plague sometimes rages with mortal malignity; and the traveller, shut up in a small and naked room of a filthy house, panting with heat and devoured with insects, rather endures any thing within, than walk abroad, and encounter the ghastly and infected objects that stalk along, and carry contagion with them through the streets.



T. Allom.

Thos Turnbull.

GREEK CHURCH OF BALOUKLI, NEAR CONSTANTINOPLE. ATTACHED TO THE SPRING OF THE MIRACULOUS FISHES.

There is no superstition so strong in the Greek church as the efficiency ascribed to fountains, and there are no objects of veneration to which they are more fondly attached. Like their pagan ancestors, they consecrate a well to some presiding being, and ascribe to it corresponding virtues. The efficacy, however, is not of the same character. A modern Greek recognizes no Hippocrene, whose draughts inspire him with poetry; but he has innumerable sources of salutary waters, which, by some supernatural power coupled to it by its patron, heals diseases; and around Constantinople are many wells dedicated to different saints, which retain all the virtues of the pool of Bethesda.

Beyond the walls of the city, about half-a-mile from the Selyvria gate, approaching to the sea of Marmora, is one of the most celebrated of these fountains, which, from the earliest period of its dedication to Christianity, has been held in the highest veneration. The tradition of a miracle wrought by its waters in restoring sight to a blind man, attracted the attention of the Greek emperors, and it afterwards became the object of their peculiar care. Leo the Great, in the year 460, first erected a church over it. The emperor Justinian was returning one day from hunting, and perceived a great crowd surrounding it. He inquired into the cause, and learned that a miracle of healing had just been wrought by the waters; so, when he had finished his gorgeous temple to "the Eternal Wisdom of God," he applied the surplus of his rich materials to adorning this church. It stood for two centuries, an object of wonder and veneration, till it was shattered by an earthquake, when it was finally rebuilt by the empress Irené with more splendour than ever. Such was the sanctity and esteem in which it was held, that imperial marriages were celebrated in it, in

preference to Santa Sophia, or other edifices in the city. When Simeon the Bulgarian defeated the Greeks under the walls of the city, he married his son Peter to Maria, the daughter of the emperor Lacapenus, here; and again, the nuptials of the daughter of Cantacuzene with the son of Andronicus Palæologus were celebrated in it with great pomp.

But, besides the sanctity of the place, its natural beauties present considerable attractions. The Byzantine historians describe them in glowing colours: meadows enamelled with flowers of all kinds, gardens filled with the richest fruits, groves waving with the most varied and luxuriant foliage, a balmy air breathing purity and enjoyment, and, above all, a fountain which, to use the language of the times, “the mother of God had endowed with such miraculous gifts, that every bubble that issued from it contained a remedy for every disease.”

This lovely and health-giving place was the resort not only of the pious, but of all who sought recreation in rural scenes. The emperors erected a summer-residence beside the church, and the celebrated region was called “the palace and temple of the fountain.”

When the Turks laid siege to the city, their principal attack was at the gate of St. Romanus, near this spot. The rude soldiers, encamped round it, destroyed its groves, dilapidated its walls, and defiled its fountain; but a traditional anecdote is told, which conferred, in the eyes of the superstitious conquerors, a character as miraculous as that which the Byzantines bestowed upon it. So sure were the infatuated Greeks of Divine assistance to repel their enemies, that they expected the angel Michael every moment to descend with a flaming sword and destroy them. When the Turks made their last successful attack, and entered the city over the body of the emperor, a priest was frying fish in a part of the edifice still standing; and when it was told him the city was taken, he replied, he could as soon believe the fried fish would return to their native element, and again resume life. To convert his incredulity, they did actually spring from the vessel into the sacred fountain beside it, where they swam about, and continue³⁰ to swim at this day. This circumstance is said to have rendered the place as miraculous in the eyes of the Moslems as the Christians; so they changed the name, to commemorate the miracle, into *Baloukli* or “the place of the fishes,” into which its former appellative merged, and by which it is now known.

As this was a place held by the Greeks, from the earliest times, in great distinction, and the Turks themselves partook of the impression it caused; it was the object of their attention, when the insurrection broke out in 1821. They rushed in a body to this celebrated place, tore down what of the edifice had been suffered to remain, and attacked the unfortunate persons who had presumed to venture to celebrate their primitive festival. In this state it continued for several years, and the traveller who visited it saw a desecrated ruin, occupied only by a poor Caloyer in his tattered blue tunic, lamenting over the devastation of his sacred enclosure. The miraculous fishes, however, seemed to be the only objects that did not suffer by the sacrilege. They still might be seen darting through the water, and the countenance of the poor priest lightened up with pleasure, when he could find them out, and say, *idhoo psari afthenti*—look at these fishes, sir.

At length, when affairs became settled, and the revolution was completed and recognized, a firman was issued by the sultan, to repair all the Christian churches that had been injured, and this was among the first to which attention was directed. The former celebrity and great sanctity

conferred upon it a more than usual interest; and the Russian government, as members of the Greek church, contributed to its re-erection on a more extended plan. It is surrounded by an area, in which is built a residence for the priests of the well. From hence is the approach to the church, which has a certain subterranean character, and is entered by a descent of marble steps. The interior has been finished with much care, indicating considerable anxiety to adorn such an edifice with corresponding ornaments. The walls are covered with a light and glittering coat of gold on white varnish, so as to resemble the finest porcelain China, and present a rich surface to the eye, perfectly dazzling. This effect is heightened by splendid glass lustres suspended from the ceiling, and presented by the emperor Nicholas.

Our illustration presents the church under its characteristic and usual aspect. Before the ornamented screen which separates the nave from the sanctuary, is stretched the sick brought here to be healed after the ablution of the water, by the panayia who presides over it. Another trait of Greek superstition is also displayed: at the entrance to the church is a large case, in which a number of slender tapers are deposited; every male, on coming in, purchases at this counter a taper, which he lights, and bears in his hand to a stand placed before the sanctuary. Here he sticks it on a point prepared for it, and suffers it to burn out, as a necessary part of his devotion. This ceremony is particularly practised by Greek mariners, who thus propitiate the Virgin before they sail. The Greek church, like the Latin, prescribes a formula for blessing those candles, and believe, that whenever the benediction is said over them, they have a power conferred upon them of chasing away demons and evil spirits when they are lighted.



T. Allom.

T. A. Friar.

GREEK CHURCH OF SAINT THEODORE, PERGAMUS. ASIA MINOR.

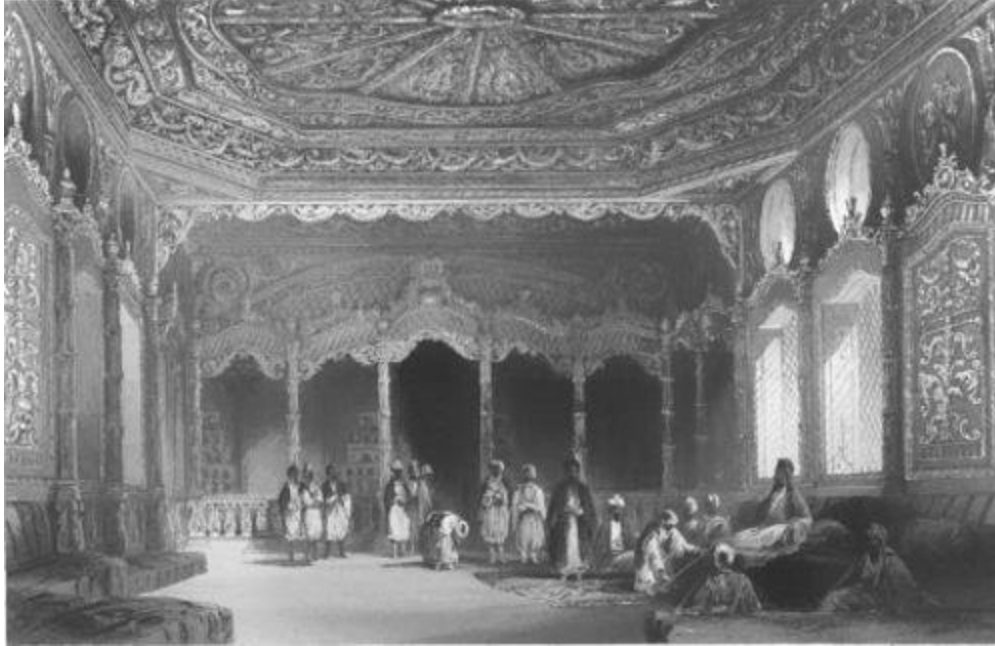
The Hagiography of the modern Greeks resembles, in many respects, the Mythology of their ancestors. Their saints are divided into Megalo and Micro, like the Major and Minor deities of their pagan forefathers. They attribute to them preternatural powers and miraculous gifts, the exercise of which is displayed pretty much in the same manner in both; and there are many of the same name, to each of whom the actions of all are sometimes attributed. The name of Ayos Theodoros is borne by five individuals in the Greek church, who have all festivals in different months in the year; there were three edifices consecrated to them in the capital; and churches bearing their name are found in every part of the empire where a Greek community exists, at this day.

Ayos Theodoros, which the church of Pergamus acknowledges, was called Stratiolites, or “the Soldier.” He was born at Heraclea, and was general under Licinius, the last rival of Constantine the Great. After various acts of valour and services to the state, he was decapitated by the tyrant, in 319, for his attachment to the Christian cause. He was brought by his adherents, to be buried at Apamea, which was thence called Theodoropolis; and pilgrims visited his shrine, and fulfilled vows in “the spiritual meadow” beside it, where many miracles were performed. His personal powers did not cease with his death. Like the twin-brothers, Castor and Pollux, he appeared in battle, and discomfited the enemies of his votaries. Six hundred and fifty years after his death, the wicked Johannes Zemiscus, by his aid obtained a signal victory. He is represented in armour with a sword and shield, consonant to his church-militant character. His effigy formed one of the twelve flammulæ on the ensigns of the empire; his shield is preserved in the church at Dalisand, in Asia; his body was brought by Dandolo from Constantinople to Venice, in 1260; but his head was claimed by another place, and deposited at Cajeta.

Other saints, of the same name, had various similar acts attributed to them, and were frequently confounded together. Theodore of Siceon in Galatia, was a prophet, and predicted that Mauricius should be emperor, which accordingly took place; and he was afterwards sent for to the imperial palace, to confer his blessing upon the new royal family. Another Theodore was particularly distinguished for his miracles. In the language of his panegyrist “he expelled devils, healed distempers, and conferred miraculous gifts on all who touched his tomb.” A fourth, seized with prophetic inspiration, and while sailing on the Nile, exclaimed “that Julian the apostate from Christianity was dead;” and his death was found to have occurred at that moment, in Persia: and so he emulated Apollonius Tyanæus in declaring the death of Domitian. The fate of the last of the name is somewhat peculiar: he lived at the era of the reformation of the Greek church, begun by Leo: he adhered rigidly to the worship of images, which was then proscribed, and³² carried them off whenever the Iconoclasts attempted to deface or destroy them. Certain Iambics were composed, in which the practice was declared superstitious and impious, and every person detected in it was seized, and a mark set upon him like Cain. The lines were indelibly inscribed on the person by puncturing them on the skin. In this way St. Theodore was stigmatized; the denunciation was tattooed on his forehead, and thence he obtained the name of Graft, or “the inscribed.” He is held in great estimation by the Latin church, as a martyr to orthodoxy; but is of no repute in the Greek, which still professes a horror at image-worship.

The present church of St. Theodore at Pergamus, is a poor, mean edifice, forming a strong contrast with the noble remains of the church of St. John, beside it: yet it is the only place of Christian worship now in the city. It stands on the side of the hill of the Acropolis, and appears but the remnant of a former church. The sanctuary is the only part not altogether dilapidated, the rest being only a mud-built heap. The screen, which in all Greek churches, however humble, glitters with gilding and gaudy paint, is here so dark and dingy, that even in the glow of the sun, or the ever-lighted lamps, the figures are scarcely discernible; yet it is pleasing to find, even in this dim temple, a spark of Christianity is cherished, likely to beam into a clearer light. The poor papas of the church have formed a school under the roof, in which more than thirty children are instructed, and the bibles of the British and Foreign Society are introduced.

Among the objects presented in our illustration, is one characteristic of the saint to whom the church is dedicated. The expulsion of devils was included among the miracles performed in the name of Theodore; and in our illustration is a poor maniac waiting before the sanctuary, for the purpose, while the appointed papas are exorcising him. A belief in actual possession by evil spirits, is the dogma of the Greek church at the present day; and in many of them are seen chains and manacles passed through rings in the floor, where the unfortunate maniac is bound night and day while the process of exorcism is being gone through. In a Greek monastery on the islands, is a chapel famed for the efficacy of its prayers in this way, to which patients are sent from Constantinople, and the floor of the church, at times, was almost covered with those demoniacs chained down to the ground. During the excitement of the Greek insurrection, the priests were the particular objects of Turkish persecution; and the Caloyers of this convent were particularly proscribed. They all escaped but one, and he was anxiously preparing to fly, expecting every moment his executioners; he saw them ascending the hill, on the summit of which the convent is situated, and, as a forlorn hope, he ran into the chapel, thrust his legs and arms into the fetters, and appeared violently possessed, so that no man "could bind him, no, not with chains." The Turks entertain great respect for maniacs, whom they believe to be, when bereft of reason, in the immediate care of Allah; so they only looked compassionately on the poor man, and left the church. The Caloyer escaped, descended in the dark into a caïque, which was secretly waiting for him, and escaped finally to Russia, the great refuge of the proscribed Greeks.



T. Allom.

T. A. Friar.

APARTMENT IN THE PALACE OF EYOUB, THE RESIDENCE OF THE ASMÉ SULTANA.

In the delightful region of Eyoub, not far from the tomb of the Ansar, and close upon the waters of the Golden Horn, is an imperial residence recalling the memory of the unfortunate Selim, who selected this quiet and delicious retreat for his sister, to which he might occasionally retire in pursuit of that tranquillity his gentle spirit was not doomed to enjoy, among the perils and tumults that disturbed his reign. It bears the impress of his hand. Though inclining to and beginning to adopt European usages, his taste was still Oriental. Unlike the bold and uncompromising character of Mahmoud, he halted between two opinions; and, while the new palace of the one exhibits on the shores of the Bosphorus a noble specimen of European architecture, the new palace of the other is no improvement on Eastern barbarism; the palace is perfectly Turkish.

On passing along the arabesque front, the gaudy glare of the gilded apartments within are reflected through any open casement with an almost painful and dazzling lustre, particularly if the sun shines, so as to repel the gazer. The reception-room, or salaamlık, the only part given in our illustration, is remote from the harem, from whose mysterious recesses all strangers are utterly excluded: it is entered by a close curtain or screen drawn across the door, and immediately falling behind the person who passes, and gives a kind of mysterious and jealous precaution even to this permitted room. Here a balustrade of pillars runs across, leaving a passage in the centre which is ascended by steps, so that the upper end is raised like the dais of our Gothic halls. This portion of the apartment is covered over with gilding; the walls are pierced with various niches and circular recesses, ornamented with pendent members like icicles, and recall the mind to the cloistered sculpture of our old churches, and, notwithstanding the bright

glare, convey the impression of gilding on a coffin. The panels are decorated with embossed festoons, glittering with burnished gold on a frosted surface. The ceiling, which in a Turkish apartment is always highly ornamented, is enclosed in an octagonal moulding with a central embossment, from which issue to the circumference radiating decorations; the ground is azure blue studded with gilded stars.

This spacious apartment, like every other room, is entirely divested of furniture. The only seats are cushions of a divan, like a sofa, running round all the walls, on which a man of elevated rank sits cross-legged, smoking a chibouque, whose long tube extends many yards on the floor below, where it is received into a gilded vase, and renovated by a kneeling attendant. Persons of inferior rank recline on carpets spread on the floor; beside the balustrade stand the mutes and black slaves, ready to do the behests of their master; and, as every person is admitted, he makes a profound salaam, nearly touching his forehead to the ground, on which he lays his hand, and then raises it to his head as if to scatter dust upon it. Such is the general description of every salaamlık, or hall of salutation, of which this imperial one is a model.

The edifice is appropriated to the Asm  Sultana, or sister of the reigning sovereign. The former tenant, for whom it was erected by Selim, was one of whom the scandalous chronicles of Pera reported many delinquencies: she was said to be of a perverse and implacable character, very different from her gentle brother; she was in the habit of fixing her affections on every one who struck her fancy, and allowed no restraint upon her will, which it was equally fatal to refuse or comply with. It was the agreeable recreation of all classes, Turks, Rayas, and Franks, to proceed either by land or water to some of the lovely valleys opening on the Bosphorus, and pic-nic on the grass; here she used to repair, and her approach among the various groups was described to be like the appearance of some bird of prey among the feeble flocks of smaller fowl. Every man trembled, lest she should fix her ominous glance on him. A dragoman of the English mission, who possessed a comely face, one day attracted her notice: a slave notified to him that a lady wished to speak with him, and he followed her, nothing loth. When arrived at where a group of Turkish women were seated, he recognized with horror the too-well-known countenance of the sultan's sister, through the disguise with which she had covered it. After some refreshments, which were handed to him, he retired, but was followed by the slave, who intimated to him to repair, at a certain hour at night, to her palace: instead of doing so, the dragoman immediately left the city, and proceeded to Smyrna, where he concealed himself. Meantime the rage of the disappointed lady became furious: suite and pursuite were made after him by her emissaries; nor was it till another object had attracted her volatile regards, that he ventured to return to his employment; and even then he lived in considerable anxiety. Another instance occurred soon after, which justified his apprehension. A man in the humble rank of a musician, attached to a band who were occasionally sent for to play at the seraglio, attracted her notice, and was selected as the fated object of her regard; he afterwards, in some way, incurred her displeasure, and he, and the whole company to which he belonged, were sacrificed. A ca que was sent for them from the seraglio to the Princess' Islands, where they resided, and they went as usual, without apprehension; the next day the ca que returned without them, but brought back their clothes to their distracted families; it was then learned that they had been all cut to pieces for the imputed offence of one man, and their bodies cast into the sea.

The sister of Sultan Mahmoud, the Asmé Sultana, who now possesses the palace, and occasionally visits it, is the widow of an officer of high rank, and conducts herself with discretion: she regulates her domestic affairs with strict propriety, and affords a protection to her dependents, which even her terrible brother, the sultan, dared not violate. Among the young ladies of her establishment was one who, without any high degree of personal charms, had attracted the notice of Mahmoud in one of his visits, and he immediately proposed to receive her into his harem; to his astonishment, this flattering proposal was declined by the girl. She resisted his offers, and preferred an humble attachment founded on mutual affection, to all the splendour that awaited her in the35 imperial seraglio. The sultan, rendered only more importunate by her opposition still persisted in his proposal, but was finally and firmly rejected; and he, whose look was death, whose nod consigned 40,000 formidable Janissaries in one day to utter annihilation, was unable to overcome the reluctance of a timid girl, and dared not violate the sanctity of that protection which the Asmé Sultana had afforded her; so she was ultimately allowed to follow the bent of her own inclination, and select a lover for herself.



T. Allom.

J. Tingle.

REMAINS OF THE CHURCH OF ST. JOHN—PERGAMUS. ASIA MINOR.

Among the first edifices, erected by Constantine the Great to Christianity, in his new city, was one dedicated to St. John the Evangelist, whom the Greeks hold in the highest veneration, and distinguish by the appellation of “The Great Theologian.” It was situated in the Hebdomum, or great plain, and was one of its most striking ornaments. In the subsequent reign of Theodosius the Great, the heart of St. John the Baptist, or, as the Greeks call him, the Prodromus, or “fore-

runner” of Christ, was discovered, and the precious relic solemnly deposited in this church of his namesake by the emperor. He then directed other edifices to be built to the great theologian in the cities where his churches of the Apocalypse were founded, and one of extraordinary dimensions at Pergamus.

This church was, next to that of Santa Sophia, the best model of a Greek Christian edifice. Its remains at this day are of gigantic proportions, and afford a melancholy memorial of the vast Christian population that required so large an edifice, where now the existence of Christianity is hardly known. It stands near the great khan of the city, and rises above all the other buildings, on which it seems to look down. The length of the ruin is 225 feet, and its height about half its length. It is built of layers of Roman brick and masses of marble; and everywhere abounds in the fragments of architectural ornaments, which seem to have been drawn away from other edifices to adorn it. Two rows of granite columns still stand, dividing it into two aisles, and supporting the gallery designed for females. In the Greek church they are always separated. An Oriental feeling secludes them behind close lattices above, while men only occupy the body of the church below. The altar still stands in a semicircular recess, flanked by copolas on either side, forming a spacious area of 160 feet in circumference, crowned with domes 100 feet in height, towering far above the external walls. The doors are very lofty, fronting a spacious curve in the opposite wall, which leads to a vaulted apartment supported by a massive pillar.

The Turks entertain for the name of St. John a considerable respect and veneration. He is recognized in the Koran as the son of Zacharias, and the account of him resembles that in the Gospel. His father was promised a child, and, from the age of his wife, he³⁶ doubted the fulfilment of it; as a token and punishment, he was struck dumb, and was unable to speak for three days. The Turks, who do not seem to make any distinction between the Evangelist and the Baptist, suffered this edifice to continue its Christian worship after they had overrun Asia Minor, and taken possession of this city of the Apocalypse; but on the subjugation of Constantinople, when Santa Sophia was assigned to the worship of Mahomet, this great Christian church shared its fate, and was converted into a mosque; but tradition says that a miracle caused it to be abandoned. To mark its appropriation to the Prophet, a minaret was built at one of its angles, as was done at Santa Sophia, where the muezzin ascended, and called the faithful to pray in it. In this minaret was a door which pointed to the west or setting sun, a proper orthodox aspect: when the muezzin returned next day to invite the people to morning-prayer, he could not find the door; and after an examination as to the cause of its disappearance, it was discovered that the tower had turned completely round on its base, and opposed an impenetrable wall to the entrance of the Islam priest: this was considered a plain indication of the will of Allah; so the edifice was restored to its former worship. This continued long after, till the decline and total decay of its Christian congregation; and still the semblance of it is faintly displayed. The traveller, in exploring his way through the ruins, is attracted by the light of a dim and dingy lamp, which he finds is placed before a dirty, tawdry picture of the panaya, stuck on the naked wall behind it. The poor Greek, his guide, as he passes it, first kisses it with affectionate respect, then kneels and bows his head to the ground, and offers up a short prayer to this his favourite picture. He then “goes on his way rejoicing,” but never presumes to pass without this tribute of devotion to the Virgin, though he probably knows nothing of the Evangelist to whom the church was consecrated. Other parts of the building are applied to the meanest uses; a portion of it is

converted into a manufacture of coarse earthen ware, and filled with heaps of mud, and rude and barbarous pottery.

As an appropriate object in our illustration, the stork is seen crowning the summit of a tower with its slender form and elongated limbs. This bird has been in all ages a never-failing inhabitant of Oriental towns, noted and celebrated for its qualities, which have conferred upon it its name; it is called in Hebrew *chesadao*, which implies “mercy or piety,” and alludes to the known tenderness and attachment of the bird to its parents, whom it is reported never to desert in advanced age, but feeds and protects even at the hazard of its own safety: its emigrating qualities are noticed by the most ancient writers: Jeremiah says, “Yea, the stork in the heavens knoweth her appointed time;”⁷ and nothing can be more striking than their appearance at the approaching period. They collect together in large detachments, and are seen wheeling about at an immense height in the air, above some lofty eminence, before their forward progress commences, like scouts sent out to reconnoitre the way; their white bodies, long-projected red legs, and curved necks turning to every point of the compass as if examining the road, give them a singular picturesque appearance, while the light, reflected from their bright colours, causes them to be distinctly seen at a great distance in the air.

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When they do depart for distant regions, their vigilance and precaution have been extolled by many writers; their leader appoints certain sentinels, to watch where they alight for repose; this they must do standing on one leg, while they hold a stone grasped in the claw of the other. If they are known to have dropped the stone, it is a presumption they have slept on their post, and are punished accordingly; when they arrive at the place of their destination, they take note of the loiterer who comes last, and he also suffers, as an example to the negligent. To the ingenious pictures of ancient writers and others, which tradition has handed down to us, the moderns have added many more.—The Psalmist says, “As for the stork, the fir-trees are her house,”⁸ and here they build at the present day, and seem to take under their protection a multitude of small birds, who make their nests among the materials of the larger ones, and form a numerous community. It is pleasing to see the harmony and affection that subsist between them; and the sense of security the smaller evince under the protection of their larger friends. Many of these are birds of passage also, but their size, and the feebleness of their flight, seem to preclude the possibility of a long journey; yet they all disappear together, so the Turks affirm that the storks take their little friends upon their backs, and every one carries as many as he can stow between his wings. It is certain, that when the storks disappear in the night, on the next day not a small bird is to be seen left behind them. From a belief in this and similar tales, the Turks confer a sacred character on the bird; and besides their general indisposition to hurt any animal in a state of nature, they peculiarly inhibit the destruction of a stork. Whoever injures one, incurs considerable personal danger. For this feeling, there is some reasonable foundation:—the marshes abound with reptiles of all kinds, generated in immense numbers in the rank slime of the soil. They are providentially the food of the stork, and, but for their consumption in this way, would so increase as to render the country uninhabitable by man. It appears from Pliny, that their utility for this purpose was so felt, that the penalty of death was decreed against any man who destroyed a stork.

Though the bird is seen in great numbers in all Oriental towns, Pergamus seems its favourite haunt; the inhabitants feel for it a fraternal regard, call it by endearing names, and affirm their attachment is so mutual, that it follows the Moslem people into whatever part of the globe they emigrate. They erect on their houses frame-work of wood, to induce the stork to build there; the public edifices are covered with them; the mosques and their minarets are full of their nests, and on every “jutting pier, buttress, and coign of vantage” is seen their “procreant cradle.” Below, they strut about the town with perfect familiarity, and are never disturbed by those they meet; and their tall, slender heads are seen rising among the turbans and calpacs of a crowded street. So jealous are the Turks of the friendship of this bird, that they affirm it never builds on an edifice inhabited by any but a Mussulman. It is certain they are seldom seen in the Greek and Armenian quarters; it is probable the timid Christians, from the apprehension of exciting the envy of their masters, discourage or repel the stork whenever it approaches their habitations.

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Drawn by Leitch.

Sketched by T. Allom.

Engraved by J. Sands.

MOSQUE OF SANTA SOPHIA, AND FOUNTAIN OF THE SERAGLIO. CONSTANTINOPLE.

This is another view of the same objects as were given in a former illustration; but their are presented under a different aspect. In the centre of the front is the Fountain built by Achmet, with its rich display of gilded arabesque, on a bright blue and red ground; on the left are the various edifices connected with Santa Sophia, the vast aërial dome swelling above them, and intended to

represent a section of the concave firmament; and on the right is the Babu Humayun, or, "Sublime Porte," already described.

From this gate is seen, in perspective, descending the hill, the turreted and battlemented walls of the Seraglio gardens, running down to the harbour, and supposed to be the remains of that very ancient fortification which marked the city of Byzantium, and cut off the apex of the triangle which it occupied. The street below it is the great avenue leading from the lower parts of the city to the Seraglio, and many characteristic displays of Turkish manners are exhibited in it.

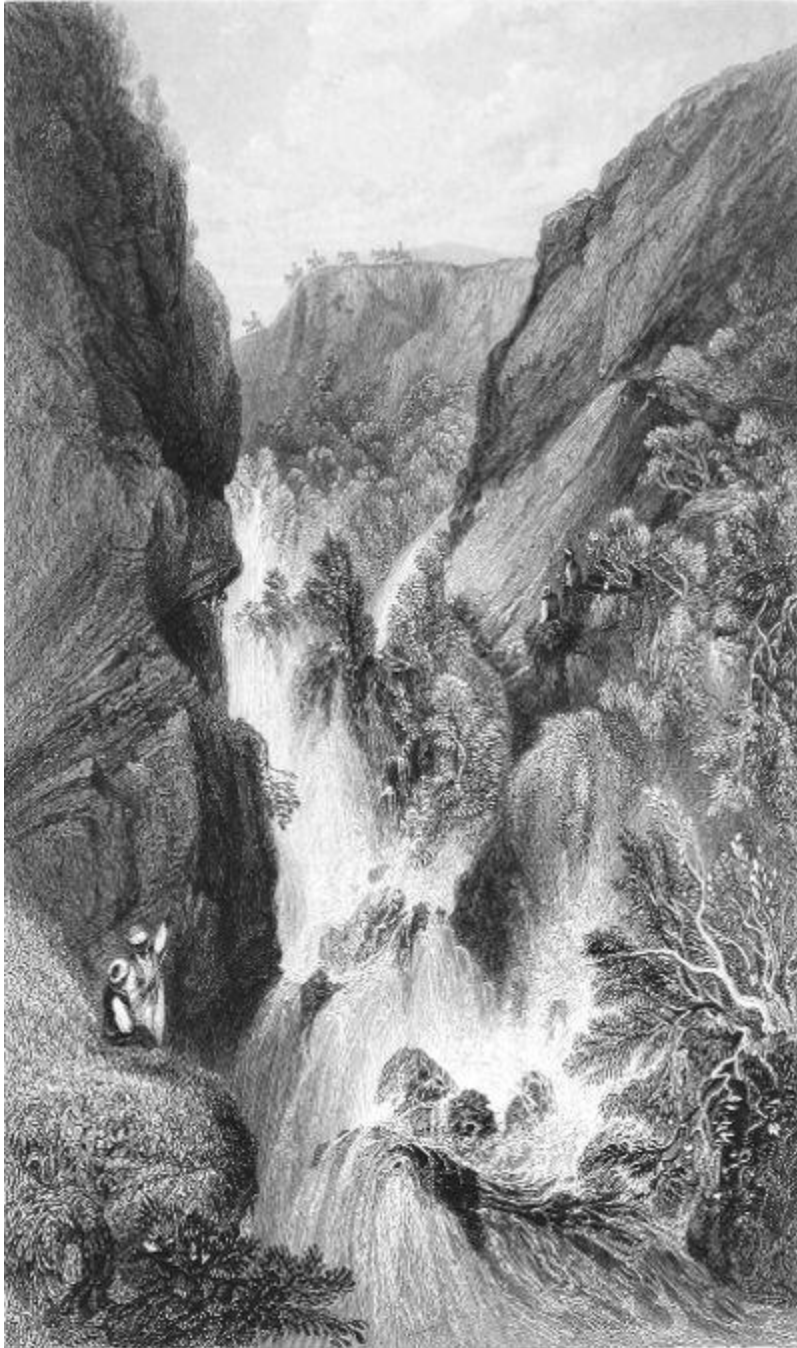
When an audience is granted by the sultan to a Frank ambassador, it is notified to him by the dragoman, and a very early hour is appointed for the purpose. Horses, richly caparisoned, are sent to convey him and his suite; and, before light in the morning, if it be not in summer, they mount in their grandest costumes. As all the Frank ministers reside in Pera, they have the harbour to cross, so they clatter down the steep and rugged streets leading to the water, at the imminent hazard of breaking their limbs, and display any thing but a grand and dignified procession. Having passed the harbour, they are received in a small mean coffee-house on the water-edge, where pipes and coffee are presented, after which they resume their march on fresh horses. There stands a great tree, at the point where some streets meet; here the cortege are directed to halt, and here they are condemned to wait till the grand vizir, and other functionaries, are pleased to issue from his bureau, in the Downing-street of Constantinople. The contemptuous manner in which infidel ministers were formerly treated, here began to display itself. Instead of the respect with which the representative of a brother sovereign ought to be received, he was kept standing in an open, dirty street, sometimes under heavy rain, for an hour or more, without the slightest attention shown, or notice taken of him, except being stared at, or called opprobrious names, muttered by some fanatic Turk as he passed by. At length the vizir was seen slowly moving down from his office; and it was supposed that he would courteously greet the expected ambassador, and apologize for his delay:—but no—he passed on with the most imperturbable gravity; not even condescending to look at the ambassador, or seeming to know that he and his suite were not part of the vulgar crowd. They were then permitted to move on, and follow, at an humble distance, the vizir up this³⁹ street, till they entered the Babu Humayun; and here commenced a new series of degradations, which have been already noticed. These barbarisms, however, are now passing away, and, among other ameliorations of Turkish manners, the sultan receives the representatives of his brother sovereigns in a more becoming manner.

As the houses in the street overlook the gardens of the Seraglio, strangers, who dared not enter, are led, by an idle and dangerous curiosity, sometimes to attempt to overlook the walls of the sacred enclosure, and see what is passing on the other side; and stories are related of persons sacrificed to the perilous effort. Some even who had no such object in view, have fallen victims to the jealousy of the harem. On one occasion, the friend of an Armenian merchant, who had a house here, brought a telescope, to examine the distant objects on the other side of the sea of Marmora: unfortunately the view extended across the gardens, and, while he was intently engaged in tracing the declivities of Mount Olympus, the sultan passed below, and caught with his eye the glitter of the glass of the telescope. Two chaoueshes were instantly despatched, who entered the house, and the unfortunate man found himself seized behind; and, before he had time to take the fatal instrument from his eye, a bowstring was put round his neck, and he was

strangled at the window, in view of the sultan, who, it is said, waited below to assure himself of the execution.

But this street witnessed a still more terrible display of Turkish vengeance. After the awful destruction of the Janissaries at the Atmeidan, they were everywhere hunted down like wild beasts through the city. Sometimes they were killed wherever they were overtaken, and their bodies suffered to remain weltering on the spot. Sometimes they were brought to some enclosure, where they were kept till a number was collected together, when armed men rushed among them, and they were destroyed in a mass. Some of them were dragged into this street from the neighbouring ones, as it was the great avenue leading to the Seraglio, and there sacrificed as a grateful offering to the sultan. Their heads were cut off, their trunks were drawn up at each side of the street, and for three days, the appointed time for executed bodies to remain so exposed, he passed up and down between this Oriental display of headless men, lining the street to do the sovereign honour; thus realizing, only a few years since, in a European capital, the horrid exhibitions in which a Bajazet or a Tamerlane delighted, centuries ago.

Along the wall near the great gate was the favourite spot selected for the suspension of those trophies which marked the triumph of Islamism over Christianity. On every victory obtained during their European wars, the standards taken from Germans, Russians, Hungarians, and other powers, were displayed here; and more recently the captive flags of the Greeks were constantly seen fluttering, in an inverted position, over heaps of ears and noses which were piled below. Among them were several on which was depicted the cross, and various representations of Christian events, but particularly the resurrection which was labelled “Anastasis,” intended to be emblematic of their political resurrection. But of all the standards, that of Ipsera was the most interesting. After a gallant and almost incredible defence of this little island against the Turkish fleet, which surrounded it on all sides, and poured in numerous troops at every point, these 40 few brave defenders were compelled to take refuge in their last fortress. Here they displayed their flag inscribed with their determination to die, and their actions coincided with the inscription. The Turks were permitted without much opposition to enter the fortress, and, when it was filled with the crowd, the whole was blown into the air. The last remnant of the Ipsariots, with an equal number of Turks, perished in one indiscriminate carnage. The broad flag which had floated over the self-devoted fortress, was brought in triumph, and suspended on this wall. It was of large size, and inscribed HAAHΘT, the Greek anagram of “Death or Freedom;” and while the passenger “contemplated its scorched and torn remnants hanging over the mutilated remains of the brave spirits who unfurled it, it forcibly recalled to his mind that desperate devotion which in all ages distinguished the Greeks.”



Drawn from Nature by F. Hervé

E. Benjamin.

PASS AND WATERFALL IN THE BALKAN MOUNTAINS.

This celebrated chain presents continually to the traveller a succession of objects sometimes minute and picturesque, sometimes vast and sublime. In the recesses between the high ridges, the scenery is rural and pastoral, equalling that of Arcadia; on the summits of the mountains, all

seems thunder-splintered rocks and riven precipices, where the ear is stunned with the roar of cataracts, as the eye is astonished and the senses are appalled by the vast chasms through which they rush. The Balkans are seldom seen covered with snows, and the waters are rarely arrested by ice. At no season is observed, as in the Alps, frost-suspended waterfalls,

“Whose idle torrents only seem to roar;”

but the sound of the bursting cataract never ceases, and the mountain-streams, fed by continued showers, do not depend on the solution of snows, but are always tumbling down the steeps and rushing through the ravines.

The beautiful waterfall given in our illustration, occurs in the pass by Bazarjik, not far from the village of Yenikui, half way up the mountain-side. In several parts of this pass, the vegetation is extremely luxuriant. Sometimes vast forest-trees are seen rising from the depths of chasms, and shooting their giant trunks, as they struggle up for light and air, till they reach the summit, and then, and not till then, expanding their noble foliage; while the eye of the traveller, looking down into the chasm from which they issue, is lost in the immensity of the depth, and cannot trace the vast stems of the trees to the ground. Sometimes the vegetation is of a very different character: the mountains are celebrated for the abundance of plants and shrubs used in dyeing, and parties set out every year, in the season, from Adrianople, Philopopoli, and other towns, to collect them. Nothing can then surpass the rich and glowing hue which clothes the surface. The deep crimson of the sumachs, with the varying colours of yellow, brown, purple, and the dark tints of the overhanging evergreens, give a beautiful variety, exceeding perhaps that of any other region on the surface of the earth.



T. Allom.

S. Fisher.

CITY OF THYATIRA.

ASIA MINOR.

The notice of Thyatira in profane history is brief. It is enumerated as one of the cities of Lydia, but not distinguished by any circumstances that would confer upon it celebrity among the Greek free cities of this region. When the all-conquering Romans possessed themselves of Asia, it fell under their power, and is mentioned by their historians. Livy says, Antiochus collected his forces at Thyatira, when he marched against their invading legions; he was defeated at Magnesia, and Thyatira with all the surrounding territories merged into a Roman province.

When Christianity began to expand itself, the inhabitants of this place early evinced a disposition to embrace its new doctrines. St. Paul, in his travels in Greece, met at Philippi a woman of Thyatira; she was concerned in the sale of purple, either the dye or the dyed cloth, for which the region in which her city was situated was then famous. It was extracted from the shell-fish abounding on the sea-coasts, and was in extensive demand as an article of commerce, used on various important occasions. It was selected by the Jews for the curtains of the tabernacle and the robes of the priests. Among Gentiles, the Chaldeans clothed their idols, and the Persians their great men, in purple; for Daniel was honoured with a robe of that colour when interpreting Belshazzar's dream, and Mordecai was arrayed in it when he was raised to the rank of minister of state. Among the Romans, it was the hue most precious, and distinguished their kings and emperors from the time of Tullus Hostilius to Augustus Cæsar. It marked the difference between the patrician and the knight, the youth and the child; the temples of the gods, and the triumphs of mortals, were adorned with it. It was the colour most prized and honoured both in the East and the West of the ancient world.

Lydia, the vender of this precious dye in Europe, which was imported from her own country, when she heard Paul expound the doctrines of Christ, at once embraced them. She was baptized by the apostle, who, at her entreaty, made her house his abode while he remained at Philippi. It is probable that this circumstance may have facilitated the reception of the gospel at Thyatira among the friends and commercial connexions of Lydia. A congregation was immediately after formed there, and the fourth church of the Apocalypse established. It was eulogized by the Evangelist for the good works of the new converts; their charity, their patience, their service in God's law, and all characters by which the primitive Christians were distinguished; but these high qualities were alloyed by the frailties of a corrupt nature, from which not even the purest Christian state was exempt. A woman named Jezebel, or whose character resembled that infamous one of the Old Testament, influenced and seduced them to evil; and, to reclaim them from their sinful practices, St. John sent them a solemn warning in his divine epistle to the Asiatic churches; but it does not appear with what success, for no further notice⁴² is found of the city, and its fate is involved in impenetrable obscurity. Its very site was lost in oblivion, and it was not till about a century and a half since, that travellers set out from Smyrna to ascertain its locality. At a Turkish village some inscriptions were discovered, on one of which was found the words ΚΡΑΤΙΣΤΗ ΘΥΑΤΕΙΡΗΝΩΝ ΒΟΥΛΗ, which seemed to decide the situation of the ancient town; its modern Turkish name is "Akhissar," or the White Castle.

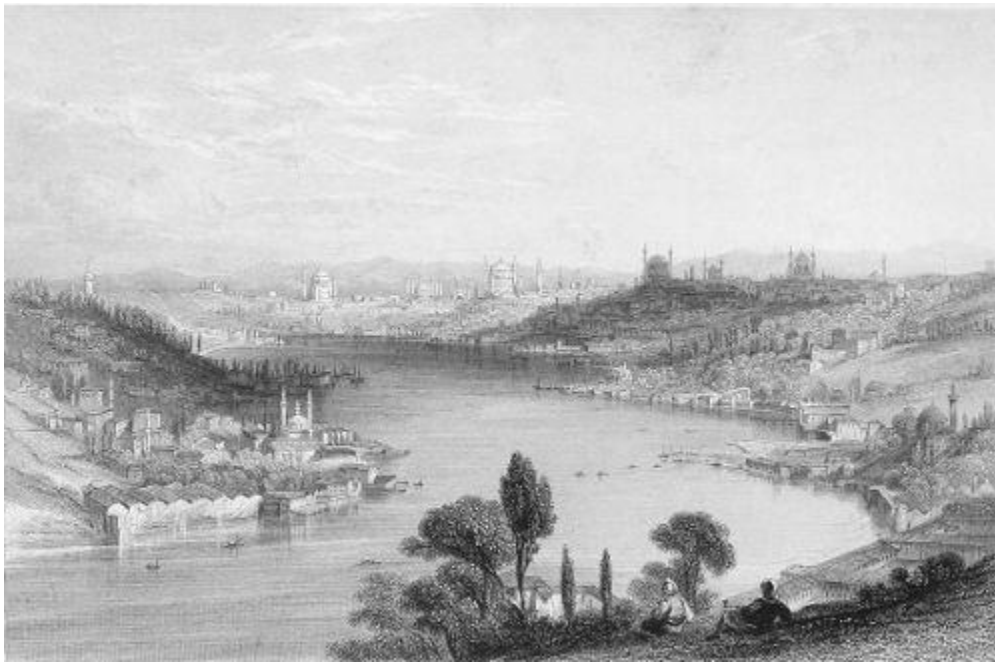
The town is approached by a long avenue of cypress and poplars, through the vistas of which, the domes and minarets of the mosques are seen shooting up. The background is closed by an amphitheatre of hills, circling the rich plain on which the city stands. On entering it a busy scene presents itself, forming a strong and pleasing contrast to what the mind anticipates in this obscure church of the Apocalypse. Stores, merchant shops, and a busy crowd bustling through them, give it the appearance of a thronged and opulent mart, such as perhaps Thyatira once was, when purple was its staple commodity. It still carries on an extensive trade in cotton wool, and is still famous for the *milesia vellera fucata*, which formerly conferred celebrity upon its neighbouring city.

The present population of Akhissar amounts to between six and seven thousand inhabitants, of whom 1,500 are Christians of the Greek and Armenian churches, which have each respectively a place of worship. That of the Greeks is very mean, and the earth and numerous graves have so accumulated about it, that it seems half buried, and is approached by a descent of many steps. This process seems to have gone on, so as to obliterate the former Christian edifices which stood here. There exist no traces of them above ground, but in excavating different places, the remains of masonry, to a considerable extent, are discovered, having once, according to tradition, formed the foundation of Christian churches. Shafts of mutilated columns are often found obtruding above the soil in cemeteries and other places—all that exist of buildings once standing on the surface. It is probable that many of these marked fanes dedicated to Diana, whose worship was very extensive in Asia, and not confined to Ephesus; she appears to have been the tutelary deity of Thyatira also, and several inscriptions intimate the extent of her influence and the devotion of her worshippers, till both yielded to a superior power, and the visionary train of heathen deities vanished before the light of the gospel.

Among the very agreeable accessories of this place, is the abundance of pure water with which it is supplied; perennial streams run down from the hills by which it is surrounded, and, meandering through the more level ground, and imparting freshness and fertility to the meadows and gardens of its environs, they enter the city, conducted by various courses formed for the purpose. This fluid, essential to the Osmanli, both as a natural and religious want, they prize and cherish so dearly, that expedients are used to collect it, where it is available. At Ak Hissar they have taken more than common care; they have constructed aqueducts consisting of more than 3000 pipes, from whence the water issues in various channels through the streets, so that the air in the heats of summer is constantly refreshed by the gushing streams, and the ear soothed by the gurgling sound. This water is remarkable for its salutary qualities; it is cool, sweet,⁴³ limpid, very grateful to the taste, and light of digestion to the stomach. The country about the town is rich and fertile to a high degree, and the air remarkable for its purity, fragrance, and salubrity; it has all those qualities which the bounty of nature has conferred on the lovely plains of Asia Minor, and has invited a larger population than is usually found in those beautiful but now desolate regions.

It is marked, however, by Oriental circumstances revolting to European feelings. It is surrounded by cemeteries more numerous than those found near much larger cities. Attracted, perhaps, by the odour of these charnel-houses, vultures abound here; instead of the cooing of doves which marks Philadelphia, or the crepitation of the stork's bill which distinguishes Pergamus, the scream of this ravenous and unclean bird is the sound most frequently heard; flocks are

constantly seen wheeling round in the air, or lighting by the road-side, covering the fields, and so tame as quite to disregard the approach of a passenger. It is this characteristic of the town which is presented in our illustration—one of its cemeteries strewn over with shafts and mouldings of former buildings now laid to mark the graves, and vultures flapping their wings over the corpse interred below.



Drawn by W. L. Leitch.

Sketched by T. Allom.

Engraved by H. Adlard.

CONSTANTINOPLE FROM THE HEIGHTS ABOVE EYOUB.

This view of the city is a companion for a former. The one presented it as it appears from the mouth of the Golden Horn, the other from its head; and it displays many objects of interest on both sides of a beautiful expanse of water, whose visible circumference may be estimated at 20 miles; the length of the whole harbour being about 15 miles, and its general breadth from 8 to 10 furlongs.

Where the Cydaris and Barbyzes discharge themselves into it, the slime and mud carried down by the stream are deposited; and it forms a flat alluvial soil, where extensive manufactories of pottery have been established. As this is in the vicinity of a royal kiosk, it has obtained the name of the Tuileries, for the same reason as the French called their palace—because it was built where a manufactory of tiles had been established. The deposit continues to fill up the harbour, and it is necessary to mark the new-formed shoals, for the direction of vessels, by stakes stuck in the mud, so that this part of the harbour exhibits a curious spectacle of a labyrinth of palisades.

Opposite these, on the northern shore, is the “Yelan Serai” or Palace of the Serpent forming an imperial residence. Many fantastic reasons are assigned for this name by the Turks, and stories told similar to that of the Kiz-Koulesi. But the simple reason seems to be, that the soil in this place abounds with these reptiles; and they so infested the palace that they were found coiled up on divans, and it was necessary to inspect every⁴⁴ couch and seat before it could be occupied; the kiosk has, therefore, been abandoned to decay. Though serpents seem now less numerous than formerly in this place, the deleterious character of it is not lessened. The mal-aria generated, spreads a venomous effluvia, as fatal as that of vipers; this is evinced on the residents. The barrack of the “kombaragees,” or bombardiers, who rendered such signal service to the sultan in extirpating the Janissaries, is not far from it, and their sallow and sickly aspect exhibits proof that health is assailed by an effluvia as mortal as the serpent’s breath.

Next in succession is the “Guiumuch Hané,” or Silver Foundry, from whence the prepared metal is brought to the Tarap Hané in the outer court of the seraglio to be stamped. There is no copper coin in circulation in Turkey; but silver is debased so as to become a more worthless metal. The coins of this imitation formerly were the asper, parasi, beslik, and onlik, they have become extinct except the parasi, and another, formerly unknown, introduced the piaster and its several denominations. The parasi is a minute coin, so very small and light, that it can only be taken up by the tip of a wet finger. Every shopkeeper has a board secured by a ledge and running to a point, on which the paras are reckoned, and then spouted into a canvass bag. At the present rate of exchange, this apparently silver coin is less than one third of a farthing, and, as all money is reckoned by it, a stranger is startled to see his baccul’s or huckster’s bills amount to 10,000 paras. Turkish coins contain no representation of the head of the sovereign, but give his name and title, the place where they were struck, the date and year of the sovereign’s reign; the inscription on the present, coin is—“Sultan Mahmoud ibn Sultan Abdul Hamed el Sultan ibn el Sultan,” that is, Sultan Mahmoud, the son of Sultan Abdul Hamed Khan, himself a sultan, and son of a sultan;” the reverse is—“Sultan alberim vehaka nul bahrim sarb fi Constantami,” that is, “Sultan, conqueror of the world, sovereign of men, struck at Constantinople.” All this is generally expressed by a convoluted cipher, called nizam. Three cities in the empire are allowed to coin, beside the capital; Adrianople, Smyrna, and Cairo.

This part of the harbour opens into a deep valley, ascending up to the high grounds on which stands the elevated village, called by the Turks Tatavola, and by the Greeks, Aya Demetri. Small streams, running down the sides of the hills, carry with them all kinds of offal, and the deposit below is sometimes so enormous that the whole surface becomes a most foul and putrid mass, the fumes of contagion, from whence it periodically expands itself over the city. So tremendous was the miasma generated on one occasion, that 1000 persons were brought out to be buried every day through the Top-Kapousi gate. It is in such places that the plague is never extinguished, but remains always slumbering, till some circumstance calls it into activity. But a still more dreadful calamity issued from this valley. It is supposed to be the avenue through which the Turkish fleet was conveyed into the harbour. Ascending from the Bosphorus by a corresponding valley on the other side, and climbing on machines the eminence between, the Greeks, secure as they thought themselves by closing the mouth of the harbour, were astonished to see the enemy’s fleet issue from the side of the hill, and ride directly under their walls. This decided the fate of the city—paralyzed by terror and despair, they made from that moment a feeble resistance.

The next object that presents itself is the village of Hasskui, the favourite residence of the Jews. It is computed, that there are 50,000 of these people living here, and in other districts, in or near the capital. They have a cemetery in this place, of considerable extent; and though the dead are assigned a residence on a healthful, breezy eminence, decorated with sculptured tombs and monuments of marble, inscribed with epitaphs in high relief, the abodes of the living are even more wretched than in any other place. They inhabit a valley shut out from the winds of the north by a high ridge of hills, and open to the sultry heat of the south; while the pestilential effluvia arising from the vegetable decomposition of the marsh, the suffocating smoke of brick and tile kilns, and the metallic vapours of the silver foundery, form the atmosphere they breathe. Their own habits are singularly dirty, and the streets are filled with putrid water stagnating into offensive pools, without any current of air to disperse the foul accumulation of gases in the atmosphere. They are a prey, therefore, to all the diseases resulting from such a combination of evils. Their houses are small, low, damp, dark, and unventilated; yet they contain a crowded population. The women living in such abodes are generally a deteriorated race. They marry at an early age, and bring forth children, diminutive, pale, bloated, and rickety. On every Saturday, their day of rest, they are seen swarming about the open doors, to breathe, as it were, a pure air; and a passing stranger is astonished at so wretched a population. The adult males are distinguished by dirty ragged garments. Small mean hats, bound round with a coarse cross-bar cotton handkerchief; trousers which scarcely reach to the leg, exposing stockings full of holes. The people here, like the Ephraimites, seem doomed to a sibboleth—a pronunciation so imperfect, that they are scarcely understood in any language they attempt to speak. They snatch with avidity at things rejected by others as unfit to be used. Their soiled ragged clothes are the refuse of other men's dress; and their food, whatever withered vegetables or stale meat are cast away as improper for human consumption. They exercise all callings by which money can be made, and make no exception to the vilest; but particularly delight in the sale of old clothes, a propensity which seems to mark them in every country where they are scattered. Such are the characteristics which distinguish this people in whatever district they are established, forming a striking contrast with all about them, and evincing the indelible impression of a peculiar nation. Above Hasskui is the village of Halish-oglon, inhabited by Armenians; and while these robust, comely, healthy, and well-dressed people breathe the pure air in fine spacious houses above, the miserable Jew is thrust down below, grovelling in dirt, disease, and misery.

Near this is a mosque, distinguished by an extraordinary circumstance. The minarets attached to every other, are always seen of a pure white, and carefully kept so, particularly those of Imperial edifices: but the minaret here is red, and displays the only one so coloured, perhaps, in the Turkish empire. The reason assigned for it is characteristic of a Turk. When Constantinople was besieged by Bajazet, a desperate conflict took place in this valley, and the effusion of blood was so great from the slaughter of the Greeks, that it rose to the height of the minaret; and when it subsided,⁴⁶ it left its own colour upon the tower, which it has ever since retained in memory of the event.

The palace of the “Tersana emini,” or master of the arsenal, next comes in view and the extensive and noble establishment over which he presides. The stores, docks, and other edifices connected with it, extend for nearly a mile and a half along the shores of the harbour. They are

constructed of solid masonry, and contain rope-yards, and an hospital: 500 labourers, and the same number of slaves in chains, condemned for various offences, are daily at work there. The forests near the Black Sea furnish an inexhaustible supply of timber; hemp for cordage, and metal for ordinance, are ready in abundance in the neighbouring shores of Russia. Should any cause interrupt the communication, and render these resources unavailable, supplies of all kinds are found within the limits of the Ottoman empire. Negroponte sends pitch, tar, and rosin; Samsoun, hemp; Gallipoli and Salonichi, gunpowder. With these materials the Turks launch the largest ships in the world; but, manned by inferior crews, they are weak and worthless. They are seen riding before the arsenal, and among them the Mahmoud, supposed to be the largest vessel of war ever built. She is 223 feet long, is pierced for 140 guns, some of her carronades carry sixty-pound balls, and her burden is 3,934 tons. During the Greek war, these vast machines suffered severely from the small-craft of their more skilful and active enemies; and such was the terror their brulots inspired, that the Turks did not consider their ships safe, even within the protection of their harbours. Each of them, therefore, was insulated by a pile of stakes, to which were moored rafts, where sentinels kept watch night and day, warning off even the smallest caïque that approached. They were supplied with heaps of stones, piled on the rafts like cannon-balls, and pelted without mercy every incautious straggler that came within the reach of their missiles.

On the water's edge, raised on piles, is seen the elegant edifice of the "Divan Hané," or Council Chamber of the Admiralty. It is a light and airy specimen of Oriental architecture, of which the Turks are vain. It was built by two ingenious Greek architects, who soon after disappeared. It was said they were put to death by their employers, lest they should build another to rival it. Besides, it is the "Caïque Hané," or Arsenal of the Sultan's Barges: and near this, the quarters of "Galiongees," or Marines. These soldiers of the fleet are distinguished by the richness and gaiety of their dress, and by the assumption and insolence of their demeanour.

In the rear of the arsenal appears the tower of Galata, shooting up its tall spire above the hills, that its vigilant sentinel should command a view of whatever fire may burst out, and its beacon-drum may be heard far and near, whenever it announces one to the Bektchi, who, with his iron-shod pole stamping on the pavement below, alarms the sleepy inhabitants. From hence the sweep of the shore gives to the water the appearance of a lake, and the peninsula of Constantinople seems joined to that of Pera. Along the horizon are seen the Imperial mosques, crowning the seven hills; Santa Sophia impending over the gardens and kiosks of the seraglio; the mosque of Achmet distinguished by its six minarets; Bajazet; the vast Sulimanie apparently as large as the hill on which it stands; Osmanie, Mahomet II., and Selim.

Returning by the harbour along the water's edge, the various objects of the city come in view. The Yeni Djami, close on the shore, erected by the piety of the Sultana Valadi, mother of the reigning sovereign, from the dower settled on her, not to purchase pins as in Europe, but paponches or sandals, and hence the edifice is called the "Mosque of the Slipper." Next the district called "Istambol dichare," or exterior quarter, comes in view. This is the alluvial portion, lying between the walls and the water, and formed by the deposits of charcoal, ashes, and various heaps of dirt brought from the higher grounds by the many little rills which trickle down. It is a black, muddy stratum, seldom exceeding forty or fifty yards in breadth, but extending the length of a quarter of a mile. The streets formed on it are narrow, wet, and dirty, but far more populous

than any other part of the city. Various iskelli, or slips, project into the water, whence passengers pass from side to side. It is the inlet for all foreign merchandise brought by Frank ships to the harbour. Tobacco, oil, wood, flour, green and dried fruits, are stored in various warehouses. Here, too, is the great depôt for gunpowder, which lies among wooden houses, with oil, charcoal, and other inflammable substances, where the crowded population are all smoking, and casting about the red embers of their chiboques, originating some of those tremendous conflagrations, which have at different times devastated the city.

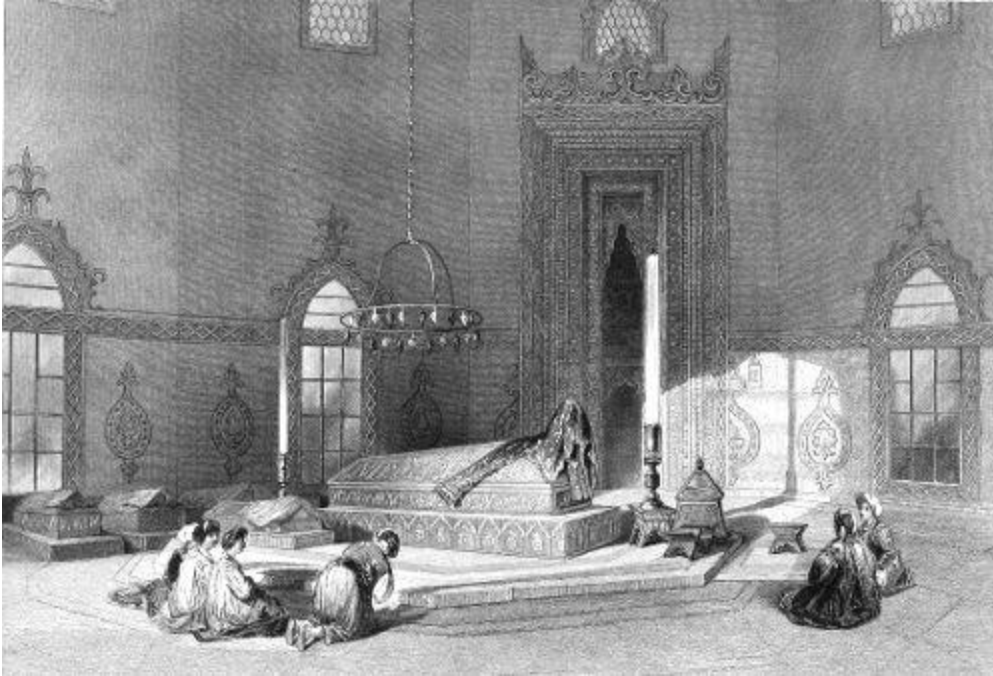
It is here the Emirs reside, who are supposed to be the descendants of Fatimah, the daughter of Mahomet. They are endued by the Prophet with the faculty of healing all diseases by praying, breathing, and touching, but particularly erysipelas and eruptive distempers. They are allowed by the Porte a tahim, or a certain quantity of provisions for their maintenance, on the condition of dispensing their gift of the healing art to the people; and the patient is enjoined to give them for every cure a fee of five paras, something less than a farthing. They are distinguished by green turbans and a tebsib, or “chaplet of beads,” on which they count their prayers for the recovery of their patients. Their mode of cure is simple. They are found standing in the streets; and when a diseased man distinguishes the green turban among the crowd, he approaches with reverence. The emir lays his thumb on the side of his nose, breathes upon his forehead, utters a short prayer, and the cure is effected in five minutes. A belief in the efficacy of touch and prayer, in healing disease, is universal among the Christian and Jewish, as well as the Islam population of Constantinople, and constantly resorted to.

The Fanal, or celebrated Greek quarter, now succeeds. It is so called from a “phanar,” or light-house, which illumined the gate, and was assigned exclusively to the Christians, on the capture of Constantinople. Here is the residence of the patriarch, and here the venerable head of the Oriental church was hanged over his own gate-way, when the Greek insurrection commenced in the province, and hence his lifeless body was dragged through filth and mud with gratuitous insult by the Jews, and cast into the water. Here also is the metropolitan church, conferred by Mahomet II. on the Christians, when the Moslem took possession of Santa Sophia. Among the reliques which confer interest and

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value to this edifice, is the actual pillar to which our Saviour was bound when he was scourged, and the chair inlaid with mother-of-pearl, from which Chrysostom, with “the golden mouth,” delivered those eloquent homilies, which have been handed down to us in fourteen folio volumes. Here reside the seven princes of the Greek nation, which formerly filled the office of hospodars of Wallachia and Moldavia, once the proud and the powerful, but now steeped in misery and humiliation. The streets of this celebrated district are dark and dirty; the houses, mean and neglected. During the tempest of the revolution they were entirely sacked by the Turkish mob, the property of their inhabitants confiscated by the government, the princely population strangled or exiled; and the Fanariots, once composing a noble and opulent community of 40,000 persons, are now confined to half the number, and that half reduced to the most abject poverty.

After the Fanal succeeds the district of Blachernæ, where the wall, which runs from sea to sea, meets the harbour, and impends over it with its lofty battlements. From hence it reaches to Eyoub, and that singular factory is seen on the water's edge, so peculiar to the present state of Turkey. A distinguishing characteristic of the turban was a small red cap, called a fez, which covered the crown, and round which the turban was wound. When this ponderous head-dress was laid aside by the sultan, the fez was retained, as a remnant of Orientalism, but as its circumference was less than that of a saucer, its border was enlarged till it reached the ears, and it became the adopted and distinguishing covering of the head under the new regime. It was originally manufactured at Tunis, and cost the government such immense sums, that the sultan resolved to establish a manufactory of it at home, and extensive edifices were erected for the purpose. A number of African workmen were invited, and they succeeded in every thing except the vivid colour, the preparation of which was kept a profound secret at Tunis. At length the process was discovered by an intelligent and enterprising Armenian; and the establishment, now complete in all its parts, exceeds, perhaps, that of any in Europe. Nearly one thousand females, of all persuasions, Raya as well as Turk, assemble here, and receive the wool weighed out to them. This they knit into caps of the prescribed form, and then return them. They are next subject to a process of fulling, and teazel heads, to raise the knap, then to clipping with shears, and finally pressed under a screw, till at length the texture becomes so dense as to obliterate all trace of knitting, and appears like the finest broad cloth. When it has attained this state, it is dyed by the newly-discovered process, and assumes a hue of rich dark scarlet or crimson. The altered shape of the cap is now a cylinder with a flat top, from the centre of which a thrum of purple silk-thread depends, encircled by a piece of crumpled white paper, which is always suffered to remain as part of the ornament. This, which resembles the undignified red night-cap of Europe, drawn down about the ears, is the regulation cap, which the sultan presented to all his subjects as the first reformation in Oriental dress, and which he wore himself as an example to others: but it is a miserable substitute for his splendid turban. The demand for it, however, is so great, that 180,000 are here annually manufactured, and sent to all parts of the empire. They impress it with the sultan's cipher, and thus designate it as of imperial manufacture.



W. H. Leitch.

G. Presbury.

MAUSOLEUM OF SULTAN MAHOMED AND HIS FAMILY, BRUSA.

ASIA MINOR.

A tomb attached to an Imperial mosque is called a Turbé. It is usual for every Sultan to erect one for himself, in which the mortal remains of himself and his family are deposited, and it forms a detached portion of the Djami which he has built. Whenever any cause prevents him from performing this sad but pious duty before his death, the tomb of one of his ancestors is assigned for the purpose. This permission for intrusion into the precincts of another's resting-place, is subject to the assent of the reigning Sultan that succeeds him, who from any cause may exclude his body, and send it to be interred in a strange sepulchre. The Valadé Sultana, or Queen-mother, has also a right to erect a Turbé for herself, and for such members of the Imperial family, male or female, as she chooses to admit. These are the only inmates of the Seraglio who are legally allowed to enter these sacred precincts; but when a Sultan wishes to pay particular respect to the memory of a departed Vizir, he suffers him to be buried in a corner below the grating: but this distinguished honour, and strong mark of personal affection, has been conferred on few, and the ashes of the Imperial descendants of the Prophet are seldom polluted by such profane mixture. No kadinos, or odalique, whatever attachment the Sultan may feel for her during life, is allowed to approach him when life becomes extinct. There is, however, a separate public cemetery in the centre of the city, reserved exclusively for the deceased female population of the Seraglio.

The body of the person permitted to be here interred, is simply buried in a grave dug for the purpose, and covered with earth in the usual manner of Turkish sepulture. This grave, generally surrounded with masonry, is the sarcophagus where the body is left to decay. It is approached by a passage protected by an iron grating; through which, on occasions of more than usual

importance, the body may be approached, and its state examined; but no human being save the existing Sultan is allowed to enter, and profane by a glance of his eye the mouldering remains of one who had sat on the throne of the Osmanli. Over the grave thus formed is raised a Catafalque of wood, called a Sanndoucha. This is covered with plain stuffs and shawls, of different qualities and manufacture. Through this is embroidered in gold, various passages of the Koran. Frequently a deputation is sent to Mecca for a strip of the veil of the Keabé, or to Medina for a portion of that which covers the tomb of the Prophet. This forms a decoration to that part of the covering which is over the head of the deceased. There is also laid beside the head of a Sultan, or prince of the blood, a turban of muslin, to distinguish them from others. At each end of the Sanndoucha are enormous wax tapers, and suspended from the roof are circular lamps. The first are seldom used, but the last are kept constantly burning. The apartment is lighted from without by casements of gilded lattice-work, through which even a Giaour is allowed to view the interior.

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The greatest simplicity is observed in the interior of these Turbés. There are no gilded ornaments, no display of pomp or splendour which distinguished the tenant of the tomb while alive. The walls within are generally covered with square slabs of porcelain marked with poetical inscriptions. These are said to be the composition of a blind Arabian poet, named Boordé, who, like Homer, wandered about reciting his rhapsodies, and who has obtained as much celebrity in the East, as his Greek predecessor in the West. The Achilles of his poem is Mahomet.

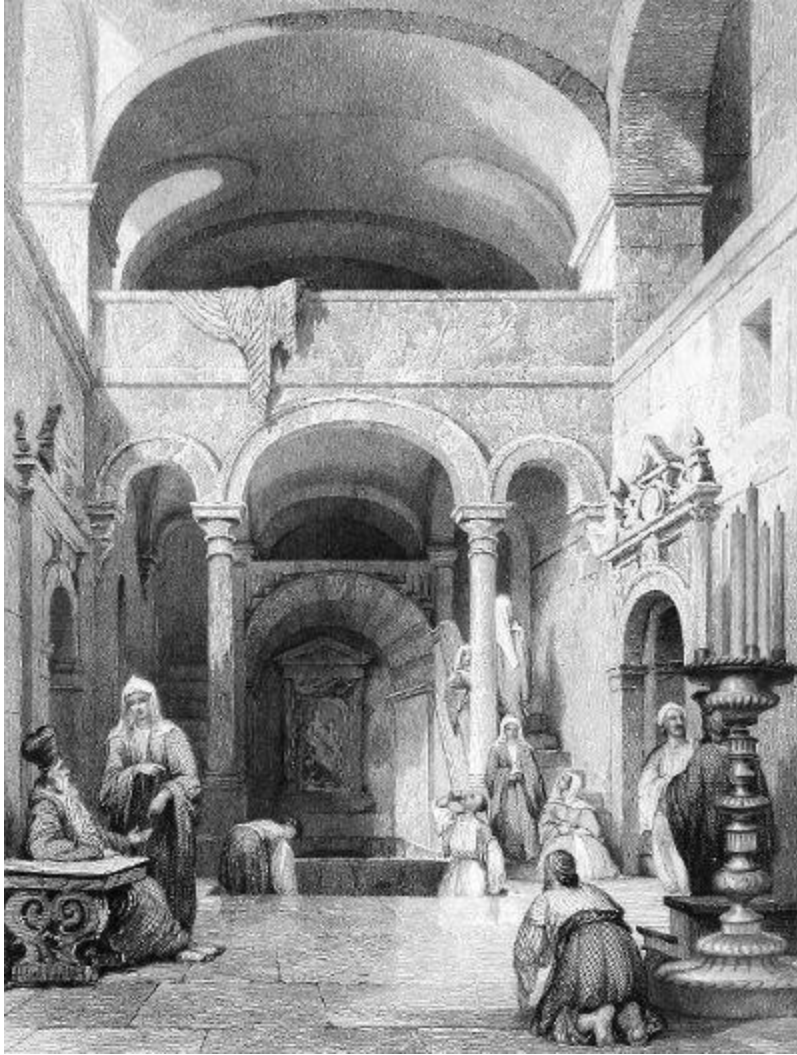
Each Turbé has six guardians, called Turbedar, and twelve aged men called Djuzê Khenana, or “reciters of the sacred page.” Their duty is to repeat the whole Koran every morning, for the repose of the souls of the departed. Each undertakes a certain number of pages, or Djuzy, till the whole is gone through. Among the acts of piety which a Sultan sometimes imposed upon himself, was transcribing the Koran with his own hands. These pious MSS. are always deposited in the Turbé of the transcriber. They are all marked with the name of the person, and form a singular and interesting series of Imperial autographs. When a stranger is admitted to see the interior of a Turbé, the Turbedar never fails to show their manuscripts, to which they attach a solemn interest, particularly to that of Mahomet II., who, in the midst of excited passions, turbulent events, and ferocious cruelties, calmly sat down to write out the precepts of his religion; and it appears did so with a tranquil mind and steady hand, as his autograph at this day testifies. Besides these Imperial Korans, a number of copies are kept, which the Turbedars present to every person who enters, that he may join with the reciters in their pious labours.

These Imperial sepulchres are much frequented by the Turks for various reasons. Some resort thither from affection to their ancient masters, particularly officers of the Seraglio. Others are drawn by feelings of general devotion to the sacred dead, whom they consider as Kalifs, or lineal descendants of the Prophet, and as such invested with an hereditary sanctity. But the tombs most frequented are those of Bajazet II., Mahomet II. and Selim I. Every day these visits are paid by some, but it is during the season of the fast of the Ramazan, and the seven holy nights, that they are crowded. The officers of the Seraglio, either from inclination or command, perform this duty of respect to the deceased Sultan for forty successive days after his death. The example is set by the reigning Sultan, who thinks this a task of indispensable obligation to his predecessor, whom perhaps he had ordered to be strangled or poisoned; and, as if to atone for his offence, gives

liberally to the guardian, and distributes alms in every direction. Alms is the indispensable duty of every Moslem; the Koran says that “prayer conducts halfway to heaven—fasting brings to the gate—but alms alone procure entrance.” When no such occasion calls for this bounty, it is demanded by other causes. If any unfortunate event has occurred to himself—if any public calamity assails or threatens the state—or if any important enterprise is to be undertaken, destiny is propitiated in this manner.

In the city of Constantinople there are eighteen Imperial Turbés, where the monarchs repose who died after this city had been made the capital of the Turkish⁵¹ Empire; and in Brusa there are six, in which are deposited the remains of those who sat on the throne in this Asiatic city, before the empire was transferred to Europe: Gummusch Kubbe, where the bodies of Osman I. and Orchan are deposited; Dic Kirke, where the corpses of Murad I., Bajazet I., and Murad II. are laid; and Yeshil Jami in which moulder the remains of Mehmet, or Mahomet I. This last is that given in our illustration, which presents the general features in all Turbés. The head of the Sanndoucha, principal Catafalque, is covered with cashmere shawls, &c., part of the veil said to be taken from the covering of the Prophet’s tomb at Medina; the rest, is green with gilded mouldings. At each end are the enormous unlighted tapers which stand at the head and feet of the deceased, and above the circle of suspended lamps by which the mausoleum is always illuminated. The sides are covered with porcelain tiles. Around, on the matted floor, are the “Reciters” going through their daily task, and at one end is the case where their copies of the Koran are deposited. Behind are the smaller tombs of the various members of his family admitted into the sacred enclosure.

There is something in every form of Turkish sepulture, strikingly adapted to the end proposed, and displaying a strong contrast with our own. Death, without being divested of its solemnity, is disarmed of everything that could disgust and repel. The dark and pensive cypress groves, with their evergreen foliage and aromatic resinous exudation—the friend seen watering the flowers, or feeding the singing birds, which are supposed to gratify the dear object that lies below—exhibit spectacles far more interesting and affecting than the foul and mouldering heaps, and disgusting dilapidations of our dismal church-yards; while the Imperial Turbés, where every thing is simply neat and soberly decorated, are very different indeed from the dark and noisome cells of our regal monuments.



T. Allom.

J. Tingle.

SPRING OF THE MIRACULOUS FISHES AT BALOUKLI. NEAR CONSTANTINOPLE

Of all the “Ayasmata,” or Holy Wells, in the vicinity of Constantinople, this is held in highest estimation by the Greeks, whose faith in its efficacy seems daily to increase. Many poets have devoted their gift of verse to its celebration; but two are more eminently distinguished. Nicephorus the most Beautiful, called, from his mellifluous song, the “Attic Bee;” and Johannes with the flowing hair, who acquired for himself the name of the “Sweet-voiced Grasshopper.” The former thus eulogizes the health-giving spring.

The stricken rock sent forth the bubbling tide:
That rock was Christ, the sacred bards declare—
The perishable nature never died,

Which drank its rill.—But, lo! faint mortal, where
Another fount his pitying mother gives.
Approach—the dying man who drinks it lives.

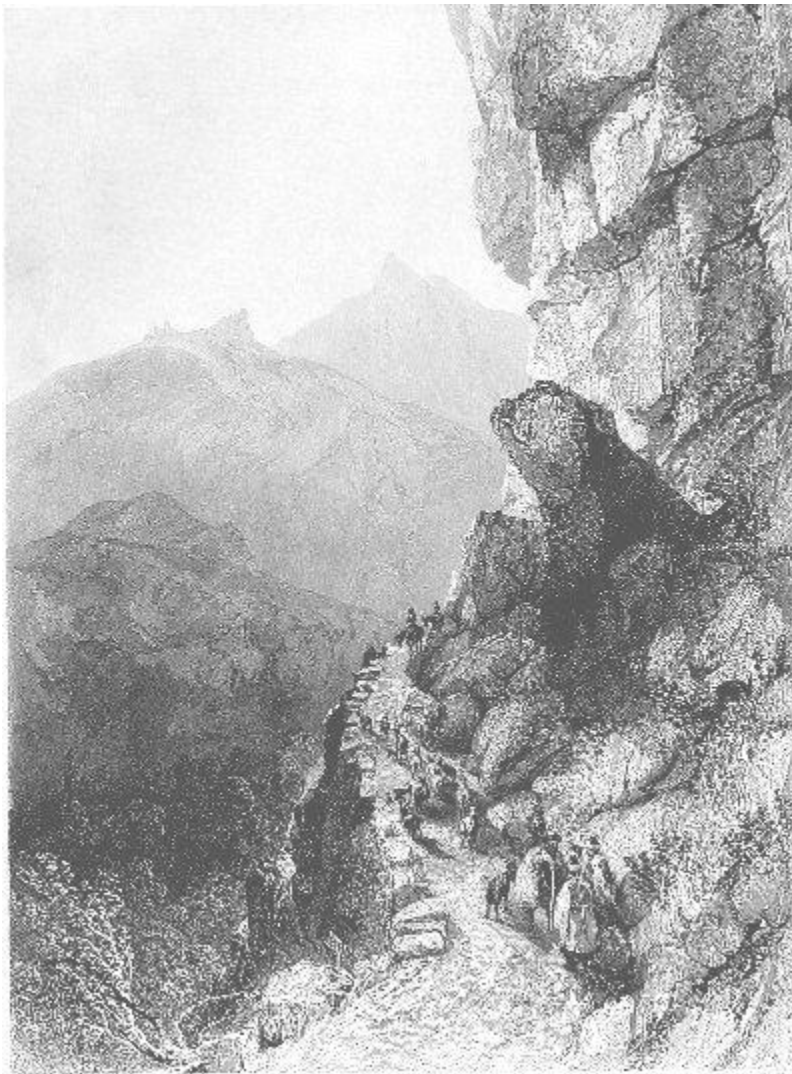
This invitation was obeyed, and crowds rushed to drink the gifted waters. The 29th of April was appointed, in the Greek church, for the celebration of a festival in honour of the Spring, and the day always displayed an extraordinary spectacle of Greek credulity and enthusiasm. During the disturbance of the insurrection, this ceremony had been suspended. Those who attempted to celebrate it were attacked by the Turks, who assaulted and dispersed the crowds, and the sacred fount was approached only secretly and occasionally by individuals. But when tranquillity was restored, and the Greeks were again allowed to resume the celebration of their religious rites, the multitude thronging to this place on the appointed festival was astonishing. A traveller who was induced to witness it, even before the church was rebuilt, passed with a whole fleet of *caïques* from Pera and Constantinople, to the nearest landing-place on the Sea of Marmora. From thence there was a constant current of people ascending through the city to the Selyvria gate, and on issuing from that, he found the whole plain densely crowded for several miles with a concourse of Turks as well as Christians; it resembled an English fair, where refreshments were sold, trinkets and wares exhibited, and all sorts of amusements practised. Bulgarian minstrels, the constant attendants on such meetings, walked pompously about, blowing their enormous bagpipes; crowds of Greeks, holding white handkerchiefs so as to form a long chain, went through all the mazes of the *romaika*, while a vast number of Turkish females, shrinking from such a display of themselves, sat decorously and quietly on the elevated banks, in various groups, passing from mouth to mouth the tube of one long *chibouque*, or *nargillai*, while the bowl or vase remained fixed in the centre, and the mouth-piece went round the circle. Though more passive in their admiration, they seemed no less interested in the object of the festival.

But the crowds congregated about the sacred well were far more seriously engaged: various “impotent folk, of blind, halt, and withered,” were placed near the waters, like those of the pool of Bethesda, brought there to be healed. They lay stretched on carpets or blankets, on which all the pious who passed, threw money, till the patient and his bed were spangled over with *paras*. In different parts of the ruined edifice were priests in their richest vestments, who displayed the most celebrated and wonder-working relics of their church on shrines erected for the purpose, and supported, in both their hands, capacious silver dishes, which were filled with the contributions of the crowd. But the ardour and enthusiasm of the devotees who repaired to the well for health exceeded all belief. Priests stood around the Spring with pitchers in their hands, which they constantly filled, and handed up to those about them. They were eagerly seized by every person who could catch them, and poured with trembling emotion on their heads and breasts, where they were rubbed, so that every particle of the health-giving fluid might be imbibed by the pores of the skin; while those who could not pay for, and were not favoured with this precious ablution eagerly caught at the stray drops with their hands, and applied them reverently to their faces and bosoms. Occasionally, a frightened fish darted across the bottom of the well; and when a glance of this weird phenomenon was caught by the crowd, a shout of exultation was raised, followed by a low murmur of praise and thanksgiving for the miracle.

When the church was re-edified, the Spring was also repaired, and the annual ceremony was observed with equal enthusiasm, but somewhat more decorum, in the regular edifice, than among

the dilapidated ruins. The chancel of the church, as the most sacred⁵³ part, was built directly over the well, and from thence there is a descent by a flight of stone steps. This terminates in a vaulted apartment, ornamented with niches surmounted by handsome pediments, which resemble the porches beside the pool of Bethesda; and in the centre is a square enclosure, surrounded by a marble parapet, within which the sacred Spring now bubbles up. Behind it, under an arcade supported by marble pillars, is the shrine of the panaya, by whose bounty the waters were endued with their inestimable virtues, lighted by a perpetual lamp. On the occasion of the grand festival, the vault is illuminated by the enormous chandelier which is seen on one side.

Our Illustration presents the characteristic features of this abiding superstition of the modern Greeks. Down the steps are seen descending the devout to this pool of Bethesda who expect to see the miraculous fishes, like the angel, “trouble the waters”, and then to partake of its healing qualities. Within the enclosure of the well are men eagerly imbibing the precious fluid; and on each side are papas in their robes, strengthening the faith of the pious, and receiving the price of the miraculous waters.



ASCENT OF THE HIGH BALKAN MOUNTAINS. ROUMELIA.

Among the many wild and stupendous objects presented by the different passes through this magnificent chain, those by Tornova are, perhaps, the most striking. Tornova is the seat of a bishop of the Greek church, rendered particularly interesting to the people of England by the conduct and character of its present prelate, the learned Hilarion. When the British and Foreign Bible Society proposed to place the word of God within the compass of every man's understanding, by translating it from the dead language in which it was written, and presented it to him in his vernacular tongue, some of the prelates of the Greek church, like those of the Latin, were opposed to the measure; but the late excellent patriarch, Gregory, who fell a victim to Turkish cruelty at the commencement of the revolution, was too pious and too enlightened to sanction such a sinful exclusion. He therefore gave his free consent to have the Scriptures rendered into modern Greek for the use of the laity of his flock, and it was assigned for that purpose to Hilarion, one of his clergy distinguished for his learning and piety. The circumstance caused no small degree of excitement in the Greek church. The great majority who favoured the measure were ardent in their wishes and zealous in their endeavours for its speedy accomplishment. The indefatigable Hilarion proceeded with his pious task, which was to effect the same reformation in the Greek as it had in the Latin church. It was actually put to press in the printing establishment of the patriarchate, and the first sheet of the precious work thrown off, when the Turks, excited, it is suspected, by the enemies of the measure, rushed in with axes and other implements, broke in pieces the cases, scattered the types abroad, and cast the first impressions of the Gospel into the court-yard and tank of water, where they were trampled on, torn, and sunk, till the whole of the printed sheets were destroyed, with other literary matter found in the printing-office. This event suspended⁵⁴ the work, and the unsettled and disturbed state which followed prevented its resumption. The good and enlightened patriarch and his chaplains, who had laboured to promote the undertaking, were dead, the greater part of his clergy were in exile or in prison, while the learned Hilarion, having escaped the first burst of persecution, was, by one of the sudden vicissitudes so common in the East, dragged from his obscurity, and elevated to the see of Tornova, and, on the summit of the lofty Balkans, completed that sacred work which is to enlighten the world below.

The town of Tornova, besides being the largest in the region of the Balkans, is the only one built on the elevated central ridge from the Euxine to the Adriatic. Its site is very singular; it is seen from below, "hanging, like a swallow's nest," from the stupendous crags above. When the traveller climbs to these upper regions, he walks through streets running on ridgy terraces, and looks down from a dizzy height on the road far beneath, which is at length lost to his sight in a deep abyss. A singular effect is observed in these regions, similar to that which occurs between the tropics. The setting sun is succeeded by no crepuscular illumination, and the eye is not accustomed to the gradual decrease of light: sunset seems to extinguish all atmospheric reflection, and darkness suddenly envelopes the horizon long before it is expected. Thus it happens that travellers are frequently surprised in the most dangerous and difficult part of the precipitous road, and compelled to halt on some projecting rock, till day-dawn extricates them

from the perilous position in which night had unexpectedly overtaken them. To guard against this, paper lanterns are sometimes provided. The paper of which they are made is compressed into a small flat circular surface, and carried easily inside the hat or turban. When used, they are drawn out into a cylinder, and a taper placed inside, and, by the help of this faint and uncertain light, tied to the end of a pole and hung over the edge of the precipice, the adventurous traveller cautiously creeps along, rather than remain all night exposed on a naked craig to the inclemency of a mountain-region.—Among the phenomena of these mountains are certain visionary figures, which have something awful and supernatural in their aspect. Dense forms of gigantic beings, resembling those observed on the Hartz, are seen suddenly to issue out of chasms or forests, and move along like dim and undefined spectres through inaccessible places, where no mortal or embodied existence could possibly find a footing. These are columns of mist, sometimes so numerous and frequent as to seem like companies of giants travelling through the mountain-passes. The janissary or surrogee, who accompanies the traveller, is struck with awe, and exclaims “Allah keerim,” (God is merciful,) bows his head, and repeats his namaz as the spectres pass. It not unfrequently happens that sudden bursts of wind follow these appearances, tearing up trees, and sweeping through valleys with dangerous violence. As the misty columns are often the precursors of these storms, they are supposed to be their cause; they are, therefore, ascribed to the malignity of these visionary giants, who blow them forth over the unfortunate traveller, as the breath of their nostril.

Sometimes the traveller is surprised by sudden light gleaming from the rocks around him, and the roar of fires bursting from caverns. These, however, arise from a more explicable cause. The iron-ore with which the interior of the mountains abounds, is generally smelted on the spot. The red flame is then seen issuing from the riven rock, the blows of sledges echo through the caverns, and the dark and grim visage of the workmen are visibly illumined by the blaze. These appearances at night, in the deep solitude of the mountains, are very striking, and strongly remind the traveller of Vulcan’s forge in Etna, and his Cyclops fashioning thunderbolts. When a commotion of the elements supervenes, as frequently happens in these elevated regions, when the air is rent and the rocks around are shattered by the electric fluid, it requires no great stretch of the imagination to fancy it is the fabricated bolts of these grim artisans, that have now, as in the days of the poets, caused the destruction.

Our illustration presents one of those rugged ascents, suspended as it were over the perpendicular flank of a mountain-wall, on one side bounded by a deep chasm, and on the other overhung by a lofty precipice. This path is sometimes not more than a yard in breadth, and does not allow loaded horses space to pass each other. When this occurs, there is a mortal contest for the inside, and one pushes the other into the gulf below. Sometimes the path turns round a short angle, and when the traveller has accomplished the passage of the perilous point, he sees just before him a dark and dismal chasm, over which his horse’s neck projects, and his next step would precipitate him. His feeling of insecurity is increased by the state of the animal he rides. Instead of being shod with rough and pointed irons, which would give a firmer footing in ascending and descending such declivities, the shoe is a flat circular piece of smooth metal, perforated by a single opening in the centre, and affording not the slightest hold on what it presses. Hence, in going down, the motion of the animal is sliding, and the rider with horror sees the beast, to which he trusts his life, every moment ready to shoot over the edge of the narrow road, without a possibility of stopping or restraining itself. Yet such is the sure-footed sagacity of these

mountain-steeds, that accidents rarely occur, and they glide down for several hundred yards, through a steep and tortuous descent, dexterously turning round every projecting rock before them, which seems to stand in the way for the express purpose of pushing him over the edge.



T. Allom.

H. Mote.

CIRCASSIAN SLAVES IN THE INTERIOR OF A HAREM. CONSTANTINOPLE.

The country now called Circassia was part of that undefined region formerly denominated Colchis, between the Euxine, the Palus Mæotis, the Caspian sea, and the Caucasus. It was this region whence the Greeks brought their first golden freight, of which a woman formed the most valuable part. From that time to the present day there has been constant importations of females.

These countrywomen of Medea retain that beauty of person and ferocity of character of their eminent predecessor, as also, it is said, her knowledge of noxious herbs, which abound to this day, as formerly, in their country, and which they apply not to prolong but to abridge the term of human life, whenever their interests or their passions demand the sacrifice of their rivals.

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Circassia was formerly governed by its own wild but independent sovereigns; it is now almost all absorbed in the vast territories of Russia; the people have but little advanced in civilization since Jason first visited their shores; their habits are, as they have always been, predatory and unsettled; they are a nation of robbers and man-stealers, who trade in slaves, and add their own children, whom they bring up to sell. Like all barbarous people, they are divided into tribes; the eldest of each becomes the leader, but he is not allowed to possess any property except his horses and arms, and such tribute as he can exact from his neighbours. Their element is war, during which only they have authority. When it is at an end, they merge into obscurity, their dress, food, and habitations being no way distinguished from those of the common people.

Next to these are the Usdens, who are the landholders and lawgivers of the community, and who alone display what little of civilization exists among them. They govern by no written law, but certain hereditary usages, which are varied as the caprice or will of the Usden determines; the great body of the people are vassals or slaves. Their manufactures are rude and scanty, and their tillage insufficient to supply their own wants. They have no written language, and no circulating medium of coin; all their knowledge, then, is confined to traditionary fables, and all their commerce to exchange and barter. The only commodities in which they can trade are two—horses, and human beings. The former are well trained in all the discipline and instruction necessary for their state, and a Circassian horse is a well educated and accomplished animal; the latter are totally neglected, and, however attractive by personal comeliness, are altogether ignorant, and seem to have no capability beyond the instinct of nature.

When females are not sold, but remain at home, and are married, they reside in huts distinct from their husbands, and bring up a brood of children in no respects superior to themselves. Their whole energies are exerted to stimulate the predatory habits of their husbands, and their greatest gratification is in the plunder they are able to bring home. They seem to have no ties of kindred, no domestic affections, no family attachments; the daughter, if she is found to have any personal attractions, is educated solely on the speculation of selling her to advantage, and she frequently demands it from her parents as a right to which she is entitled. From this cause it is that all kindly feelings are obliterated, all love for others extinguished, and all passion is centred in self. Christian missionaries early penetrated into this region, and converted the people to their faith, and subsequently the followers of Mahomet entered it, and divided them between the Koran and the Gospel; but they now seem to have little knowledge of either. A nominal Moslem parent brings up her daughter in the seeming profession of that faith, that it may recommend her to her future master at Constantinople; a nominal Christian educates her child in no religion at all, that there may be no impediment to her conforming to any other; thus her natural passions are freed from all the restraints that religion would impose on them. From these causes it is, that there is a certain ferocity and irreclaimable wildness observable in a Circassian beauty. She gratifies the

sensuality, but never secures the esteem, of him to whom she is afterwards consigned. She is an object of desire, but never of regard, and always excites more fear than love.

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When a vessel arrives on the coast, it is always for the purpose of traffic in slaves; and all the girls, who have been waiting its approach with longing eyes, prepare themselves to be sold to the best advantage, and their hearts bound with the bright prospect which they are taught to believe lies before them. The splendour of the harem is contrasted with their own miserable huts; the rich stuffs in which they are to be clothed, with their homely, coarse, and squalid garments; the generous viands on which they are to be fed, with the meagre of their scanty diet. They have no ties to attach them to their native land, or dim the bright prospect that awaits them in another. They look upon their sale to a foreign merchant to be the foundation of their future fortune, and their entrance into a foreign ship their first step to a life of pleasure and enjoyment; nor are they disappointed even in the outset.

These Oriental slaves are conveyed, not in the coarse and brutal manner in which European traders carry on their traffic in human flesh. The vessels sent to bring them to their capital are well appointed in every respect for their accommodation. As the price is to depend on the state of health and beauty in which they arrive, every precaution is taken to preserve them. Instead of being crammed into noisome and suffocating holds, the greatest attention is paid to their comforts; their appetites are consulted, their pleasures are complied with, so that neither privation nor anxiety may impair their looks; and the slave dictates to her owner, in whatever she wants or wishes. When arrived, they are lodged in a spacious khan provided for them, and the police are especially ordered that every thing shall be cared for.

Now comes the Kishlar Aga, or chief of the black eunuchs, to select for the imperial harem the most lovely and desirable of the importation, and having conducted them to his master, they are assigned apartments in the seraglio, and placed under the care of the instructress of the females. The rest are sent to the Aurut Bazaar, to be sold to those who have the means to purchase them. The Africans, and slaves of other countries, are here exposed, but the Circassian is secluded from the general crowd in separate apartments, which are carefully closed against all intruders, except on days of sale, when the sacred rooms are thrown open from nine in the morning till midday; and every true believer comes to avail himself of the permission of the Koran, and make new selections for the enjoyments of his harem. An infidel is inhibited from entering the market, unless by special permission; and so far from being allowed to purchase, he is not even permitted to look on those chosen females, lest the glance of his evil eye might wither the expected enjoyment of the faithful purchaser.

As these females receive no education at home, it sometimes happens that the Jew slave-merchant who buys them, endeavours to bestow on them such accomplishments as may enhance their value. These, however, are generally fruitless efforts. Personal, not mental qualities, are those that are sought for, and most prized. The Circassian seems to have an inaptitude for any improvement of the mind; and while the Greek or French females, whom the fortune of war or other calamity has consigned to slavery, make considerable progress under their instructors, the indolent and voluptuous Circassian despises such vain labours, and few attain even the

elementary accomplishment of reading⁵⁸ or writing. Music, such as it is, is most frequently attempted, because it is an enjoyment of the sense, and acquired without mental labour.

Our illustration represents the master of the harem indulging in his favourite recreation. His nargillai, scented with fragrant pastils, fills the small apartment with its drowsy vapours. Reclining on his cushioned carpet, he contemplates the languid, sensual features of his Circassians placed on the divan beside him, who try to amuse him with the only accomplishment they are capable of attaining, or he of feeling or comprehending. Next the door stands the black eunuch, guarding with jealous and malignant eye the entrance into this sacred seclusion.



T. Allom.

J. C. Armitage.

CONSTANTINOPLE, FROM CASSIM PASHA.

From the summit of the hill of Pera, called from its elevation Tepe Bashi, or “the head of the hill,” the ground slopes to the Golden Horn, displaying an exceedingly diversified and picturesque surface, comprehending not only the beautiful cemetery, and the city of Constantinople, but also the suburbs of Cassim Pasha and Piri Pasha, both connected with many important and interesting events. The view is so attractive, that the Tepe Bashi forms the great promenade of Pera. It is every evening crowded with the elite of the Frank society of the capital, mixed with distinguished natives. Ambassadors, attachées, dragomans, hakims, merchants of all nations, in their respective costumes, here assemble, and form a moving picture of a very gay and varied aspect.

From hence one of these cemeteries, which give to Turkish cities so striking a character, extends its cypress shades over a surface undulating into sloping lawns, deep glens, and swelling hills, comprehending a circumference of many miles. Through this run broad walks, forming crowded thoroughfares, which lead to the suburbs and the several iskelli, or slips of embarkation to the

city rising on the hills at the opposite side of the water, but which are all now nearly deserted for the Buyuk Tchekmadgé, or “Great Bridge,” which Mahmoud II. caused to be thrown across the harbour.

Not many years ago, this district was very unsafe, and the Frank, whom business or curiosity led through it, was liable to the abuse or insult of any Turk he met in the day, or the attacks of robbers or assassins in the night. The last outrage committed here was on a man eminently distinguished for many years among the Frank, as well as Turkish population, and whose fate excited a commotion and consternation which have hardly yet subsided. This man was the Hakim Lorenzo.

Among the Franks who flock to Constantinople in search of fortune, there is a large proportion of Italians. Many of them have received an education at Padua, or other Italian universities, taken out degrees in medicine, and so come qualified for the practice of it. Many adopt the profession after their arrival, as the most lucrative and easiest means of living. It requires but slight knowledge to be superior to the native hakims, and the acuteness and sagacity of these versatile Italians supply every deficiency. Among these was Lorenzo, a native of Florence. He had acquired some reputation by the practice of his art among the Franks; and the Turks, ever eager to avail themselves of the superior lights of Europeans when health is concerned, soon gave him the preference over their own doctors. It happened that the eldest son of the reigning Sultan, Abdul Hamed, fell sick; and the reputation of this Frank physician was so high, that he was sent for to the Seraglio. The boy recovered, and nothing could exceed the gratitude of the father. He built for the physician a large house in Pera; conferred on him a beautiful kiosk and chifflik at St. Stephano, for his country residence; and, in order to secure his future practice, he appointed him Hakim Bashi, or “principal physician” to the Seraglio.

These gifts and this situation, not only gratified his cupidity, but unfortunately excited his ambition also. His patronage became unbounded. The appointment and deposition of pashas, the banishment or recall of vizirs, in which the secret influence of the Seraglio became every day available, were exercised by him, and the fanaticism of the Moslem was forgotten, when he became indebted to this giaour for the highest services. On the death of his patron, Abdul Hamed, his successors, Selim and Mustapha continued their favour, and treated him with the same confidence and indulgence; and when the young and inexperienced Mahmoud succeeded, it was supposed he would exercise over him the same influence. He was now arrived at the age of eighty. He was about to withdraw from the care and anxiety such a life imposed upon him, with credit and reputation, and devote what remained of it to retirement and peace, when in an evil hour he was induced to engage in one more of those court intrigues from which his Italian dexterity had so often extricated him. The young Sultan notified to him, that he would have no one intermeddle in his affairs, and cautioned him to desist. He would not take warning, and his summary death was resolved on.

By the capitulations entered into with foreign powers, every Frank subject is under the protection of the representative of that state to which he belongs, and amenable only to its tribunal. Lorenzo therefore could not be dealt with as a Raya, and put to death by the mandate of the Sultan. It would have excited the whole diplomatic corps of Pera, who would make a common cause to support their privileges and immunities. It was therefore necessary to dispose of him in another

manner. He was sent for one evening by the Capitan Pasha, to see one of his family, taken suddenly ill; and the way from Pera, where his house was, to the palace of the pasha, on the harbour, lay through this cemetery. He took with him his Capi Tchocadar, who always attended him to the Seraglio, and proceeded to pay his visit, apprising his family that he would return when he had prescribed for his patient. The Turks retire to rest early, and the period was past when he was expected home. His way led through a place infamous for outrage of all kind, and the apprehensions of his family were considerably excited. He did not return during the night, and at the dawn of morning they proceeded to meet him along the avenue leading through Cassim Pasha to the Capitan Pasha's palace. In a small dell, where the road winds down a steep, they stumbled on two bodies—one was that of the Tchocadar, and the other that of Lorenzo. They were quite dead, with the marks of the bowstring, with which they had been strangled, round their necks. The valuables they had about their persons were untouched, and it was hence inferred that it was the work of no60 robbers. The usual legal process of inquiry was taken by the Austrian internuncio, and the conclusion formed from the proceedings was, that the assassin was no other than the young Sultan himself, who had caused him and his attendant to be executed in the palace of the Capitan Pasha, and the bodies laid where they were found; and the property was not taken from them, that it might not be supposed they fell victims to common assassins, but to that terrible, mysterious vengeance, which suffered no man to escape that once excited it. The Turkish ministry, however, affected to believe it was a common death by midnight murderers in a dangerous place; and to prevent the recurrence of such accidents, a small edifice was built, and a guard established on the spot, which yet remain. A guard-house here is not like one in Europe, from whence a passenger is rudely repulsed. Beside it is a small caffinet, with benches, on which he is invited to repose; and while he partakes of the refreshments offered him, some hoary-headed sentinel enters into conversation with him, and tells him the melancholy fate of Lorenzo the Hakim Bashi.

On the right of Cassim Pasha begin the suburbs of Piri Pasha, so called from a very distinguished event in Turkish history. When the knights of the holy sepulchre were driven from Palestine, they took refuge in the island of Rhodes, where they fortified themselves, still lingering in the vicinity of that holy place, which they vainly attempted to hold, and in the hope of keeping alive the expiring spark of Christianity in the East. But Soliman the Magnificent was resolved to extinguish it utterly, and made stupendous preparations to dislodge its gallant defenders from their last strong-hold. An army of 150,000 men was embarked in a fleet of 400 ships, and proceeded to exterminate this devoted community, shut up on their insulated rock. The first notice they received of their intended fate, was from fires lighted on the opposite coast of Lycia. A galley was despatched, to ascertain the cause of these unusual beacons, when a packet was thrown on board directed to the grand master. It was opened, and found to contain a summons of unconditional submission, and the surrender of the place. To oppose the countless multitudes who rushed to this unexpected attack, 6000 men alone were found on the island, and they prepared to defend it. With incredible efforts they resisted every assault, and the great Sultan himself, impatient of delay, hastened from Constantinople, to animate his troops by his presence. It was fruitless. The assailants, under the eye of their sovereign, were repulsed, leaving the bodies of 20,000 of their companions weltering on the rocks. The commanders were deposed and punished, and the enraged and disappointed Sultan conferred the whole direction of the siege on his favourite Piri Pasha. He desisted from sanguinary and ineffectual assaults, and proceeded by sapping the fortress. The most distinguished engineers in Europe were invited by the magnificent

Sultan, and the island was perforated by fifty-five mines, sufficient to blow the fortress and the rock on which it stood, into the air; but they were met by counter-mines, and harmlessly exploded. At length, worn out by famine and fatigue, exhausted but not subdued, the gallant garrison were incapable of further resistance, and this handful of Christians, the last and only valuable remnant of the insane Crusaders, retired to another island, farther west, still destined for two centuries more to defend the cause of the Gospel⁶¹ farther west against the encroaching of the Koran. The distinguished Turk who effected this conquest of Rhodes, gave his name to this suburb of Constantinople; and the district of Piri Pasha recalls to the Moslem the expulsion of the last remnant of Christianity from the East.

On the conquest of Rhodes, Soliman erected his splendid mosque on the summit of the highest of the seven hills of the capital, and his faithful pasha determined to follow his example, but in a less ostentatious form. He knew how dangerous it was to be his rival, so he became his humble imitator. In the low district assigned to him, a mosque rears its unpretending head, simple in its aspect, but still distinguished by its beauty and architectural ornaments. It strikingly deviates from the usual style of Oriental building, as it is elevated on light arcades, supported on pillars, having three equal colonnades, in each division.

Near this is the Ain Ali Kasa Seraï, or “The Palace of Mirrors.” When Achmed III., in 1715, recovered the Morea from the Venetians, they wished to conciliate him by some valuable present. They were then famous for the manufacture of mirrors, and they sent him the largest specimens that ever had been made. Achmed accepted them, and built a palace in this place for their reception.

The great fire kindled by the discontented adherents of the Janissaries in 1831, commenced at Sakiz Aghatz in this district. The whole of it was consumed, including the palaces of all the European embassies, as well as that of the Capitan Pasha. The remains of this last still stand on an eminence near the Arsenal, consisting of a line of arcades, resembling an aqueduct, flanked by clusters of little towers: it was in this place the murder of the Hakim Bashi was perpetrated, and, as long as it stands, it will keep alive the memory of the unfortunate Lorenzo.

Our illustration presents the city as it appears from this district. The Mosque of Sulimanie towering in the centre, and the aqueduct of Valens uniting the hill on which it stands with the opposite. But the most conspicuous and novel object is the Buyuk Tchekmadgé, or “Great Bridge,” which Mahmoud II. caused to be thrown across the harbour.⁹ This structure, so necessary for the communications of a great city, had been called for ever since Constantine had made this the capital of the Roman empire. The peninsula of Pera, containing 200,000 inhabitants, was an important part of the city; yet the only passage to it by land, was a bridge over the Barbyzes, by a circuit of nine or ten miles. Among the obstacles to erecting a bridge across the harbour, was the immense number of caïquegees, or “boatmen,” who obtained their living by the many ferries. On various pressing occasions the government had attempted to avail itself of their services in manning the fleet; but they resisted with obstinacy, and, notwithstanding the unmitigated despotism and unsparing ferocity of the Sultan, it was considered too hazardous to exasperate this fierce democracy. With the same obstinacy they opposed the building of a bridge, which would interfere with their means of living. But when the terrible ⁶²and energetic sovereign had cut off the Janissaries, all effectual resistance to any of his

plans of innovation was removed, so he determined on uniting the divided parts of his great city. Among the modes by which many of his improvements were effected, was availing himself of the services of some rich subject. When navigation by steam was introduced into Europe, Mahmoud ardently wished for its adoption in Turkey. He was one morning agreeably surprised, by seeing a noble steam-boat moored under the Seraglio, and he was told it was the gift of Casas Aretine, a rich Armenian. In the same way an individual completed for him this bridge, when the caiqueges no longer dared to oppose it.

On the 20th of October, 1837, it was opened for passengers, and the ceremony was attended with another extraordinary innovation on Turkish manners. He not only attended himself with his sons, but his harem was thrown open, and ladies dressed in their gayest attire appeared in their arrhubas, mixed with the spectators, and mingled in the fête with all the freedom and gaiety of a similar event in Paris or London. The novelty and brilliancy of the spectacle form a new era in the society of the Moslem capital. As it was almost the only level way in the city, it became a favourite carriage promenade; and the Sultan himself was seen to abandon his caique, and frequently drive across it in an European carriage.



VILLAGE OF ROUMELIA, NEAR ADRIANOPOLE.

The district of ancient Thrace is sometimes called Romania, but more properly, Roumelia, from the Turkish name Roum Eli, “the country of the Romans.” It extended from the Euxine Sea to the river Strymon, and from Mons Hemus to the Propontis and Egean, which limits it has retained through all its vicissitudes to the present day. Byzantium, or Constantinople, is its former, as it is its present capital. The ancient Thracians were distinguished for their ferocity, and the poets have reported it as the theatre of many scenes of cruelty. Here it was that their king, Diomedes, fed his horses on human flesh, casting every stranger he found into their mangers, to be devoured alive; and here it was that the poet Orpheus, while lamenting the loss of his beloved Eurydice, was torn to pieces by the women, and his head cast into the Hebrus; and he who was represented to soothe tigers, soften rocks, and lead lofty oaks by his song, could not charm into humanity the Thracian ladies. In less fabulous times, their barbarism is unfortunately too well authenticated. It was the region where they offered up human victims as grateful offerings to their gods, and that from whence the Roman people obtained their theatrical assassins; so that the names of Thracian and gladiator are synonymous in their language: and such was the horrid delight taken in their exhibition, that from one thousand to fifteen hundred of those barbarians are reported to have been seen dead or dying, by each others swords, at the same moment, on the bloody stage, for the amusement of the assembled citizens of Rome.

The original barbarians of this region were amalgamated with various people as barbarous as themselves, who were driven from their own deserts, and invited to settle there. The Bastarnæ, a nation from the banks of the Rhine, were located here by the Emperor Probus, who attempted to instruct them in the ways of civilized life; but the intractable savages rejected the instruction, and, by repeated rebellions and insurrections, devastated the country they were allowed to settle in. In the reign of Valens, another nation was transported hither. The Goths were assaulted by the Huns, whom they represented as an unknown and monstrous race of savages, and they supplicated permission to escape from their ferocity by migrating into Thrace, and occupying the vast uncultivated plains then waste and unproductive. This second immigration was permitted; and these barbarians, like the former, ungratefully rebelled against their benefactors.

To this mingled population was finally added that of the Turks. In the year 1363 they crossed the Hellespont, and spread over this region their conquering hordes, adding Oriental ignorance and fanaticism to the catalogue of Thracian qualities. They seem to have even deteriorated the original character they brought with them in this European district. The Thracian Turk is said to be more inhospitable than a Turk in any other place. Travellers frequently fall victims to their intractable jealousy; and should a benighted stranger seek for shelter and protection, he is driven from the door by savage dogs, and fired at by the more savage master from within. And this repulsive conduct extends equally to their own countrymen as to those of other nations. Tartar couriers, or Turkish travellers, overtaken by night or storm in the winter, have been frequently found dead in the snow, near the inhospitable house where they had been denied a shelter. Their conduct, in this respect, forms a strong contrast with that of the kind and hospitable Bulgarians, who are spread over part of this district, and mingled with the Moslem population.

The general aspect of the country, from the Balkans to the sea, is exceedingly beautiful. Swelling downs, expanded to an interminable distance, bounded only by the horizon. These are covered with a rich green sward, capable of any purpose of cultivation, either tillage or pasture. Occasionally the downs are intersected by depressions, which form winding glens, and sometimes a low ridge from the Balkans runs to an immense extent, till it is gradually lost in the plain, affording in its progress a variety of knolls and eminences highly picturesque and beautiful. The country is watered by the Hebrus and its tributary streams, which rising among the snows of the Balkans, and continually augmented by their solution, meander through the plains down to the sea; unceasingly refreshing the thirsty but fertile soil with their copious, cool, and limpid currents. The climate is exceedingly bland and temperate, and the moment a traveller passes the mountains he feels its influence. He ascends the northern side at an advanced season of the year, leaving behind him a country faded in its verdure, denuded of its foliage, and having the hand of winter everywhere impressed upon it. He descends on the southern side, and in a few days finds every thing changed. He breathes a warm⁶⁴ temperate air, sees spring and summer blooming around him; the fields are green, the hills are gay, and the romantic woods and copses which clothe them, retain not only their leaves but their flowers also.

But in the midst of these beauties of nature he observes that everything is solitary and deserted. He passes a day's journey through them, and meets nothing that has life from morning till evening. He sees on the distant horizon something that has the semblance of an inhabited place; he finds, when he approaches, that it is only a cemetery, which indicates that human life had once been there, but has now long since departed. Not a trace of the villages to which they once belonged remains behind, to mark where social man had once existed. Some of these solitary cemeteries are very extensive, and seem to mark the vicinity of a large town and numerous inhabitants; but so completely and so long ago have they been obliterated, that their very names have perished. It is natural for an inquisitive traveller, when he sees a large grave-yard, to ask his Tartar, or surrogee, the name of the city to which it belongs—but the Turk who daily travels by it, shakes his head at the hopeless question, and replies “Allah bilir,” God only knows.

What adds to the singularity and solitude of these plains, is the multitude of conical mounds which are everywhere scattered over them. These are lofty, and evidently artificial heaps, thrown up at some remote period by human labour, and to answer some purpose. They exactly resemble those mounds on the opposite coast of Asia, on the plains of Troy, which are supposed to be the tombs of heroes who fell during the siege, and the monuments erected over them, to mark the spot where their bodies are deposited. They are both equally called *tepé* in Asia and Europe, which is supposed to be a corruption of the Greek word *ταφος*, by which the tombs of heroes were designated, and this coincidence renders it probable they both had the same origin. They are sometimes so numerous, that eight or ten appear at once, and the traveller passes close to them in succession, while whole ranges of them are seen marking the outline of the distant horizon. The supposition that they are tombs, adds considerably to the sense of solitude in these lonely regions. The traveller supposes himself passing through a vast grave-yard of several hundred miles in extent, the receptacle of human bodies, where, from the earliest ages, the kings, and heroes, and great ones of their nation are reposing in solitary magnificence.

While the fields are abandoned and agriculture is neglected, there is no art substituted or manufacture pursued, to engage the corresponding scanty population. The gold mines of Thrace

were formerly so rich as to yield Philip of Macedon the value of £200,000 annually; an immense sum in those days, which enabled him to corrupt the patriot orators of Athens, and to boast that no city could resist him, that had a breach wide enough to admit an ass laden with the produce of these mines. They are unproductive to the Turks; and while they might raise a richer harvest of golden grain on those plains close to their capital, they are indebted to Odessa, and the permission of their enemies, the Russians, for the daily bread of Constantinople.

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Our illustration presents, not the general appearance of the country, but one of those wandering ridges, which running from the high Balkans, like the fibres of some gigantic tree, are the branches of those roots by which they seem fastened to the level ground, and its picturesque and romantic features are different from the usual character of the level country. The plain from hence to Adrianople, and to the sea, is generally a flat surface of immense extent. These village-crowned peaks are called, both here and in the neighbouring country of Macedon, meteors, or “appearances in the air.” They are usually chosen as the site of Greek convents, and sometimes ascended by a basket let down with cords, in which the visitor is drawn up. The sides of the hills, in every accessible spot, are covered with vineyards, from which the city of Adrianople is supplied with grapes of an excellent quality.



T. Allom.

S. Fisher.

CAVALRY BARRACKS ON THE BOSPHORUS.

The feudal tenure by which the conquered lands were held by those to whom the victorious Sultan assigned them, were called Zaims and Timariots. This obliged every man to furnish a

certain number of mounted followers, to take the field when called upon, and formed the first cavalry enrolled for military service by the Turks. But to these were added more efficient bodies, paid from the treasury, and enrolled as regular troops—these were called Selictarli and Spahi.

Selictarli, which literally means “men of the sword,” were the oldest and earliest corps, and owed their origin to Ali, the fourth caliph of the Osmanli race. To their care was entrusted the defence of the sacred person of the Sultan; they formed his immediate body-guard, and were distinguished by a standard of bright red as their ensign. But in the reign of Mahomet III., during a sanguinary combat, they were seized with a sudden panic, and abandoned their sovereign. Unable to rally the Selictars, he called on the grooms who attended their horses, who at once obeyed his summons, and rescued him from the danger. To punish the one, and reward the other, he formed a new corps of these grooms, conferred upon them the scarlet standard, while their masters were obliged to adopt one of yellow, as a mark of their degradation; and he called his new corps “Spahis,” that is, simple cavaliers, without Zaim or Timar.

On their first appointment, their arms were bows and arrows, with sabres, and a lance called a dgerid. They preferred these to pistols or carbines, for, said they, “firearms expend themselves in the air, but sabres and lances prostrate on the ground.” The dgerid was a short lance, which they darted with unerring aim at full speed; to this day, representations of their ancient combat with this weapon, form a distinguished part of their athletic sports. They hurl pointless lances at each other as they pass at full speed, and, stooping to the ground from their saddle-bow, recover them without dismounting, or slackening their pace; to these were attached certain adventurers called Gionuli, or “volunteers.” They watched the death of a Timariot, and immediately took his place, and succeeded to his Timar. So desperate and sanguinary were the combats, on one occasion, that in a few hours the same Timar passed through seven gionuli, who were all brief proprietors of a landed estate in succession, before they died. It remained in possession of the eighth who survived the battle.

But the most desperate and extraordinary of this cavalry, are the Delhi, or Deliler, which literally means “madmen,” a name their conduct well entitles them to bear. They are generally recruited from Servia and Croatia, and are of robust stature, and fierce and formidable aspect. This they endeavour to increase by their dress: their helmets are formed of a leopard’s head and jaws, with the skin hanging down to their shoulders; and this is surmounted by the beak, wings, and tail of an eagle, united with threads of iron. Their vests are skins of lions, and their trousers the hides of bears with the shaggy hair outside. They despise the crooked sabre of the Spahi, but carry a target and a serrated lance of great weight and size. These men rush on their enemies with the most reckless impetuosity; and, should any of them hesitate at the most hopeless and desperate attack, they are dishonoured for ever.

All these are perhaps the best mountain-horsemen in the world, though nothing can be more unfavourable to their firm seat and rapid evolutions than their whole equipment. Their saddles are heavy masses of wood, like pack-saddles, peaked before and behind, and seem to be the most awkward and uneasy in the way they use them. Their stirrups are very short, and their stirrup-irons very cumbrous, resembling the blades of fire-shovels, the angles of which they use to goad on the horse, as they have no spurs. This heavy and awkward apparatus is not secured on the horse by regular girths, but tied with thongs of leather, which are continually breaking and out of

order. On this insecure seat the rider sits tottering, with his knees approaching to his chin; yet there never were more bold and dexterous horsemen, in the most difficult and dangerous places. When trooped together they observe little order, yet they act in concert with surprising regularity and effect, particularly on broken ground and mountain-passes, seemingly impracticable to European cavalry. They drive at full speed through beds of torrents, and up and down steep acclivities, and suddenly appear on the flanks or rear of their enemies, after passing rapidly through places where it was supposed impossible for a horseman to move.

Such had been the general character of Turkish cavalry, but the Sultan, in his military reforms, obliterated the characteristic distinction of each corps, and amalgamated them all to an uniformity of European discipline. He one day saw a restive horse baffle all the attempts of his rider to reduce him to obedience, and finally throw him to the ground. There happened to be standing near, an Italian adventurer, named Calosso, who had come to Constantinople in search of fortune, with many of his countrymen. He seized the unruly animal by the bridle, disencumbered him of his awkward ponderous saddle, mounted him bare-backed, and presently reclaimed him to a state of perfect discipline. His dexterity attracted the notice of the sovereign, who at once availed himself of his abilities. He first put himself under his care, and learned the art of European manège, at considerable personal risk. He cast away the wooden pack-saddle, and set his cavalry an example by mounting himself on a bare-backed horse. The sudden transition from a lofty seat, where the limbs were confined and fixed to the horse by a wooden frame, and the legs supported by firm pressure on a broad stirrup, to the sharp spine of a beast without either saddle or stirrup, was scarcely tolerable; and the imperial recruit would have been often precipitated to the ground, but for the aid of his Italian instructor, who was always at hand to support him. Yet he persevered with his usual determination, and he became in a short time an accomplished European horseman, and induced his subjects to follow his example. There was no European usage which a Turk found it more difficult to adopt than this. A short stirrup was congenial, and in keeping with all his other habits. When he sat, his legs were not properly pendent, but turned, as it were, under him, and he preserved on his pack-saddle nearly the same position as he occupied at ease on his divan. His first sensations, therefore, in his new position, with his legs stretched down, were those of discomfort and insecurity; and the first training of a squadron of Turkish cavalry, was one of the most difficult reforms the Sultan had to encounter.

Our illustration presents the magnificent barracks built for the cavalry on the shores of the Bosphorus. Kiskas, or “barracks,” are among the largest and most striking edifices seen round Constantinople. The first object seen on approaching the Bosphorus is the vast barrack at Scutari; and on the opposite hill, over the hanging grounds, at Dolma Baktche an equally large one. A splendid edifice of this kind existed at Levend Chiflik; but in the sanguinary conflict which took place between the military on the establishing of the Nizam Djeddit, or “new corps,” this noble edifice, with others, was razed to the ground. But of all the barracks round the city, that erected for the cavalry is the most decorated, and forms one of the most striking objects which ornament the lovely Bosphorus.



T. Allom.

F. W. Topham.

ENTRANCE TO THE DIVAN, CONSTANTINOPLE.

The Divan is not only a court of justice, but of legislature and diplomacy. It is here that laws are made, suits decided, firmans issued, troops paid, and the representatives of sovereigns made fit to be introduced to the august presence of the Sultan.

The chamber where all those affairs are transacted is a room in a small detached edifice surmounted by two domes, in the interior court of the seraglio. It is quite naked, with no furniture but a wooden bench running along the wall, about two or three feet high, covered with cushions. This long and fixed sofa is the furniture of every house. It is called a Divan, and gives its name peculiarly to this apartment. This chamber has no doors to shut at the entrance, for, as it is a court of justice, it is supposed to be always open, inviting all the world to enter it, and never to be closed against any suitor. Opposite the entrance is a moulding forming an arcade, round the summit of which is written in 68 letters of gold, a confession of faith from the Koran, and beneath it is the seat of the judges. On the wall on the south is represented the form of an altar, to which suitors in any cause turn themselves, and, on a signal given by the crier, address prayers for the success of their suit, as to the Al-Caaba at Mecca. The grand vizir is obliged to administer justice in this hall four times a week—Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays.

As the Koran is the repository of the civil as well as the religious code of the empire, all suits are decided here by its authority. Attached to most mosques, are medresis or “colleges,” where students are instructed in law as well as divinity, by muderis or “professors.” When qualified by a certain course of study, they are despatched to the towns and villages in every part of the empire, where they become the mallas, naibs, and cadis, or various “judges,” appointed to dispense justice, founding all their decrees on the precepts of the Koran. Of these there are two considered as superiors, and named Cadileskers, one for the northern portions of the empire,

called Roumeli Cadilesker, or “the supreme judge of Europe;” the other for the southern, called Anadolu Cadilesker, or “the supreme judge of Asia.” A third, who decides in ecclesiastical matters only, is called Istambol Effendi, or “judge of the capital.” These, particularly the two former, are always the assessors of the grand vizir in the Divan, and form with him the grand tribunal of the empire. From the earliest period of Oriental usage, the right hand has been deemed the post of honour, but the thing is reversed in matters connected with the law. The Turks are particularly tenacious of position as indicating distinction. The Cadilesker Anadolu sits on his left hand, and the Cadilesker Roumeli on his right, and the same precedence is rigidly observed among the suitors of the court. The judges, when constituting this tribunal, do not sit with their legs folded under them, as is the universal practice of all Orientals, but their legs are suffered to hang down and rest on a footstool, and it is thus the sultan himself receives the ambassadors of foreign powers. It is a deviation from the ordinary position, which is supposed to confer seriousness and dignity on any important occasion.

When a Turk goes to law, he first proceeds to an arzuhalgee; this is a kind of attorney, or licensed scrivener, who holds an office in various parts of the city, and who alone is permitted to undertake a statement of a case. So tenacious of this privilege is the arzuhalgee, that no officer of state, however competent his ability or high his station, can draw up a process for himself, but must apply to this scrivener. To him the plaintiff goes, and he draws up for him an arzuhal, which is not a detail of lengthened repetitions, but literally a brief, containing a statement of the case in a few words. With this he proceeds early in the morning to the Divan, on one of the appointed days of session, and he is ranged with other suitors in two long lines, awaiting for sunrise, when the grand vizir attends to open the court. On his arrival, he passes up the lane formed by the suitors, and, having arrived at the Divan, a small table covered with a cloth of gold is laid before him, and the court opens. The first suitor on the left has the precedence. He presents his arzuhal to a chaoush or officer in attendance, who hands it to the chaoush bashee, and by him it is laid before the buyuk teskiergee, or “great receiver of memorials,” who stands on the left hand of the grand vizir. He reads out the plaintiff’s case with a loud voice, and the defendant is called on for a reply. Here is none of the tedious formulas of European pleaders, no exhibitions of forensic eloquence, none of “the law’s delay.” Should it appear that any attempt was made to entangle the subject in legal quibbles, or lengthen it unnecessarily, so that justice maybe either defeated or deferred, the parties are liable to be bastinadoed on the spot, at the discretion of the judge.

Two witnesses are required to establish a fact, and never more. If it be a case of debt, the simple promise of the debtor is sufficient, either written and marked with his seal, or, if verbal, attested by witnesses. The parties generally plead their own cause; the judges, without reference to any code but the Koran, consider the simple facts. Having decided, they give sentence, which is submitted to the grand vizir; and, if it coincide with his own opinion, which is generally the case, he writes at the bottom of the arzuhal the word Sah, “surely.” If, on the contrary, he dissents, he writes his own decree, and the parties are dismissed with a hujet, or “sentence of the grand vizir,” which is final. It is on these occasions only, that disputation takes place in a Turkish court of justice; for if the cadileskers are supposed capable, either through ignorance or design, of pronouncing an unjust decree, they are degraded, and never suffered again to hold any place of trust. They, therefore, defend their opinions with obstinacy, and the court resounds, not with the pleadings of lawyers, but the disputation of the judges. Proceeding thus from left to right, the

cases are summarily decided till it is dark, or they are all disposed of; and as justice may not be deferred by the intervention of any avoidable delay, the members of the court dine where they sit. A frugal meal is brought in at midday and despatched in a few minutes.

Such is the process when the Divan is a court of justice; but when it becomes a Galibé Divan, or “council chamber,” all the affairs of state become objects of its deliberation or discussion. This is held on Sundays and Mondays. Here the grand vizir and cadileskers also sit, assisted by the reis effendi, or “minister for foreign affairs,” the mufti, or “chief of ecclesiastical affairs,” and the agas, “or heads of the military departments.” When the first dawn of European light opened upon Turkey, this council of despotism made some approximation to a popular representation. In the difficulties that surrounded the state at the commencement of the Greek revolution, the embarrassed but enlightened Sultan invited the mutelins or “paymasters” of the different Janissary corps, and also deputies from the esnaffs or “corporations” of trades, to become members, and, as these were taken from the respectable class of citizens, they were fair representatives of their opinions to a certain extent, and so formed the first Turkish parliament.

The Sultan introduced another innovation also into the mysterious proceedings of the Divan. It was not usual for the sovereign to appear personally there, but whenever an affair was discussed, the grand vizir appeared before him, with the members of the council, in an apartment of the seraglio, and there took his directions. But, though he was seemingly absent, it was known that he was always present on any affair of importance. There stands at the back of the Divan, some distance above the heads of those who sit on it, a projection like a bow-window from the wall. This is covered with gilded lattice-work, and concealed by curtains drawn behind. It is called the Sha70 Nichin or “sultan’s seat,” and here he ensconced himself, and heard and saw whatever was going on below. As the curtain was usually drawn, it was not known to a certainty when he was there or not, but he was dreaded like the tyrant of Syracuse, as always listening, and sometimes detected by the angry gleam of an eye glancing through the lattice, and denouncing vengeance on some obnoxious member of the council. It is for this reason called “the dangerous window,” and looked up to with awe and terror from below. Many anecdotes are told of this Sha Nichin. Achmet I. who is said to be its inventor, constantly watched the proceedings of the Divan from hence, when it was supposed he was buried in sensual indulgences in the remote recesses of the seraglio. One day, when a court of justice was held, a soldier presented an arzuhal to the grand vizir, and, supposing it was treated with neglect, and himself with injustice, he drew his yatagan, and suddenly plunged it into his body. The chaoushs and others cast themselves upon the assassin, and were about to cut him to pieces, when the curtain of the Sha Nichin was drawn aside, and the voice of the Sultan was heard like thunder issuing from it. He commanded them to desist, and, stepping down, he himself examined the man’s case, with the bleeding body of the grand vizir on the Divan beside him. He thought he had reason to suppose the sentence was unjust, and the delinquent had provocation; so he dismissed the soldier as an injured man, and caused the body of the grand vizir to be cast into the sea as an unjust judge.

Another use of the Divan is, that it is the place where the troops, particularly the janissaries, received their pay. On these occasions men bring in small leathern bags of piasters, which they pile on the floor, till they form heaps three or four feet high, and ten or twelve long. When these are all laid, and the whole amount of pay ready, the grand vizir sends a sealed paper to the Sultan, notifying that large sums of money are lying before him on the ground, and humbly

entreating to know what it is his pleasure to do with it. The chaoush returns after some delay, with an iron-shod pole, which he strikes loudly on the pavement, to announce his approach with the answer to the important question, and presents a huge packet to the vizir, which he receives with profound reverence, first pressing it to his forehead and then to his lips. Having read the communication, he announces aloud, that it is the Sultan's pleasure that all the heaps of coin shall be distributed among the soldiers, detachments of whom are in attendance for the purpose. The bags are then brought out, and laid on the flags in front of the Divan. And now succeeds a scene of puerile enjoyment, which none but a Turk could relish. Certain dishes filled with smoking pilaff of soft rice, are laid at different distances, beside the heaps of coin; and at a signal given, the soldiers start, some to seize one, and some the other, and some both. There are then seen grave old men with long grizzled beards, all smeared with greasy rice, struggling with boys, and rolling over each other on the ground. This folly is highly relished by the sages on the Divan within, who look on with delight till all the bags of money and plates of rice have disappeared.

The last ceremony of the Divan is the reception of ministers of foreign powers, who come here to be duly made fit for presentation to the Sultan. On the day appointed they and their suits assemble at an early hour in the morning, and all the process⁷¹ of deciding causes, distributing money, and running for pilaff, is ostentatiously displayed before them, in order to dazzle, astonish, and impress on those stranger-infidels a high opinion of Turkish superiority. They are allowed to enter the Divan seemingly as spectators, and are left standing in the crowd without notice or respect. On rare occasions, the tired ambassador, if he be from a favoured nation, is allowed a joint-stool to sit on; but such an indulgence is not permitted to the rest: secretaries of legation, dragomans, consuls, &c. are kept standing for several hours, till the whole of the exhibition is displayed. It is then notified to the Sultan, that some giaours are in the Divan, and, on inquiring into their business, that they humbly crave to be admitted into his sublime presence, to prostrate themselves before him. It is now that orders are given to feed, wash, and clothe them, and it is notified that when they are fit to be seen, they will be admitted; and this is done accordingly. Joint-stools are brought in, on which are placed metal trays, without cloth, knife, or fork; and every one helps himself with his fingers, including the ambassador. After this scrambling and tumultuous refreshment, water is poured on the smeared and greasy persons who partake of it. They are then led forth to a large tree in the court, where a heap of pellises of various qualities lie on the pavement, shaken out of bags in which they were brought. From this, every person to be admitted to the presence takes one, and, having wrapped himself in it, he is seized by the collar, and dragged into the presence of the Sultan, as we have elsewhere noticed. Such were the unseemly ceremonies used on these occasions only a few years ago; but, like other Turkish barbarisms, they are daily disappearing, and the introduction of the representative of one sovereign to the audience of another, is approaching to the decorum of European usages.

Our illustration presents the gate Capi Arasi, leading from the first to the second court of the seraglio, where the Divan is held, and so it is the entrance to it. It is also the place where delinquents are led for punishment, and thus originated the Turkish expression of a man deserving to be sent "between gates," which the name Capi Arasi signifies. Here it is that the executioners sit, and the implements of their trade hang on the walls round about them, forming a horrid combination. Yet it was here, and in this company, that foreign ambassadors were obliged to wait till orders were issued to admit them into the court of the Divan. Crowds of hateful dogs are usually seen here. As they are called "the consummators of Turkish justice," by lacerating

and devouring the bodies of criminals exposed in the streets after decapitation, so, as it were by instinct, they seem fond of congregating with their fellow-executioners.



T. Allom.

J. Jenkins.

THE MEDÂK, OR EASTERN STORY-TELLER. CONSTANTINOPLE.

The Turks have no theatres where various persons habited in appropriate costume represent the manners, usages, and feelings of real life, among artificial scenery, which imitates objects of nature and art; they have no resemblance of woods, or gardens, or streets, or houses, where men and women, supporting various characters, meet as in the daily intercourse of society, and every thing combines to create the delusions of dramatic representation. All these things are considered as coming under the prohibition of making the likeness of anything; and proscribed, with the art of painting, as idolatrous representations. They have, however, occasionally

something approaching to our plays; where more than one character appears in a naked room, or in the open air, in front of a kiosk, while the spectators look from the windows, or form a circle round the performers. On these occasions some very gross indecencies take place, and the gravity and sense of decorum of a Turk is laid aside. They permit, and seem to enjoy, in these representations, a violation of morals and propriety, which, in real life, they would punish with the greatest severity. The sultans themselves are often present at such exhibitions, and set the example of encouraging them.

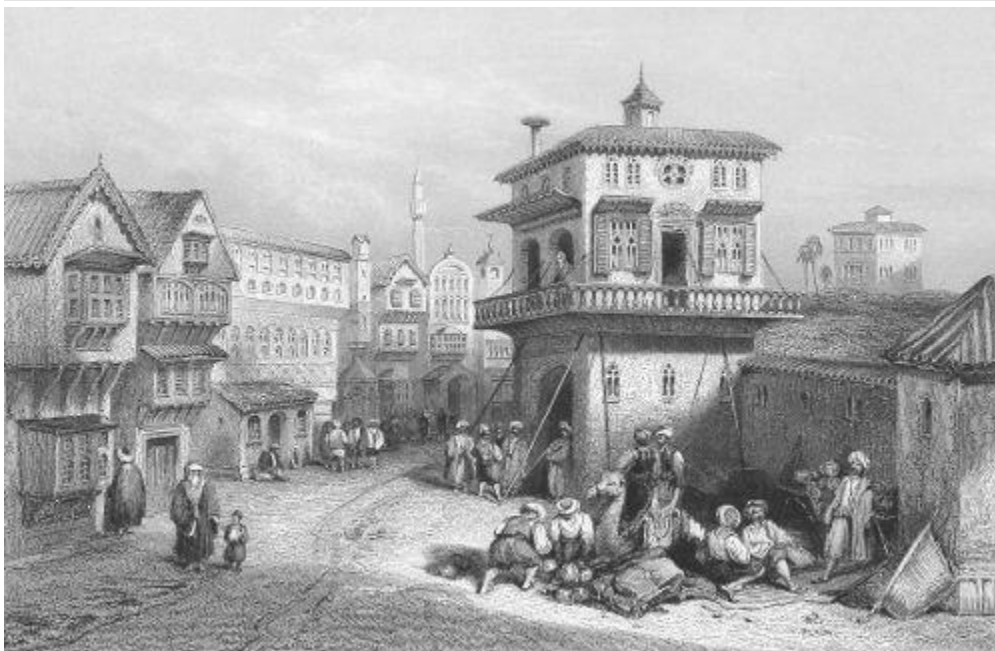
Such things, however, are rare, only of extraordinary occurrence, and on memorable occasions; but the Medâk, or Story-teller, is a source of every-day enjoyment. This is a very important personage, and an essential part of Turkish amusement. He enacts by himself, in a monologue, various characters, and with a spirit and fidelity quite astonishing, considering the inflexible and taciturn disposition of the people. The admirable manner in which one unassisted individual supports the representations of various persons, the versatility with which he adopts their countenance, attitude, and phraseology, are so excellent, that Frank residents, who have been accustomed to the perfection of the scenic art in their own country, are highly delighted with this Turkish drollery, and they are constant spectators, not only for amusement, but to perfect themselves in the language by hearing it under its various inflections, and thus acquire a knowledge which a common master could never impart; they also go to see different traits of manners, and of real life faithfully represented, which a long residence in the country would hardly allow them an opportunity of witnessing. The Medâk, therefore, is a public character, of importance to strangers as well as others.

The subjects he selects for representation are Oriental stories, some actually taken from, and all greatly resembling the tales of the Arabian Nights, in which the incidents and persons seem to have the same origin. Sometimes the corruption of a cadi, and his manner of administering justice, are detailed with considerable humour and sarcastic severity. Sometimes a Turkish proverb is illustrated, and forms, as it were, the text of his details; and the effects of various vices and virtues are exhibited, so as to form an excellent moral lesson. Among the proverbs illustrated and dramatized, the following are the most usual. "In a cart drawn by a buffalo, you may catch a hare." "It is not by saying 'honey, honey,' it will come to your mouth." "A man cannot carry two melons under one arm." "Though your enemy be no bigger than an ant, suppose him as large as an elephant." "More flies are caught by a drop of honey, than by a hogshead of vinegar." "He who rides only a borrowed horse, does not do so often." "Do not trust to the whiteness of a turban." "Though the tongue has no bones in it, it breaks many." In these and similar ones, the effects of industry, perseverance, idleness, caution, cunning, and such other moral qualities, are illustrated in a manner equally striking and amusing.⁷³ In these representations, he passes from grave to gay with a singular and happy facility, seemingly unattainable by the dullness and limited capabilities of a Turk. The volatile Greek at his strokes of pathos or humour sheds tears, or bursts out into uncontrollable laughter—the grave Armenian, incapable of higher excitement, looks sad, or smiles—while the phlegmatic Turk, though profoundly attentive to the various passions so admirably depicted by his countryman, scarcely alters a feature of his face.

The place where the Medâk exhibits is usually a coffee-house. He generally has a small table, placed before him, which he either stands behind or sits on. His cuffs are turned up, and he holds generally a small stick in his hand. If he illustrates a proverb, he gives it out as a text, and then

commences his story. He introduces individuals of all sects and nations, and imitates with admirable precision the language of each. But he is particularly fond of introducing the Jews, whose imperfect pronunciation of every language which they attempt to utter, presents him with a happy subject of caricature. Thus he imitates the multifarious tones of all the varieties of people in the Turkish empire, with a happy selection of all their characteristic expressions.

Our illustration presents the most distinguished story-teller of the capital, who may be considered the Matthews of Constantinople. He is called Kiz-Achmet, or “Achmet the Girl,” as we have noticed before. He keeps a coffee-house himself, and adds to his profits by entertaining his company; but at festivals he is invited to others, and paid liberally for his exhibition. There stood opposite the gate of the British palace, before the district was consumed by fire, one of the most celebrated and frequented coffee-houses in Pera. During the Bairam he continued telling stories here without intermission, and with unabated skill, till after midnight, to an unwearied audience, sitting on joint-stools in the street before the coffee-house. His auditors indulge as usual in coffee and tobacco, during his recitations, but sometimes his details are so interesting, that even this luxury is suspended while they listen with profound attention. It is only when he pauses, and descends with a coffee-cup to collect paras, that the click of flints is heard, chibouques are lighted, and refreshments served, when he remounts, and pursues his tale to his impatient hearers.



W. L. Leitch.

Drawn from Nature by Hervé, Esq.

J. Sands.

A STREET IN THE SUBURBS OF ADRIANOPE.

This capital of Thrace is one of the many towns erected by the emperor Hadrian in the East, and who, from his strong propensity for building, acquired the name of κτιστης “the architect.” His travels were marked by memorials of this kind, and his progress is to be traced, not like that of other conquerors, by the ruins, but by the erections he left behind him; and several towns, both in

Asia and Europe, still retain his “image and superscription.” He selected for his Thracian city the banks of the classic Hebrus, and for many centuries it continued a flourishing town under the Greek empire. When the Turks passed into Europe in 1362, they seized on it, and, transferring the seat of empire from⁷⁴ Brusa, they made Adrianople their capital, and called it Ederne. It so continued for more than a century, till Mahomet destroyed the empire of the Greeks, and there established his seat of government in the imperial city of Constantinople.

The city stands at the confluence of the rivers Toondja and Arda with the Maritza, the modern name for the Hebrus. After this union, the river becomes a noble stream, flowing down to the Archipelago, where it debouches into the Sea, amongst a group of Islands, near to the town of Enos, which is considered the port of Adrianople, and the outlet of its scanty trade. Various streams, flowing through the rich country around the capital, fertilize it to the highest capability of produce, but such advantages are totally neglected. No corn is raised on these exuberant plains, even for their own consumption. When the Russians in 1830 descended from the Balkans, they expected to find well-filled magazines ready for the supply of the army. They found nothing. No stores had ever been laid up, and 8000 men, are said to have perished at Adrianople by want and subsequent sickness. Their advance on Constantinople was suspended, and the indolence and improvidence of the Turks, without intending it, saved their capital.

The present city is eight miles in circumference, and contains about 100,000 inhabitants. It is adorned with many public edifices, and splendid mosques, among which is that of Sultan Selim, supposed to rival that of Sulimanie, or any other in the capital. Its aërial dome is twenty feet higher than that of Santa Sophia, and its symmetrical and beautiful proportions are the admiration of all strangers. On the porch is read one line only from the Koran, as simple as it is noble, “Allah is the light of heaven, which illumines the darkness of the earth.”



J. Salmon.

Drawn from Nature by Hervé, Esq.

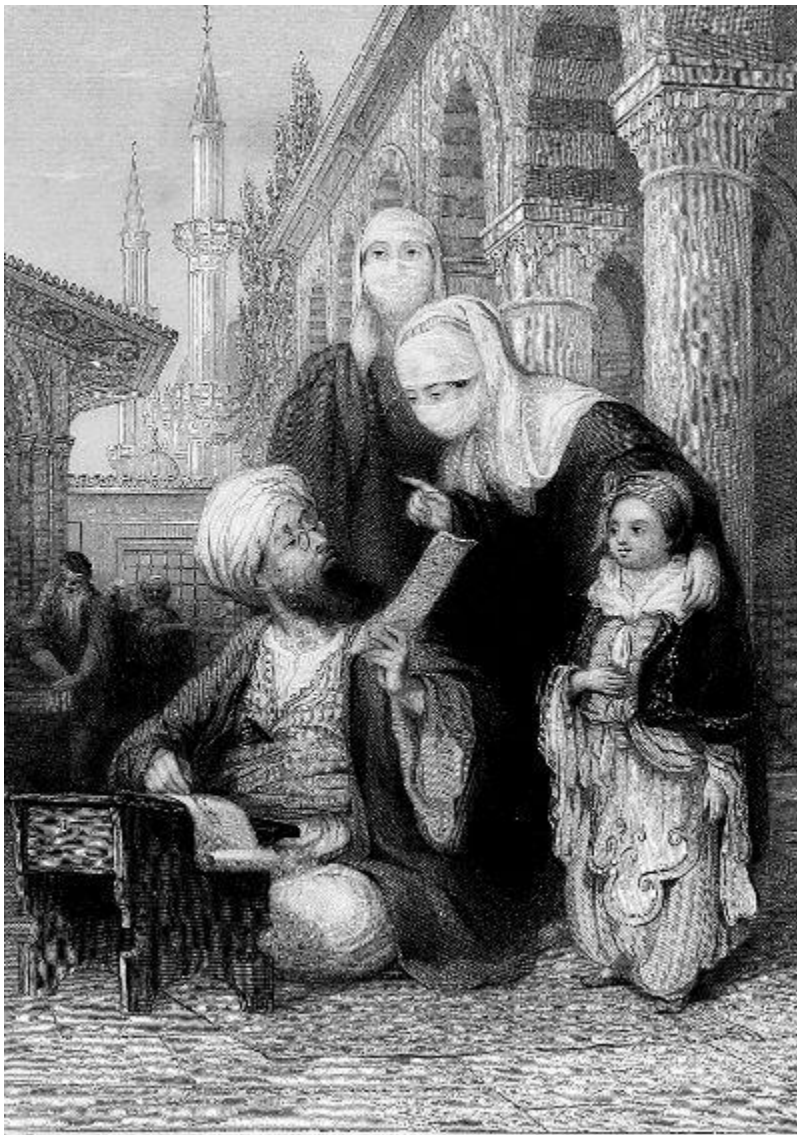
W. H. Capone.

THE FORT AND TOWN OF SILIVRIA. THE ANCIENT SELYMBRIA.

This maritime town of Thrace is of great antiquity. Not like the former, erected at a comparatively recent period, and by a well-known founder, Silivria was one of the towns of the Thracian or Scythian aborigines, and is mentioned by Herodotus as existing, and ancient in his time, 450 years before the Christian era. It is about twenty miles from Constantinople, and stands on a promontory which forms one extremity of an extensive bay, while the ancient town of Erekli stands on the other. Like all ancient cities, where such a thing was possible, it was built on the summit of a hill, forming what the Greeks call an *acropolis*. Three sides were of easy approach, and protected by fortified walls; but the fourth, facing the sea, was an inaccessible precipice, as perpendicular as the face of Dover Cliff, so that no wall was necessary. The summit of the hill is a perfect level, and the town forms a quadrangular area open to the sea; and perhaps no other in the world can present so fine and magnificent a platform. It commands the most extensive view along the winding coast, and across the Sea of Marmora, having the beautiful archipelago of the Princess⁷⁵ Islands floating as it were on the surface of the sea below; and the splendid view terminates by the coast of Asia, and the snowy ridges of Olympus. The walls are built of hewn stone interlaid with strata of Roman brick as large as flooring tiles. They are pierced by five gates, which are still standing, and closed carefully every night. Part of the area within the walls is now filled up with mean dirty streets, inhabited principally by Jews and Greeks. Below, on the shores of the sea, is another portion of it, almost exclusively Turkish. It has a port, in which lie a fleet of small-craft, used for conveying the produce of the neighbourhood to the markets of Constantinople, and this is all that remains of the bustle and activity of that commerce, which once distinguished the enterprising Greek cities of this coast.

Over one of the gates is an inscription containing the name of Theodora, of whom the Byzantine historians relate an interesting anecdote. “When the Emperor Theophilus wished to select a wife, he announced his intentions; and several ladies, most distinguished for beauty and accomplishments, appeared as candidates for his favour. On the appointed day, they arranged themselves in an apartment of the palace, and the emperor, with a golden apple in his hand, walked along the line to make his choice. He remarked aloud in passing, that women had been the cause of much evil in the world; and a young lady of the group of candidates, named Icasia, and on whom the emperor had fixed his regards, hoping to recommend herself by her wit as well as by her beauty and spirit, immediately replied, that his majesty must allow they had also been the cause of much good. The emperor turned from his fair antagonist with dislike, and, fixing his eyes upon another, who seemed shrinking from notice, he placed the golden apple in *her* hand, and selected her for his wife. This was Theodora—and she did not deceive his choice. She was afterwards distinguished for her modesty and prudence.” There stands in the area of the esplanade a very ancient Greek church, which she is said to have erected; and, notwithstanding the convulsions of the state, and the desolation of the invading Turks, to have remained in the undisturbed celebration of Christian worship for 1000 years.

Our illustration represents the Acropolis of this ancient city on the summit of a high and lofty hill, with the road at its base, winding to the town and port below, with various peasants bringing baskets of grapes, and other local commodities, for transportation to the markets of the capital.



T. Allom.

B. Holl.

A TURKISH LETTER-WRITER, AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

There are two modes of communication among the Turks—by symbols, and letters; the first was of very early adoption, and used even on important occasions of state. While Buda was in the power of the Turks, and they threatened to lay siege to Vienna, the vizir of Soliman caused a large water-melon to be conveyed to the Austrian ambassador. The Turks are in the habit of sending presents of fruit as tokens of good-will, and it was supposed that this fine fruit imported no more. It was found, however, that⁷⁶ it was meant to exhibit the size of those cannon-balls with which the sultan intended to attack the Christian capital, and so to strike terror into its defenders. The Austrians immediately searched, and found a larger one, which they sent back in

return—implying, that the cannon of the besieged was still more powerful than that of their assailants. The Turks were repulsed, and the truth of this emblematic communication verified.

But, besides fruits, flowers of all kinds are used at this day, as means of allegoric communication, among a people so illiterate as the Turks. The rose is principally prized, because the Moslems suppose it grew from the perspiration of Mahomet, and they never suffer the petal of the flower to wither on the ground. In all emblematic communications, it is deemed the representation of beauty and joy: the orange-flower marks hope; the marigold, despair; the amaranth, constancy; the tulip, a reproach of infidelity. It is thus that bouquets of flowers, called selams, supply the place of letters, and the illiterate lover communicates to his mistress feelings and sentiments which the most elaborate written language could not express. In this manner slaves hold tender communication with their mistresses, even in the presence of their terrible master. The captive Greek is generally employed as a gardener: by an ingenious arrangement of a parterre of flowers, he holds mute and eloquent converse with her he loves, even while his jealous rival and master is looking on, and his instant death would follow a discovery.

But, beside these modes of conveying ideas, there are scribes, who sit at the receipt of custom, as at Naples, who live by writing down on paper what the Turk is not able to do for himself. These clerks are found in bazaars, and at the corners of streets, and are distinguished by a calomboy, or a bright brass “inkstand and pen-case,” stuck in the girdle, where another carries his yatagan and pistols. His desk is generally his hand, and his pen is a reed, like that of the Romans. This necessary person writes for all occasions. Is a Turk going to law, he writes for him his arzuhal, or the state of his case—does he want a protector against any evil, he writes an amulet. The Turks are exceedingly fond of amulets; they suppose them a sufficient safeguard against disease, magic, the power of evil spirits, the malice of enemies, and the assault of robbers. The scribe has power, by transcribing certain passages of the Koran, and annexing certain mysterious ciphers, to give a paper to his customer which will protect him against them all.

Our illustration represents an anxious mother obtaining such a protection for her child: a favourite one for such an age is the Kef Marjam, or “hand of Mary” which is either represented on blue glass, or inscribed on paper, and hung on the head or breast of the child.



W. L. Leitch.

J. Tingle.

THE SQUARE OF THE FOUNTAIN, ADRIANOPLE.

The city stands in the centre of an enormous plain, 140 miles, or about five days' journey from Constantinople. It is distinguished by the approaching traveller at the distance of many miles, by the tall minarets of the mosque of Selim piercing the sky, when all other objects of the city are imperceptible. An Oriental town is never discovered like one where coal is consumed, by the dense vapours which fill the atmosphere about it, but obscuring every other object. The site of it is usually marked by some conspicuous building rising above the rest, projecting on the pure air, and seen distinctly at an immense distance. Adrianople is entered on one side by a street, bounded by a vast cemetery having even more solemnity and beauty than is usual in others; this area is intersected by various avenues, and is the constant retreat of the citizens. There is nothing gloomy or revolting in the feelings it excites. The tombs are shaded by the ever-verdant and aromatic cypress, or varied by rose-trees and "flowers of all hues." It is the constant resort of all the relatives of those who sleep below, and the dead and the living meet here morning and evening in tranquil repose. On another side the city is approached by a wide causeway, the work of its founder, which he intended as the avenue of communication between his new city and Byzantium. It is still used for the same purpose, and forms the highway to Constantinople, but, like all remains of Roman roads in the country, it is so dilapidated by Turkish unskilfulness and neglect, that it is nearly impassable, and travellers, when overtaken on it by darkness, are compelled to light their lanterns, and pass it with the same precaution as the precipice of the Balkans.

In a tour through some of the Turkish dominions in Europe, which Sultan Mahmoud made some years ago, he passed through Adrianople, and paid its state particular attention. He was met by deputations of the various people that compose its population—the Turks headed by their mollahs,

the Greeks by their ex-patriarch, the Armenians by their vertabiets, and the Jews by their hakim-bashi or high-priest. He distributed large sums of money among them for founding schools, so that the whole population are now in a course of instruction by Lancasterian seminaries, and others on the European system. He also gave directions for building a noble stone bridge across the Maritza, in place of the decayed and tottering wooden structure that he found there. To commemorate these acts of beneficence, a new coinage was struck, having for its emblem a rose on one side, to indicate its principal produce, the attar of roses; and on the other, a star, as a representation of the sultan. It happened, either by accident or design of the Greek artist, that the star was deficient in its rays, and represented only a cross. This was remarked with avidity by the sanguine Greeks, and this coinage of Adrianople was classed, among other similar things, as an indication of his intention to become a Christian.

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W. L. Leitch.

J. Cousen.

JOANNINA, THE CAPITAL OF ALBANIA.

The city of Joannina, formerly scarcely known in England to have an existence, became, in later times, highly celebrated, as the capital of the extraordinary man, Ali Pasha, and attracted distinguished visitors from every part of Europe. It seems singular, that the security of its site, the fertility of the plains that surround it, and the beauty and natural advantages of its magnificent lake, should not have attracted the notice of either Greeks or Romans, who in succession held rule in Epirus and Albania, in the latter of which it lies. No trace of any city is discernible here before the reign of John Cantacuzene, in the fourteenth century, and no classic

ruins ennoble the barbarous remains of the middle ages. It is supposed to be called Joannina from the Christian name of its founder. It is usually written Yannini.

It continued a Byzantine city till the year 1432, when Amurath II. sent a letter and summons to the inhabitants of Joannina, like that of Sennacherib to the inhabitants of Jerusalem. It reminded them of the calamities inflicted by the conqueror on other cities, and warned them to avoid them by a speedy surrender. The terrified Christians at once submitted, and the Mahomedans took possession of it. Their first act was to raze some of the Christian churches to the ground, and their next was a deed in imitation of the rape of the Sabines:—a body of armed men watched the return of the Christian congregation from the place of worship left yet standing; each man seized upon the girl which best pleased him, as she issued from the porch; and the parents, after in vain exclaiming against the violence, were compelled at length to assent to it. The women became reconciled to their lot, and so a Christian and Moslem population amalgamated, like the Romans and Sabines, and lived in harmony together.

In the year 1611, however, an unfortunate attempt was made to expel the Turks. A fanatic bishop dreamed that he saw the sultan rise up on his throne at Constantinople to greet him, and gave out that this portended his reign in Joannina. He collected some followers, and attacked the Turks; but was speedily defeated, and his skin stuffed, and sent to the capital, where the Sultan, excited by curiosity, rose to look at it, and so completed the prediction of his dream. From that time the Christian inhabitants live in more abject subjection to the Turks than in any other part of the empire.

The present population is estimated at 40,000, for whom there are nineteen mosques, five tekés, six Greek churches, and two synagogues. It is distinguished for its schools, and has produced many learned men. It carries on a considerable traffic with Russia, Venice, and Malta, and is famous for its embroidery, cunning skill in ornamenting swords and other weapons, and particularly for its beautiful chiboques.



T. Allom.

J. Jenkins.

THE FAVOURITE ODALIQUE.

The female inmates of the seraglio are known by the names of Asseki and Odalique. The first is distinguished by having given birth to a son: she has then separate apartments assigned to her, gardens, baths, and even a mosque for her own private devotions. She has a regular income conferred upon her, called Paschmaklik, that is, “the revenue of the sandal.” It is assigned to purchase slippers, and called Turkish pin-money. Whenever a city is taken by the sultan, he generally reserves one street or district of it as a Paschmaklik. An Asseki sometimes builds a mosque from her immense revenue, and thence, from the source from whence the means are derived, it is called the Djami Paschmalk, or “the mosque of the slipper.” The Odalique is a simple favourite, not rendered eminent by any distinction. Between the Asseki and Odalique a jealousy and a mortal animosity exist, which often cause frightful results; and the annals of the seraglio are full of those tales of horror.

The mother of Mahomet IV. made a present to her son of a Georgian slave of great beauty. Zachy, the dominant Asseki, felt those pangs of jealousy so congenial to the place in which she lived, and resolved to get rid of her rival. On one occasion, while the sultan was absent at the chase, in the woods of Belgrade, she sent for her, on the pretext of showing her kindness and respect. The Odalique, though aware of her danger, entered her apartment, and immediately heard behind her that shrill yelp which marks the presence of a mute—the imperfect sound which the executioners of the seraglio utter, when they are about to fulfil the murderous orders they receive. The unfortunate Odalique turned round, and saw him with the bowstring ready: she submitted at once to her inevitable fate, bent her beautiful head to the fatal loop, which immediately closed upon it, and she lay dead at the feet of her rival.



T. Allom.

J. C. Bentley.

SMYRNA, FROM THE HARBOUR. ASIA MINOR.

The Bay of Smyrna is one of the largest and deepest in the Levant. At the extremity rises the ancient city, crowning the distant hills, while the modern runs along the low ground below, and seems on a level with the sea. Ships from all nations crowd the water, and their various pennons, floating in the breeze, add to the gaiety of the scene. The French are particularly distinguished. On every fête-day there is kept up a kind of jubilee, and the gala of Paris seems transferred to this port: music resounds from every deck; boats filled with joyous company are continually moving from ship to ship on visits of ceremony; and the explosion of cannon, rebounding in echoes along the distant hills, announce their arrival and departure. In fact, of all the Frank nations, the French seem to consider this harbour as their own; and the Turks submit with a grave toleration to scenes of levity, of which they afterwards complain.

Several natural phenomena confer on this harbour peculiarities not elsewhere observed. Sometimes the power of refraction is so great as altogether to change the aspect and distance of objects. Ships sailing up, see the city as it were just under their bows, when suddenly it disappears; and when it is again perceptible, it is on the distant horizon. From the constant action of the sun on the air, at the extreme end of the harbour, where it is encircled by an amphitheatre of high hills, a considerable degree of rarefaction takes place, and the heated air ascending, leaves a vacuum below into which the colder rushes. This creates a continued current during the day, and causes that *Inbat* which we have before noticed. This constant and regular trade-wind is peculiarly favourable to the commerce of the port, as ships are wafted by it to their stations with the unerring certainty of steam-boats.

Some artificial works in this bay attest the wisdom and beneficence of one conqueror, and the energetic but barbarous sagacity of another, and still exist as memorials of their labours. The great promontory formerly the ancient Mount Mincas, shuts it up on the south, and considerably retards the navigation of the entrance; but at some distance the bay of Teos enters the land, and approaches so near to that of Smyrna, as to make their union no difficult enterprise. The great conqueror Alexander, therefore, pushed a communication across, so that ships entering the bay of Teos, pushed into that of Smyrna, and so avoided the dangerous navigation round the great promontory. There lies also the islands of Clazomenæ, not far from the shore; and as he had separated the land by a channel, he compensated by bridging the sea, and uniting the island to the main. The remains of both these works attract the curious traveller, and while they attest the activity and skill of the great captain, reproach the indolence and ignorance of the Turks, who, though it would be highly useful to repair them, and facilitate the approach to Smyrna, their great emperors consider such a thing as altogether beyond their comprehension and capability.

In the year 1402 Tamerlane besieged the city, and, in order to prevent all communication by sea, he ordered every soldier to take a stone in his hand, and drop it in the mouth of the harbour,—by this he hoped not only to keep out their allies, but to shut in all who would attempt to escape. The ships in the harbour passed over the mound before it was sufficiently high to obstruct their passage; and the disappointed barbarian caused a thousand prisoners to be decapitated, and with their heads, mixed with stones, erected a tower near the spot, to commemorate his attempt.



W. L. Leitch.

J. Sands.

THE CASTLE OF ARGYRO-CASTRO, ALBANIA. TURKEY IN EUROPE.

Among the wild and almost inaccessible mountains of Albania, the traveller is often astonished to enter suddenly on beautiful and fertile plains, where he expected nothing but a continuation of those rugged and sterile rocks, over which he had been painfully and perilously clambering. Of these the magnificent plain of Argyro-Castro is one of the most remarkable. It extends in length more than thirty miles, and varies from six to eight in breadth. It contains nearly one hundred villages, either hanging on the sides of its alpine barriers, or hidden in the recesses of the shadowy glens that cleave their sides. Through the centre winds the limpid stream of the Druno, imparting freshness and fertility to its verdant banks. Vast flocks of sheep whiten the plain below, and picturesque herds of goats hang on the crags above; and the whole scene, instinct as it were with life, gives to the wildness and majestic aspect of nature a singularly beautiful and interesting character.

At one extremity of this place, perched upon the summit of a precipice, stands the town of Argyro-Castro. The rock on which it is built is cleft into various fissures, so that the streets are divided by deep and yawning chasms, which separate it into various districts, and give it a character singularly different from any other town. The houses are of a size and structure superior to those in Albanian towns. They are not contiguous, or in the form of streets, leaning on one another for support. They stand single and independent, sometimes on the summit of a crag, sometimes on the side of a precipice, and sometimes concealed in the fissure of the rock. The greater number, however, are on level ground at the bottoms of ravines, and the street is the natural chasm of the mountain. The sides are lined with fruit-trees, flowing shrubs, and hanging gardens, so that every lane is a romantic mountain-glen. These picturesque streets, however, have their disadvantages. On the sudden solution of snows, or deluges of rain, the torrents from

the higher ground rush with fearful impetuosity through them, devastating them from one end to the other, and leaving nothing behind, but torn-up trees, submerged houses, and drowned bodies.

The present population is estimated at 150,000: the greater and more opulent part are Turks; the rest Albanian Greeks, and Jews. Many of them were lately engaged extensively in commerce, and the town contains a spacious bazaar, well supplied with every species of merchandise; but its prosperity has greatly declined: the ruthless hand of Ali Pasha fell on it, in common with all its neighbouring towns; its inhabitants were massacred, its merchants plundered and scattered, and its prosperity, with its commerce, greatly reduced.

Our illustration presents the castle or fortress of the town impending over its beautiful plain. This fortress is one of the most extensive and important in Albania. It contains the seraglio of the pasha, a mosque, and accommodation for a garrison of 5000 men. To secure it against the effects of famine, the rock is hollowed into subterraneous excavations, which form granaries always filled with corn; and in order to be independent of either wind, water, or other uncertain power, the mill by which it is ground is moved by a machinery of clock-work, invented by an ingenious native, which daily yields an abundant supply of flour. The necessary element of water is conveyed from the neighbouring hills by a lofty aqueduct. The works are defended by eighty pieces of English and French ordnance; so that it may be considered one of the most noble and secure mountain-fortresses in Europe.



W. L. Leitch.

W. Floyd.

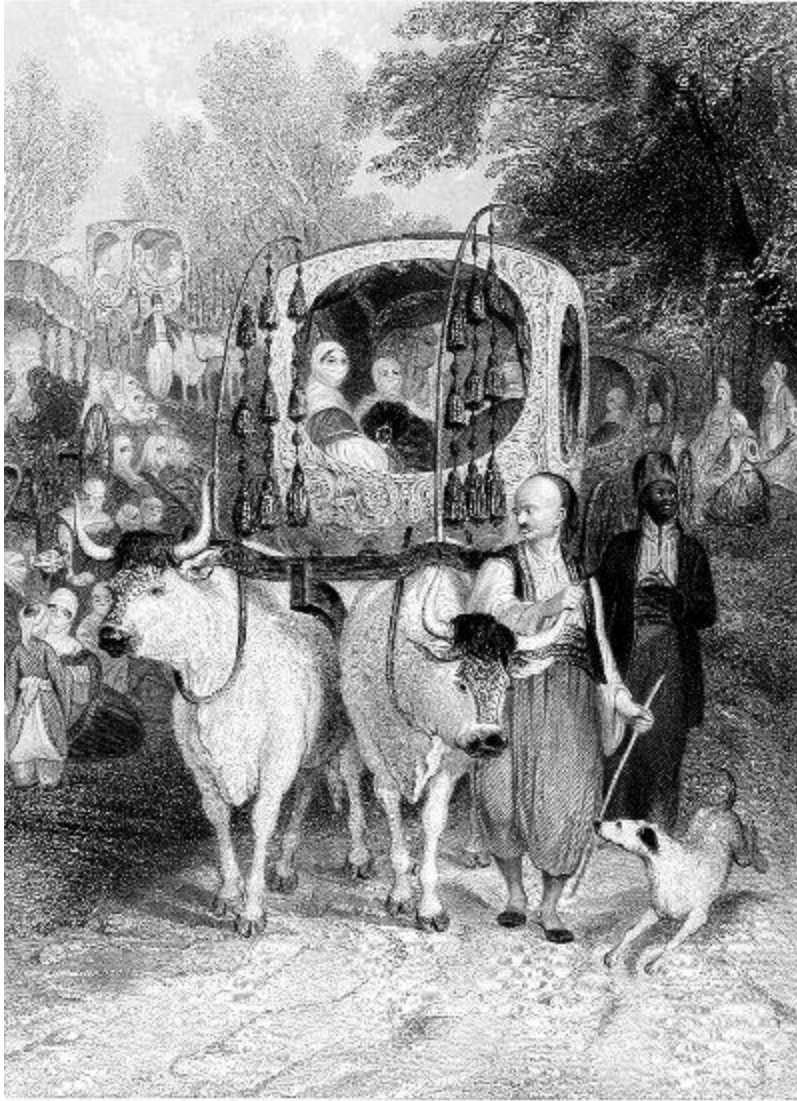
TOWN AND CASTLE OF PARAMYTHIA, IN ALBANIA. TURKEY IN EUROPE

More to the south than Joannina, and approaching the Adriatic, are the town and castle of Paramythia. Unlike the former, there are here discovered certain indications of its site having been that of some ancient Greek or Roman city: beautiful specimens of ancient art are daily disinterred, and arches of ponderous and double masonry indicate that its former inhabitants were in a far higher grade of social intelligence than its present possessors. Yet of the ancient city which did occupy this spot, the name has perished, while its remains attest its former existence.

Paramythia, like Argyro-Castro stands at the extremity of a fertile plain, suspended on a rock which overhangs it. The houses, like those of the structure of Albanian towns in general, are all built detached from each other. They indicate, however, the miserable state of insecurity in which the inhabitants live. They resemble so many fortresses closed up on the outside from light and air, pierced only with small loop-holes, from whence is thrust the muzzle of a tophek. They are generally shaded by the spreading branches of the Oriental platanus: this magnificent tree attains to such a gigantic size in the East, as to have been the wonder of antiquity; in the trunk of one tree, 22 people were entertained at supper, and the branches of another overshadowed a whole village. At Paramythia they grow to a magnificent size, and the town is partly covered by their leafy canopies. This luxuriance of vegetation is probably caused by the numerous springs which issue from the hills, and water the roots. Every tree seems to have a pure fountain connected with it. The spacious bazaar of the city is peculiarly marked with this character, shadowed over with a vast canopy of branches, and cooled by many rills of delicious water. Towering above the town is the fortress, reposing on a vast rock, in some places one thousand feet above the plain, and having the town spread over an inclined plain on the side of the mountain just under it. The calcareous structure of this rock sometimes gives way, detaching large masses, which overwhelm and crush the houses below on which they fall. The castle is surrounded by an extensive battlemented wall, crowned with turrets. Here it is that the ruins of a former town are most conspicuous. The modern walls are raised on still more ponderous remains of ancient foundations; and the gate-ways of arches yet remain here, of evidently very ancient date.

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Our illustration represents the fertile plain below, rich in various productions, full of gardens and shrubs, where the song of the nightingale seldom ceases, and is reported to be particularly sweet and plaintive. High above are the ridges of the great chain of Albanian mountains, which the ancients called Acroceraunian, because their summits were always splintered with thunderbolts; of these sublime hills, five distinct and mighty pinnacles can be traced from hence to the Adriatic. Reposing on the inclined plane of the mountain-side, is the city with its fortress, surrounded with lofty forests of plane-trees, and in front is one of those ancient arches, which indicate the early but unrecorded founder of the city.



T. Allom.

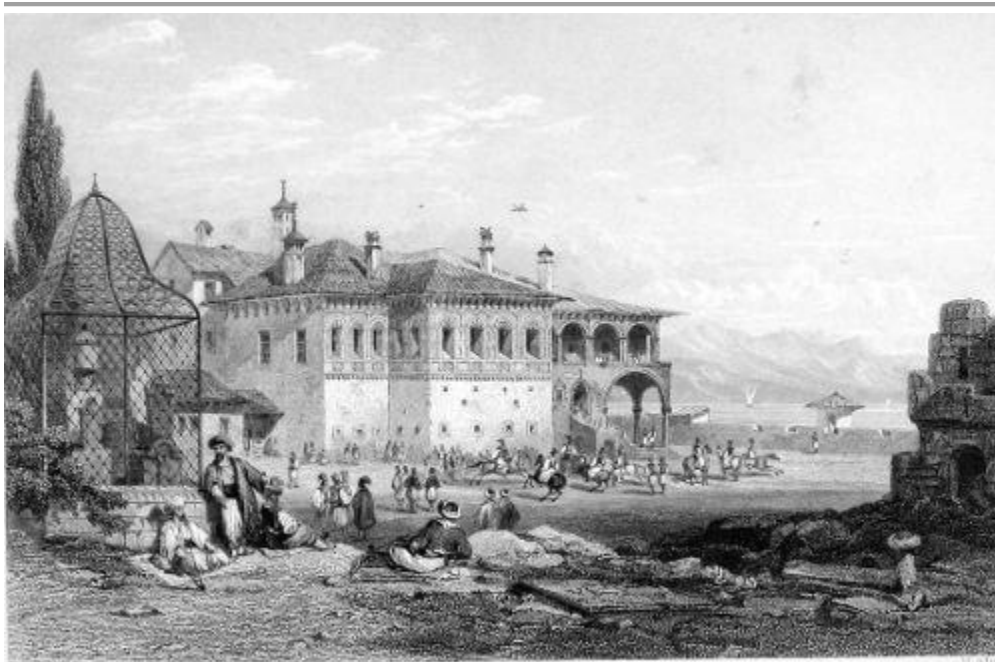
J. Jenkins.

THE SULTANA IN HER STATE ARRHUBA. CONSTANTINOPLE

This carriage, peculiarly Turkish, we have already described among the conveyances that thronged the social meetings at the Sweet Waters of Asia. It is here presented as the principal and most conspicuous object of our illustration. The ponderous body of the machine, placed on wheels without springs; the heavy but gilded and gaudy carved-work which covers it; the long-horned oxen which drag it; the singular arches dangling with tassels, to which their tails are generally tied; the dense mass of hair drawn down before, and carefully dyed, like the ladies' nails, with henna; and the amulets pending over their noses, to guard them from the effects of an evil eye—are here accurately represented. Beside the draught-beasts walks the Greek arrhubagee, leading the docile animals by the horns; and next the carriage is one of the black eunuchs, with his drawn sabre, threatening with instant death the passenger, whose profane eye shall dare to

glance at his sacred charge within. It was formerly the indispensable usage, that every arrhuba should be closely covered with silken curtains, so that the inmates were never seen, except when the wind, or the jolting on an uneven road, moved the curtains aside, and revealed for a moment the mysteries of the interior; but recent approximation to European usages has removed this veil, and even open carriages on springs have been seen in the Turkish capital, filled with the secluded females of the harem.

Our illustration represents the Asmé Sultana driving from her palace at Eyoub, through the Valley of the Sweet Waters. Crowds of females line one side of the road; and, with the jealous sense of Turkish propriety, the males, separated from them, line the other. A train of arrhubas follow in the rear, with various ladies of the seraglio.



J. L. Leitch.

H. Adlard.

THE TOMB OF ALI PASHA AND FATIMA, IN THE COURT OF SERAGLIO. JOANNINA, ALBANIA.

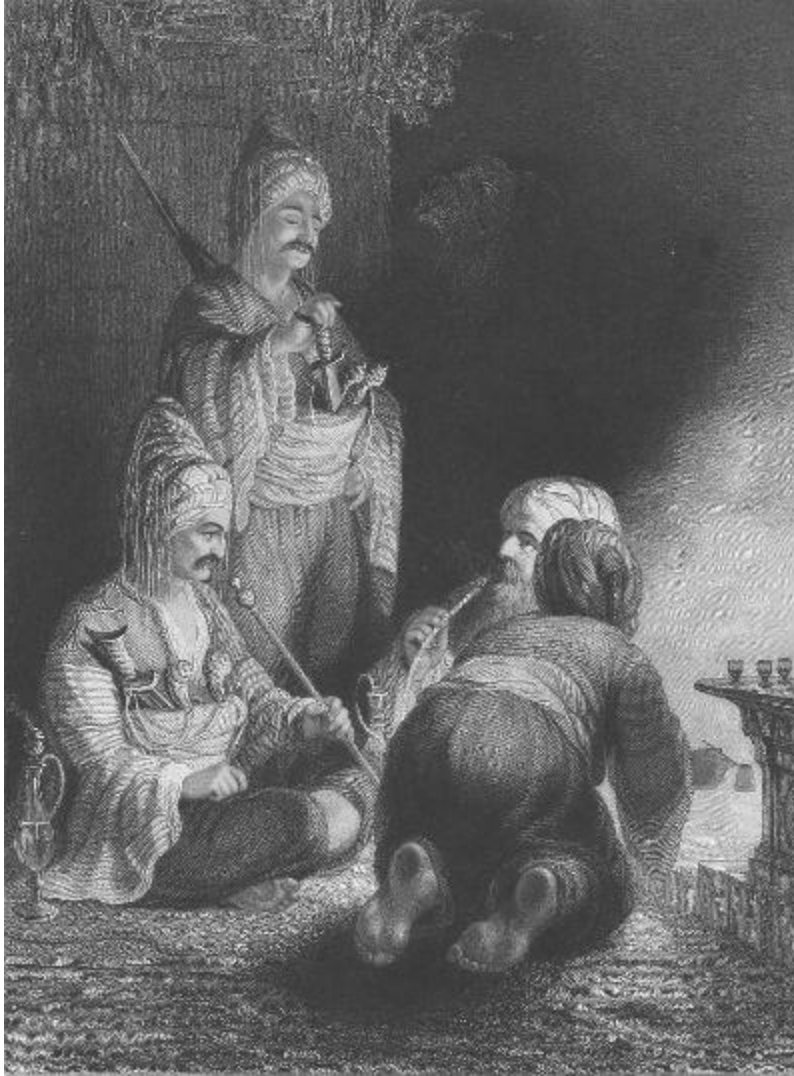
The wild mountains of Albania had long slumbered in obscurity, and, though in the immediate vicinity of civilized Europe, and in sight of the coast of Italy, had never been visited by the curious traveller, till Ali Pasha, like some lurid meteor, blazed out in this⁸⁴ obscure district, and attracted the notice and admiration of the world by his ability, his courage, his crimes, and his success.

This extraordinary man was born in Tepeleni, a small village of Albania, in the year 1741. His ancestors had been distinguished among the wild chieftains of the district, and his mother, a

woman of ferocious energy of character, determined that he should not degenerate. He became expert in all manly exercises, and, at a very early age, distinguished himself among the Kleftes, or robbers, of the country. While absent at a wedding, the inhabitants of Gardaki, a neighbouring and rival village, rushed into Tepeleni, and carried off his mother, and sister Shaïnitza, whom they abused. He vowed he would never rest till he stuffed the cushions of his divan with the hair of all the women of Gardaki. This vow he religiously kept; and after exterminating the inhabitants, and razing the village to the ground, the long tresses, which are the pride and ornament of Albanian women, were shorn from their lifeless remains, and the ferocious sister of Ali exulted while she reposed on the cushions which were stuffed with them.

After a career of crime, in which his cruelty and perfidy were as distinguished as his courage and ability, he at length made himself master, under various pretexts, of all the towns and fortresses in the country, and destroyed, with unrelenting cruelty, every rival whom by force or fraud he could get into his power. He was then confirmed by the Turks in the pashalik of all Albania, and he made Joannina his residence, and the capital of his territory. Here he invited all the distinguished travellers in Europe to visit him; and by their reports, his name soon expanded beyond the obscurity of his native mountains.

After enjoying for half a century this celebrity, the Turks became jealous of his power, and determined to depose him. He resisted all their open efforts, and at length fell a victim to a perfidy equal to his own. A pasha paid him a friendly visit, and, after many professions of good will, rose to take his leave, and made him the usual obeisance. Ali returned it, and before he could recover himself, his visitor stabbed him in the back, and his yatagan passed directly through his heart, and out of his breast. Thus perished, at the age of eighty-one “the old lion,” as the Turks denominated him. His head was cut off, and despatched, with his last wife, Vacilessso, to Constantinople, where it was exposed for three days on a silver dish in the courts of the seraglio. The heads of his four sons and grandson were sent after him; and they are all interred, with suitable monuments, outside the walls of Constantinople, and are the first objects seen by travellers after passing the Selyvria gate. The body was embalmed, and buried with that of his first wife, Fatimah or Ermineh, in a mausoleum he had erected for her on the esplanade of the seraglio at Joannina, where it overlooks the lake, as represented in our illustration.



T. Allom.

W. H. Mote.

HALT OF CARAVANIER'S AT A SERAÏ. BULGARIA.

The interior of the Turkish empire is constantly traversed by large bodies of men, who proceed together for protection; and their object is either commerce or devotion. We have already given some account of the first—the second remains to be noticed.

In the sixteenth year of Mahomet's mission, he ordained that every believer should engage in a pilgrimage, to visit the place of the Caaba, or sacred house of Abraham, which was taken up to heaven at the flood, but its model was left for true believers at Mecca. This ordinance was rigidly observed by his followers. The caliphs set the example; and all Mussulmans hold it an indispensable obligation at this day, when it is possible for them to perform it. Even women are not exempt. If they have no husband or brother, under whose protection they could leave the harem, they are bound to marry, for the express purpose of obtaining one to perform this duty.

The only person in the empire exempt is the Sultan; and he only because the pilgrimage would occupy a longer period than he could be legally absent from the capital. He is bound, however, to send a substitute, called Surré Emmini, who always accompanies the caravan of pilgrims, and represents the sovereign. Thus it is that every year above one hundred thousand persons, of all ages and conditions, set out from various points, and traverse Europe, Asia, and Africa, to fulfil this indispensable duty.

The great European caravan assembles at Constantinople in the month of Regib, which, according to the Turkish calendar, falls at every season of the year. They cross the Bosphorus, and unite on the great plain of Scutari, from whence they take their departure. They exhibit a strange display of folly and fanaticism. Among the various groups are seen, at one place jugglers and buffoons exhibiting their light and often indecent mummery; in another, molhas and dervishes exhorting to piety, and tearing their limbs with disgusting lacerations: but the most conspicuous object is the sacred camel; this carries the mahhfil, or seat from which the Prophet preached and dispensed justice in his journeys. The race is religiously kept up in the stables of the seraglio; and some believe the camel of the mahhfil, at this day, is the actual animal on which the Prophet rode, and kept alive by a miracle, to perform this annual journey to his holy city.

Our illustration represents a group of a caravan of the faithful, proceeding from the northern to the southern extremity of the empire, to perform this pilgrimage. The venerable Moslem, who is ambitious of becoming a hadgee, is attended by his guards, distinguished by their fantastic dress, their glittering golden-hafted hanjars, stuck in their shawl-girdles, beside their silver-mounted pistols, and the grave turban replaced by a many-tasselled cap. Their accommodation is the stable of a khan, which their camel equally shares; and their refreshment is coffee, black, thick, and bitter, served by the khangee in small characteristic cups.



T. Allom.

J. Sands.

THE RUINS OF LAODICEA. ASIA MINOR.

This last church of the Apocalypse stood in Phrygia, on the river Lycus, near Collosæ. It was first called Diospolis, or the “City of Jupiter,” but changed its name to Laodicea, from the wife of Antiochus, who rebuilt it. It became celebrated for its commerce; the richness of its soil, and the raven fleece of its sheep, were a source of unbounded wealth. It gave birth to many distinguished persons:—Hiero, who named its citizens as heirs to his immense wealth; and Zeno, who, though not the founder of the Stoic sect, was renowned, with his son Polemon, for skill in rhetoric. His name, two thousand years after, was found sculptured on the seats of the theatre.

When Christianity was planted here, it was not received with the eagerness and enthusiasm with which the “new faith” was embraced in other churches. The evangelist, reproaches them with their “lukewarm” zeal, and rebukes their indifference by wishing, they were either “hot or cold.”¹⁰ It does not appear that St. Paul ever visited them in his travels; yet he took a great interest in their welfare. He was well acquainted with their character; for he ordered his Epistle to the Colossians to be read to them also, as equally requiring it.¹¹ A letter exists which he is said to have written expressly to them; but it is considered spurious, and not recognized in our canon.

The place was shattered with earthquakes, in common with other cities in the same region; and what was not destroyed by the hand of nature, was more effectually so by the hands of the Turks. In the year 1009 it fell into their power; and from that time it sustained various assaults, during which the inhabitants were massacred, and their Christian bishops driven into captivity, along with their cattle. There is now no modern town built in or near the ancient site; but the extent and

magnificence of its ruins, slumbering in dilapidated grandeur, attest what it once was; and various perfect and legible inscriptions still mark the era when it flourished.

Our illustration represents what travellers suppose to have been the senate-house. It consists of many piers, supporting arches of stone; among which lie marble fragments of great beauty, mouldings, cornices, pedestals, and columns, marking by their sculpture and abundance the opulence of the inhabitants, and the advanced state of the arts among them. On a portion of the wall is a legible inscription, creditable to the people. It states that they had “elected Asem to be their magistrate for life, as a reward for his piety and integrity.” Beyond, extending over the plain, are the remains of various edifices—a stadium, amphitheatre, and other evidences of wealth and civilization in this rich country, where all is now solitary and desolate—where a few wandering Turcomans make a temporary abode, and their feldt-tents strongly contrast with what remains of the splendid edifices of its former possessors.

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W. L. Leitch.

J. Tingle.

THE CASTLE OF PARGA, ALBANIA. TURKEY IN EUROPE.

Of all the places contained within the circuit of the Ottoman empire, this little town is, perhaps, the most interesting to England; because its fate has compromised that high and before unsullied character for good faith, which had ever distinguished British transactions, and left a stain behind which no length of time can entirely wash away.

This town is of comparatively modern foundation, and was unknown before the fifteenth century. Its erection was attributed to a miracle in the Greek church. The Christian inhabitants had occupied a place in the interior, open to the continued assaults and attacks of the Turkish invaders of the country. While deliberating on searching for a more secure site, a shepherd, following after some stray sheep, discovered, in a cave over the sea, a statue of the Panaya, and brought it with great reverence to a church in the old city. The image, however, would not rest there, but returned to her former abode. It was brought back, but again returned; when the inhabitants, hailing the miraculous omen, followed it, built a church over the cave in which it was found, and commenced a new city round the church. So Parga rose upon its sea-beat rock, impending over the Adriatic, and protected by its impregnable situation from all attacks of the Infidels. The site chosen was particularly beautiful. A conical hill juts out from a deep bay, having secure harbours on each side. From hence the bay sweeps with picturesque curves, embracing with its long arms a magnificent sheet of water; the view terminated behind with the rugged precipice of the Albanian chain, and before by the islands of Paxo and Corfu, floating on a singularly clear and lucid sea. On the summit, over the caves, stands the acropolis of the city; and sloping down the sides, the houses of the inhabitants.

The Venetians, who were then in possession of the Ionian Islands, immediately took this little Christian community, on the opposite coast, under their care, and for many years they greatly prospered. Their town contained four thousand inhabitants, and their territory extended for twenty miles along the shores of the bay. The district had been anciently called Elaiatis, from the excellency of the oil it yielded; and the Parghiotes improved this quality to the utmost. Eighty-one thousand olive-trees clothed the sloping sides of the bay, and the oil of the industrious citizens of Parga was esteemed all over the Levant. The character of the people corresponded with this prosperity—they were esteemed for their piety and integrity. No Parghiote, it is said, was ever found among that numerous class in the country, which were robbers by land and pirates by sea; but, above all, they were distinguished by an ardent love of liberty, and an enthusiastic attachment to their native soil, that nothing could subdue or weaken; and this character they supported in this lawless region for three centuries.

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But the tyranny and ambition of Ali Pasha now subdued with resistless violence all the strongholds in that country, and fixed his eye on Parga as a most desirable object. The compassionate citizens had opened their gates to the fugitive Suliotes and other oppressed people, driven from their native towns; and this unpardonable offence had added to the malignant hostility of Ali, and for twenty years he used every stratagem of force or fraud to obtain possession of the place, without effect; till at length the protection afforded to it by England, was the means of gratifying all his evil passions. When the Ionian Islands fell under the dominion of France, the Parghiotes put themselves under its protection, against the power of Ali, and received a French garrison in their town; but when the islands were ceded to the English, the garrison capitulated, and the inhabitants gladly committed themselves to the care of that free and enlightened state, which they had always looked up to with honour and respect, and they were received as an independent ally of the new Ionian republic. The rage of Ali, when he saw his prey thus snatched from him, was ferocious, and vented itself in a bloody sacrifice of other

victims. For three years this connection continued, with mutual good-will; and they felt the security of a perfect confidence. The crisis, however, of their fate was at hand.

The Turkish government demanded the town of Parga, as part of their territory, and a secret negotiation was entered into with the English to surrender it. When this transpired, the place was filled with consternation and despair. The people rushed into the streets; they declared, and truly, that deserting them, was only sacrificing them to their bitter persecutors, who had sworn to exterminate them, and they would not survive it, but first destroy their wives and children, and finally themselves and their town. When no entreaty could prevail on them to remain behind the English garrison, they were offered an asylum in the island of Corfu, and a compensation for the property they left behind. To these terms they were compelled to accede, and the Glasgow frigate was sent to protect and convey them. The English found them in their church, disinterring the bodies of their ancestors, and burning their bones, that thus they might not be left to the sacrilegious insults of their enemies. The whole population then descended mournfully down the steep, some bearing the ashes of the dead, some grasping portions of the soil of a place so dear to them, and some the sacred image by whose direction they had chosen it. When arrived on the shore, they all kneeled down with one spontaneous impulse, kissed fervently the sand, and so took a last and sad farewell. Before they went out of the bay, the ferocious Albanians of Ali, who were waiting like famished tigers, rushed into the town. They found nothing that had life, all was still and motionless except the columns of smoke that was still eddying up from the ashes of the dead.

The desponding remains of this interesting people, after continuing for a short time in the Ionian Islands in poverty and distress, soon dispersed; the broken community was absorbed in other populations, and the name forgotten; and the traveller who sails to Corfu, looks up as he passes this lovely bay, and sees the remains of this aërial city, lately the residence of the free, industrious, and native Christian community, now the den of some of the most ferocious and savage hordes of Turks in the Ottoman empire.



W. L. Leitch.

C. Bentley.

CASTLE AND VALLEY OF SULI, THE ANCIENT ACHERON. ALBANIA.

Where the dark Acheron, now called the Kalamas, rolls its gloomy tide, among the recesses of chasms so deep and shadowy, that the wild imaginations of the Greek poets called it a river of hell—and the district through which it ran, the entrance to the infernal regions—stood the city of Suli, as distinguished as Parga by the bloody enmity of Ali Pasha.

In this country, for ages unsettled by any regular government, and disturbed by the constant warfare of petty beys and pashas, security of site was the strongest recommendation for erecting a town. A traveller winding his way through the chasms and ravines of these dark mountains, emerges unexpectedly on the summit upon a broad and fair platform. Here, 2000 feet above the bed of the Acheron, the tribe of Suli built their cities, and in this elevated rocky fastness fixed their chief abode, which they called Kako-Suli, from the exceeding difficulty of climbing up to it. On this lofty table-land were four populous towns, and they held sixty-six tributary villages, built on every available spot among the ravines and precipices below. The character of these mountaineers, and their peculiar habits, long distinguished them among their neighbours. Their fierce and unsubdued courage, their endurance of fatigue and privation, their skill in warlike weapons, caused them to be looked up to with great respect. Wherever they appeared, they were recognized by characters which marked them. Their skin was of a dark bronze colour; constantly exposed to sun and wind, and unprovided with the shelter of tents in their expeditions, the surface of the exposed parts attained the colour and consistency of tanned leather, and almost an equal insensibility. Their dress was a long white capote, strongly contrasted with the colour of their skin. They wore on their head a small cap called a fez, resembling an inverted saucer,

scarcely covering the top of the crown, from under which a long lock of hair streamed in the wind. Their arms were the tophek or musket without a bayonet, and in their girdle not a straight yatagan, but a crooked sabre. Thus distinguished was

.....“The dark Suliote,
In his snowy camese, and his shaggy capote;
To the wolf and the vulture he leaves his wild flock,
And descends to the plain like a stream from the rock.”

The little state enrolled on their cloud-capped mountains 2500 palikars of this description, who were objects of fear and respect to all other Albanians when seen below. These were the men, who, under the valiant Scanderbeg, opposed the first inroads of the Turks into the country; and in later times, under the gallant Lambro, attempted to liberate Greece from their yoke.

The usages and opinions of the women all tended to cherish this warlike character. The fountain, as in the days of Homer, was the place where they congregated, and displayed their traits of national character. Scrupulous respect was here paid to precedence. The wife of the bravest man had the first right to fill her urnlike pitcher with water, and then in succession the rest, according to the reputation of their husbands in war. When families quarrelled, no man had permission to interfere, lest by chance he might kill a woman, an act looked upon with horror, and expiated by his own death. On various occasions they formed themselves into military bodies, armed themselves with their husbands' weapons, rushed into the *melée*, and turned the doubtful scale of victory.

As long as this bold and independent christian republic occupied their mountain cities, they opposed a formidable obstacle to the insatiable ambition of Ali Pasha; it was, therefore, one of the first of the neighbouring states which he determined to destroy. He made his attempt so early as the year 1792, and its perfidy was the model of all his future proceedings. He invited the Suliotes to a conference on affairs of mutual interest. They descended from their mountain, and, having arrived at the appointed plain below, they laid aside their arms, and engaged in athletic sports and military games, as was usual with them on such friendly occasions. The Pasha, like a tiger from its lair, rushed upon them in this defenceless state, and murdered or captured every man present but three—one of whom escaped, passed up the mountain, and apprised the republic of the treachery. Among the prisoners was the hero Tzavalles, the great leader of the Suliotes. With this man in his power, he endeavoured again to treat with the people. He sent him up the steep, leaving his son behind as a hostage. When arrived at Suli, he exhorted the people to a strenuous defence. He returned a letter to Ali, written in the stern spirit of antiquity: “You think,” said he, “I am a cruel father to sacrifice my child; but if you had succeeded, all my family would have been exterminated without mercy, and no one left to avenge them. My wife is young, and I may have many more children to defend their country; if my boy is not willing to be now sacrificed for it, he is not fit to live, but to die as an unworthy son of Greece.” The enraged Pasha gave orders to ascend, and carry the mountain. While engaged in front, a band of women, headed by the mother of the boy, attacked the Turks in the rear. They were driven down with great slaughter, and Ali himself narrowly escaped.

Though thus defeated, he never abandoned his intention; for a series of years he renewed his attempts both openly and secretly, till at length, having become sovereign of the whole country of Albania, he united the whole of its forces for a final attack on this stubborn rock. More than 40,000 men were leagued round it below, while the defenders above, reduced by various combats, did not amount to 2000. Unsubdued by force, but reduced by famine, they at length agreed to abandon their strong-hold. A safeguard was guaranteed to them, to migrate where they pleased; and the remnant left alive, divided themselves into two bodies, which took different routes through the mountain. They were both attacked and massacred without mercy. The women rushed with their children to the edge of a precipice, where they cast themselves down, and were dashed to pieces, rather than fall into the hands of their loathed conquerors. A few men escaped into a fortress in which was a depôt of ammunition. They were headed by an ecclesiastic, who had distinguished himself by his devoted attachment to the religion and liberty of his country. He here

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declared that all resistance was hopeless, and invited the Turks to take possession of this last defence. They eagerly entered, and filled the castle, when the priest applied a match to the powder, and the whole were blown into the air. Among the records of these events, recalling the memory of this brave but exterminated people, is a song by one of the survivors, distinguished by the simplicity but poetic spirit of the original language. The last verse thus comments on the catastrophe

“Now Suli lies low and forlorn—Avaric and Kiaffa renowned,
And Kunghi’s high ramparts are torn, its fragments are scattered around:
But the gallant Caloyer was there, and he laughed as he lighted the train;
Yes, he laughed as he soared in the air, to escape the base conqueror’s chain.”

Ali having at length effected this almost hopeless conquest over this free republic, obtained from the Porte the dignified appellation of Aslem or “the lion,” and to commemorate his achievement, he built a splendid seraï on the summit of the mountain, amidst the ruins of the town, which is seen in our illustration peeping over the edge of the precipice. Meanwhile the few survivors of this brave people who had escaped the massacre, fled to Parga and other Christian towns, which afforded them an asylum. They were afterwards enrolled in various corps, and assisted in the liberation of Greece. One of them formed the body-guard of Lord Byron, and were among the mourners that stood round his grave at Missolonghi. But they have now no “local habitation,” and even their name has nearly perished.



T. Allom.

H. Adlard.

SCUTARI AND THE MAIDEN TOWER, ON THE BOSPHORUS.

The promontory of Scutari, given in our illustration, was distinguished by the ancient Greeks under the name of ἀκρον βοος, or “cape of the ox,” because it was supposed to be that to which Iö swam, when, under the shape of that animal, she fled from the persecutions of Juno, and gave the name of Bosphorus to the whole streight. Under the Greeks of the Lower Empire it was named μέγα μετωπον, or “the great forehead,” from its bold projection into the sea. It is strikingly picturesque. Just below it is the turbulent estuary, formed by the rushing waters of the streight, opposed by those of the Sea of Marmora, where, in the calmest day, they wheel and boil among the rocks with a turbulence and agitation quite extraordinary in the still and placid surface of the water around them. Rising from hence, the promontory displays a succession of picturesque objects, clothing its surface—kiosks, and grottos, and thickets, and hanging gardens—till they ascend to the summit, crowned with the dome and minarets of a mosque, and the noble barracks of Scutari.

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This place was distinguished as the scene of blood, in the terrible commotions that preceded the final suppression of the Janissaries. A body of those fierce and mutinous soldiers passed the Bosphorus, and made an attack on the Barrack of Scutari, hoping to convert the extensive edifice into a fortress, to overawe the opposite city from this eminence. They were repulsed, however, after much carnage, by the cannon of the topgees, and dispersed in two bodies: one took the route along the coast to Moudania; another proceeded in the opposite direction, up the Bosphorus, which they recrossed, and established themselves among the woods of Belgrade, where they became a desperate banditti, and carried their depredations to the walls of the capital.

It was found impossible to dislodge them in the ordinary way from the dense forest, and the whole was set on fire. The vast surface of timber blazed up, so as to illumine the dark waters of the Black Sea with its glare; and the banditti, driven from its recesses, were shot without mercy, with boars, wolves, and other beasts of prey, as they issued from the burning cover. When the fire subsided, the whole district exhibited a melancholy spectacle of Turkish destruction—vast forest-trees prostrate and half consumed, lying among the scorched bodies of men and various animals.



T. Allom.

W. Topham.

GOVERNOR'S HOUSE, PHILADELPHIA. ASIA MINOR.

Philadelphia is one of the churches of the Apocalypse, which retains some traces of its former prosperity. The serai, or palace of the muzzelim, as the governors of the towns in Asia Minor are named, is a spacious and sumptuous edifice, and the interior is decorated with those displays of Turkish magnificence that befits the magistrate who presides over a large and populous town. When a Frank traveller passes through an Oriental city, it is not sufficient in general to show his firman by his janissary, but the muzzelim expects to be personally waited on, and, after he has treated his guest with the usual refreshments of coffee and a chiboque, he inquires his business. It is impossible to make a Turk comprehend the usual objects of European travelling in the East, no more than to communicate to him the feeling of a sixth sense. He cannot conceive why a man should break in upon the sleepy repose of a dozing life, and fatigue himself by climbing mountains and exploring caverns, which can yield him no profit. The only motive of which he can have any distinct comprehension is that which leads a man to explore ruins; for every Turk is impressed with a notion that the ancients abounded in wealth, and that in the edifices they left

behind them, a man could find an urn of gold under every stone, if he knew how to search for it, and this knowledge he believes the superior intelligence of every Frank imparts to him. The janissary, therefore, who attends a traveller, though perfectly indifferent in other places, is always on the alert among ruins. He watches him eagerly when he is trying to read an inscription, certain that it points out a concealed treasure which the traveller will immediately discover.

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Our illustration represents a scene of this kind. The ingenious artist has depicted himself sitting on the divan of Chem Bey, the muzzelim of Philadelphia, to whom he is exhibiting his sketches. In these latter times even Turks have made some advances in knowledge, and the present muzzelim took an interest in such things, which former travellers could not excite in one of the old school.



T. Allom.

S. Fisher.

THE GYGEAN LAKE, AND PLACE OF A THOUSAND TOMBS. ASIA MINOR.

The name of Gyges is distinguished in the ancient history of this region. Candaules, king of Lydia, had wedded a most beautiful wife; but not content, says the historian, with the private enjoyment of her charms, he was anxious that others should witness his felicity, so he exposed her to his friends. Among the rest, Gyges was admitted to this happiness, and the consequence was such as might be expected from his folly. Gyges became enamoured of the wife of his

imprudent friend; and the lady, indignant at the treatment she received, encouraged him. By means of a ring which rendered him invisible, he gained access to the secret chambers of the palace, slew Candaules, married his queen, and succeeded to the kingdom of Lydia.

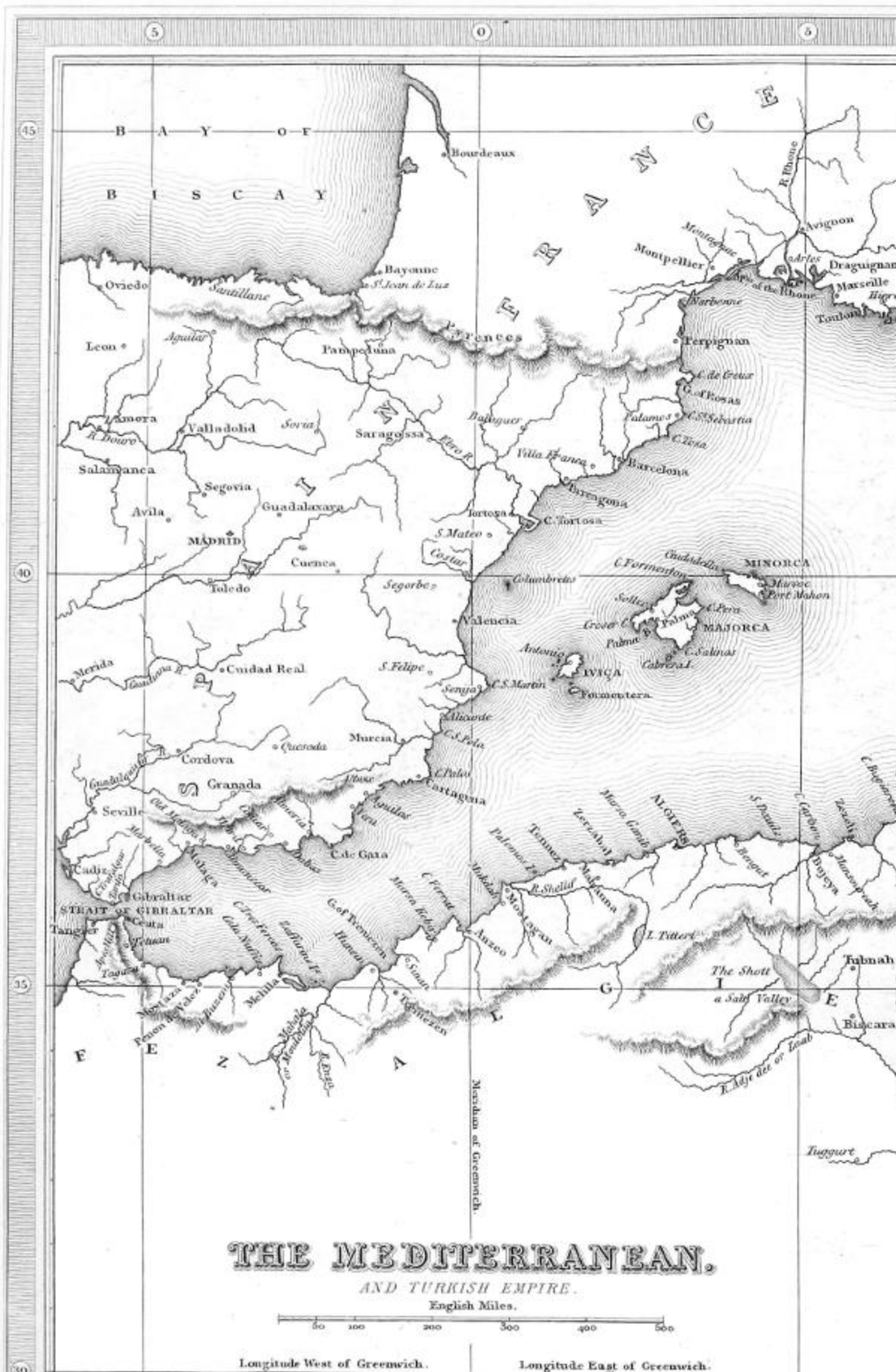
About five miles from Sardis, the capital of Lydia, is the Gygea, a large lake so called probably from the memorable king. It stands not far from the Hermus, and was supposed to be an artificial excavation, formed to draw off the waters of the river, and to avert the consequence of its inundations. In the course of ages it has assumed the character of a magnificent solitary lake, of nature's own formation, though in several places mounds and ramparts are still discernible, and seem rather thrown up to prevent the overflowing of the lake, than as part of its original construction. The lake, as it now exists, is of considerable extent; the rich mould on its banks, of a muddy consistence, exuberant in reeds, and abundance of such aquatic and palustric plants as love such a soil. The water, in colour and transparency, resembles that of a common pond, and seems alive with fish. Another circumstance marks it—flocks of swans and cygnets hover above the surface, and flights of various aquatic birds darken the air. Among them myriads of gnats buzz about, and, like those of Myus are the terror and torment of those who approach the lake. But the circumstance which renders this place so interesting is, that the shores of this solitary sheet of water, were selected by the ancient kings of Lydia, as an appropriate spot for their last resting-place. It is a vast cemetery, in which the regal remains were deposited, and the multitude of monuments that still exist, has acquired for it the name of “the Place of a Thousand Tombs.” The general appearance of these tombs is that of large grass-grown tumuli: swelling from the surface are verdant hillocks of a conical form, of various sizes, and somewhat resembling the larger ones seen on the plains of Troy and Roumelia. But there is one among them of distinguished form, and remarkable for many circumstances connected with it. It is that of Alyattes, the father of Cræsus. The means by which it was erected display a sad picture of the depravity of Lydian manners, and forms a sequel to the story of Gyges. The number and wealth of the girls of bad fame in Sardis were so great, that they raised, at their own expense, assisted by some of the lower classes, this magnificent tomb of their king, and monument of their own infamy. The remains of it at the present day, exactly correspond with the description of Herodotus, who saw and described it nearly five hundred years before the Christian era. The base of masonry still traceable, extends for six stadia or three-quarters of a mile. The superstructure on this is a truncated cone, now covered, like the rest, with grass very rich and verdant. On ascending the summit, a singular and characteristic view presents itself. Round its base are the smaller monuments, extending in various directions. From thence the still and placid surface of the lake spreads itself, penetrating into many solitary recesses, as if avoiding human research, and in perfect keeping with a place intended for the repose of the dead. What adds to the deep interest excited by this venerable relic of antiquity, is, that its origin and history is of undoubted authority. The traveller who visits it sees a monument as vast and ancient as a pyramid of Egypt, but whose history is much more certain and authentic.

Our illustration presents the perfect character of this place: the solitary stillness of the lake—the luxuriance of its aquatic vegetation—the vast flocks of its feathered inhabitants—its conical tombs appearing over the neighbouring elevations, and marking the cemetery in which the remote kings of Lydia slumber in solitary magnificence.



GARDENS OF THE SERAGLIO. CONSTANTINOPLE.

An error has long and universally prevailed in western Europe, as to the degree of liberty which Turkish ladies enjoy, and their supposed subjection to their husbands has excited the pity of Christian wives; but, if freedom alone constitute happiness, then are not only the wives and the odaliques, but the female slaves in Turkey, the happiest of the human race. They visit and are visited without exciting jealousy, or being subjected to resentment; the most gorgeous apartments, the most beautiful pleasure grounds of every palace, are devoted solely to their use; and the gardens of the seraglio at Constantinople, with their orange groves, rose beds, geraniums, and marble fountains, afford an admirable illustration of some scene of enchantment in an Arabian tale.



THE MEDITERRANEAN AND TURKISH EMPIRE

FINIS.

FOOTNOTES:

[1](#) The towns are designated in the following hexameter:
“Smyrna, Rhodos, Colophon, Salamis, Chios, Argos, Athenæ.”

[2](#) Cette *porte* dont l’empire Ottomane a pris nom.—Tourn.

[3](#) Some say it was to Magnesia on the Meander.

[4](#) Magnesia ad Sipylum, a qua magnes lapis, ferum attractens, nomen sortitus est.

[5](#) The names were as follow: Proté, because it is the first met in sailing from, Constantinople—Chalki, from its copper mines—Prinkipo, the residence of a princess—Antigone, so called by Demetrius Polyorctes in memory of his father Antigonus—Oxy, from its sharp precipices—Platy from its flatness—Pitya, from its pines, &c.

[6](#) The gum-resin, yielded by these plants, is sometimes collected by combing the beards of the goats, which browse among them, when they return home at night; and sometimes a leather thong is drawn across them, and that which adheres scraped off. The boots of those who walk through the shrubs are often incrustated with this gum.

[7](#) Jerem. vii. 7.

[8](#) Psalm civ. 17.

[9](#) There is another bridge of considerable extent called Buyuk Tchekmadgé, thrown across an arm of the sea some miles from the capital.

[10](#) Rev. iii. 15.

[11](#) Ep. to Colos. iv. 16.

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