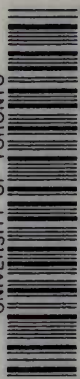




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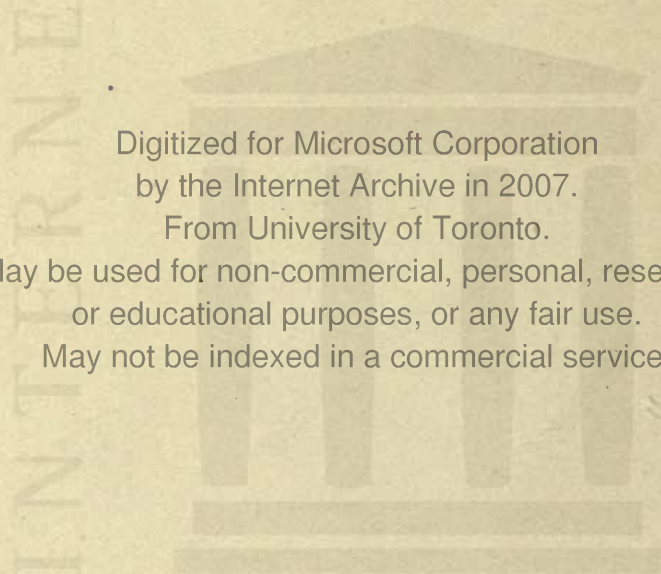
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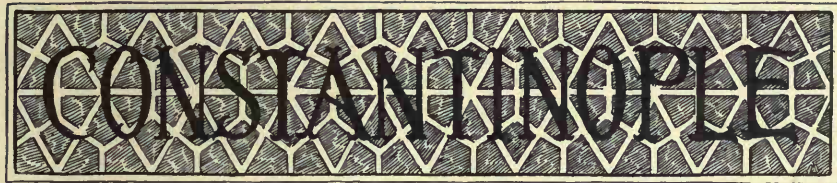
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CONSTANTINOPLE













ΚΩΝΣΤΑΝΤΙΝΟΣ Ο ΜΕΓΑΣ.

CONSTANTINE THE GREAT



# CONSTANTINOPLE

BY

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OF ATHENS, GREECE

With an Introduction by

GENERAL LEW. WALLACE



IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. I

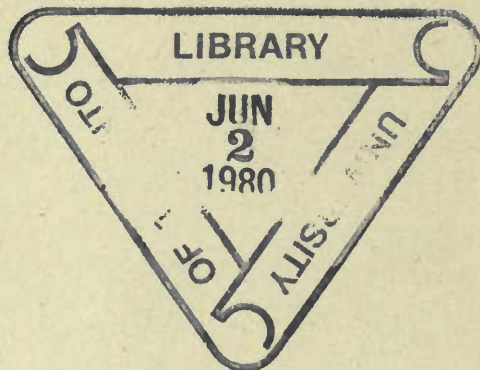
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To  
MY WIFE





## PREFACE TO THE REVISED EDITION

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**T**HE reception accorded to "Constantinople," both in this country and Europe, exceeded my most sanguine expectations. A book which had for its theme a capital at once so famous, so fascinating, and yet so little known, was doubtless sure of finding a place. None the less am I grateful to the press and the public for their cordial welcome.

Though this is a carefully revised edition, as few changes as possible in the original have been made, and the work is substantially the same as when first published.

The next score of years will transform Constantinople. Much that is described in these pages will soon vanish, and the tourist seek it in vain. But as long as this book lasts, it will preserve the careful panorama of the capital as it was in the last year of the nineteenth century.

EDWIN A. GROSVENOR.

March 15, 1900.

## P R E F A C E

---



O the Western eye there seems to be always hanging before Constantinople a veil of mystery and separation. Its remoteness from Great Britain and America in territorial distance and antiquity of history is intensified manifold by that other remoteness, caused by variety of races, languages, customs, and creeds. It is difficult for the foreign resident to know it well, and for the passing stranger or tourist, utterly impossible.

It has been my precious privilege to enjoy unusual opportunities for learning the story and entering into the life of the kaleidoscopic city. The preparation of this book has been a labor of delight, but it has occupied many years. No man could have a more fascinating theme. Even as Constantinople has a charm for all classes of mankind, I have sought to make this not a volume for any one narrow range of readers, but a book for all.

As now the bark, so long in building, is launched upon the great sea, I recall the many who have aided in its construction. The mere enumeration of their names would resemble a cosmopolitan romance; for I am proud to reckon among my friends representatives of every na-



tionality and religion and social rank in Constantinople. To each one of them all I stretch my hand across the ocean and the continent in a warm grasp of friendship and gratitude. One has told me a legend; one identified a rock; one pointed out an inscription; one given a medallion or picture; and each has contributed his stone, or his many stones, to the general mosaic of information. Each face stands out distinct in my grateful memory.

The contracted space of a preface allows scant room; but special acknowledgments must be tendered to their Excellencies, Sir Henry Austin Layard and Sir William Arthur White, former British Ambassadors to the Sublime Porte; William Henry Wrench, Esquire, British Consul at Constantinople, and the Reverend Canon Curtis, Rector of the British Memorial Church; His Eminence the Very Reverend Philotheos Bryennios, Metropolitan of Nicomedia; His Excellency Aristarchis Bey, Senator of the Ottoman Empire and Grand Logothete of the Greek Nation; Mr Manuel I. Gedeon, the brilliant mediævalist; the members of the Hellenic Philologic Syllogos; His Excellency Hamdi Bey, Director of the Imperial Ottoman Museum of Antiquities; President George Washburn, D. D., the Reverend Professor Hagopos Djedjizian, and Professor Louisos Eliou, of Robert College; the Reverend George A. Ford, D. D., Arabic scholar, and missionary of the Presbyterian Board at Sidon, Syria; the Reverend Henry O. Dwight, Turkish scholar, and missionary of the American Board at Constantinople; the Honorable Charles K. Tuckerman, former American Minister to Greece; the Honor-

able Eugene Schuyler, former American Minister to Roumania, Servia, and Greece; the Honorable Zachariah T. Sweeney, former American Consul-General at Constantinople; Alexander A. Gargiulo, Esquire, First Dragoman, polyglot linguist, and adviser of the American Legation at Constantinople; the Honorable Samuel Sullivan Cox, the Honorable Oscar S. Straus of New York City, and the Honorable Solomon Hirsch of Portland, Oregon, former American Ministers to the Sublime Porte.

This is no mere recapitulation of glittering names. To each of these distinguished gentlemen I am personally indebted. I realize sadly that the dull, cold ear of death renders some of them insensible to any word of thanks.

Yet there are two to whom I owe more than to all the rest: Alexander G. Paspatis, graduate and doctor of laws of my own Alma Mater, my teacher and early friend, the most modest, the most patient, the most learned of all those who have striven to probe the mysteries of the classic and the Byzantine city; General Lew. Wallace, companionship with whom through years of study and research, and whose always constant friendship have been and are an inspiration.

EDWIN A. GROSVENOR.

AMHERST, MASSACHUSETTS, U. S. A.,

October the twenty-third, 1895.



## INTRODUCTION

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THE reading world, both of Europe and America, has long needed a history of Constantinople which will enable one wandering through the modernities of the city to identify its hills and sites, and at least measurably reconstruct it. So only can it be redeemed, not merely from unsentimental guide-books, but more particularly from the Agopes, Leandros, and Dimitries, and the guild of couriers, hungry, insolent, insistent, and marvelously ignorant, whom the landlords of Pera permit to lie around their halls and doors in lurk for unprotected travellers.

Such a book would be a surprise to visitors who, having been led down through Galata, and across the beggar-haunted bridge over the Golden Horn, to the Hippodrome, the Janissary Museum, the Treasury, and Sancta Sophia, are solemnly told they have seen all there is worth seeing.

But of the components of the reading world within the meaning of the opening reference, no class would be so greatly profited by such a history as students of the East, who know that under the superficialities of Stamboul lie the remains of Byzantium, Queen of the Propontis, for whose

siren splendors the Greeks forgot their more glorious Athens, and the Latins, in the following of Constantine, actually abandoned Rome, leaving it a mouldy bone to be contended for by the hordes first from the North. In the light of that volume, an inquirer delighting in comparison will be astonished to find that the present Constantinople, overlying Byzantium, as the dead often overlies each other in Turkish cemeteries, is yet clothed with attractions rivalled only by Rome and Cairo. It were hard rendering the philosophy of the influence of history in the enhancement of interest in localities; nevertheless, the influence exists, and has for its most remarkable feature the fact that it is generally derived from the struggles of men and nations, illustrated by sufferings and extraordinary triumphs, or what we commonly term heroisms. It is largely by virtue of such an influence that we have the three cities probably the most interesting of the earth, — Rome, Constantinople, and Cairo. This remark is certainly very broad, and exceptions might be demanded in behalf of Jerusalem, and Mecca, and farther still, according to the impulses of pious veneration; but the interest in those places, it is to be observed, is obviously referable to sacred incidents of one kind or another, on account of which they are above the comparison.

Rome has first place in the mention; but it is as a concession to scholars whose reading and education are permeated with Latinity, and to that other section of the world yet more numerous, — tourists who, at the foot of the Capitoline Hill, or in the moon-lit area of the mighty



murder-mill of Vespasian and Titus, forget that there is an East awaiting them with attractions in endless programme. None the less there are delvers, inscription-hunters, and *savants* of undoubted judgment, familiar with the regions along the morning shores of the Mediterranean, who boldly declare themselves unconditional partisans of Constantinople. And, to say truth, if the comparison, which will be perfectly possible through the history spoken of, is pursued to its end by a student really impartial, he will be amazed by the discovery that all the elements which enter into his veneration for the old Rome belong not less distinctly to the later Rome, — antiquity, history, ruins, tragedies, comedies, and all manner of composite pictures of people, — in a word, everything in the least definitive of hero and harlequin.

These points tend to equality of interest ; so if, in the consideration, the person finds himself hesitant, and looks about in search of a transcendent advantage on which to rest a judgment, one will presently appear.

To the Western-born, Asia is more than a continent : it is a world remote and isolated, moving, it is difficult to say whether forward or back, in a vast and shadowy antiquity, and possessed by tribes and races so dissimilar in habits, socialities, conditions, and genius, that familiarity with them is as impossible to-day as it was a thousand years ago. The intercourse between European nationalities has brought about a brotherhood in which diversities have been happily reduced to trifles, if not refined away. Unfortunately failure or marginal success must be

written under every attempt at establishing so much as comity among Asiatics; their boundaries have been everlastingly changing, and when changed instantly sown with swords. The result has been a taint of uncertainty running through our best information, leaving us to impressions rather than knowledge, from which we have evolved what is magniloquently called the Orient,—a realm girt round about with filmy romance and extravaganzas distilled from the “Arabian Nights,” imaginary, yet gorgeous as auroras; a realm in the parts next us all horizon, in the parts stretching thitherward all depth. And then, as a capping to the description, it also happens that on the edge of this Orient nearest us lie Constantinople and Cairo, their mosques and bazars but so many stereopticon lenses permitting glimpses of Egypt, Persia, and India, and all there is and was of them, curtaining the further mysteries of China the Separated and Japan the Grotesque. With such an advantage in their favor, it would seem that Rome ought to be proudly content to wait on her rivals candle in hand.

The foregoing, it is now proper to say, is prefatory. Its motive is the announcement of a History of Constantinople which will not merely serve every want of the tourist, student, and general reader, but be indispensable to every library for referential purposes. The author is Edwin A. Grosvenor, Professor of European History at Amherst College. And lest it be summarily concluded that his work is a compilation merely, composed at elegant leisure, in a study well lighted and bountifully



supplied with authorities in blue and gold, we beg to interpose some particulars.

As far back as 1831, Amherst College graduated a young Sciote, named Alexander G. Paspatis, who became a man of vast erudition. His whole life succeeding graduation was given to Constantinople and Greece. He was, in fact, the chief Greek archeologist of his time, and knew more of Byzantium than any other scholar, however devoted to that conglomeration of antiquities. Professor Grosvenor accepted a chair in Robert College on the western bank of the Bosphorus, six miles above Stamboul, and while in that position made the acquaintance of Dr Paspatis. Sons of the same Alma Mater, it was natural that they should be drawn together. Ere long they became intimates; and when Professor Grosvenor developed a facility for the acquirement of languages — Paspatis spoke fifteen — and a taste for the antique in and about the old capital of the Komnenoi, Paspatis took him to his heart and became his master and guide.

The days they went roaming through the lost quarters and over the diminished hills, digging into tumuli in search of data for this and that, deciphering inscriptions, and fixing the relations of points, were to the younger professor what the illuminated letters are at the beginning of chapters in the Koran.<sup>1</sup> Paspatis suggested to his

<sup>1</sup> The writer had afterwards the benefit of the experience thus acquired; only in his wanderings and researches through the obscure quarters of the city, Professor Grosvenor was his mentor and guide. Each of the prospectors had then a book in mind.

friend the writing of a book, and from that moment the latter betook himself to preparation, greatly assisted by a thorough mastery of many languages, modern and classic. He collected authorities, and with the learned Doctor personally tested them on the ground. Old churches were thus resurrected, and palaces restored. Greek sites and remains were rescued from confusion with those of the Turks. In short, the reader, whether student or traveller, will thank Professor Grosvenor for his book; for besides its clear reading, it is profusely enriched by pictures and photographs never before published.

LEW. WALLACE.



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# CONSTANTINOPLE

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## I

### CONSTANTINOPLE



FAMOUS orator in a panegyric upon his native country utters its name, and then exclaims with emotion, "There is magic in the sound!" In the word "Constantinople" there is the blended magic of mythologic romance, history, and poetry. It is the synonym of the fusion of races and the clash of creeds. More than any other capital of mankind it is cosmopolitan in its present and its past. From the natural advantages of its site it is the queen city of the earth, seated upon a throne.

After the treaty of Tilsit, Napoleon bade his secretary, M. de Méneval, bring him the largest possible map of Europe. In anxious and protracted interviews the Emperor Alexander had insisted upon the absolute necessity to Russia of the possession of Constantinople. There was no price so great, no condition so hard, that it would not have been gratefully accorded by the Russian czar for the city's acquisition. Napoleon gazed in silence earnestly and long at the map wherein that continent was outlined, of which he, then

at the zenith of his power, was the autocratic arbiter. At last he exclaimed with earnestness, "Constantinople! Constantinople! Never! it is the empire of the world!"

Constantinople embraces the entire group of cities and villages on and immediately adjacent to the Thracian Bosphorus. Its heart or centre is the mediæval town between the Marmora and the Golden Horn. But a common municipal government includes as well all the districts on the farther side of the Golden Horn, all the long, wide fringe of dwellings on the European and Asiatic shores of the Bosphorus from the Marmora to the Black Sea, and also a strip on the northern shore of the Marmora and the tiny archipelago of the Princes' Islands. Though stretching so far in each direction, the entire land area comprised is comparatively small. The three sheets of water, — the harbor, the strait, and the sea, — on which it lies, occupy the larger part of the superficial extent, and afford spacious thoroughfares for intercommunication.

The quarters along these varied and winding shores combine in the perfection of ideal terrestrial beauty. As presented from the Marmora in early morning when the rising sun paints the domes and minarets of the capital, or at early evening when every wave and every roof seems almost tremulous in a flood of sunset glory, or beheld at any time from the hills of the Bosphorus, — itself a changing lake of infinite variety, — it embodies a panorama such as one who has never beheld it cannot conceive, and such as those who have seen it oftenest find impossible to adequately describe. Moreover, all this vision of scenic loveliness is pervaded and enhanced by its halo of romantic and historic memories, which transform



every rock and cliff, and touch every inlet and ravine and inch of ground till the most sluggish and phlegmatic gazer vibrates with the thrill of ever-present associations.<sup>1</sup>

It is my ambition in these pages to describe the wonderful city. Nor do I conceive how one can undertake such a task without something of that enthusiasm which the very name "Constantinople" instinctively excites.

Three main routes and only three conduct one thither from Western Europe. The most direct, monotonous, and least interesting of all is by the railway from Vienna which follows the Maritza, the ancient Hebrus, and traverses the great Thracian plain. It crosses Bulgaria, that principality of an ancient people, now animated with the high ambitions and the noble activity of youth. It passes through those level tracts where in mythologic days Bacchus, with the help of vine-branches and of the immortal gods, blinded and drove to madness the King Lycurgus; where Orpheus, faithful to his forever lost Eurydice, was torn in pieces by the Thracian women, who were frenzied at his indifference to their charms. It winds through shapeless mouldering mounds, the prostrate remnants of the walls reared from the Euxine to the Marmora by the Emperor Arcadius; skirts for a score of miles the flat shores of the Marmora; and creeps into the city humbly at its southwest corner, affording hardly a glimpse of the metropolis one has come to see.

The second route descends southward from some one of

<sup>1</sup> This entire territory is administered in the ten Circles, or Municipalities, of Sultan Bayezid, Sultan Mohammed, Djerrah Pasha, Beshicktash, Pera, Yenikeui, Buyoukdereh, Anadolu Hissar, Scutari, and Kadikeui.

the rapidly growing harbor-cities on the Black Sea. Invisible in the distance lie the endless sandy coasts of the Colossus of the North. The steamer cuts its track in waters sometimes calm as those of a summer lake, sometimes majestic and resistless as ocean waves. Between the Cyanean Rocks of Jason and the Argonauts it penetrates the Bosphorus. Each time the helm is shifted, a new beauty is revealed. As the ship advances, the wonder of the landscape grows. The converging, palace-studded shores seem made to border on either side a mighty aisle till the voyage is ended with one ethereal burst of splendor in the vision of Seraglio Point and of seven-hilled Stamboul.

The third route far transcends the other two. In richness of association there is not its equal upon earth. From whatever point in Europe it begins, at last its course leads eastward among the enchanted Isles of Greece. Between Tenedos, of which Virgil wrote, and Lemnos, on which Vulcan fell, it enters the Dardanelles, the ancient Hellespont, or sea of the maiden Helle. A ship's length distant on the left spreads the long, low, yellow strip of sand, overtopped by hills, the Thracian Chersonese, ruled before the Persian wars by the tyrant Miltiades, the savior of Marathon, "Freedom's best and bravest friend." On the right the Sigæan promontory guards the marshy bed of the Simoïs, the tumuli, and the plain of Troy, and beyond soar the arrowy peaks of many-fountained Ida. Half a score of miles to the south is Alexandria Troas, within whose now dismantled walls St. Paul caught his mysterious vision of the man of Macedonia: thence he sailed to the spiritual emancipation of the European continent; and from the same spot thirteen centuries later the heir of Orkhan



departed for the first Ottoman attack against the Byzantine Empire.

The on-rushing steamer cleaves the waves which Xerxes spanned with his bridge of boats, and into which he cast his impotent iron chain,— waves which threw the lifeless forms of Leander and Hero upon the beach, and across which Byron swam. At Lapsaki, the Lampascus of Themistocles, the channel widens. Then, becoming wider still, it leaves southward the Granicus, on whose banks Alexander gained his first Asiatic victory, and northward the Ægos Potamos, at whose mouth the Athenians in the Peloponnesian War received their final and irretrievable defeat. The broader Marmora no less than the Hellespont is an eternally haunted sea. As the ship steams on, the traveller lives anew the school-day romances of his youth in the breezes blowing upon him from storied shores. Aristides, Pausanias and Phocion, Mithridates and Antiochus, Cicero, Pompey, Cæsar, and Pliny have ploughed these waters, and on the adjacent solid land commingled their exploits and disasters.

When the voyage is nearly done, from the prow of the advancing ship may be seen the rounded hill of Guebiseh, on whose cypress-shaded top—in death as in life an exile from his beloved Carthage, but persecuted no longer—Hannibal sleeps. A little farther on, and all other thoughts give way to one overmastering emotion. There, in its setting of islands and of Asiatic and European hills, Constantinople absorbs the horizon. I shall make no effort to describe the scene. I have gazed upon the fairest spectacles of earth, and I have beheld nothing else comparable with this. Eastward, northward, westward it stretches:—

“The City of the Constantines,  
 The rising city of the billow-side,  
 The City of the Cross — great ocean’s bride,  
 Crowned with her birth she sprung! Long ages past,  
 And still she looked in glory o’er the tide  
 Which at her feet barbaric riches cast,  
 Pour’d by the burning East, all joyously and fast.”

The dome of Sancta Sophia is  $41^{\circ}$  north of the equator, and  $28^{\circ} 59'$  east of Greenwich. It is remarkable that so many cities of first importance are situated on the same great parallel. That narrow belt, hardly more than ninety miles in breadth, which encircles the globe between  $40^{\circ} 20'$  and  $41^{\circ} 50'$  in north latitude, includes Constantinople, Rome, the Eternal City, Madrid, the political and literary capital of Spain, and, on this side the ocean, the two metropoleis, unrivalled in the western hemisphere, New York and Chicago. A person proceeding directly east from the Court House Square in Chicago would ascend the slopes of the Palatine Hill in Rome. One travelling directly east from New York City Hall for a distance of five thousand six hundred and twenty-two miles would pass through the southern suburbs of Constantinople.

The number of human beings inhabiting the city has been till the last decade a theme for the wildest conjecture. Dr Pococke, usually so judicious and discreet, a century and a half ago estimated the population as consisting of 3,340,000 Mussulmans; 60,000 Christians, and 100,000 Jews; or 3,600,000 altogether. Count Andréossy half a century later supposed there were 633,000. So there was the slight discrepancy of 3,000,000 souls between these respective figures. The official census or guess of the government in 1885 found 873,565. The



houses were declared with equal accuracy in 1877 to number 62,262. The resident population to-day can be but little less than one million. Like the audience that listened to St. Peter on the day of Pentecost, they are "out of every nation under heaven."

To say that there are 450,000 Mussulmans, 225,000 Greeks, 165,000 Armenians, 50,000 Jews, and 60,000 members of less numerous subject or foreign nationalities is to give only an approximate and faint idea of the motley host who sleep each night in the capital of the Sultan. The endless variety of facial type, of personal attire and of individual demeanor, and the jargon of languages in some gesticulating crowd afford more distinct and more exact details than any table of statistics, however elaborate and dry. In the polyglot multitude, he who speaks but a couple of languages is considered ignorant, and is often helpless. The common handbills and notices are usually printed in four. The sign over a cobbler's shop may be painted in the languages of six different nations, and the cobbler on his stool inside may in his daily talk violate the rules of grammar in a dozen or more. Still, the resident who is possessed of four languages will almost always be comfortable and at ease. First in importance is his own vernacular; then French, for intercourse with the high Ottoman officials and for general society; then Turkish, for dealing with the humbler classes; and Greek, as an open sesame among the native Christian population. Howsoever many additional languages one can speak, — Italian, Russian, English, German, Arabic, Armenian, Persian, or a dozen besides, — they are not superfluous, and on occasion each will be of advantage and use.

The only disappointing thing at Constantinople is the

climate. Only rarely does it correspond to the city's natural loveliness. Constantly it contradicts those conceptions wherein imagination pictures the East:—

“ The land of the cedar and vine,  
 Where the flowers ever blossom, the beams ever shine;  
 Where the citron and olive are fairest of fruit,  
 And the voice of the nightingale never is mute;  
 Where the tints of the earth and the hues of the sky,  
 In color though varied, in beauty may vie,”

is, as to the deliciousness of its climate, only the fond creation of a poet's brain. Some days in April or May or June seem absolute perfection, and leave nothing for full satiety to dream of or wish. October or November or December is sometimes beautiful, and scattered through the year are many pleasant days. But, taking the twelve months through, few localities possess a climate more capricious and unkind. The variations in temperature are frequent, sudden, excessive, and dangerous. The experience of one year forms small basis for calculation of the next. The heat of summer is often maintained for months at a high temperature; meanwhile no rain moistens the baked and cracking ground, and the night is hardly less parching than the day. Snow sometimes falls in winter, but the ground rarely freezes, becoming instead a mass of adhesive mud which is rendered still more disagreeable by incessant rains. The damp and clammy winter never invigorates like the sharper season of New England. Topographical position between the Black Sea, the Marmora, and the Ægean largely affects the climate. The swift Bosphorus, bounded by sharply descending banks, becomes a tunnel for shifting currents of air. Old habit lingers, and the American resi-



dent speaks of the four seasons; nevertheless the remark of Turner is literally true: "There are two climates at Constantinople, that of the north, and that of the south wind."

All the vicinity of Constantinople is subject to earthquake. Hardly a year passes without several shocks. These have generally been slight and of brief duration. The most violent in the present century occurred July 11, 1894, and destroyed nearly a hundred lives. In ancient times they were often long continued and frightfully disastrous.

Of the cities which compose the capital, three are of special prominence. These are Stamboul, Galata-Pera, and Scutari.

The first is by far the largest, most populous, interesting, and important. Its name is always pronounced Istamboul by the Ottomans, from their inability to articulate an initial *s* followed by a consonant. Stamboul is many times larger than classic Byzantium, the site of which is included in the headland at its north-east extremity. It comprehends the Nova Roma, or Constantinoupolis of Constantine, and an additional territory of equal extent. It exactly corresponds with thirteen of the fourteen Regions, or Climata, which made up the Constantinople of Theodosius II and of the subsequent Byzantine emperors.

This was the splendid mediæval city wherein were grouped almost all the edifices of Byzantine Church and State, and where the sovereign, his court, and people pre-eminently acted their respective parts. It is the arena wherein, more than in all other places, was wrought out the succession of Byzantine history. Here the Ottomans enthroned themselves under their mighty

leader, Mohammed II. Till the nineteenth century, they regarded all the adjacent quarters as but suburbs or inferior dependencies of Stamboul. In the following pages we shall be forced, almost against our will, to seemingly follow their example. As we seek to trace the worn paths of the past in quest of surviving monuments, or to contemplate in its fullest phases the life of the present, it is to this section of the metropolis that our thought and our eyes will be constantly turning.

Stamboul is a triangular peninsula nearly eleven miles in circuit. On its northern side the Golden Horn curves its crescent bay; on the south rolls the Marmora; its blunt eastern apex is beaten by the Bosphorus; on the west, outside the towering Theodosian walls, spread graveyards of prodigious extent; still farther west, villages, unconnected with Constantinople, crown the verdant highlands whose water-springs during the Middle Ages fed the fountains and cisterns of the city.

The seven hills, which were to Constantine and the cohorts the admired reminder of the older Rome, may still be distinctly traced. Though the topography has been vastly modified since 330, though frightfully devastating fires have caused the city to be rebuilt from its foundations on an average of once every fifty years, — that is, more than thirty times since it became an imperial capital, — though the valleys have been partially filled, and the crests, never more than three hundred feet in height, have been worn away, yet the seven proud hills are there. They are at once distinct elevations and great ridges which blend at their tops. It is not everywhere easy to distinguish the valleys



between the first, second, and third hills, since there man has most modified nature. A ravine, forming the half-dry bed of the river Lycus, intersects Stamboul at a point one-third the distance from the Golden Horn to the Marmora: proceeding gradually parallel to the former, it divides Stamboul into two unequal sections. In the northern section, which is an irregular rectangle, are six hills or long ridges. The valleys between run roughly parallel to each other and perpendicular to the Golden Horn. The southern section, triangular in shape, constitutes the seventh eminence, and was anciently called Xerolophos, or Dry Hill. It contains nearly a third of the territory of Stamboul.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The first and most eastern hill is occupied by the Seraglio, Sancta Sophia, the Mosque of Sultan Achmet I, and the Atmeidan, or Hippodrome. The first valley, directly west of the Seraglio, contains the buildings of the Sublime Porte, the Roumelian Railway Station, and the Royal Cistern (Yeri Batau Serai). On the second hill are the Mosque Nouri Osmanieh, the Cistern of the Thousand and One Columns (Bin Bir Derek), the Tomb of Mahmoud II, and the Column of Constantine. In the second valley, which ascends from the lower bridge, are the Mosque Yeni Valideh Djami, the Egyptian Bazar, the American Bible House, and the Grand Bazar, which also occupies the slopes of the second and third hills. On the third hill are the Mosque of Souleiman I and the grounds and buildings of the War Department, with the lofty Tower of the Seraskier, occupying the site of Eski Serai. On the blended crest of the second and third hills stands the Mosque of Bayezid II. The third valley extends entirely across the city, from the Golden Horn to the Marmora. It is spanned by the Aqueduct of Valens, and contains the residence of the Sheik-ul-Islam, the ancient Church of Saint Theodore of Tyrone, Shahzadeh Djami, and Laleli Djami. The crest of the fourth hill is crowned by the Mosque of Mohammed II, standing on the site of the Church of the Holy Apostles. On the same hill are the Column of Marcian and many ancient churches now mosques. On the fifth hill are the Mosque of Selim I, the ancient Church of Pammakaristos, and the Cisterns of Arcadius and Petron. In the fifth valley are Phanar and the Orthodox, or Greek, Patriarchate. The sixth hill has two summits: on one are the Cistern of Bonos, Mihri-mah Djami, and the ancient Church of Chora; on the other, the ancient Palace of the Hebdomon. In the valley of the Lycus, which separates the

## REFERENCES TO MAP OF STAMBOUL

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| <p>1 The Marble Tower<br/>                 2 Golden Gate<br/>                 3 Seven Towers<br/>                 4 Armenian Hospital<br/>                 5 Mir Achor Djami<br/>                 6 Belgrade Kapou<br/>                 7 Silivri Kapou<br/>                 8 Grave of Ali Pasha<br/>                 9 Khodja Moustapha Pasha Djami<br/>                 10 Soulou Monastir<br/>                 11 Church of Saint George<br/>                 12 Sandjakdar Mesdjid<br/>                 13 Yesa Kapou Mesdjid<br/>                 14 Daoud Pasha Djami<br/>                 15 Hasseki Djami<br/>                 16 Column of Arcadius<br/>                 17 Mohammed Djerrah Pasha Djami<br/>                 18 Daoud Pasha Kapou<br/>                 19 Mourad Pasha Djami<br/>                 20 Tchochour Bostan<br/>                 21 Mevlevi Khaneh Kapou<br/>                 22 Top Kapou<br/>                 23 The Lycus<br/>                 24 Mihrima Djami<br/>                 25 Edirneh Kapou<br/>                 26 Tchochour Bostan<br/>                 27 Kachrieh Djami<br/>                 28 Palace of the Hebdomon<br/>                 29 Egri Kapou<br/>                 30 Prison of Anemas<br/>                 31 Aïvan Seraï Kapou<br/>                 32 Phetihieh Djami<br/>                 33 Hirkaï Sherif Djami<br/>                 34 Phanari Yesa Mesdjid<br/>                 35 Column of Marcian<br/>                 36 Mosque of Sultan Mohammed II<br/>                 37 Tchochour Bostan<br/>                 38 Cistern of Arcadius<br/>                 39 Mosque of Sultan Selim I<br/>                 40 Greek Patriarchate<br/>                 41 Petri Kapou<br/>                 42 Yeni Kapou<br/>                 43 Aya Kapou<br/>                 44 Giul Djami<br/>                 45 Djobali Kapou<br/>                 46 Oun Kapan<br/>                 47 Zeïrek Djami<br/>                 48 Aqueduct of Valens<br/>                 49 Shahzadeh Djami<br/>                 50 Yeni Valideh Djami<br/>                 51 Laleli Djami</p> | <p>52 Boudroum Djami<br/>                 53 Yeni Kapou<br/>                 54 Armenian Patriarchate<br/>                 55 Mosque of Sultan Bayezid II<br/>                 56 Tower of Seraskier<br/>                 57 Seraskierat<br/>                 58 Barracks<br/>                 59 Mosque of Sultan Souleïman I<br/>                 60 Upper Bridge<br/>                 61 Military Prison<br/>                 62 Odoun Kapou<br/>                 63 Roustem Pasha Djami<br/>                 64 American Bible House<br/>                 65 Yeni Valideh Djami<br/>                 66 Balouk Bazar<br/>                 67 Lower Bridge<br/>                 68 Custom House<br/>                 69 R.R. Station<br/>                 70 Custom House<br/>                 71 Greek Hospitals<br/>                 72 Tower of Galata<br/>                 73 Kilidj Ali Pasha Djami<br/>                 74 Mosque of Sultan Mahmoud II<br/>                 75 Nouri Osmanieh<br/>                 76 Mahmoud Pasha Djami<br/>                 77 Atik Ali Pasha Djami<br/>                 78 Turbeh of Sultan Mahmoud II<br/>                 79 Column of Constantine<br/>                 80 Bin Bir Derek<br/>                 81 Yeri Batan Seraï<br/>                 82 Sublime Porte<br/>                 83 Atmeïdan<br/>                 84 Mosque of Sultan Achmet I<br/>                 85 Mehmet Sokolli Pasha Djami<br/>                 86 Kutchouk Aya Sophia<br/>                 87 Palace of Justinian<br/>                 88 Lighthouse<br/>                 89 Achor Kapou<br/>                 90 Sancta Sophia<br/>                 91 Medical School of Giul Knaneh<br/>                 92 Bab-i-Humayoun<br/>                 93 Saint Irene<br/>                 94 Planetree of the Janissaries<br/>                 95 Ayasma of the Savior<br/>                 96 Indjili Kiosk<br/>                 97 Giul Khaneh Kiosk<br/>                 98 Museum<br/>                 99 Column of Theodosius<br/>                 100 Hospital and Medical School<br/>                 101 Mermer Kiosk<br/>                 102 Top Kapou</p> |
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Second to Stamboul in importance, directly opposite on the north side of the Golden Horn, are the interwoven cities of Galata and Pera. On that bald plateau which rises between the valley of Khiat Khaneh and the Bosphorus, they occupy the extreme southern point, and thus project between the Bosphorus and the Golden Horn at the junction of the two. Galata corresponds in the main with the thirteenth Region, or *Clima*, of Theodosius II. Its closely packed edifices lean against each other and are built along the shore and up the terraced sides of a sharply ascending hill. Its highest elevation is marked by its enormous Tower, the most prominent object on the west bank of the Bosphorus. Rapidly expanding and aggressive Pera bounds Galata on the north, and stretches ambitiously in all directions on the summit of the plateau.

East of Stamboul, across the Bosphorus on the Asiatic shore, is Scutari, called by the Ottomans *Uscudar*. This is the third among those three chief factors which constitute so large a portion of Constantinople. On a triangular promontory which forces its way into the strait, its buildings climb the slopes and cover part of the site of ancient Chrysepolis, the City of Chryses, or the Golden City.

These three principal sections have many features in common, and yet each bears its own character, individual and distinct. Scutari remains fixed in Oriental quiet, almost undisturbed by the rush of the nineteenth cen-

fourth, fifth, and sixth hills from the seventh, are the *Etmeïdan*, or Meat Market, *Yeni Valideh Djami* of *Ak Seraï*, and the ancient Church of *Panachrantos*. On the seventh hill are the Column of *Arcadius*, *Daoud Pasha Djami*, *Hasseki Djami*, and the Cistern of *Mokios*, and on the southern slope many ancient Christian churches now mosques.

ture. It is distinctively Moslem and Ottoman, presenting the dreamy repose and apathetic immobility which characterize an Asiatic city. Its cemetery, "a wilderness of tombs," perhaps the vastest Mussulman cemetery in the world, covers with its thousands of high, motionless, funereal trees the loftiest elevation in Scutari, and is the most appalling feature in the landscape.

"The cypresses of Scutari

In stern magnificence look down  
On the bright lake and stream of sea,  
And glittering theatre of town:  
Above the throng of rich kiosks,  
Above the towers in triple tire,  
Above the domes of loftiest mosques,  
These pinnacles of death aspire."

In sharp contrast stand out Galata and Pera, the residence of the Franks. Galata, a mediæval Italian colonial settlement, still shows many marks of her origin, but has become the vast modern counting-house, the European commercial centre, of the capital. Pera, the home of the European ambassadors, where diplomacy is ever knotting the tangled skein of the Eastern Question, is a European city of to-day in the recent structure of her houses and the regularity of her streets.

Stamboul appears a reluctant compromise between the two extremes. Ancient and modern, European and Asiatic, Christian and Moslem, Stamboul is a Janus among the cities, facing in every direction, and yet, by the relentless march of events, forced to feel the breath of western enterprise, and slowly transformed by its influence.

Nor do the less populous and widely scattered sections of the capital lack each a marked individuality of its



own. Some are inhabited only by a single nationality, and avoided by all the rest. In some, representatives of a dozen peoples dwell side by side, and churches of different Christian faiths, and synagogues, and mosques rise together fraternally toward the sky. Some of the villages on the Bosphorus are separated from each other by only a few furlongs in territorial distance, and yet are centuries apart. I recall one hamlet which seems stranded, "left by the stream whose waves are years." Apparently the last news which broke in on its slumberous quiet was the tidings that Constantinople had fallen, that supreme tragedy of four hundred years ago. I recall another whose inhabitants are agitated by a change in the German ministry or by a breath from Paris. In this diversity of life and thought one of the most subtle fascinations of Constantinople is to be found.

## II

### HISTORY OF CONSTANTINOPLE



FEW cities have equalled Constantinople in importance. None in ancient or modern times have exceeded it in dramatic interest. During centuries of the Middle Ages it was the foremost city of the world, surpassing every other in populousness, strength, and beauty, and in the high development of its civilization. To the Mussulman it ranks next to Mecca, Medina, and Jerusalem. The Christian must regard it with still greater reverence. It was the first city distinctively Christian, erected by the first Christian Emperor on the ruins of vanquished paganism.

Here, almost in sight of the dome of Sancta Sophia, was wrought out the theology of the undivided Church by her Ecumenical Councils. Here, in the fourth and fifth centuries, preached that galaxy of pulpit orators, the Chrysostoms and Gregorys, who in biblical and pious eloquence have never been surpassed. Here, ever since its foundation, is the chief seat of that venerable communion which, alone of Christian Churches, uses no mere translation, crude and imperfect, of the Gospels in its worship, but the vernacular of whose ritual is even now daily chanted in the very language in which the New Testament was inspired. Here



were developed the first principles of Byzantine art, which, as handmaid of the Christian faith, "has had more influence than any other in the church architecture of Western Europe." Here was framed that marvellous Justinian Code, digest and compendium of all the laws known before, which, however modified, still survives and sways in all subsequent legislation. Here, in cloisters and libraries, while Europe was buried in barbarism, were preserved the precious volumes, and among her sons were being nursed the world-famous teachers, to whom in their subsequent dispersion is commonly attributed the intellectual revival, the Renaissance.

At the same time the history of no city has been more disfigured and obscured by hostile prejudice and passion. The struggle between the Sees of Rome and Constantinople — on the part of the former for supremacy, and on that of the latter for equality — is perhaps the most envenomed and longest continued of any in church history, all the bitterer because of differences in ecclesiastical practice and creed. The people of Western Europe and America, whether within or without the pale of the Roman communion, have inherited and believed whatever was taught by the Crusaders and Latin priests concerning Constantinople, the Eastern Empire, and the Eastern Church. Too often some stranger, careless of the truth, or unquestioning inheritor of Papal prejudice, has written that the history of this city "presents only deeds without grandeur, struggles without glory, and emperors known above all by their crimes and follies."

Yet the fact remains that during more than eleven hundred years after her consecration by Constantine, Constantinople yielded but once to foreign attack, when in the thirteenth century she was sacked by the Latin Crusaders.

Many times assaulted by Persia, which, resurrected under her Sassanide kings, had reached a height of prosperity and power ancient Persia hardly attained; by the Arabs, in all the fiery glow of a new and till then triumphant faith; by innumerable hosts constantly renewed, of Goths, Avars, Bulgarians, and Slavonians, — enemies as powerful and relentless as ever thundered at the gates of Rome, — Constantinople vanquished them all, surrendering only at last to Sultan Mohammed II and the Ottomans. No other capital presents so sublime a spectacle during the Middle Ages. Alone of all the cities of Europe, she towered erect, unsubmerged amid the wild torrents of invasion. This record is the highest tribute both to the pre-eminent superiority of her position and to the skill and heroism of her sons.

The History of Constantinople divides itself into three distinct epochs. The transition from one to the other is not gradual, with its boundary line indefinite, but sudden and complete. Even the day, almost the hour, of the transition may be noted. In each epoch the city has borne a different name, been enclosed by different boundaries, been administered by a radically different system of government, and been dominated by a different faith. Each transition has been made by a people of blood, customs, and language different from the preceding proprietors.

The First Epoch extends from the earliest times to May 11, 330. This may be called Classic, or Greek. Mythology blends with its earliest traditions; yet this epoch embraces in addition a duration of over eight hundred years after the dawn of authentic history.

The Second Epoch extends from May 11, 330, to May 29, 1453, two springtimes eleven hundred and twenty-



three years apart, indicating its beginning and its end. Though at first Roman, it is more appropriately called Byzantine. This period almost exactly coincides with the duration of the Middle Ages, it and the Middle Ages terminating together.

The Third Epoch extends from May 29, 1453, to the present time. This is the Ottoman period. It ushers in and is synchronous with modern times.

### THE FIRST EPOCH

BYZANTIUM was founded in that misty age when the swarming, adventurous sons of Greece were dotting the shores of the Mediterranean and its tributary waters with their colonies. The person of the Founder, dimly discerned on that border-land of time where mythology and history encroach upon each other, appears of colossal proportions and sprung from divine origin. His parents are the sea-god Poseidon and Keroessa, daughter of tormented Io and of omnipotent Zeus. His name is derived from the nymph Byzia, who nursed him at his birth. He wins Phidalia, the fair daughter of Barbyses, King of the Hellespont, as his bride. The maiden had already begun the erection of the city, but associates her husband in her undertaking, and confers on the nascent town her husband's name. Poseidon and Apollo share with mortals the labors of the foundation; and the Erythrean Sibyl reveals that its walls are the masonry of the gods. Hæmus, King of the Scythians, descends from his mountains to contend with Byzas, and is killed by him in single fight. No better fares Odryses, another Scythian king, who attacks Byzantium while Byzas and the men are absent, but whom Phidalia and the women defeat, — the only

weapon of the female garrison being the innumerable serpents which they hurl.

History, more definite in statement, is perhaps no more exact. In the seventh century before Christ, Byzas, King of Megaris, led a company of his countrymen to Lygos, on the Thracian Bosphorus, and there built Byzantium. In



BYZAS

after years Argos, Athens, and Miletos disputed with Megaris the honor of its foundation. The early colonists spoke the Doric dialect, and some of the original settlers may have been Dorians. Nothing is known of the people they found on their arrival. The site was a marvellously wise selection, unsurpassed in natural beauty, easy of defence against the neighboring barbarians, and commanding the only water

route between the Black and Mediterranean seas. On the death of Byzas, Dinos, a noble of Chalcedon, was chosen king. During the struggle against Scythian and Thracian foes he had been the city's constant friend. A generation later a second colony of Megarians arrived, led by Xeuxippos.

When Darius Hystaspes crossed the Bosphorus against the Scythians, and the long, glorious struggle between Persia and Greece began, Byzantium, on the eastern verge of the continent, was the first European city to fall into Persian hands. Henceforward, in all the vicissitudes of the kindred Grecian cities during the next eight centuries, she had her share. Joining in the Ionian revolt, she was burned to the ground on the triumph of Persia, and her surviving inhabitants sought a refuge at Mesembria, on the inhospitable shores of the Black Sea.



When the Persians were expelled from Greece, Byzantium was delivered by Pausanias, the conqueror at Plataea, who so rebuilt and enlarged the ruined city as to be reckoned its second Founder. Here was the scene of the great Spartan's treason, when from Byzantium he offered to betray to Xerxes Sparta, Athens, and all Greece.

In the suicidal strife of Athens and Sparta, when each was desperate for a selfish supremacy, Byzantium swung from side to side according as either was in the ascendant, or as the democratic or autocratic spirit of her citizens prevailed. The return of the Ten Thousand was a thrilling episode in her career, when she barely escaped destruction, and was only rescued by the eloquent oration of Xenophon to his troops. Athens had been her constant oppressor, and was her natural rival. Heading a coalition of island states and aided by King Mausolus, she was able definitely to throw off the Athenian yoke and became herself the foremost maritime Greek city.

The rising Macedonian Empire found her its steadfast and undismayed antagonist. Philip of Macedon with a powerful army besieged Byzantium. Fired by the burning eloquence of Demosthenes, Athens resolved, sinking the memory of old hatreds and seeking the welfare of Greece, to send ships and men to the aid of the endangered city. One dark, stormy night Philip endeavored to capture the city by surprise. Some of his soldiers had scaled the wall; others by subterranean passages were almost inside. Suddenly the clear moon burst through the clouds; the dogs' barking roused the weary garrison, and the Macedonians were driven back. That was the crisis of the two years' siege.

The Byzantines saw in their marvellous deliverance the interposition of torch-bearing Hecate. To her they

erected a commemorative statue, and changed the name of the region where it stood from Bosporian to Phosphorion. Henceforth the crescent and star, or the crescent and seven stars, symbols of the goddess of the moon, appeared on the Byzantine coins as commonly as Poseidon and his trident, or the dolphins, or the cow Io, or the fishes, or the bunch of grapes; all those devices had reference to the legendary past or to the prosperity of the city.

Nobly the Byzantines had borne themselves in the conflict, enduring every hardship and repairing their shattered walls with the gravestones of their ancestors. But without the whole-hearted assistance of Athens their heroism would have been in vain. Three colossal statues they erected in the harbor, representing the cities of Byzantium and Perinthos, likewise besieged by Philip, crowning their savior Athens. They decreed right of citizenship to the Athenians, precedence at the public ceremonies, and exemption from onerous duties. This decree is imperishably preserved, quoted in the masterpiece of the chief orator of all time in his speech concerning the Crown.

The third century before Christ was a hard one for the Byzantines. The warring Gauls and Thracians rivalled each other in extortions from the unhappy city; and the allied maritime Greek states ravaged her territories, and swept her commerce from the sea. At last she became by treaty the ally of the Romans, and rendered faithful service against the pseudo-Philip, Antiochus, and Mithridates, the relentless enemies of Rome. Cicero bore tribute to her fidelity, when denouncing the avaricious Piso for his wrongs against this steadfast ally.

At the beginning of the Christian era Byzantium was prosperous and at peace. The loss of her quondam



quasi-independence was more than compensated by the advantages enjoyed as part of the Universal Empire. Through all the phases of Greek political experience she had passed; monarchic in her origin, democratic, autocratic, oligarchic, by turns; all systems she had tried, and most systems more than once, and was now a "free city" and "ally" of the Romans. Her culture, wealth, and beauty, her treasures of antiquity and art, gave her universal fame, and rendered her a renowned resort.

The independent spirit of her inhabitants, her capability of obstinate resistance, her wonderful vitality, or recuperative power, made her the object of constant suspicion to the emperors. Vespasian stripped her of her privileges and reduced her to the most profound subjection.

In the second century she embraced the cause of Niger against Septimius Severus, in their struggle for the imperial crown. Even after his cause was lost and Niger dead, Byzantium was faithful to his memory. During a three years' siege she maintained a resistance among the sublimest in history, withstanding unaided and alone all the forces of the Roman Empire. Men tore timber from their houses to repair the ships. Women cut off their hair to make bowstrings and ropes. The starving garrison were sometimes kept alive by human flesh. The triumphant Severus visited the heroic city with unmanly revenge: the garrison and magistrates were put to death; the high, broad walls, the stones of which were bound together by clamps of iron, her glory, the bulwark



SEPTIMIUS SEVERUS

of civilization against the northern hordes, were levelled with the ground, and the soil whereon they stood was furrowed by the plough. The very name Byzantium was blotted out and the abandoned spot called Antonina. Six years after, when the bloody rage of resentment and triumph had cooled, Severus realized the political crime he had committed, and endeavored to rebuild the city. Quickly she arose from her ruins and reassumed her former name.

Two generations later most of her citizens, for some unknown reason, were destroyed in indiscriminate massacre by the soldiers of the ignoble Emperor Gallienus.

In 323, Byzantium declared for Licinius against Constantine, and adhered with her oldtime heroic fidelity to the ill-fated sovereign of her choice. When Licinius, overwhelmed at Adrianople, escaped to her for refuge, she received him with open arms. Meanwhile the hosts of Constantine were pressing ever nearer. When the fleet of Licinius was defeated at the Dardanelles, the terrified Emperor fled to Chalkedon. Still the Byzantines with traditional obstinacy withstood the skilful and vigorous assaults of Constantine. When Byzantium at last submitted, by her fall Constantine was rendered sole master of the reunited Empire, and the farther resistance of Licinius became hopeless and vain.

By the unrivalled advantages of her situation, the conquered city vanquished the conqueror. In her site he found what his eye of statesman and warrior had sought in vain on the shores of the Adriatic and Ægean. On the throne of universal dominion, which Imperial Rome was abdicating with her forsaken gods, Constantine called Byzantium to sit. Herein he, whose title of the Great is "deserved rather by what he did than by what he was," gave the most convincing proof of his profound



political sagacity. "No city chosen by the art of man has been so well chosen and so permanent."

It is impossible to know with certainty when Constantine first decided on his new capital or began its erection: probably in 325, directly after the Council of Nice. An eagle's flight from Chrysopolis to Byzantium, according to the legend, first inspired the conception in his mind of Byzantium as the seat of empire. When the following night he slept within her walls, another legend states how the tutelary genius of the place appeared to him in a dream as a woman aged and decrepit suddenly transformed into a radiant maiden, whom his own hands adorned with all the insignia of royalty.

The new city was to include not only old Byzantium, but an area vastly extended toward the west. At the head of a solemn and magnificent retinue, the Emperor traced the boundaries with his spear. When the courtiers, astounded at the distance traversed, asked him to halt, he replied, "I must follow till He who leads me stops." Later he declared that he marked out its limits "jubente Deo." Its completion was pressed on with feverish impatience.

To the enlargement and adornment of the new capital, all the untold wealth of the Roman Empire, artistic, inventive, financial, was devoted during years. The resources and energies of the mightiest empire in Europe—expended by the grandest of all her czars upon the city of the Neva—were trivial and cheap compared with the exhaustless treasures Constantine could lavish upon the city of the Marmora and of the Golden Horn. Peter could adorn his capital only with what Russian art could devise or Russian gold could buy. Constantine, sole sovereign of the sole empire on

the globe, had but to raise his finger, to breathe his wish, and all the treasures of classic art, unequalled to this day, from all over the civilized world poured to this single harbor like rivers to one sea. From Greece and the Grecian Isles, from Syria and Egypt and Africa, from Spain, from southern Gaul, from Italy, ay, even from dismantled Rome herself,—from wherever there was that which was classic, that which was rare, that which was priceless,—it was brought over land and sea to deck the world's new queen.

#### THE SECOND EPOCH

DURING the Second Epoch, as also in the Third, the history of Constantinople is inextricably interwoven with that of an empire. The transition in her political life is enormous. Thus far she had been a city complete in herself, at first isolated in her ancient Greek independence and then, like countless other municipal atoms, subject to the far distant, almost unseen power of Rome. Now she had become herself the head and heart, whose nerves thrilled even at a rumor from remotest provinces, and in whose arteries and veins throbbed all the political currents of mankind. The story of her life taxes the learning and prolixity of a Gibbon and a Lebeau. A brief sketch like this can glance only at a few momentous events, which, like lofty mountains, loom above the other peaks in the prodigious chain of her history.

The city, as capital of the Roman Empire, was consecrated by Constantine to the service of Christ. The many ancient temples that crowned the first hill had doubtless been destroyed. But it is too much to say, as does Dean Stanley, "Except during the short



reign of Julian, no column of sacrificial smoke has gone up from the Seven Hills of Constantinople." Yet, above all other cities of the world, she was from her very birth a city of churches.

That eleventh of May was the proudest day in Constantine's marvellous career. It was the baptismal day of the new metropolis which he had given to civilization and to Christianity. Imagination can faintly depict the partly Pagan, partly Christian, splendor of the dedicatory rites. Within the Hippodrome, the crowning structure of the city, itself glorious beyond description with bronze and marble masterpieces, was celebrated the grand inaugural. Into its enclosure swept the great procession of all that was mightiest, fairest, and most gorgeous in the State.

The Emperor ascended to his throne in the Chamber of the Tribunal, or the Kathisma, whence he could behold the thousands of his subjects. Around him stood the surviving members of the Flavian family. His children's mother, the fair Fausta, whom he had smothered in the bath, and his oldest son Crispus, whom he had unjustly condemned, were indeed wanting. His mother, Saint Helena, had just died, but most of the imperial house were there. That many of those princes were in after years to die in open war against one another, or by secret assassination, no seer or prophet beholding the brilliant spectacle could have foretold. Their approaching destiny cast no shadow upon the splendor of the scene. In the



SAINT HELENA, MOTHER OF  
CONSTANTINE THE GREAT

lodges stretching on either side to the east and west limits of the Hippodrome, were the members of the just-created Senate, the Consuls, the grand officials, the chief generals of the state. In the lower range of seats, the Podium, were patricians and magistrates, wearing the new robes of their newly assumed offices. Ranged on the benches, thronging the lofty promenade, were the citizens of every rank, many with their wives. Over beyond the Gate of the Dead, in the Sphendone to its topmost range, seethed the packed multitude of the rabble.

By the lips of the Patriarch, the new name *Nova Roma* was pronounced, which should blot out the heathen name and the heathen past of Old Byzantium, but which itself the Greek title *Constantinoupolis* was shortly to supersede. As the rites were ending, soldiers, clad in long cloaks and bearing lighted candles, brought the statue of Constantine into the Hippodrome. The immense assembly kneeling paid homage to the statue, and then reverently in august procession bore it to crown the Porphyry Column in the Forum. Meanwhile, "the clergy, erect in the solemn congregation, cried a hundred times with a mighty voice, 'Kyrie eleëson.'" During subsequent centuries this ceremony was repeated upon the anniversary day. On a triumphal car each year a gilded statue of Constantine was borne into the Hippodrome. Then it was stationed before the throne of the Kathisma, and the Emperor and people bowed humbly before the image of the city's founder.

The festivities after the dedication lasted forty days.

No author has ever adequately set forth what would have been the inevitable result if, instead of becoming the world's capital, Byzantium had merely retained her



former rank as but one among many cities of minor importance. It is enough to say that the ethnographic face of Europe would have been vastly modified, and its religious aspect transformed. Even as the great capital centring the power and pride of a vast and historic empire, Constantinople was barely able to withstand her multitudinous and successive foes. Shame alone prevented the great-souled Heraklios in the seventh century from removing the government to Carthage, and abandoning Constantinople to the Persians, the Avars, the Slavonians, — to whoever could seize it first.

Had Byzantium continued to be only a strongly fortified frontier town, and not the imperial capital, that first Arab attack would have been resistless. More than Gibbon deduced from the battle of Tours would have been fulfilled. In Europe, except at the extreme south and west, Christianity at that time had hardly any footing. The fierce Slavonic nations, still pagan though sick of paganism and ready to change, would have welcomed triumphant Islam, as in keeping with their own ardent spirits. Westward the tide of blended martial and religious fervor would have rolled, all-conquering, all-devouring. The Saracenic and Moorish hosts of the later invasion which swept across Gibraltar would have united with the hosts that had subdued the Bosphorus. The churches of Europe would have been blotted out, as were the even stronger churches of northern Africa, and Europe would be ruled, not by Christianity, but by a different faith to-day.

But the contribution of her founder to her inner political life was evil far more than good. A horde of dissolute and idle persons, attracted from abroad by the stated prodigal largesses of the government in distribution of

bread, wine, and money, mixed with her people, and debased their character and blood. The senatorial and patrician families who had thronged from Italy, tempted by proffers of imperial favor and gifts of palaces and lands, were by no means Romans of "the brave days of old." The last vestige of municipal liberty was taken away, and the farce of electing powerless consuls and a shadowy senate was given instead.

As all freedom died, an aristocratic despotism, all-pervading in its repression and more than Oriental in its unbridled luxury and effeminacy, took its place. The palace of Constantius II is stated to have contained no less than eight hundred barbers and twelve hundred cooks. Then first appeared within the city, swelling the train of Constantine and his children, those sexless human monsters whose very functions are an insult to mankind. Inevitable consequence of imperial prodigality and extravagance, then followed such unjust and exorbitant taxation as crippled the rich and crushed the poor. Worst of all was the spectacle of domestic horrors perpetrated in his family by Constantine and his sons. Many an inhuman crime, on the Byzantine throne in after reigns, had its prototype and parallel in the house of the first Christian Emperor.

It is common even now to sneer at the "degenerate Greeks of the Lower Empire." Nevertheless, nowhere in any foreign land could be found a city whose populace might put Constantinople to the blush. At times, indeed, evil emperors, faithless generals, recreant prelates, passed along the scene; and yet, during that long period of eleven centuries, nowhere were there more numerous instances of heroic courage, of lofty self-sacrifice, of exalted virtue, than among the people of Constantinople.



Even at the time in that long ago when the picture seems most sombre here, it was no less bloody, no less mingled with treason, revolution, and assassination elsewhere in the world.

Even the democratic spirit was not absolutely extinguished by absolute power. The imperial dynasties seldom had long continuance, for loyalty through centuries to a family, regardless of its deserts, was an impossibility to the Greeks. The last emperor even was chosen by a sort of national suffrage, and, as Count Ségur remarks, "Even to the last day election prevailed, and this feeble ray of the ancient liberty of Rome and Byzantium threw a last flicker over their last remains."

During this Second Epoch eleven dynasties come and go. The short-lived family of Constantine disappears on the banks of the Euphrates with Julian, the noblest of the line, the last pagan emperor. Under the family of Theodosius, the Universal Empire is rent in twain, never to be reunited; but his daughter, the Empress Saint Pulcheria, passes away in peace, for her dying eye beholds Arianism crushed, and the ashes forever cold on the last pagan altar. The Thracian dynasty leaves faint trace save in the augmented prerogatives of the priests, from whose hand it humbled itself to receive the crown.

Then arises an illustrious dynasty of lowly origin. In 470, Justin, a Thracian shepherd, twenty years of age, abandoned his flocks, and with no other possessions than



THE EMPEROR JULIAN

a staff and a leathern wallet to hold his bread, came to Constantinople in search of adventure. Whether his ancestry was of Greek, Gothic, or Slavic stock is an undetermined question.



THE EMPRESS SAINT  
PULCHERIA

Because of his gigantic stature, he found no difficulty in enlisting as a common soldier. A hero on the field of battle, during forty-eight years he slowly climbed the ladder of military promotion to its top. When in 518 the Emperor Anastasius died, and left no heir save kinsmen unworthy of the succession, the concordant voice of the army, senate, and people acknowledged the former shepherd as the fittest occupant of the throne. Simple, austere, utterly illiterate, yet able to discern talent and willing to employ it wherever found, he justified the popular choice. Dying at the age of seventy-seven, he bequeathed the crown to his nephew, Justinian the Great.



JUSTINIAN THE GREAT

The reign of the latter, through its achievements in architecture, legislation, industry, and war, is among the most brilliant of authentic history.



The victories of his generals, Belisarius and Narses, in Italy, Africa, and Persia, and along the Danube may be forgotten, for those martial triumphs were mainly temporary in their results. But Sancta Sophia and the Justinian Code are more enduring and more glorious monuments of the greatness of Justinian. The introduction of the silkworm and the creation of the silk industry through the countries west of China is the still more beneficent accomplishment of his reign. The glory and renown of the sovereign was fitly shared by the Empress Theodora, whose image appears conjointly with her husband's upon the coin, and whose name is cited with his in public decrees.



THE EMPRESS THEODORA, WIFE OF  
JUSTINIAN

This is, moreover, the period when the absorption or disappearance of the Italian element in the state becomes complete; when native forces reassert their full supremacy, and the native language retakes its place as the universal medium of speech. After Justinian dies in 565, the Em-

pire can no longer be called or considered Roman or Latin; it is henceforth and distinctively Byzantine, or Greek.

Shortly after the blood of Justinian became extinct, the Heraclian dynasty succeeded. Then burst the new religion in a whirlwind from Arabia. Forty years after the death of the Prophet, the whole strength of triumphant Islam at the zenith of its power was hurled in a seven years' desperate siege against Constantinople. The patient courage of Constantine IV, the devotion of the populace, and the invention of Greek fire repulsed every assault of the besiegers; at last, the defeated and broken-hearted Caliph, by an annual tribute of gold, horses, and slaves, purchased peace. This is the momentous and most memorable event in the history of Constantinople, and the most far-reaching in its results.

Hardly a century later, the Arabs attempted a second siege, little less appalling than the first. One hundred and eighty thousand Moslem warriors, conveyed on two thousand six hundred ships, fought through eighteen months with tireless valor to conquer the city, but fought in vain.

Scarce had the Arabs been repulsed when the rough Isaurian family, more able to wield a sword than to mould a creed, precipitated the iconoclastic controversy. Council and counter-council, persecution and anti-persecution, racked the city. Zealots won the martyr's palm by dying to destroy or to preserve some holy image or mosaic picture. Artists were driven from the city, schools were shut, libraries burned, civilization was set back, and barbarism seemed returning. Through more than a hundred years the conflict raged with slight cessation till the Emperor Theophilus on his deathbed enjoined on his wife Theodora the duty of enforcing peace.



The Empire seems tottering to its fall. Unnumbered hostile hosts of Arabs, Russians, Bulgarians, Germans, pour through the eastern, northern, and western frontiers, united only in a common purpose to break the Empire and take the city. A Slavonian groom founds the Macedonian Dynasty. By him and his successors, Romanos I, Nikephoros II, John Zimiskes, Basil Bulgaroktonos, emperors whose helmets are a fitter head-dress than their crowns, the throne is maintained with glory, the rights of the national church asserted, the empire reorganized, the tide of invasion rolled beyond the borders, which are extended to the Euphrates, Italy is reunited to the Empire, the Emir of Aleppo forced to pay tribute, and the Caliph to sue for peace. The scars of the iconoclastic struggle disappear from the face of the city.



COSTUME OF EMPEROR AND PATRIARCH PRIOR TO 1053

Loosed by a restless hermit and an ambitious pope, the deluge of the Crusaders sweeps toward the Holy Land, as menacing to friends as foes, to Christians as to Moslems, threatening to engulf the capital and Empire on its way. The courage and astuteness of the Komnenan House maintain the majesty of the capital and the independence of the Empire. Had the head of Alexios I Komnenos been less shrewd and his hand

less firm, the Eastern Empire would have been swept away in the First Crusade.

At last arrives the most inglorious period in the city's history, when the Angelos Dynasty disgrace the throne nineteen shameful years. By their fraud, treachery, and incapacity all that the Komnenoi gained is lost. The character of the rulers reacts to make the people as contemptible as themselves. Foreign foes are summoned to adjust dynastic wrongs, and the way prepared for the overthrow of Constantinople by the Fourth Crusade. The Venetians and Franks besiege the city to replace the deposed Isaac Angelos upon his throne. Soon after, they assault the capital on their own account. At its capture is ushered in the Latin domination of the Empire, when ensues the most disastrous and pitiable half-century Constantinople has ever known.

After the horrors of the sack, the city is parcelled out among the merciless conquerors. One-fourth is assigned to Baldwin, Count of Flanders, elected first Latin Emperor; three-fourths are divided equally between the Venetians and Franks. Their lives are all the trembling citizens can call their own. The Latin priests hold forcible possession of the churches, elect a Latin Patriarch, and proclaim the submission of Orthodoxy to the See of Rome. No effort is made to conciliate the conquered. Their every right and prejudice is treated with contempt. The Empire is divided into principalities and smaller fiefs, after the feudal system of the West. From their refuge in Nice, where some of the Greeks have fled, they gaze with longing toward their dishonored city.

The Latin domination, founded in violence and existing only in brute force, grows weaker as time wears away. After fifty-seven years of bondage and exile, the last



dynasty, the Palaiologoi, seize the city almost without resistance. Michael VIII enters barefoot through the Golden Gate, and the Greeks repossess their own.

But the dismantled capital never could regain its beauty nor the shattered empire its strength. The



MICHAEL VIII PALAIOLOGOS AND HIS WIFE THEODORA

population of Constantinople had shrunk to one hundred thousand souls. Provinces and islands were held by Frank and Venetian families too strong to be dispossessed. A hopeless endeavor to put together the broken fragments, then a weary struggle for mere existence, fill the last two centuries of the Empire. Impolitic negotiations of the emperors for union with the Roman

Church and frivolous expeditions to Europe in quest of aid alienate the sympathies of the nation, paralyze its forces by division, and hasten on the final overthrow. Meanwhile, the expanding Ottoman power casts every year an ever heavier shadow on the Byzantine throne.

When Constantine XIII succeeds in 1449, prince and people alike know that without a miracle the inevitable result cannot be long delayed. Piteous prayers for aid and appeals to chivalry find only a deaf ear in Italy and France. The boundaries of the empire, shrinking on every side, become coterminous with the city's walls. In the succession of the calm, cool Mourad II by Prince Mohammed, burning with ambition and impatient of control, is harbinger that the end is near. The erection of the fortress at Roumeli Hissar in 1452 is itself a menace, and begins the investment of the city, grain ships being no longer able to bring supplies from the Black Sea.

Refusing all terms that imply submission or dishonor, though conscious that he is marching to a hopeless fight and an open grave, Constantine strains every nerve against the gathering storm. He stores the city with all the war munitions and provisions he can obtain. He enrolls all the fighting men, of whom a careful census reveals but four thousand nine hundred and seventy-three. The probability of defeat and the uncertainty of pay repel from his standard such soldiers as fight for hire, and of mercenaries he can obtain but two thousand. All together less than seven thousand men are mustered to guard fortifications more than ten miles in length and to withstand an enemy twenty times as strong.

Nor in that crucial hour was the Emperor sustained by the sympathy of his people. The Palaiologoi, his ances-





CONSTANTINE XIII, THE LAST BYZANTINE EMPEROR

tors, had always dallied with Rome. Even Michael VIII, who won back the Empire from the Latins, had strained his eyes with longing for alliance with the Pope. Because of his suspected apostasy he had been deemed an outcast by his subjects, and after his death had been for a time denied Christian burial. Pilgrimages to Italy and partial abjurations of the Orthodox creed on the part of subsequent sovereigns had estranged the devotion of the Greek Church and people to their imperial head.

In what they deemed apostasy, Constantine XIII had gone farther still. Others had assented when abroad; but he, under the dome of Sancta Sophia, had proclaimed the submission of the Eastern Church to the Roman See, and had received the sacrament in Romish fashion from the hand of a Latin priest. Centuries of religious alienation and animosity could not be bridged by a mere imperial utterance. Even his temporary acquiescence of the lips, against which the faith and the pride of the nation protested, was a political manœuvre in the hope of securing Western aid against the Moslems, and sure to be repudiated as soon as the hour of danger passed. It was of all the official acts of Constantine XIII the blunder the most colossal. \*

It costs to utter a word in depreciation of that heroic emperor, who struggled so sublimely against desperate odds, and who marched unshrinking to a martyr's death.

*protest of union* { But this abjuration of his national, ancestral faith gained him not a soldier from abroad, and chilled and paralyzed united action at home. The paid soldiers of fortune from the West cared little what was the creed of him in whose service they struck their blows. The Italian mercenaries were regarded with aversion, for tradition had handed down the horrors of the Latin Conquest, and many a \*



Greek believed he had reason on his side when declaring plainly that he abhorred the crimson hat of a Roman cardinal more than the red flag of Mohammed.

The devotion of the Greek to his church — a devotion undiminished to-day — is an anomaly in the history of Christian peoples. Had Constantine cast himself on the great national heart instead of piteously seeking the aid of the foreigner; had he clung unswerving to the great national church, — the result could have been at least no more disastrous than it was, and possibly might have been reversed. Without assistance from abroad, Manuel II, in 1422, had beaten off the apparently resistless host of Mourad II, though the besiegers for the first time in history were armed with all the unknown terrors of gunpowder and cannon. Thirty years later, why, without assistance from abroad, might not Constantine, a greater than Manuel, likewise have successfully resisted the son of Mourad II?

On April 2, 1453, the warlike Sultan with a hundred and sixty thousand soldiers and a horde of dervishes and camp followers pitched his camp over against the walls. A week later his fleet of three hundred and sixty warships arrived. One week later still the victorious passage of five Christian galleys through the Ottoman navy lighted almost the only ray of hope that flickered in the breasts of the besieged. Two days more, and sixty-eight of the Sultan's vessels, navigating as by enchantment on the hills, rode over solid land into the Golden Horn. A fortnight later the entire Ottoman forces, though incited by the presence and voice of their impatient sovereign, were repulsed with fearful loss in a general attack.

Then the Sultan devoted three weeks to preparation for an assault that should be resistless. He announced that on

the 29th of May the decisive attack should be made. To inflame still more the ardor of his troops, he promised them all the treasures of the city, reserving to himself only the walls and the public buildings. Day and night dervishes patrolled the army, exciting to frenzy the sensuous nature of the Moslems. The realism of their faith in the future world has never been surpassed. So, as he thrilled to glowing pictures of wealth and beauty waiting in the beleaguered city, or of languishing houries stretching to him their white arms from heaven, the ecstatic Moslem warrior cared not whether he lived or died, sure of satiety either in paradise or on earth.

Many were indeed animated by a loftier aim. Between Islam and Christianity there was eternal war, and Islam had not always won. Now the seal was to be set on the triumphs of their creed. The Prophet long before had said: "Constantinople shall be subdued. Happy the prince, happy the army, that shall achieve its conquest." It was their unutterable privilege to have part in the foretold victory.

The Sultan had made no effort to keep his plan of action secret. Hence the date fixed for the decisive attack was known almost as speedily in the city as in the hostile camp. Those weeks of ceaseless preparation on the part of the host outside must have worn more fearfully on the spirits of the meagre garrison than the most desperate combat could have done. Every soldier on the rampart felt that each day's lull in battle helped to forge to a whiter heat the thunderbolt that was to fall. All that man might do, they and the Emperor did to make ready against the awful storm. The stern angels, that lent them patience and nerved their dauntless courage, were patriotism, duty, and despair. On the 28th of May,

religious zeal



when the sun went down in glory beyond the purpling western hills, many a hero gazed on it wistfully and long, realizing he never should look forth again upon its setting splendor.

The Emperor sought to die, not only as a soldier with his harness on, but as became a Christian emperor. He attended the midnight mass in Sancta Sophia, and received the sacrament. Then slowly he rode back across the city to the Palace of Blachernai. After a brief attempt at rest, he visited and cheered the sentinels in the long circuit of the land walls. Each chieftain and soldier he found at his appointed place, intrepid and resolved. As they looked each other in the eye, little reference to possible victory fell from the Emperor's lips. Nor was the answering shout more exultant, though equally sublime. "The soldiers wept, and with a groan replied, 'We will die for the faith of Christ and for our country.'"

Nor was this answer a mere idle boast. The memory of the Emperor, because of his exalted rank and larger responsibilities, towers above their humbler fame. It was fitting on the morrow that the foreign mercenaries, having all save one dishonored leader striven their best, should survive defeat, and be ready for other fields. But most of the Greek captains were to prove that the old Grecian spirit was not dead, and were themselves to fall like their sovereign.

Mohammed was as sleepless, active, and determined. His promises had been so vast that many a Moslem doubted whether the Sultan once victorious might not forget his word. In his charge to his troops before the onset, he confirmed all he had hitherto said of either threat or promise, and closed by a strange and solemn oath. He swore it by the eternity of God, by the four thousand

prophets, by the soul of his father Mourad II, by the lives of his children, and by his scimitar. The camp of the three hundred thousand resounded with one appalling shout. Dervishes and soldiers tore down their tents and, setting them on fire, kindled one mighty conflagration from the Marmora to the Golden Horn. They said: "This rubbish is useless now. To-morrow we sleep in Constantinople."

In the gray dusk before the breaking dawn, Constantine took his stand at the gate of Saint Romanos with Giustiniani, the chief of the Italian mercenaries, at his side. With the silence and the mercilessness of doom, the Ottomans pressed forward. At the brink of the moat they could not falter. Thousands from behind forced them on, and it was bridged with the piled up forms of the writhing living and of the dead. "There," says the historian Phranzes, who was fighting at the wall, "the wretches went down alive to hell." Cannon battered breaches in the walls which had withstood the shock of war a thousand years.

Yet during two mortal hours the garrison did not waver at any point, and held their multitudinous enemies at bay. But so far they were contending with the worthless rabble, whose lives the Sultan disdained, and whom he had first precipitated to the attack. (At last he unleashed his fifteen thousand janissaries, the best drilled, the bravest, the most remorseless soldiers then in the world.) The unequal contest could not long continue. Giustiniani, wounded in the wrist, forsook his post, despite the prayers of the Emperor; and, sneering at the man he deserted, escaped to Galata to hide his shame. The hireling fled because he was a hireling: the Emperor, even after his friends lay dead around him



and the Moslem host was pressing in on every side, fought on alone.

Reverent myths and legends describe the manner of his death, and transmit the last utterances of his lips. In his agony he is said to have moaned, "Is there no Christian hand to take my life?" and then to have cried aloud above the noise of battle, "I would rather die than live." In the final mêlée with five janissaries, it is stated that he slew three, but that the scimitar of the fourth slashed away half of the eagle face and brought him to his knees, while the fifth pierced him through from behind.

When the battle was won, a soldier brought his captain a pair of crimson shoes wrought with golden eagles. In the search a form so mutilated that a mother could not have recognized her child, was found where the heap of slain was highest. Ottoman credulity identified these remains as those of Constantine, and for three days exposed its dissevered head on the statue of Justinian in the Augustæum. To the mangled trunk Mohammed gave a pompous funeral with the ceremonial befitting a Byzantine Emperor. The head, stuffed with straw, was promenaded through the chief towns of the Ottoman dominions as the most convincing proof that the capital had fallen.

To-day, in the quarter of Abou Vefa in Stamboul, may be seen a lowly, nameless grave which the humble Greeks revere as that of Constantine. Timid devotion has strewn around it a few rustic ornaments. Candles were kept burning night and day at its side. Till eight years ago it was frequented, though secretly, as a place of prayer. Then the Ottoman Government interposed with severe penalties, and it has since been almost deserted. All this is but in keeping with the tales which delight the credulous or devout. History knows only that the pile of slain

about him was the Emperor's funeral pyre, and that the Emperor and Empire have transmuted the soil about the



MOHAMMED II THE CONQUEROR

Gate of Saint Romanos, where they died together, into holy ground.

At noon Sultan Mohammed II, the Conqueror, made his triumphal entry, and proceeded slowly through the city by the later Triumphal Way to Sancta Sophia. The cymbals and gongs resounded without cessation along the route ;

their every note was proclamation that the Second Epoch of Constantinople had ended, and that the Third Epoch was begun.

### THE THIRD EPOCH

IF the transition of Byzantium to the Second Epoch had been enormous, that of Constantinople to the Third was greater still. The moment the last Cæsar's fall left her without an empire and head, she became the capital of the Sultans. Even in the new name by which hereafter she was commonly to be called — in the name Stamboul<sup>1</sup> or

<sup>1</sup> One derivation often given for Stamboul is from *εις τὴν πόλιν* (*ees teen poleen*), "to the city." It is supposed that the Ottomans often overheard this phrase on the lips of the Greeks, and that from it they formed the word Stamboul. This derivation is untenable. The Ottomans often retained foreign names of places they had captured. In case the name was long, they dropped the first syllable, and contracted or abridged the last syllables. Thus from Thessalonica they made *Selanik* ; from Constantinople, *Stamboul*.



Istamboul, fashioned in Turkish derivation from Constantinople — lingered the tale of her lofty origin. Another name, Constantinieh, the most frequent on Turkish coins and of constant use among Arabs, Persians, and Ottomans, preserved the memory of her emperors. Save in these two respects, — municipal rank and source of name, — all else was absolutely changed, not only in outward form, but in individual essence.

The Romans and the Greeks had been of kindred blood, tracing their languages to a cognate source. In the childhood of their race they had worshipped at the altars of common pagan gods, and in their fuller manhood together abjured paganism for a higher and a diviner faith. Their civilization had flowed from neighboring fountains, whose waters mingled later in a common stream. Eventually at Constantinople the Roman element had disappeared, had been absorbed, costume, language, contour of brow, color of hair and eye, tint of skin, natural disposition even, into the entity of the Greeks. Yet it was not all forgotten, for the name survived in the appellation of their language, Romaic, the mediæval Greek, and in the title by which they call themselves even to-day, the Romaioi.

But between the Ottomans and the Greeks there was not a link in common save a common humanity. The host that appalled the ravished city with its frenetic shouts had come in a slow march of two hundred and fifty years from beyond the Caspian, beyond the Great Salt Desert, from the wide wastes of Khorassan. The robes they wore, the steeds they bestrode, the arms they used so well, told of the distant East. The palaces they summoned into existence for sultan and pasha, in structure and appearance recalled the patriarchal tent and the nomad life of the plain. The tongue they spoke was of

Turanian origin, not of Indo-European stock. The faith they cherished, and for which with exultant devotion they rejoiced to die, breathed in its every accent the spirit of Arabia. Their entire civilization, highly developed and brilliant though it was, in genius, spirit, and detail stood in contrast and contradiction to the civilization of the West.

No less foreign was their theory of government and of the State. The Sultan towered above all humanity, absolute, irresponsible, who could commit no wrong and whose wrong was right because he willed it; awful in his loneliness, representative only of himself and God. The Shadow of God upon Earth was his invariable title. The State was but territorial extent, on which human beings and brute creatures lived, land and life being alike the absolute ruler's absolute property, all formed to serve his pleasure and do his unquestioned will. Nor could a conquered race dwell as equals with the new Moslem inhabitants, in equal subjection to a common imperial master. The fiat of Islam left only social and political inferiority as the portion of the vanquished Christians.

Measureless as the abyss between the Koran and the Bible, Islam and Christianity, Mohammed the Prophet and Christ the Saviour, was the gulf between the Ottoman and the Greek. Four hundred years they have dwelt side by side in the same city limits, but the gulf has never been bridged, and is no less deep and wide.

Three days the sack continued. Every soldier and camp follower worked his savage will without hindrance or control. Nor did the revelry of the Padishah differ greatly from that of the meanest soldier. Then it was that the Grand Duke Notaras, who had lived the life of a coward or traitor, died the death of a hero and martyr.

After three days, the Sultan called his satiated troops







to order. To repeople the devastated, depopulated city was his first concern. For this he sought to appease the terror of the vanquished, to whom safety of life and freedom of worship were guaranteed. The Patriarch having withdrawn to Mount Athos before the siege, the surviving Bishops were ordered to elect a successor. The new Patriarch he received with distinguished honor, presented him with a robe and staff, assured him of his protection and favor, and sent him with a splendid escort to the patriarchal residence. Most of the churches between the Golden Horn and the Gate of Adrianople were left to the Christians; eight the Sultan converted into mosques.

To the plain red cloth of the Ottoman standard were added the crescent and star, the symbol of old Byzantium, still seen on the Ottoman flag. The enormous Eski Serai, or Old Palace, in the heart of Stamboul, even more than the Mosque of Sultan Mohammed, or Yeni Serai, the New Palace, vindicated the Sultan's claim to architectural distinction. Twenty-eight years he survived his conquest; then dying, he left behind him the reputation of a mighty, always fierce, and often cruel conqueror, of a sagacious legislator and statesman, and of an enlightened lover of learning.

His immediate successors were warriors like himself, to whom their capital was, above all, headquarters for an army and a base of military operations, always resounding with preparations for war, or with the triumphal return of victorious troops. Almost every Ottoman was a soldier, priest, or official. By the sword the capital had been won; by the sword its possession was to be maintained. The Christian population, forbidden to bear arms or hold any public office, not allowed to give testimony in the courts, yet with life, occupation, and property protected to



a certain degree, exercised the various handicrafts or were the merchants and bankers of the city. The tribute in children, torn from non-Moslem parents, to be fashioned into janissaries, — the most merciless and inhuman extortion ever wrung from a conquered people, — continued over two hundred years.

Under Sultan Souleïman I, the Magnificent, the Sublime, the Empire attained its apogee of glory and began its decline. Thirteen times he marched through the city gates at the head of an army on some distant campaign; thirteen times he returned in triumph. In architectural achievements and in promulgation of a code he emulated Justinian the Great. Dying in the camp at the siege of Szigeth, he is inscribed in the national records as a martyr.



SULTAN SOULEÏMAN I THE MAGNIFICENT

In subsequent years the sovereign concerned himself less with military affairs and dwelt in greater seclusion. Some, indeed, like Mourad IV, fought

in the van of armies, which they commanded in person, and won splendid victories. But the Ottomans of later



TOMB OF SOULEİMAN I THE MAGNIFICENT

times did not wish that the person of the Sultan should be exposed to the dangers of the field. Under Sultan Moustapha III, Constantinople saw the beginning of those



efforts after municipal and national reform, which, like his successors, Abd-ul Hamid I, and Selim III, he was



MAHMOUD II THE GREAT

utterly unable to accomplish. Those same efforts she saw resumed on a vaster scale, with a larger measure of

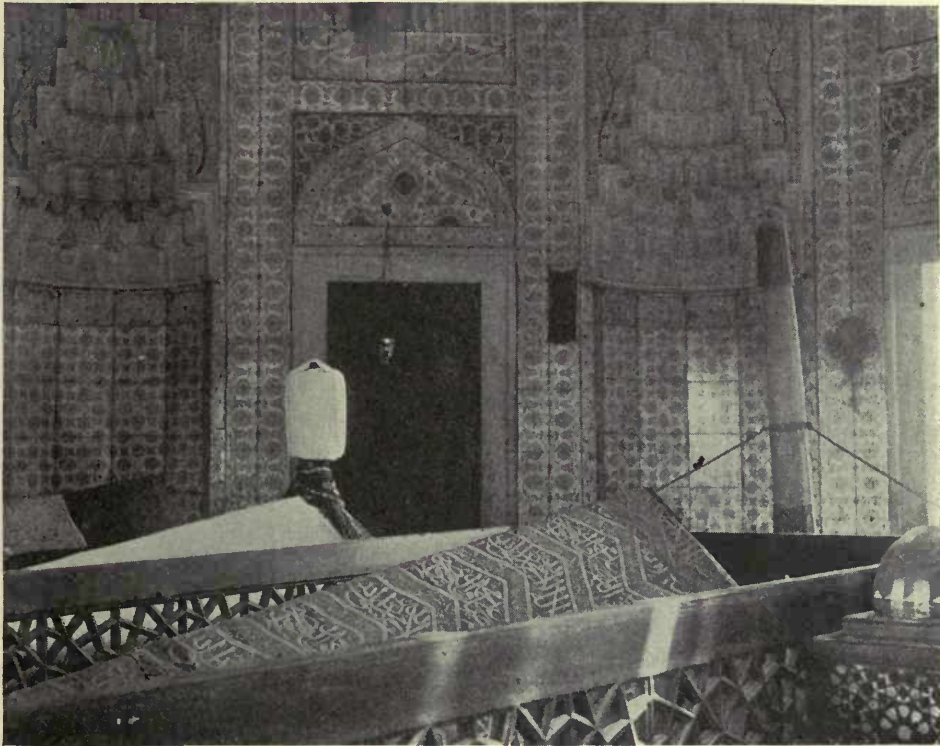
success, by the inflexible Sultan Mahmoud II the Great. In these later years Constantinople has been brought into closer connection with the Western world, and in many ways manifests the influence of its spirit. The Oriental features have grown less and less, while it has conformed more and more to the type of a European city. In this, as in all else affecting the municipal life, is felt and shown the influence of the later sultans.

The history of a metropolis under Mussulman government is hardly anything more than reflection of the character and condition of the sovereign. It is a mirror on the dead level of whose placid face appears no life or emotion of its own, and yet which reproduces in faithful delineation the whole existence, even the momentary passion, the slightest tremor, the faintest breath of its ruler. Its individuality is lost and merged in his absorbing being. So has it been with Constantinople under her twenty-seven sultans. In each reign what the Sultan was, the city was. So the history of the Ottoman Dynasty, a drama, a romance, often a tragedy, sometimes a poem, has been the history of Stamboul. Rebellion, earthquake, fire, pestilence, have indeed many times racked the surface of her ground, laid low her mosques and dwellings, and filled the trenches with her dead. Yet these phenomena of man or nature have been regarded by the Ottomans as intimately associated with the contemporary reign, half caused by it, half indicative of some phase in it, or of its general character. Thus the fearful famine and pest that decimated the city under Sultan Mourad III were considered the consequence of his insatiable appetite and passion; the more than one hundred frightful conflagrations that swept Stamboul in the reign of Sultan Achmet III, as direct result of his ineffi-



ciency and weakness; the train of horrors in the middle of the seventeenth century as caused by the sensuous ease and unnatural instincts of Sultan Mohammed IV.

If the sultans were half-shadowy phantoms, outlined in natural convulsion and storm, they were enthralled as lovers and men in the mysterious recesses of the seraglio.



CATAFALQUE OF ROXELANA

The bewildering procession of peerless beauty, never waning, always renewed in immortal youth, often controlled the arm that swayed the state. In the turbehs of Stamboul, each under her mantle of sacred green, all those dazzling ladies sleep: Goulbahar, who nursed beside the Conqueror ambitious aspirations equal to his own; Haphsa, whose soft eye could melt the ferocious mood of Sultan

Selim I; Roxelana, cruel but divinely fair, fit consort of the Magnificent; Safiyeh, ever dreaming of her native Venice, while with silken touch soothing the fierce Mourad III; Besslemeh, despotic lady of a later day, wondrous in her charms; Machpeïker the moon-faced; Besma the pious; Khandann the wonderful; Tarkhann the pure; Nachshedil the heavenly; Circassian, Georgian, Russian, French, Italian, Greek; each the consummation of her race in perfect beauty, each now dust and ashes, guarded near other dust and ashes which was once the form of her imperial lord.

In those silent tombs of sultan and sultana, scattered along the crested hills of Stamboul, the real history of the Third Epoch in the life of the city is to be sought.



### III

#### THE RISE OF THE OTTOMANS



SOULEÏMAN SHAH, a Turkish chieftain, was drowned in the Euphrates in 1231, when returning to his native country, Khorassan. His host of fifty thousand men divided. Four hundred families wandered westward with his fourth son, Ertogroul Shah, into Asia Minor, almost all of which, save a few Byzantine possessions in the west and the tiny empire of Trebizond in the northeast, was included in the Seldjouk empire of Roum. In their aimless course one day they came upon a plain where two armies were fighting. Ertogroul Shah hastily and chivalrously resolved to aid the weaker party, and by his sudden and unexpected assistance changed the result of the contest. After the battle, he found he had rescued from defeat the Seldjouk Sultan Alaëddin I himself. The grateful monarch bestowed on him, by a sort of feudal tenure, the pleasant highlands of Karadja Dagh, Tourmanidj, and Ermeni, and the pasture land of Saegund on the famous river Sangarius. This territory, only a few miles in circuit, close to the eastern slopes of the Bithynian Olympus, was the nucleus of the Ottoman Empire. There Ertogroul Shah and his followers, hitherto pagan, were soon converted to Islam, and there his son Osman was born.

Ertogroul, "the man of the upright heart," was a plain and simple shepherd, apparently destitute of ambition. The territory he occupied was ample to supply the necessities of his followers and of their flocks, and he was content. Ever faithful with sword and counsels to the Seldjouk sultans, he received many tokens of their friendship and favor, and his possessions constantly increased.

Osman was of a more energetic and restless nature. Early he felt a presentiment of the future greatness of



GHAZI SULTAN—OSMAN

his house. Not far from his father's tent lived the sheik Edebali, who had come from Adana to instruct the newly converted tribe in the principles of the faith. Malkatoun, Precious among Women, the daughter of the sheik, speedily became as famous for her beauty as was her father for his piety and learning. By accident, Osman, then a young

man of twenty-four, one day obtained a glimpse of her unveiled face, and from that day was able to think only of Malkatoun. Edebali, from whom Osman at once sought her hand, sternly refused his consent.

Though the father was obdurate, the lover was constant and patient; and patience, according to the Arab proverb, is the price of all felicity. Two years passed, during which Osman was unable to look upon the jealously guarded



maiden. Meanwhile, he often visited the sheik for religious instruction, and with the thought of perhaps meeting his daughter. One night, when discouraged and almost hopeless, he had the following dream. A star seemed to issue from Edeballi, and hide itself in the breast of Osman. Suddenly a tree grew from the ground before him, and rapidly stretched its branches over the three continents of Asia, Europe, and Africa. The four mountain ranges of the Caucasus, the Taurus, the Balkans, and the Atlas, rose to support the overlaid branches of the tree. Down the slopes of these mountains flowed the four rivers, — the Tigris, the Euphrates, the Danube, and the Nile. Prodigious forests and boundless harvest fields clothed the heights and spread along the streams. From the latter, ships sailed to the four seas, — the Euxine, the Ægean, the Mediterranean, and the Persian Gulf. Cities with mosques dotted the wide expanse, and from every direction muezzins with melodious voices called to prayer. Suddenly the entire scene swept toward Constantinople, which glittered between the Bosphorus and the Marmora, like a jewel upon a ring. Just as Osman was about to grasp the ring and place it on the finger of Malkatoun, he awoke. Dreams have always been esteemed sacred in the East. Edeballi did not dare longer oppose what he judged the manifest will of heaven: he gave his consent. Soon afterwards Osman and Malkatoun were married.

In the veins of every Ottoman sultan since has flowed in equal measure the blood of Osman and of the beautiful Syrian maiden. Thus early, with dreams of love in the breast of the youthful hero, — then only the heir of the chieftain of a paltry nomad tribe, — was blended aspiration for that city whose conquest was in his fired imagination to bestow upon his race the mastery of the world.

But the dream did not receive its political fulfilment for one hundred and sixty-seven years.

Ertogrul died in 1288. His son was at once invested with the title of bey, or emir, was appointed chief commander of the Seldjouk Sultan's forces, and was granted the right of coining money and of having his name pronounced in the solemn Friday prayer.

Twelve years later a general insurrection of the other emirs and an invasion by a Mongol horde destroyed the power of the Seldjouks. The last sovereign, Alaëddin III, sought refuge at the court of Andronikos II Palaiologos, and died at Constantinople. From the *débris* of his shattered empire arose several aggressive states and many principalities of minor importance. The ten chief were: Karamania, including Cilicia, Cappadocia, and southeast Phrygia, with the capital Iconium; Kastamouni, comprising part of Paphlagonia and Pontus; Kermian in Phrygia; Tekieh in Pamphylia; Hamid in Pisidia; Mentesche in Caria and Lycia; Aïdin in Ionia; Saru Khan in Lydia; Kerasi in Mysia, with its capital Pergamus; and the estates of Osman, which embraced almost all Bithynia and parts of Phrygia and Galatia, with the upper valleys of the Sangarius.

Osman, though by no means the most powerful in this group of independent princes, seemed the natural successor of Alaëddin, to whom he had been almost an adopted son. Proclaimed Ali Othman Padishahi, Emperor of the family of Osman, in the mosque of Karadja, he chose Yeni Shehr, a city on the main road between Brousa and Nice, as the first capital of the nation, called Osmanli, or Ottoman, after his name. The consecration of a mosque was his first act after his proclamation. During twenty-five years he extended and consolidated his conquests, and was equally



admirable as sovereign and statesman, being brave, austere, generous, truthful, and just.

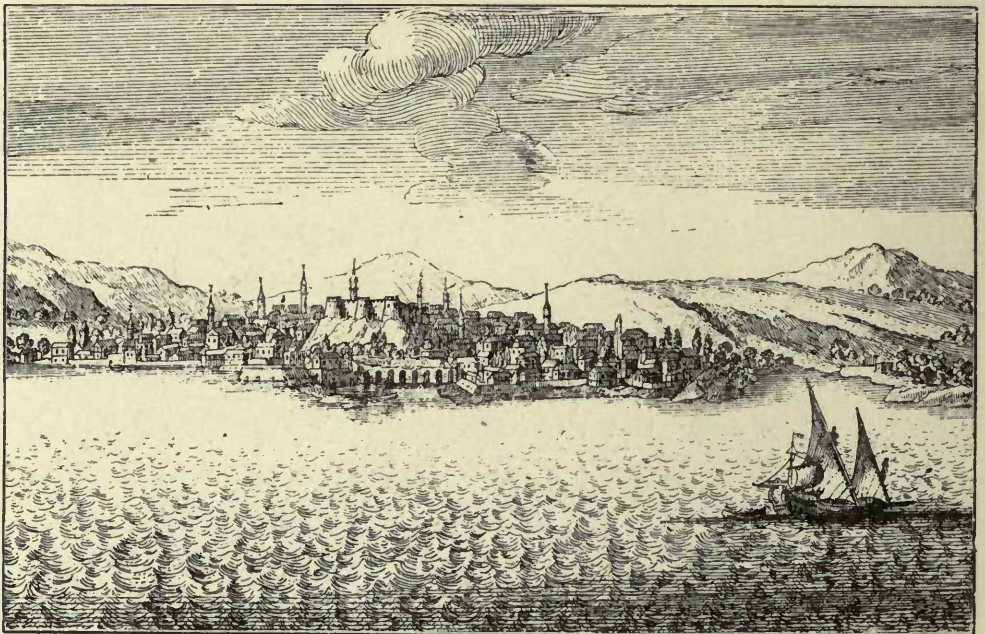
On his death-bed he bequeathed the throne to his second and warlike son Orkhan, excluding the elder-born Alaëddin from the succession. "Be support of the faith and protector of learning," were among his last words to Orkhan. Alaëddin, preferring a life of seclusion and study, long refused all share in the family wealth and power, but finally was persuaded by his brother to assist him with his remarkable administrative talents, and to become the first Ottoman Grand Vizir. Together they removed the capital to Brousa, which had just been conquered.

Alaëddin elaborated the first Ottoman Code, founded the corps of the janissaries, and organized a permanent cavalry called sipahis. The army had hitherto consisted of irregular troops who served without pay. Red was adopted as the national color, and a red flag without device of any sort was made the Ottoman standard. Also money was coined, bearing on one side the toughra, or imperial seal, and on the other a verse from the Koran. The right of coinage, possessed during thirty-one years, had not been previously exercised.

While Alaëddin organized, Orkhan conquered. Nicomedia was speedily captured, and Nice, the last bulwark of the Byzantine Empire in Asia Minor, surrendered after a siege of two years. So far the Ottoman conquest had been mainly at the expense of the Greeks. Soon the territories of the Emir of Kerasi were annexed, and the task seemed begun of reuniting the dismembered Seldjouk Empire.

Twenty years of peaceful development followed. Then Souleïman Pasha, oldest son of Sultan Orkhan, who on

the death of his uncle, Alaëddin Pasha, had become Grand Vizir, crossed the Dardanelles on two rafts with sixty men, surprised the city of Tzympe, — the earliest Ottoman conquest in Europe, — and brought back a sufficient number of boats to convey across his army of three thousand men. They marched at once against Gallipoli, “the key of Constantinople;” meanwhile an earthquake threw down a

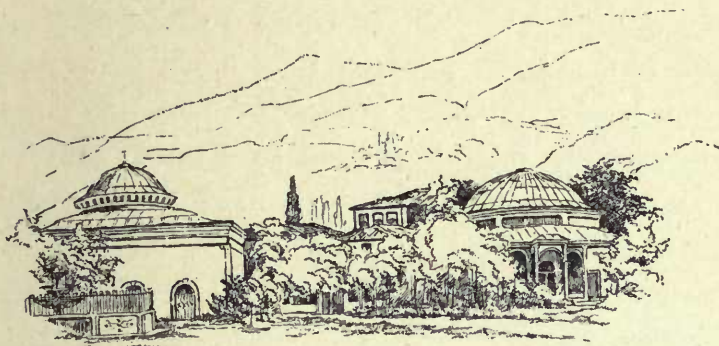


GALLIPOLI

large portion of the walls, and paralyzed the inhabitants with terror. The exultant Ottomans entered through the breach, believing Allah himself had prepared the way. That city became their chief naval station, and so continued for many years, even after the capture of Constantinople. Souleiman Pasha being killed by a fall from his horse, Sultan Orkhan died of grief the following year, and was succeeded by his second son, Sultan Mourad I.



Sultan Mourad captured Adrianople, making it his capital five years later. Still that city was always regarded as mainly a camp of imperial bivouac. The heart of the Ottomans clung to Brousa. It was the centre of their mosques and schools; till the capture of Constantinople, it was the mausoleum of the imperial family. The first six Sultans with their households and twenty-six Ottoman princes lie buried there. The most illustrious vizirs and "more than five hundred pashas, theologians, teachers,



TOMBS OF SULTANS ORKHAN AND OSMAN AT BROUSA

and poets there sleep their last sleep around their first Padishahs."

In the space of half a century the emirs of Kermian, Hamid, Mentesche, Tekieh, Aïdin, Saroukhan, and Karmania were successively subdued, and those provinces added to the growing empire. When Kastamouni was conquered, all the possessions of the Seldjouk Sultans were reunited under the sway of Sultan Bayezid I.

The Seldjouks, as fast as they were conquered, fused with the Ottomans. So did vast numbers of Christians, who apostatized in the subjected European states, and became Moslems. No distinction was made between the born Moslem and the convert. All — the original Ottoman,

the Seldjouk, the convert from Judaism or Christianity — were considered equally Ottoman. This early, constant accretion was a most important factor in the growth and development of the nation. The majority of the Grand Vizirs from 1359 to 1895 have been of Christian or Jewish origin.

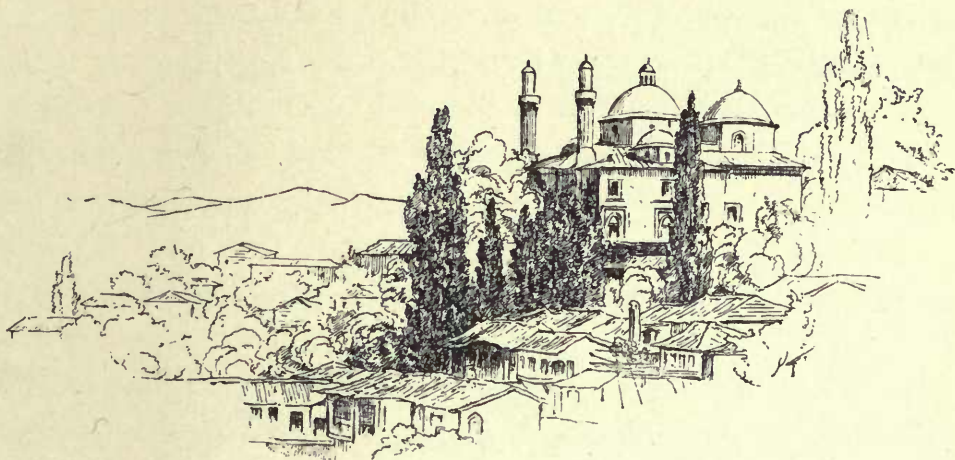
At the time when Adrianople was captured, the Byzantine Empire comprised hardly more than the territory south of the Balkans and east of the Strymon. Broken into fragments by the infamous Fourth Crusade, the Byzantine Empire, though restored to Constantinople in 1261, had never been able to regain all or even most of her former possessions. The larger part of Greece and the Greek islands were still held by French and Venetian families. West of the Strymon and south of the Danube were the independent States of Servia, Bosnia, Bulgaria, and Albania. North of the Danube stretched the plains of Wallachia and, farther north, of Hungary. Into those countries and the still existing Byzantine Empire, the Ottoman invasion pierced like a wedge.

The prowess and skill of the invaders were aided by the strife and internecine struggles of those warring states. Each was ready to assist the Ottomans against the other, and all to combine with the Ottomans against Constantinople. Servia was conquered at the battle of Kossova, where Sultan Mourad I was slain. He was succeeded by his oldest son, Sultan Bayezid I, surnamed Ilderim the Thunderbolt. Bulgaria, already partially subdued, was definitely annexed in 1394, and the Bulgarian royal family renounced Christianity for Islam.

Europe was panic-stricken at these progressive victories, and Pope Boniface IX preached a crusade. Sixty thousand Bohemians, French, Germans, Hungarians, and Knights



of Saint John of Jerusalem, led by Sigismond, King of Hungary, by the Count of Nevers, who was heir to the Duchy of Burgundy, by the Constable of France, and the highest nobles of Western Europe, were utterly crushed at the battle of Nicopolis. Nearly all the chiefs were slain or taken prisoners, and ten thousand soldiers were captured. Sigismond, unable to return to Hungary, escaped in a small boat down the Danube and by the Black Sea to Constantinople. An unbroken series of victories in Asia



YESHIL DJAMI, THE GREEN MOSQUE OF MOHAMMED I AT BROUSA

and Europe was interrupted by the invasion of Mongol hordes under Tamerlane. Despite generalship and heroism, Sultan Bayezid I at the Battle of Angora was overwhelmed by the superior numbers of the Mongols; his Eastern troops deserted, and he was taken prisoner and died in captivity. Then followed an interregnum of eleven years, during which four of his sons, the Princes Souleïman, Isa, Mousa, and Mohammed, disputed the throne.

At last Sultan Mohammed I the Patient reigned alone

over what still remained to the Ottomans. The Mongol hordes had already vanished from Asia Minor in a wild march against China. But Servia, Bulgaria, and Wallachia had reassumed their independence; the princes of the various Asiatic provinces, only recently subdued, had reascended their thrones. Two years later the most fearful revolt in Ottoman history, that of the learned theologian, Behreddin, at the head of the dervishes, endangered the very existence of the Empire. This insurrection was finally crushed. Sultan Mohammed toiled with tireless patience and skill to reconstruct his Empire. When he died, almost all his European provinces and many in Asia had been resubdued.

His oldest son, Sultan Mourad II, restored the Ottoman authority over the remaining rebellious provinces, conquered Albania in 1431, Wallachia in 1433, and overran Hungary in 1438, whence he brought seventy thousand prisoners.

In 1444, he concluded a truce of ten years with the Hungarians, the latter swearing on the Gospels and the Ottomans on the Koran to faithfully observe the treaty. Shortly after, overwhelmed with grief at the sudden death of his oldest son Alaëddin, Sultan Mourad II abdicated in favor of his son, Mohammed II, then fifteen years of age, and withdrew to Asia Minor. Thereupon Cardinal Cæsarini, legate of the Pope, judging the occasion favorable, induced Ladislaus, King of Hungary, to break the treaty and attack the youthful Sultan. To save the Empire, Sultan Mourad II again mounted the throne. As a standard he put in front of his army the violated treaty. He utterly defeated the Hungarians at the battle of Varna, where King Ladislaus and Cardinal Cæsarini were slain.



“Hard was the penalty of broken faith,  
By Ladislaus paid on Varna’s plain;  
For many a knight there met unhonored death,  
When, like a god of vengeance, rose again  
Old Amurath from his far home, and cried,  
‘Now Jesus combats on Mohammed’s side!’”

Again he abdicated and withdrew to Magnesia, but by civil troubles was obliged, sorely against his will, again to resume the power. Soon after he captured Patras and Corinth, and forced Constantine, the Prince of the Morea, who afterwards became the last Emperor of Constantinople, to pay tribute. He fought unsuccessfully with the Albanians, who had revolted under their leader Scanderbeg, but inflicted a crushing defeat on the Hungarian Huniadi at the second battle of Kossova. Dying three years later, he was succeeded by Sultan Mohammed II.

Master of all Asia Minor save the Empire of Trebizond, and of nearly all the wide region in Europe south of the Danube, the chief aspiration of the youthful Sultan was the capture of Constantinople. This he accomplished.

The subsequent history of the imperial Ottoman Dynasty and of the Ottomans is inseparably interwoven with the history of this city. No other city not sacred has so large a hold upon their imagination. Often affectionately they call it Oummoudunia, the Mother of the World, and Der el Saadet, the City of Felicity; sometimes Islambol, the City of Islam, or its Abundance and Extent. The latter appears on the coins of Sultan Abd-ul Hamid I. By the Arabs it is sometimes called El Farruch, the Earth-Divider. Ever since 1453 it has been the Ottoman capital, not only the political centre, as residence of the sovereign and of his court, but the focus, the heart of Ottoman theology, jurisprudence, and literature. It has been more to their empire than Paris is to France.

The grandeur and growth of that Empire did not indeed terminate or culminate in the acquisition of that famous city for which during nearly two centuries seven sultans, both as successors and as complements of one another, had been preparing the way. Montesquieu considers as a main cause of the greatness of the Roman State the fact that its early kings were all "grands personages." But what he subsequently says is truer of the first seven sultans than of the seven semi-legendary Kings of Rome: "One finds nowhere in history an unbroken succession of such statesmen and such generals."



HORSE-TAIL  
OF PASHA

Moreover, each appeared in just the circumstances and the order for which he was best qualified by his talents, natural characteristics, and disposition. None was so fitted for the period of patient, half-silent reconstitution as Sultan Mohammed I; none for the period of primitive foundation and to impart the primitive impulse as Sultan Osman I; none for the conquest of the city as Sultan Mohammed II the Conqueror.

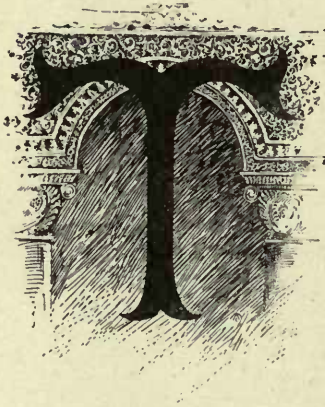
A succinct sketch like this can neither set forth nor do justice to this truth, nor can it adequately represent those sovereigns in their high rôle of organizers, administrators, and patrons of learning. Yet it aids in answering the question, how from a patriarchal chief of a few hundred families, surrounded by envious friends and mightier enemies, was developed that colossal power which shook the world. Most often in the course of dynasties the second or third generation has diminished or enfeebled the political structure which the founder has



built up. But here it would be difficult to say which of the first seven sultans was the greater, inasmuch as all were great. So the Ottoman Empire, as it enthroned itself in the capital of Justinian and the Constantines, though bearing the name of its first sultan, was the creation and development, not merely of one conquering hero, but of a dynastic line which Jouannin asserts to have been "more prolific in great men than any other dynasty which has reigned on the face of the globe."

## IV

### HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY THE PRESENT SULTAN



HE sovereign of Constantinople and of that widespread empire to which it is capital and centre, may well awaken curiosity and interest on the score of his exalted rank, and because of that lordly dynastic line of which he is heir and representative. In his person unite the history and the romance of his race and faith, of the Ottoman Mohammed II the Conqueror and the Arabian Mohammed the Prophet. In his veins flows the blood of twenty successive sultans, his ancestors, and he is the twenty-first in direct descent from Sultan Osman I, the illustrious founder of his house. He is the thirty-fourth sabre-girded sultan, and the twenty-eighth who has reigned at Constantinople. No other European monarch can trace his ancestry in so direct and unbroken succession through so many years to the earliest sovereign of his race, inheritance being always transmitted in the male line, and at no time deviating farther than to a brother, uncle, or nephew.

The Oriental pomp of his titles reads like a passage from the "Arabian Nights," — Sultan of Sultans, King of Kings, Bestower of Crowns upon the Princes of the World,



Shadow of God upon Earth, Emperor and Sovereign Lord of the White Sea and the Black Sea, of Roumelia and Anatolia, of Karamania, of the Country of Roum, Diarbekir, Kurdistan, Azerbidjan, Cham, Aleppo, Egypt, Mecca, Medina, Jerusalem the Holy, of all the Countries of Arabia and Yemen, and moreover of an Infinity of other Provinces gloriously acquired, Son of Sultan Abd-ul Medjid Khan, Son of Sultan Mahmoud Khan II, the Shah Sultan Abd-ul Hamid Khan II.

He was born on the sixteenth day of the month of Shaban, in the year of the Hegira 1258 (September 22, 1842). His early life, like that of every Ottoman Prince, was passed in the seclusion of the seraglio, save that in 1867 he accompanied his uncle Sultan Abd-ul Aziz on a journey to western Europe. This was the first occasion in Ottoman history that a sultan has visited a foreign land as a peaceful guest. The mental condition of his elder brother, Sultan Mourad V, rendering abdication a state necessity, Sultan Abd-ul Hamid II, as next in age, reluctantly ascended the throne, being girded with the sabre in the Mosque of Eyoub on Shaban 12, 1293 (August 31, 1876).

The duties incumbent on him were twofold: he was to be caliph, or spiritual head, of the unnumbered millions of the Mussulman faith, and Sultan of the Ottoman Empire, whose far-reaching dominions, with their heterogeneous peoples, stretch through three continents. The political condition at his advent rendered these responsibilities still more weighty. The Empire was confronted with an imminent, inevitable, and inevitably disastrous war. The treasury was empty, national credit bankrupt, the army disorganized and dispersed, the country impoverished, discouraged, and distracted by factions whose aims were all

the more dangerous because concealed. On his accession, with painstaking care the new Sultan devoted himself to organization and administration. There was no problem or detail too humble or minute to receive his attention. He seemed sincerely desirous, more than any Ottoman sultan had ever been, of improving the condition of his people. He showed a special interest in the promotion of education; nor was this interest sympathetic merely, and confined to words, or limited to the requirements of a single sex. In private conversations and official utterances, he frequently urged the necessity of educating women. At Constantinople, as also in the provinces, there are advanced and numerous attended schools for Mussulman girls and young women, which he himself founded, all the expense of which is defrayed from his own private purse.

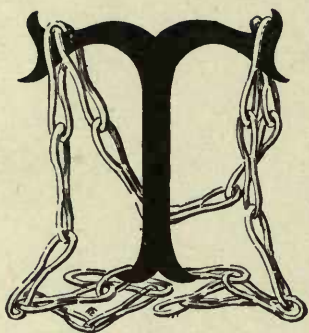
Circumstances, Moslem bigotry, and the inefficiency of eastern absolutism have thwarted his best efforts. Something, indeed, he has accomplished, but in much he has been disregarded and overborne. The many political evils existent in the Ottoman state, incurable because inherent in its very nature, are not his creation, but his inheritance. No foreigner can adequately express or, perhaps, fully appreciate the difficulties of his position. No task can be more arduous, delicate, and intricate than that committed to his hands.

His personal appearance indicates the ruler, not so much by superior height or unusual physical proportions as by the calm manner of one sure of himself and expecting to be obeyed. He speaks in a low, clear voice, which it is said he never raises. His hair, coal-black at his accession, and in sharp contrast to the marked pallor of his face, has been touched by time, but his dark eye has become



no less penetrating and direct. His imperial state he maintains with becoming dignity, but, frugal and abstemious in personal habit, does not squander his revenues in ostentatious display or frivolous extravagance. He is grave, reserved, and seldom smiles; is kindly and solicitous for the welfare of those about him, and is scrupulously faithful to the requirements of his religion.

## THE GOLDEN HORN



HIS body of water, a narrow bay north of Stamboul, well deserves its suggestive name. It verifies Strabo's description of its shape, which, he says, "resembles the horn of a stag." When flooded by the rays of the setting sun, it reflects the light from its polished surface, and glistens like a broad sheet of gold. The fish, though less abundant in its waters than in ancient times, still at certain seasons afford generous returns to the fishermen, and suggest a more prosaic origin for the epithet golden.

Nor is mythology without its claims to having first bestowed the lasting name. Io, the mistress of Zeus, when persecuted from land to land by Hera, his revengeful spouse, found refuge for a brief season on its secluded banks. Here she gave birth to her child, the golden-haired, whom the nymphs called Keroessa. The melodious name, when literally translated, means a horn.

At its northern extremity the bay receives the commingling tributary waters of the classic Barbyzes and Cydaris. All reminder of those mythic river-gods was long since forgotten in the modern Turkish appellation of Ali Bey Sou and Khat Khaneh Sou. On the south, between Galata and Seraglio Point, it merges itself in the Bosphorus. Its general direction is northwest and southeast.



It is almost four miles in length, with an average breadth of sixteen hundred and thirty-five feet. It is shallowest at its northwest extremity, but even there is over ten feet deep. Its central channel has a depth of over nineteen fathoms.

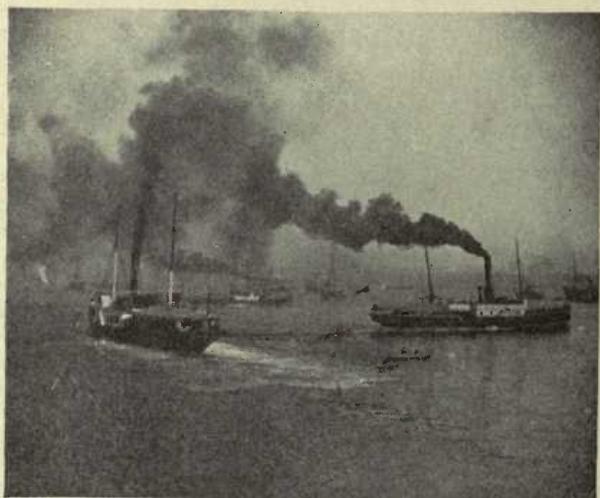
Thus spacious and profound, protected in every direction from all the winds that blow, it is a most magnificent and auspicious harbor. Prokopios, who calls it by another name, wrote of it more than fourteen hundred years ago : "The Bay of Byzantium enjoys a perfect calm, whatever winds rage around it. Tempests dare not invade its boundaries, and approach only to expire reverently at the feet of the imposing city." So peaceful are its waters that whether they move at all is a matter of dispute. Count Marsigli, the first to write upon the currents of the Golden Horn and Bosphorus, maintained there was a constant, imperceptible flow toward the south ; Count Andréossy, more scientific and laborious, asserts that its apparent agitations are only eddies and tiny whirlpools near the shore.

It is cut into three sections by the pontoon bridges which stretch across the bay. The inner and by far the larger section constitutes the War Harbor of the Ottoman navy. Here the ironclads, the pride of Sultan Abd-ul Aziz, are usually peacefully moored, when not undergoing repairs in the extended dockyards along the northern shore of the Horn.

The middle section, that between the two bridges, is called the Commercial Harbor. Sailing vessels, tier on tier, are wedged against one another close to the banks ; their myriad masts shoot upward like a dense, bare, spectral pine-tree forest, from which bark and branches and evergreen needles have been stripped. The tiny ferry-

boats and steam-launches and countless caiques chase one another in every direction with an endless motion and activity, in comparison with which the Grand Canal at Venice is lifeless and tame.

The harbor east of the lower bridge is crowded with the commercial navies of the world. They vary their incessant arrival and departure by the brief season that they lie there at anchor. Every known flag floats out in



HARBOR OF THE GOLDEN HORN

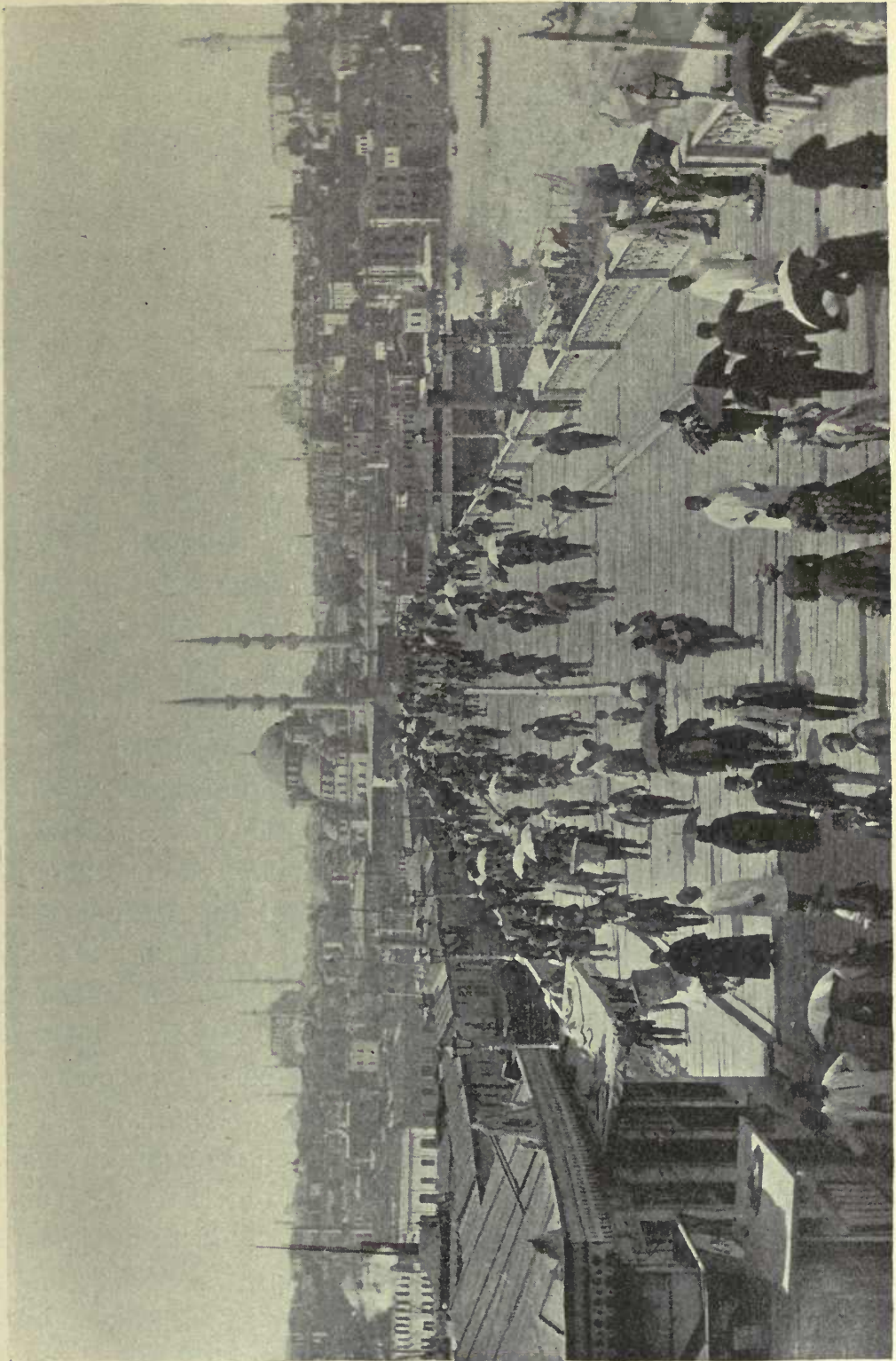
the air from the staff above the poop, except that of the United States, whose colors are most rarely, almost never, seen.

The steamships of the favored great English lines are ranged so close to the shore that their sterns sometimes overhang the docks.

The dozens of local Bosphorus and Marmora steamers pick their way laboriously, almost grazing the hulk of the huger craft, deluging the jetties of the bridge with their cargoes of human life, and on departure sinking to the gunwales with the same overloaded precious freight. Cries of expostulation or warning in the commingling din of every language resound from the water, and render the bay a babel, as barks and boats dart daringly across the bows, or follow cautiously in the wake of the larger vessels.

But the bridges, whose iron pontoons were cast in England, but whose every visible feature suggests the East,





THE GALATA BRIDGE

are the most striking characteristic of the Golden Horn. Often as many as a hundred and fifty thousand persons, children of every race and clime, clad in every variety of garment, representing every gradation of human rank, traverse the lower bridge in a single day. There is no rule of turning to right or left; no portion of the crowded thoroughfare is reserved to carriages or pedestrians or beasts. The counter-flows from Galata and Stamboul get across as best they can. The pedestrian plunges into a tumultuous, living mass, dodges and hesitates and pauses and rushes on, and at last emerges on the other side, almost in wonder at his escape. Were the plank flooring less rickety and uneven; were the projecting spikes less dangerous; were the dogs and beggars less persistent and repulsive, and the crowd less jostling and continuous, — the stranger would stand still for hours in bewildered contemplation of a spectacle that has no equal, and which unfolds in endless diversity wherever the eye is turned.

The contrast of night and day upon the bridge is startling. Speedily after sunset it is absolutely deserted. Even the vociferous, rapacious toll-collectors are gone. One may plod over the long thoroughfare, and not encounter a single living soul. Where tens of thousands of hurrying feet have pressed upon one another a few hours before, now in the darkness a footfall sounds mockingly and out of place. But the dogs, stretched like dozing sentinels, instantly rebuke the intruder. One warning yelp arouses the countless horde. Like an instantaneous discharge, a volley of canine musketry in a tempest of barks and howls runs the whole length of the bridge. Then as suddenly all relapses into stillness. The constant, muffled night-roar of a western city is unknown in the East. Hence no sound is heard from either bank, and



the adventurous stranger seems to himself like a ghost between two silent cities of the dead. The serrated outline of Stamboul and the black profile of Galata-Pera on the north, caught in the moonlight beyond the placid, shimmering water, both fascinate and awe.

## VILLAGES ON THE GOLDEN HORN

OUTSIDE the ancient city walls the western or southern bank of the Golden Horn was occupied, in Byzantine days, by the regions of Kynegion and Kosmedion. Here was the frequent hunting-ground of the emperors in those fantastic expeditions when ceremonial and display had a larger place than pursuit of game. As one now follows the bank along the water, association is piled on association in what seems a heap of historical *débris*.

Deftardar Iskelessi, the landing-place, or wharf, of the treasurer, marks the spot where Justinian's bridge, supported on twelve arches, reached the land. The ancient structure bore many other names, Bridge of Saint Kallinikos, of Saint Mamas, of Kosmedion, of Saint Pantelemon, and of the Blachernai, thus indicating which tutelary saint or association was uppermost at each period in successive centuries.

The tiny harbor of Saint Mamas is now filled up, but it was once lined with churches and imperial edifices. The many-windowed Palace of Esma Sultana, sister of Abd-ul Hamid I, stands where stood the Church of Saint Pantelemon, erected by the Empress Theodora. The Convent of Saint Mamas, a construction of Leo the Great, rebuilt by Justinian, was the first receptacle wherein were placed the mangled bodies of the Emperor Maurice and of his

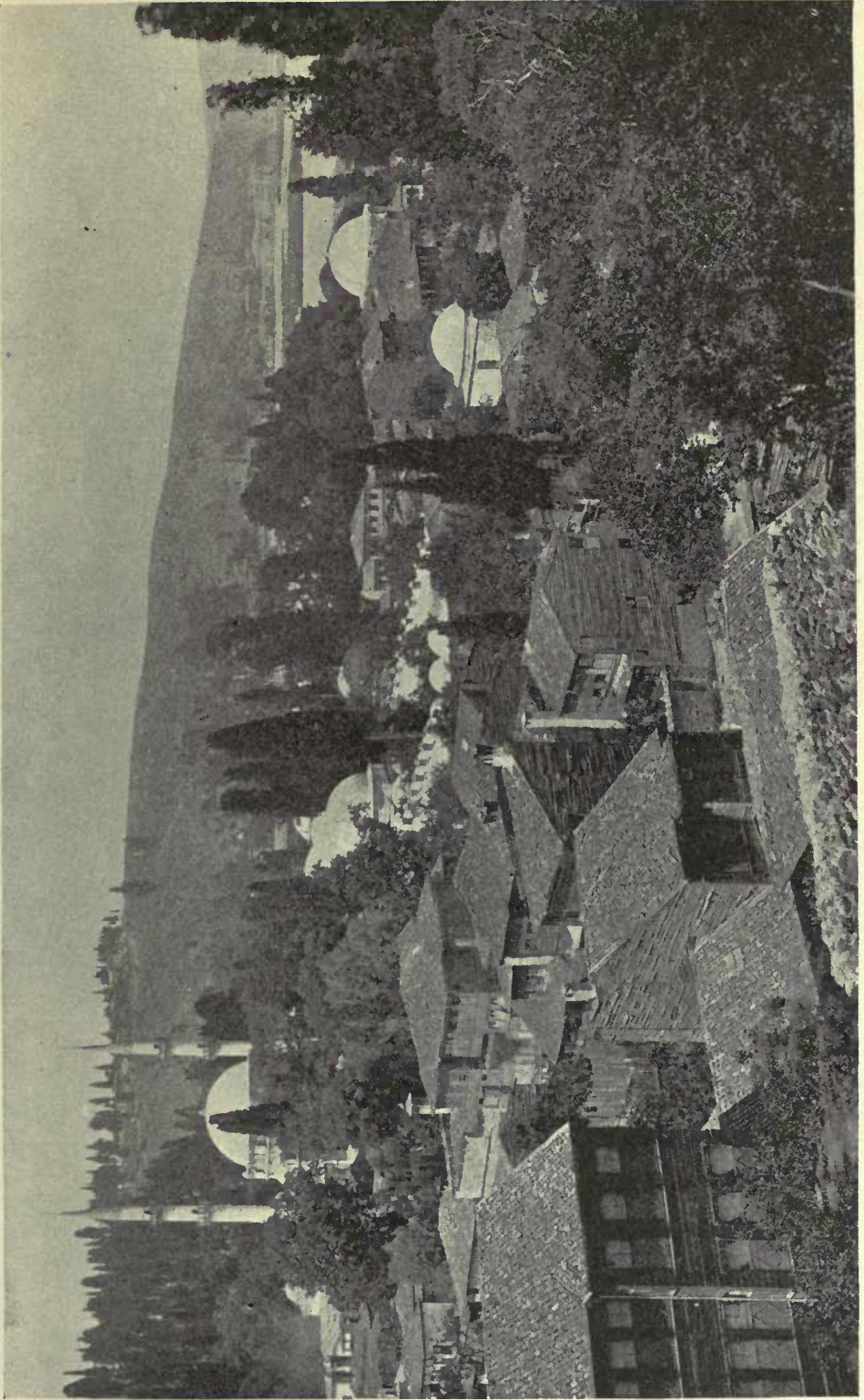
murdered house. The Palace of Saint Mamas outshone in size and splendor the convent at its side, but was torn down by the Bulgarian King Krum in revenge for the treachery of Leo V, the Armenian.

A little farther north was the thick-walled Church of Saints Kosmas and Damianos, commonly called "Acropolis," because so strongly fortified, and later "Castle of the French," because for a time the residence of the wily and unscrupulous crusader, Bohemond of Tarentum. Paulinus, the "Apollo of the Age," erected this church, and it long outlasted its builder. Paulinus was put to death by the uxorious Theodosius II, who was maddened by jealousy that his wife, the Empress Eudokia, had sent an apple of unusual size as a gift to the handsome senator.

Here, too, was the Xylokirkos, or Wooden Hippodrome, where state offenders and outlawed heretics were sometimes surrendered to merciless wild beasts by as merciless judges. The thrilling tale of Sergius and Irene and Nilo, the Ethiopian king, in the romance of the "Prince of India," is located within its long-vanished walls. A few of its many victims, indeed, escaped, but the most found no arm raised for their deliverance, and won their martyrs' palms amid yells of hate from the crowded benches. A little farther inland the disciples of Saint John Chrysostom sought and found a refuge, and, when their turn of triumph came, anathematized their fellow-Christians who had persecuted and exiled their head.

But modern interest centres in the forest-embowered, tomb-dotted village of Eyoub. Considered holy ground by the Ottomans, it is inhabited only by followers of the Prophet, though a few Armenian families are huddled in its outskirts around their humble churches of Saint Elijah and the Holy Virgin. The two airy minarets, peering





EYOUB

above the trees, indicate a spot of peculiar sacredness to the dominant race. There, according to Ottoman belief, the uncorrupted body of Eyoub, Standard-Bearer of the Prophet, was discovered in 1453, almost eight centuries after his death. At once a great mosque was



A VIEW OF THE GOLDEN HORN FROM EYOUB

reared as custodian of the revered remains. Thither ever since almost every Ottoman sultan on his accession has come, to gird on the sabre of Osman and to receive consecration.

In a garden near the mosque is an enchanted well, on the calm surface of whose deep waters startling revelations of the future are sometimes thought to be afforded. In the overhanging hill is Niyet Kupussi, the Well of



Wishes. From it, according to common report, astounding answers are sometimes vouchsafed to the prayers which have been earnestly, but secretly addressed to the spirits below.

The curved, hilly ridge beyond the Golden Horn was anciently called Drepanon, a sickle, from its peculiar shape. Along its base, one still paces through the avenue of majestic trees, the favorite promenade of Achmet III, who died one hundred and sixty-five years ago; but the marble seats are gone, which were placed in their grateful shade by Ibrahim Damat Pasha, and likewise the palace which he built for his master, and dubbed, with a presumption that resembles irony, "The Eternal Dwelling-Place." The present name, *Khiat Khaneh*, the paper factory, recalls a spasm of manufacturing enterprise on the part of a long-dead sultan. As the Sweet Waters of Europe, the spot has left a vivid memory on the mind of many a traveller who has visited Constantinople.

Here every Friday in summer the verdant plains, along the banks of the almost motionless rivers, which join at the Golden Horn, are the favorite resort of Ottoman ladies. The light caiques, from which they disembark, graze against one another's sides, and press dove-tailed among the sterns and prows till they completely hide the surface of the stream. In the luxuriant shade, thousands of ladies sit upon the grassy carpet, or on mats spread by obsequious attendants. Here some grand lady is seated alone in solemn state, surrounded by a throng of servants attentive to her nod; and there are careless groups in the friendship and intimacy of equal rank. A few resemble magpies in their incessant chatter; but the most are lost in dreamy apathy or contemplation. Careful only for

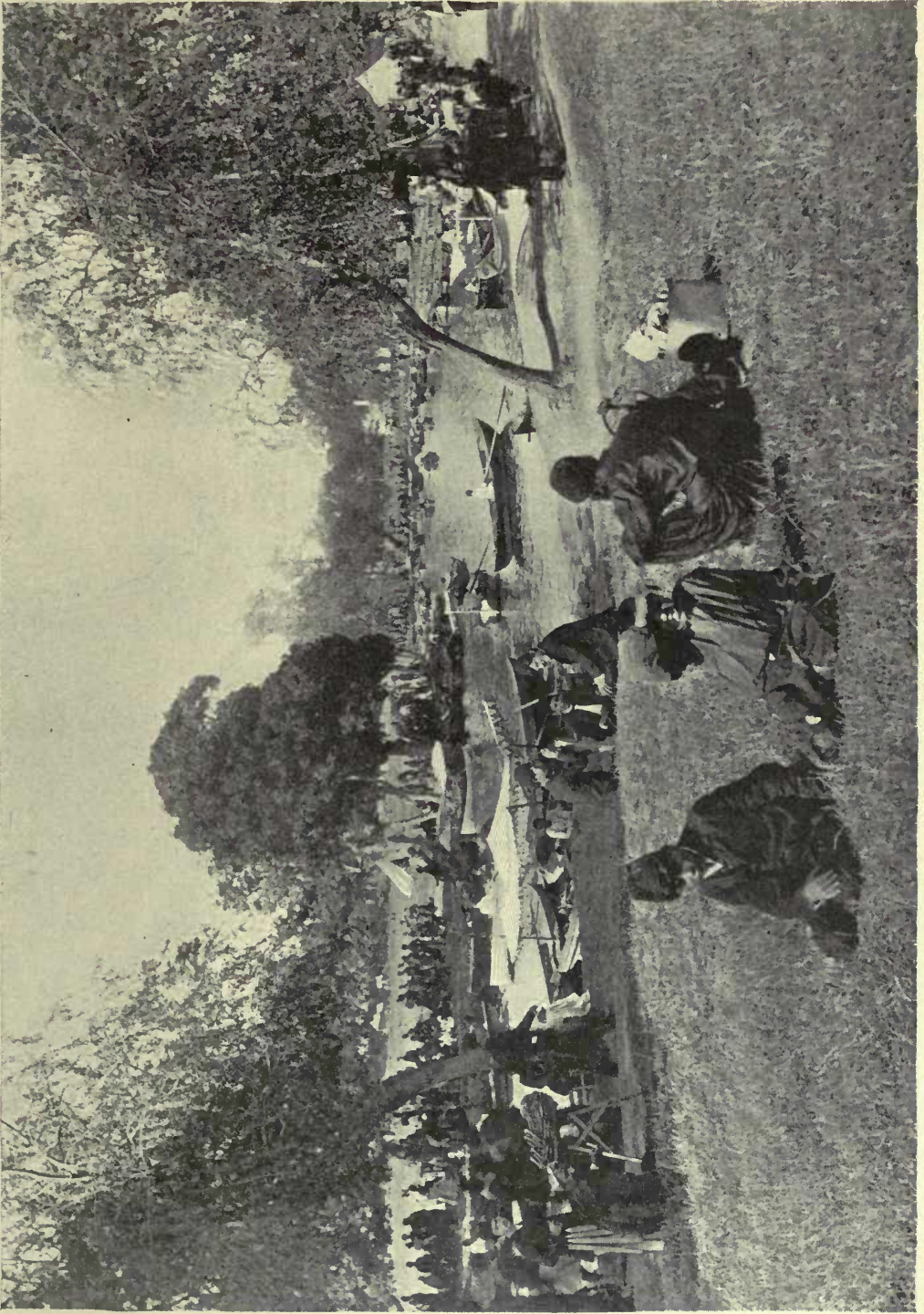
quietness and rest, they seek no diversion, and are content with the languid luxury of mere outdoor existence.

Some, less inactive than their companions, turn a listless eye to the muzzled dancing bears or the restless monkeys that are led back and forth for their delectation, or look with half-indifferent curiosity at some staring foreigner. Hurdy-gurdies and puppet-shows, resembling the English Punch and Judy, attract small attention; but the venders of sherbet and ice-cream and Oriental sweets find a ready market for their wares. Innumerable children in flaring costumes race from group to group, and are petted and caressed by all. Their constant motion varies the still monotony of the scene.

The silken robes in which the ladies are clad — each costume consisting of a single color, and that color always a hue bright and striking — convert the plain into a garden, prolific in bloom, studded with radiant human flowers. Nearer approach does not dispel the illusion of grace and beauty. The dainty, half-transparent veils heighten on many a face its revelation of perfect loveliness, and drape less attractive features with the suggestion of hidden charms. Between the snowy folds, which enwrap lips and forehead and hair, eyes flash out in whose brilliancy and lustrous depths are all the languor and romance of the East.

But only the rash and ignorant stranger lengthens his instinctive glance of admiration. A prolonged look, however respectful, is a discourtesy; and oft repeated, an insult. It is sure of punishment, at least by the derision of its beautiful recipient, and may be attended by more serious danger. Woe to the artist or photographer, if detected in the attempt to snatch a picture of some fair one, or of the scene! He may depict the crowds of men





THE SWEET WATERS OF EUROPE



and boys, who, as if shut out from Paradise, hang upon the outskirts, but there his efforts must stop.

From early afternoon until an hour before sunset, the groups remain inactive, listless, and happy. Then a sudden animation, a sort of universal flutter, seizes the feminine throng. Their caiques creak against one another, in frantic eagerness for the shore. The Eastern ladies exchange their solemn salutations, and embarking are hurried to their homes.

On Sundays the plain is monopolized by Christians. Then Greek and Armenian and foreign beauties, attended in European fashion by an admiring train of gentlemen, stroll along the shady paths, and flirt in the sequestered nooks where their unescorted, indifferent Mussulman sisters have sat. Where the white veil and the flowing ferradjeh have added piquancy to the landscape, there two days later are displayed well-moulded robes of Parisian cut. So, for a day, another civilization and another race hold undisputed mastery of the spot. Did not the natural scenery remain the same, one might imagine himself transported to some public garden of the West. Yet though the company is modern, the unchanging hills are reminders that here centres a classic legend antedating history. Somewhere along the shore of the voiceless stream is, according to mythology, the cradled slope "where Io's child her infant breath first drew."

As one turns from the Sweet Waters, and, on the bosom of the bay amid the marshy islands, floats southward to the city, he remarks the rude, flat kilns and hollows in the ground, where brickmakers ply their profession. Nowhere better than here can be traced "the long pedigree of toil." Few royal families can boast so



unquestioned genealogic trees through so many centuries as these humble workmen. Here their ancestors exercised their industry for the imperial builders of the sixth and seventh centuries. Since then, dynasties have chased one another, and empires fallen; and meanwhile here twoscore generations of brickmakers have toiled on, contented with their simple labor and proud of their lineage.

The gaunt hill of Soudloudji, which one passes on the left, gives faint hint of the unutterable dreariness of its summit. Not a growing tree and hardly a blade of grass cheers its desolate expanse. It seems abandoned as if abhorred. Yet here and there, amid the masses of broken stones that cover its arid face, narrow lines of upturned yellow soil and flattened slabs, cut with uncouth Hebrew devices and raised little above the surface of the ground, indicate that the place is given over to the dead. Thus was it set apart in Byzantine days for Jewish sepulture. The burial customs then enforced upon a detested race by their harsh Christian masters fossilized into traditions as fixed as laws, and are still observed by the exiled Jews under the milder sway of the Ottomans.

This is the vastest Jewish graveyard in the capital. Though the ground is full to bursting, room is always made for more, and the arrivals are ceaseless. There is nothing sadder upon earth than an Eastern Jewish cemetery. No race is more devoted to their co-religionists, the living or the dead, than are the Jews. In cholera and pestilence, when Christians have forgotten the bond of faith and the ties of blood in utter terror, the Jews have stood by one another to the last. Every Eastern Jewish cemetery is a scathing testimonial of Christian

inhumanity toward that people of whom the Saviour of mankind condescended to be born.

The village of Piri Pasha farther on preserves the name of the intrepid soldier whose fierce counsels stirred the heart of Selim I, and aided to overthrow the Persians at the desperate battle of Calderan.

Jews { Hasskeui, densely populated by Jews, extends along the water and far up the ravine. After the Conquest, it became the usual burial-place of the patriarchs and of distinguished Greeks, but their every tomb has disappeared. Sixty years ago it was the residence of an enterprising American colony, who built here many a man-of-war for Mahmoud II. Now their place is supplied by a community of English engineers and artisans. The Sultan has no worthier men in his service. By their churches and schools and in their social relations, they preserve on this foreign soil all the worthiest features of their distant mother-country.

{ On the height overlooking Hasskeui is the Okmeïdan, or Plain of the Arrows. Here many a shaft indicates the spot where, in days of archery, some sultan has shot an arrow an unusual distance. The measure of prowess was not accuracy of aim, but the strength of the archer's arm. The Okmeïdan was, moreover, the common gathering-ground in times of national calamity or distress. In 1592, plague ravaged the city until one hundred and eighty thousand persons were swept away. All distinctions of race and religion were blotted out in the universal horror. The Sheik-ul-Islam and the Patriarch proclaimed a day on which the living should assemble in one place, and together implore deliverance from the awful pestilence. At sunrise of the appointed day, four hundred thousand persons came together on the Okmeïdan, and



remained there until sunset in prayer. So, after earthquake or during protracted drought, the people, regardless of nationality or creed, have many times here united their urgent prayers.

Terskhaneh spreads along the bay with its shipyards and docks and shops, ample for the restoration or construction of a fleet. Here Ouloudj Ali, in 1571, took refuge, with forty battered galleys. They were the sole remnants of that proud array of two hundred and sixty-four ships of war overwhelmed by Don Juan of Austria at the fatal battle of Lepanto. The victory had cost the Christians dear, — fifteen war vessels and eight thousand men; and to Cervantes, the immortal writer of "Don Quixote," an arm. But the Ottomans never were able to retrieve the disaster of that day, for buried in the red waters of Lepanto was their reputation of invincible. Meanwhile, Pope Pius V thundered from the pulpit of Saint Peter's his triumphant chant, "There was a man sent from God whose name was John," and Selim II remained three days prostrate on the ground, refusing food and entreating God to pity. Close to the shore till a few years ago, was anchored as a floating dock a dismasted three-decker, which had escaped destruction at the later catastrophe of Navarino.

A deep ravine beyond, flanked on either side by cypress-shaded cemeteries, rends the hills in one continuous chasm which is prolonged above the heights of Pera. The ravine divides into two enormous fissures. The fissure on the left or west is overhung far inland by the tranquil village of Piali Pasha, named after a daring sea-rover of Souleiman the Magnificent. Down the fissure on the right or east, Mohammed II made the roadway whereby his sixty-eight galleys, after travelling a distance of almost four

miles on solid land, descended upon rollers into the Golden Horn. The preparation of the roadway required days, but the transport of the galleys was the work of a single night. In the morning the astounded Greeks beheld with horror the fleet of the besiegers riding triumphant at anchor on the north side of the Golden Horn.

*Kassim pasha*

The ravine seems never to have been inhabited by the Byzantines. It continued a desert waste till 1525. Then Kassim Pasha, a favorite of Souleïman I, ambitious for a monument that should transmit his memory to future ages, founded a village here and called it by his name. The architect, Sinan Pasha, the Michael Angelo of Ottoman art, added to its splendor by the erection of two magnificent mosques, Emir Sultan Djami and Koulaksiz Djami. More than forty other mosques still demonstrate the luxury and the piety of its inhabitants. No other quarter of the capital contains so many tekiehs, or dervish convents reputed holy. The tekieh of the Mevlevi, well known by many Europeans, who have thronged it to behold the dizzy ritual of its inmates, was founded by the dervish Abdi Dedeh from the pay he gained by his daily toil. - Sultan Mourad IV believed the humble laborer by his intercessions had rescued him from inevitable death, and revered him as a saint and miracle-worker. In a gilded mausoleum in the cemetery of Koulaksiz Djami lie the reputed remains of Tchelebi Hovsur Ibni Houssein, a Kadiri dervish, who died over three centuries ago. In 1889, these remains were found in perfect preservation, were exposed three days to the veneration or curiosity of thousands, and finally with imperial pomp were again committed to the tomb.

Leaving behind Kassim Pasha, with its grim Bagnio, and the airy buildings of the Ministry of Marine, one



glides in his skiff under the tortuous upper bridge from among the anchored ironclads, and reaches the second section of the bay, or the Commercial Harbor. Stamboul, an ever-present vision along the circling course of the Golden Horn, spreads majestic and Oriental on the south. On the north the domed promontory of Galata, watched over by its colossal tower, and merging into more distant Pera, rounds up into the sky.

## GALATA

IN Galata, the East seems transformed as by a magician's wand. Jealous, latticed windows are almost nowhere seen. The furtive minarets are few and humble. The sharp line of the streets, half-hidden by over-arching houses, the white campanile in the foreground, solid Italian structures erected six centuries ago, and many another architectural feature, distinct in the endless maze of magazines and dwellings, suggest Italy rather than the East. Though French is now more often heard in its thoroughfares and shops, the common language till a generation ago was Italian. Stamboul, with its imperial minarets proclaiming the Moslem faith from every hill, looks across disdainfully; and on the tongue of many an Ottoman Galata-Pera is sneered at as the Giaour City, the City of the Infidels. And so it is: a Western city stranded in the East, a European metropolis, making part and parcel of the Mussulman capital, and yet seeming in its occidental life and customs a protest against an Asiatic civilization and creed. Nowhere else in the world is there such an anomaly as Galata-Pera in its strange environment, swayed by the sceptre of the Sultan, the Caliph.

Many derivations are given for the name Galata, which it bore as early as the third century before Christ: one, that it came from a horde of Gauls who ravaged the country and passed over into Asia Minor about 270 B. C., under Brennus, their king; another, that it was called after Galatus, a wealthy resident, who defended it with a fortress; and one, the more probable, from *gala*, milk, since its herds found abundant pasturage on the neighboring hills, and supplied the necessities of the Byzantines.

It was known to Constantine as Sykai, or Sykodes, the Place of Figs or Fig-trees. He organized it as the thirteenth Region, or Clima, of Nova Roma, surrounded it with walls, and thus made it the military outpost of his capital. Its temples of the Hero Amphiaraos and of Artemis Phosphoros were torn down. Its stately Temple of Aphrodite Pandemos had already given way to a Church of Saint Irene, which Bishop Pertinax founded on the pagan site, and made the Episcopal See.

Under Arcadius and Honorius II, the suburb waxed rich and populous, proud of its Forum and Arsenal and Arcadian Bath, and of its splendid churches of the Holy Virgin, the Prophet Samuel, and the Maccabees. Over four hundred patrician mansions displayed its magnificence and luxury. The tireless builder Justinian adorned it with an imperial palace, a theatre, and other imposing structures, and called it Justinianopolis, or Justiniana, from himself. But the new name never clung, and was soon forgotten. Close to the water's edge, in 717, Leo III built a massive tower, and from it, across the Golden Horn, hung that historic chain which played so decisive a part in the immediate attack of the Arabs and in many subsequent sieges.

Then for centuries, Galata, save as northern terminus









of the chain, almost disappears from history. It became the purlieu of the capital, the Adullam's cave, to which debtors and criminals and slaves escaped, and where concealment was easy. But the Crusaders, ignorant of its reputation and stronger in arms than in exegesis, regarded the place with reverence, believing that to it Saint Paul addressed his Epistle to the Galatians. Many a present priestly inhabitant of Galata entertains the same idea.

During the twelfth century the Venetians and Genoese were fiercely contending for the commercial supremacy of the Levant. Every naval station of the East was the scene of their bloody rivalry. At Constantinople each party occupied a quarter appropriated to itself with its own custom-house and landing-place. More than sixty thousand Italian residents, of whom the Genoese formed the larger number, tormented the city with their interminable broils. In the great fire of 1204, purposely kindled by the French and Venetians of the Fourth Crusade, the Genoese quarter, which lay along the Golden Horn in the northeast corner of the city, was totally destroyed. Many of the sufferers thereupon betook themselves to Galata, both to rebuild their fortunes and to escape the presence of their triumphant Venetian foes. There, shut within solid walls, they rejoiced at the growing weakness of the Latin Empire, and secretly connived with the Greeks for its overthrow.

But Michael VIII, when he restored the Byzantine throne, distrusted the turbulent sympathy of his Genoese allies. He compelled all that people still domiciled in the city to betake themselves to Galata; but he destroyed its walls, and forced its inhabitants to acknowledge his authority. The three conditions he extorted involved the semblance of submission rather than its reality: every

new Podestat, or chief magistrate, sent from Genoa to administer the colony, was, on arrival, to twice bend his knee in the imperial throne-room before the Emperor, and to kiss his hands and feet; all other Genoese dignitaries were to pay the same obsequious homage whenever they came into the Emperor's presence; every Genoese galley, on entering the harbor, was to acclaim the Emperor with the same salute as did the Greeks.

Still, from 1261 to 1453, Galata was an *imperium in imperio*. Its inhabitants were colonists, subject to no law save that of the mother state, in theory the vassals, occasionally the allies, often the open, and almost always the secret, enemies of the Byzantine Empire. Soon they made war against Michael VIII, but were subdued. Once they took refuge in Constantinople from a resistless Venetian force. For future protection against such attack they bought permission from the weak old man, Andronikos II, in 1303, to surround their settlement with a moat which "might be deep and broad," but from which the nearest house "must be at least sixty cubits distant." During the civil wars which rent the Byzantine Empire, they increased their territory, built lofty walls, dug the moat still deeper, and rendered Galata impregnable.

Genoa meanwhile watched over her distant stronghold with scrupulous fidelity. On its preservation depended her mastery of the Black Sea. More than Malta or Gibraltar is to England, was Galata then to the Genoese.

Blinded by their aversion to the Greeks, the Galatense rejoiced at the menacing progress of the Ottomans. In the final siege they were the virtual allies of Mohammed II. Genoese artisans smoothed the road and oiled the rollers on which his galleys with spreading sails passed over the hills into the Golden Horn. On the fearful twenty-ninth



of May, the rude wakening came. The fact they had refused to see was forced upon their unwilling eyes. Constantinople fallen, they were involved in its fall. No resource was left them save like absolute submission. Hardly had Mohammed II quitted Sancta Sophia when the Podestat of Galata brought into the conquered city the keys of the twelve gates of Galata on a silver tray. The conqueror accepted their surrender, ordered the fortifications to be razed, but finally, despising their weakness, allowed the walls to stand.

So the entire wall, fronted by the moat, remained intact forty years ago. Until 1857, the gates were locked at a certain hour each night, and no belated applicant could obtain admission until morning save by payment of a generous fee. The greed of to-day has levelled up the moat, and prostrated the wall. As one stands on Galata Tower, and gazes downward from the giddy height, isolated fragments of masonry catch the eye and indicate the general outline of the mediæval ramparts. But when he threads the streets, he recognizes nowhere any reminder of those frowning fortifications which rendered the Galatense so haughty and bold.

But though the walls have vanished, the Strada Selciata a picco — the Yuksek Kalderim, the Steep Paved Street — still remains. Up it winds with its uncounted steps, overloomed from top to bottom by the ghostly tower. Close to its foot, on the left, in the Rue Voivoda, is the site of the castle-like palace where, when Italian merchants were princes, the Podestat of Galata dwelt in imperial state.

In the same street, a little farther on, stood the house in which over one hundred and thirty years ago the poets André Chénier and Joseph Chénier were born. Galata

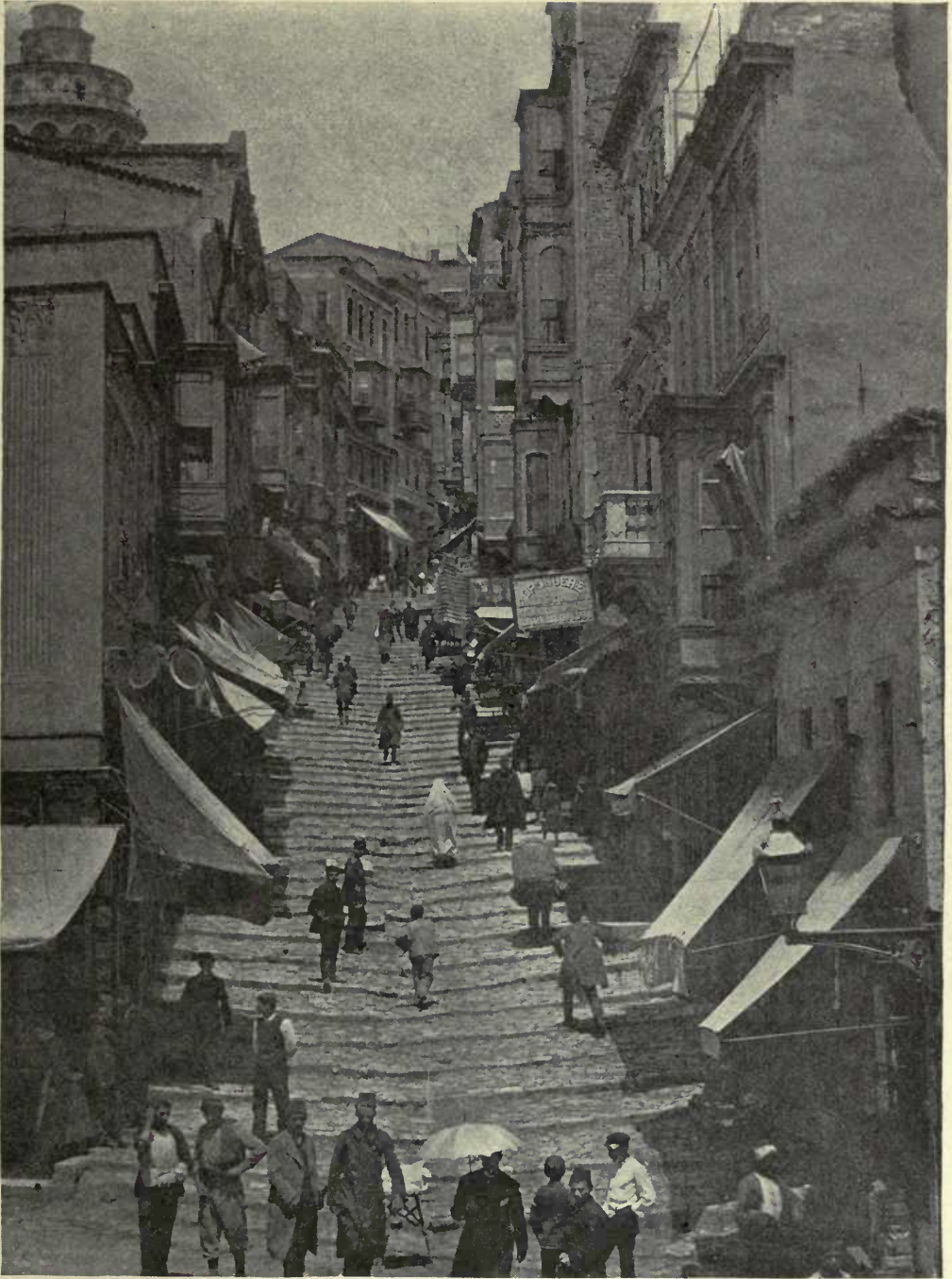
has no more precious recollection than the memory of the fair Greek mother, Sante e Omaka, the bride of the French consul Chénier, who in that narrow street inspired her sons with the loftiest aspirations of the past and with the enthusiasm of living nobly. The elder died in Paris upon the guillotine three days before the end of the Reign of Terror. The younger lived on, and enjoyed a world-wide fame. His "Chant du Départ" still inflames the French soldier almost equally with the "Marseillaise." The two brothers prepared the way for the romantic drama of our century. In all their literary achievement, as Villemain well remarks, "they always seemed animated by a living memory of the days of their childhood and of their mother's songs."

Galata preserves nothing of its oldtime martial air, when its every merchant was a soldier, and its every sailor an adventurer or buccaneer. But its fiery commercial fervor has never cooled. Its Exchange is a pandemonium of clutching fingers and rapacious eyes. Though ever since the Conquest the Ottomans have held the sword, the Christian residents, whether native or foreign, have controlled the purse-strings, and still control them here.

Galata has not only counting-houses, but also many churches and philanthropic institutions, and the whole thought of its citizens is not absorbed in the gain of gold.

The Metropolitan Church of Galata was dedicated to Saint George. Destroyed by fire, it was last rebuilt in 1676. At that time, Louis XIV was at the summit of his power, and was desirous of dotting the world with monuments of his glory. So a black marble slab over the lintel of the inner door commemorates the munificence of the Grand Monarch as its restorer.





THE YUKSEK KALDERIM

The Church of Saint Peter, twice rebuilt, has been in the possession of Dominican friars over five hundred years. It is rich in votive offerings, and a goodly line of devoted priests have served at its altar.

But its most cherished possession will not bear the test of impartial scrutiny. This is a mediæval picture which the fathers believe to be the identical painting once revered by the Greeks as the Madonna of Saint Luke, and associated with a thousand years of Byzantine history. It is a demonstrated fact that the original venerable painting was in the keeping of the Greeks from 1261 to 1453, when on the fall of the city it was captured and divided among some janissaries, who hung the pieces around their necks as talismans. Even the inscription which the friars have placed beneath their reputed treasure, contains many historical errors.

The Church of Saint Benedict is the headquarters of Catholic missions to the East. Henry IV, the white-plumed Henry of Navarre, retook it from the Italians, who had held it thirty years, and restored it to the French. Here, too, is a reminder of Louis XIV the Great. An inscription on the main door transmits the story of his royal generosity to the church. On the left of the nave is the tomb of a woman, than whom none saintlier ever labored for the welfare of the East. Her French epitaph reads: "Here lies Sister Thérèse de Merlis, Sister of Charity, Superior of the French Hospital of the Taxim, who died March 3, 1883, at the age of 73 years. Her children rise up and call her blessed." Few sovereigns ever received a grander burial. Twenty thousand persons, in a common grief, marched in her funeral procession. Here, too, is the grave of the Austrian ambassador, Baron Wysz, who



died in 1569, the first foreign envoy to the Porte who died in Constantinople.

In the gloomiest part of Galata, accessible only through damp and sinuous lanes, stands the Armenian Catholic Church of the Holy Saviour. It is the least uninteresting of the churches held by those Armenians who have forsaken their national religion and accepted the supremacy of Rome. Its chief distinction is derived from possession of a tomb, on which the following epitaph in Latin may be read: "Here lies the body of the most noble hero, Emir Beshir Sahabi, for fifty-six years the pacifier of the Lebanon. Loved of God and man, he was taken to heaven on December 30, 1850." The name of the dead emir now awakens hardly a vague recollection. Yet little over fifty years ago, it agitated all the courts of Europe, and the stately autocrat who bore it held the destinies of empires in his hands. At last he was betrayed to the allied English and Austrians, who surrendered him to the Ottomans. He was kindly treated by the latter, though under constant watch. Ten years later, he who had trod the slopes of Lebanon as a king died in captivity at Kadi Keui.

The four Greek, or Orthodox, churches are near the shore, and not far distant from one another. In almost every architectural detail—absence of a dome, unobtrusive plainness of exterior, and glassy and metallic glitter within—each is typical of the Greek churches erected since the Conquest. The oldest is the Church of the Holy Virgin, surnamed the Caffatiane, from a picture of the Madonna which formerly stood over a well-curb in Caffa, and was brought to Constantinople after the Conquest of the Crimea by Mohammed II, in 1475. This picture has been enshrined during the last two hundred years in a

heavy sheath of wrought silver. The tombstones which stud the outer court bear many quaint devices, emblematic of the occupation of the deceased. The Karamanlis, or Greeks of Asia Minor, worship in this church. The Church of Saint Nicholas is a sort of Seaman's Bethel, highly colored and brilliant, thronged at all hours by sailors, who seek the intercessions of the kindly saint. Its narthex is a common thoroughfare between neighboring streets. The wealthy and luxurious Sciotes built their Church of Saint John the Baptist in 1734. By a peculiar provision of its founders it is independent of the Orthodox or Greek Patriarch. Strangers from the kingdom of Greece worship in the Church of the Transfiguration.

It is the just pride of the Armenians that they were the first people to embrace Christianity, and that no other national church is so ancient as theirs. So it is fitting that their chief sanctuary in Galata and the oldest which they possess in the capital, should be honored by the name of Saint Gregory, their illustrious Apostle. This attractive edifice was erected in 1436, and consists of three intercommunicating churches. Its altar of black ebony, exquisitely carved and inwrought with mother-of-pearl, is unique. The tiny chapel on the left of the altar contains an ancient picture of Christ—called, in art, a black Christ—which was found hidden in a cave, and is still believed to effect marvellous cures. The episcopal staff in jasper, ebony, and mother-of-pearl is a rich specimen of Armenian art. Near the main entrance, on the right of a patriarchal tomb, undistinguished by any monument, but held in everlasting national remembrance, is the grave of the journalist, Matteos Aïvadian, who died in 1877.



Around the church cluster many Armenian institutions of education and beneficence. One, called the United Societies for maintaining Schools in the Interior, enjoys the generous patronage of the Sultan. Here, too, is the Central Armenian School, founded, in 1885, by the Great Patriarch Nerses. Probably mathematics, a branch in which the Armenians naturally excel, is here carried farther than in any other college in the Empire.

## PERA

THE human overflow from Galata northward has given rise to Pera. In its present opulence and extent Pera is a creation of the nineteenth century. It was never enclosed by walls, and is destitute of natural boundaries. Although from the first a centre of diplomacy, it has hardly any history of its own. Stavrodromion, the Cross Streets, is its name among the Greeks. The Ottomans call it Beyoglou, the Residence of the Prince, inasmuch as the exiled Alexios V, Emperor of Trebizond, resided here after his deposition by his ill-starred uncle David. Yet its earlier and more significant appellation of Pera, Beyond, seems destined to outlast all its other names.

Its character is that of cosmopolitan Europe, with almost absolute exclusion of the East. The Mussulman state dignitaries, who sit at its formal banquets and with solemn courtesy attend its formal receptions, seem like exotics on a soil that is their own. Thousands and tens of thousands among the residents of Stamboul have never even trodden the streets of Pera. The Ottoman ladies, whom it allures by its Parisian goods, glance curiously through its windows of plated glass, hurriedly complete their purchases, and hasten home.

Its distinctive features are its churches of many Christian creeds; its schools for both sexes, of every grade and of every European nationality; its palatial residences of the European ambassadors; and its European shops, stocked with all the fabrics of the inventive West.

The embassies vie with one another in ostentation and display. Although straining after effect has been modified in this more practical age, yet still each representative of the Great Powers esteems it a portion of his mission to eclipse his colleagues, or at least to maintain equal state. The ambassador, his palace and attendants, and all his outward show, together constitute a whole which is a sort of pattern or specimen whereby the strength and grandeur of the empire behind him may be judged.

Yet to create superficial impression, however important, is not the chief ambition of these titled diplomats, the splendor of whose appointments and the magnificence of whose income surpass the simpler resources of the President of the United States. The Eastern Question has been for centuries the unsolved, burning problem of European politics, and will doubtless so continue for years to come. Nowhere else is the tireless game of statecraft so uninterruptedly pursued, and so never done. The astutest diplomatic intellects, sharpened and perfected by long experience and varied training, have been despatched hither in a successive line of players from their respective courts, have touched a piece or have made a move, and then have dropped away, and the game has still gone on.

Meanwhile the Ottoman, the shrewdest player of them all, has pitted one against another, has cajoled them each and, even when the issue seemed most dubious, has never wholly lost. The British Embassy in Pera stands on land



presented by the Ottomans to Great Britain in gratitude for British aid against the French in 1801; the French Embassy on the Bosphorus likewise stands on land presented by the Ottomans to France in gratitude for French aid against the British in 1807. The unsightly shaft in the British cemetery at Scutari commemorates assistance against Russia afforded the Ottomans by both Great Britain and France in the Crimean War; another shaft, far up the Bosphorus, indicates the spot where, in response to the call of Mahmoud II, a Russian army landed in 1833, and by the significance of its presence preserved to the Sultan his imperilled throne.

The different embassies are more remarkable for commodiousness and size than for any other architectural feature. The Russian and the German occupy commanding positions: the former, comprising a main structure with broad wings, is imposing as seen from the Golden Horn; the latter overlooks the Bosphorus. The British Embassy is a vast rectangle, visible far up the Golden Horn. First erected in 1801, while Lord Elgin — memorable for his spoliation of the Parthenon and for the Elgin Marbles — was ambassador, it was destroyed by fire in 1831, and again in 1870, after which it was restored in its present form.

The migration of the ambassadors from Stamboul, where formerly they were expected to reside "so as to be under the Sultan's eye," has been gradual. Even to the close of the seventeenth century the ambassadors of Poland, of Ragusa, and of the King of Hungary — under which title the Emperor of Germany accredited his envoy — still dwelt in Stamboul. For many years the French ambassador, who was the earliest to remove across the bay, lived in Pera, apart from all his colleagues, in a

house first assigned him by Souleïman I, the unswerving ally of Francis I. The intimate alliance between the Ottoman Sultan and the French King, "the first important event in the diplomatic history of Pera," was negotiated here. In this alliance the Protestant Reformers had no share; yet it had momentous influence upon the destinies of the Reformation. Grape-vines covered all the slopes, and for more than a hundred years the French ambassadors often dated their letters from "the vineyards of Pera." The present French Embassy is the fourth which has stood on the same spot. It is elaborate in appearance, constructed in 1838, in the style dear to Louis Philippe, and surrounded by charming gardens.

Though Austria long since ceded Venetia, she still retains the palace whereïn dwelt the Baillis of Venice accredited to the Porte. This has been in her possession ever since 1815, when the Congress of Vienna reduced Venice to the rank of an Austrian province. The other embassies are of less interest and importance.

It is to be regretted that the United States possess no fixed habitation for their representative to the Sublime Porte. The conditions of life in Constantinople so differ from those in other European capitals that what might elsewhere be an injudicious acquisition is almost a necessity here. The Ottoman Government with its habitual hospitality would readily grant a plot of land, whereon a simple, inexpensive, and appropriate structure might be erected. Expenditure for such a purpose would be an ultimate economy, both to the United States and to their representative. It would not only diminish the latter's annoyances, but increase his efficiency. It would, above all, convenience those who require his services. Now the American Legation is so subject to spring and autumn



removal from place to place that its appropriate emblem is a carpet-bag rather than an eagle. The traveller with urgent business or even the resident, unaware of the latest change of residence, often wastes precious time, chasing for hours through an extended capital after the office or the dwelling of his Minister, which, like an *ignis fatuus*, seems constantly fleeing before him.

So near each other as to accentuate the contrast between them are Somerset House and the Tekieh, or Convent, of the Mevlevi Dervishes. The former structure serves as a philanthropic and educational centre, and is specially devoted to the needs of the British community. The name commemorates an eminent Scotch divine of varied learning and wide sympathies.

The tekieh, in the midst of turbaned tombstones, and peopled by inmates in ultra Oriental garb, seems out of place in modern European Pera. But the very existence of the dervishes anywhere is an anomaly and contrary to the intent of the Prophet Mohammed, who declared there should be "no monks in Islam." The wise lawgiver's prohibition could not stem the ascetic tendency in human hearts. The sect of the Ouveïs was founded in 657, twenty-five years after the Prophet's death. They resembled the Akoimetai, or Sleepless Monks, in that their worship was ceaseless. Since then at least one hundred and fifty other orders—orthodox and heretical—have gradually arisen, and their membership must be reckoned by tens of thousands. Though permitted to marry, they are austere in every other sense. While avoiding many excesses of Christian monasticism, they have developed other and equal extravagancies of their own.

Each sect rallies around some special central idea, worships according to its own ritual, and is marked by

some peculiarity in its attire. The headdress is the most distinguishing feature, varying in size, shape, color, material, and specially in the plaits or folds of its turban. Constantly in their hands are rosaries of thirty-three, sixty-six, but most often of ninety-nine beads, always terminating in one other bead larger than the rest. The rosaries are used only with religious intent, never negligently or as diversion, and each bead is significant of a beneficent name of the Deity. These are the "ninety-nine beautiful names" which Edwin Arnold, in his "Pearls of the Faith," has wrought into ninety-nine poems, among the most devout and spiritual in the English language. Discountenanced secretly by the clergy, the dervishes, on account of their poverty, austerity, and fanaticism, are revered by the common people, and are to-day justly esteemed a mainstay of Islam.

The tekies are always simple and unostentatious structures, usually of wood. Such is that of the Mevlevis at Pera, though the chapter is among the wealthiest of the order. A large gateway, surmounted by the toughra, or imperial seal, and a barred and grated mausoleum of dervish saints, over which rises the peaked, brimless hat, challenges the attention of the passer-by. In the spacious courtyard is the peculiar pride of the dervishes. This is an enormous ivy, which has apparently forgotten how to climb, and grows like a tree. On the left, are the graves of Mussulman dignitaries and holy men. In the strange company sleeps the French soldier of fortune, the Count de Bonneval. He embraced Islam, became grand master of artillery, and is known in Ottoman history as Achmet Pasha. The monument of the adventurer is still erect, and bears the following half-mournful epitaph: "In the name of Almighty God, Who alone is eternal. May the



All Holy and Most High God have mercy upon the faithful of both races, and forgive the Koumbaradji Pasha Achmet. Redjeb 18, 1160."

Directly opposite the entrance is the tekieh. The main room, differing from that of the other orders in shape, is circular. Above and below run galleries for the reception of spectators. The dervishes, unlike the celebrants in mosques, are glad of the presence of visitors. Over the entrance is the station of the orchestra, and on either side are the latticed chambers of the Sultan and of Ottoman ladies.

The services commence with the namaz, or canonical prayer. Then the dervishes seat themselves in a circle upon the sheepskins, and remain for several moments apparently absorbed in silent devotion. Their heads are bowed, their eyes closed, their arms folded upon their breasts. The Sheik chants a hymn to the glory of Allah. Then he calls upon the assembly to repeat with him the *fatiha*, or first chapter of the Koran.

He closes his solemn invitation in these words: "Let us repeat the *fatiha* in honor of the holy name of Allah, in honor of the blessed legion of the prophets, but above all of Mohammed ul Moustapha, the greatest, most august, and most magnificent of all the celestial envoys. Let us repeat it in memory of the first four Caliphs; of Fatima the Holy; of Khadidjah the Chaste; of the Imams Hassan and Houssein; of all the martyrs of the memorable day of Kerbela; of the ten evangelists; of the virtuous consorts of our holy prophet; of all his zealous and faithful disciples; of all the consecrated interpreters; of all the doctors, and of all the sainted men and women of Islam.

"Let us, moreover, repeat it in honor of Hazret Mevlaneh, founder of our Order; of Hazret Sultan ul Oulema, his

father; of Seïd Burknanuddin, his teacher; of Sheik Shemseddin, his consecrator; of Valideh Sultana, his mother; of Mohammed Ala Eddin Effendi, his son and vicar; of all his successors; of all the sheiks; of all the dervishes, and of all the protectors of our institution, to whom may the Supreme Being condescend to grant peace and piety. Let us pray for the constant prosperity of our holy society; for the preservation of the very learned and very venerable General of the Order, our master and lord; for the preservation of the Sultan, the very majestic and very merciful Emperor of the Mussulman Faith; for the prosperity of the Grand Vizir, and of the Sheik ul Islam, and for that of all the Mussulman hosts, and of all the pilgrims of Mecca.

“Let us pray for the repose of the souls of all the instructors, of all the sheiks, of all the dervishes of the other orders; for all men of good life; for all who are eminent for their works, their gifts, and beneficent acts. Let us finally pray for all the Mussulmans, both men and women, of East and West; for maintenance of all prosperity; for deliverance from all adversity; for accomplishment of all salutary desires; for the success of all praiseworthy undertakings. Finally, let us entreat God that He deign to preserve in us the gifts of His grace and the fire of His holy love.”

In response, the assembly intone the fatiha: “Praise to God, Sovereign of the Universe, the Merciful, the Compassionate, Sovereign at the day of judgment. It is Thou whom we adore; it is Thou of whom we implore the aid. Direct us in the narrow path, in the path of those whom Thou hast heaped with Thy benefits, of those who have not deserved Thy wrath, and who go not astray. Amen.” The Sheik recites the tekbir, an ascription of glory to God,



and the salatvitr, the prayer daily offered before dawn. Then all is ready for the mysterious circular dance which characterizes the worship of the Mevlevis, and from which they are commonly called the Whirling Dervishes.

All the dervishes rise. With the precision of automatons they file before their sheik. Every feature of their demeanor and bearing, every smallest detail of posture or gesture or immobile rest, is prescribed by a fixed ritual, and has a symbolic meaning. These details are countless ; to the

non-Mussulman often appear puerile, and from their number and minuteness escape the most inquisitive stranger. The Sheik bestows his benediction



THE WHIRLING DERVISHES

on each approaching figure with a peculiar wave of the hand which resembles a magnetic pass.

As the moment draws near for the whirling to begin, the aspect of the votaries changes. The stolid, passive, pensive forms seem waking like war-horses at the first blast of the trumpet. The leader of the procession makes his last salutation to the Sheik. Then on the heel of the bare right foot he commences to revolve. His head is bent low over the right shoulder, and his eyes are half

closed. Both arms are extended: the right is raised aloft, palm upward, to signify petition for and reception of divine blessings; the left is depressed, palm downward, thereby indicating that the blessings are received, and with self-renunciation are bestowed on others.

Then another dervish in like manner begins to turn; then another and another, till all have joined the whirling company, and the room reveals only a dizzy maze of circling forms. Each revolves not only upon himself, but around all the rest. Circle swings in intricate circle, and the relative position of each is in constant change throughout the hall. The long white robes, hanging to the feet, slowly distend by the rapid motion, and at last stand at right angles to the wearer. Yet, though the space is small and the participants are many, never does robe graze robe, nor hand collide with hand.

All the time the faint and soothing music of the flute-like *neik* and the tambourine sustains and animates the devotees. The velocity of motion becomes greater, and the absorption of the actors more intense. The pallid faces of the zealots seem transformed. On many a countenance dawns an expression of ecstasy, and all seem moving as if in a delicious dream. So the living labyrinth glides on for eighty or ninety minutes. Only twice is the motion interrupted by brief pauses, during which the Sheik offers prayers. In times of great emergency or public distress, he himself takes part, having his station as a revolving sun in the centre of his human planets, and repeating prayers in Persian appropriate to the occasion.

At last the *fatiha* is again repeated, and the fantastic but graceful rites are done. To the Christian, however wide his range of expression and thought, it is hard to



associate the idea of worship with these circling mazes. Nor do the Mevlevi dervishes themselves agree as to the exact meaning of their observances. Perhaps thus they imitate their pious founder, who in excitement or spiritual exaltation would spring from his seat and turn round many times. Some hold that thus they best abstract their minds from all external objects. Others claim that in this manner they set forth the revolutions and hence the celestial worship of the stars. The most assert that the circle, the only perfect figure, represents Allah, who alone is perfect, and doubtless in the physical exercise the groping devotees seek likeness to God.

The churches in Pera are numerous, suiting every form and degree of faith. Only two have a history of over two hundred years, and none are remarkable for either architecture or size.

The most prominent educational institution is the imperial Lycée of Galata Serai, modelled after a French Lycée, and officered by a splendid corps of more than eighty instructors. The Lycée is a special pet of the present Sultan. It was founded in 1869, and located in an imposing building in the heart of Pera. The majority of its seven hundred students are Mussulmans, but equal facilities are afforded to all, irrespective of religion and race. Though in this polyglot empire, languages constitute an essential and leading part in a young man's education, yet there are comprehensive courses in the various branches, of science, in mathematics, literature, history, and philosophy. The college perpetuates the name of Galata Serai, or Palace of Galata, first erected in the fifteenth century on the same site by Bayezid II. At that time all the region north of the Golden Horn was called Galata by the Ottomans. Under Souleïman I, the reconstructed palace

served as a training-school for the itcholans, or imperial pages; and the chief instruction given was "to read, write, ride, draw the bow, and chant devotions." Burnt down in 1831, and again in 1849, the present magnificent edifice was at once erected.

To enumerate all the other institutions existing in Pera for young men, would be to draw up a bewildering and lengthy catalogue of foreign names. The name college is applied to various establishments, differing largely from one another in their curriculum, but almost all well conducted and affording a good education. Some are attached to foreign Church Missions; some are built upon private liberality, and others are the speculations of private enterprise.

The colleges and high schools in Pera for young women merit special and separate mention, both from the prominence of the subject and from the distinguished esteem in which they are now held by the general public. The importance, the necessity, of a high education for women is to-day recognized by every Christian community in Constantinople; such universal recognition is a striking fact. A generation ago, any like idea did not exist or was ignored. In Pera, as in America, it is not thirty years since equal education for the son and daughter was scoffed at as an absurdity or feared as an experiment. In Pera as in America, the problem has been solved with no less satisfactory results.

In this onward march the Greeks have led the van. Their young ladies' colleges, the Zappeion and the Pallas, have already exercised immense influence in the development of female culture. These institutions are an honor to the race by which they were founded and to the philanthropists by whom they were generously endowed.





RUSSIAN CHURCH OF SAINT NICOLAS

Additional to the thorough and systematic course of study pursued within their walls, the Zappeion especially is architecturally one of the noblest monuments of Pera.

Adjacent to the Armenian Church of the Holy Trinity is the Arvestanotz, a kind of practical Polytechnic School for young Armenian women. Founded by the sagacious philanthropy of an Armenian gentleman, administered by an efficient corps, thoroughly organized and equipped, it would be difficult to cite an institution more praiseworthy in its object and more excellent in its results.

The School of Notre Dame de Sion, on the outskirts of Pera, conducted by the ladies of that venerable sisterhood, has both a preparatory and an academic course; its students may pass directly from it to the highest professional schools of Paris. Valuable and varied as is the mental training it affords, it aims especially at the cultivation of character and of womanly grace. Many of the most refined and best-educated ladies of Pera enjoyed its advantages.

The Armeno-Catholic college at Pera, belonging to the Society Hamaskiatz, and the school of the Franciscan Sisters of Saint Mary deserve honorable mention. In all these institutions, by whomsoever founded, marked prominence is given to religious instruction. Very great attention is of course devoted to the languages. Instrumental and vocal music are always well taught; at the same time the less showy and more solid branches hold their appropriate place.

Schools of preparatory and intermediate grade abound for boys or girls or for both together. From immemorial custom such a school is connected with every Armenian or Greek church, not only in Pera, but throughout the capital. No matter how poor the parish or how few the families,



if there be a church, the school is sure to be found near by. The foreign residents or their legations have been equally solicitous for their own children, and each among the European nationalities is well provided.

Literary, musical, scientific, and philanthropic societies and clubs are numerous. Some are cosmopolitan in their membership; others are limited to a single nationality. Pre-eminent among them all is the Hellenic Philologic Syllogos. The main object of this society is research, whether archæological, literary, or scientific. Discussion and investigation are encouraged in all fields, save those of politics and religion; the latter subjects are wisely excluded from a body representative of different races and creeds. The majority of its thirteen hundred members are Greeks, but on its roll are also the names of many distinguished foreigners; among them, six Americans. The language commonly employed at its sessions is Greek or French. The publications of the Syllogos are many and varied. Of especial value are its published investigations of mediæval monuments and records. Its library of sixteen thousand volumes, mainly archæological, is constantly increasing. This syllogos is the parent of many other syllogoi throughout the Ottoman Empire. It has also contributed much to the preparation of text-books and the founding of schools. Its first hall, with library and precious collections, having been destroyed by fire, in 1870, the present elegant and commodious building was erected the following year. Altogether this society deserves its wide and most honorable reputation.

The remote outskirts of Pera, stretching still farther northward, have of late received distinctive names. Tata-vola and San Dimitri, inhabited almost exclusively by Greeks, are justly famed for the beauty of their women.

Nowhere in the East is the classic type more often seen. Byzantios says with reason, "Apelles and Phidias might here have chosen the models of their fairest creations." Pancaldi contains the Catholic Cathedral, an impressive edifice planted on a most unfortunate situation. Ferikeui and Chichli evoke but the single memory of death and graves. There are the chief cemeteries of the Catholic, Protestant, and Orthodox Greek communities. In the Protestant cemetery, all the nations holding to the Reformed religion, — Germany, Holland, Great Britain, the Scandinavian States, the United States, — each in its allotted section, inter their dead, side by side.



## VI

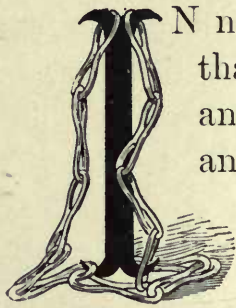
### THE BOSPHORUS

There is perhaps no locality in the world surrounded by so many historical souvenirs, and adorned with so many varied gifts of Nature, as the imposing and picturesque strait across which the waves of the Euxine Sea precipitate themselves toward the Mediterranean, bathing with the same billow the shores of Europe and the shores of Asia. — TCHIHATCHEFF.

The Thracian Bosphorus, from whatever point of view we regard it, is of exhaustless interest. — PROFESSOR CLARKE.

There God and Man, Nature and Art, have together created and placed the most marvellous point of view which the human eye can contemplate upon earth. — LAMARTINE.

Upon this planet there is no other stream so wonderful: its equal can be found only, if at all, upon some other star. — PROFESSOR PARK.



N no fitter words can I commence this chapter than with such citations. They are the utterances of men who have studied the science, and thrilled with the history, and gazed enraptured upon the face of the Bosphorus. The first was a leader among Slavic scientists; the second, one of the most renowned English university professors; the third, a French poet, historian, statesman; the fourth is a profound and revered American theologian. With equal admiration, and almost equal eloquence, they pay the tribute of their homage to this incomparable stream.

Hundreds of other writers have as graphically united vividness and truth in their references to the Bosphorus. It has often been described with painstaking and minute research since that early, first narration, composed so well

by Dionysios, of Byzantium, nineteen centuries ago. Yet no author has accomplished more, or could accomplish more, than unsatisfactory indication of some of the more prominent features — æsthetic, scientific, historic, archæologic — along its crowded shores. Enthusiasm and learning may alike be baffled, because there is so much from which to choose. Whoever undertakes its delineation must be painfully self-conscious at the start that his omissions will be manifold more than all he says. For, although

“The world is rich in streams,  
Renowned in song and story,  
Whose waters murmur to our dreams  
Of human love and glory,”

there is not one among them all which rivals the Bosphorus.

To its associations it owes in part its undisputed pre-eminence. There is hardly a nation of the civilized world whose blood has not mingled with its waters. There is hardly a faith, hardly a heresy, which, by the devotion of its adherents and martyrs, has not hallowed its banks. Associations the most dissimilar, the most incongruous, the most distant, elbow one another in its every hamlet and village. The German Emperor, William II, in 1889 disembarks at the same spot which tradition makes the landing-place of that other youthful leader, Jason, with his Argonauts, in that sublime voyage of the fourteenth century before Christ.

The story of the Bosphorus is mythologic and historic; pre-classic, classic, mediæval, and modern; Pagan, Christian, and Mussulman; transmitted and preserved in every form — legend, fable, tradition, poem, telegram — from



before the birth of Herodotus and Homer down to the newspaper of to-day. The past seems the present; the present the past. Fable seems fact, and reality, romance, all equally real or unreal in narration of its record.

Past to the present makes full restitution,  
Ages are fused to consecutive years;  
Races are wed in one mighty confusion,  
Byzas and Mahmoud clasp hands as compeers.

An error of one hundred years, five hundred years, in its chronology half appears a trivial matter, for, in the overflowing, immortal history of the Bosphorus, a thousand years are but a day.

The ancients derived the name from a legend of the Olympian gods. Zeus, omnipotent against all other, could not protect his mistress Io from the tireless pursuit of his jealous wife. Persecuted from land to land, Io reached the eastern shore of the strait. There, transformed into a cow, she plunged into the current, swam across in safety, and hid in the recesses of the Golden Horn. Thus the story of her suffering and daring passage is preserved in the word Bosphorus, Bosporos, the Ford, or Crossing, of the Cow.

The fancy of the classic writers bestowed upon it many other names. Philostratos called it Ekbolai, or Mouth of the Black Sea; Euripides, the Kleides, or Keys; Aristides, the Thyrai, or Doors; and Herodotus, the Auchen, or Throat. To the Byzantines of the Middle Ages, as to many Greeks to-day, it was the Katastenon, or Narrows; to the Crusaders, the Arm of Saint George; to its present Ottoman masters, Boghaz, or the Throat. Nor is its frequent title among modern geographers inappropriate, — the Canal, or Strait, of Constantinople. But its common,

world-familiar appellation of the Bosphorus doubtless antedates the legend of Zeus and Io, and is older than mythology. So doubtless will it outlast all its other names, even as it has survived the discrowned, forgotten gods of Olympus.

In its swift flow it is a river, and in its depth a sea; yet many a sea is less profound, and many a river spreads with a wider breadth, and pours with a less rapid current. Its average depth from shore to shore between the Black Sea and the Marmora, as obtained by eight hundred and thirty-two soundings, is eighty-eight and three-fifths feet. At no point is the depth of the main channel less than twenty-four and one-half fathoms. Off Yenikeui and Therapia, far up the Bosphorus, its bed is fifty-three fathoms, and off Candili, sixty-six fathoms below the surface of the water. The lateral zones of the main channel are nowhere less than six feet deep, and at many places over two hundred.

So sharply do its submarine banks descend, that large vessels, hugging the land too closely, though in deep water, often run their bowsprits and yards into houses on the shore. Many a shipmaster has paid damages for such unceremonious intrusion, not only of his rigging, but of his sailors, into drawing-rooms and chambers along the Bosphorus. I remember, when making a good-by call upon an English lady at Candili, her matter-of-fact apology for the torn casements of the windows and the disordered appearance of the room. She said that a Greek vessel ran into the house that morning, and that the carpenters had not come to make repairs.

The Bosphorus contains few dangerous submarine rocks or shoals. The locality of these few is indicated by light-houses or buoys. The water is only slightly tinged with



salt, and is marvellously clear. The sands, glittering apparently near the surface, may be twenty feet below.

On a map of whatever scale, each of those familiar straits, which cleave lands and continents asunder, seems hardly more than a silvery thread. Yet, as one sails over their famous waters, the opposing shores on either hand sometimes appear far away. The Strait of Gibraltar, which wrests Africa from Europe, is sixteen miles wide; that of Messina, forcing its way between Italy and Sicily, is from two to twelve; that of Bonifacio, which, like a blade of steel, cuts Corsica and Sardinia apart, is seven miles in width at its most contracted point; even the Dardanelles expands from over one mile to four.

But the illusion as to distances, created by the map, is reality as to the Bosphorus. Off Buyoukdereh, where it attains its largest breadth, its hemmed-in waters broaden to only nine thousand eight hundred and thirty-eight feet, or about one and four-fifths miles. Between Roumeli Hissar and Anadoli Hissar, they shrink to one-sixth of these dimensions, or to sixteen hundred and forty-one feet.

Its general direction is north, northeast, and south, southwest. Its length from Seraglio Point to a line stretched between the two lighthouses at the mouth of the Black Sea is sixteen and one-sixth miles. But its course is so broken, and so shut in by hills, that it resembles an inland lake rather than a river or strait. The European bank is nineteen and one-quarter miles long, and the Asiatic twenty-three and two-thirds. Throughout their entire length, the two shores maintain a striking parallel. Where one bank is straight, the opposite is the same. Each convex bend on the European side finds a concave indentation on the Asiatic. Each European bay

is answered by a corresponding Asiatic promontory. Eight promontories thus advance boldly toward eight retiring, timorous bays.

This startling conformity of outline, this rough adjustment of shore to shore, carries imagination backward across countless ages to the time when titanic forces here rent Europe and Asia asunder. The awe-stricken ancients handed down the tradition of how the pent-up, resistless waters of the Black Sea tore through valleys, and levelled mountains, in their sudden, southward rush toward the Mediterranean. The Cyanean Islands at the mouth of the Black Sea, and the entire upper Bosphorus, bear unanswerable testimony to their volcanic origin.

The Bosphorus never feels the influence of tides. From the vast bosom of the Mediterranean the evaporation is enormous. The contribution of its rivers, moreover, is small in comparison with that of the mighty streams which deluge the Black Sea. So here the flow southward is constant.

“Like to the Pontic Sea,  
Whose icy current and compulsive course  
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on  
To the Propontic and the Hellespont.”

The current sometimes attains a velocity of four, and even five, miles an hour. So violently does it rush by the promontories of Arnautkeui and Roumeli Hissar that the strongest boatmen are unable to row against it. This has given rise to a peculiar guild, or craft, — the yedekdjis, — whose whole business consists in towing vessels up the stream.

Yet, despite the swiftness of its current, Tchihatcheff, than whom no scientist is more careful and exact, asserts



that the Bosphorus and the Golden Horn have seventeen times been partially or entirely frozen over since 330. Zonaras, once commander of the Imperial Guard, and finally an ascetic monk at Mount Athos, says that in 755 "whoever wished, walked from Chrysopolis (Scutari) to Galata without hindrance as upon dry land." The Patriarch Nikephoros I, "a man most holy," declares that in 762, when he was a youth, "people traversed the strait more easily on foot than formerly in a boat." During the reign of Osman II, in 1621, bullock teams crossed upon the ice from Asia to Europe. The devout Mussulmans attributed the rigor of that winter to the aversion of Allah for the boy Sultan. During the present century, both the Bosphorus and the Golden Horn were skimmed over with ice in 1823, as was also the Golden Horn in 1849 and 1862.

By a strange phenomenon, if the south wind prevails, the superficial current is reversed, though the inferior current continues its accustomed course. Then the waters on the surface are piled tumultuously back upon one another, and the quays, which are several feet above the ordinary Bosphorus level, are flooded and perhaps made impassable. At such times caiques and smaller boats do not dare to venture upon the tempestuous surface.

Sometimes a strong wind blows northward from the Marmora, and another wind as strong blows with equal violence southward from the Black Sea. Then, as one gazes from some central point like Roumeli Hissar, he beholds ships under full sail majestically approaching each other from both directions till at last they are only two or three miles apart. Between them lies a belt of moveless sea, into which they are forced and on which they drift helplessly about and perhaps crash into each other's

sides. This is a duel royal between Boreas and Notus, and may continue for hours. Gradually the zone of calm is forced north or south. At last one wind withdraws like a defeated champion from the arena. The ships which it has brought thus far, drop their anchors and wait, or else hire one of the numerous steam-tugs which are paddling expectantly about. The ships which have come with the victorious wind triumphantly resume their course, and meanwhile their sailors mock and jeer their fellow-mariners, whose breeze has failed them.<sup>1</sup>

Of all its many descriptive epithets, ancient and modern, none have clung with more persistent tenacity than the simple, early adjective of "fishy" Bosphorus. Seventy edible varieties of fish, familiar to connoisseurs, sport in its waters. Some have their permanent haunts within the stream. The most are migratory. The instinct of the seasons moves them northward or southward with the birds. The strait is their only possible highway between the Black Sea and the Mediterranean, their summer and winter homes. From March until June and from August to December, men, poised in the quaint perches high on piles above the water, and constantly on the outlook, watch for the flash of their gliding forms. The various fishy tribes, at intervals of days and in countless shoals, succeed one another. The watchers, trained by long experience, with sharp eyes pierce the crystal depths and know what fish are passing or are almost come. Then, the signal given, every advantageous spot is quickly blackened over with hundreds of fishing-boats, and their generous harvest never fails.

<sup>1</sup> The average annual temperature of the water is about  $1\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$  Fahrenheit higher than that of the air. In winter, it is  $14\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$  higher; in spring, summer, and autumn, it is  $3\frac{1}{4}^{\circ}$ ,  $4^{\circ}$ , and  $1\frac{3}{4}^{\circ}$  less.



Would some Izaak Walton ask what are the classes and the habits of the swimming creatures, which thus to-day within the Bosphorus fall victims to the hook or spear or net? All this Aristotle best describes in his treatise upon the "Fishes," which he wrote more than two thousand, two hundred years ago.

Along both shores extends a line of mosques, palaces, and humbler dwellings, which are cut from the water by a narrow quay. This fringe of habitations broadens into many a village, which clambers like ivy along the hill-sides and pushes in amphitheatric form up the ravines. On the European side this succession of adjacent edifices is almost continuous till within five miles of its northern extremity. The Asiatic side is less densely populated: here a tiny plain, or a grove of trees, or a projecting cliff, cuts the continuity of its houses.

After the last northward bend of the Bosphorus the whole aspect changes. As if to mark the sudden transition, Giant's Mountain, six hundred and sixty feet in height, the loftiest elevation on the strait, rises abruptly from the water, and dominates the view. Up to this point every natural feature has embodied the perfection of calm though varied beauty, humanized by the homes of men. Now, beyond, the villages become rare and the houses scattered, and man and nature appear appalled by the nearness of the Black Sea. Frowning and precipitous cliffs, their faces whitened and polished, beaten smooth in storm and winter by thunderous waves, form the appropriate portal through which one enters that tremendous sea, so awful to the ancients, and so justly dreaded now.

## THE EUROPEAN SHORE OF THE BOSPHORUS

To merely recapitulate the successive names which in different centuries have been borne by each bay or headland or human settlement upon the Bosphorus, would fill pages with a polyglot and heterogeneous list. Around each cluster the multiform and accumulated legend, history, and association of more than three thousand years. As I begin to conduct the reader's fancy along the European shore to the Cyanean Islands and the Black Sea, and thence in a parallel excursion southward along the Asiatic shore, I realize how superficial must be the attempt.

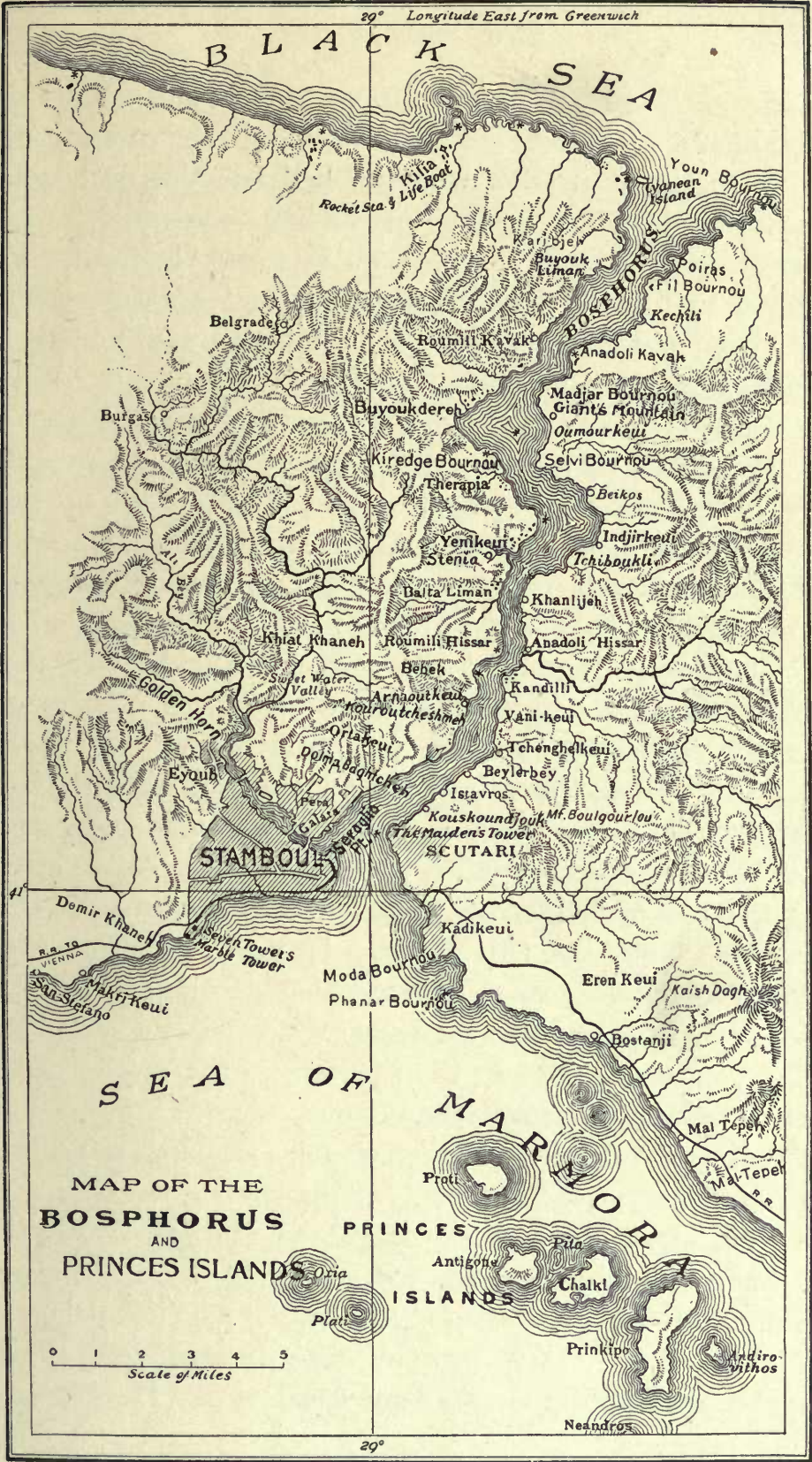
“Not lighter does the swallow skim  
Along the smooth lake's level brim”

than must be the rapid glance we cast, while everywhere there is so much to bid us linger.

The junction of the Golden Horn and Bosphorus was formerly indicated by an elongated and narrow bay on the east of Galata. This bay has been filled up by the Ottomans. The grimy, though impressive Mosque of Kilidj Ali Pasha, the dingy fountain of Achmet I, and the Artillery Esplanade, embellished by Sultan Abd-ul Aziz, mark its site. Close by is the elegant Mosque of Mahmoud II, erected in thank-offering to God for the destruction of the janissaries. The locality is now called Top Khaneh, or the Cannon Foundry, from the extensive works that stretch along the strait.

Here in 1701 a splendid palace was constructed by the fierce Kapoudan Pasha, Houssein Mezzomorto. This daring sea-rover had been during seventeen years a chained







galley-slave on a Christian vessel. When at last he obtained his freedom, his all-absorbing passion was to pay back to the Christians what he had suffered during his captivity. Once, after a desperate battle, in which he had performed prodigies of valor, he was left for dead. Restored to life, he received the sobriquet of Mezzomorto. He conquered Scio, three times defeated the Venetians, and made the Christians tremble at his name. When appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Ottoman navies, he stipulated that, even when received in solemn audience by his sovereign, he should never be required to wear anything save a common sailor's usual suit. So, while the other pashas glittered in silk and gold, Mezzomorto was the plainest dressed and most distinguished of all.

The various names of the next city quarter well illustrate how cycles in the life of the Bosphorus overlap one another. The Ottomans call it Salih Bazar, the Tuesday Market, because on that day itinerant merchants here bring their wares for sale. Its earliest name was Aiantion, from a temple which the Megarians raised to a hero of the Trojan War, Ajax Telamon. In the time of Christ it was Elaion, the Olive Orchard; also Palinormion, the Place of the Returning, inasmuch as a colony which had set out was forced by an adverse wind to come back here; and sometimes Sponde, the Spot where the solemn drink-offering was anciently poured out.

All this region was converted by Souleïman I into a magnificent private garden. Thus he assured himself a delightful view from Seraglio Point, and made certain that no prying eye, gazing southward across the strait, should penetrate the secrecy of the seraglio. The Palace of Mahmoud I, Nessat, or the House of Mirth, the Palace of Damat Ibrahim Pasha, Emn Abad, or the Habitation of



Safety, like the luxuriant garden, long ago entirely disappeared.

On the place where they stood, close to the shore, are now two palaces, absolutely alike, it is said, in every detail. They were erected by Mahmoud I for two nieces whom he loved equally. To prevent possible jealousy, these palaces on their completion were assigned to their new possessors by lot. A dispute as to whether the lots were fairly drawn alienated the sisters, and brought to naught the carefully devised precaution of their imperial uncle.

In 626, the Avars, then besieging Constantinople, came to this point and kindled signal-fires for their Persian allies, who were then encamped in Scutari. But as neither party possessed ships or the materials from which to make them, both remained in impotent fury upon their respective sides, and were unable to effect a junction. Here then stood the memorable Church of the Maccabees, or the Church in the Olives, which Constantine had rebuilt in the form of a cross, and which, until near his death, he intended should be his mausoleum. It was first erected in the second century, and under four bishops was the Episcopal See. Inland, high on a superb site, may still be seen the Mosque of Djeanghir, which Souleïman consecrated to the memory of a beloved son.

To the neighboring quarter of Fundoukli the pleasure-loving Mohammed IV frequently came on a visit to Housseïn Agha Fundoukli, a wealthy Ottoman, who died over two hundred years ago. The Sultan would spend the entire day in fishing from the palace windows of his host, which overhung the Bosphorus. The captives of his line, the Sultan usually sent as a high distinction to his favorites. Each such remembrance was a costly honor, for the

privileged recipient was required by etiquette to present the bearer according to his rank with at least a hundred piastres a fish, and often with five times as much. Here in classic times was a heroon of the Egyptian king, Ptolemy Philadelphos, whom the Byzantines gratefully revered for assistance afforded them during siege and famine. The jutting point of land, under its classic name of Delphis, or the Dolphin, and Charonda, reminded of the legend of the shepherd Chalkis. So divinely did he play the lyre that every day a dolphin came to listen, lifting its head in ecstasy from the water. Charondas, another shepherd, envious of Chalkis's music, killed his pet. The sorrowing musician built a monument, and inscribed upon it the words, Delphis and Charondas.

Here, according to a tradition so attested as to seem authentic history, Saint Andrew came preaching Christianity three years after the Crucifixion. Weaving into the sacred story "the golden woof-thread of romance," the Byzantine Christians loved to tell that the Bosphorus reminded the Apostle of his native Galilee, and that the first company which met to hear him was made up of fishermen like himself. Here he remained two years, and consecrated Stachys, the "beloved" of Saint Paul, first Bishop of Byzantium, and organized a church, from which the Eastern Orthodox Church with its hundred million communicants has grown. After the Conquest the Ottomans appropriated to themselves all the more commanding and desirable locations, expelling from them the Greeks. So, of necessity, the Christians abandoned Fundoukli with its sacred memories, and from that time it has been only Moslem. It is crowded with mosques and dervish tekies, but has not a single Christian church.

After Fundoukli comes Kabatash, the Rugged Stone.



In its long-ago ruined breakwater, vestiges of which may still be seen, the ships of Rhodes used to anchor, and hence the place was commonly called the Port of the Rhodians.

All the way thus far, a steep and beetling hill, packed on its side and summit with sombre wooden houses, has formed the picturesque background of the narrow shore. Now the hill recedes, and the luxuriant valley of Dolma Baghtcheh takes its place. This valley was once a deep inlet of the Bosphorus, and its principal harbor on the west. On its southern bank rose a temple of Apollo. Here, according to the legend, the Scythian Tauros moored his galley of fifty oars and worshipped in the temple when, like a knight-errant of mythology, he was on his way to Crete to rescue the imprisoned Pasiphae from her relentless husband, Minos. Jasonian was the ordinary name of the harbor among the ancient Greeks, from the current tradition that here Jason and the heroes of the "Argo" disembarked. Here, too, in 1203 the soldiers of the Fourth Crusade, who had sailed across from Scutari, furiously sprang from their ships into the sea and charged the Greek army, drawn up sixty thousand strong along the shore. "And know ye," says Villehardouin, himself in the fray, "that never was harbor more proudly taken."

Here, during the final siege, were anchored the ships of Mohammed II, all alike rendered useless by the impassable chain that closed the entrance to the Golden Horn. Despite the enormous host which besieged the city on its western side, Ottoman's success at best was doubtful as long as the Golden Horn was held by the Greeks. That chain it was impossible to break, and the discouraged Ottomans confessed that, however great their numbers, on the sea they could not cope with the Giaours. A

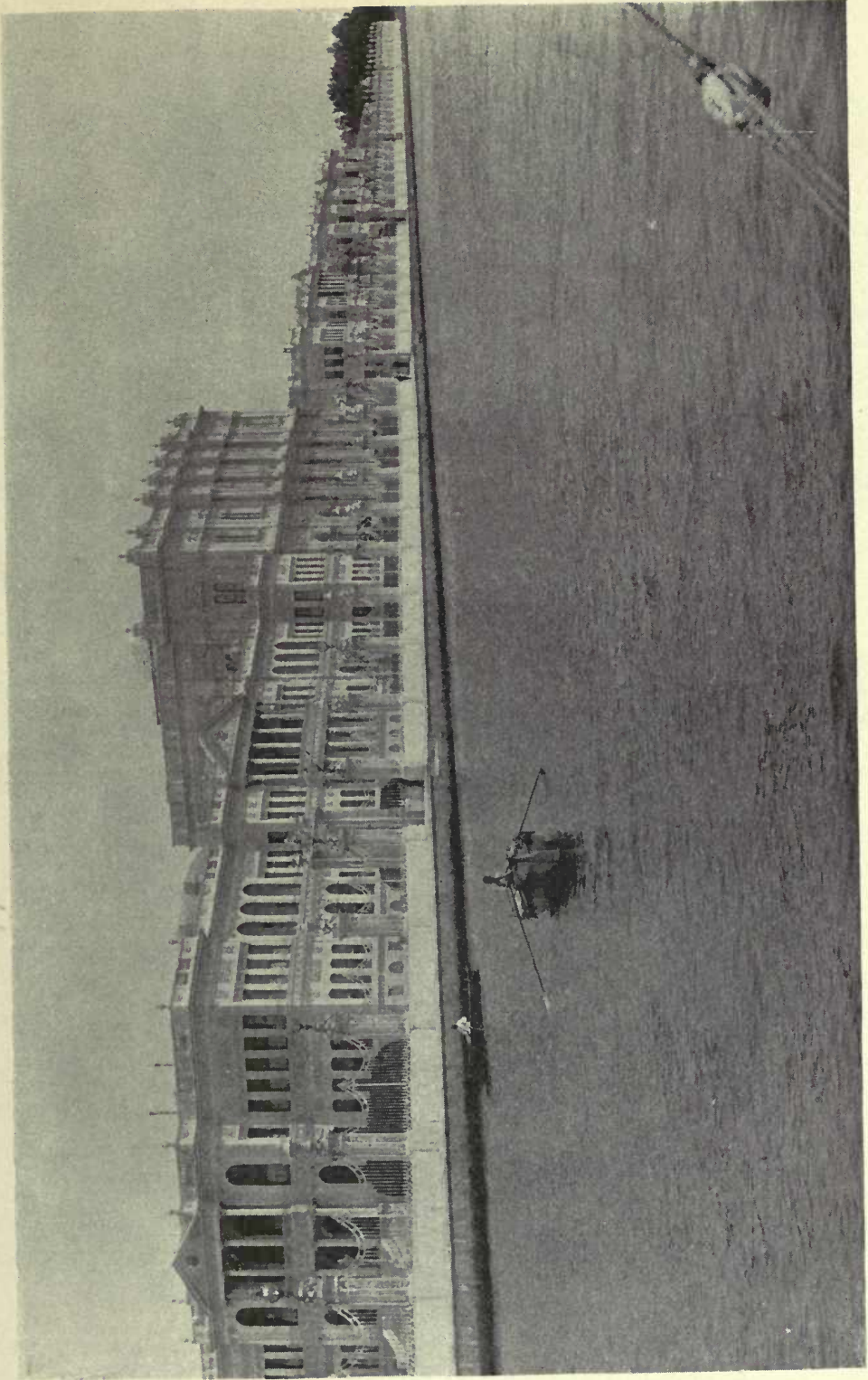
leader less ingenious, or possessed of fewer resources than the persistent Sultan, would have despaired.

The genius and audacity of Mohammed inspired him with a daring plan. He resolved to transport his galleys over the solid land and launch them from the hills into those very waters, from which the well-defended chain had so far shut them out. He ordered a broad plank highway to be constructed from the inner extremity of the harbor up the ravine, over the level top of the plateau, and down the ravine of Kassim Pasha on the other side of Galata. Immense quantities of oil and grease were poured upon the wooden road to render its smooth surface still more slippery. Hundreds of rollers were prepared. Sixty-eight ships, with sails spread to catch the favoring breeze, were drawn in a single night by long files of soldiers on rollers to the top of the plateau; then they were let down with the resistlessness of fate into the Golden Horn. The chain was thus rendered useless, and the investment of the doomed city was complete.

During the reign of Souleïman I, this harbor was completely filled up by Khaïreddin Pasha, known to Christian history as the terrible Barbarossa. All the labor was performed by sixteen thousand Christian prisoners, whom he had captured in his Mediterranean raids. It has borne ever since the name of Dolma Baghtcheh, the Vegetable Garden; it was the boast of Khaïreddin that on it he had made to grow "the finest cabbages on the Bosphorus." The Mosque, erected by the Valideh, or mother of Sultan Abd-ul Medjid, the Ministry of the Civil List, the Imperial Stables, and the southern wing of the white marble palace of Dolma Baghtcheh, occupy a portion of the artificial site.

Near the water is a tekieh of the Mevlevi, or Whirling Dervishes, over which, under Mourad IV, the ascetic Sheik





PALACE OF DOLMA BAGHTCHEH

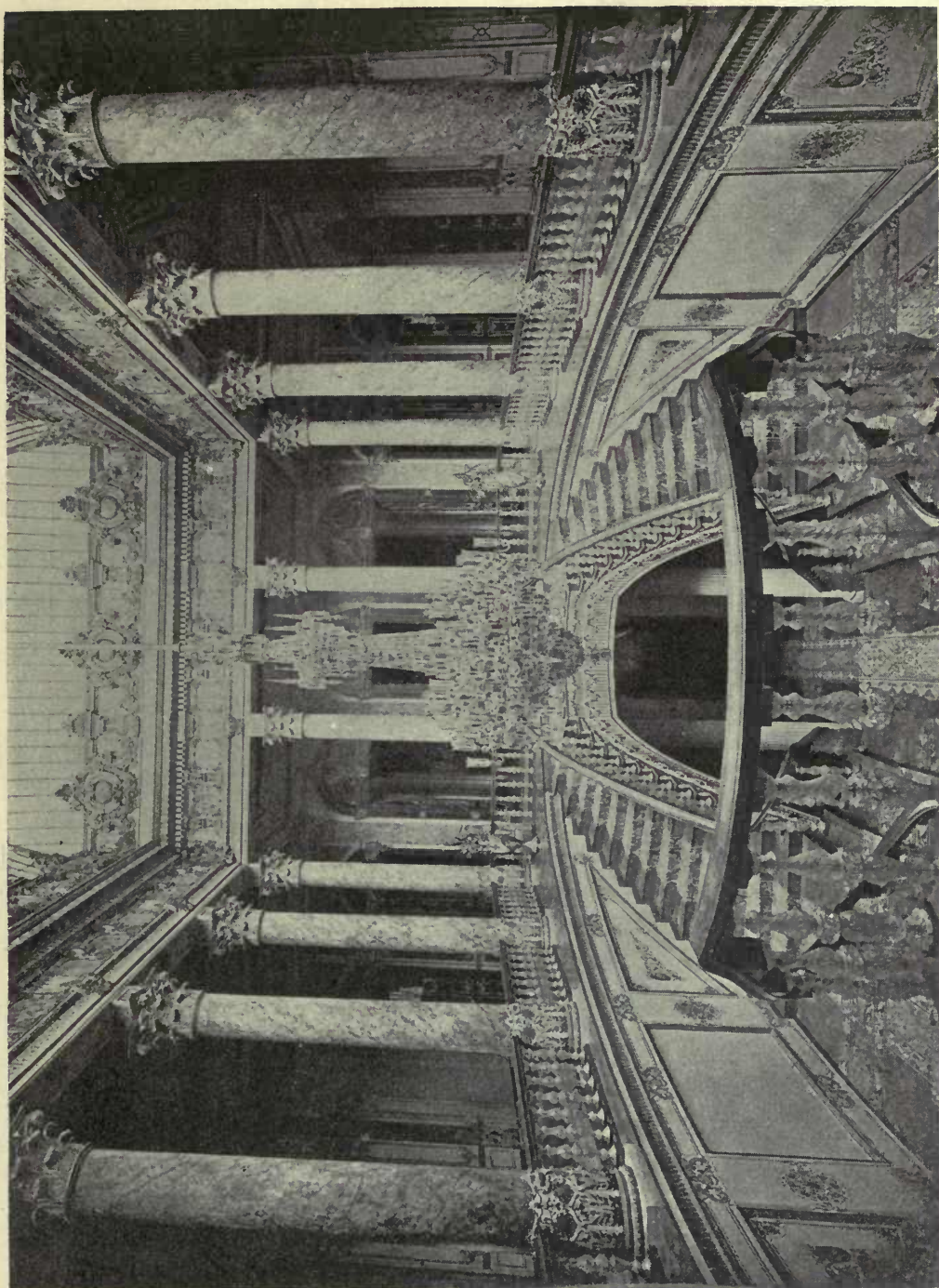
Hassan Dedeh presided till he reached the age of more than fivescore years and ten. His successor and son-in-law, Yusouf Djellalin, never attained like length of days, but surpassed him in outward fervor. Often, while teaching, he became "excited by divine emotion, and recklessly cast himself from his pulpit upon the heads of the worshippers below, and thus on the floor of the sanctuary applauded the mysterious Mevlevi dance."

The whitened ruins, visible from the water, are the foundations of an imperial mosque, begun by Sultan Abdul Aziz when at the summit of his power. His sudden deposition left his purpose incomplete; and the vast and tumbling piles are both the emblem and the monument of his reign.

As in caique or steamer one glides northward, the view along the European bank unfolds in still more sumptuous majesty. The far-stretching, snow-pure Serai, or Palace of Dolma Baghtcheh, with its interminable, dainty wings and its profuse carvings, delicate as lace, is in its whole effect ethereal as a dream. Its foreground is the strait, with its ever-sparkling waves of deep Ionian blue; its background is the hillside, covered with the mazes of the Imperial Park, and clothed in perennial green. A pearl, placed between a turquoise and an emerald, each jewel multiplied in size and loveliness many million-fold, is the fittest simile to picture the palace and its peerless setting.

In describing this palace, two eloquent tourists, the French Théophile Gautier and the Italian Edmondo de Amicis, have taxed the vocabulary of admiration to the utmost. "An architectural conception, unique in its kind," it is also the vastest palace in the Ottoman Empire. Its founder, Sultan Abd-ul Medjid, laid no restriction on





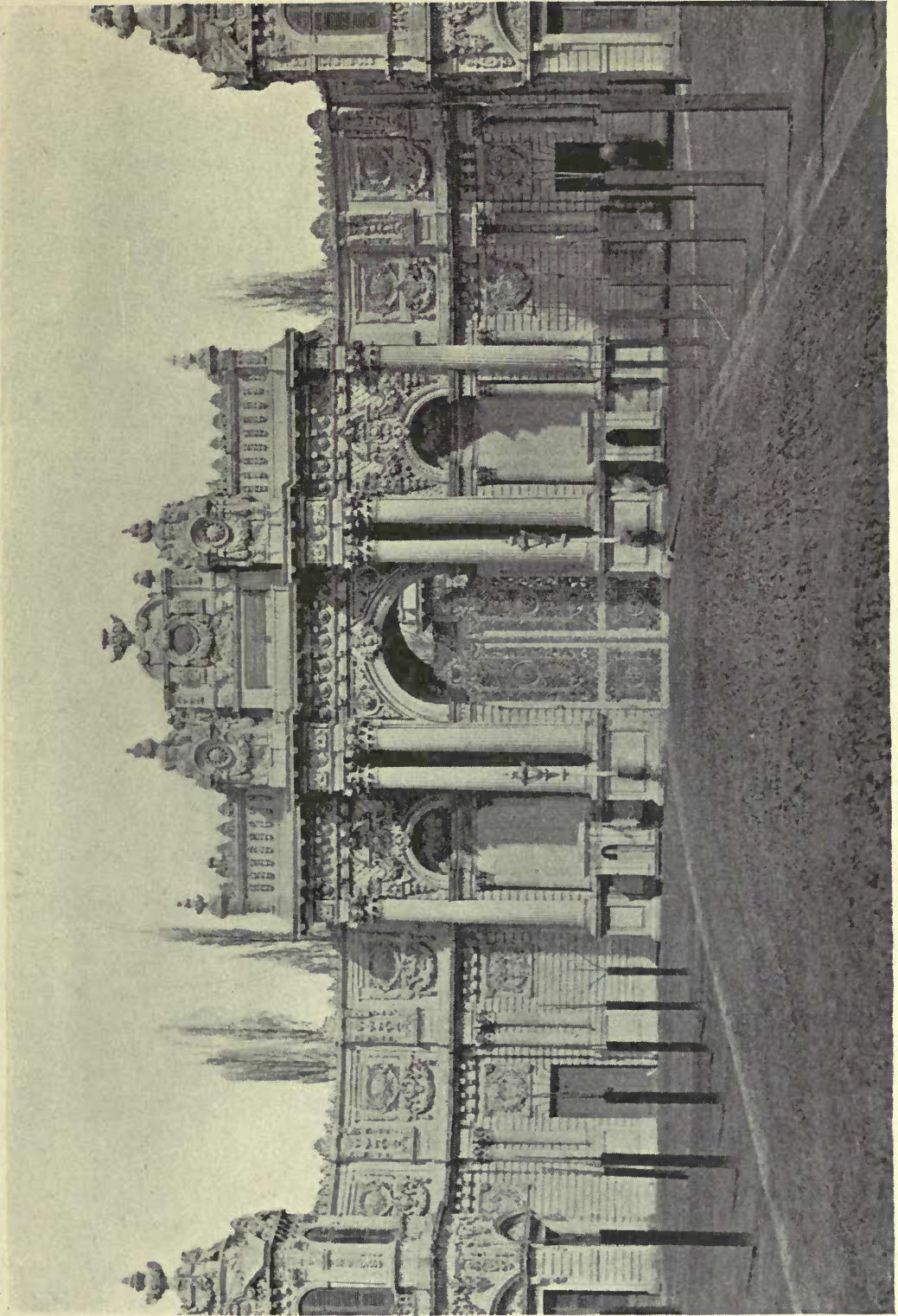
THE CRYSTAL STAIRCASE IN THE PALACE OF DOLMA BAGHTCHEH

his Armenian architect Balian, and left him absolutely free in the matter of expenditure and in the exercise of his taste. Only one condition was imposed,—that the edifice when complete should surpass every palatial dwelling which any sultan anywhere had beheld. Variety and ostentatious prodigality are its prominent characteristics. It became the favorite residence of three successive sultans, Abd-ul Medjid, Abd-ul Aziz, and Mourad V. Within its walls was the rude awakening of May 29, 1876, when, startled from his early morning sleep, Sultan Abd-ul Aziz learned the verdict, rendered against many a sovereign since the days of King Belshazzar, that his kingdom was numbered and finished and given away. There, too, his father, Sultan Abd-ul Medjid, had died, and there his successor, Mourad V, overwrought with excitement, lost his reason. Thus much of imperial history the palace has beheld in its brief existence of forty-two years.

I shall attempt no picture of this imperial abode. Though many times I have passed through its resplendent portal, and climbed its crystal stairway, and wandered along its inlaid halls and through rooms whose floor and wall and ceiling are of alabaster, I carry with me now, as I carried with me then, only a sense of bewilderment and dazed confusion. Broad tables of malachite and lapis lazuli and vert antique; curtains so heavy that they would stand erect in their massive tissue; plate mirrors, the largest ever made; candelabra of cut glass, flashing the light from three hundred and thirty-three silver sockets, a mystic number; every Western as well as every Eastern splendor in color and gold: recollection and words fail in the endeavor to recall and describe them.

The throne-room occupies the centre of the palace. It is over one hundred and fifty feet in length, and almost

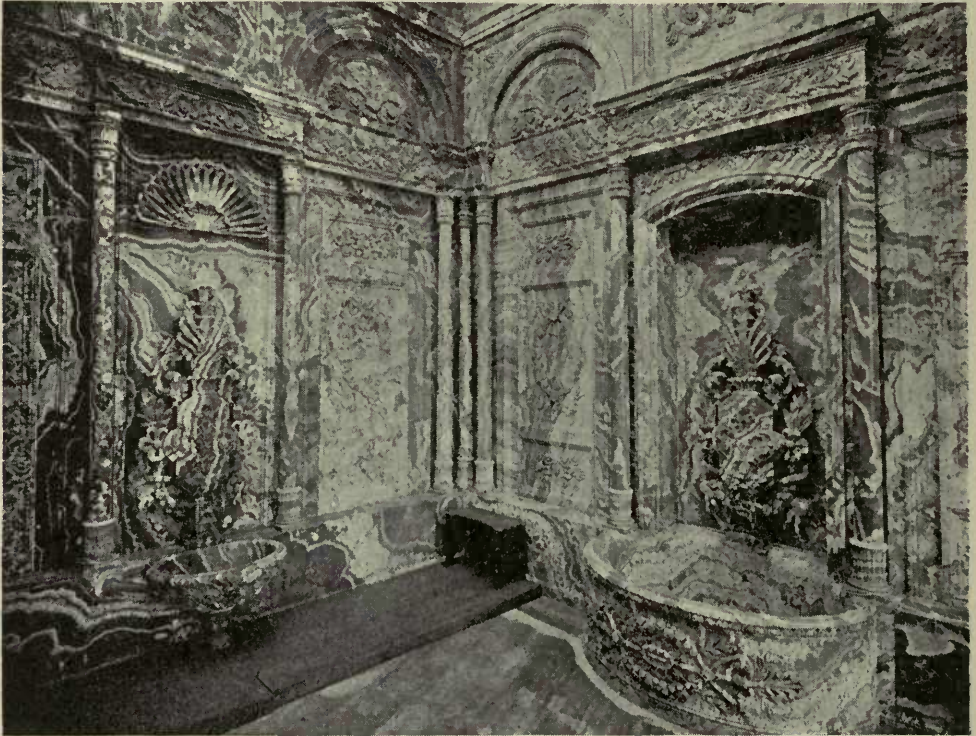




A GATE OF THE PALACE OF DOLMA BAGHTCHEH



square. Colonnades, consisting, not of single pillars in rows, but of lines of Corinthian columns, grouped in fours, support the dome. Light brown is the prevailing color, but the capitals and cornices are gilded. The ceiling is rich in frescos by the French artist Sechan. No throne-room in Europe is more effective in its *tout ensemble*.

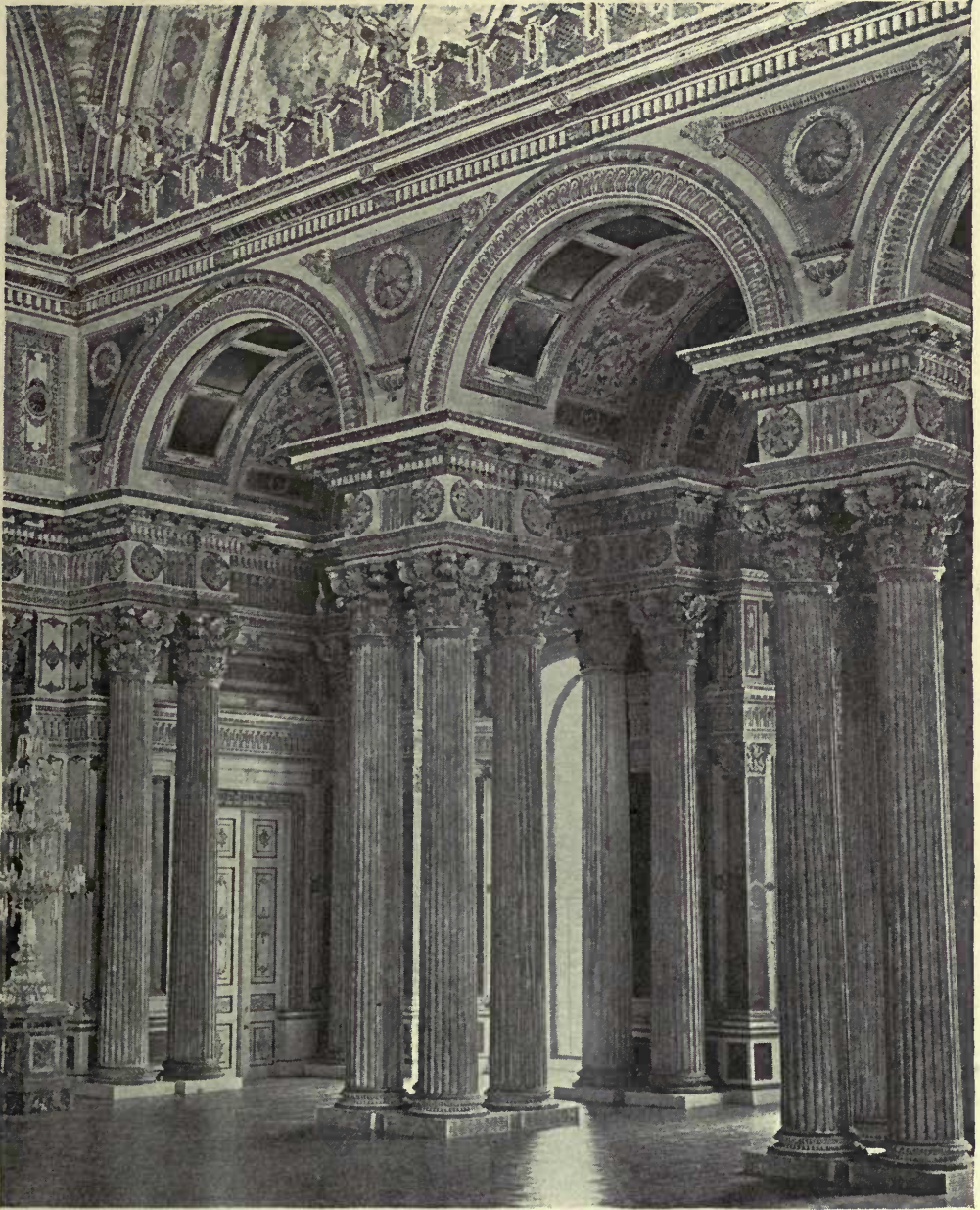


THE BATH-ROOM IN THE PALACE OF DOLMA BAGHICHEH IN  
CARVED ALABASTER

Here are still celebrated all the grander civil and political ceremonies of the Empire, and such national religious rites as do not from their nature require performance within the consecrated walls of a mosque.

In stateliness and perfection of detail the most impressive of all these ceremonies is the Act of Homage, performed at daybreak on the beginning of the great Moslem





THRONE-ROOM IN THE PALACE OF DOLMA BAGHTCHEH



festivals, the Buyouk and the Courban Bâïrams, by the civil, military, and religious officials of the Empire. The Sultan, wearing his sword and the silk-tasselled crimson fez, but otherwise attired like a plain, black-coated American gentleman, takes his seat upon a wide, deep-backed throne. This is always on the northern or inner side of the hall. From each arm of the throne hangs a broad silk sash of green and red, about four feet long, and bordered by narrow fringe. The Sherif of Mecca, the guardian of the sacred Kaaba, approaches unattended. The Sultan rises to his feet, and the Sherif slowly repeats a prayer. As soon as the prayer is finished, the great dignitaries in solemn file are to march in through the colonnade on the west.

The civil functionaries first come forward, headed by the Grand Vizir. They advance with measured step, not directly toward the throne, but in a line parallel to the inner side of the room. When just opposite the throne, the Grand Vizir changes his direction, moves slowly toward it, and casts himself prostrate as if to embrace the Sultan's feet. In this act of utmost humility he is representative, not of himself primarily, but of the entire nation, which thus, in the person of its highest minister, proclaims its absolute submission to its absolute lord. But the Sultan does not allow the Grand Vizir to complete his homage: he bends to raise him, and addresses him with a few kindly words. The Vizir then steps backward to the western side, but retaining his relative position as head of the line.

After him advance the other cabinet ministers. Each in a posture of profound humility raises his right hand from the floor to his lips and forehead; then stooping, he kisses the end of the silken sash, which afterward he lifts



reverently to his forehead; then humbly he salaams once more, and steps backward behind the Grand Vizir to the next vacant place. The Sultan remains standing until the homage of the ministers has been paid. Then he seats himself once more, and the great pashas and heads of the various subject communities approach in turn according to their rank.

High up in the Ambassadors' Gallery, whence a few favored guests look down, the suppressed excitement of keen interest is everywhere visible. The obsequious officials appear awe-stricken, and many a countenance wears an expression of terror. But the Sultan's pallid face is as impassive as marble. Each individual he regards with a fixed, unchanging, indifferent look. Girt by the mightiest of his realm, he reduces them all to common, equal nothingness. He, the centre of the glittering pageantry, is the only unmoved human being in the great assembly. Rarely does he address a remark to any except his Grand Vizir, and then his words are cherished as a most distinguished honor, and handed down like heirlooms in the family of the recipient.

The military and naval officers, the marshals, admirals, generals, and senior colonels follow next in order. They traverse the room to the farther or eastern side, and draw up in the line fronting that headed by the Grand Vizir. Their military homage is rendered with equal solemnity, but with less outward expression of humility. It is a curious fact that the foreign officers in the service of the Sultan are far more servile in their bearing on such occasions than are the Ottomans.

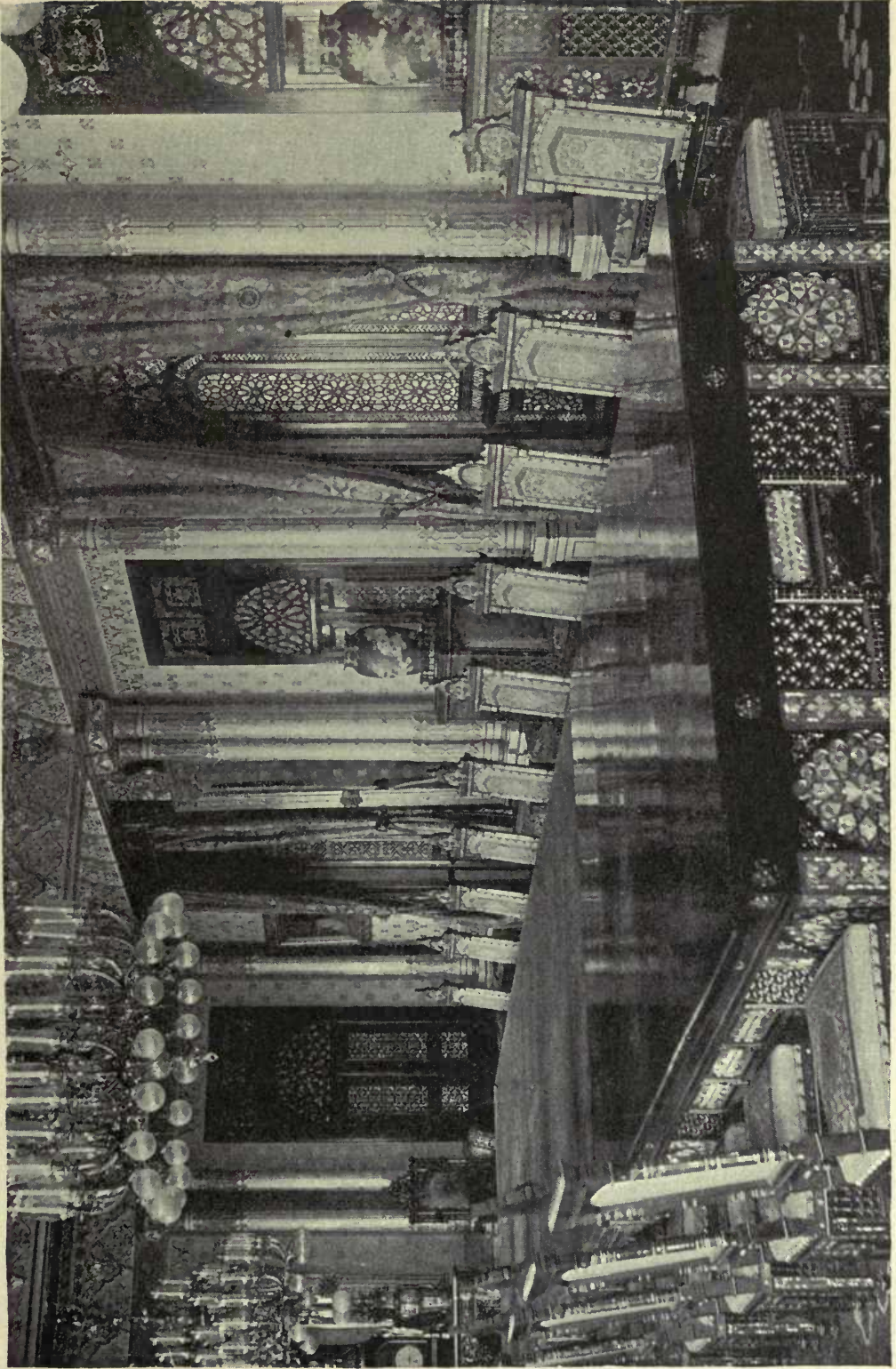
Last of all come the oulema, the clergy, the highest order in the state. The civilians and the military glitter with brilliant uniforms and decorations, and gilded

lace. The clergy, clad in long flowing robes of green or black, their snowy turbans adorned at most with a narrow strip of gold, wearing an air of abstraction and of apparent indifference to earthly pomp, seem like beings of another and a more exalted sphere. Moreover, their type of countenance is distinctively Ottoman. Unmixed in race, in their veins courses the blue blood of Islam and of the Osmanli. At their approach the Sultan rises in recognition of their holy office, and remains erect until the last priest has passed. He bows his head as the Sheik-ul-Islam, the Sherif of Mecca, and the Cazi-Askers of Roumelia and Anatolia group themselves in a quartette and intone a prayer. Then the Sheik-ul-Islam embraces the sovereign on the left shoulder, he being the only subject to whom such equality with his master is allowed. The remainder of the clergy, as they draw near, assume an almost sitting posture.

When the last tribute has been paid, the monarch retires, and the ceremonial is over. But it has been marvellously effective and imposing. With the regularity and automatic precision of a perfect machine, in a stillness the most absolute, save as broken, at the appointed moments, by the clanging music of the imperial band, five hundred or even more of these officials have, each in the order appropriate to his rank, pledged his allegiance and submission.

After the foreign guests have disappeared from the gallery, and his titled subjects are gone, the Sultan resumes his place upon the throne, and receives his personal attendants and servants. There is no dependent so lowly, caiquedji or scullion, that he does not appear before his master. The entire preceding scene is repeated with the same order and regularity. In the popular mind the





DINING-HALL OF YILDIZ KIOSK

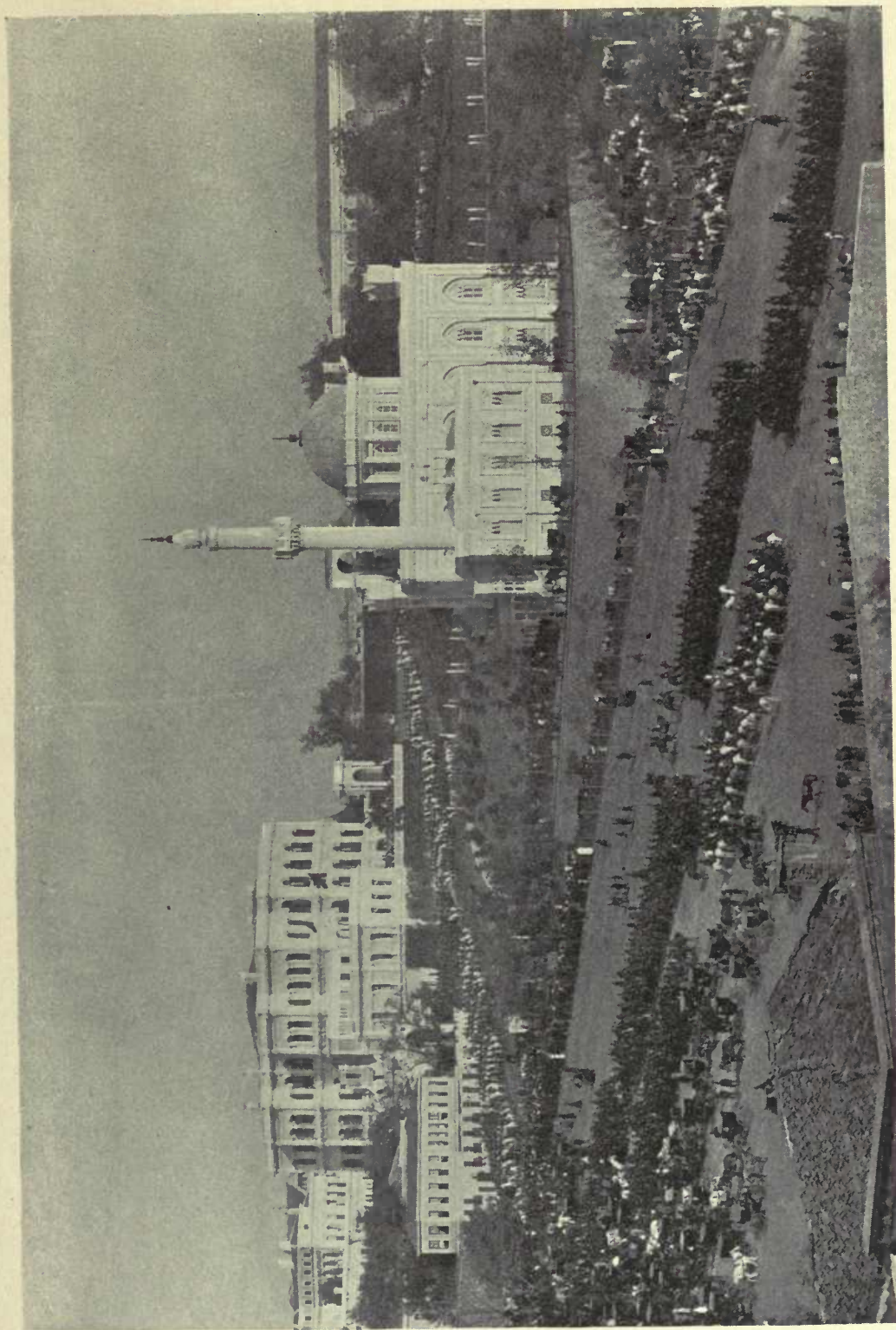


difference is only this: the first ceremonial was the act of the nation performed by its chiefs; the second is the more familiar homage of the Sultan's private household.

Dolma Baghtcheh Serai has never been loved by the present Sultan. Yildiz Kiosk, or the Palace of the Star, is in better keeping with his refined and simple tastes and his unostentatious habits. From the passing steamer, its elegant outline can be discerned on the crest of the grove-clad hill which overlooks the palace of Dolma Baghtcheh. Yildiz Kiosk is the creation of Sultan Abd-ul Hamid II. Since its completion he has resided there. It is a two-storied structure of white marble, resembling rather the dwelling-house of an opulent private gentleman than an imperial palace. The basement contains the rooms of servants and attendants. In the first story are the offices of the marshal of the palace, the soldier Osman Pasha, whose obstinate defence of Plevna against the Russians gave him immense distinction, and of the second chamberlain. The second story is occupied by His Majesty. Here the foreign ambassadors are accorded formal receptions, official presentations are made, and state banquets given.

The reception-room, wherein the envoys of different powers present their credentials, is a large, high-studded apartment fronting the Bosphorus. It was my valued privilege to be present, together with the Hon. S. S. Cox, when Gen. Lew Wallace was received, as Minister from the United States, by the Sultan. The Oriental formality observed a hundred years ago on such occasions has given way in these later days to a modern etiquette, as rigorous, but more dignified, more simple, but no less imposing. The Ottoman ministers of state are drawn up in line on the right of the sovereign, one hand upon the hilt of the





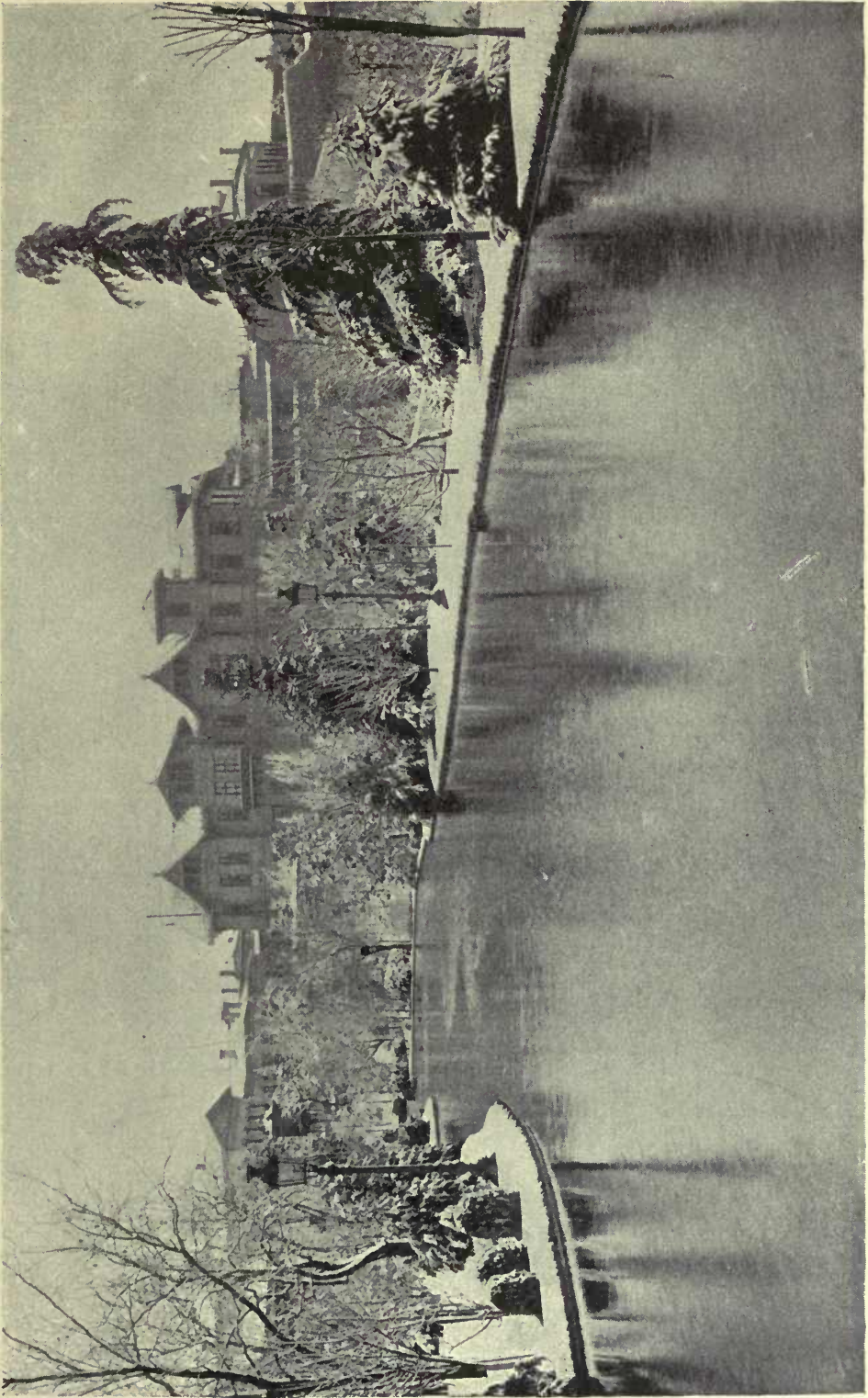
YILDIZ KIOSK AND RECEPTION TO THE GERMAN EMPEROR IN 1889

sword, and the other upon the breast in an attitude of profound humility. The position of the envoy is in the centre of the room. On his right is stationed his first dragoman, or interpreter, and his suite are behind him. Between two windows on the farther or southern side stands the Sultan. The Ottoman Minister of Foreign Affairs and the Grand Master of Ceremonies are on his left.

The envoy presents his credentials, and states to his dragoman what he has to say. This the dragoman translates in Turkish to the Minister of Foreign Affairs, who in turn repeats it in a low, hushed voice to the Sultan. In a similar manner the Sultan transmits his formal reply to the envoy. Then follow a few courteous remarks of welcome and kindly interest on the part of the sovereign, to which the envoy responds with equal courtesy. The formal leave-taking salutations are made, and the now accredited minister retires with his suite, all walking backwards till outside the apartment.

The guests are then entertained by the Ottoman ministers with cigarettes and Turkish coffee in an adjacent room. The cigarettes are presented with amber-mouthed jasmine holders. The coffee is served in the daintiest cups, which sparkle with diamonds. Then an invitation is tendered to return to the reception-room, that the strangers may have the opportunity of admiring its many beautiful details. An American is astounded at seeing the name "G. Washington" on an elaborate picture which constitutes the main mural ornament of the stairway. The British artist whose work is thus distinguished was a kinsman of our national hero and first president. Admirable pictures adorn the walls. Two, representing wild scenes along the rugged Norwegian coast, by an illustrious





KIOSK IN THE PALACE GARDENS

Armenian painter, Aivazofski, are intensely realistic. But as the stranger gazes from the windows, between which the Sultan stood at the reception, he realizes well why the present occupant of the throne has fixed his residence here. The banks of even the peerless Bosphorus nowhere else afford so commanding a site, and nowhere else display so transcendent a view. "Oh, the rich burst of that bright sea and shore!" No other sovereign on the globe can contemplate from his chamber-windows a scene which approaches this. Sultan Abd-ul Aziz indeed erected a summer cottage here; yet it is strange that, until the accession of the present Sultan, not one of the sceptred successors of the conqueror has realized how matchless is this situation, and how dazzling the landscape it reveals.

Glorious as is the wide-spread spectacle by day, it is sometimes rendered even more enchanting by the splendors of the night. At the anniversary festivals of the Mevloud, or birth of the Prophet, and of the birth and accession of the Sultan, Seraglio Point and all Stamboul and Scutari, and the entire Asiatic and European banks, are luminous as seas of liquid fire. The myriad minarets of the mosques, the front of every palace and private dwelling, the masts and rigging of the ships, the trees in the gardens and parks, are hung with multi-colored lamps, which seem innumerable as the stars. Lights, arranged in fiery emblems or fashioning Arabic texts from the Koran, are hung high up in distinct relief against the sky. Over the lustrous waters flit thousands of caiques and tiny craft, each with its burning lamps, and each glittering as it moves. No other city in the world is itself such an arena for pyrotechnic pomp. The coruscated fireworks of France and America are without a Bosphorus to reflect their



blaze. As, at such an hour, the Sultan looks forth upon his capital, transfigured into the likeness of a celestial city, even his calm soul must sometimes swell at the consciousness that all this is his.

The Hamidieh, or Mosque of Abd-ul Hamid II, is situated a little distance outside the enclosure of Yildiz Kiosk. Of graceful proportions and harmonious coloring, but of



SULTAN SELIM III GOING TO MOSQUE IN 1789

small dimensions, it is eclipsed in size, though not always in beauty, by many an imperial mosque. The voice of its muezzin, as he calls from its minaret to prayer, is unusually sonorous, and his accents float over the hills like organ-music. Scrupulous in the discharge of every religious obligation, the Sultan never misses his Friday prayer, and this is the sanctuary he best loves. The duty of presiding at this solemn office has been incumbent upon the Ottoman sovereigns ever since 1517, when Selim I con-

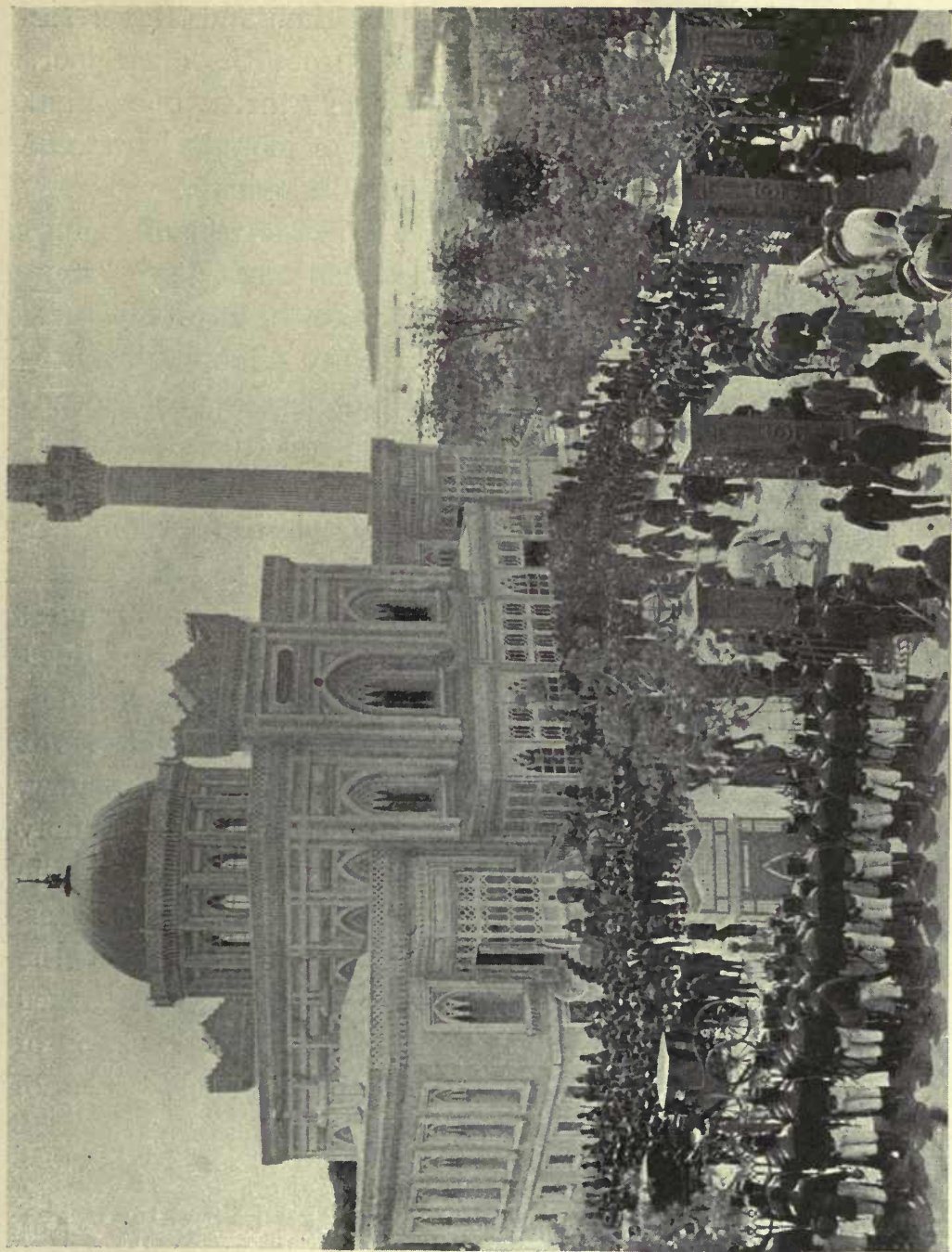
quered Egypt, and was thereupon hailed as Caliph. No inclemency of weather, however severe, no physical ailment, however acute, has been allowed to stand in its way. While thus bowed in worship, the monarch is regarded as the high-priest, representative of his people. Through him the whole Mussulman world offers up its petition, and with still lips waits while its master prays.

The visible part of this ceremony, the selamlik, is attended with all conceivable display. Regiments of the best-clad and best-drilled Ottoman troops line the approaches. A countless crowd of both sexes, and of every age and rank and creed, block the streets, and overflow the hillsides and slopes along the way. Ambassadors and foreigners fill the chambers overlooking the route of the procession.

“Arms at rest, along the way  
 Stands a statuesque array;  
 File on serried file is seen,  
 Turbaned with the sacred green;  
 And as far as eye can view,  
 Bayonets of steely hue  
 Catch the midday sun and throw  
 Back the scintillating glow.  
 Yonder marble mosque is where  
 Goes the Sultan for his prayer;  
 Yonder carpet fine is spread  
 For his royal feet to tread;  
 And this guardian throng must wait  
 Till he signs to ope the gate.”

Preceded by a gorgeous and numerous suite, the Sultan appears. A deep-voiced shout of “Padishah Tchok Yasha!” Long live the Sultan! rends the air. Now, by Oriental etiquette, each umbrella or parasol must be folded up, not an opera-glass be open, not a cough or human





THE SULTAN GOING TO MOSQUE

voice be heard. He passes over the carpet spread for his feet, and enters the mosque; but the thousands linger for his reappearing. At last he issues from the open door. Petitions, even from the humblest, are thrust upon him. He takes his seat within his carriage or mounts his steed, is rapidly borne away, and the selamlık is done.

The village of Beshicktash winds in the rear of Dolma Baghtcheh Serai, and, on its northern side, emerges from obscurity to touch the Bosphorus for a little distance.



KHAÏREDDIN PASHA

Mainly inhabited by Ottoman officials and dependants of the Palace, it breathes an Eastern air, and all its history or former life seems lost in its existence of to-day. Mosques, founded and maintained by Moslem opulence, dervish tekieh, the abodes of Moslem piety and penury, and tombs, reputed holy because containing the

ashes of saintly Moslem dead, alternate with one another.

From its landing-place, the Sacred Camel, blessed by the oulema, and laden with offerings for Mecca, is embarked each year for Scutari, thence to head the procession of pilgrims in their weary journey to the holy cities of Arabia.

The most revered possession of the place is the turbeh, or mausoleum of the sailor, Khaïreddin Pasha, or Barbarossa, on whom Ottoman pride still bestows the title of "Sovereign Lord of the Sea." The mighty captain sleeps, as is fitting, close to the water, which he reddened with



so many victories, and over which he so many times returned in triumph, his galleys laden with Christian slaves and Christian spoil. Above his bier is suspended his green silk battle-flag, tattered in fight, and now dropping in fragments through age. In its centre, a hand is wrought over a two-edged sword, the famous zulfacar, or double-bladed weapon of the Caliph Ali. At its corners are the names of the first four successors of the Prophet, and near the staff, a militant passage from the Koran. To the ceiling is attached a monstrous, globular, bright-colored lantern, which formerly hung from the mainmast of his war-ship. Until a recent date, every admiral, before departure with a fleet, used to offer his devotions within this mausoleum, as if soliciting from Allah glory and success, like that of his terrible predecessor. The not distant Orthodox Greek Church of the Repose of the Holy Virgin has its own pathetic association with the exploits of Barbarossa. It was there that his Christian captives, hopeless of any human aid, were allowed to come and pray.

Even the name Beshickdash, the Five Stones, is a legacy from Barbarossa, being derived from five marble pillars, which he set up at the water's edge, and to which his war-ships were moored. It was indeed a place of pillars. Here Romanos I, who was dethroned just six hundred years before the death of the great admiral, had erected two of such unusual size that the Greeks called the region Diplokionion, or the Double Columns.

Achmet I clung to the village with special affection. It was his birth-place. He aspired to construct a palace, not upon the shore, but in the middle of the swift-flowing stream. With a sudden frenzy of enthusiasm, the entire population rallied to his assistance; each household in the

city furnished one workman; each head of a family labored himself. Haughty janissaries and sipahis, who had never performed any manual labor, carried earth. Pashas and vizirs stripped themselves of money. A pier, eight hundred paces long, was thrust out into the water. At its farther end, before three months had passed, there rose, as by enchantment, a fairy fabric, that seemed to hover between the sea and sky. Before another three months were over, a violent storm rolled down the strait, and swept pier and palace, and almost their memory, away.

Ever after the Conquest, Beshicktash was a favorite summer resort of the sultans. The Ottoman writers dilate with eastern grandiloquence on the ceremonies and pomp attendant on their successive removals. But the palaces, wherein the sultans sought diversion and change, were showy, fragile structures, hardly more stable than the one Achmet I had reared upon the sea. Each reign built its own, brushing aside those of its predecessors like autumn leaves.

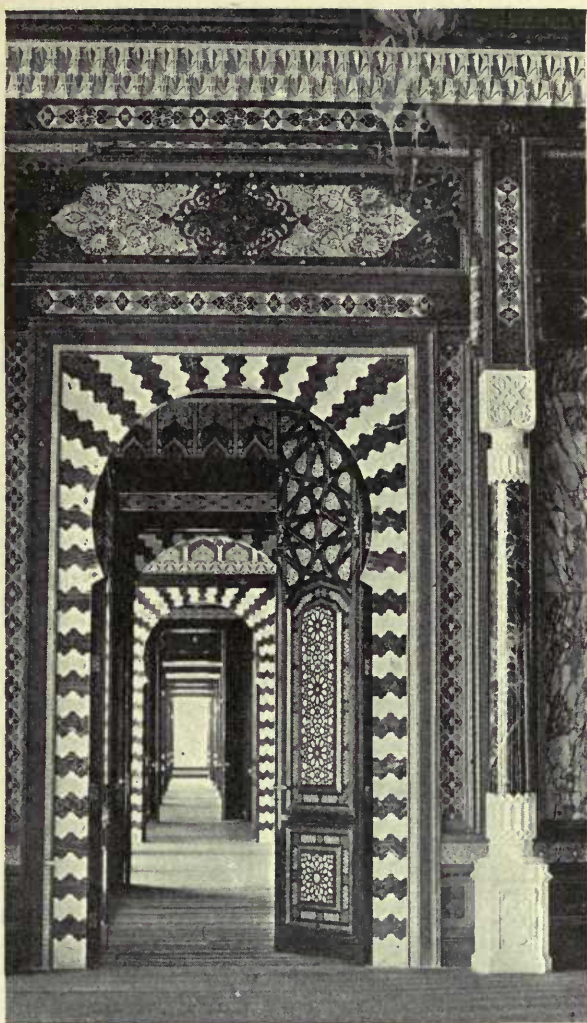
Sultan Abd-ul Aziz resolved that his proposed palace, called Tcheragan Serai, should be more commanding and more permanent. On it he lavished, it is commonly believed, more than one hundred and fifty million francs, or thirty million dollars. In it Oriental and Saracenic art expended all the opulence of its invention. Stone and stucco were disdained in its construction and decoration. There is only the costliest marble of every variety and hue everywhere. In its conception and execution, it reveals the luxurious taste of its prodigal founder. Eager as a child to take possession of its toy, he slept one night under its roof before the edifice was completed. Some untoward circumstance — an evil dream, or unfavorable omen —



changed all his delight into sudden aversion, and it is said he never entered its doors again. A few months later, in one of its dependent structures, — that nearest the guard-house on the north, — almost forgotten by the millions, who seven days before had been obsequious to his nod, cared for only by his mother, by a favorite sultana, and a few attendants, faithful to the last, the dethroned sovereign died his tragic and inexplicable death, on that bright Sunday morning of June 5, 1876.

More imperial than all this fringe of palaces, and to last when they are crumbled, is the host of unfading cypresses, planted centuries ago by the pious hand of the humble dervish, Abali Mehmet.

A little farther on, the white mosque of Sultan Abd-ul Medjid, shattered by the earthquake of 1894, but still fair in its partial ruin, advances toward the water, and indicates Ortakeui, or the Village Between. Here Thasians

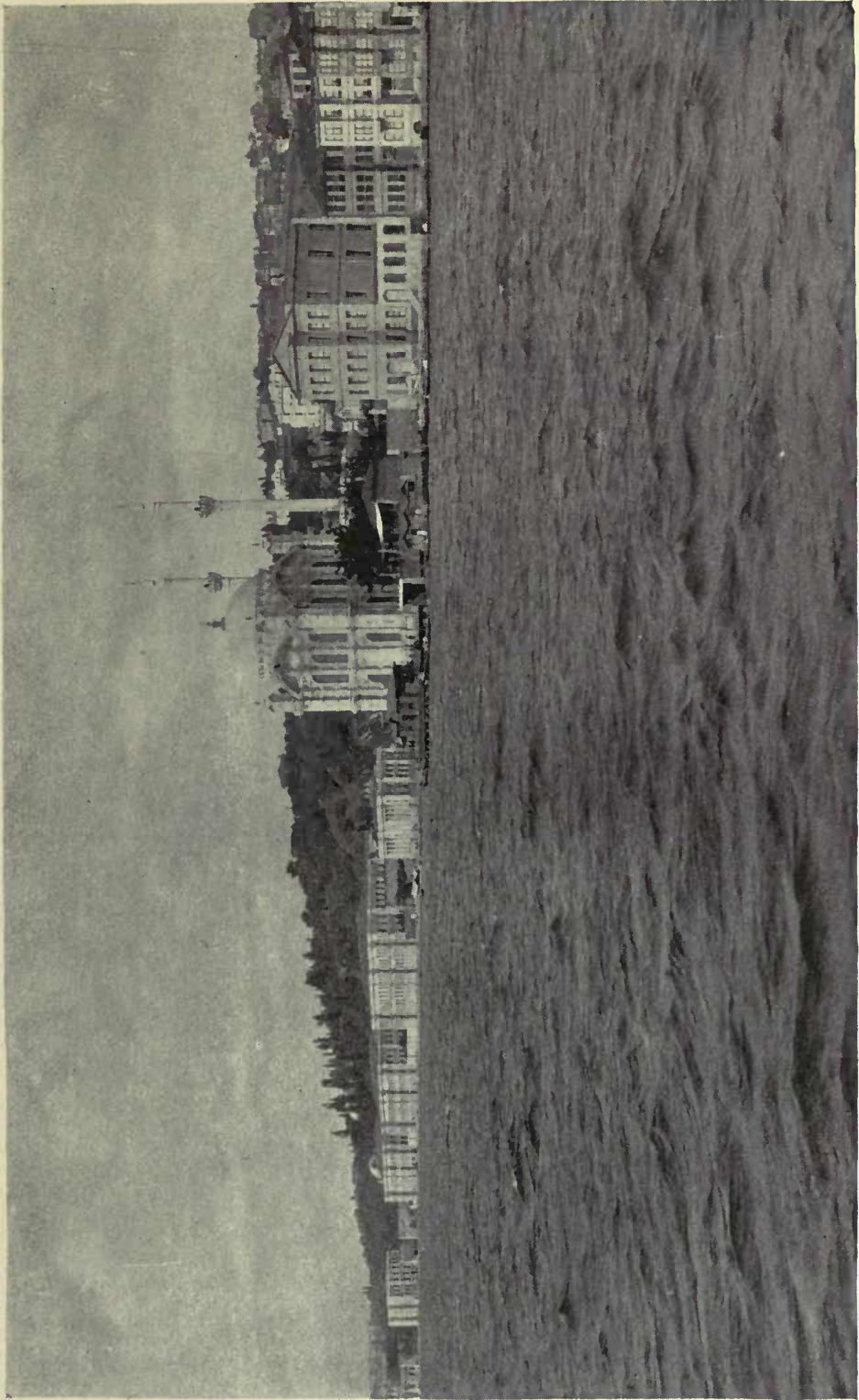


PASSAGE IN THE PALACE OF TCHERAGAN

planted their colony of Archeion in the mythologic days of Chalkedon and Byzantium. Here Basil I, the Macedonian, erected the far-famed Church of Saint Phokas. Here dwelt the Patriarch John VI, the Roger Bacon of the East, the Byzantine wizard, reputed a proficient in the black art, and a protégé of the evil one. Here, on the little cape of Defterdar Bournou, was the temple consecrate to the Old Man of the Sea, whatever his name, — Ne-reus, Phorkis, Proteus, or the father of Semistras, Jason's pilot on the Euxine. Esteemed unhealthy by the Ottomans, the ravine and hill were long abandoned to the Christians and Jews. The latter have found on its wind-swept summit a dreary resting-place for their dead. When the Ottomans realized, at last, how attractive was the shore, they rapidly took possession; but its occupation seemed to bring misfortune to the Ottoman magnates who built upon it. Here lived the grand vizir, Damat Ali Pasha, whose palace elicits two pages of dazed description from Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, and who himself died a heroic, but useless death at the fearful battle of Peterwardein. Here, too, was the palace of an earlier grand vizir, Kara Moustapha Pasha, who was overthrown at the siege of Vienna, by the Polish king, John Sobieski, and whose skull, stolen from his burial-place at Belgrade, is to-day on grisly exhibition in a museum at Vienna.

Along the course thus far, Seraglio Point and Stamboul have been visible in minaretted panorama to each backward look. After the last sharp bend in the shore, one turns and finds almost mournfully that they have disappeared from view. Precipitous and rugged on the left, the rocky hill of Kouroutcheshmeh, the Dry Fountain, climbs up into the sky. Once its bald plateau was crowned with a temple of the Egyptian Isis. On the





VIEW SOUTHWARD FROM ORTAKEUI

spot where the goddess of the Nile had had her mournful altar, the Stylite saint, Daniel of the Bosphorus, built his lofty pillar, in 464. On its narrow top, he remained twenty-seven years without once descending to the ground, enduring —

“ Rain, wind, frost, heat, hail, damp and sleet and snow,  
Battering the gates of heaven with storms of prayer.”

Tradition, immortalizing folly no less than fanaticism or failure, has dubbed the tiny bay with the name Parabolos, the Heedless, from the fishermen who were accustomed here to cast their nets, regardless of current or wind or the season of the year.

The bay is a safe anchorage always dotted with vessels. Tradition says that, on his return from Colchis, Jason landed here, and spread out the Golden Fleece. One is for the moment startled at the words “Jason’s Wharf” in great black letters on a stone building near a pier. However, the words have no reference to the ancient mariner, but to the British steamer “Jason,” which used to coal here during the Crimean War.

Kouroutcheshmeh, as well as Arnaoutkeui and Bebek, the two villages nearest on the north, is inhabited mainly by Christians. Lechevalier, as he sailed by, a hundred years ago, remarked the sombre appearance of their blackened wooden buildings. Until recently the Christians were forbidden to paint their houses, so that the dwellings of a subject and non-Moslem race might be recognized at once. Nevertheless, a far-reaching influence has gone forth from this dingy village. Many a prince and diplomat of Moldavia, Wallachia, and Samos has been born here. With its churches and schools, it was the congenial residence, and sometimes the refuge, of the Greek patri-



archs in those dark days immediately subsequent to the Conquest. One Greek school especially, founded by the Mourousis family, and taught by men eminent for their learning, patriotism, and piety, had a notable share in the revival of Greek education and of Greek national life.

Arnautkeui, the village of the Albanians, was a desert waste in 1468. Then Mohammed II peopled it with captives from Albania, who, bereaved of their invincible leader, Scanderbeg, could not resist the arms of the Sultan. The Albanian type of the settlers has entirely disappeared; the descendants of the exiles are now among the proudest of the Greeks. A horrible fire, in 1887, in a single night destroyed over fifteen hundred houses. The cluster of dwellings on the north, occupied by the survivors, was speedily erected by public philanthropy, largely through the efforts of Lady White, the wife of an illustrious British ambassador. The churches, with the tombs of the patriarchs, Sophronios I and Gabriel III, escaped the conflagration.

The current rushes by with so terrific force that boatmen cannot contend against it. Hence came its mediæval name of *Mega Rheuma* among the Greeks, and of *Akindi* among the Ottomans,—the Great Current. Dionysios of Byzantium, who loved the marvellous, declares that in his day the crabs had to abandon the water in their peregrinations, and to crawl over the land to smoother water above, and that their frequent passage wore a deep track in the rocks. The classic name was *Estiai*, from a temple of the goddess *Hestia*; the Christian name, *Michaelion*, from the archangel *Michael*, who replaced the dis-crowned *Poseidon* as lord of the Bosphorus.

Constantine built here a church to the mighty archangel. Justinian replaced it by one more magnificent,

and Isaac Angelos, seven centuries later, by one larger still. Mohammed II, in 1452, razed every Christian structure between Ortakeui and the Euxine, and thus obtained materials for his castle at Roumeli Hissar. The great church of Saint Michael was then destroyed, and its fluted marbles built, with the wreck of a hundred other churches, into the terrible fortress. The Greeks cherished the sacred site of their historic sanctuary, and at last reared upon it the still standing church, — the largest but one in the capital, dedicated, like its predecessors, to the foremost of the archangels.

At Arnaoutkeui, on orthodox Epiphany in the early morning, is celebrated the ancient ceremony of the Baptism of the Waters. In the midst of an immense concourse, the bishop, clad in his episcopal robes and attended by his clergy, repeats the customary prayers, and waves a golden cross before the crowd. Then suddenly he throws it into the stream. The boldest and strongest swimmers plunge into the fierce current to rescue the consecrated emblem; nor do they desist until one, more fortunate than the others, lifts it above the waves in triumph, and brings it to the shore rejoicing.

On the north, the vast palace of Sultan Serai stands haughtily apart from every other structure. In front, sentinels are always on duty, and long-limbed, narrow-shouldered, hideous black eunuchs are constantly leering at its gates. Every window is thickly latticed; every curious gaze of the passer-by is thwarted by its well-walled seclusion. When Sultan Abd-ul Medjid died in 1861, the ladies of his household were shut up here. For the imprisoned beauties there was no deliverance from its jealous guardianship except through marriage or death. The hand of an ex-sultana is a costly prize to



which only the most opulent would aspire ; nevertheless, a few have been wedded. Death has been more presumptuous, and some of the caged ladies have been called forth by him during the slow passing of these four and thirty years. Many still remain, possessors of a brief memory and without a hope.

Bebek is the ancient Chelai, famed for its grove and temple of Artemis. There is no spot upon the Bosphorus more romantic and picturesque. It nestles at the extremity of a lovely bay in a deep ravine between protecting hills. A splendid Oriental park, and a kiosk of Mahmoud II, shaded by austere pine-trees, overshadow it from above. At its foot lies a garden, rich in glorious sycamores whose branches rival in size the trunks of majestic trees. Here Selim I built a kiosk, which he called Humayoun Abad (the Imperial Abode), wherein the ferocious Sultan loved to rest. Another and another took its place, till the last was erected in 1801. Hither through centuries the grand vizirs came in secret to hold private conferences with the foreign ambassadors. Here was signed the first treaty between the Ottoman Empire and the United States. The kiosk was finally destroyed by fire. Along the shore on either side are palaces which have been occupied by the bearers of great names in past and present Ottoman history. Of them, Ali Pasha, who died in 1871, and Arifi Pasha, who still survives, are the most distinguished.

The village is a microcosm of the capital. Representatives of a dozen nationalities dwell side by side. Far up the ravine is the rambling, seven-storied pile — once the palatial residence of a sultan's treasurer — in which American missionaries for a time maintained a theological seminary, and in which Dr Cyrus Hamlin founded Robert

College. The palace is now the residence of an English household, and contains a British church. Every Sunday morning its bell rings out with the call to worship and with eloquent reminders of home. From its windows are visible a school of the Lazarist friars, a chapel of the Sisters of Charity, a school and church of the Greeks, and



VILLAGE OF BEBEK

the battered wooden house in which, according to local tradition, Ferdinand de Lesseps was born.

In grandeur of situation and wealth of history, no locality on the Bosphorus surpasses Roumeli Hissar. The stern boldness of its outline is best appreciated from the water, or from the Asiatic shore. The sight must have been awe-inspiring when, in remote prehistoric ages, for the first time it was gazed upon by a human eye. The external features added by man during the last centuries aug-



ment its impressiveness, but they stand in a permanent contrast to one another as startling as the shifting pageantry of a dream. On the top of the hill, against the sky, is the tekieh of the Beghtash Dervishes, the free-thinkers of Islam; by the shore, the most plaintive and most brilliant-hued of Mussulman cemeteries; in the foreground, extending up the cliff, the stately towers, now dismantled, but the vastest and mightiest which the Ottomans have ever reared; on the right the peaceful village, inhabited by the descendants of a warlike, but superannuated race; on the left the American College, whose name is a synonym the world over of Christian philanthropy, and whose influence is to-day the most potent factor for the regeneration of the East.

Yet the gazer can now behold only a meagre portion of what the promontory has seen in its centuries of watching. Though their footsteps have left no trace on the fleeing waters, this is the spot where, from earliest antiquity, the nations have crossed from continent to continent. At this point is the natural roadway. Nowhere else do Europe and Asia come so near each other, till their boundaries touch in the Caucasus and Ural.

Here, two thousand four hundred and seven years ago, Mandrokles spanned the stream with a bridge of boats for the passage of the army which Darius led against the Scythians. When all was ready, the Persian monarch took his seat upon a throne, hewn in the solid rock on the European side, to witness the slow defiling of his seven hundred thousand men. For a month the host encamped upon these hills, and then resumed their march toward the Danube and Dacia. On the European shore, Mandrokles placed two white marble columns to commemorate the exploit. In the temple of Hera, at his native

Samos, he dedicated a picture of the crossing with the following inscription: "Mandrokles, having bridged the fishy Bosphorus, consecrated to Hera a memorial of the bridge. Having accomplished it to the satisfaction of King Darius, he gained a crown for himself and glory for the Samians." The columns soon disappeared. The monumental throne, flanked with pillars and charged with cuneiform inscriptions, remained until the Byzantines built over it their state prison of Lethe. The failure of the expedition brought on the Ionian revolt, and the consequent Persian invasions of Greece. Here the Persian foot had first touched European soil. Here Marathon and Salamis and Arbela began. Of the early crossing, Herodotus, most charming of all narrators, best gives the account.

It is a tradition — probable, but impossible of proof — that this is the very point where Xenophon and the Ten Thousand crossed the Bosphorus in their return to Europe after their unequalled march.

The most daring passage is that of the fifteen thousand Patsinaki horsemen in 1049. While serving in the army of Constantine X Monomachos in Asia Minor, they were seized with a sudden wild desire to return to their own country, between the Danube and the Balkans. Deserting in a body, they galloped to the Asiatic shore, and found there no means of crossing. "Then," as Kedrenos tells the story, "Kalalim, their leader, shouted, 'Let him who wishes follow!' and spurred into the sea. Seeing this, one man did the same, and then another, and at once all the host. Swimming as in a race, they crossed, and came safe through, some with their arms, and some without."

The Bosphorus changes its direction at Roumeli Hissar, and its banks contract. The locality was anciently called Hermaion, from a temple of Hermes, but the lively fancy



of the Greeks has given it many other names, derived from the violence of the current as it dashes by the point, — Laimokopion, the Cutthroat; Phoneas, the Murderer; Phonema, the Roaring; Kyon, the Dog; Rheuma tou Diabolou, the Current of the Devil. The Ottomans call the point Kizlar Bournou, the Cape of the Women, from the tradition of a fair sultana, who, with her attendant train, was wrecked off the promontory, and swept away in the pitiless waves. All the rest have been supplanted with reason by the name Roumeli Hissar, the Castle of Europe.

Though the fortress is in perfect preservation, still it is now only an æsthetic ruin, useless in attack and powerless in defence, despite its height and immensity. Yet no more momentous event ever took place upon the Bosphorus than its erection. When, in 1451, at the age of twenty-two, Mohammed II ascended the Ottoman throne, his all-absorbing desire was the acquisition of Constantinople. No sultan was ever more impetuous, and none was better able to temper natural impetuosity by self-control. The possessions of the Byzantine Empire had been peeled away till almost nothing except its capital was left. To isolate that capital was his first concern. Master of Gallipoli and the Dardanelles, could he make himself likewise master of the Bosphorus, grain-ships would be no longer able to descend from the Black Sea, and the doomed city would be cut off from food and succor.

With an army to which Constantine XIII could offer no resistance, save by ineffectual protests and appeals to still existing treaties, he encamped upon the strait. On March 26, 1452, the Sultan himself laid the first stone. By the middle of the following August the fortress was

finished. The forests of Asia Minor furnished timber. The European shore was made a desert that its demolished churches and palaces might provide marble and stone. Further materials were obtained from still gaping quarries. Michael Dukas, who was then alive, and who perhaps saw the scene which he describes, says that the work was divided out to a thousand master-builders, to each of whom four masons were assigned, and that the common workmen were countless. Every evening gifts, or the bowstring, expressed the Sultan's satisfaction or discontent with the progress of the day.

By a strange caprice, the circumference was made to outline the name of the Prophet and of the Sultan. Arabic scholars assert that the four consonants, Mim, Hèh, Mim, Dal, are best recognized in calligraphic distinctness from the opposite Asiatic side. At the two landward corners, and close to the water, were the enormous round towers, one each constructed by the rival pashas and vizirs, Khalil, Saganos, and Saridja. It was the Sultan's verdict that that of Khalil was thicker, stronger, and of better workmanship than the other two.

The cannon-ball then affixed in the outer wall of the southwestern tower, as proclamation of defiance to the Byzantine Empire, remains in position to this day. So, too, does the Arabic letter Mim on a marble over every gate. So, too, does the human head and bust of porphyry in the western face of the northwestern tower. Ottoman superstition regards the latter as a portion of the body of an Arab woman who jeered at the workmen, and was by Allah converted into stone. Thus she was made to contribute to the undertaking at which she had impiously scoffed. The first blood shed in the fortress was that of two ambassadors of Constantine XIII, put to death in August, 1452.



The fortification completed, the real investment of Constantinople had begun. In the tower of Khalil were placed cannon which launched balls of six hundred pounds' weight. Every vessel on coming opposite was now obliged to furl its sails, and send a boat ashore to pay toll, and receive permission to pass. A Venetian galley disregarded the summons. It was sunk by a ball, and its crew were butchered as they swam to the land. Mohammed placed in the fortress a garrison of four hundred picked men, confided the command to Firus Agha, and returned to Adrianople to press on his preparations for the siege.

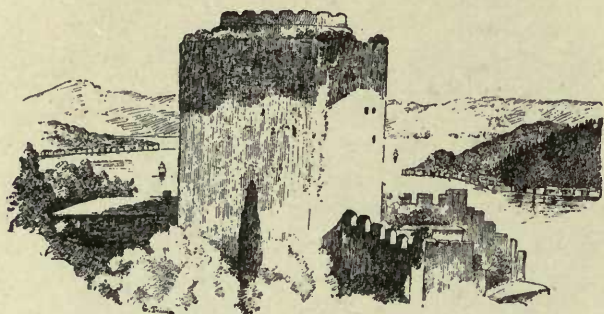


THE TOWER OF BLOOD

After the fall of Constantinople, the fortress became a prison of state, to whose keeping only persons of distinction were confided. Its first involuntary inmates were a few Knights of Saint John from Rhodes. Baron Wenceslas Wratilaw has left a pathetic narrative of his own three years' captivity in the tower erected by Khalil Pasha near the water. To it he always applies a single descriptive epithet of horror, calling it the Black Tower. Its

common name among the Ottomans is no less significant, — the Traitor's Tower, or the Tower of Blood.

Kyryl Loukaris, five times Ecumenical Patriarch, friend of William Laud, the Archbishop of Canterbury, donor to England of the priceless Codex Alexandrinus, was strangled in the same tower in 1638. The body of the venerable prelate was dragged by a rope around the neck through the low-arched gate, which opens upon the quay, and thrown into the water. In more recent times, the



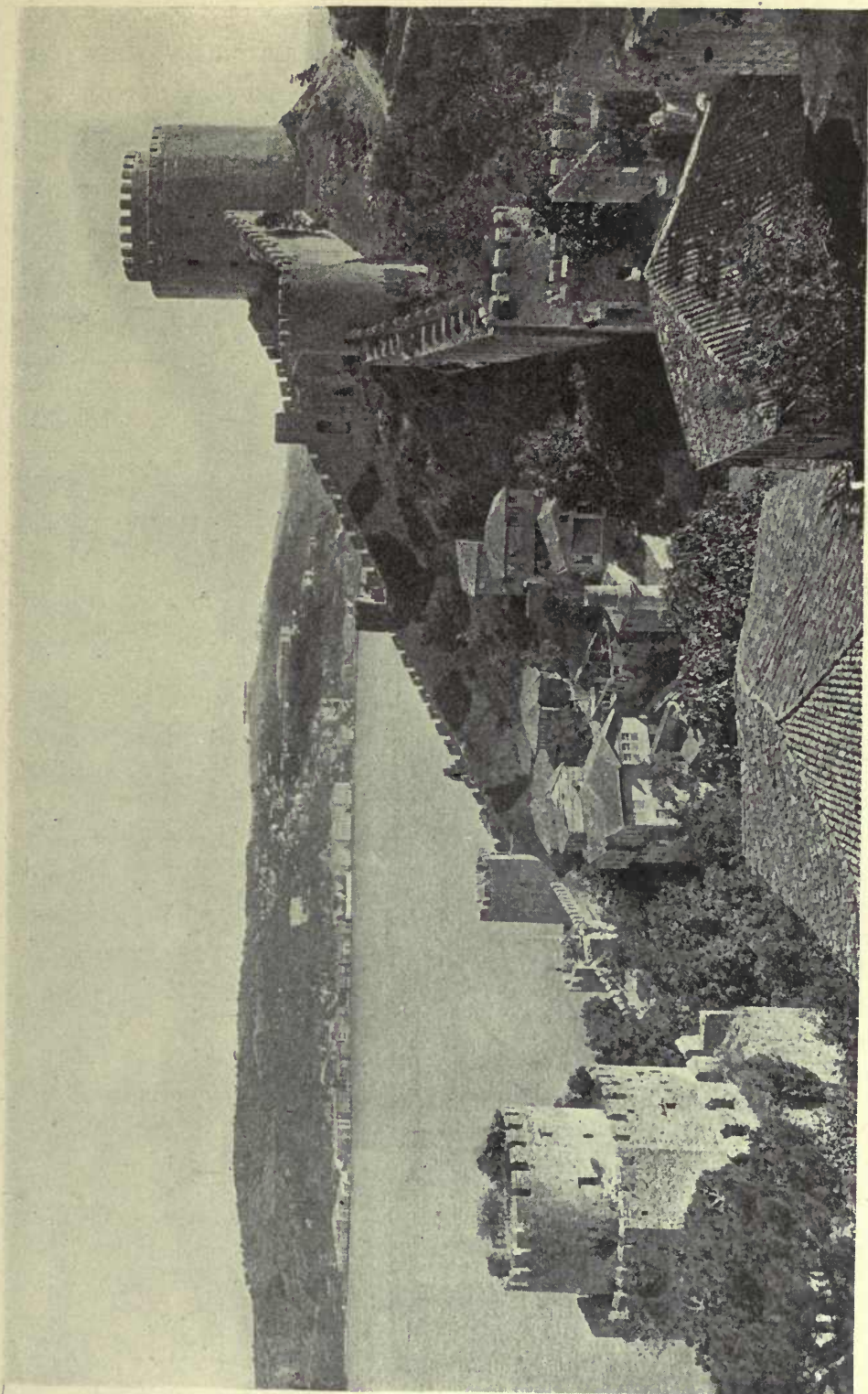
THE WESTERN TOWER

fortress was used as a common jail for the confinement of criminals and suspected persons, whatever their rank. Executions were frequent, invariably announced by the sul-

len boom of a gun. The remains of whoever thus met his fate were tied up in a hempen sack, carried in a small boat a short distance from the shore, and dropped overboard into the sea.

The stronghold, now without either garrison or sentinel, retains nothing of its former martial air. Crowds of children play in its enclosure, and houses perch like nests upon its walls. It is inhabited by a kindly Ottoman population, who intermarry with one another, are esteemed by their co-religionists a peculiar people, and claim to be lineal descendants of Firus Agha and his four hundred. The conical leaden roofs have disappeared; the floorings in some of the circular towers have fallen in or been destroyed; the ponderous outer oaken doors, sheathed in brass and iron, and hung upon their hinges forty years





INNER VIEW OF THE FORTRESS

before America was discovered, are partially decayed. Nevertheless, were the Sultan to return to earth from the paradise where Mussulman heroes go, he would find his fortress almost unchanged.

I stand on Roumeli Hissar  
 While the rich sunset's splendor pours,  
 And drink the scene anear, afar,  
 From the grim fortress' stately towers:  
 The sky's deep arch above me rolled;  
 To west, the fiery tints of gold;  
 And all the rainbow's colors fused in one divine accord,  
 As if in rivalry intent to glorify the Lord.

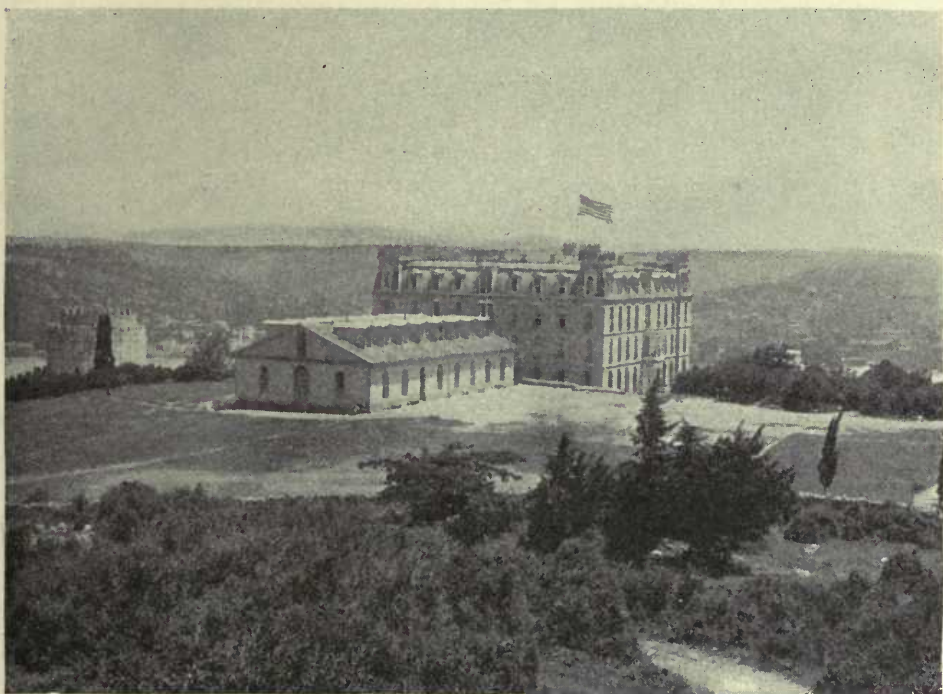
Beneath the shade of passing cloud,  
 Tossed on from wave and silver stream,  
 The hills, with living souls endowed,  
 Like grim, defiant Titans seem.  
 E'en as 'neath childhood's wondering eyes,  
 The boundless realm of dreamland lies,  
 So, 'neath me from my airy height far as the eye can see,  
 O'er Europe's vales and Asia's plains is spread infinity.

The tinkling bells of distant flocks,  
 The cypress' sigh o'er Moslem graves,  
 The peewit's chirp amid the rocks,  
 The splash of oars in golden waves,  
 The music of a distant flute,—  
 All else as death's own stillness mute,  
 Or silent as yon crumbling wall of the low, dark tekieh,  
 Whence Turkish fire and dervish zeal long since have died away.

And yet they built this calm Hissar,  
 Whence one scarce lists a wild bird's cry,  
 To clanging sound of Moslem war  
 When the relentless siege was nigh.  
 Here first Mohammed's boding tread  
 Smote on the Emperor's heart with dread,  
 Till, swooping from this eyried height, he made the realm his own,  
 And on the last great Grecian's corpse built up a gory throne.



Sole vestige of the mighty hosts  
Who woke this hill with shout and song,  
The white towers stand like sheeted ghosts,  
Round which unnumbered memories throng:  
The Koran, preached with fire and sword,  
With poisoned dart and bowstring cord;  
The blackened fields, the trodden grain, the shriek of wild despair  
Which four long centuries have not hushed, still reach me through  
the air.



ROBERT COLLEGE IN 1871

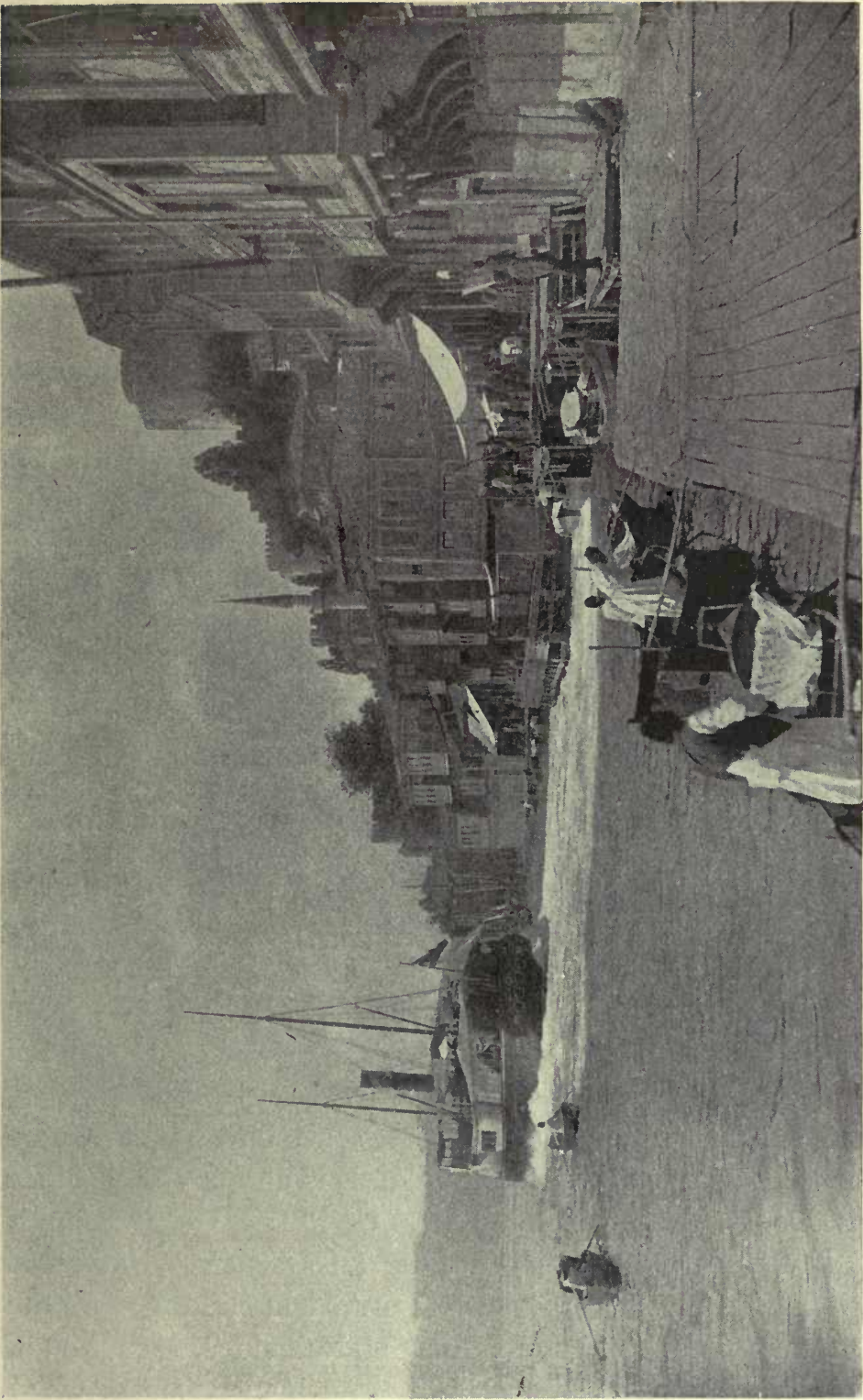
The Fortress of the Conqueror and Robert College!  
No sharper contrast does the world present than these  
two structures, whose territories touch, and which are  
themselves but a stone's throw apart. The college was  
opened at Bebek in 1863. Outgrowing its quarters, it  
was removed to Roumeli Hissar eight years later. The  
chief donor was Mr. C. R. Robert, a wealthy merchant of

New York City, whose name it bears. It was the ambition of its founders to provide for the young men of this strategic centre an education similar in aim and scope to the best attainable in the colleges of America. Any purpose to interfere with religious opinions was distinctly disavowed. The one design was to develop men. No institution was ever more opportunely founded. None was ever planted at a point of wider and more enduring influence. Its achievement and success are in part represented by the many who have received its diploma. Its still larger results in affecting the life of a community and in moulding ideas cannot be adequately set forth. From the grounds of the college a view of exceeding variety and beauty is afforded.

Most of the people of the village live outside the walls of the fortress. The majority are Ottomans. In the death, three years ago, of His Highness Achmet Vefik Pasha, twice Grand Vizir, former ambassador to Teheran, Paris, and Saint Petersburg, at times governor of the largest and most important provinces, the village lost its most eminent inhabitant, and the Empire a patriotic and distinguished subject. A polyglot in speech, possessed of wide and varied learning, simple and unaffected as a child despite the courtliness and dignity of his bearing, the soul of honor, a statesman without fear and without reproach, scrupulously faithful to the requirements of his Mussulman creed, while most tolerant of the beliefs, and even of the prejudices, of other men, he would have been an honor to any race, and embodied all that was best in his own. I recall gratefully the many hours I have passed under his hospitable roof, and pay my reverent tribute to his memory.

On the northern brow of the hill, a small Armenian





STEAMER LANDING AT ROUMELI HISSAR

community cluster around their humble Church of Saint Santoukt. This lady was the daughter of the pagan Armenian king Sanadruch. She was put to death by her own father, who, in his hatred for the new faith, spared not even the members of his own family. The Armenians believe they revere in their ancient princess the first female martyr to Christianity.

The next rift in the hills is Balta Liman, the Harbor of Balta, known in classic days as Gynaikon Limen, or Limen Phidalias. It is a verdant valley, through which wanders a tiny stream, crossed by a romantic bridge. The earlier names perpetuate legends. The first immortalized the heroism of the Byzantine women in the crisis of their just-planted colony. In the absence of the men, Byzantium was attacked by a crowd from the neighboring peoples, who thought the city would thus fall an easy prey. Not only did the women repulse the enemy, but pursued them as far as this valley, which thus became a memorial of their prowess. The second name, like Sappho's Rock in Leucadia, was associated with a tale of love and despair. Phidalia had wedded the gallant Greek stranger Byzas. For this she was cursed by her father, the native King Barbyses, as a traitor to her family and her gods. Tormented by the furies, she fled hither over the hills, and, hopeless of other deliverance, threw herself into the Bosphorus. Poseidon, moved with compassion, touched her with his trident, and converted her into a rock, which for centuries emphasized parental counsels to love-lorn maidens.

The modern name has sterner associations. Balta was a man of Bulgarian origin. Captured in childhood by the Ottomans, he was circumcised and made a Mussulman. Finally, he attained the rank of Kapoudan Pasha, or Chief



Admiral of the fleet. Here his vessels rendezvoused in 1453, when preparing for the final siege. Unable to prevent the victorious entry of five Christian galleys into the Golden Horn, he was bastinadoed by the hand of Mohammed II himself. His life was saved only by the interference of the janissaries, who forced the Sultan to desist, and repeated the saying current among the Ottomans that Allah had given the land to the Mussulmans, but the sea to the Giaours.

The substantial palace close by was the residence of the Grand Vizir of Sultan Abd-ul Medjid, Reshid Pasha, who died in 1857, the coadjutor and almost tool of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, "the Great Ambassador." In it were signed the treaty of the Five Powers, in 1841, and the convention regulating the Danubian Provinces, in 1849.

Boadjikeui, the Village of the Dyers, borders a hill covered with luxuriant chestnut woods. It is inhabited only by Christians. It possesses a single claim to distinction as the birthplace, and now the residence, of the revered and illustrious Ecumenical Patriarch, Joachim III.



PATRIARCH JOACHIM III

foundly versed in the theology of his church, educated in Western Europe, a friend of learning and progress, self-sacrificing and tireless in effort to better the condition of his fellow-Christians, he was eminently qualified for the responsibilities of his exalted position. Though idolized by the common people, he encountered the determined opposition of the higher clergy, and, after four years' faithful service, resigned his patriarchate in 1882.

East and north of the chestnut-wooded hill lies Emirghian, esteemed a paradise by the Persians and Egyptians, who crowd under its plane-trees and cypresses, and revel in its grassy gardens. It derives its name from a Persian noble, intrusted by Shah Tahmasp with the defence of the important frontier fortress of Erivan. This stronghold he surrendered to Mourad IV in 1635. Intoxicated with joy at its capture, whereby he was seated firmly on his throne, the Sultan ordered that Constantinople should be illuminated "as it had never been before," and that his brothers Bayezid and Souleïman should at once be put to death. In the murder of the former, Racine found the theme of his thrilling tragedy "Bajazet." The written drama, the murder, the fratricidal order, the surrender of Erivan, are links in association to this village, and to the Persian, who, a fugitive from his own country, here squandered in sumptuous living the payment of his treason, and was here bowstrung six years later by Sultan Ibrahim.

On the tiny cape at the northern extremity of Emirghian once stood the temple of the gloomy goddess Hecate. From her the whole region was called Hecateion. The site is occupied by the sumptuous palace built by the fierce Hosrev Pasha, favorite of Mahmoud II, and his most efficient weapon in the destruction of the janissaries. Hosrev Pasha, before his death, rounded out seventy years



of government service, passing off the stage at the age of ninety-five, his eye not dim, nor his natural force abated. The palace finally came into the possession of the Egyptian viceroys. In it died, in March, 1895, the deposed Khedive of Egypt, Ismail Pasha, who, together with De Lesseps, created the Suez Canal, and whose name twenty years ago was the synonym of despotic extravagance and achievement.

The Bay of Stenia, the Narrows, half a mile in length, is a miniature Golden Horn. Protected on three sides by hills, unapproachable by the winds which rage without, it is the broadest, deepest, and safest of all the bays of the Bosphorus. Here was the invariable assembling-place of the barbarian hordes which, in the Middle Ages, ravaged the country by land or sea, and even sometimes assailed the capital. On the south side of the bay is the elegant summer palace of the Persian Embassy. There was a temple of Zeus Ourios somewhere near the shore. This Constantine converted into a church consecrated to the archangel Michael. The villagers believe that the modern Greek Church of the Holy Archangels is situated on the very spot.

Yenikeui is fantastic with its buildings, which overhang the water, and with its suggestive airiness. It is a charming place, — cleanly, orderly, and prosperous. The residents are almost wholly Greek, though comprising some wealthy Armenian and Ottoman families. The well-paved streets, the attractive houses, the churches and schools, give to its whole appearance the air of a typical Greek village.

In Yenikeui, Marion Crawford locates the climax of his weird story of "Paul Patoff." One seeks for the street over which Griggs and Balsamides rolled in their mid-

night ride, and he queries where was the house of Laleli Khanum and the cell of Alexander. The real tragedies of which the village has been the scene equal in interest, and surpass in horror, the romantic creation of the brilliant novelist.

Old men still repeat in hushed tones the story of the Douzoglous, though it took place seventy-six years ago. Their family consisted of the mother, — a noble and queenly woman, — and of her grown-up children, five sons and two daughters. The lucrative position of chief goldsmith and expert in precious stones to the Sultan had been hereditary in their house over two hundred years. That family had enjoyed the favor of twelve successive sultans, and had amassed enormous wealth, and acquired distinguished honor. In a night everything was changed. Accusation and condemnation came together. Four brothers were hung from the windows of their still standing mansion. The mother and the daughters died of grief, and their kinsfolk were ruined and exiled. Soon after, their entire innocence was proved, their slanderers were punished, and the surviving brother was set free.

Another house, a colossal ruin, given by the Ottoman Government to the Austro-Hungarian Embassy a few years ago, could unfold a tale almost as tragic. In its erection the Armenian banker, Djezaerli, had already expended over a million dollars, and it was far from completion, when he too was condemned on a sudden charge. His property was confiscated, and he soon died of despair. None dared to come to the assistance of his stricken wife. The dainty lady for a time eked out a meagre livelihood by the humblest labor, but succumbed at last to want and exhaustion.

Ever since leaving Roumeli Hissar, the Bosphorus has



seemed shut in upon the north by the sharp cape of Yeni-keui, the New Village. Its imposing headland advances arrogantly into the strait toward the Asiatic shore, which recedes before it; meanwhile, the Bosphorus reverses its former course, swinging by a full right angle from the northeast to the northwest. Despite the light-ship, which gives distinct warning afar, vessels are here often swept landward to destruction by the violence of the current.

As one rounds the point, the landscape changes. For a distance, houses no longer border the narrow quay. An earthwork, with half a dozen guns, is the first reminder that hostile fleets may some day descend the Bosphorus from the north.

Farther on, the imperial Kiosk of Kalender emerges from its background of leafy groves, an exquisite gem of Eastern architecture. On bright summer afternoons its grounds are the gay resort of pleasure-seeking foreigners. In the spring of 1812, in this kiosk, was fought the diplomatic battle between Great Britain and France, on whose issue depended the outcome of Napoleon's Russian campaign, and the whole subsequent history of the French Emperor. Napoleon, at the head of the mightiest army of modern times, was about to undertake his stupendous march against Russia. The united resources of the Muscovite Empire would, perhaps, be insufficient to resist the terrible invader. Russia and Turkey were then engaged in a desperate war; the ablest Russian generals and the flower of the Russian army had long been fully occupied on the southwest. Peace between Russia and Turkey was an absolute necessity to the former, and of the highest moment to Great Britain, the unswerving enemy of France. Every apparent interest of Turkey favored the prosecution of the war. But at Tilsit (1806) she had

been abandoned by Napoleon. The sting of this desertion had never ceased to rankle in the breast of the Ottomans; at the next Franco-Russian treaty, might they not be abandoned again?

Mr. Stratford Canning, afterwards Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, then a young man of twenty-five, was Great Britain's representative to the Porte. No other British ambassador to Constantinople has ever approached him in astuteness, persuasiveness, and persistence. General Count Andréossy, the French ambassador, was no mean antagonist. The struggle went on for weeks and months. Finally, one more interview took place between Sir Stratford Canning and the Ottoman ministers in this kiosk. It was continuous, and it lasted sixteen hours. Physically worn out, the Ottomans gave way, and accepted in full the British proposals. In consequence, a treaty between Russia and Turkey was signed at Bucharest on May 28, 1812. At last Kutusoff, Tchihatcheff, and their veterans, were set free to swell the hosts of defensive Russia. Their northward march from the frontiers of Turkey was the beginning of Napoleon's journey to Saint Helena. The calm Duke of Wellington speaks of this achievement of diplomacy, which was crowned in this Kiosk of Kalender, as "the most important service that ever fell to the lot of any man to perform."

The road follows the quay, passing the arched vault of an ancient ruin, in which humble devotion has fashioned a praying-place, where a candle is always burning before a wretched picture of the Virgin. This is the ayasma, or sacred fountain, of Saint John the Baptist. In the "Boyhood of Christ," Uncle Midas refers reverently to this inartistic chapel, and to the worship there offered, as acceptably "as if it had been rendered



with organ accompaniments amidst the splendors of Saint Peter's."

Therapia and Buyoukdereh are unlike all the other villages on the Bosphorus. They are periodically swinging back and forth from populous activity to dreariness and desertion. In winter they are most uninviting habitations, incessantly scourged by merciless blasts from the Black Sea. With the coming of spring, they banish their desolation. Doors, closed and barred for months, are thrown wide

open. The tide of human beings begins its impetuous flow to them from Pera and Galata. Every summer embassy, hotel, and private dwelling



BRITISH EMBASSY AT THERAPIA

bubbles with new-come, overflowing life. The quay, the water, the balconies, the drawing-rooms, are surrendered to emulous display of gayety and fashion, but all of the monotonous European type, with no personality of its own. Yet, though the costume is Parisian, it is a most cosmopolitan assembly that puts it on.

Therapia bends like a crescent around its bay. The German, French, Italian, and British embassies are at short distances from one another, near the shore. The British Embassy is an edifice of indescribable architectural

design, overhung by a giant rock and a forest-covered hill, built on the most conspicuous and wind-swept point of the upper Bosphorus. The house, the third from it on the north, quaint in appearance, with ivied terraces and splendid trees, was the summer residence of General and Mrs Lew Wallace. Greek, Catholic, and Protestant churches alternate with one another.

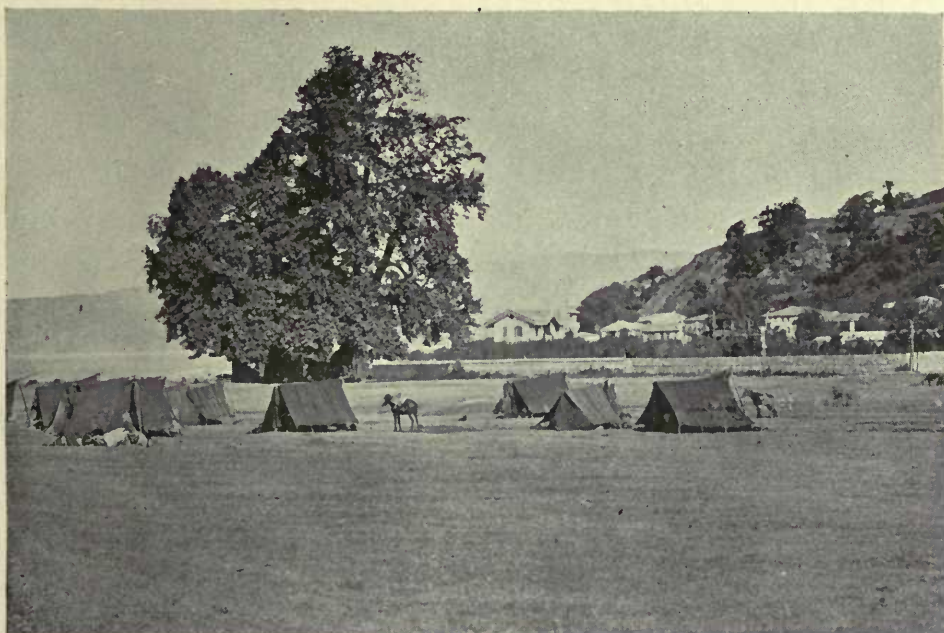
Till long after Christ the name of the village was Pharmakia, the Place of Drugs or Poisons, — a reminder of the Argonauts and Medea. According to tradition, Medea, having safely arrived thus far in her flight with Jason from Colchis, deemed her box of drugs no longer necessary, and threw it away. The goodly Patriarch Attikos, in the fifth century, was scandalized that a place of so salubrious air should be burdened with an ill-omened and pagan name. "Let it be called Therapia, Place of Healing," he said, and so it has been to this day. It is the episcopal seat of the Bishop of Derkon, who bears the sounding title of "Very Reverend Lord of the Bosphorus and of the Cyanean Isles."

The boundary between Therapia and Buyoukdereh is marked by Kiredj Bournou, the Lime Cape, bleak, despite its refreshing plane-trees. From it, through the hills, one catches his first glimpse of the dread Black Sea. To friendly mariners upon that sea, Kiredj Bournou flashes a welcome from its lighthouse, and for foes it has a warning ready in its battery of fourteen guns. To the left, on the cliff above, are the remains of a village, its history lost and forgotten, abandoned centuries ago. On the right, in the water, might be seen till recently the boulder, Dikaia Petra, the Just Rock, of whose intelligence and integrity the sailors to this day narrate marvellous tales.

The northern winds with unobstructed fury batter the



abrupt, bald hillside. The dreary road continues along the quay, past the long-since ruined Church of Saint Euphemia; past Table Rock, dear to fishermen; past Aghatch Altı, with its six trees and six cannon; past the hamlet of Kepheli, with its memories of Crimean exiles. At last, in the depth of the bay, it attains the wide meadow, Buyoukdereh, the Great Valley, beyond which lies the village of that name.



PLANE-TREE OF GODFREY OF BOUILLON

This meadow was beloved by the ancient and mediæval Byzantines. Their imagination bestowed upon it many endearing names, almost all commencing with Broad or Deep. To the common husbandman it is still pre-eminently the Good Field, because of its fertility. This valley was a frequent and favorite camping-ground of the Crusaders. Near the middle is a monumental plane-tree, or rather a gigantic clustre of plane-trees, all nourished

by a single root. Botanists assert that it has been growing more than nine hundred years. Europeans give it the name, "Plane-tree of Godfrey of Bouillon," from the tradition that this Sir Galahad of chivalry planted it with his knightly hand when bivouacking in this plain with his cross-bearing host. The fairest of historians, Anna Komnena, who was then alive, distinctly states, however, that Godfrey never encamped here, but that his brother Crusader, Count Raoul of Flanders, did, with an army of ten thousand men. The Ottomans name it Kirk Aghatch, the Forty Trees; and Yedi Karindash, the Seven Brothers. They say the last was first employed by Achmet I in memory of his own dead brothers. Under this tree, in 1807, Kabatchioglou and five hundred desperate men formed the conspiracy which resulted four days later in the deposition of Selim III, and the enthronement of Moustapha IV.

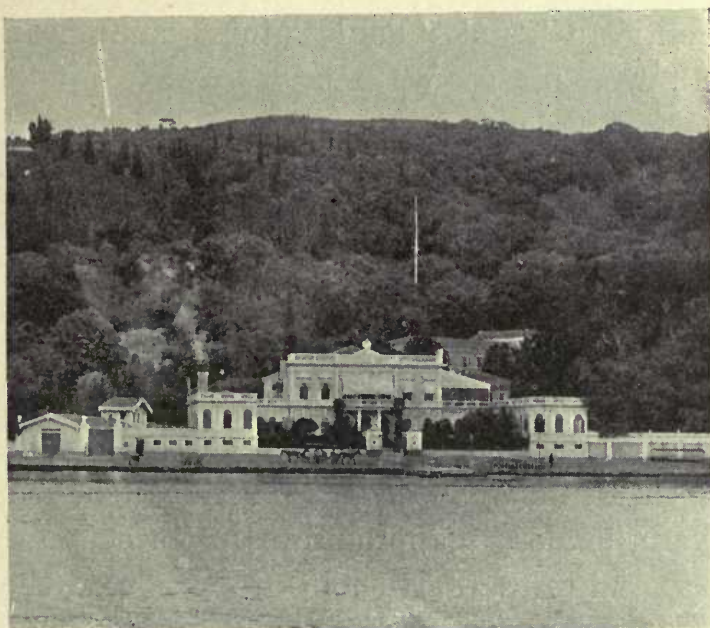
Westward may be seen the graceful aqueduct of Mahmoud I. Following the road which winds inland toward the northwest, one reaches the great forest of Belgrade. There are the water-sources and the bends, or natural reservoirs, whence has been slaked the thirst of the capital through so many centuries. There are the hamlets and villages, lost and hidden in the woods, that charmed the fancy of always charming Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. There is the historic settlement of Belgrade, peopled by the unwilling exiles who were brought hither by Souleiman the Magnificent, after his capture of the Servian capital.

The south part of the village of Buyoukdereh is inhabited by Armenians, Greeks, Ottomans, and Jews. North of the steamer landing, it is mainly given up to European foreigners. Every Oriental feature seems eliminated. Its



spacious quay, its stately mansions, its thoroughly western air, stamp it with an individuality of its own. Partly sheltered by the hill, less racked than Therapia by the never-ceasing northern wind, yet always the beneficiary of the delicious coolness, it is in summer the most delightful habitation on the Bosphorus. Justinian erected here a church to Saint Theodore of Tyrone, in which for generations the emperors worshipped on the first Sunday in Lent.

It possessed a monastery of the Holy Martyrs, built, in 803, by Saint Tarasios, "the most holy and most orthodox," in which he was himself buried. In it the Emperor Leo V confined the Empress Prokopia and



THE RUSSIAN EMBASSY AT BUYOUKDEREH

her two daughters, after he had robbed their husband and father, Michael I, of the throne.

The modern church of the Armenians is consecrated to Saint Hripsima, one of the glorious women of their national history. She preferred martyrdom to a crown which might have been hers, had she accepted marriage with a pagan king. In a kiosk in the garden of the Austrian Embassy, Thomas Hope composed his romance, "An-

astasius, or the *Memoirs of a Modern Greek*," which created an excitement in the literary world seventy-five years ago. The Russian Embassy is the farthest north of all the summer ambassadorial structures. It is simple, symmetrical, and elegant. The dark hill and forest behind add to its effectiveness, and make its proportions stand out in graceful relief. Marion Crawford spent many months near by in a romantic kiosk, that seems pendent upon the hill. There he wrote "The American Politician" and "Paul Patoff," and meanwhile, best of all, won his beautiful bride.

Buyoukdereh ends at Mezar Bournou, the Cape of the Tomb. A sombre title well befits the spot, for the outlook from it is grand and solemn. The opposite Asiatic shore is bare and gaunt, and on the European side human habitations seem left behind. Here in classic times a statue of Aphrodite Pandemos rose above the water, doubtless the offering to her patron goddess of the Megarian Simaitra, a lady equally fair and frail. The name of the quiet inland quarter, Bulbul Mahalleh, the Village of the Nightingales, is appropriate in its suggestiveness of melody and rest. Farther in are Sari Yer, the Yellow Place, where a persistent English company have sunk an untold amount of gold in digging after copper; and Kastaneh Sou, the Chestnut Spring, — an Oriental Eden of chestnut groves and crystal brooks and perfect peace.

Still farther north, adventurous Greeks have perched Yeni Mahalleh, the New Village, upon the hills. It is set in a framework of clayey cliffs, and surrounded by a high-built wall, that the rushing torrents of winter may not wash it away. Enterprise has planted the public garden of Bella Vista in a situation glorious as an eyry. Somewhere here stood the temples of Rhea and Apollo, and after-



wards, on their sites, the churches of the Holy Virgin and Saint Nicholas; but all vestiges of church and temple are equally gone.

Northward from this point both the European and Asiatic banks show visible and continuous marks of volcanic origin. The plateau west of Yeni Mahalleh is described by Choiseul Gouffier as "a veritable Phlegrean plain, the burned soil of which presents traces of numerous little craters, once breathing-holes of subterranean fires, which have calcined all this region, and reduced the greater part of the soil to a real pozzolana."

Fortifications, antiquated and abandoned, and modern earthworks, glistening with the newest cannon, succeed one another at every advantageous point as far as the Black Sea. The earlier are entirely the work of the Ottomans, erected in that proud day when for war and battle the Ottoman looked only to himself. Then comes the later period when French engineers, De Tott, Tous-saint, Meunier, and their fellow-countrymen, planned and supervised the construction of every fortress. Their defences, superseded in the march of change, are now patched and utilized, — worn-out military garments mended with new cloth. To this class belongs the renovated semi-hexagonal stone fortress of Telli Tabia, with its twenty-four guns, near Yeni Mahalleh. Most recent of all are the earthworks, so constantly modified, or "strengthened and extended," that their chronic condition is incompleteness.

From an early period in their history, the Ottomans have placed a peculiar, almost superstitious, reliance in the possession of artillery. They believe to-day that their capital is impregnable. Their confidence might be justified if there were no other military road to Constantinople than down their narrow strait. The frequency of earthworks

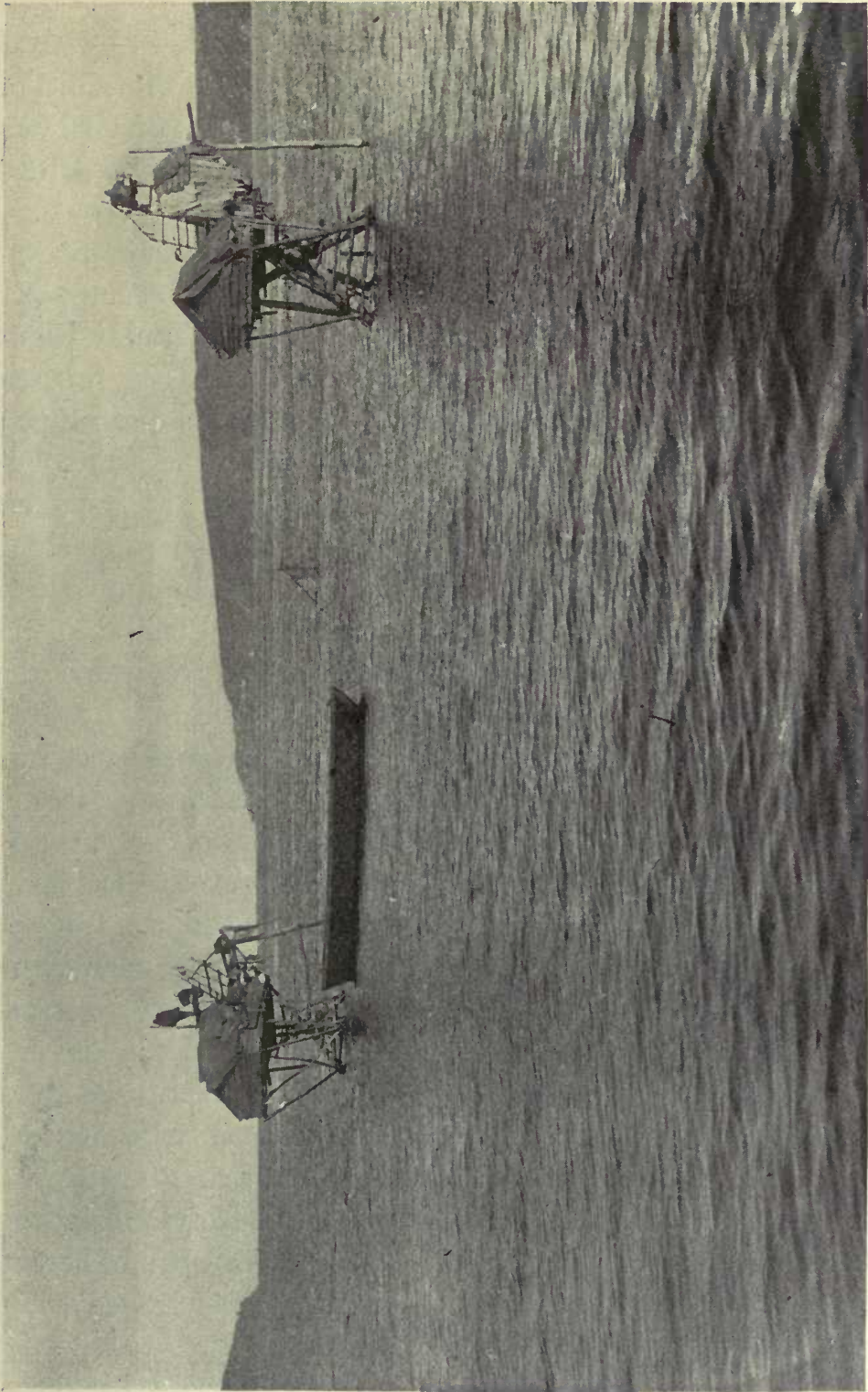
in the upper Bosphorus and the multitude of guns behind them constitutes a formidable show. To estimate the real efficiency of these defences in some possible future war, numerous other factors must be taken into account.

The hamlet of Roumeli Kavak, the European Poplar, is the most northern station served by the local steamers. The tiny village is a growth around the stone fortress, erected in 1628 by Mourad IV, to prevent further incursions of the Cossacks. Two years before, like birds of prey, a horde of that savage people had swooped down over the Black Sea, in a hundred and fifty of their broad flat-bottomed boats, and had sacked and burned every settlement on the Bosphorus as far as Boadjikeui. The fortress was rebuilt to the sound of drum and fife in 1890.

Such sudden raids by their northern neighbors were through the Middle Ages the dread of the Byzantine emperors. On the top of the hill behind Roumeli Kavak, they built a powerful castle, with a thick, high wall, descending from it to the shore. Thence a mole of adequate proportions was prolonged part way across the strait, and a chain stretched from it to the Asiatic bank. A like wall ascended the opposite Asiatic hill to an even stronger castle. Thus the entrance was effectually closed against attack by sea. The whole outline of these mediæval ramparts can be traced, and the still standing ruins of the castles, especially on the Asiatic side, are majestic. Part of the mole has been destroyed or washed away; but as one glides over it in a boat, he can discern its entire form, surprisingly preserved, in the transparent water. Its eastern end, where the chain was fastened, is indicated by a buoy.

Here, too, are the yet existing remains of the artificial harbor, where, during the days of the Byzantine Empire,





ENTRANCE TO THE BLACK SEA

all vessels, inward or outward bound, anchored and paid toll. It is a curious example of the tenacity of tradition that the Ottomans, who themselves had no personal acquaintance with the spot, call these scattered rocks Gumrouk Iskelessi, the Custom-House Pier.

Somewhere in the vicinity, in different ages, were reared three structures of surpassing splendor, — the Temple of the Byzantines, the Serapeion, and the imperial Church of the Incorporeals. The first grew from a votive altar, attributed to Jason, and its memory is preserved by Strabo; the second is immortalized by Polybios; the third, re-erected and re-enriched from age to age, was at last torn down by Mohammed II, to be built into his fortress of Roumeli Hissar. The site of them all is absolutely lost. But the fishers' perches, the daghlians, lift their fantastic forms above the water, as like daghlians have risen over the same wavy spot through thousands of years. Though the storied temples on the shore are gone, these most rustic fabrics of the simplest human craft remain in grotesque possession of the bay.

In a sequestered vale close by, north of the Ottoman battery of Siralache, is the Holy Fountain of the Virgin, the Mauromoliotissa. The ground in the vicinity is thickly strewn with ruins. A place so isolated and austere appealed to the ascetic devotion of the Middle Ages as a most appropriate site for a religious retreat. There in the eleventh century, the Empress Eudoxia, wife of Constantine XI, and afterwards of his successor Romanos IV Diogenes, founded the Monastery of the Holy Virgin, the Mauromoliotissa. In 1071, her second husband, heroic, but ill-fated, after a reign that is a romantic tragedy, lost his crown and life. The only refuge open to the de-throned Empress was this monastery. There her head





the spot, silent and sepulchral as the grave, on every other day throughout the year.

Not far distant is the Chrysorrhoeas, the Golden Stream, in whose bed it is asserted may be found sands of gold. At its mouth the Thracians reaped a rich, but infamous



BAY OF BUYOUK LIMAN

harvest, with false lights alluring incoming vessels to destruction. The inhospitable Bay of Buyouk Liman, the Great Harbor, now commanded by a frowning battery, is the ancient anchorage of the Ephesians,—vessels from the opulent city of Diana having the immemorial custom of mooring here.

The whole European shore above Roumeli Kavak is not so much the domain of history as the realm of the two



brother antiquaries,—the student of geology and the lover of myths.

It consists of a precipitous, rocky cliff, destitute of verdure, but of a greenish tint, and only at rare intervals intersected by a ravine. Millions of rounded stones and rocks are set in its face, apparently clinging by some invisible attraction, and ready to fall. As one passes in a boat under its threatening brow, he almost hesitates to approach too near for fear of the waiting avalanche. Yet to dislodge the smallest pebble is not easy, so firmly is it held in the adamantine grip of the hardened mass. Dr. Clarke, the erudite Professor of Mineralogy at Cambridge, England, calls the whole “a remarkable aggregation of enormous pebble stones, of heterogeneous masses of mineral substances, polished by the friction of the waters, and enclosed in a coarse, natural cement. . . . These substances had first undergone the violent action of fire, and afterwards, in consequence of their long submersion under water, that sort of friction to which they owe their present form.”

Tasalandjik Bournou, the Cape of Rocks, was the ancient Aphrodision. At its foot lay a safe and sheltered harbor, from which, up winding, narrow paths among the frightful cliffs, Aphrodite called the storm-tossed mariners to the waiting welcome of votaries in her temple. Near the harbor rose the Generous Rock, so called in irony from the ships to which it had given destruction, and from the human beings to whom it had given death. To them who had scaled the height, now in the intoxication of rest, with the awful Euxine beyond, and spectral death escaped below,—

“Most weary seemed the sea, weary the oar,  
Weary the wandering fields of barren foam.”

Pappas Bournou, the Cape of the Priest, concealed Panion, the Grotto of Pan. Over it lowered, as lowers to-day, an enormous mass, thousands of tons in weight, threatening through thousands of years its imminent fall. Within were seats in the natural rock, the home of the nymphs and of the great god Pan. The seats and the overhanging mass are there, but Pan and his nymphs are gone, and an Ottoman battery holds their place.

Somewhere on the European bank, near the mouth of the Bosphorus, were the court of the blind soothsayer, Phineus, and the haunts of the Harpies, his hideous tormentors. Apollonios, the Rhodian, narrates the legend with most minute detail. The moment a morsel of food approached the lips of Phineus, the Harpies rushed from their lurking-places and snatched it away, meanwhile defiling the ground with their horrid droppings and the air with a loathsome stench. Their victim was cursed with immortality. His skin, drawn tightly over his bones by utter emaciation, prevented their falling apart. The oracle had foretold that the Argonauts were to release him from his tormentors, and also that from him Jason was to obtain such counsels as would enable him to pass the hitherto impassable Cyanean Rocks.

These two islands, placed as guardians on opposite sides of the Bosphorus, always swung together and crushed between them whatever endeavored to enter the Black Sea. Then they instantly swung back to their original position. If any living thing once got through in safety, they were henceforth to be immovable forever. On their arrival, two of the Argonautic heroes, Zethes and Calais, the winged sons of Boreas, put the Harpies to flight. They were about to destroy the foul monsters, but Iris, the messenger of Zeus, descended from the sky, and swore by



the river Styx that they should never come back. When Phineus had appeased the hunger of years, he gave his benefactors so shrewd advice as fully repaid his debt. He bade Jason advance the "Argo" as near as possible to the line the Rocks would traverse, and then to let loose a dove from the vessel's prow; then instantly, as they flew apart after crushing the feeble prey, to row the "Argo" boldly forward, and thus pass before the Rocks had time to dash together in a second collision. Jason implicitly followed the counsel. The dove was an efficacious sacrifice; but so rapid was the movement of the Rocks that, though the "Argo" itself passed unharmed, her rudder was caught in the angry clash. One part of the seer's advice was perhaps the most valuable of all. Said he, "Do your utmost with your oars and sails; count more upon your arms than upon the prayers which you offer the gods." The conditions of the oracle had been fulfilled. Living heroes had passed unscathed between the jaws of danger; "hence," as Apollonios says, "the islands have been stable ever since."

With one of the ancient monuments of the Bosphorus, Fable and Tradition have associated the name of Ovid, their most brilliant master. Though the banished poet passed through the strait on his way to exile, there is no evidence that he ever touched its shores. Nevertheless, a high, circular stone pile, long since abandoned of inhabitant, prominent on the height of Karibdjuh, is still called Ovid's Tower. It is a pleasing coincidence that, some years ago, this tower was pointed out to that prince of modern fabulists, Hans Christian Andersen, as the six months' residence of Ovid, prince of the fabulists of Rome.

Phanaraki, the Light-house, is the last settlement on the European shore of the Bosphorus. Its magnificent

beacon-light is visible eighteen miles out at sea. The inhabitants of the village are mostly Christians. So strongly is their influence felt that even the ordinary language of the Ottoman residents is Greek. By a custom of former days, still frequently observed, every person on entering the Euxine threw into the water a piece of money as propitiatory offering. Gradually Christian observances have supplanted pagan usage, and the little church of Phanaraki is constantly sought by sailors offering their thanksgivings for dangers escaped, and their petitions against dangers to come.

Kilia, the headquarters of the Black Sea life-boat service, is not situated upon the Bosphorus, but five miles west, on the craggy shore of the Black Sea. Nevertheless, it is connected with the Bosphorus by even more vital associations than any mere geographical tie. Hundreds of human beings, shipwrecked while seeking the elusive mouth of the strait, have been torn from otherwise certain death by the devotion and daring of the members of this life-saving service. The student and the tourist, rapt in contemplation of classic myths and shadowy history, often forget modern heroism. Our Anglo-Saxon names are less euphonious than the vowel-fluted names of ancient and Southern tongues. Among all the figures which have immortalized the Bosphorus, there are none more associate with humanity and honor than those of Palmer and Summers, the captains of this philanthropic company, and of their brave associates.



## THE CYANEAN ISLANDS

THESE two islands, set on opposite sides of the Bosphorus at the mouth of the Black Sea, have furnished themes for poetry from earliest antiquity. The lively fancy of the ancients bestowed upon them many descriptive names. To Homer they were *αἱ Πλαγκταὶ Πέτραι*, Planktai Petrai, the Wandering Rocks; to Euripides, *αἱ Συνορμάδες*, *αἱ Συνδρομάδες*, or *αἱ Συμπληγάδες*, the Synormades, Syndromades, or Symplegades, the Rocks which rushed or dashed together. In the language of the common people, to whom their leaden hue was the most apparent feature, they were *αἱ Κυάνεαι Νῆσοι*, Kyanenai Nesoi, the Cyanean or Cerulean Islands. The latter appellation has dethroned the rest.

There is no more fascinating excursion in the world than up the Bosphorus to the one still-existing island. It can be undertaken only at certain seasons of the year, and in certain rare conditions of the wind and sea. The difficulty of its accomplishment enhances the charm of the exploit. The Black Sea is usually obdurate, and one may wait perhaps for months before a suitable day arrives.

With a feeling of delight, which time and distance cannot blunt, I recall my last visit, in 1890, to the famous rock. It was necessary to start when the first roseate hues were tinting the sky. The boat followed closely the Asiatic shore, where the current was less strong, and nature seemed more dreamy. The radiant unfolding of the landscape, the tasty freshness of the air from land and water, and the ceaseless warbling of the nightingale, from apparently every tree and thicket, filled the senses with a delirium of content. One might question whether

Eden, with her stream of paradise, was more fair "as Adam saw her prime." The great steamers, never else so grand as when looked up to from a tiny boat, were one after another descending the strait in the early morning after their night on the Black Sea. The whirring swarms of pelkovans, with their shrill cries of lost souls, or of Turkish women who have died childless, almost brushed the boat with their never-pausing wings.

It was one of those most infrequent days when, for a few hours, the Black Sea appears humanized and tamed. It was smooth as a mirror's face, a sea of glass, a crystal sea. Not a breath rippled the tiniest wave into being. One wished to remain motionless on the moveless water. But the boatmen rowed across its mouth with the utmost speed, for they knew that the impatient wind was only waiting to rise and wake the billows to fury.

The Asiatic Cyanean Island has entirely disintegrated and disappeared. The waves have left not a trace of its former site. The same process of disintegration is going on with its European twin, and in some future age the investigator will seek it in vain. During the last three centuries and a half its length has diminished just forty-seven feet. It is now about five hundred and fifty feet long and seventy feet wide; it is sixty-three feet high. It lies due east and west, its western extremity being only three hundred and ninety-five feet distant from the shore of Phanaraki. Between the mainland and the island extends an irregular line of sunken rocks, as if once a sort of natural isthmus.

Looked at from the south, it appears to consist of three distinct masses. The eastern mass is so rent by fissures that from a distance one can gaze through them to the sea beyond. Nearer approach reveals it as a boulder of



agglomerated rock resting on a clayey bottom; as a dark basaltic pile, composed of five sundered portions, each so gashed and seamed that the whole is hardly more than a rudely rectangular succession of disjointed rocks. Farther east, in a ragged line, and rising slightly above the surface of the water, are other disconnected rocks, once part of the island.

The only manner of approach is from the south. A natural platform a few yards square affords a landing-place. Thence, not without difficulty and danger, one may climb by means of the stones conveniently projecting in the volcanic heap to the top of the central or larger mass. Upon it grows neither tree nor shrub, — nothing but red moss and stunted grass.

At its most elevated point stands the snowy cylinder, commonly called, though without the slightest reason, the Column of Pompey. This block of marble, four feet three inches high and three feet two inches in diameter, in relief against the dark background of the hills, is visible far out upon the sea, and gleams like a white, pure star. Around its top is carved a garland of laurel leaves, hanging in deep festoons. It may be that on this very pedestal the Romans placed the Statue of Apollo, of which Dionysios of Byzantium speaks. An inscription near the base, in letters almost two inches long, distinctly legible, though defaced, gives it a humbler, though imperial destination.

DIVO . CAESARI . AVGVSTO.

L . CLANNIDIUS.

L . F . CLA . PONTO.

“To the divine Cæsar Augustus, Lucius Clannidius, the son of Lucius, of the Claudian Family, a native of Pontus.”

Speculation queries which was the Cæsar Augustus whose statue was attached by the now empty sockets to the moss-reddened, toppling base; doubtless, he was one of the earliest of that exalted line. Perhaps he was that autocratic ruler of mankind from whom, in days just before the birth of Christ in Bethlehem, went out the decree "that all the world should be taxed." The pedestal bears no other inscription, or mark of an inscription, whatever.

In 1701, long after the Emperor's effigy had fallen, Tournefort saw on the pedestal a white column, about twelve feet in length, and crowned by a Corinthian capital, which the Ottomans had placed there as a signal to ships at sea. He laments, in his enchanting pages, that it was impossible for his boat to touch, and enable him to examine it near at hand. Bishop Pococke, in 1743, found the shaft prostrate and broken into several fragments, and the capital lying beside them. When, following in the steps of these distinguished travellers, Professor Clarke visited the Cyanean Island in 1800, not a scrap of column or capital could he discover. Thus, from generation to generation, the fall, the mutilation, and the disappearance of many another monument on the Bosphorus may be traced.

The soft marble of the pedestal has been somewhat worn away on the northern side by the tempest and time. Its hacked and battered lower portion shows the marks of intentional violence. It is a fact to be regretted that they were inflicted by an American hand. In 1801, the commander of a frigate of the United States climbed to the top of the island, accompanied by some under officers, and by a number of the crew. One of the officers, eager for souvenirs, ordered a sailor to hack off some fragments



from the sculpture round the base. The sailor did his best with a blacksmith's hammer, and with lamentable success. An English author with proper indignation condemns the barbarity of the act. By a strange coincidence, that very year Lord Elgin, with longer-continued and more shameful vandalism, was despoiling the Parthenon of the priceless treasures which time and the Ottomans had spared.

Standing on the top of the splintered pedestal, one commands a view equally beautiful, grand, and suggestive. By a great, semi-circular, southward sweep, the high, craggy European shores form the entrance to the Bosphorus. Their peculiar shape accentuates with plausibility the theory of Choiseul Gouffier. He believes that here, cycles ago, was the rim of an immense crater; that the southern, inner, landward half is what we see before us, and that the northern, outer half has been beaten down by the resistless action of the Black Sea. The tradition of an awful convulsion may have first inspired the horror with which the ancients regarded that unknown sea. Tossing masses of moving lava may have fathered the legend of the ever-swinging Symplegades. "The gods are hard to reconcile;" but the sentence which Apollonios puts on the lips of Juno in her talk with Thetis, "Wandering rocks where simmer horrible tempests of fire," may have this very meaning. Nevertheless, it is better to let the old myths survive, and not mangle them by the cold dissecting-knife of attempted and fallible explanation.

For the geologist, who would find a wealth of investigation here, I will transcribe two passages from the learned works of M. Tchihatcheff and Dr Clarke. Both of these scientific men studied the Cyanean rock with profound attention.

Says Professor Clarke: "Perhaps nowhere else has ever been seen the union in a mineral aggregation of the substances of which it is composed. One can even believe that they were mixed together by the boiling of a volcano, for it would be easy to recognize in the same mass fragments of differently colored lava and specimens of trap, of basalt, and of marble. The fissures reveal agate, chalcidony, and quartz. These substances are seen in thin, arenaceous veins, not half an inch thick, a sort of crust deposited subsequently to the formation of the stratum of the island. Agate is found in a vein of considerable extent at the bottom of a deep fissure, not over an inch wide, bordered by a green substance like certain lavas of *Ætna* which acidiferous vapors have decomposed."

The researches of M. Tchihatcheff are more recent. He says: "The island is mainly composed of volcanic ash-beds, often regularly stratified, presented as breccia, with particles so minute that the rock assumes the appearance of a compact, heterogeneous mass, or as coarse conglomerates, composed of voluminous pieces or even of veritable blocks of black doleritic porphyry most frequently colored red by a thick crust of oxide of iron. All these blocks, generally angular, are cemented by a yellowish paste, and form, as does also the breccia, very solid rocks. At several points, but specially in the lower part of the island, the fine grain of the breccia alternates with the coarse conglomerate. Finally, these different ash-beds are traversed by numerous vertical veins of green earth, composed of hydrated silicates of iron and magnesia. These veins, of a clear green, of a compact and ribbon-like texture, and of conchoidal fracture, are exceedingly similar to the strips of green sand of certain cretaceous rocks. They are distinct in a marked degree from the black masses which they traverse."



Each visit to the island, long awaited, always seems too brief. The signal of departure breaks in untimely in the shout of the boatmen, "It is coming! It is coming! We must be off." Already the broad breast of the sea is beginning to heave and swell, and the side of the rock is white with spray. The little boat must reach the shelter of the Bosphorus before the northern wind comes down in its might. With torn hands and slipping feet, one clambers down the precipitous descent. Swiftly he is rowed away, always embracing the receding island with a backward look, always to cherish the memory of the scene, "Where the wave broke foaming o'er the blue Symplegades."

#### THE ASIATIC SHORE OF THE BOSPHORUS

CROSSING to the Asiatic shore, let us follow its windings southward toward Scutari and Stamboul.

Along its northern capes and bays, traditions of Jason and the "Argo" have clung tenaciously, eclipsing all other memories. Its most northern point the Greeks still call Ankyraion, the Place of the Anchor, inasmuch as the Argonauts there abandoned the stone anchor which had served them thus far, and took one of iron instead. The Ottoman name, Youn Bournou, the Cape of Wool, is descriptive and picturesque. Some stranger of lively fancy must have first employed it as he gazed downward from the height to the stretch beneath,

"Where the white and fleecy waves  
Looked soft as carded wool."

From this cliff one best appreciates the majesty and solemnity of the Black Sea. Its ancient grandeur and danger

are minimized in this day of mammoth ships and steamers. But even now let one behold the enormous piles of cloud rolling and hurled toward the narrow gorge of the strait; let him be deafened by the tempest, crashing mountain billows against the crags, — then he will himself experience something of the awe it once inspired, and, from the hue of its inky depths beyond, will apprehend why, above all other seas, it deserves its epithet of “Black.”

“There’s not a sea . . .

Turns up more dangerous breakers than the Euxine.”

On the south rises the round rock called the Tower of Medea. The earthquake has rent it from top to bottom. In calm weather one may walk to it from the shore, but the water dashes to its summit in a storm.

The cliffs around the bay of Kavakos are tunnelled, almost to the water’s edge, with millions of nests of sea-birds. One of the two immense table-rocks in the bay, though submerged in rough weather, is white as snow with their droppings, accumulated through ages; the other the sailors call Kalograia, the Nun, from the fancied resemblance of its form to a monastic veil. In it is the spacious cave, vaulted like a cathedral, forty feet in height at the opening, and seventy wide, and growing vaster from the entrance; a natural curiosity, whose floor perhaps a dozen European feet have never trodden, but which is none the less one of the most romantic possessions of the Bosphorus.

The bay is bounded on the south by the Cape of Anadoli Phanar, the Asiatic Lighthouse. The beacon, two hundred and forty-nine feet above the water, sends its blessed crimson light to a distance of twenty-two miles over the sea. At



its foot is the most northern of the Ottoman batteries on the Asiatic side.

The cliffs advance southwest to form Djackal Dereh Liman, the Harbor of the Jackals' Valley. Here a long tooth-shaped, jagged, disjointed rock thrusts itself into the narrowing Bosphorus. Had not Strabo distinctly told us that the two Symplegades were twenty stadia apart, this disintegrating pile might naturally be taken as the remains of the long-lost Asiatic Cyanean Rock. The water is shallow, and reefs and boulders line the shore.

Poiraz Bournou, the Cape of Poiraz, in this corrupted form preserves the name of the wind-king, Boreas. Here, from a temple on a most fitting site, the sea-god, Poseidon, looked out on his broad dominions. It is possible that the Ottoman stone fortress built by Baron de Tott high up on the beetling crag occupies the very spot. The dizzy fortress of Fil Bournou, the Elephant's Cape, was constructed by the same famous French engineer, who, like the Canaanites of old, took delight in high places.

Fil Bournou, and Kavak Bournou, the next headland on the south, enclose between them one of the most expanded bays on the Bosphorus. Rocks, sometimes burrowed into natural caves, rise precipitously all along the shore, except at infrequent points where deep ravines force their way to the water. So far, all the scenery has been savage and wild. Weary of the stern and frowning landscape, one reaches with relief the beautiful valley and Ottoman village of Kedjili, and the tiny beach, glittering with real sea-sand. It may be that here the ancient pilgrims disembarked on their way to the sacred Hieron. More likely, their chelai, or landing-place, was at the foot of Monastir Deressi, the Valley of the Monastery. There may still be seen the ruins of the once populous Convent of Saint

Catherine, among and around which are now the scattered houses where, in time of foreign epidemic, suspected travellers undergo quarantine.

The superb promontory of Kavak is crowned by a broad plateau three hundred and eighty-seven feet high. Pagan piety, which devoted to sacred purposes whatever was most precious in nature and art, set apart this splendid



THE HIERON

hill for the worship of its deities. This was the ancient, far-famed, world-revered Hieron, or The Holy. On its summits and slopes were reared the twelve great temples of the twelve Olympian gods, and the Asiatic pharos, which gave light to men.

The vastest and most magnificent was that consecrated to the omnipotent Zeus Ourios. Jason was its reputed founder. Its corner-stone was laid, according to tradition, as the thank-offering of the Argonauts for their marvellous success in Colchis, and for their safe return.



Within its guardian walls stood a statue of Zeus, made of gold and ivory. The priceless image long ago became the prey of some forgotten spoiler, but the inscribed slab, formerly fastened at its base, may be seen and read as follows, among the antiquarian treasures of the British Museum: "The sailor who invokes Zeus Ourios that he may enjoy a prosperous voyage, either toward the Cyanean Rocks, or on the Ægean Sea, itself unsteady and filled with innumerable dangerous shoals scattered here and there, can have a prosperous voyage if first he sacrifices to the god whose statue Philo Antipater has set up, both because of gratitude and to insure favorable augury to sailors." It is easier to utilize quarried marble than to quarry new. The slab, with other building material, was eventually carted to Kadikeui. There, in 1676, Sir George Wheler saw it, built into the wall of a private house. The temple Constantine is supposed to have converted into a church.

In the temple of Poseidon, Pausanias, after the battle of Plataea, engraved on a brazen bowl the following inscription, which by its egotism and lordly air angered the democratic Greeks: "Pausanias, the ruler of broad Greece, Lacedemonian in race, the son of Cleombrotos, of the ancient line of Hercules, has consecrated at the Euxine Sea to the Lord Poseidon a memorial of valor."

Herodotus informs us that Darius sailed from his bridge to the Cyanean Islands, and then, "seated at the Hieron, gazed upon the Pontus." Whether Darius visited this Hieron, or the one on the European side, we cannot tell.

The Hieron was a place whither pilgrims pressed as to Mecca or Lourdes. It was sufficiently remote to render pilgrimage meritorious, and not so inaccessible as to make the pious journey dangerous or hard. The flocking devo-

tees brought each his filial offering, and the impressiveness of the twelve temples constantly increased with their accumulating wealth. Every accessory combined with the priest at the altar to intensify the hold of a sensuous and idealistic creed. The gorgeous site, the resplendent shrines, the ravishing outlook upon the Bosphorus and the sea, the entire mystic influence of the spot, with ascending incense and sacrificial smoke, contributed to foster superstition and to deepen faith. It was easy to imagine fleeting glimpses of oreads and dryads in the groves, and of naiads sporting with the dolphins in the water. The sacred birds fluttered and soared above the height, or hooted and warbled in the sacred woods. Not even at Olympus or Delphi was the classic worship more strongly entrenched. This was a Gibraltar of the gods.

No spot on earth is now more eloquent testimony of their abandonment and decay. Not even a fragment of broken marble, or a foundation-stone still in place, evokes a query as to their vanished fanes.

“From the gloaming of the oakwood,  
 O ye Dryads, could ye flee?  
 At the rushing thunderstroke would  
 No sob tremble through the tree?  
 Not a word the Dryads say,  
 Though the forests wave for aye,  
 For Pan is dead.

“Have ye left the mountain places,  
 Oreads wild, for other tryst?  
 Shall we see no sudden faces  
 Strike a glory through the mist?  
 Not a sound the silence thrills  
 Of the everlasting hills.  
 Pan, Pan is dead.



“O twelve gods of Plato’s vision,  
Crowned to starry wanderings,  
With your chariots in procession,  
And your silver clash of wings  
Very pale ye seem to rise,  
Ghosts of Grecian deities,  
Now Pan is dead.”

Though consecrated and theoretically neutral ground, the territory of Hieron was the property of Chalkedon. From that city Byzantium purchased at a great price the right to place a small fortress on the hill. It was a watch-tower rather than a stronghold. During the war with Rhodes, in the third century before Christ, it was taken by Prusias I, King of Bithynia, but was restored on conclusion of peace. After the foundation of Constantinople and the fall of paganism, it was made the strongest fortress on the Bosphorus by the Byzantine emperors. Together with the castle on the opposite European coast, it closed the strait against marine incursion. In the distracted Middle Ages it was more than once besieged. Its most formidable and most illustrious assailant was the Caliph Haroun al Rashid. In the fourteenth century it and the opposite European fortress were captured by the Genoese. The arms of Genoa are still seen emblazoned on its walls, and it is commonly called to this day the Genoese Castle. Towards the end of the same century it submitted to Sultan Bayezid I, the Thunderbolt, and has remained in the undisturbed possession of the Ottomans ever since. Now it is an immense, ivy-mantled, ruined pile, — a place for infrequent picnics, and for more infrequent antiquaries. Over the main entrance, a cross, the symbol of Christianity, surmounts a crescent, the symbol of Byzantium, with the device, XC ΦC ΠC, Christ the

Light to All, or *Χριστὸς Φῶς Πασί*. Carved crosses are seen on many prominent places. Beneath one cross is the inscription, I X K N, the Lord Jesus Christ is Conqueror, or *Ἰησοῦς Χριστὸς Κύριος Νικητῆς*. This inscription of Christian confidence does not disturb the serenity of the Mussulman soldiers, whose batteries are planted on almost every spur of the adjacent hills, and whose earthwork of Joros Kaleh, with its forty-four burnished cannon, projects from the foot of Hieron into the Bosphorus. Close to the latter earthwork is the Station, where all vessels arriving or departing must obtain permission from the Ottoman authorities to pass.

In this part of the strait were fought several desperate sea-fights between the Venetians and the Genoese.

The village of Anadoli Kavak is the farthest north on the Asiatic side of those served by the local steamers. No more distinctively Oriental settlement can be conceived. It affords the three earthly delights in which a Mussulman most rejoices, — running water, spreading trees, and rest (*rahat*). The stranger, as he wanders in its listless shade, might almost wonder whether an anxiety or an ambition has ever entered here. On the southern side of its bay the cliff descends so precipitously that the quarries in its side seem fastened there like nests.

Then one reaches Madjar Bournou, the Cape of the Hungarians. On its outer verge Justinian, who did all things grandly, dedicated a church of vast proportions to Saint Pantelemon, the patron of physicians. Some of its columns a thousand years after were placed by Souleïman I in his magnificent mosque. The Ottomans brushed aside the last vestiges of the church when they constructed on its site the most extensive and most heavily armed earthwork on the Bosphorus.



This cape is but the seaward prolongation of Giant's Mountain, which rises behind it. No other natural feature of the strait is so self-assertive and so commanding. It is the unrivalled monarch of the hills and cliffs between Stamboul and the Black Sea. The thick tuft of trees on its summit, surrounding a tekieh and mosque of the Kadiri Dervishes, is prominent for many miles around. From the mass of verdure peers the gleaming, arrowy minaret, its pointed tip piercing the clouds at a height of six hundred and sixty feet above the level of the sea. These dervishes are kindly and liberal-minded. One may mount the circular ascent inside the minaret, just as Byron did, and, emerging on the gallery of the muezzin, drink in the very view on the very spot where the author of "Childe Harold" was inspired with some of his deathless lines. In that masterpiece of a poet's wanderings, when he followed on till he looked "where the dark Euxine rolled upon the blue Symplegades," this was the spot most distant from home pressed by his pilgrim feet.

"'T is a grand sight from off the Giant's grave  
To watch the progress of those rolling seas  
Between the Bosphorus, as they lash and lave  
Europe and Asia."

The hill is called, by the Ottomans, Yousha Dagh, or Mountain of Joshua. It is their tradition that, after the Hebrew hero had conquered the Promised Land, God granted him as his earthly reward the privilege of living, dying, and being buried here. Behind the mosque they show a grave of most peculiar form, over forty feet in length, and hardly more than a tenth as wide, which they revere as that of the son of Nun.

Among the ancient Greeks the name of the mountain

was Kline tou Herakleous, or the Bed of Hercules, and their modern descendants call it the Mneimeion, or Monument of the Greek. Numerous legends are related of its origin and history. There is one frequently repeated by the common people. They say that the locality was anciently a plain. A great warrior died, and was buried here. His surviving friends each threw a handful of earth over his remains. So many and so mighty-handed were the mourners that the funeral pile became at last this mountain. Thus constantly on the Bosphorus does one listen to tales, vulgarized on lips ignorant of mythology and history, but originating thousands of years before in some classic myth or story. This tradition is old as the "Argo," and goes back to Amykos, King of the Bebrykes, accidentally slain in a boxing-match by Pollux, and interred on this hill by Jason and his companions.

Another legend describes the frequent visits of the father to the grave, and his lamentations over his son. So gigantic were his proportions that, seated on the summit, he splashed his feet in the Bosphorus, and sank passing vessels by a breath.

The coast south of Giant's Mountain withdraws inland to Selvi Bournou, the Cape of the Cypress, and forms the ill-omened Oumour Bay. A narrow belt of water, ten fathoms deep, follows the windings of the shore. Between it and the main channel extend the broad and dreaded shoals called Englishman's Banks. They rise to within a few feet of the surface, and many a ship and sailor has rushed on them to destruction. Buoys and a lighthouse now give warning of danger.

An obelisk at Selvi Bournou marks the spot where the tent of the Russian general Mouravieff was pitched in 1833. Those were dark days for the Ottoman Empire,



and for its intrepid Sultan, Mahmoud II. His ambitious vassal, Mehemet Ali Pasha, Viceroy of Egypt, had risen in rebellion, and the Egyptian armies, flushed with the victories of Acre, Damascus, Homs, and Beilan, had invaded Asia Minor. Then, at the desperate battle of Konieh, thirty thousand Ottomans had been left upon the field, and the Ottoman commander-in-chief had been taken prisoner. The Egyptian advanced guard had entered Brousa almost in sight of Constantinople, and Smyrna had received an Egyptian governor.

At no other time in its history of six hundred years has the extinction of the Ottoman power appeared so probable and imminent. Turkey was practically abandoned by her Western allies, who were indifferent or sided with Mehemet Ali.

The Czar Nicolas, however, considered that the overthrow of a sovereign by a vassal was a menace to all thrones. Hence he manifested for the Sultan an efficient and apparently disinterested sympathy. On February 20, 1833, the Russian fleet arrived off Selvi Bournou with fifteen thousand men, who, disembarking, encamped in the adjacent plain of Sultanieh, or the Sultan's Valley. The appearance of the Russians intimidated Mehemet Ali, and roused the Western diplomats from their apathy. The rebel vassal withdrew his forces beyond the Taurus Mountains, and the imperilled Empire was saved.

The obelisk bears the following inscription in Russian: "This plain for a brief season gave hospitality to the Russian army. May this monumental stone preserve the remembrance. May the alliance of the two courts be equally firm and solid. May this event be celebrated forever in the annals of friendship."

The Russian troops remained at Sultanieh during the five delicious months of spring and early summer. In the recollections of those northern veterans, their stay must have lingered as a delightful, life-long memory. Nowhere could they have ever found a more salubrious and convenient camp. The valley is shut in on three sides by hills. Cool, crystal streams provide abundant water. Forests clothe the neighboring hillsides, and giant trees cast their shade here and there in the plain. On the east extends the natural parade-ground, where seventy thousand men may manoeuvre. On the south, the plain wheels by a sharp turn westward to the Bosphorus, which it touches at Hounkiar Iskelessi, the Landing-place of the Master of Men.

One disembarking at the famous pier wanders inland, and the restful beauty grows upon him as he advances. Such avenues of imperial sycamores are surpassed nowhere in the world. At last, on the north and left, there lies revealed the calm and spacious magnificence of Sultanieh, as refreshing and as verdant as when, four centuries before Christ, Xenophon and his Ten Thousand pressed its soft turf with their weary feet.

Its ancient name was Aule tou Amykou, the Hall of Amykos, the Bebrycian king, who was a suspicious and perhaps hostile host of the Argonauts. This was a favorite resort of the Byzantine emperors, who in its sequestered glades sought a brief relaxation from their formal state. In one of its rustic summer-houses, in 1185, the worn-out debauchee Andronikos I Komnenos received, in the early morning, the tidings of his deposition, and of the coronation of his foe, Isaac Angelos. Hence the dethroned sovereign, seated backward and bound upon an ass, was paraded, a shorn and despised Samson, along the



shores of the Bosphorus to his merited and yet heroic death in the Hippodrome. Here, in 1147, the French king Louis VII, who afterwards wrought such woe to England and to Henry II, encamped with his army of Crusaders, "the martial flower of France."

After the Ottoman Conquest, it became a favorite hunting-ground of the sultans. Sultan after sultan erected palace and kiosk, always overloaded with titles significant of felicity, eternity, or omnipotence. From long custom, whenever a sultan withdrew hither from Stamboul, the French ambassador at once brought him the rarest fruits and flowers. Here, in 1805, Sultan Selim III, groping after manufactures and reform, established a paper-factory which he soon converted into a woollen-mill, and shortly afterwards abandoned.

Here, in 1833, on the eighth of June, the treaty of Hounkiar Iskelessi was signed between the Russian and Ottoman empires. This closed the Dardanelles in case of war to the enemies of Russia, and ratified the most intimate alliance, offensive and defensive, between the Sultan and the Czar. It was to be binding for eight years. The treaty excited the most violent and bitter resentment among the Western Powers. For a time a universal European war seemed inevitable.

Here, in 1869, Sultan Abd-ul Aziz, in a fairy-like palace reared for the occasion, and with the grandees of his empire in his suite, gave an imposing reception to the Empress Eugénie. In the plain where Xenophon and the Russians had encamped, sixty thousand Ottoman soldiers, the picked men of the army, — infantry, cavalry, and artillery, — defiled in all the pomp and circumstance of war before the French Empress. At night, both shores of the Bosphorus, through their entire length, were lit

with the most magnificent illumination which they have probably ever seen. The Ottoman Sultan and the wife of Napoleon III were then at the zenith of their power. No prophet could have foretold the fast-approaching tragedies of Tcheragan and Sedan.

South of Hounkiar Iskelessi, raised high on successive terraces, arrogant in its prominence, which makes it visible for many miles, is the so-called Egyptian or Chocolate Palace. Ismaïl Pasha, Viceroy of Egypt, presented it to Sultan Abd-ul Aziz. Judged by its cost, it was a gift worthy of a king. In its erection and adornment over ten million francs had been expended. Its grounds and gardens monopolize all the territory of the point. This was the residence of the Empress during a portion of her stay; likewise, a few weeks later, of the Austro-Hungarian Emperor, Francis Joseph II, who also came on a visit to the Sultan.

The Asiatic shore, even more sinuous than that of Europe, recedes southeast, forming the wide, deep bay of Beykos, the Walnut-Tree. The amphitheatrical valley, fertile and luxuriant, green with trees and bright with flowers, merits its ancient name of the Grove of the Nymphs. Here grew the "insensate laurel" which, when placed as a garland on the brow of any banqueter, maddened his brain. Here Amykos fought his pugilistic duel with Pollux, the son of Zeus. The popular resort of the villagers is a large marble cistern, surrounded by a marble peristyle, and overhung with plane-trees. A crowd of indolent, almost lifeless, loiterers linger around the spot, and listen all day long to the ripple of the water. They find not only fascination, but even intoxication, in the soothing sound. In the bay rendezvoused the Anglo-Franco-Ottoman fleet in 1854, and thence it sailed to the



Crimean War. In the high-perched daghlians, watchers are always peering for the swordfish, which have here their best-loved haunt.

To the southern shore of the Bay of Beykos, as far as the headland of Kandlidja Bournou, less legendary and natural charm attaches than to any other portion of the Bosphorus. The villages that line it are scantily populated and humble hamlets, seldom visited by the great world, almost never the scene of any great event. Yet each possesses some special feature of its own, some beauty of situation or environment, some grove or Oriental garden, which would make it remarked and attractive elsewhere, though so inferior here.

Souleiman I joined a tiny island near the shore to the mainland, built on it a circular and domed kiosk, and there passed many an hour with his imperious consort, Roxelana. A kiosk, a masterpiece of Persian art, took its place. This was the offering of the victorious Grand Vizir, Osman Pasha, to Mourad III, and its materials were brought from Persia on the backs of horses, camels, and men. Its name of Sultanieh superseded its earlier name of Cyclamen, due to the first flower of spring which studded the fields.

Indjir Keui, the classic Sykai, is famous for the excellence of its figs, and to that distinction owes both its ancient and modern name. Here was the palace of the corpulent Achmet Pasha, Grand Vizir of Sultan Ibrahim, but better known to Ottoman history as Hezarpareh, or the Man who was torn to a thousand pieces. Degraded from his high office and bowstrung, his body was thrown into the Hippodrome, and left there over night. In the morning a janissary, passing by, exclaimed that the body of a man so fat must be a certain cure for rheumatism.

The common people, in a mixed frenzy of brutal sport and credulity, chopped the remains of the dead vizir into innumerable tiny portions, and sold them at ten paras the piece. The inhabitants of the village, having been condemned for evil practices in 1762, received a novel punishment. All their coffee-houses were closed for several years; the opening of new ones was forbidden, and the former keepers sent into exile.

Pasha Baghtcheh, the Pasha's Garden, is inhabited only by Greeks. It consists of a group of the plainest, smallest houses, all clustering about the Church of Saint Constantine. However small the population, and however great the poverty, of a Greek community, its first consideration always is to provide a church, and its second, a school.

Tchiboukli, the Place of the Rod or Branch, is entirely Ottoman. It is a pretty place, the perfection of simple contentment and rest. Its name is derived from a Turkish tradition, which also sums up all its local pride. Sultan Bayezid II had removed his turbulent son, afterwards Selim I, from his government of Trebizond, and brought him hither. One day, enraged at his insolence, he broke a branch from a tree and struck him with it eight times. The number of blows was considered the intimation of the number of years during which Selim was to reign, — a prophecy afterwards fulfilled. The branch was thrust into the ground, and grew "like the palm-trees of Medina," and shielded the village with its shade. A few years ago it was cut down for souvenirs, which were sold at fabulous prices.

Here, early in the fifth century, the monk Alexander founded a Monastery of the Akoimetai, or Sleepless. It seldom contained less than three hundred monks. The brethren were divided into sections, which relieved one



another like the watch on board ship. Each section took up the service at the point which the preceding section had reached. Thus, until a little before the Ottoman Conquest, the voice of thanksgiving and prayer ascended unceasingly from it night and day. Its story is that of an uninterrupted prayer-meeting, or a continuous worship, which lasted more than thirty generations, or almost a thousand years. Remains still indicate the site of the monastery, but it is silent now.

The sandy shore for a distance is unoccupied by houses. The uninhabited strip is utilized by thirteen yellow storehouses, or magazines, in an unpoetic row. In the days when American petroleum monopolized the Eastern market, these storehouses were erected by the government for its reception at a safe distance from dwellings. Now, however, American petroleum is almost driven from the field, and the magazines are always full of the Russian article from Bakou.

Kanlidja Bournou, the Blood-Red Cape, was so called from the former color of its houses as they overhung the water. Many of these dwellings, once elegant and luxurious, are voiceful to every passer-by with their revelation of poverty and decay. There is something pathetic in the broken lattices of the windows, and in the weeds springing in the tessellated pavement of the gardens. The exquisite Bay of Kafess, despite its few prosperous mansions and kiosks, tells the same story of impoverishment and decline. The hillsides are none the less delightful with ivied terraces and leafy avenues of ancient trees. The touch of nature and time imparts an indescribable æsthetic charm to the magnificence left by departed days. One realizes that, when these hills of Kanlidja and Kafess were crowded with Ottoman palaces, and shone with

Oriental display, they were even less beautiful than now.

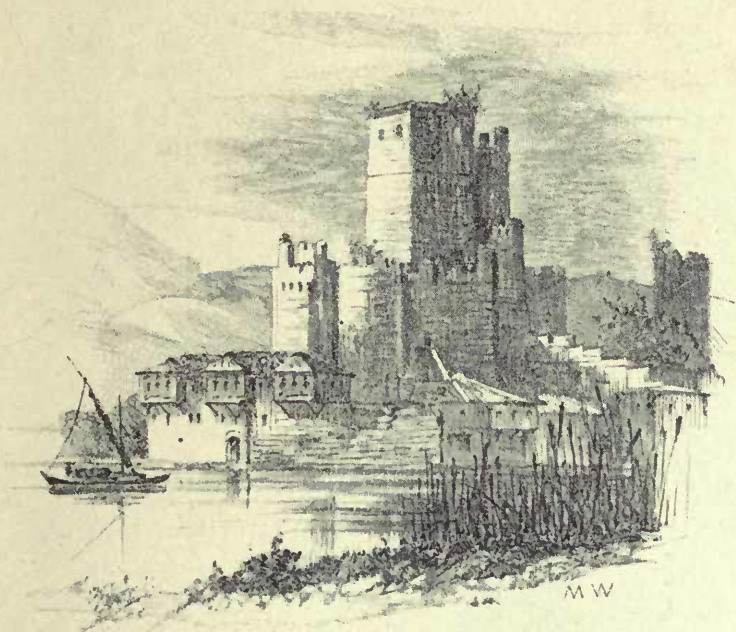
To a large white submarine rock, formerly near the point, the ancient inhabitants of Chalkedon attributed the ever-increasing prosperity of Byzantium, and their own constant inferiority. Those were days when the fisheries of the Bosphorus afforded a main source of revenue. The people of Chalkedon asserted that the fish, swarming southward from the Euxine, were always frightened by this glaring rock, and swam away from it to the European side, where were the fishing-grounds of the Byzantines. Even when the silvery shoals returned northward in the spring, their unforgotten terror was believed to drive them away from Chalkedon, and westward toward Byzantium.

The Ottoman village of Anadolu Hissar, the Asiatic Castle, is directly opposite Roumeli Hissar, and derives its name from the fortress built by Bayezid I in 1393. The erection of this fortress was the first permanent menace planted on the Bosphorus by the Ottomans against the Byzantine Empire. Sixty years the garrison of that stronghold watched and waited. When the fulness of time at last came with Mohammed II, great-grandson of Bayezid, it, no less than the vaster and more towering structure on the European side, contributed to the closing of the strait, and to the fall of Constantinople. The Ottomans call it *Guzeldji*, or the Beautiful. High, crenellated walls connect its main square tower with four others, which are circular. Now it is gaunt in its spectral whiteness. Formerly the whole upper portion of the walls was covered with houses, which protruded beyond the parapets on either side, and, though solidly attached, seemed waiting for a blast to sweep them away.



Year after year they defied the wind, but in 1879, in a single day, they were all destroyed by fire.

The Bay of Gueuk Sou, the Sweet or Celestial Water, receives the contributions of the two most important rivers which empty into the Bosphorus. These are the ancient Arete and the ancient Azarion, now dubbed the



CASTLE OF ANADOLI HISSAR

Buyouk, or Great, and the Kutchouk, or Little Gueuk Sou. After a storm or freshet, their alluvial deposit colors the eastern half of the Bosphorus for miles below their mouths with a deep golden yellow. Meanwhile, the western half remains unchanged. The phenomenon is presented of two independent streams pouring down the strait, touching each other all along their course, but not commingling, with everywhere the line of contact not indefinite, but sharply defined.

The Buyouk Gueuk Sou takes its rise in the inland forest of Alem Dagh, which is far more extensive, and contains larger trees, than the European forest of Belgrade. The plains along its banks are vaunted by the Eastern poets as little inferior to the fields of paradise, and as superior to the three paradises of earth,—the plain of Damascus, the vale of Mecca, and the meadow of Shaab Beram in Southern Persia. Gueuk Sou would be hardly less beautiful if it revealed nowhere the touch of a human hand. Its loveliness it owes to Nature, whose work no art can emulate. Nevertheless, the features added by man, the ancient castle, the Ottoman cemetery, with carved and painted sepulchral stones,

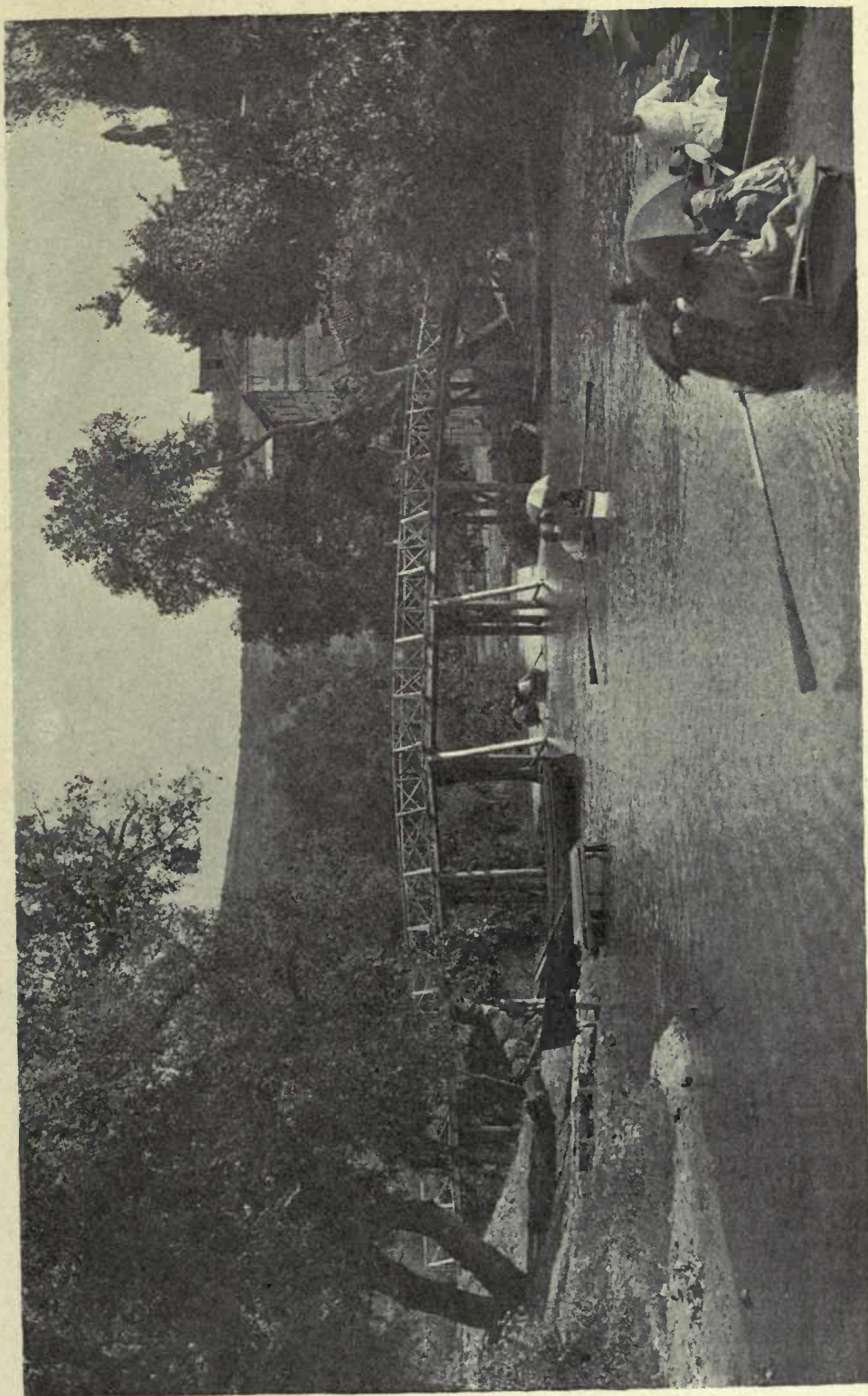
“Where white and gold and brilliant hue  
 Contrast with Nature’s gravest glooms,  
 As these again with heaven’s clear blue,”

the rustic bridges, the picturesquely scattered and quaintly constructed buildings, are in harmony with the natural background, and enhance the whole effect. They do not seem creations, but spontaneous and appropriate growths.

Which of the different plains, or what part of the river-bank is the more delightful, it is impossible to say. The Greeks love best to stroll and sing in the wooded recesses far up the stream, where the great trees touch the waters with their pendent branches. Foreign residents instinctively disembark at the broken landing near the upper bridge, and wander towards the left. The plain, which fronts the Bosphorus between the two river-mouths, is dearest to the Ottomans.

The latter has been for centuries the favorite pleasure-ground of the higher class of Ottoman ladies, and, with





THE SWEET WATERS OF ASIA

the exception of the Sweet Waters of Europe on the Golden Horn, the most popular resort of the common people. Formerly on every Friday in spring and summer it was thronged by thousands.

“Sherbet and song and-roses, with a love-smile flashed between.”

Though of late years the numbers have largely decreased, every week crowds flock to it still. From an Oriental



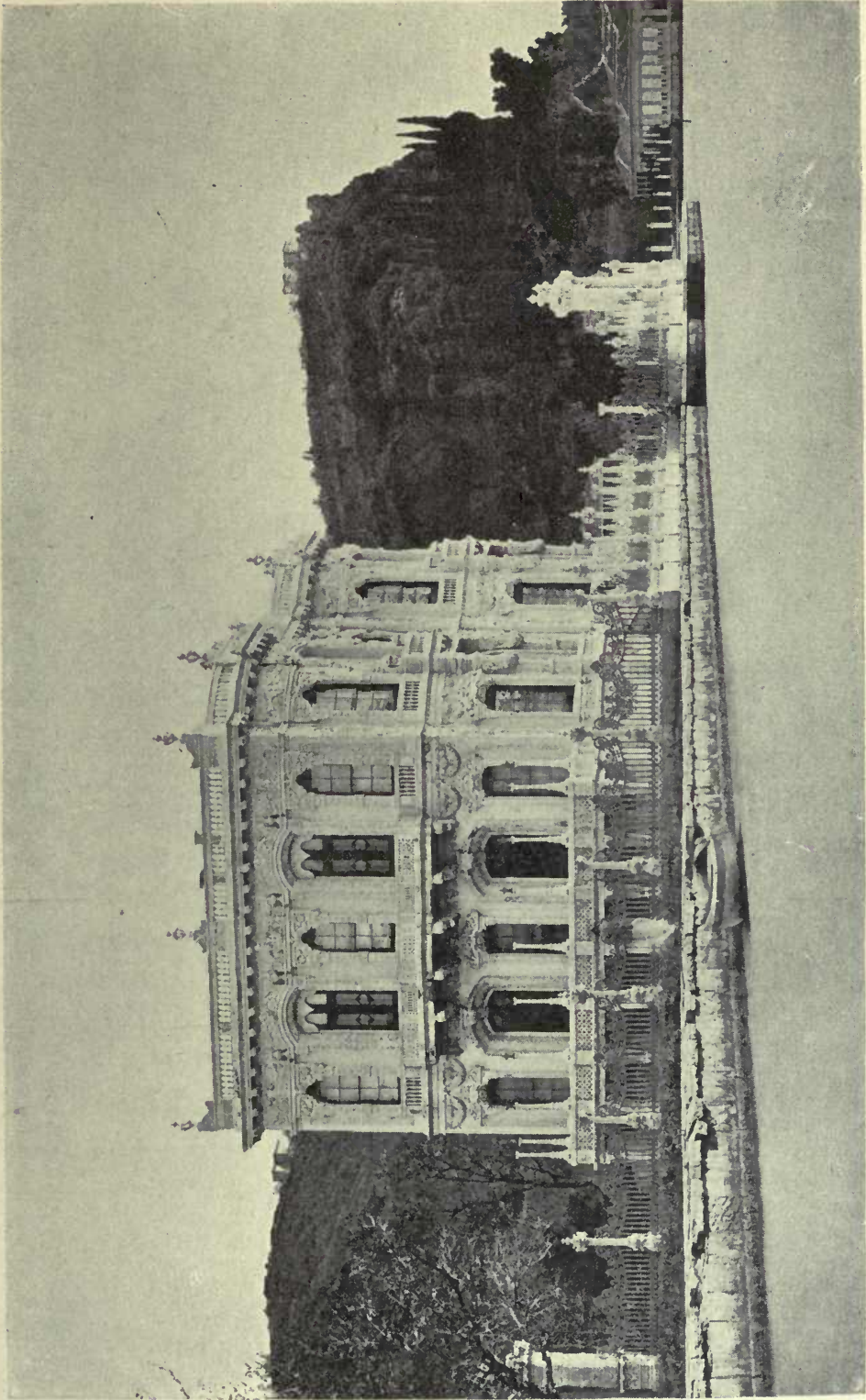
THE FOUNTAIN OF GUEUK SOU

fountain one may draw the clearest and coldest water. A plain white marble mihrab fronts Mecca, and indicates the direction whither the prayers of the pleasure-seekers should be addressed. On the south rises the gem-like kiosk, erected in 1853, for Sultan Abd-ul Medjid.

There his refined and sensitive nature took greater delight than in his showier and more oppressive palaces. This kiosk has become the guest-house, where are commonly entertained those foreign princes whose rank is inferior to that of reigning sovereigns. Alexander, Prince of Bulgaria, Milan, Prince of Servia, Nicolas, Prince of Montenegro, Rassam Khan, Commander of the Persian army and also one of the seven-score uncles of the Shah, have been among its more recent occupants.

The outlook upon the Bosphorus is most magnificent.





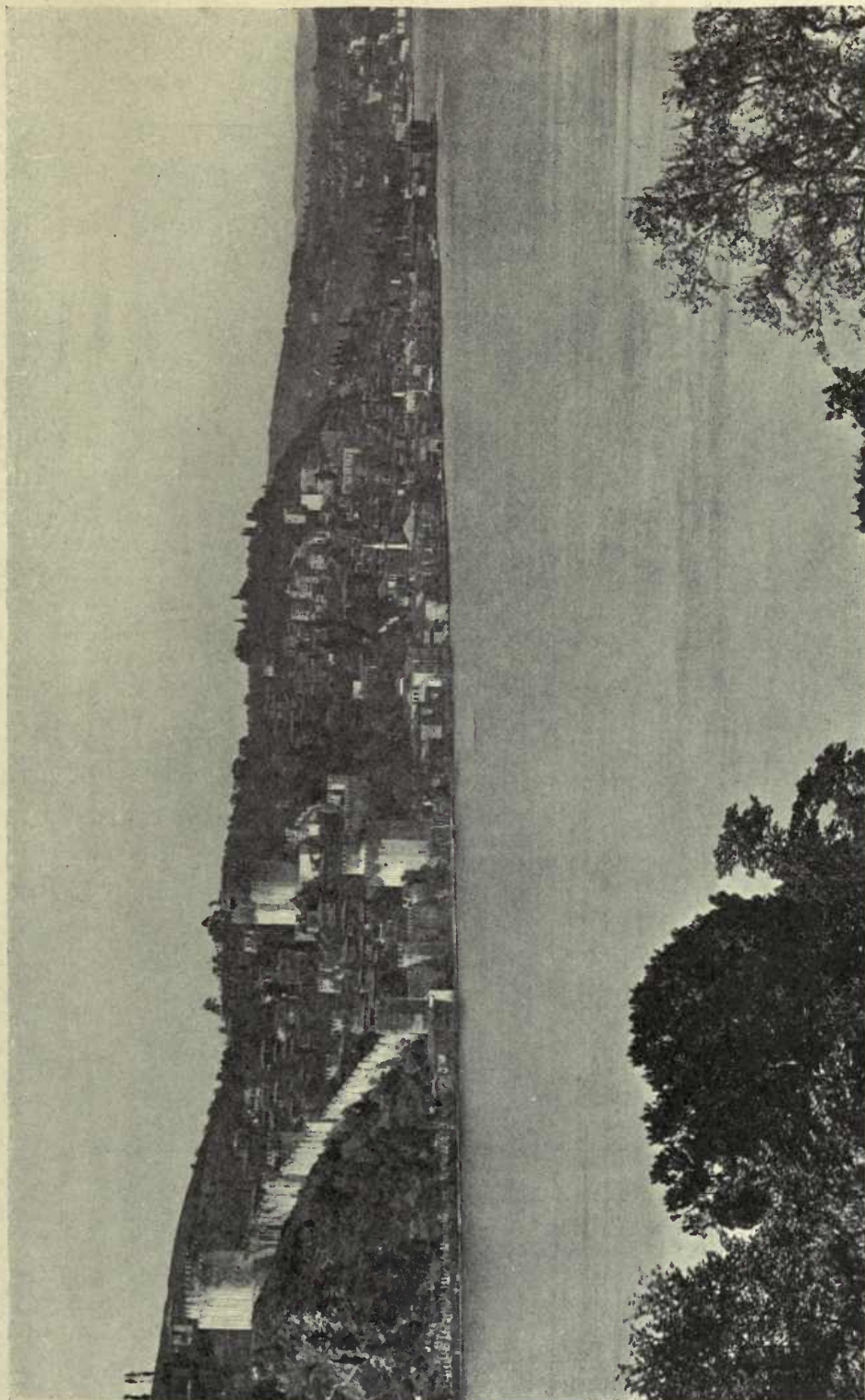
THE KIOSK AT GUEUK SOU

The enchanting trend of the opposite shore comprises the promontory of Arnaoutkeui, the lovely bay of Bebek, and the whole populated sweep northward to Yenikeui. Most prominent and most grand of all is the mighty outline of Mohammed's Fortress, shut within the sublime silhouette of the European hills which bound the western sky.

The genius of General Wallace has invested the White Castle of Anadoli Hissar with a peculiar romantic and poetic interest. His marvellous tale of the "Prince of India" is equally faithful to local topography and to the spirit of that age which it portrays. His characters, whether historic or fictitious, vibrate with all the more reality because the great master never trespasses upon truth in the least physical detail, but describes the rock, the stream, the hill, every feature of the landscape which he touches, with Homeric accuracy. So, as one enters now the river-mouth, between its wide extended osier-banks, the Castle becomes visible from base to upper merlon; in front rises the single, solitary peak that for a time held back the storm from Lael, and the sea-birds congregate around, as of old, in noisy flocks.

Where every natural feature remains unchanged, it seems as if the human actors in the absorbing story were existent and only waiting to reappear. One glances northward, half-expectant of the troop of martial riders, and backward to the west, for the swiftly coming boat of the Princess Irene and the Russian monk. He populates the Castle, now silent, cold, deserted, with its tumultuous, yet obsequious throng. The sounds, which on the ear of fancy break the stillness, are the strange wooing of Mohammed with the tale of Hatim and the astrologic lore of the Prince of India. But the conclusion of the dreamer's argument is as iridescent now as four and a half centuries





VIEW OF ROUMELI HISSAR FROM CANDILI

ago: "Titles may remain, Jew, Moslem, Christian, Buddhist, but there shall be an end of all wars for religion. All mankind are to be brethren in Him. Unity in God, and from it, a miracle of the ages slow to come, but certain, the evolution of peace and good-will amongst men." It was astounding doctrine for the gray fortress to hear, and yet no less unfamiliar there than elsewhere in the world.

South of the plain of Gueuk Sou extends the long, high slender plateau of Kandili, the Lantern. If the tales of the Ottomans are true, the word Kandili has another and a darker meaning as the Tongue of Blood. They say that during the plague of 1637, Mourad IV passed the summer here, and that his inhuman cruelty gave to the tongue-like cape its sanguinary name.

Over the top of the hill spreads the enormous palace of Adileh Sultana, sister of Sultan Abd-ul Medjid and of Sultan Abd-ul Aziz, and daughter of Mahmoud II. From this height, Haroun al Rashid caught his first glimpse of the Bosphorus. Nowhere could he have enjoyed a more imperial view. His glance embraced the greater part of the strait, and included a portion of the Marmora and the mediæval Byzantine capital.

See the grand Haroun al Rashid ride once more through Kandili,  
Clad in justice as in armor, girt by lords of high degree:  
While the tales of childhood's bosom, gorgeous feasts and glorious  
    fights,  
Trooping, pour through memory's temple from the old Arabian  
    Nights.

Here the gifted Melling found the richest field for his artistic genius; and his great work is full of pictures taken from this point.



The charming fountain in the market is the votive offering of an Ottoman lady, Khadidjah Khanoum, on her recovery from chronic disease. On the shore is the palace of the versatile Moustapha Fazil Pasha, brother of Ismail Pasha, the Khedive of Egypt, and according to the customs of Mussulman succession, heir to the Egyptian vice-regal throne. The village is the residence of a cosmopolitan native and foreign community, among whom are English and Italian families of prominence. Here the British Consul, Mr Charles James Tarring, composed his work on "British Consular Jurisdiction in the East." The houses upon the quay are endangered by their nearness to the water, the bowsprits of vessels being often forced against them by the current, which is here more rapid than elsewhere on the Asiatic side.

A sudden bend in the shore forms the bay of Vanikeui, named from a wealthy Ottoman, who owned all the adjacent region. The ancient name of the village, Nikopolis, City of Victory, was given in memory of some long-since-forgotten triumph.

Then follows a serrated line of tiny capes and bays. Along the shore, in summer, groups of Ottoman ladies sit the whole day long, seldom speaking, seldom moving, content with the luxury of existence, rapt in silent contemplation of the landscape, to which they themselves impart an added charm.

A narrow road zigzags behind Vanikeui up the hill to the site of an imperial kiosk. Nothing remains of its former grandeur except sombre stone-pines and a crumbling terrace. Here Prince Souleïman, a young man twenty-one years old and of unusual promise, was hidden in 1515 by officers of the palace, and remained secretly confined for over twenty months. Sultan Selim I, the slayer of

his father and of his only brother, had taken umbrage at the presence of his son and heir. To his gloomy soul, that son's existence was the constant reminder of his own mortality, and the threat of a successor. So, when about to march against Persia and Egypt, he gave orders that Souleïman should be put to death. The officers affected to obey, but, at peril of their lives, concealed the prince. When Selim returned in triumph, the dark fit had passed, and he rejoiced unspeakably that Souleïman was still alive.

West of the terrace and the pines is the fire-tower or signal-station, where every conflagration in the city is announced by seven discharges of a cannon. At night, additional fire-signals indicate the locality of the disaster. There, too, during the month of Ramazan, a cannon is discharged at sunset to declare that that day's rigorous fast is done. No music was ever so anxiously and so impatiently awaited, or ever fell on so willing ears, as its deep boom on the sullen, famishing tens of thousands. As the first note falls, the entire aspect of the Mussulmans changes. The ready glass of water is quaffed, the bit of bread is snatched, the cigarette is lighted, and a deep, silent hilarity takes possession of all.

At the foot of the hill are the vine-embowered dwellings of Koulehli, or The Tower. The name is derived from a formidable pile built by Souleïman I, which, after having stood erect two hundred years, was torn down to furnish materials for the Palace of Achmet III at the Sweet Waters on the Golden Horn. Here are spacious and well-kept cavalry barracks, dating from 1827.

Here is the Ayasma or Holy Fountain of Saint Athanasios, greatly revered by the Greeks. It is the only relic of the Church of the Archangel Michael, founded by Con-



stantine, and of the illustrious monastery built around it, and dedicated to the Holy Virgin of Metanoia or Repentance, by the Empress Theodora. Few women have ever equalled the consort of Justinian in active sympathy for, and endeavors to assist, the needy or unfortunate of her own sex. Nor were her efforts limited to any one class of women or to any one form of feminine suffering. Here she founded an asylum for outcasts, the most despised, over whom she extended her personal supervision and care. Speedily more than five hundred repentant Magdalens found a refuge in this peaceful retreat. This monastery was one of the noblest monuments of that glorious dual reign of Justinian and Theodora.

Tchenghelkeui, the Village of the Anchor, attributes its name to Mohammed II. In his boyhood he there discovered a small iron anchor, which he regarded as an auspicious omen for his future career.

Under every form of government, and through every change of dynasty, Beylerbey has well deserved its name, which signifies the Abode of Princes. It was dearly loved by the Byzantine emperors and by the Ottoman sultans. Its history is summed up in the names and the dates of construction and demolition of its many palaces. In 1718, after the disastrous treaty of Passarovitch, it was commonly believed that the Ottomans were exhausted from poverty and weakness, and that the end of the Empire was near. The Grand Vizir, Damat Ibrahim Pasha, strained every nerve to conceal the calamities of war, and to impress the European ambassadors with the immense resources still remaining to the Sultan. He began a series of apparently prodigal, yet shrewdly planned constructions, recalling the days of Souleïman the Magnificent. With seeming utter carelessness of cost, he covered Beylerbey

with edifices of every sort. So splendid did the village become, and the centre of so much activity, that for a time its common name was Pherrach Pheza, the Increase of Joy. The admirable mosque, now standing on the site of one

earlier built by Achmet I, was erected by Abd-ul Hamid I in 1776.

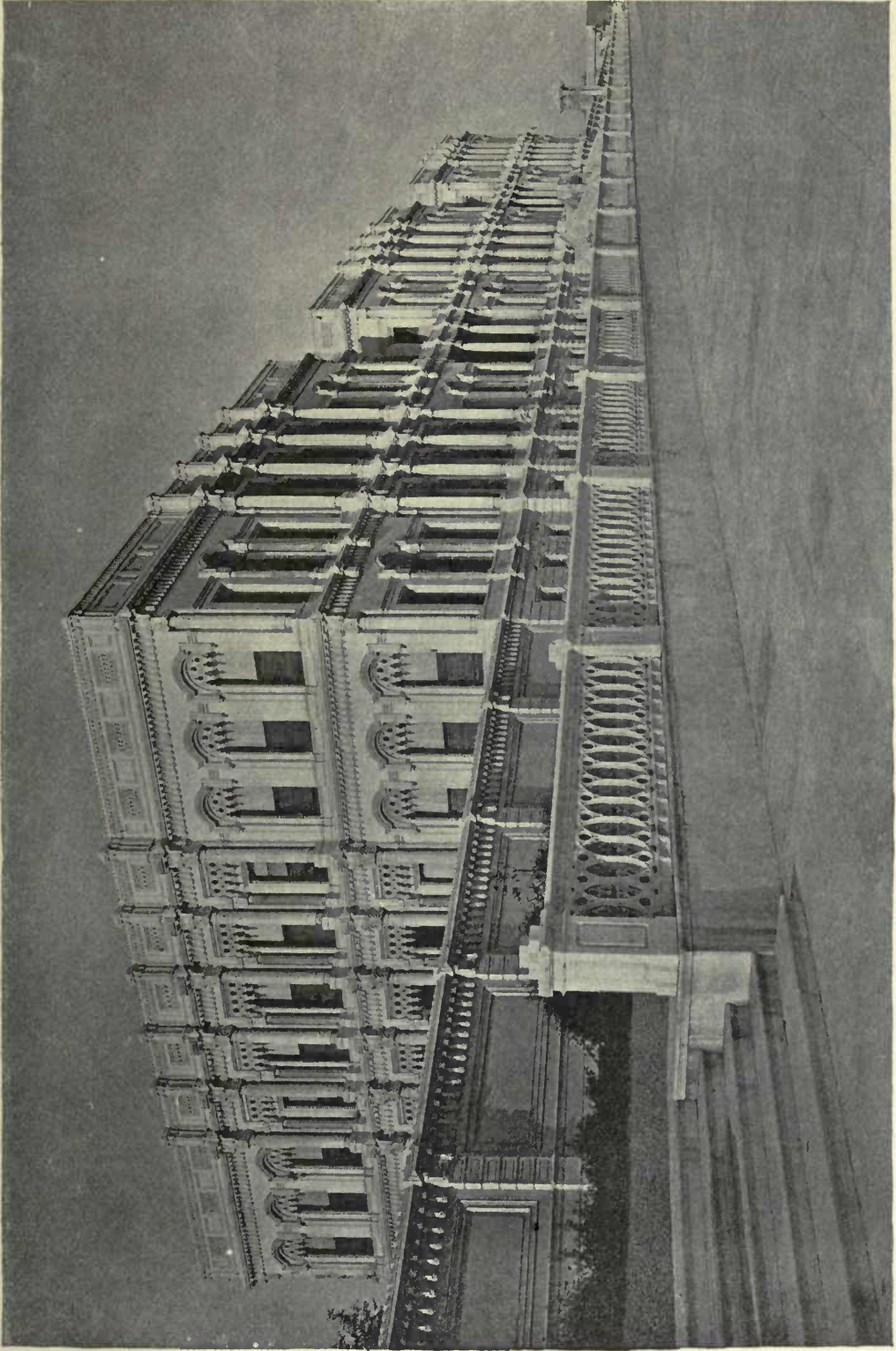


ABD-UL HAMID I

But everything else paled before the palace, raised on the water's edge in 1830 by Mahmoud II. When Larmartine beheld it, he exclaimed in ecstasy that its peer did not exist in Europe. What would have been the rhapsody of the poet-statesman of France could he have looked on the fairy-like creation that to-day occupies the spot! Its predecessor, built of wood, could not content Sultan Abd-ul Aziz.

Shortly after his accession, he tore it down, and began the construction of Beylerbey Serai, the Palace of Beylerbey. This remains, the fairest architectural achievement of his reign and the most beautiful structure on the Bosphorus. It is a pile of the purest, snowiest marble. No other Ottoman edifice so combines what is





THE PALACE OF BEYLERBEY

most exquisite in Eastern and Western architecture and art. The frescos of the upper halls and chambers, elaborate and profuse, are the work of the foremost Italian artists. The great marble hall below, with its colonnades and fountains, is Saracenic in every detail. The mind can conceive nothing more delicious, more luxurious in its simplicity, more satisfying to every sense, than that magnificent hall.

Of recent years, the palace has been devoted to the reception of royal guests. It was the residence of the Empress Eugénie during the greater part of her stay in 1869. The suite of rooms she occupied was furnished in exact reproduction of her private apartments at the Tuileries. Here also were entertained Joseph II of Austria-Hungary, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and Nasr Eddin, the Persian Shah. Over all the palace there now hangs an increasing air of abandonment and neglect. As one admires its loveliness from the water, it is hardly less beautiful to the eye; but every room within bears witness to the fact that the resources of the State are no longer squandered as formerly on imperial bagatelles.

The glorious garden, laid out in 1639 by Mourad IV, and often since beautified and enlarged, spreads over the side and crest of the hill. No mere hasty glance of the favored stranger, permitted to enter its guarded precincts, will reveal its marvels. Moreover, ordinarily the infrequent visitors are more intent on the caged royal tigers of Bengal and on the troops of ostriches, sole reminders of the menagerie of Sultan Abd-ul Aziz, than on the mysteries of glades and walks and sequestered nooks and wonderful outlooks, devised with Oriental skill. Yet all its heightened natural charm could not soothe the moroseness of Mourad IV. As he strolled along the garden, a





A HALL IN THE PALACE OF BEYLERBEY



prey to his own ennui, all light-heartedness and gayety seemed to the sullen monarch a mockery of his gloomy soul. His attendants had orders to shoot down whoever

approached the garden with a happy and contented look.



MOURAD IV

Leila Hanoum gives a fairer picture of the garden's later days in her fascinating romance, "Un Drame à Constantinople." After all, human hearts are much the same, whether Christian or Moslem, whether the first real heart-beat

throb in the seclusion of the inviolate harem, or in a Western home. Aïcha Hanoum and the gallant Salaeddin, with a brighter memory, though it be all of romance, have exorcised the hill from the dark shadow of the misanthrope.

South of Beylerbey are the cape and harbor of Stauros, the Village of the Cross. The Ottomans have retained the ancient name, but, unable to pronounce an initial s



followed by a consonant, have made of it *Istavros*. Man, encroaching upon the water, has almost filled the bay and straightened the former concave line of the shore. Here, according to tradition, after his work at *Foundoukli* was done, the Apostle Andrew lingered while on his way to Russia. Here, close to the water's edge, he planted a gigantic cross; and the early converts swore that they would be faithful to the new faith as long as the sacred symbol remained in place. Here, in the bright imperial day of Christianity, Constantine founded the Church of the Crucifixion and surmounted it with a golden cross, which the ships saluted as they passed. Here remains are still identified of the Orphanage of Saint Paul, one of the largest among the many philanthropic institutions of the mediæval city.

The village of *Kouskoundjouk* spreads along the Bosphorus and far up the hill, covering the sides of a deep and many-ridged ravine. The unsavory stream, which dribbles down in a half-dry, slimy bed, is the ancient *Chrysokeramos*. The place teems with population, mostly Armenians and Jews. Its Armenian Church of Saint Gregory the Illuminator is an architectural curiosity, being the only Armenian sanctuary in the capital which is surmounted by a dome.

The Greek Church of Saint Pantelemon preserves the name, and perhaps occupies the site, of one of the most historic churches in Constantinople. It was founded during the sixth century in that brilliant period of the Justinian dynasty, and was dedicated to the Holy Virgin. Among its cherished relics it claimed remains of Saints Peter and Paul, and of a host of lesser martyrs. Its dependent buildings included a palace and a hospital. Covered with gilded tiles, it was deemed a marvel as it flashed the sunlight from its burnished roof.

Thither the Emperor, whose life was a prescribed and often tedious ritual, came in state by sea on the twenty-ninth of July, and, disembarking near the present steamer landing, rode upon a war-horse to the church's door. Afterwards it became a female monastery, where many a princess, weary of the world or survivor of a fallen dynasty, shaved her head and assumed the veil. In it was secretly and hurriedly buried in 842, the brave Theophobos, a Persian prince and brother-in-law of the Empress Theodora, whom with his dying breath the Emperor Theophilos ordered to execution. All the highborn recluses were long ago forgotten, and an ascetic Mussulman of the fifteenth century, Kouskoun, has left his name to the place.

Indicating the boundary line between Kouskoundjouk and Scutari is a tiny bay, so banked in marble as to resemble an artificial basin. To it attaches the most venerable of all the Bosphoric legends. Through unnumbered centuries this has been indicated as the spot where Io, transformed into a cow, plunged into the water, and, crossing in safety to Seraglio Point, bequeathed to the strait the name of Bosphorus, the Ford or Crossing of the Cow. Perhaps the Turkish name of the bay, Okiouz Liman, the Harbor of the Ox, is only a coincidence, but more likely a corrupted survival of the myth. In 1886 the desperate exploit of Io was strikingly repeated. A barge, laden with cattle, was wrecked at the entrance of the little harbor. Several of the cows and oxen swam across, and, like the metamorphosed fair one of Zeus, safely came on shore at Seraglio Point.



## SCUTARI, CHRYSOPOLIS

THE immense triangular promontory which terminates the Asiatic shore, where Asia advances farther west than elsewhere along the Bosphorus, is crowded with the dwellings and graves of Scutari. Packed in through the wide extent the houses of the living press against one another, and the measureless cemetery is even more distended with the elbowing, superposed habitations of the dead. In a place so seething with humanity, one individual life appears of little moment, while the millions, resolved to their native dust, strip death of terror and leave it only monotonous.

Certain quarters are inhabited by Greeks and Armenians whose central points are their churches of the Prophet Elijah and Saint Paraskeve and of the Holy Cross and Saint Garabet. On the highest eminence of the city are the homes of many American Protestant missionaries. Situated on a splendid site is the admirable American College for Young Women, whence, as also from the homes of the missionaries a beneficent nineteenth-century influence radiates to the farthest corners of the Empire. Yet these native and foreign Christian factors, discordant with the general atmosphere, by sharper contrast emphasize the fact that Scutari is, above all other quarters of the capital, Ottoman, Oriental, Mussulman. From its height it regards Stamboul askance as renegade in customs and temporizing in ideas and faith. Galata-Pera it disdains with a fanaticism that never grows cold, and with resentment at its commercial prosperity and its financial and political power.

Its cemetery is at once its most prominent and most

typical characteristic and possession. Generations before the accession of Mohammed II, the Mussulmans were buried here. After the downfall of the Byzantine Empire, although the entire Bosphorus had accepted the sway of the sultans, this cemetery continued the favorite place of interment for the wealthy, the powerful, and the holy. The life might be passed on European soil, but the last wish of many a dying Mussulman was to sleep in the continent, sanctified by its holy cities of Mecca, Medina, and Jerusalem. From the days of their earliest European triumphs a tradition has existed among the Ottomans that a time was fixed in the book of Fate when, stripped of their ephemeral possessions in the west, their descendants should return to their native continent. They shrunk at the foreboding that some day the graves of their dead in Europe would be trampled by a victorious foreign heel. Millions have indeed on the other side of the strait been buried near the scenes where they lived and died. Nevertheless, an interminable procession of dead has filed from Stamboul and the western shore of the Bosphorus to this hallowed spot.

“ For here, whate’er his life’s degree,  
The Muslim loves to rest at last,  
Loves to recross the band of sea  
That parts him from his people’s past.  
’T is well to live and lord o’er those  
By whom his sires were most renowned,  
But his fierce heart finds best repose  
In this traditionary ground.”

Nowhere else, till within recent years, has the custom been so well observed of setting out a cypress at the birth, and another at the death, of every Mussulman. The hardy tree grudgingly strikes its young roots into the



ground, and only a small proportion survive of those thus planted by pious care. Yet the stranger, with faint conception of the myriads reposing in this cemetery, is almost ready to imagine that the mouldering forms below, and the creaking dismal trees above, are of equal number. As from a distant land one's mind turns back to memories of that mighty hill, the waving, funereal forest stands forth, solitary and distinct, even as its all-pervading majesty dominates alike the living and the dead who rest beneath its shadow.

The meaning of the name Scutari is uncertain. Perhaps it is derived from the Persian *ouskiou*dar, or *astandar*, a messenger, inasmuch as Scutari is the western terminus of the main trans-Anatolian route from Asia. More likely it comes from *scutarii*, the shield-bearing guards, inasmuch as a large detachment of that formidable corps was always stationed here under the earlier emperors. Villehardouin describes almost with glee the good cheer he and his comrades of the Fourth Crusade found at the palace of "Escutaire" in 1203.

Its earliest name was Ouranopolis, the Heavenly City. During the Middle Ages it was often denominated Pera, or Beyond, as the settlement beyond the Bosphorus. To antiquity, and until the fall of the Byzantine Empire, it was commonly known as Chrysopolis, the Golden City, by which name to this day the Greeks fondly call it. The suggestive epithet may be applied on account of its accumulated wealth, or because of the treasures stored here by the Persians during their march against the Scythians five hundred and twelve years before Christ. Another derivation links it with the Trojan War, as Chrysopolis, the City of Chryses. He was the son of Agamemnon and of the maiden Chryseis, whose captivity roused the wrath

of Apollo in answer to her father's prayer, and introduces the Iliad. According to the myth, Chryses, while fleeing the pursuit of Egisthos and Clytemnestra, and seeking his half-sister, Iphigenia, died, and was buried here.

At first it was hardly more than a dependence of Chalkedon. The Athenians, during their brief supremacy, surrounded it with walls, and built a custom-house, where all ships sailing to or from the Black Sea were obliged to pay toll. Xenophon and his Ten Thousand remained here a week, finding a market for their booty. Here in 323 the hosts of Paganism, marshalled for a last hopeless battle, and led by the aged Emperor Licinius, were defeated by the forces of Constantine. Sometimes, during their wars with the Byzantine Empire, the Persians obtained possession of the city; and once, during the reign of the terrible Khosroes II, they held it almost an entire decade. When, after a frightful struggle, the Persian Empire was shattered, and Khosroes dead, and Heraklios returned at the head of his legions to Chrysopolis, no ordinary passage of the Bosphorus was appropriate to such a victory. A temporary bridge was constructed from the Asiatic shore to Seraglio Point, and over it the Emperor and his army made their triumphal entry.

Here, less than a hundred years ago, converged the great caravan routes, which, winding through Asia Minor from Syria and Arabia, from Persia and India, directed hither the rarest and most precious productions of the East. The khans of Scutari were then vast and numerous. Their chambers were always crowded with camel-drivers and merchant princes, and their courts were heaped with countless bales of costly merchandise. Changes in navigation, and the consequent growth of other ports,



have bereft the city of her former revenues, and she sits upon her hill neglected and despoiled.

Almost sole reminder of the long sumpter trains of camels, which strode in continuous files through her streets, it is from Scutari that the Sacred Caravan begins each year its old-time, weary march to Mecca. At its head paces the Sacred Camel, which has been brought from the Sultan's palace, laden with the offerings of the Sultan. Then follows a motley throng of fezzed and turbaned men, with closely shaven heads, and in all variety of attire. This is the official and ceremonious departure; but the practices even of Islam have been modified by the inventions and appliances of the West. Few of the devotees are to make the toilsome, dangerous pilgrimage on foot. They, and even the Sacred Camel, a little farther on will be embarked on foreign vessels and transported to the shores of Arabia by the power of steam.

Scutari possesses many baths, fountains, hospitals, and schools, and every possible institution of Mussulman beneficence.

Second only to its cemetery in impressiveness are its mosques, which, with their vast and shady courtyards, occupy most delightful situations. Were Stamboul, with its larger and more elaborate structures, not so prominent in the horizon, these monuments of art and piety would awaken universal interest and admiration. Five are the work of validehs, or sultanas, who had seen their sons ascend the throne. They are the tribute of maternal gratitude as well as of religious devotion.

Eski Valideh Djami, the Old Mosque of the Valideh, is surrounded by an enormous courtyard, in the quietest, dreamiest, most slumberous quarter of Scutari. It was completed in 1583 by Safieh, Sultana of Selim II, and mother

of Mourad III. Its mihrab, of unusual depth and peculiar form, resembles the apse of a church. Its fountain is a gem of originality and quaintness. Yeni Valideh Djami, the New Mosque of the Valideh, was built by the beautiful Rebieh Goulnous, the Rose-Water of Spring. This lady's life presents strange vicissitudes. The daughter of a village Greek priest, she was passionately loved by Mohammed IV. After his deposition, she was kept in strict confinement for eight years at Eski Serai. Meanwhile, Souleiman II and Achmet II occupied the throne. The accession of her son Moustapha II, in 1695, restored her to liberty and power. During the remaining twenty years of her life she enjoyed with him, and with her second son, Achmet III, that unbounded influence which the filial devotion of the Ottoman Sultan always accords his mother. Her mosque, begun in 1707, required four years for completion.

Tchinili Djami, the Tile Mosque, was erected by Machpeiker, Sultana of Achmet I. Both outside and inside it is lined with Persian tiles, so rare and precious that the heart of a connoisseur throbs with covetousness and envy. Ayasma Djami, erected on the site of a Holy Fountain, by Moustapha III, to the memory of his mother, Emineh Sultana, stands on a high bluff close to the water, and serves as a beacon to ships on the Marmora. The Mosque of Selim III, on the right of the prodigious barracks, is the most costly and pretentious edifice in Scutari.

The finest and oldest of all is that erected by Souleiman I in 1547, to gratify his beloved daughter, Mihrima Sultana. It is situated on the long-ago filled-up harbor, once so ample that in it the Athenians constantly maintained a fleet of thirty ships. It is called Buyouk Djami, or the Large Mosque, from its size, and Iskelessi Djami,



or the Mosque of the Landing, as being close to the local steamer-pier. Its poetic name of Ibrik Djami supposes its shape to resemble that of an inverted water-jar.

Scutari is the stronghold of the dervishes. Of their more than two hundred tekieh in Constantinople a large proportion are located here. The most notable are those of the Halvetis and Roufaïs. In the mosque of the former is chanted every midnight the temdjid, or petition for divine pity upon persons who cannot sleep. This prayer can be repeated only here and in Sancta Sophia, except that, during the fast of Ramazan, it may be offered anywhere at will.

The Tekieh of the Roufaïs is on the outer western edge of the great cemetery. Graves of deceased dignitaries of the order line the path to it from the street. It is a low, rectangular, two-storied building. The larger part of the ground-floor is occupied by the main hall, surrounded by a gallery for spectators. The worship of the Roufaïs has its principal outward manifestation in the frenzied ejaculation of sacred names or words, whence has been applied to them their common foreign title of Shouting or Howling Dervishes. Their full service lasts more than three hours, but is sometimes abridged. Formal rites of obeisance to their sheik and intoning Persian and Arab chants precede the forming of a circle round the room. They stand, pressed against one another, shoulder to shoulder, with eyes constantly closed. Slowly they begin to swing from side to side in perfect harmony, holding the right foot immovable, but advancing and retreating sideways with the left. Meanwhile they shout "ya Allah" and "ya hou." As the frenzy grows, sobs and groans mingle with their cries. As they become wrought to madness, the Mussulman spectators are affected by the

delirium and spring from the gallery to join the line. The mad shout, at first clear and distinct, becomes, on lips dripping with foam, a muffled roar, a sort of pandemoniac yell, which resembles nothing human. More than one dervish, at last physically exhausted, reels forward, and falls in a fit of ecstasy. Afterwards those still possessed of their self-control leap and beat the floor with their feet, and howl even louder. Often after conclusion of the exercises, children, and most frequently babes, are brought in, and placed face downward upon sheepskins. Then the Sheik arises and walks upon them with great tenderness and care, being supported on each side by a dervish. This peculiar application of his presumably holy feet is regarded as beneficial to the child; and the strange thing is that the children never seem to be injured by the process.

Around the walls of every Roufaï tekieh may be seen hanging numerous instruments of torture. Their use is now prohibited; but in former times they were employed in self-torment weekly by eager votaries. The zealots cooled red-hot irons in their flesh, and held them in their mouths, and drove knives through their cheeks and arms and thighs. These instruments they called giuller, or roses, from the fowl theory that, as the perfume of a rose is agreeable to man, so a wound self-inflicted with the idea of worship is grateful to God.

According to the Roufaïs, constant repetition of the name of God must be acceptable in His ears,—most acceptable when most vehement and loud. In the East, as among the classic Greeks and Romans, it has always been believed that frenzy and inspiration are the same, or at least akin. As the Christian, shocked and saddened, passes from the steaming hall, he should remember, be-



fore he disdains the Moslem, and exalts himself, that practices and rites equally unnatural and grotesque have been tendered in the name of worship by the fanatics of Christianity.

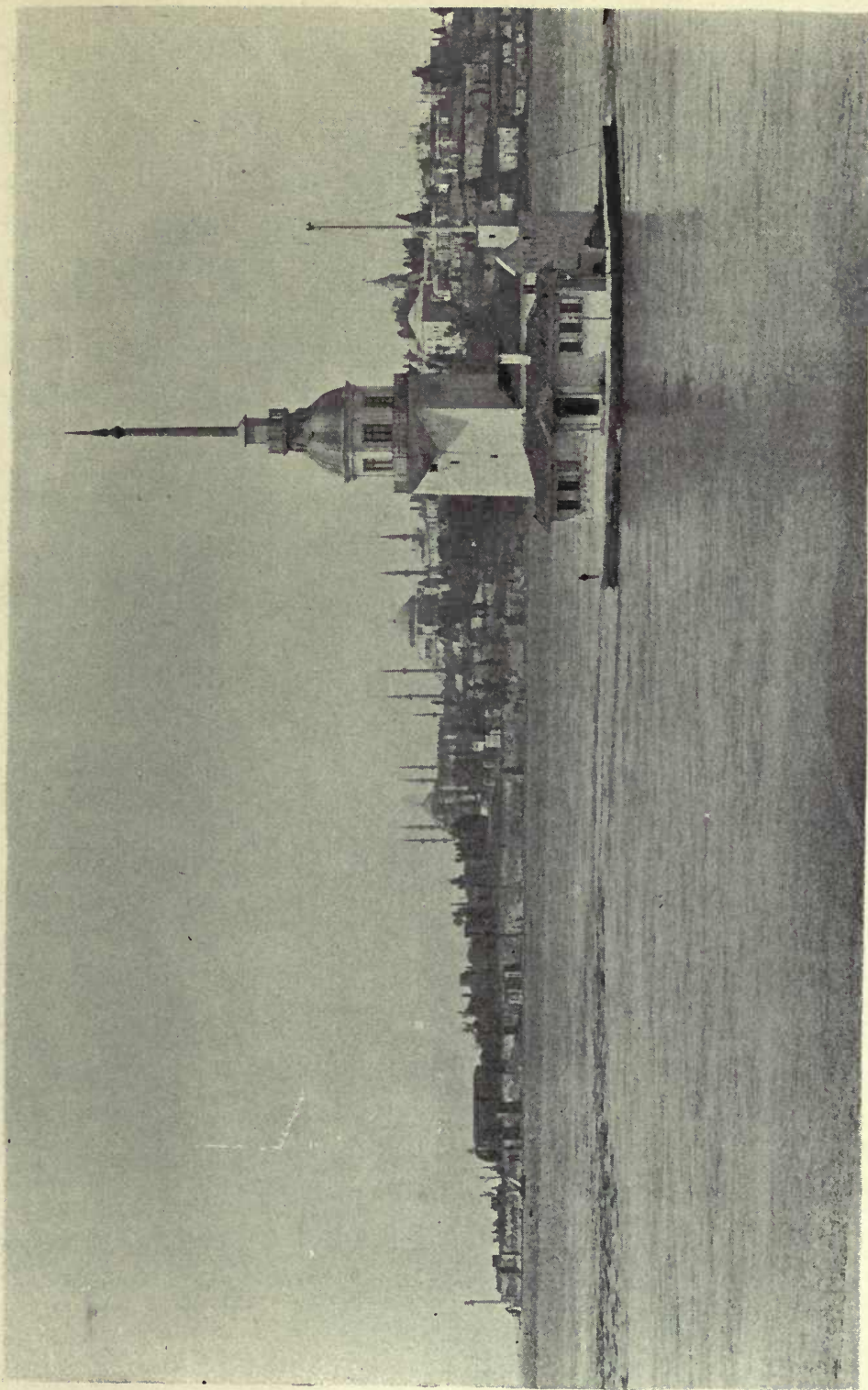
A furlong distant from the extreme west point of Scutari, there rises, on a little island in the Bosphorus, the white, high, spired edifice called by the Ottomans Kiz Kouleh, or the Maiden's Tower. Centuries ago, to a sultan a child was born, of whom wise men read in the stars that she should become the most beautiful maiden in the world, but should die from the bite of a serpent before completing her eighteenth year. Her father believed he could baffle fate by the erection of this tower. Therein, before reaching girlhood, she was confined with devoted attendants. Soon the fame of her wonderful and increasing beauty spread till it captivated the son of the Shah. He fled from Teheran in disguise, and passed his nights in singing Persian love-songs under her window. His infatuation increased, though not even a glimpse of her white hand rewarded his ardor. Meanwhile the maiden fell as desperately in love with her suitor, whose form she saw distinctly and many times from her latticed window.

At last, but twenty-four hours were needed to complete the fateful eighteen years. The lover grew bold, and sent her a basket of Persian roses. As the princess hung over them in delight, a tiny serpent darted from their dewy recesses and fastened upon her arm. The prince, still lingering and singing in his boat, knew from the shrieks and sudden commotion that something terrible had occurred. Springing to land, he found all vigilance relaxed, and rushed to the maiden's chamber, where she lay dying. Asking only that they might perish together, he began to suck the poison from the wound, and thus saved her life.

The astrologers declared that fate had been fulfilled, that the maiden had indeed died, but that love had conquered death. The Sultan accorded the suitor his daughter's hand; away they sped to the Persian court, and lived there happy ever after. The names of the sultan, prince, and princess are omitted in the legend, and are unchronicled by history.

The authentic history of the island does begin with a true tale of love, though one having a sadder ending. Chares, Admiral of the Athenian fleet, which sailed to assist Byzantium against the Macedonian Philip, was accompanied by his wife, Damalis. On arrival here, she sickened and died. Chares, less happy than the Persian lover, could summon her back with no kisses, however ardent. On this island he reared her stately mausoleum. In the marble image of a cow, placed on a shaft above the Athenian lady's tomb, and also in the grotesque punning of her epitaph, almost impossible of translation, is indicated, in a manner common to the ancients, that the word "damalis" is both a woman's name and the Greek for cow. "I am not the image of Io, neither from me does the opposite Bosphoric Sea derive its name. Her the heavy wrath of Hera persecuted of old. This is my monument. I the dead am an Athenian woman. I was the consort of Chares when he sailed hither to contend against the ships of Philip. I then might be called Damalis, but now the consort of Chares; and I enjoy the sight of both continents." Athens itself could have given her sailor's wife no sepulchre more magnificent than this. Every vestige of the monument disappeared apparently before the Christian era; but for centuries afterwards the island rock and the nearest point on the mainland were called by the name of Damalis.





THE MAIDEN'S TOWER

Across the island from Chrysopolis to the Tower of Mangana on Seraglio Point stretched the chain which in case of need closed the Bosphorus. Upon the island partly rested the temporary bridge, over which Heraklios and his victorious army returned from Persia. It was connected with the mainland by a mole, half-sunken blocks of which are still seen. Various fortresses, always strong, though of small proportions, were constructed upon it by the Byzantine emperors. In the one last erected, Dr Neale, in his romance of "Theodora Phranza," lays the dramatic scene of the conspiracy when, at the supreme crisis of 1453, he imagines some of the foremost citizens plotting the fall of the capital. That fortress was destroyed by Mohammed II, and one after another has been built and demolished since. The present structure is the work of Mahmoud II. This is often called Leander's Tower by Europeans, who thus by a strange blunder of locality transfer to the Bosphorus a familiar legend of the Hellespont. It served as a plague hospital in 1836, where pure breezes were thought to accomplish many a cure. It is now employed only as a lighthouse; the island in its old days, whether site of mausoleum or of maiden's bower, was never devoted to a nobler purpose. The novelist, Jules Verne, caps the climax of an impossible story by wheeling his hero, Keraban l'Inflexible, from Scutari to Stamboul upon a rope, suspended from the top of the Maiden's Tower to the mainland on either side.

The great plain of Haïdar Pasha lies in the southern outskirts of Scutari, bounded by the solemn cypresses of the Mussulman cemetery. It is now traversed by the Anatolian Railway, which passes close to the classic Fountain of Hermagoras, and the station and terminus of which are a little farther north. Here every Ottoman army as-



sembled before undertaking an expedition to the East. Here Conrad III, with his German host of the Second Crusade, encamped in 1147, just as Walter the Penniless and Peter the Hermit and Godfrey of Bouillon, with their various detachments, had done fifty years before. The wit of Sir Walter Scott, in "Count Robert of Paris," begins from Haïdar Pasha the ludicrous but chivalric backward march of Tancred and his volunteers, to insure fair fight to the Lady Brenhilda.

The exquisite Bay of Haïdar Pasha is sometimes considered the southern limit of the Bosphorus. Formerly it bore the name of Rufinus, the all-powerful Prefect of the East under Theodosius the Great and Arcadius. On its banks he erected a magnificent summer palace. The plateau which rises steeply above the bay is dear to the hearts of Englishmen. It was given by the Ottoman Government to Great Britain as a burial-place of British soldiers and seamen who died in the Crimean War. No cemetery was ever planted on a more superb and glorious spot. Before it spreads Stamboul, the Marmora, and the Asiatic islands and mountain-peaks. Numerous monuments of naval and military officers line the front. Under great swelling mounds in vast pits are interred more than eight thousand nameless British dead. It is a melancholy fact that lack of food and clothing, and inefficiency of administration, did more to pile up those heaps than did the battle-field or natural disease. Towards the centre rises the huge, commemorative granite shaft, designed by Baron Marocheti. A colossal angel, with drooping wings and pen in hand, is represented at each corner. On the sides of the monument are scrolls, bearing memorial inscriptions in English, French, Italian, and Turkish, — the languages of the four nations which combined against

Russia in 1854. The place has become the principal burying-ground of the resident British community. Its natural beauty is enhanced by all that affection, united with taste and opulence, can suggest to render still more wonderful in its loveliness this earthly paradise of the dead.



BRITISH CEMETERY AT SCUTARI AND HOSPITAL OF FLORENCE  
NIGHTINGALE

The square yellow building in the rear, shut off by a high stone wall, awakens memories that are a nation's pride. It is associated with a woman's name,—a synonym of heroism and tenderness,—a name more widely known, and doubtless to be longer cherished in human hearts than that of any titled officer of that wasted war. That building was set apart as a hospital for the British wounded and diseased. In it, by her womanly self-sacrifice, her sympathetic labor, and her strong common-sense,



Florence Nightingale awoke the admiration, and received the gratitude, not only of the suffering and the dying, but of the reverent world.

“Lo! in that house of misery  
A lady with a lamp I see  
Pass through the glimmering gloom,  
And flit from room to room.

“And slow, as in a dream of bliss,  
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss  
Her shadow, as it falls  
Upon the darkening walls.

“On England’s annals, through the long  
Hereafter of her speech and song,  
That light its rays shall cast  
From portals of the past.

“A lady with a lamp shall stand  
In the great history of the land,  
A noble type of good,  
Heroic womanhood.

“Nor even shall be wanting here  
The palm, the lily, and the spear,  
The symbols that of yore  
Saint Filomena bore.”

#### KADIKEUI, CHALKEDON

FARTHER south than Haïdar Pasha, with conflicting claims to be reckoned the farthest quarter of the Bosphorus and the nearest on the Marmora, is Kadikeui, the ancient Chalkedon. It was founded 685 B. C. by a colony from Megaris, who called their infant city, from its situation, Prokerastis, or the Horn-shaped Promontory. This

first name was soon superseded by Chalkedon, for the origin of which many fanciful explanations are given. Perhaps it came from the neighboring stream Khalketis; perhaps from Khalkedon, the mythical son of the mythical Kronos; perhaps from Chalkas, the priest of Apollo.

One early tradition has clung more tenaciously, and is more often repeated, than any other event in its history. When a few years after its foundation another Megarian colony sought from the Delphic oracle direction as to the site of their proposed city, the reply was given with inspired ambiguity that they should build it opposite the City of the Blind. Answered, but no wiser than before, the colonists sailed eastward through the Ægean and the Marmora on an uncertain course. When at last that superb site, then still unoccupied, between the Marmora, the Bosphorus, and the Golden Horn, was revealed to their admiring eyes, they comprehended the meaning of the oracle. Colonists who, when having such a site to choose, had settled at Chalkedon, deserved that their city should be stigmatized forever as the City of the Blind.

An oracle was not long afterwards founded at Chalcedon, which in time became of little less repute than those of Delphi and Dodona.

The city was conquered by the Persians during their march 512 B. C., but was liberated after the battle of Plataea, when it became the unwilling ally of Athens. Throwing off the Athenian yoke, it took sides with Sparta during the Peloponnesian War. Unlike Byzantium, it submitted to Philip of Macedon. Meanwhile, it was the birthplace of Xenocrates the philosopher, and of Thrasy-machos the sophist, both of whom were disciples of Plato. It was fought over by Antiochus the Great, and by the kings of Bithynia. Bequeathed to the Romans by its last



possessor, Nicomedes III, it shortly after saw the Roman Consul Cotta defeated beneath its walls, and was held for a time by Mithridates the Great, King of Pontus. Pompey made it a free city and ally of Rome. For a time it enjoyed prosperity and peace. Its wealth enormously increased. Sixty war-ships could anchor in its artificial harbor, which was formed by two prodigious moles, the outer ends of which at need could be connected by a chain.

A crushing blow was dealt by the Goths in 267 when the city was sacked and the harbor filled up and destroyed. Just a hundred years later Valens, enraged that it had embraced the cause of his rival Procopius, demolished its walls, removing the finest blocks to Constantinople, and building them into his aqueduct. Since then the fortunes of the City of the Blind have been dependent upon those of its old rival, the crowned and imperial Byzantium.

Its ecclesiastical history has largely centred in its Church of Saint Euphemia, first erected by Probos, Bishop of Byzantium, with the materials and on the site of a temple of Aphrodite. The church possessed the right of asylum, and any endangered or persecuted person who entered its narthex was safe. In this church Michael III, the imperial charioteer, the dethroned heir of the dreaded Isaurian dynasty, found a tardy tomb, his despised remains being refused burial on the other side of the strait.

In it convened the Fourth Ecumenical or General Council, consisting of six hundred and thirty bishops and elders, in 451. This council asserted the twofold nature of Christ, condemned the heresy of the monk Eutyches, who held that Christ was altogether and only divine, and gave the Nicene Creed its present form as accepted by the Greek and by many Protestant churches. The Assembly

recognized the five Patriarchates of Rome, Constantinople, Jerusalem, Antioch, and Alexandria, asserted the ecclesiastical equality of the two capitals of the Roman world, but conferred an honorary precedence upon the bishop of the older city.

In Chalkedon the Patriarch John I, familiar to history as Saint John Chrysostom, was condemned, deposed, and ordered into exile at the infamous Synod of the Oak.

For ten years (616–626) Chalkedon was held by the forces of the Persian Shah, Khosroes II. Unable to capture the place by storm or siege, his soldiers had dug a mine nearly half a mile in length from their camp to directly beneath the public square. The thick roots of the numerous plane-trees, wedged together, showed the diggers that they had reached the exact spot. At night they emerged from the ground and overpowered the inhabitants.

The name Kadikeui, the Village of the Judge, commemorates the Kadi or Mussulman Judge, always cited by the Ottomans under his full appellation of Mohammed Ben Phirmouz Ben Ali Effendi, who erected the first mosque after Chalkedon submitted to the Mussulmans. The Church of Saint Euphemia was destroyed by Souleïman the Magnificent, who employed its blocks and columns and a portion of the mediæval city wall in the construction of his imperial mosque.

The description of Tournefort, who said of Kadikeui in 1701, "It is to-day a wretched village of seven or eight hundred fires called Cadiaci," or of Lechevalier, who a hundred years ago describes it as a "miserable village," no longer applies. Though fearfully ravaged by fire in 1860 and 1883, it is growing rapidly. Houses, constantly rising everywhere, give it something of a western appear-



ance. It is well provided with churches and schools. The modern Greek Church of Saint Euphemia is about a third of a mile distant from the former sanctuary, and, by the reverent care of the Greeks, is mainly built from such of its remains as were not utilized by Sultan Souleïman.

Kadikeui is endowed with many charms of situation and landscape. Yet it occupies one of the least desirable localities of the capital. It is parched and dry in summer, and at every season exposed, unprotected, to the south wind, the torturing disagreeableness of which, as it sweeps from the Marmora, can hardly be described.

A delightful driveway along the bluff conducts to the exquisite bay of Moda on the south. Until the coming of the Ottomans, the tiny harbor was called the Port of Eutropius. On a crag above the shore that haughty and supple eunuch, chief minister to the Emperor Arcadius, had built a palace which in luxury and ostentation surpassed the imperial residences of the capital. Under its majestic portal he was put to death. His sudden fall and pitiable flight to the Church of Sancta Sophia inspired Chrysostom with his memorable discourse on the vanity of power, and the historian Gibbon with one of his most dramatic passages.

On the shore, the virtuous Emperor Maurice and his five sons were beheaded by order of the tyrant Phokas. Covered with the blood of his children, which by inhuman cruelty was made to spurt upon him, Maurice repeated at each blow of the ax, "Thou art just, O Lord, and Thy judgments are right." Then the six headless bodies were thrown for final burial into the waters of Moda; but the waves, as if indignant, constantly cast them back upon the sand, and the unwilling executioners had to carry them away. Five years later the same vile tyrant in the same

manner on the same spot beheaded Constantia, the wife of Maurice, and her three daughters, Anastasia, Theokthiste, and Cleopatra. As one gazes now at the calm, landward ripple of the bay over its pearly bottom, it is hard to realize that its pure waters were ever reddened by such horrors. Their sufferings as well as their virtues hallowed the memory of the princesses, and they are inscribed on the calendars of both the Greek and Latin churches as saints.

Beyond the bay widens a beautiful valley, whose existence is attributed by legend to a miracle. The galley, bearing the remains of Saint Chrysostom from the distant scene of his exile and death, on its arrival was forced by a powerful wind away from Byzantium and up the bay of Moda. Shipwreck was certain, when the hillside, reverent to the sacred freight the vessel bore, opened inland, and assured a safe retreat.

Only one promontory more can, by the utmost stretch of imagination, be considered as making part of the shores of the Bosphorus. This is Phanar Bournou, or Phanar Baghtcheh, the Cape or Garden of the Lighthouse, a rock-ribbed, pine-shaded peninsula, almost deserted by human habitations, but thronged by pleasure-seekers on the bright days of the year. It is the ancient Heraion, so called from the Temple of Hera, which stood on the outer, still-seen boulders amid the waves. Hither often came Justinian and Theodora to a palace which they had erected together. Over its main entrance was the inscription, "Upon this famous spot Justinian and Theodora have built, thus adding further beauty to sea and land." In this palace in 754 Constantine V Kopronymos held several sessions of his iconoclastic council, which three hundred and thirty-three bishops attended. In the ninth and



tenth centuries it was successively rebuilt by Basil I and Constantine IX.

Justinian had also constructed an artificial harbor, embraced between two lengthy piers. On the promontory he dedicated three churches, — one to the Holy Virgin, one



PHANAR BOURNOU

to the Prophet Elijah, and one to the Martyr Prokopios. Further, he laid out a Forum, and on its portico placed these words: "O kings, as long as the pole shall draw the stars, time shall forever repeat the story of our virtue, our might, and our achievements." Temple of Hera, palace, churches, Forum of Justinian, later Kiosk of Souleïman II, — all are gone. Only the black and foaming

rocks of the broken piers hint the former imperial magnificence and the exalted visitors of this point, where almost all the ancient and many modern geographers reckon that the Bosphorus begins.

One hour's distance from Scutari, directly east, is the hill of Boulgourlou with its double peak. Though its base is not washed by the waters of the strait, as is the solitary Giant's Mountain, of which it seems the southern counterpart, yet it belongs to the Bosphorus by every association, and constitutes one of the natural glories of its shores. Eight hundred and fifty feet in height, it is the loftiest eminence in the vicinity of the capital.

During the Middle Ages its summit was the imperial bulletin-board, scanned with breathless interest by the Byzantines in time of excitement and war. It was the last of the eight stations which answered to one another across Asia Minor, and, by an established code of ingeniously contrived signal-fires, could flash out a whole narration in its blaze. The history of the Byzantine Empire through hundreds of years, its victories, its disasters, the fall and rise of its dynasties, the gain and loss of its provinces, the early conquests of Islam, the march of the Crusaders, were written here in blazing characters upon the sky. The ignoble Michael III forbade the lighting of these fires during his reign, so that no tidings, either good or bad, should divert the people's attention from his prowess as a charioteer.

The sides of the hill were studded with gardens and villas, and its summit was crowned as now with a grove of thujas and oaks. There the Emperors Tiberios and Maurice built the Palace of Damatrys; the forest planted by Constantine VII clad the slopes. Somewhere near was the Monastery of the Assumption, to which on Assump-



tion Day the whole population of the capital were accustomed to resort and celebrate the festival.

Isolated on the outmost verge was the Lepers' Hospital, founded by the great-hearted patrician Zotikos, whose munificence and generosity caused him to be commonly called the "Father of Orphans." To this asylum John I Zimiskes consecrated one-half his private fortune. When it was destroyed by earthquake, Romanos III rebuilt it with lavish expenditure.

The road to Boulgourlou from Scutari passes through a rich and fertile region, among the most luxuriant vineyards of the capital, and near ornate and elegant kiosks. In one of these summer palaces, on June 30, 1839, the stormy life of Mahmoud II, the Great, the Reformer, came to its close. The attendants, alarmed in the morning at not hearing their master's call, penetrated to his chamber with fear and trembling, and found him dead. He lay as if asleep. Almost the only peaceful event in his reign of one and thirty years was his calm departure from it.

The road ends at a plateau, refreshing even from a distance with its royal sycamores. Beneath their shade bubbles a fountain, the crystal draughts from which are regarded by the Ottomans — connoisseurs of water as other nations are of wine — as more delicious than those from any other spring in the capital. The prolix Dervish Hafiz, in a curious treatise on the "Fountains of Paradise," compares seventeen famous sources, applies to them the eight tests, and concludes that in every respect the water of this fountain is the best of all.

From the plateau one climbs to the top on foot, there to revel in an intoxication of view, "the beauty of which," the clumsy and phlegmatic Pocke exclaims, "cannot be

conceived." It is the vastest, the most comprehensive and extended, the most spectacular, which any point along the Bosphorus affords. He who has never seen it has missed the most marvellous scene on earth. He whose eyes have gazed forth upon its complete magnificence queries afterwards whether it was not all a dream.

“The European with the Asian shore,  
 Sprinkled with palaces; the ocean stream,  
 Here and there studded with a seventy-four;  
 Sophia's cupola with golden gleam,  
 The cypress groves, Olympus high and hoar,  
 The twelve isles and the more than I can dream,  
 Far less describe.”

#### THE PRINCES' ISLANDS

NATURE, insatiable in giving, has diversified the capital not only with the Bosphorus and the Golden Horn, but with the tiny archipelago of the Princes' Islands. More than Ischia and Capri are to Naples, are Khalki, Prinkipo, and their sister islands to Constantinople. They are far less remote from the municipal centre, and form an integral part of the city. The nearest is but four miles distant from Kadikeui, and only little farther from Stamboul.

They were anciently called Demonesoi, from a legendary, or historic, Demonesos, who worked in their stone and metal. The mediæval name, Papadananoi, the Islands of the Priests, and the modern name, Princes' Islands, through the irony of history, have a common meaning and association. During the Byzantine Middle Ages, the monastery was not far distant from the throne. He who, in the evening, wore the imperial golden circlet upon his long



and plaited locks might on the morrow, with shaven head, become the unwilling inmate of a monastic cell. In those days, the islands were seldom sought for pleasure, but were abandoned to monasteries and monks. Hither many a deposed sovereign was exiled, whom, stripped of all that made life desirable, the disdain or humanity of his successor permitted to live. Not one of all the discarded em-



THE PRINCES' ISLANDS

perors imprisoned here, with cowl and cloak, ever went back to his throne. Though almost all the monasteries have crumbled, and only a few inmates wander over the grass-grown paths, the tradition of deposed princes has survived and bestowed upon the islands their present name.

They are nine in number. Two, Pita and Neandros, are destitute of inhabitant or interest. Three, Oxeia, Plati, and Antirovithos, are isolated from the present, but

have each their history of failure and sorrow. Four, Proti, Antigone, Khalki, and Prinkipo, are the chief. They are in daily steam communication with one another and with the other quarters of the capital. The mildness and regularity of their climate render them the healthiest locality in the Empire. Nowhere else along the northern Marmora does the olive-tree grow with such profusion, or yield more generous results. Nothing more ideal can be pictured than the loveliness of these islands in May and June. The hills are covered with pine forests, and the meandering shores are indented with shaded and sequestered bays. Wherever the gaze is turned, beauty confronts the eye. Yet in winter they are almost deserted. The treacherous Marmora suddenly and often cuts off all communication with the outer world. Then, though at sunset the shadow of Stamboul seems to fall upon them, they are practically many leagues away.

Scattered in the sea southeast of the Bosphorus, their rounded forms present a vision of delight. Looked upon from the west, the four chief islands lie spread upon the horizon as if blent in one. Still nearer on the right, Oxeia the Lofty lifts its towering, cone-like rock; while Plati the Flat emerges little above the surface of the water.

Oxeia has for sole inhabitants innumerable flocks of white and dusky sea-birds. A few shapeless remains are left of the once venerated Church of Saint Michael, "supreme chief of heavenly hosts," and of the immense orphan asylum.

Plati was formerly a great rock prison. The gaping mouths of its subterranean dungeons and oubliettes may still be seen. No place of exile was more abhorred by the Byzantines, at once so near the capital, but, to the pris-



oner, so far. In the eleventh century, the patrician Bardas and the Bulgarian general Prousianos fought a duel. Such method of adjusting a private quarrel was unknown to the East. Though this combat was bloodless, it roused an intense excitement in Church and State. Bardas was exiled to Oxeia, and Prousianos to Plati, where the late antagonists could hurl a harmless defiance at each other across the waves. Then the eyes of Bardas were put out, and like punishment was ordered against Prousianos, when the latter, almost by a miracle, escaped.

A certain notoriety was conferred on Plati by the quixotic structure which Sir Henry Bulwer erected there while British ambassador to the Porte. It was a sort of castle with towers and battlements, an architectural imitation of the Middle Ages, yet, despite its defiant air, designed mainly as a retreat for pleasure. To this day, among the common people, pungent stories are current of the peculiar guests, not always grave or decorous, whom the titled proprietor gathered around his board. In his eventful career, that well-known diplomat scored many a victory. The Clayton-Bulwer treaty between Great Britain and the United States is one which Americans may well remember. But he never achieved a more remarkable financial success than when he sold his castle, a discarded, worn-out plaything, to the Viceroy of Egypt, for an enormous price. The watch-towers of the north and east were recently destroyed in the hope of finding treasure. The costly structure is now fast falling in ruin.

Proti, the First, or Nearest, consists of two prolonged and lofty mounds. A belt of trees spans the hollow. No water-springs refresh its bare and arid surface. Stunted shrubbery and a few straggling houses cling like moss along the slopes. Its very appearance is suggestive of the

sorrows and tragedies it has seen, all accomplished within the walls of three monasteries between which the island was shared.

Shapeless remains on the north identify the site of the Monastery of the Holy Virgin. To it were sent, in 813, the deposed Emperor, Michael I Rhangabe, and his two sons, Theophylaktos and Niketas. Unwilling to shed the blood of his subjects in civil war, and glad to resign his throne, the Emperor had refused to resist by arms the rebel, Leo V, the Armenian. The entreaties of his wife, Prokopia, and of his ardent partisans were alike powerless. He sent the insignia of empire to his rival, and calmly awaited his lot.

From the new sovereign the stern order came that Prokopia and her two daughters, Gorgo and Theophano, should become nuns in the convent of Saint Prokopia, which she herself had founded on the Bosphorus, while Michael and his sons were to withdraw to Proti. There, as the monk Anastasios, he lived twenty-seven years. From the window of his cell, he saw daily in the distance the gilded Great Palace, where he once had reigned; but it woke no regretful longings in his breast. Emperor succeeded emperor during those almost thirty years, but happier than they all was he who had resigned his crown on earth and sought only a crown in heaven. His elder son, become the monk Eustathios, survived him five years; the younger, as the monk Ignatios, was summoned, in 846, to occupy the Patriarchal See, and is deservedly esteemed one of the most learned and most saintly prelates of the East.

A century later a less willing votary entered the monastery: Romanos I, intrepid soldier, able statesman, shrewd diplomatist, during twenty-five years had sat as associate upon the throne; he had crowned his three sons as joint



emperors, and had wedded his daughter Helena to the legitimate sovereign, Constantine VIII, to whom he had left only a semblance of power. One night, as he slept on his tiger-skin, his three sons rushed upon him with a mercenary band. They bound his hands and feet, wrapped around him a roll of linen cloth, carried the strange bundle through the palace court, and despatched it to this monastery. Thirty-nine days later the partisans of their sister and of the rightful monarch sent the unnatural sons to share their father's retreat. With sarcasm their father hailed their arrival, congratulating them that now, their eyes fixed heavenward, they might still journey on together. Deposition transformed the character of the haughty Romanos. He might have served as the prototype of Robert of Sicily in Longfellow's "Tales of a Wayside Inn."

The Monastery of the Transfiguration stood upon the summit of the island. It saw the agonizing death of the knightly Romanos IV Diogenes, deserted by fortune and by all his oldtime retainers, but cherished to the last by his once flippant, though always devoted wife, the Empress Eudoxia.

To this monastery was conveyed one night in 821 the entire family of that Leo V who had expelled the Emperor Michael. It was as ghastly a household of dead, mutilated, and living as ever met together. A leathern sack, lying at the Empress's feet, contained the headless remains of her husband Leo, and served as a shroud when a few moments later his body was interred in the garden of the monastery. The roughly shaven head of the Empress Theodosia testified to the violence with which, in the euphemistic language of the Byzantines, she had just been made "a citizeness of heaven, wearing the

raiment of the angels," or, in other words, a black-robed nun. At her side covered her four grown-up sons in the agony of a just-performed and nameless mutilation.

The site of the third monastery is lost, but not the story of the Armenian general Vartan, its founder. He remains one of the grand figures of the ninth century, that age of Charlemagne and of Haroun al Rashid. The first tactician of the Empire, adored by the army and people, he had refused to aspire to the crown which the nation urged upon him. By the orders of the tyrant Nikephoros his eyes were dug out, and the sightless Samson was confined in the monastery. He survived his wounds many years, devoted all his little remaining property to beneficence, endured all manner of self-inflicted torture, and was universally revered for his holy life. In this same convent was shut up the Empress Theophano, whose softer romance fills many a page with tales of love. Here too came her last favorite, the general Leo Phokas, who defeated the Russians.

It is possible that the modern Monastery of the Transfiguration, now dilapidated and almost deserted, is situated somewhere near the site of its namesake and predecessor. The sympathetic Schlumberger, who there wrote part of his fascinating book, "*Les Iles des Princes*," well says, "There attaches to it something of fallen grandeur and bygone pomp, which inspires respect, and evokes memories of other days."

Off Proti and Oxeia the Genoese in 1352 defeated the allied Byzantines and Venetians in a stubbornly contested sea-fight. In the same waters just sixty years later, the Byzantines under Manuel Palaiologos sunk the Ottoman fleet. In 1807 Admiral Duckworth with a British squadron attacked the island, and for eight days remained in



its harbor. Sir Sidney Smith, who at Acre eight years before had "made Napoleon miss his destiny," was on board. The Monastery of the Transfiguration, where the Ottomans were intrenched, was partially destroyed in the attack, but the British were repulsed. Nevertheless, the besieged were on the point of surrender from lack of provisions, when they were rescued by boatmen from Khalki. In the harbor the British seventy-four-gun frigate "Ajax" took fire and became a total loss.

The next island was originally called Panormos, signifying that it was easy to approach. Its present name is among the last echoes of the campaigns of Alexander. The great conqueror came no nearer than the Dardanelles, but his death precipitated a scramble for kingdoms, and his soldiers fought one another through Asia Minor and along the Marmora. Demetrios, son of Antigonos, who was Alexander's ablest general, gained a victory off the island, and called it Antigone in honor of his father.

On the eastern side is the pleasant modern village. The smallest incident is of moment to the quiet villagers. Before the arrival of the daily local steamer, it is amusing to see the population rushing to the quay, and then as excitedly wending homewards on its departure. The vast Monastery of the Transfiguration, which was built in the ninth century by Basil I, and which covered the summit of the hill, was partially restored in 1869.

The colossal memory of Methodios dominates all other associations of Antigone. He was the central figure of the iconoclastic controversy. It is impossible to realize the mad passion and fury of that theologic strife. Though in the nineteenth century, even in America, sectarian fights and trials for heresy abound, the bitterest of them all are tame and lifeless compared with the envenomed battles men

waged against one another at Constantinople in the name of Christianity. The iconoclastic controversy as to whether icons, or holy pictures, should or should not be used in worship, had raged for a hundred years. During almost all that period the weapons of Church and State had been wielded on the iconoclastic side.

In 821, Michael II, the Stammerer, became emperor. Having attained the throne by assassination and violence, he was naturally fitted for the rôle of bigot and persecutor. With fanatic ingenuity he devised new tortures for the adherents of the icons. Methodios was recognized as their most learned leader. The Emperor ordered that he should be struck gently seven hundred times with a whip. The prolongation of the punishment was the refinement of its cruelty. Then, unconscious and apparently lifeless, Methodios was thrown, together with two murderers, into a deep pit at Antigone. Bread and water were let down daily through an opening above. When one of the murderers died, his decomposing body was left in the pit to render the horrid hole still more revolting. Meanwhile Methodios labored day and night to convert the survivor. Michael died after an eight years' evil reign, and his son Theophilos succeeded, as iconoclastic, but less inhuman.

Theophilos, an eager student, found a passage in an ancient writer which neither he nor any of the wise men at his court could explain. The ardor of the scholar overcame the antipathy of the fanatic, and Methodios was sent for to expound the passage. Forthwith he sought to convert his imperial pupil to the cause of the icons. Again he was publicly scourged, and then cast into the lower dungeon of the Great Palace. His gentleness and piety had profoundly impressed Theophilos. The rage of persecution slackened. Methodios, though no less



active and persistent in his advocacy, became the Emperor's inseparable companion.

On his deathbed, in 842, Theophilos enjoined on his wife Theodora the necessity of peace and union for the long-distracted Church. Methodios, surnamed the Confessor, because of his sufferings and fidelity, was made Patriarch of Constantinople. Christlike in triumph, as he had been Christlike in endurance, he protected the vanquished party, and declared that persecution can never advance the truth. Four years later, worn out and prematurely old, he gave back his soul to God. No saint is more revered in the Eastern Church. His coffin was placed beside those of the emperors in the Church of the Holy Apostles, that Pantheon of the glories of the Empire.

At Antigone, Theodora erected the Church of Saint John the Baptist over the cave where the Confessor had been so long confined. In the renovated modern wooden church, still the chief sanctuary of the islanders, little remains of the early edifice. Nevertheless the apse, or eastern portion, is part of the original structure. Over it ended the last throes of that bitter theologic agony. Puerile the iconoclastic question seems to-day when compared with our larger and more human problems. Yet it was vast enough to develop heroes and martyrs in both the hostile camps, and to reveal to a luxurious age the unconscious sublimity with which men and women can die, or can survive and suffer, for an idea.

“A tale of the shadowy past  
Obscured by the mists of the years,  
Where, down all the distance, one hears  
Fanatical echoes of strife.

“Oh, why, from the first to the last,  
Should His name, that the spirit reveres,  
Be blent with the clashing of spears  
Where frenzy and slaughter are rife.”

Pita, the Piny Island, is a barren reef, from which every pine-tree long ago disappeared.

Trimountained Khalki is in natural beauty and attractiveness the gem of all these islands. It is indented on every side by tiny bays, the shores of which are everywhere fringed with forests. Romantic paths wind aimlessly in every direction, and at each turning reveal a new surprise. The outlook is always beautiful, whether one gazes at land or sea.

The name Khalki, Copper, is due to the metal in which the island abounded. Of late years it has been little worked. From it was made the celebrated statue of Apollo at Sicyon. Heaps of scoria and the half-filled excavations of ancient mines may still be seen. Near the steamer landing-place are the neat, well-kept buildings of the Ottoman Naval School. Still nearer on the right is the Greek Church of Saint Nicolas, with its curious, several-storied, many-windowed belfry. The compact village numbers, perhaps, six thousand souls.

A valley, running east and west, divides the island, and determines the direction of the principal street. The houses are soon left behind, and one enters a delicious forest of pines, where the air is always freighted with a healthful fragrance, and the ground is covered with a silken, elastic carpet.

High on the northern summit on the right are seen the monastic buildings of the Holy Trinity. It is a tradition that the convent was founded in the ninth century by the eloquent and restless Patriarch Photios. Often destroyed



and re-erected by turns, it was at last rebuilt by the Patriarch Germanos IV in 1841, who established in it the most important theological seminary of the Eastern Church. Nearly a hundred students during a seven years' course are there trained by teachers eminent for their learning. The spot is itself an inspiration. Schlumberger well remarks, "Never could the human mind conceive a solitude more beautiful, more fit to elevate the soul." The buildings spread over the hilltop like a crown, itself surrounded by a circle of cypresses and pines. Venerable olive-trees clothe the slope, each built up with a careful terrace to prevent torrential rains from washing it away. The earthquake of July, 1894, brought havoc and desolation to the seminary, but no lives were lost. The active affection of the Greeks has already raised anew whatever was shattered or thrown down.



JOHN VIII PALAIOLOGOS

The street, abandoned during the ascent to Trinity, curves westward through the evergreen groves, and reaches the Monastery of the Holy Virgin. This retreat was founded early in the fifteenth century by John VIII Palaiologos, last Byzantine emperor except one, and by his wife Maria Komnena. Their conjugal devotion throws a gleam of light over the darkening days of the Empire. Often they came together to Khalki, rather like simple lovers than crowned sovereigns, to see their monastery grow.

John had succeeded to the crown in 1425. Then had come the idyl, all too brief, of the Emperor's life. He

passionately loved Maria, daughter of Alexios IV, Emperor of Trebizond, and was equally loved in return. Though he could tender his bride but little save a pompous title and a seat on a falling throne, their nuptial rites were celebrated with something of former stateliness in Sancta Sophia. So Maria took her place in history as the last woman wedded beneath the mighty dome, and as the last Byzantine Empress. The exigencies of the time often compelled her husband's absence, and their consequent separation. When he undertook his desperate journey to Italy in hope of securing aid against the Ottomans, it was in spite of the tears and entreaties of his wife. Seventeen months later, humiliated, deluded, overreached, he set sail from Venice on his homeward journey. The first tidings which met him upon the way announced that Maria had died and been buried a few days before.

The monastery fell in utter ruin, and was several times restored, — in 1680, by Paniotakis, the pride of Scio, the first Christian to become Chief Interpreter to the Porte, the pet of Mohammed IV, who made for him a magnificent funeral on the Danube, and sent his embalmed body to Khalki to be interred in the narthex of the monastic church; in 1796, by Alexander Ypsilanti, whose family name is herald and part of the Greek Revolution; in 1831, by the Patriarch Constantios I of immortal memory, who converted the buildings designed for the monks into an admirable and well-equipped Commercial School. So the inmates are no longer cloaked and bearded ascetics, venerable in appearance and attire, but two hundred and fifty young men, worthy representatives of the enterprise and ambition of their race.

In the renovated pile, near the larger and more modern sanctuary, rises still the simple, fifteenth-century church



of the Empress Maria. Blackened by age and fire, of irregular shape and proportion and of varying width, it has the fadeless beauty of association. It is the love-tribute of a wife to her husband rather than to the Holy Virgin whose name it bears. If the austere memory of Methodios hallows Antigone, so does the story of John and Maria cast a softer but no less saintly halo over Khalki.

In the church are four wonderful tapestries, wrought with her own fingers by the Lady



CHURCH OF THE EMPRESS MARIA

Domina, who well earned her place of burial in the sacred narthex. To them she devoted over forty years of constant labor. They reveal the most skilful and the most expressive needlework to be seen in Constantinople.

Within and around the church are the tombs of many patriarchs: Timotheos, who died in 1622; Parthenios II, massacred in 1650; Parthenios III, massacred in 1656; Kallinikos II, died in 1702; Gabriel III, died in 1707; Paisios II, hung in 1752; most familiar name of all, Kyril Loukaris, whose body, rescued from the waves at Roumeli Hissar, was brought here for burial.

A terrace outside the monastery has been made a cemetery. The brick tomb near the entrance contains the

remains of Sir Edward Barton, Ambassador of Queen Elizabeth to Mourad III and Mohammed III. A monumental slab bears his coat of arms and a Latin inscription, stating that the "most illustrious and most serene diplomat" died in 1597, at the early age of thirty-five. He fell victim to a pulmonary disease, and not, as commonly supposed, to the plague which raged during that same year, and which, in a single day, bereft Mohammed III of nineteen of his sisters. This stone, which had been built into the wall at some restoration of the monastery, was discovered and replaced above the tomb by Sir Stratford Canning.

Farther within the enclosure is a common grave, where more than three hundred Russian soldiers lie together. They were taken prisoners and died in captivity during that war of 1828-29 which Russia waged for the liberty of Greece. An angel in white marble stands above the memorial stone. The epitaph in Russian and Greek describes the manner of their death, and closes with this verse: "Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friends."

The southeast extremity of the island has its monastery as well. It was erected no later than 1758 by the Archbishop of Chalkedon and consecrated to Saint George. Afterwards its founder became Patriarch of Constantinople as Joannikios III. The disorders of the time rendered the burden of his office too heavy for his hands. He laid down the patriarchal staff, withdrew to this monastery, there passed thirty years of peace, and there died and was buried in 1793. The two superb rows of cypresses which line the street were planted by his hands. But the day of monasteries is over, even in the sluggish East. The rooms formerly tenanted by the monks are



now the summer residences of private families. Well may they bless the Archbishop's memory that he built in so goodly a spot.

Prinkipo, the Island of the Prince, is the largest and most populous of the group. Nearly nine miles in circuit, it is made up of four hills, two of which rival each other and rise above the rest. Speculation and business enterprise have broken in upon its quiet, and the village of fifteen thousand inhabitants boasts with western pride of its rapid increase in wealth and population.

The humbler houses of the permanent residents are crowded together on the left of the steamer pier. On the right, with gardens sloping to the sea, are the more sumptuous and ostentatious mansions of the summer visitors. Prinkipo is the residence of Mr Edwin Pears, the leader of the Constantinople Bar, and author of the valuable history of the Fourth Crusade, entitled, "The Fall of Constantinople." Of the hermits who, till a few years ago, hid from mankind in its caves and forests, not one survives.

During the Middle Ages all the islands suffered fearfully from the Venetians and Genoese. Prinkipo was ravaged by the Doge Dandolo and his followers of the Fourth Crusade prior to their attack upon the capital in 1203. Ninety-nine years afterwards the Venetians burned all its houses to the ground, and drove the inhabitants on board their ships. Anchoring off Seraglio Point, they stripped their prisoners naked, bound them to the masts and decks, and had them mercilessly scourged in sight of the horror-stricken citizens, until the senile Emperor, Andronikos II, got together a satisfactory ransom. A thousand years earlier, Bishop Nerses, surnamed the Great, on account of his learning and piety, was during twelve months shame-

fully imprisoned here. He had come as ambassador of the Armenian King, Arsaces II; but his orthodoxy and his outspoken independence angered the Arian Emperor, Constantius II, and inflamed him to take this mean revenge.

The history of Prinkipo, like that of her sister islands, centres in her many monasteries. Their buildings capped her peaks, spread through her valleys, and bordered her bays.

On the eastern side one climbs an almost precipitous road between long files of cypresses to the Monastery of Saint George. The gigantic boulders at the top seem quarried and placed there by the hands of Titans. The three decaying churches or chapels are side by side. The once strong and numerous brotherhood, who woke them with their deep-voiced chant, has dwindled to two rheumatic, querulous old men. To the larger church lunatics and supposed demoniacs were often brought to be exorcised by prayer. Attached to the floor may still be seen many rusty iron rings, to which the unfortunates were chained during service.

The view from this peak is the most extensive which Constantinople affords. From the height of six hundred and seventy feet the eye sweeps over the sea and comprehends the eastern shores of the Marmora. Northwest, beyond the island group, the fairy outline of Stamboul and Kadikeui fringes the sky, while the sombre point of Phanaraki advances in the foreground. North and east along the sinuous Asiatic coast, village presses upon village, each enriching the landscape with the tints of natural beauty or association.

Kaish Dagħ, the classic Mount Auxeneis, lifts its solemn form in front, still crowned by the ruins of the famous



Monastery of the Apostles, whence the monks, Theodosios and Leontios, were called against their will to the Patriarchal Throne. Far along its foot extends Erenkeui, verdant with its wide stretch of fragrant vineyards, and famed for its delicious wines. Close to the sea, the hill of Mal Tepeh overlooks Khounkiar Tchäiri, the Prairie of the Sultan, where, in 1481, Mohammed II, the Conqueror, died. Farther east is Pendik, embosomed in orchards and gardens, once the private property and favorite residence of Belisarius; then Touzla, with its snowy salt-springs and its rapid stream, which Homer calls the "torrent Satnioeis;" then the wavy hill of Guebizeh, the ancient Lybissa, where the fleeing Hannibal died, and on whose breezy top, between two giant cypresses, tradition points out his grave. A few miles farther, on the eastern side, is Herekeh or ancient Ankyron, the death-place of Constantine the Great. All these historic spots are bound together by the iron bonds of the Anatolian Railway.

Southward across the gulf, loom the Arganthonius Mountains. At their foot nestles Yalova, the ancient Drepanon, where Saint Helena dwelt, and which the filial affection of her son raised to the rank of a city, and called Helenopolis. By its side flows the silver stream, Kirk Ghetchid, the Forty Windings, which indicated the utmost western boundary of the great Seldjoukian Empire of Malek Shah. Forty miles still farther south is seen the lordly range of the Bithynian Olympus, winter and summer alike resplendent with unchanging snow.

"The snowy crown

Of far Olympus

Towers radiantly, as when the Pagan's dream

Thronged it with gods and bent the adoring knee."

The Monastery of Christ on the northern hill has forgotten its original consecration, and become a popular resort in summer. The pine-groves, which surround it, and the entrancing vistas which it opens in every direction, may well allure the lover of nature. The few Ottoman ladies of the island delight to picnic under its trees, with discarded veils and dressed in European attire.

Shut within the valley, but looking out upon the sea, is the Monastery of Saint Nicolas, with its square church of peculiar form. Close beside it is the enormous circular cistern, which so excited the amazement of the English bishop, Pococke, one hundred and fifty years ago.

A little farther north along the eastern shore, the ground swells in gentle undulations over almost-buried heaps of masonry, which the Greeks call Kamarais, or the Chambers. One grass-grown, shapeless mass emerges, in which five rows of brick and stone foundation-arches can be discerned, and which fills an area over one hundred feet square. Two chambers in it, ossuaries of former inmates, crammed to the top with human bones, give a faint idea of the multitude to whom this wide-spread pile was once dwelling-place and home. Other scattered remains, here and there peering through the surface, and widely strewn splinters of slabs and columns prove that the first recognized central mass was but a small proportion of the former structure.

No other edifice in the islands could have been so vast. Hardly an inscription or monogram is visible, though one magnificent Byzantine capital bears the initials of Nikephoros II Phokas, the conqueror of the Saracens and the restorer of the Empire, who died in 969. Doubtless in the yet unturned soil, a rich reward is awaiting the investigator's spade, but the mind to-day takes in only a concep-



tion of former immense extent and of present absolute ruin.

This is the Monastery of the Holy Virgin, founded in the eighth century by the Empress Irene, when at the zenith of her power, and always crowded by hundreds of willing or unwilling nuns. No other monastery was so set apart for imperial recluses of the fairer sex. None other was trodden by so many once crimson-buskined feet of dethroned empresses or of uncrowned princesses whose dynasties had fallen. Seated in the shadow of the mortuary chamber, one recalls the roll of high-born women who have wept and prayed and suffered every humiliation here. The long procession of Byzantine beauties, their raven tresses shorn, their willowy forms enwrapped in clumsy sackcloth, the voluntary penitent, the haughtily indifferent, the fiercely unsubmitive, defile before him.

Foremost, earliest, stateliest, yet least human and most unnatural of all, at their head passes the foundress of the Monastery, the Empress Irene. For five years she swayed the sceptre with a virile hand. The horrid crimes that marked her accession were forgotten in the splendor of her reign. Greek tradition regards her as the promised consort of Charlemagne, and Greek superstition places her name in the calendar of the saints. In 802, a palace intrigue hurled her from the throne. Her timorous successor, Nikephoros I, confined her for a season in her monastery, and then exiled her to Mitylene. Reduced to utmost want, she gained a scanty livelihood by spinning wool. Dying from exhaustion and of a broken heart, once more she passed the portal of her monastery, and was there entombed in a sarcophagus of vert antique with imperial obsequies.

Euphrosyne, daughter of Constantine VI, is a more plaintive figure. On the deposition of her father by his mother, Irene, she, a sickly girl seven years old, was incarcerated here as a nun. The legend of her opening, ripening beauty was constantly repeated by the lips of the common people. In 823, after she had spent twenty-six years in utter seclusion, the sanctity of the convent was invaded by Michael II, whose imagination had been fired by her reputed charms, and who forced the consecrated nun to become his bride. On his death, six years later, Eu-

phrosyne returned to the cloister of her childhood, wherein already had been passed two-thirds of her checkered life. "Again the silence closed around her and the shadow, from which she was never to emerge."



THE EMPRESS ZOE

The voluptuous Zoe, widow of three emperors, in whose veins at the age of seventy-five beat all the passionate blood of her youth, was sent here in 1042 by her adopted and graceless son Michael V. The

Greek historian describes the crowned adventurer, rubbing between his fingers the shaven locks of his benefactress, and promising himself a stable throne as he held the proofs that she had become a nun. Hardly twelve months were gone, when the indignant people called her from her retirement and forced her, though not against her will, to reassume the crown.

A generation later the monastery received Anna Dalassina, the mother of the Komnenoi, the grandest female figure in Byzantine history. The death of her husband,



the Cæsar John Komnenos, had left her unprotected in a hostile court and in troubled times with eight helpless children. Soon she was accused of high treason. Her courage and impetuous eloquence overawed her venal judges. They dared not pronounce sentence of death, but condemned her to perpetual confinement at Prinkipo. Her sons likewise were forced to assume the cowl. A breath of imperial favor followed, and she and her children were released. To them she devoted every energy of her soul. Herself brave, virtuous, religious, persistent, she inspired them with something of her heroic character and of her high ambition. Not an opportunity was lost.

When at last, in obedience to the popular call, her oldest surviving son, Alexios Komnenos, ascended the imperial throne for a glorious reign, he and the nation recognized that to the inspiration of his mother was due all the greatness of his house. For years her counsels were paramount in the affairs of state. Finally she grew weary of the world, which she had won. She retired, this time of her own will and wish, to a convent, and there lived until her death, peaceful and content in its seclusion.

She deserves equal honor with the Cornelias, the Mary Washingtons, the Madame Lætities, who have shaped the character and determined the destiny of their sons. The monastery at Prinkipo closed on many another exalted prisoner or guest, but the long list cannot end more fitly than with the name of Anna Dalassina, the greatest and noblest of them all.

Neandros, the farthest south of the cluster, is a dreary heap of rock and sand.

Anterovithos, the farthest east, is hardly less sterile and uninviting. One solitary dwelling and a few stunted and scattered trees only render the general desolation more

apparent. Even the grape-vines refuse to grow, and the judas-tree, elsewhere prodigal of its crimson blossoms, strikes no root in the stubborn soil. The mediæval monastery, founded in the ninth century by the Patriarch Ignatios, thrives where nothing else would prosper. The austerity and blameless lives of its numerous inmates won for it a wide renown. As the monastic fervor ceased in later times, it was deserted, and only ruins indicate its site.

Only one emperor here assumed monastic vows, and sorely against his will. The rebel prince Constantine, who had deposed his father Romanos I, and then thirty-nine days later shared his captivity at Proti, was shut here for months by the rightful sovereign, Constantine VIII. Day and night his restless eyes scoured the sea in mingled hope and fear. Each distant bark, which broke the monotonous horizon, might be freighted with his deliverance or might be bringing the executioner. Constantly endeavoring to escape, he was removed to Tenedos and thence to Samothrace, where he died in unmonkish fight.

Two patriarchs, Ignatios and Theodosios I, by their sojourn on it have given to the now-forsaken rock its most memorable distinction. No other Byzantine emperors equalled Michael III and Andronikos I in degradation and infamy. Though separated by three hundred years, each seems the foul counterpart of the other. Ignatios was patriarch during the reign of the first; Theodosios during that of the second. Each, with the courage of a Nathan or Elijah, to the Emperor's very face denounced the crimes committed upon the throne. Persecution and torture followed; but neither sovereign, though frenzied with resentment, dared slay the dauntless priest. Ignatios was deposed and banished to this monastery, of which he



was the founder. When three centuries later Theodosios in turn was ordered to the same cell, it must have eased his sufferings to remember that there his feet were treading in the footsteps of a hero and saint.

Rests on these isles a bright halo of glory;  
Hallowed this rock which the martyrs have trod:  
Why sorrow we for their foreheads once gory,  
Crown-girt to-day by the white throne of God!

After all, it is not upon scenes of terrestrial loveliness, or on the oft-piteous romance of imperial power and beauty, that the mind most lingers in the Princes' Islands. Heroism as sublime, consecration as entire, fidelity to principle as deathless and unswerving as the world ever saw, have been wrought out here. Well may the Honorable S. S. Cox exclaim, as in the glowing pages of his "The Princes' Islands" he recalls the past, "These isles have witnessed, as they look out toward Chalkedon and Nikæa, the scholarship and devotion of an intrepid race of ecclesiastical heroes."

## VII

### ANCIENT CONSTANTINOPLE



NO absolutely accurate, no satisfactory picture of the imperial city as it existed fifteen hundred or even five hundred years ago, can be drawn to-day. The main information of the moderns must be derived from the Byzantine authors, whose lengthy treatises and fluctuating style reflect the vicissitudes of national life, but pay small attention to topography. Though prodigal of adjectives, and oftentimes loquacious, those writers almost never indulge in definite descriptions or minute details. They thought only of their contemporaries, who threaded the public ways with them, and had no need of indication to find the edifice or the monument plain before their eyes. Out of the fourteen churches consecrated to Saint John the Baptist, or the more than fifty to the Holy Virgin — always, in attestation of Christ's divinity, called the Theotokos, the Mother of God — the Byzantine easily understood on each occasion which one was intended. Though several city quarters and different gates were known by a common name, and even though these names were often changing, the mediæval citizen felt no inconvenience and was involved in no confusion.

How priceless now would be the driest of its city directories, the dullest of its guide-books, the crudest of its



maps, if such a treasure could be unearthed to-day, bearing on its titlepage, "Compiled in the days of Justinian" or of Basil or of Alexios I Komnenos. What months of labor and of sometimes fruitless investigation it would economize to the puzzled student.

Despite the "flood of learning" poured on Constantinople Christiana by Du Cange; despite the faithful researches of later scholars; despite one's own long-continued, patient study, — the modern, as he seeks to trace anew the tortuous streets, and to line them with the edifices which made them glorious and grand, gropes almost helplessly along his way and finds more than once his resurrected thoroughfare ending in an impasse. Baffled and discouraged, he realizes that much must remain uncertain and a theme for controversy.

The antiquary is the compiler, and topography is his efficient ally. The hills, the valleys, the curving bed of the Lycus, the inevitable paths which nature herself has marked out, are here guides and aids. He who would unveil some ancient city, planted in a plain, can summon no such auxiliaries to his call. A chance line from some mediæval author streams light where all was darkness. A sneering reference from Prokopios may identify a locality. It is a slow, a toilsome, a weary task to reconstruct any ancient, vanished city. But,

"Here, as in other fields, the most he gleans  
Who works and never swerves."

As names become realities and fit into their appropriate place, the patient plodder realizes with joy which is almost exultation that much of mediæval Constantinople can be accurately and definitely known.

## THE REGIONS

CONSTANTINE, as he built his capital, had ever before his eyes the venerable figure of the elder city, Rome. From her he patterned the municipal divisions and the local organization of the new metropolis. Hence he divided Constantinople into fourteen regions, or climata. Each was administered by its own local government, was officered and protected by its own police, and was watched with scrupulous care to avert the two ever possible dangers, public disorder and fire. The boundaries of the regions were vaguely defined, and were sometimes modified in the thousand years' duration of the city. Yet the municipal arrangement to the end was always largely that of the first Constantine.

Early in his reign, the Emperor Arcadius undertook a census. This was hardly more than an aristocratic enumeration. It counted all the private palaces and mansions of the rich, called megara, all the emboloi, or lengthy and ornate-covered porticos, all the bathra, or streets paved in steps, and all the other streets which were wide and spacious. It reckoned also the neoria, or dockyards, and various edifices of special prominence or utility, but it disdained consideration of the humbler narrow streets and of the dwellings of the poorer classes. Incomplete though this census was, — only the stripped and partial outline of the municipal whole, — it is a rich and valuable source of information, would we essay to represent the city in its populousness, immensity, and glory.

The First Region occupied the northeastern extremity of the city, thus including nearly all the territory of Byzantium. It contained the Acropolis of Saint Demetrios,



now Seraglio Point; the Mangana, or Arsenal, to which was stretched the chain from Galata whereby the Golden Horn was closed; the famous Monastery of Saint George of the Mangana, and the historic churches of Saint Demetrios, Saint Barbara, Saint Minas, Saint Lazaros, the Archangel Michael of Tzeros, and the Saviour. The ayasma, or holy fountain, of the latter, is still revered near the ruins of Indjili Kiosk. There, too, were situated a column of Theodosius I and the Baths of Arcadius. This region comprised twenty-nine streets, one hundred and eighteen megara, two emboloi, fifteen private baths, four public and fifteen private mills, and four bathra.

The Second Region occupied the crest of the same hill. On it were situated the churches of Sancta Sophia, Saint Irene, and of the Theotokos the Patrician; the hospital of Samson; the vast hotel of Eúboulos; a portion of the Augustæum; the Bath of Xeuxippos; the Hippodrome; the later Senate House and the colossal Statue of Justinian. In it were thirty-four streets, ninety-eight megara, four emboloi, thirteen private baths, and four bathra.

The Third Region was south of the First and east of the Second, reaching to the Bosphorus and Marmora. It contained a portion of the Augustæum, the Great or Imperial Palace, and the dependent though splendid palaces of Chalki, Manavra, the Eagle, Porphyry, Pentakoubouklon, and Boucoleon with its harbor, of the Augusta Pulcheria, and of Hormisdas. In the same region were the Patriarchate, the celebrated church and monastery of the Holy Virgin the Odeghetria, the churches of Saint Euphemia, Saints Sergius and Bacchus, Saints Peter and Paul, and a neorion, or dockyard. In it were seven streets, ninety-four megara, five emboloi, eleven private baths, and nine

private mills. The walls of the Seraglio now include the First Region almost entire, and portions of the Second and Third.

The Fourth Region, commencing from the Golden Horn, comprised the slope of the first and second hills, and, bounding the Second Region, reached as far as the third hill. It contained the churches of the Theotokos in Chalkropratia and of Saint John the Theologian, which, after the Conquest, was converted into a menagerie of wild animals, and existed till 1819; the Royal Portico, where lawyers and orators held rendezvous; the Royal Library, and the Royal Cistern. In it were thirty-two streets, three hundred and seventy-five megara, four emboloi, seven private baths, five private mills, and six bathra. Here resided the Byzantine nobility; this was the aristocratic quarter.

The Fifth Region embraced the larger part of the eastern slope of the third hill and part of the second hill, with territory on the Golden Horn. It contained the Scala, or landing-place, of the Chalkedonians; the Bosporion, or Phosphorion; the Baths of Honorius and Eudoxia; the Strategion, or military headquarters; the Prytaneion, or University; the cisterns of Philoxenos and Theodosius; and the churches of Saint James, Saint Tryphon, and the Theotokos of Ourbikios. In it were twenty-three streets, eighty-four megara, seven emboloi, eleven private baths, seven public and two private mills, nine bathra, and two slaughter-houses.

The Sixth Region lay west of the Fifth, on the western slope of the third hill and on the crest of the second hill, also including land on the Golden Horn as far as Perama, now Baluk Bazar Kapou. It contained the column and part of the Forum of Constantine; the Philadelphion, or public hall; the ancient Senate House, built by Constan-



tine, in which the Emperors were invested with the consular robe. Here too were grouped the churches of Saint Thekla, Saint Anne, Saint Andrew, Saint Thomas the Apostle, Saint Pantelemon, Saint Platon, Saint Theodore of Tyrone, and the Archangel Michael; also the monasteries of Saint Prokopios, Saint Julian, and Saints Karpos and Papilos. In it were twenty-two streets, two hundred and eighty-four megara, one embolos, nine private baths, one public mill, seventeen private mills, and seventeen bathra.

The Seventh Region comprised the upper portion of the valley between the second and third hills, and part of the third hill. It extended to the Marmora between the Third Region and Konto-Scala. It contained the Lampter, or immense workshop, now the centre of the Grand Bazar; half of the Forum of Theodosius; the brazen Tetracylon, or passage; the Anemodourion, a sort of weather bureau; the Carrosian Baths; and the churches of Saint Theodore and Saint Paul the Patriarch. In it were eighty-five streets, seven hundred and eleven megara, six emboloi, eleven private baths, twelve private mills, and sixteen bathra.

The Eighth Region was southwest of the third hill, nowhere bordering on the sea. Elegant and lengthy porticos connected it with the Forum of Constantine. It contained the remaining portions of the forums of Constantine and Theodosius; the palace of Theodosius; the Capitolium, at one time the University; and the churches of the Forty Martyrs and of Saint Mark. In it were twenty-one streets, one hundred and eight megara, five emboloi, ten private baths, five private mills, five bathra, and two slaughter-houses.

The Ninth Region extended along the Marmora between Konto-Scala and Vlanga. It contained the Alexandrian

and Theodosian wheat magazines; the palace of Arcadia; the churches of the Rabdos, Saint Thekla in Kontaria, Omonoia, or Concord, and the Monastery of Myrelaion. In it were sixteen streets, one hundred and sixteen megara, two emboloi, fifteen private baths, fifteen private mills, four public mills, and four bathra.

The Tenth Region comprised all the fourth hill, and was separated on the south from the Ninth Region by the broad Mese Odos, or Triumphal Way. It contained the vast nymphæum, or reservoir; the aqueduct of Valens; the Baths of Constantine; the column of Marcian; the cistern of Phokas; the churches of the Holy Apostles, All Saints, Saint Platon, Saint Polyeuktos; and the monasteries of Pantokrator, Pantepoptes, Panachrantos, and Lips. In it were twenty streets, six hundred and thirty-six megara, six emboloi, twenty-two private baths, two public mills, sixteen private mills, and twelve bathra. This Region was for some cause more unquiet and restless than any other in the city; order was maintained by ninety-seven policemen, no other quarter requiring so large a number.

The Eleventh Region comprehended all the fifth hill, or, more accurately, all the land from the present Mosque of Sultan Selim as far as Djubali on one side and Balat on the other. It contained the palace of Placidia; the many monasteries and churches in the Petrion; the monasteries of Panmakaristos and Evergetes; the churches of the Theotokos the Mouchliotissa, of Saint Theodosia and Saint Akakios. In it were eight streets, five hundred and three megara, four emboloi, fourteen private baths, one public mill, three private mills, and seven bathra.

The Twelfth Region corresponded with the seventh hill, or Xerolophos. It contained the Arcadian Forum; the



cistern of Mokios; the Mint; the palace of Pulcheria; the Golden Gate; the Kyklobion, or fortress; the monasteries of Gastria, Prokopia, Peribleptos, Ikaria, the Studium; and the churches of Saint Diomedes, Saint Mokios, the Apostle Philip, and Saint Eleutherios. In it were eleven streets, three hundred and sixty-three megara, three emboloi, five private baths, five private mills, and nine bathra. This Region, despite its extended area, and the Eighth Region, required each only twenty-four policemen for public safety, a much less number than the other Regions save the Third, which was served by only twenty-eight.

The Thirteenth Region was included in the opposite cape or promontory of Sykai, now Galata, on the north side of the Golden Horn. It contained the Baths and Forum of Honorius, a theatre, and two neoria. In it were four hundred and thirty-one megara, one embolos, five private baths, one public mill, five private mills, and eight bathra.

The Fourteenth Region coincided with the sixth hill. It contained the palaces of the Hebdomon and of Theophilos' daughters; the tower and prison of Anemas; the palace and church of the Blachernai; the monasteries of Chora and Manuel; the churches of Saint Thekla, Saint John the Baptist, Saint John the Theologian, Saint George, the Incorporicals, the Theotokos of Cyrus, Saints Peter and Mark; and a neorion. In it were eleven streets, one hundred and sixty-seven megara, two emboloi, five private baths, one private mill, and five bathra.

## THE BATHS

THE public baths, as club-houses and places of popular resort, held a far less important place in the city life of Constantinople than they did in that of Rome. But though smaller, they were hardly less elegant and luxurious. Some resembled archeological museums, so profusely were they adorned with rare treasures of ancient art; others, of later construction, were the embodiment of Byzantine gorgeousness and profusion. The Patriarch Constantios I supposes there was eighty. The names of twenty-four are still known.

Anastasia, sister of Constantine the Great, and wife of the Cæsar Bassianus, erected one of the most splendid. It stood southwest of the Hippodrome. Another, bearing the name of Achilles, occupied the site of an altar dedicated to that hero, near the Golden Horn, in the Fourth Region. The one bestowed upon the city by Constantine existed longer than any of the rest, was known by the Ottomans as Tchochour Hamam, and was buried from sight six years ago. The Imperial Bath of the Blachernai was destroyed in the fifth century. Not inferior in splendor was that of Arcadius, on the Bosphorus, not far from the site of Indjili Kiosk. Justinian crowded it with masterpieces in bronze and marble, among which, as in a fitting company, the admiring citizens placed an exquisite statue of the beautiful Theodora.

The one unequalled and unapproached in vastness and magnificence was the Bath of Xeuxippos, so called, perhaps, from the famous Megarian chief. A better origin of the name is found in its etymologic meaning, "yoking of the steeds." Tradition asserts that this bath indicated



the very spot where Hercules tamed and yoked the fiery steeds of Diomed. In the grove sacred to that hero stood an altar, it was believed, raised by him to Jupiter after his exploit. The bath was first erected by the Emperor Severus in partial expiation for his inhumanity to the Byzantines. Rebuilt by Constantine, it was utterly destroyed at the revolt of the Nika in 532, and again restored with added splendor by Justinian. It was situated east of the Hippodrome, and southeast of the Augustæum. Sumptuous and luxurious throughout, it was constructed of the rarest materials, and adorned with eighty-three renowned pieces of statuary. A heap of ruins at the Conquest, Mohammed II employed its *débris* in the construction of his mosque. The last vestiges had disappeared before the visit of Peter Gyllius, seventy years afterwards.

#### THE FORUMS

FOUR were imperial. In addition there were many more. But from them all, the rostra and the public assemblies were wanting, which made the glory and history of the Roman Forum. The oldest and most important, Constantine honored with the name Augustæum, in memory of his mother, the Augusta Saint Helena. Its extent and exact site cannot now be absolutely determined. It is an amusing commentary on the vagueness of old description, and the consequent disagreement of modern antiquaries, that Lechevalier asserts that the Augustæum must have been circular, Labarte infers that it was square, and Paspatis supposes that it was a long, narrow rectangle. The last opinion is probably correct. This at least we know: that it was of immense size,

paved in marble, and surrounded by a row of the noblest statues then existing; that on the one side stood the Bath of Xeuxippos, and the imposing palaces of the Patriarch and the Senate, over which beyond rose the prodigious, incongruous, but impressive pile of the Great Palace; that on the other side towered the lofty, interminable wall of the Hippodrome, with its colonnades and arches; that it was



“CONSTANTINE THE GREAT AND HIS MOTHER  
SAINT HELENA, HOLY, EQUAL TO THE  
APOSTLES.”

[From a picture discovered 1845 in an old church of Mesembria.]

terminated on the north by the vastest, most ethereal, most revered of Christian churches then in the world; and that it was itself a marvel all through the Middle Ages. Somewhere within its enclosure was the Milion, — the starting-point from which distances were reckoned over the Empire; this was at first a simple marble column, but

afterwards a sort of temple edifice, resting on four arches of broad span, and surrounded by statues.

The typical and most celebrated marble group adorning the Augustæum represented Constantine and Saint Helena standing one on each side of an overshadowing cross. Every orthodox Eastern church since that day has possessed a copy of it among its icons. One



statue, on passing which it is said the Emperor always bowed his head, was that of his mother upon a porphyry pedestal.

Theodosius I placed here a gilded statue of himself. This was afterwards melted, and the colossal equestrian statue of Justinian took its place. This was the most enormous monument in the Augustæum. Procopios says that the rider was clad in the costume of Achilles, and faced the east. The left hand grasped a globe, signifying universal sovereignty, while the right hand was extended in menacing gesture, as if to overawe the Persians. The Italian traveller, Bondelmonti, saw this statue in 1422, and states that the pedestal, all covered with bronze plates, and raised on seven marble steps, was seventy coudées, or over one hundred feet in height. On this pedestal, after the Conquest, Mohammed II placed the supposed head of the last Constantine, and there it remained three days exposed to the public gaze. Then the statue was taken down and broken to pieces. Some fragments were preserved, which Gyllius saw and measured seventy years afterwards. It was six feet from the ankle to the knee, and the nose was more than nine inches long.

The Forum of Constantine was hardly less celebrated than the Augustæum. It was elliptical in form, paved throughout, and surrounded by a colonnade. At each end of the ellipse was a spacious portico, along which were ranged ancient statues of the pagan gods, and at the very end rose a stupendous arch of triumph. Near the centre was the lofty column from whose dizzy top the statue of Constantine dominated the forum and capital; near the column was a monumental fountain, on which were portrayed the two scenes which decorated all the fountains

raised by Constantine, — Daniel in the den of lions and the Good Shepherd.

By the brazen portico called Tetrapylon, on which the four cardinal winds were represented, this forum communicated with that of Theodosius I, or of the Bull. The latter name was derived from the monstrous brazen statue of a bull which it contained. This image had been brought from Pergamus, where it had served as a means of capital punishment, condemned persons being roasted to death inside. According to tradition it had thus served in the martyrdom of Antipas, who is mentioned in the Apocalypse. In this forum also stood a column of Theodosius I, erected by himself, one hundred and forty feet high, surmounted by his statue of silver gilt. In 477, an earthquake shook it down; whereupon Anastasius I replaced the tumbled effigy by a colossal bronze statue of himself. This last statue in turn disappeared; but the column itself remained till 1517, when it was overthrown by a tornado, killing several persons in its fall. The encircling statues, which had appeared to be its guard, had themselves been overturned in 555, almost a thousand years previously.

The peristyled Forum of Arcadius was constructed by Honorius II, but was by him named after his father with filial devotion; so, too, was the graceful column, covered with chaste carvings and crowned by his father's statue. The pedestal still exists.

Ten other less important forums might be mentioned.

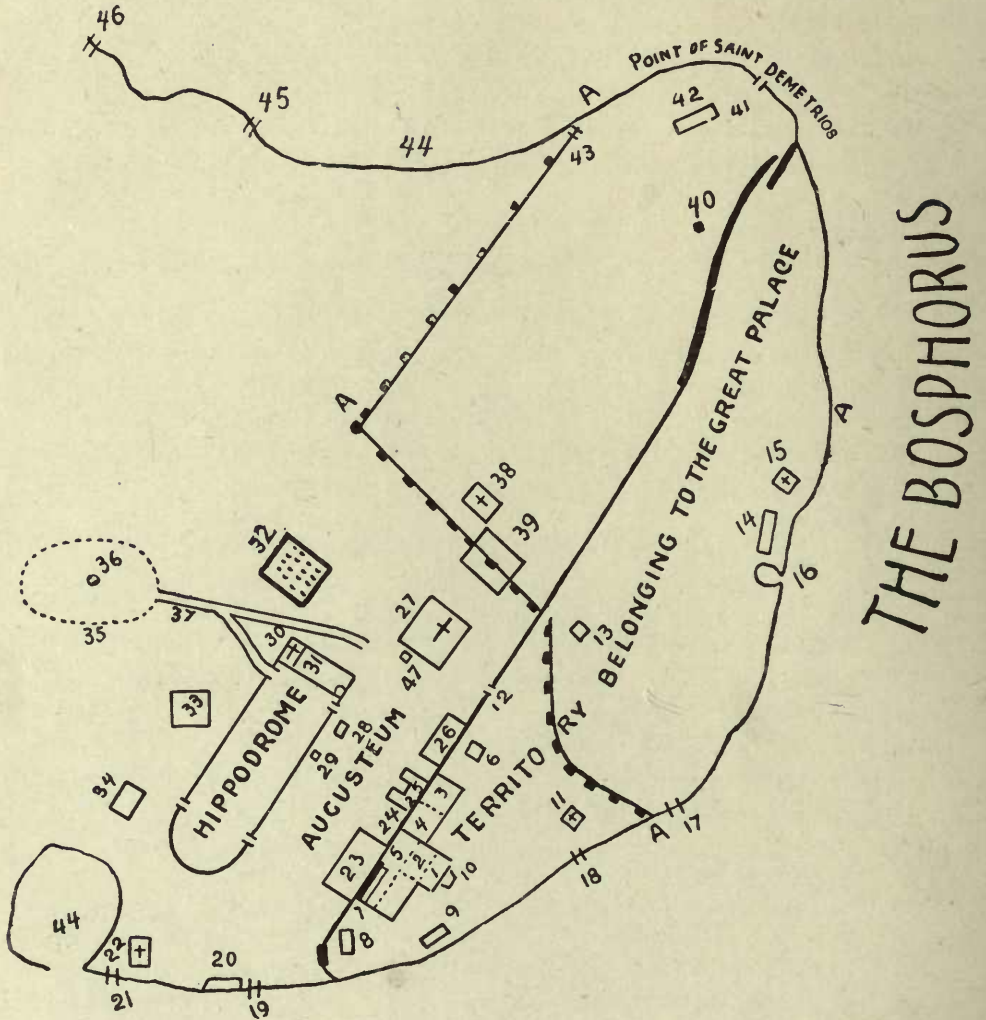


THE EASTERN SECTION OF MEDIÆVAL  
CONSTANTINOPLE

EXPLANATION OF THE CHART

- |         |   |      |  |
|---------|---|------|--|
| 1 to 18 | The Great Palace and its Dependencies           | ✓ 25 | The Senate House                           |
| 1       | The Chrysotriklinon                             | 26   | The Palace of the Patriarch                |
| 2       | The Triconchon                                  | 27   | Sancta Sophia                              |
| 3       | The Chalke                                      | 28   | The Milion                                 |
| 4       | The Daphne                                      | 29   | The Statue of Justinian I the Great        |
| 5       | The Open and Covered Hippodromes of the Palace  | 30   | The Church of Saint Stephen                |
| 6       | The Manavra                                     | 31   | The Palace of the Kathisma                 |
| 7       | The Noumera                                     | 32   | The Basilike or Royal Cistern              |
| 8       | The Pentakoubouklon                             | 33   | The Cistern of Philoxenos                  |
| 9       | The Porphyry Palace                             | 34   | The Church of Saint Anastasia              |
| 10      | The Pharos                                      | 35   | The Forum of Constantine I the Great       |
| 11      | The Monastery of the Holy Virgin the Odeghetria | 36   | The Column of Constantine I the Great      |
| 12      | The Basilike Pyle or Royal Gate                 | 37   | The Triumphal Way                          |
| 13      | The Aetos or Eagle                              | 38   | The Church of Saint Irene                  |
| 14      | The Palace of Boucoleon                         | 39   | The Hospital of Samson                     |
| 15      | The Church of the Saviour                       | 40   | The Column of Theodosius I the Great       |
| 16      | The Harbor of Boucoleon                         | 41   | The Gate of Saint Barbara                  |
| 17      | The Gate of Michael the Protovestiary           | 42   | The Mangana                                |
| 18      | The Gate of the Odeghetria                      | 43   | The Gate of Eugenius                       |
| 19      | The Iron Gate                                   | 44   | The Neoria                                 |
| 20      | The Palace of Justinian                         | 45   | The Gate of the Neorion                    |
| 21      | The Gate of the Lion                            | 46   | The Gate of Perama, or the Crossing        |
| 22      | The Church of Saints Sergius and Bacchus        | 47   | The Baptistry of Sancta Sophia             |
| 23      | The Baths of Xeuxippos                          | AAAA | Territory in 1468 included in the Seraglio |
| 24      | The Monothyros or Portal                        |      |  |

# THE GOLDEN HORN



# THE MARMORA



An absolute essential in all topographical study is that it be prosecuted by the investigator on the ground he describes. Otherwise he is almost certain to ignore differences in elevation or accessibility, to miss some ancient ruin or landmark which may serve as an unerring guide, and to create distances which do not exist, or to disregard those which do. The otherwise scholarly and careful work of M. Jules Labarte on "Le palais impérial de Constantinople et ses abords, le Forum Augustæum et l'Hippodrome, tels qu'ils existaient au dixième siècle" (Paris, 1861), affords a striking illustration of this truth.

M. Labarte never visited Constantinople. Consequently, though learned and conscientious, he commits errors which an intelligent walk across the Atmeïdan would have prevented, and which vitiate his entire work. For example, he says, "The obelisque of granite and the obelisque of stone, which give us the direction of the grand axis of the Hippodrome, are, with the serpent column, the *only existing vestiges* of the Hippodrome." Thus he shows himself unaware of the enormous, still preserved foundations of the sphendone, which give both the southern limit and the exact breadth of the Hippodrome. Hence, in estimating its width, he makes an error of about two hundred feet.

A still greater mistake — one which destroys the value of much which he says concerning the situation of the Augustæum and the Great Palace — is that he reckons the grand axis of the Hippodrome as six hundred and seventy-three feet distant from the nearest parallel side of Sancta Sophia, an exaggeration of over four hundred feet. On this four hundred feet of distance gained on paper as width and of indefinite length, but non-existent in fact, depends his localization of the Augustæum and of the Great Palace. The buildings, assigned by him and his disciples to those non-existent feet, are built literally upon the air. Yet, till the Βυζαντινὰ Ἀνάκτορα, "The Byzantine Palaces," of Dr Paspatis appeared in 1886, the treatise of M. Labarte was the chief and almost the only authority on the subject.

I do not claim absolute accuracy for the accompanying chart. It very largely corresponds with the map drawn by Dr Paspatis, with whom it was my privilege many times to go over the locality. It answers the descriptions of the Byzantine authors. The probability of its exactness is fortified by various mediæval remains still visible, — some hidden in Turkish gardens and in the foundations and even the cellars of Turkish houses, several of which I think no Europeans have seen except Dr Paspatis and myself. It conforms, moreover, to every physical requirement of the ground.

## THE PALACES

No less than thirty-seven palaces can be enumerated, erected, or inhabited by members of the imperial family. All, even the Palace of Blachernai, were dwarfed in immensity and importance by the Mega Palation, or Great Palace. This was a sort of Byzantine Kremlin. It spread over an enormous area; was built by many sovereigns at different periods, through a duration of over eight hundred years, and consisted of residences, churches, porticos, offices, barracks, baths, and gardens: the whole agglomeration was surrounded by massive parapeted walls, which were further fortified by towers. In its entirety, the three ideas of habitation, devotion, and defence seemed equally blended.

The Great Palace proper — that is, the main central edifice — was begun by Constantine, and was his favorite residence. Justinian and subsequent emperors enlarged and embellished the original structure. Few of its edifices were included in the modern grounds of the Seraglio, to which its gardens were little inferior in extent, but reached in irregular succession farther south to the Marmora.

The Great Palace comprised two classes of buildings, — palaces so connected by covered passages as to form practically one architectural whole, to which the name “the Palace” was properly applied, and palaces standing isolated and distinct.

The former, composed of three main parts, — Chryso-triklinon, Trikonchon, and Daphne, — was often called, in the reverent language of the Greeks, the “Sacred,” or “God-guarded Palace.” Imagination, rather than description, must set forth the gorgeousness and magnificence of



structures wherein all the arts united to exalt and magnify imperial power. In the endless succession of those vast chambers and halls, all glittering with gold, mosaic, and rarest marble, it seemed as if human resource and invention could achieve nothing more in overpowering gorgeousness and splendor.

The Chrysotriklinon, or Golden Hall, was erected by Justin II in 570. Here was the imperial throne shaded by the tree of solid gold, devised by the Emperor Theophilos. Entering through silver doors, ambassadors and foreign princes here beheld the most minute and brilliant ceremonial observed at any court. It is to this palace that Constantine VIII Porphyrogenitus constantly refers in his prolix descriptions of Byzantine etiquette. The Trikonchon — the work of Theophilos in 839 — was named from its three spreading apses, wherein were ranged elaborate columns of Roman marble. With it were connected the chambers of the Sigma, — a pavilion rather than a palace, — with its roof everywhere upheld by marble pillars. The Daphne was a mass of heterogeneous buildings, all constructed by Constantine and restored by Justinian after the Revolt of the Nika. It derived its name from a diviner's column, brought thither from a grove of Daphne or Apollo, where it had been formerly worshipped. In these apartments the sovereign was always robed and crowned before participating in the great solemnities. All these edifices were situated south-east of the Augustæum, and south of Sancta Sophia, their sites being partly included in the yard of the Mosque of Sultan Achmet.

The isolated or disconnected palaces were numerous. The Chalke, or the Brazen, built by Zeno in 479, and soon after restored by Anastasios I, was so called from the

brass plates covering its roof. It is constantly on the lips of the Byzantine authors. A vast vestibule, or portal, rather than a residence, it gave access to the Augustæum. On its eastern door was the long-wrangled-over picture of Christ, which Leo III destroyed. Thereupon a riot broke out, and many people were killed. Then Leo replaced it by a cross. Irene afterwards consecrated on the door a Christ in mosaic, which Leo V, the Armenian, bade his followers tear down and destroy, and which, under Theodora, the paralytic artist, Leo, in 842 miraculously restored. The veil, drawn before this mosaic picture, was believed to have cured Alexios I Komnenos in a sickness otherwise fatal. The Chalke, despite all its glitter and its imperial memories, in the thirteenth century was converted into a prison.

Farther north was the Palace of Manavra, ranking next to the Chrysotriklinon, built by Constantine, and rebuilt by Leo VI. From its balcony annually, on the first Monday in Lent, the Emperor addressed the people, and exhorted them to keep the Fast. Still farther north was the Eagle Palace, fancifully named from its elevated or eyried situation inside the present Seraglio grounds, near the site of the Bab-i-Humayoun. Basil I was its founder.

Most remote and most northern of all was the Palace of Boucoleon, *bucca leonis*, the Lion's Mouth, lying along the seashore, over three hundred feet in length and sixty broad. It is of unfrequent mention before the time of Nikephoros II Phokas. He restored it on an imposing scale in 969, and sought by massive walls to render it impregnable. But the first night he slept therein in fancied security he was murdered by John Zimiskes and other conspirators, whom, at the instigation of his wife, traitorous maid-servants drew up in baskets over the wall.



When the Latin Crusaders sacked Constantinople, they found in this palace, according to the naïve expression of Villehardouin, "the most beautiful women in the world," who had fled there for refuge. The harbor of Boucoleon, with its imperial landing-place, guarded by marble lions, was farther south.

The rectangular Porphyry Palace, with its pyramidal roof, was more southward still. The rich red porphyry covering its walls and floors had been brought from Rome. It was sacred to imperial motherhood. Built by Constantine, he ordered by special decree that there the empresses, free from the responsibilities and tedium of the Sacred Palace, might in peace bring forth their offspring. All born in its august seclusion were called Porphyrogeniti.

The Pentakoubouklon, close by, is memorable for its churches of Saint Barbara, erected by Leo VI, and of Saint Paul, built by Basil I, both painted by the artist hand of Constantine VIII Porphyrogenitus. The oft-referred-to Noumera was not a palace, but a prison. The solid Byzantine arches still visible in the Ottoman quarter of Ak Buyouk Mahalleh were doubtless part of its foundations. Close to the Chrysotriklinon, towards the south, was the Pharos, whose ruins are identified in the great mass of stone and mortar west of Achor Kapou. The palaces were generally vaulted, built of stone or marble, usually but one story high, and covered with brazen plates or leaden roofs.

The twenty-eight churches and chapels included might well satisfy all the needs of imperial piety. Their clergy were subordinate to the Protopappas, or High Priest of the Palace. The imperial family usually worshipped in the Church of the Holy Virgin at the Pharos. The Church

of the Saviour Christ in the Chalke was erected by John I Zimiskes, and was his mausoleum. The Church of the Holy Virgin of Boucoleon possessed several highly revered relics, supposed to be connected with the Passion: they were all carried to France in 1234. The most splendid of all these churches was the New Church of Jesus Christ, erected by Basil I, and still further embellished by Isaac Angelos. To it were brought the exquisitely wrought bronze doors which had been the chief ornament of Constantine's Forum.

The Latin emperors resided alternately at the Palace of Blachernai and the Palace of Boucoleon, neglecting all the rest of the Great Palace. It was almost abandoned, and was rarely visited by their successors, the Palaiologoi. Its stately edifices fell in successive ruin, and were seldom restored. Sultan Mohammed II, on his triumphal entry, came hither direct from Sancta Sophia. Awed by the stillness and desolation, he repeated the distich of the Persian poet Saadi:—

“The spider is the curtain-holder in the Palace of the Cæsars:  
The owl hoots its night-call on the Towers of Aphrsiab.”

The Ottomans built its scattered remnants into the walls and kiosks of the Seraglio. A few nameless, formless, disconnected heaps of masonry are the sole vestiges of the resplendent, the “God-guarded Palace.”

While the Great Palace tumbled to destruction, the Palace of Blachernai, in the distant northwest corner of the city, centred the latter-day glories and miseries of the imperial Byzantine family. During the last four centuries of the Empire it was the residence of the Dukas, Komnenos, Angelos, and Palaiologos dynasties. The meaning of the name Blachernai is a mystery. Beginning



in a tiny church founded in the fifth century outside the walls by the Empress Pulcheria, to which a summer-house was added by Anastasius I, the group of edifices constantly enlarged during six hundred years. For its protection Heraklios constructed the lofty wall with monstrous towers, which reaches from Tekour Serai to the Golden Horn. It monopolized the entire northern portion of the city, and even the bridge spanning the Golden Horn was the Bridge of the Blachernai. Apparently impregnable in its overawing strength, the name "Palace" was disregarded, and the whole was called "the Fortress," or "the Bulwark of the Blachernai." Manuel Komnenos greatly increased its size, and so lavishly embellished its walls with mosaic pictures of his martial exploits that the patient Jewish traveller, Benjamin of Toledo, in 1173, finding one face everywhere, reckoned Manuel its founder. Isaac Angelos, with superfluous vigilance, still further fortified its front with the castle-like tower which bears his name.

This palace is frequently referred to by the historians of the Crusades. Greek astuteness and Western chivalry fought their unequal duel beneath its roof. Here, in his march towards the Holy Land, Peter the Hermit received from the hands of Alexios I Komnenos two hundred and twenty gold byzants for himself and a smaller gratuity for each man in his host. Here, one year later, Godfrey of Bouillon and the intrepid chieftains of the First Crusade paid homage to the same monarch for their prospective conquests. Says Albert d'Aix, "Kneeling down, bending their bodies, they kissed the hand of that glorious and puissant Emperor." Here the avaricious Bohemond of Tarentum acquired what to him was worth more than glory. To him was "shown a room heaped with most

precious things, — gold, silver plate, silks, and everything that was costly; then when he cried, ‘How many cities and kingdoms might I not conquer with this wealth!’ the Emperor bestowed all these treasures upon Bohemond.” From this palace in 1203 the usurper Alexios III Angelos, trembling, watched the first attack of the Fourth Crusade; in one of its dark subterranean chambers his successor, the boy Alexios IV, was murdered.

The Latin emperors revelled in its halls more than half a century, and when at last expelled, they left the palace in so foul a state that “its cleansing was a mighty work.” It was the scene and centre of the unnatural rivalry of the aged Andronikos II and his grandson Andronikos III; when the latter won and the septuagenarian sovereign was driven out, herds of horses, asses, and oxen, and flocks of poultry were chased in derision through the spacious rooms, and washerwomen plied their craft in the Imperial Fountain in the palace court. Here were held in 1351 sessions of that supplementary Council which wrangled over the heresy of Balaam and the uncreated light of Tabor, thereby in a later age affording point for the sharpened satire of Gibbon. Here — overmastering association of all — were the headquarters of the ill-fated Constantine all through the final siege.

Numerous disconnected masses of stone and mortar, half buried in Ottoman gardens, or built into the foundations of Ottoman houses, enable one with partial accuracy to trace the general outline and extent of the palace fortifications. We know that the Grand Gate, which afforded access through the outer wall, stood not far from the still cherished Ayasma of the Blachernai. The neighboring uncouth stone structure, now surmounted by a dilapidated dome, may, as is commonly believed, have had some



connection with the Blachern public bath. The venerable plane-tree, to this day vigorous and majestic, outside the gate of Aivaz Effendi Djami, must, four hundred and fifty years ago, have shaded some portion of the palace with its widespreading arms. The time-swept site is now difficult of access, so suspicious of every stranger are the present fanatical inhabitants of the region. But of that imperial dwelling, whose splendor dazzled the Crusaders and swelled the pride of the Byzantines, a single undoubted relic is left, — the sinuous, repulsive shape of one of its larger drains.

### THE CHURCHES

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CONSTANTINOPLE was pre-eminently a city of churches. With pious faith the modern Greek consecrates in every house a chamber or an alcove for devotion. In like manner his Byzantine ancestors set up a sanctuary in every spot, beautiful for situation, wherever there were worshippers to come. Paspatis gives the names of three hundred and ninety-two; Du Cange enumerates four hundred and twenty-eight, and Gedeon four hundred and sixty-three. Twenty-four were dedicated to some attribute of the Deity; sixty-four to the Holy Virgin; twenty-two to archangels; eighteen to Saint John the Baptist; nine to prophets; thirty-five to apostles; one hundred and fifty-five to other saints and martyrs; ninety-five were connected with monasteries.

Without peer or rival in material grandeur or varied association was Sancta Sophia, whose hallowed pile is preserved to this day.

Second in rank, size, and magnificence, was the Church of the Holy Apostles, which Manasses quaintly calls "the

silver-lighted moon among the churches, second only to the lustrous sun of Sancta Sophia." It was the creation of Constantine, dedicated by him to the Holy Trinity. When, thirty years later, remains regarded as those of Saints Timothy, Andrew, and Luke, were enshrined under its altar, it was henceforth called Church of the Holy Apostles. Superstitious reverence believed that among its opulence of relics were the body of Saint Matthias, some garments of the Apostles, the head of James the Lord's brother, the hand of Saint Euphemia; later still were added the undoubted remains of the patriarchs Saint John Chrysostom, Gregory the Theologian, Flavian, and Methodios the Confessor. It was rich no less in diamonds, gems, and imperial crowns; its sacred vessels of gold and silver were almost countless, and only the rarest and most costly materials were employed in its construction.

The earthquake, the mediæval scourge of Constantinople, threw it down. Its restoration in the form of a cross was at once begun by Theodora, who did not live, however, to witness its re-consecration. In its prodigious dome, vast but windowless, it somewhat resembled Sancta Sophia. Its roof, rising high in form of a pyramid, was sheathed in glittering plates of brass. Justin II and Basil I sought to enrich and embellish it still more, and it was again magnificently restored by Andronikos II. When the Conqueror devoted Sancta Sophia to Islam, he granted the Holy Apostles to the Christians as their Patriarchal Church. In 1456 the corpse of a murdered Ottoman was found lying across the threshold. In terror the Christians sought and obtained permission to transfer the Patriarchal See to the humble monastic Church of Pamakaristos. When Mohammed II determined upon the erection of his Mosque, he demolished the abandoned



church. Not the slightest remains of it now exist, while on its site rise the austere minarets of the Conqueror.

Its old-time prominence must be sought neither in its sacred character as a sanctuary, nor in its architectural grandeur. From its origin it was the imperial mausoleum. By special enactments the Emperors Valentinian, Gratian, and Theodosius I forbade that any save Patriarchs and members of the imperial household should be buried in its jealous precincts. The later rulers respected these early edicts; for almost nine hundred years its sepulchral chambers were reserved to the sovereign and the pontiff. In less than two centuries the mortuary chapel or Heroon of Constantine near the entrance was so crowded with the exalted dead that another was required. This was erected by Justinian, and called by his name.

The careful historian, who in the eleventh century wrote under the name of Anonymos, has handed down with minute particularity a list of the imperial dead who up to his day had been gathered within its walls; he has moreover given a brief description of the sarcophagus of each sceptred tenant. These sarcophagi were placed on stands a little distance above the floor. The Byzantine citizen was free to enter these Heroons and to wander among his sleeping sovereigns, separated from one another and from him only by the thin walls of their marble coffins. It may be doubted whether so many crowned corpses, representing so long duration and so much influence on human destiny, have ever elsewhere been grouped in the intimacy of any other mausoleum in Europe. As the visitor trod the pavement he might reconstitute his national Byzantine history from its imperial origin. Some with a right to sleep in that high company were absent; but they who had most shaped their Empire's erratic course, Christian,

apostate, iconoclast, image worshipper, devotee or debauchee, alike were there. Robed and crowned, Constantine, Theodosius, Justinian, Heraklios, Basil ; the imperial



BASIL II BULGAROKTONOS

consorts and saints, Helena, Pulcheria, Theophano ; and other imperial wives though unsaintly, Theodora, Sophia, Eudoxia, were shut only by the narrow coffin-rim from the gaze of the visitor and of the world. Yet even in the democracy of death creed was not forgotten. Close together, but a space apart from the orthodox sleepers, were grouped, as if eternally abhorred, the coffins of Julian and of the four Arian emperors. Time cannot hush the voice of religious rancor. Even the historian Anonymos, elsewhere so dignified and calm, when describing the sarcophagus wherein lay the last kinsman of Constantine and the pupil of the Academy,

exclaims, "In this was placed the execrable carcass of Julian the Apostate."

The successive emperors generally preserved the ashes of their predecessors from profanation. The infamous Michael III, however, burned in the Hippodrome the bones of Constantine V Kopronymos, and converted his sarcophagus



gus into lime, which was afterward employed in the ordinary uses of the palace. During the reign of Alexios III Angelos, many of the sarcophagi were broken open and robbed, presumably by the sovereign's order and for his financial benefit. Still, till 1204 most of the dead emperors reposed in peace. That year the Latin Crusaders, after their conquest, with sacrilegious greed stripped all the dead bones of every ornament and cast them into the street. The historian Niketas Choniates, who was then alive, states that the remains of Justinian the Great were found in almost perfect preservation, though he had been dead six hundred and thirty-nine years.

To-day various imperial sarcophagi are scattered in different parts of the city. Broken and empty, their history has vanished like the ashes they contained; and, despite all the details of Anonymos, not one can be identified with certainty.

The Church of the Holy Virgin of the Blachernai held a peculiar and distinctive place in Byzantine life. It was indeed always eclipsed by the peerless cathedral Sancta Sophia, and was outshone in splendor and sanctity by the Church of the Holy Apostles. But in later popularity and magnificence it shared the brilliant destiny of the Blachern quarter. Nor was it a mere companion or dependence of royal fortunes. Here the palace was the result or child of the sanctuary. The former sprang from the latter, and grew around it as a focal centre. The rural, fifth-century church of Pulcheria, like a magnet, caused to cluster about itself through six hundred years cottages and fortresses, and at last the official imperial residence. Even before the First Crusade, the Great Palace of Constantine had begun to fall into ruin and oblivion, being gradually deserted for its newer and more pretentious rival.

After the definite removal hither of the imperial abode, and throughout the last four and a half centuries of the Empire, the Church of the Blachernai was the temple wherein the sovereign and his court offered their stately worship.

The original church of Pulcheria had been enlarged and magnificently decorated by Justin I, the uncle of Justinian the Great. Burned in the eleventh century, it had been rebuilt by Romanos III Argyros on a scale commensurate with the pageantry of imperial devotion. Its gorgeousness was in keeping with its rank, and with the ritual of that ancient church which has always sought to astound and bewilder the eye. One mediæval author wrote, "The Church of the Blachernai is as much more resplendent than all other churches as is the sun superior to all the other lights of heaven."

Here was kept the robe of the Holy Virgin, for the preservation of which the patricians Galbius and Candidus, in 459, had erected their massive and still standing church. In the same sacristy was revered the Virgin's mantle, which, in Byzantine belief, a constant miracle protected against natural decay, and which likewise rendered invulnerable whoever put it on. It was the sole breastplate of Romanos I Lekapenos in 926, and to its supernatural agency he attributed his escape from harm in his desperate wars with Simeon, King of the Bulgarians. The church was thronged with an unceasing crowd, eager to pay their homage to these relics; in consequence, its fame and wealth enormously increased. Even the day on which the sacred garments were confided to its keeping was commemorated by an annual and solemn festival. So large was the edifice that its services taxed to the utmost its seventy-four priests, deacons, deaconesses, and chanters.

In the edifice of Justin, Constantine V Kopronymos



held the last session of his Council in 754, and was greeted at its conclusion by his followers' enthusiastic shout, "To-day safety to the world, because thou, O Emperor, hast delivered mankind from idols!"

Long before the Blachern quarter had become the recognized chief residence of the sovereign, three times a year the Patriarch came hither to officiate at its altar, and the Emperor, Senate, and Court assembled beneath its roof to participate in the liturgy. Even the manner in which the monarch and the pontiff should issue from their palaces, and the route their processions should follow across the city, and the hour of their arrival, and the particulars of their reception, were prescribed with minute and inflexible details. All the subsequent ceremonies, both ecclesiastical and imperial, were as solemn and awe-inspiring as piety and trained invention could devise. The whole was terminated in a characteristic Byzantine way. Closely connected with the church was the chapel of the Ayasma, or Holy Fountain. When the official religious service in the larger sanctuary was concluded, the Emperor entered an adjacent chamber, and was there entirely disrobed by the eunuchs, who then wrapped around him the lention, or gilded tunic. Forthwith he descended to the chapel and prayed before the icons. On completion of his prayer, he bathed in the fountain, and was robed by his chamberlains in readiness for departure.

As he descended the church steps, he was met by twelve water-carriers who had been selected by the master of ceremonies, and to each of whom he gave two pieces of gold, "always received with ecstasy."

In 1434 some young nobles, while chasing pet pigeons which had flown into the church, accidentally set it on fire, and it was utterly consumed. The destruction of this

guardian sanctuary seemed, in the minds of the people, to presage that dire calamity to the Empire which was in store. In the universal penury, it was impossible to rebuild the church. At the Conquest, nineteen years afterwards, its site and all the neighboring territory were divided among the conquerors. Not a single vestige was visible in the following century. A hundred years ago



HOLY FOUNTAIN OF THE BLACHERNAI

the locality was occupied by gypsies who had abandoned their nomadic habits. But the water always flowed in the unfailing ayasma, and the owner of the spot derived a generous income from Christians who paid for the privilege of coming there to pray. Finally, the guild of the furriers, at large expense, purchased the adjacent ground. They endeavored to erect a tiny church, which should be the exact counterpart of the Chapel of the Ayasma. In digging for the foundations, they discovered a portion of the ancient porphyry floor.



From the street one can now enter the grounds, which are of small extent but scrupulously kept. On the left, close to the gate, is a shapeless mass of mediæval masonry which formed part of the ancient church. Still farther within is the simple modern chapel, preceded by a narrow narthex. Descending a few steps into the sanctuary proper and turning to the left, one pauses before the *Ayasma*. Pictured on the wall, in colossal proportions, the benignant Virgin, always beautiful and always with the child Saviour in her arms, looks down upon the gazer. Under one's feet is the rescued pavement which in other days so many suppliants trod. This is the very spot where the Byzantine emperors, with strange mingling of exalted pomp and profound humility, performed their devotions.

#### THE HIPPODROME

THE *Atmeïdan* is a plain familiar to every resident of Constantinople. It stretches southward on the left hand of the main highway just beyond *Sancta Sophia*. On its eastern side looms up the six-minaretted Mosque of Sultan Achmet. Three monuments, an Egyptian obelisk, a broken, twisted serpent, and a crumbling pillar built of stone, stand along its central line like tombstones in the graveyard of a dead past. The name *Atmeïdan* is the Turkish translation of the Greek *Hippodromos*, — in English *Hippodrome*, — an edifice that occupied the same spot, and embraced in all a territory two and three-fourths times as large as the present *Atmeïdan*.

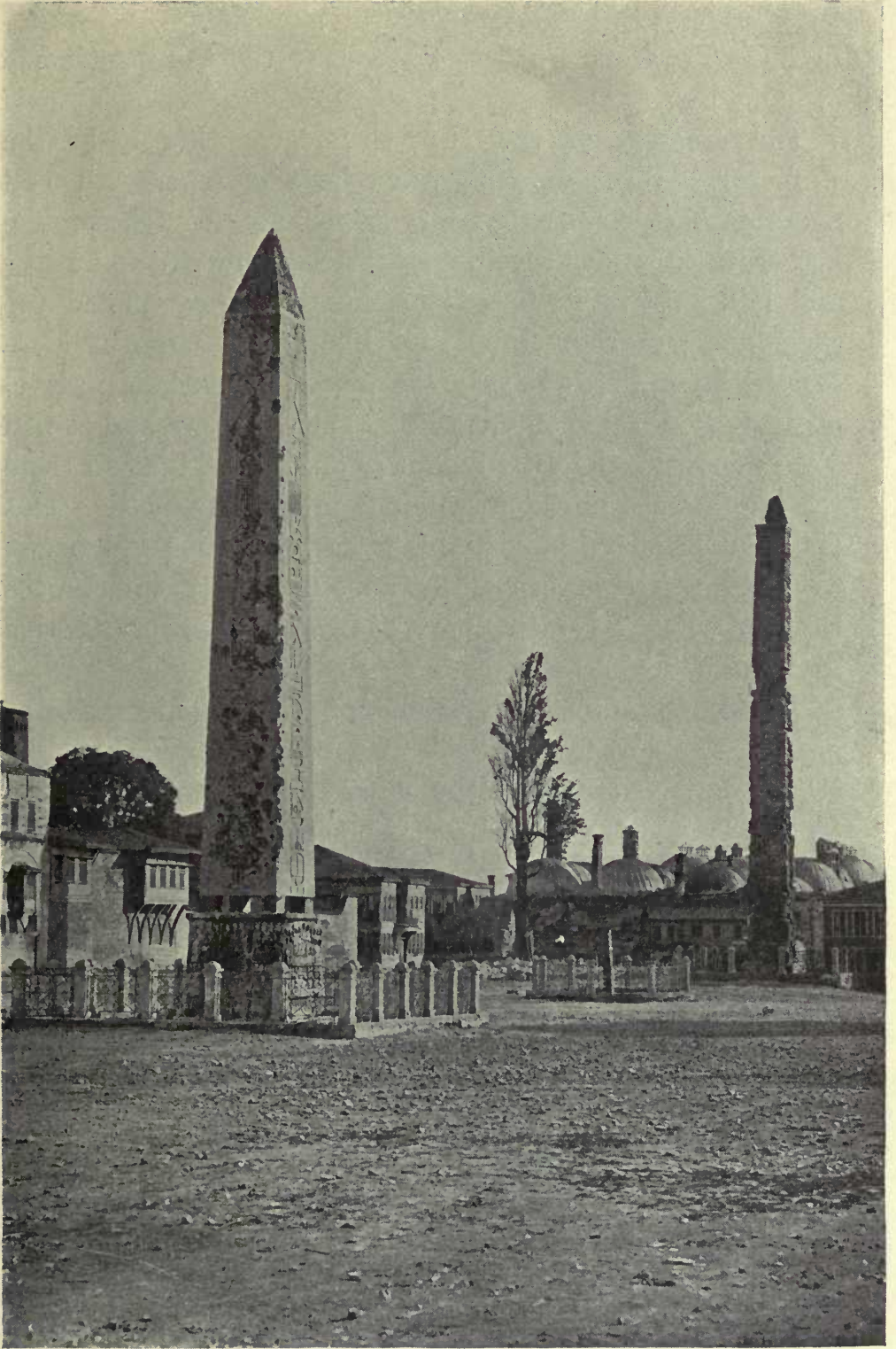
The Hippodrome of Constantinople was world renowned. By its vastness it dwarfed every other building, not only in Constantinople but throughout the Roman East. Its

direction determined that of every other edifice in its vicinity. It shaped the form of the Augustæum; compelled the Great Palace to lie parallel to its side; forced inflexible Orthodoxy to incline the wall of its holiest cathedral so that its nave should run perpendicular to the Hippodrome, and not, as in every Eastern church, from west to east. Its immense area and stupendous proportions were in keeping with its relative importance in the political and social life of the city. Well does Rambaud exclaim, "The axis of the Hippodrome was the pivot round which revolved all the Byzantine world."

Not only was it axis, pivot, centre, of the circle, but it was circumference as well. It bounded all and included all. Not in forum, bath, palace, or church, but in the Hippodrome, ancient Constantinople is to be sought, — its individuality, its peculiarity, its eccentricity, all its unrestrained, seething, tumultuous life. The entire tragedy and comedy of politics was there enacted; all human passion there had unbridled sway; the veil, worn by the Byzantine at every other hour and spot, was there thrown aside, and the populace, capable of the highest and the lowest, and by turns achieving both, revealed itself and wrote its record as nowhere else.

In striving to recreate the Hippodrome in its wide extent; to reconstruct its walls and gates and ranges of marble seats; to re-array its precious statues and works of art; to populate it once again with the men and factions that thronged its benches, and to re-enact some of the scenes which have there had place, a larger end is sought than the resurrection of a monument, however mighty, of which even the ruins have perished. Its description merits and demands long narration and minute





THE THREE EXISTING MONUMENTS OF THE HIPPODROME

detail. Thus can we best resuscitate the Constantinople of long ago.

The erection of the Hippodrome was begun by the Emperor Severus in 203, when he was seeking to call again into existence that city which six years before he had ruthlessly destroyed. He traced the entire outline and laid most of its foundations, and even completed the Sphendone, or semi-circular portion, on the south.

Since there existed in the vicinity of Byzantium no level ground of adequate extent to serve as an arena, arches had to be constructed to the height of sixty feet, that on them the foundations of the Sphendone might be placed. This task had been completed, and thereon Severus had begun to raise the southern walls and to adjust the marble benches, when he was called away to quell an insurrection in Britain.

The Hippodrome remained unfinished and neglected more than a hundred years. Then Constantine, determining to make Byzantium the capital of the world, pressed on its completion with restless energy. It was inaugurated with the utmost pomp by the Emperor in the presence of the court, senate, army, and nation, on May 11, 330, the natal day of Constantinople, the dedicatory rites of which were mainly celebrated in the Hippodrome. The public squares were studded with the accumulated art treasures of the Empire; but it was the Hippodrome which afforded the most imposing stage for their display, and which was the most lavishly adorned. An art collection equally rich and varied the world has never elsewhere beheld, before or since. Along the promenade and podium, through the passages, on the stretch of the spina, — everywhere the most delicate carvings and chiselings, the most perfect and renowned statues of antiquity



then existing, fired the beholder's admiration and bewildered his gaze. Nor were those larger creations wanting which overwhelm rather than delight.

The names and subjects of many wonders gathered in the Hippodrome we know, though but a small proportion of the entire number. The following are a few of the more famous: The Brazen Eagle, with outspread wings, that seemed to fly, clutching a serpent in its talons, — in after years invested by vulgar credulity with the power of expelling serpents from the city; the Giant Maiden, holding in her right hand a life-sized armed horseman, seated on his steed, — the whole so perfectly poised that horse and rider had for sole support the maiden's hand; the Poisoned Bull, dying in torment, while one half listened for the death-roar; the She Wolf and Hyena, brought from Antioch; the Brazen Ass and its Driver (this was the original, — the Emperor Augustus had deemed a copy of it a worthy votive offering to set up in Nicopolis in commemoration of his decisive victory at Actium over Mark Antony); the Calydonian Boar that gnashed its tuskless mouth; the Helen of Paris and Menelaus, so fatally fair that one on beholding no longer wondered at the Trojan War; eight Sphinxes, propounding the world's enigmas according to the conception and form of various lands; the God of Wealth, not as the Greek or Roman master but as the Arabian artist conceived him; the Enraged Elephant, so monstrous and grotesque that children trembled at its bulk but laughed at its rage; the Wounded Hero struggling with a Lion, so realistic that at first glance many thought the hero a living man; the Hercules, disarmed and sorrowing, the bronze masterpiece of Lysippus, of so colossal size that a man of ordinary height reached only to the knee.

The most widely known in subsequent history, though by no means the most beautiful or admirable, were four gilded Steeds of Corinthian brass, perhaps the work of Lysippus, which had first fronted a temple in Corinth. Thence in 146 B. C. Mummius brought them to Rome to adorn the Square of the Senate; later they crowned the Arch of Nero and of Trajan, whence they were brought by Constantine to Constantinople. In 1204 they were sent to Venice by the robber chieftains of the Fourth Crusade as part of their plunder. The victories of Napoleon carried them to Paris to surmount the Arc de Triomphe du Carrousel. Since 1815 they stand as guardians over the main entrance to the Venetian Cathedral of Saint Mark.

During the seven hundred succeeding years additions of groups and single statues were constantly made. At last, in the twelfth century, one historian, and an eye-witness, exclaims, "There are as many heroes, emperors, gods, along the seats of the Hippodrome as there are living men." But the later contributions added rather to the sculptured populousness than to the real adornment of the Hippodrome. It became a walhalla of famous and heroic, even of common forms, rather than an assemblage of ideal creations exquisite to the eye. Emperors, patriarchs, martyrs, saints, generals, patricians, women famous for their beauty, rank, or virtue, successful charioteers, physicians, teachers, lawyers, philosophers, dwarfs of most wrinkled face or most stunted stature, and eunuchs of widest influence, were immortalized in bronze or marble likeness in the strange assembly.

To ascertain the Hippodrome's dimensions certain sure indications exist. From the Egyptian obelisk, still in its former place in the centre, to the still remaining Sphendone, or the extreme southern limit, — that is, just one-half



the length, — is six hundred and ninety-one feet. The width of the Sphendone, three hundred and ninety-five feet, is the ancient width of the Hippodrome. Hence the stupendous structure was about fourteen hundred by four hundred feet. Its length was three and a half times its breadth, the exact proportions of the Circus Maximus at Rome. Hence the entire area occupied five hundred and thirty-five thousand eight hundred and sixty-six square feet, or twelve and three-tenths acres. Its direction was north northeast, deviating thus twenty-two and a half degrees from a due north and south line.

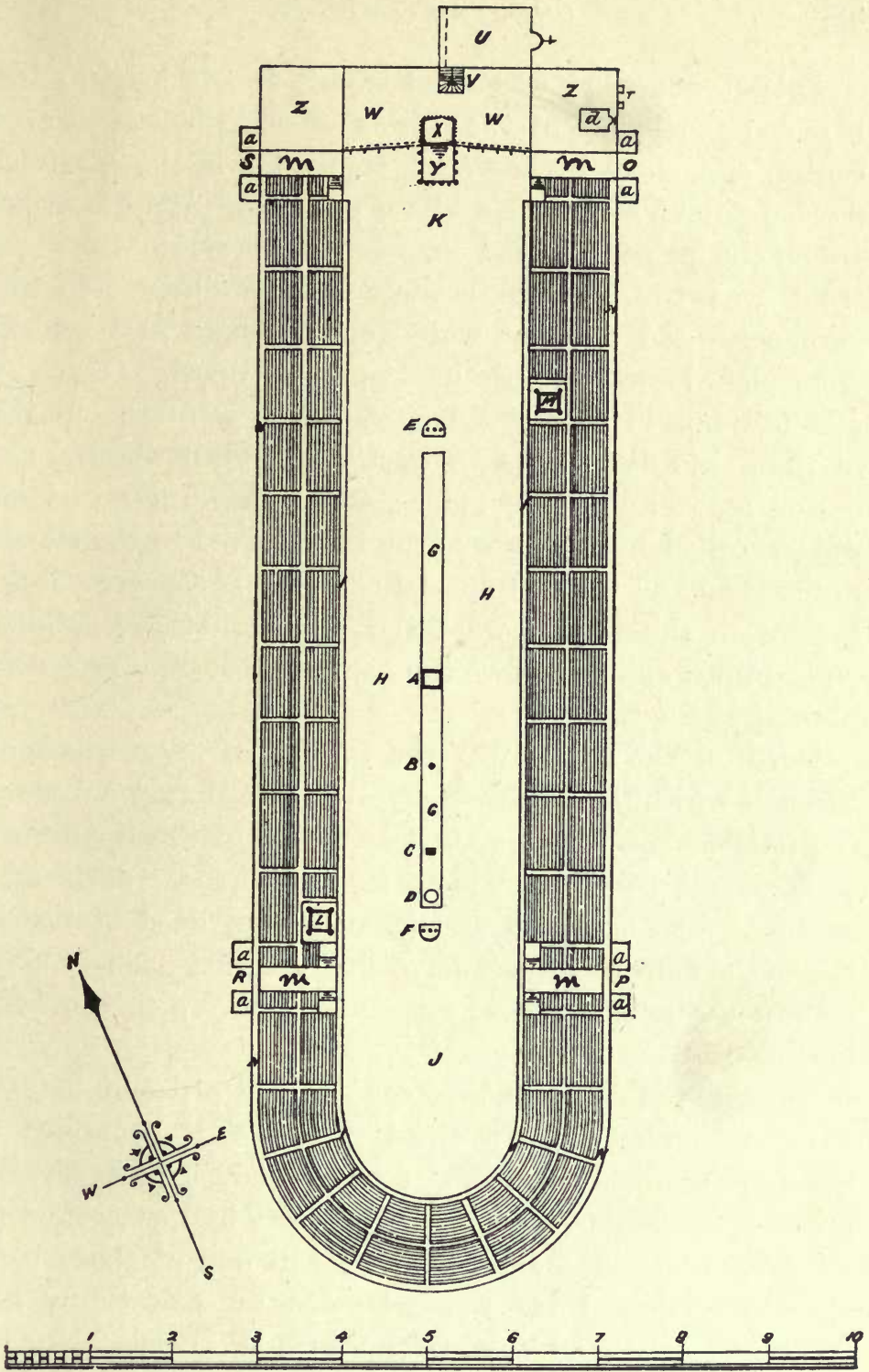
The internal arrangement and appearance of the Hippodrome is made much clearer by the accompanying chart. This chart is not a copy of some plan found elsewhere. In fact, no plan of the Hippodrome that I have anywhere seen, answers, in my opinion, to the requirements of the Byzantine authors, or to the picture which my study of the subject has gradually traced in my mind.

A lengthy structure, reaching almost perpendicularly across, terminated the Hippodrome on the north. The first or ground floor of this edifice afforded a spacious magazine of whatever appertained to the games. Here were the colonnaded porticos which the Romans called Carceres and the Greeks Mangana. Here were the apartments of the attendants and servants, the storehouses of the chariots, the stalls of the horses. Here, too, was an arsenal, ever furnished with weapons and machines of war. All this space was separated from the arena, not by a wall, but by pillars with latticed gates. Before each race the eager populace could discern, through this grilled gateway, the pawing steeds and their impatient drivers. By the outer Gate of Decimus persons entered the ground story, passing on the left the tiny church or oratory where before each contest the champions prayed.

## EXPLANATION OF PLAN OF THE HIPPODROME

- A* . . . Obelisk, centre of H.  
*B* . . . Serpent of Delphi.  
*C* . . . Built Column.  
*D* . . . Phiale.  
*E* . . . Goal of Blues.  
*F* . . . Goal of Greens.  
 III in *E* and *F* . . . Small Obelisks.  
*G* . . . Spina.  
*H* . . . Arena.  
*I* . . . Euripos.  
*J* . . . Place of execution in Arena.  
*K* . . . Part of Arena called Stama.  
 IIII in *K* . . . Twelve gateways of the Mangana.  
*L* . . . Tetrakion.  
*M* . . . Lodge of Judges.  
*N* . . . Promenade.  
*O* . . . Gate of Greens.  
*P* . . . Gate of the Dead.  
*R* . . . Southwestern Gate.  
*S* . . . Gate of Blues.  
*T* . . . Gate of Decimus.  
*U* . . . Church of Saint Stephen.  
*V* . . . Spiral Staircase, Kochlias.  
*W* . . . Palace of Kathisma.  
 VIIII in *W* . . . Columns separating lodges of Courtiers.  
*X* . . . Kathisma.  
 - in *X* . . . Throne of Emperor.  
*Y* . . . The Pi.  
*Z* . . . Roof over that part of Mangana not under  
                     Palace of Kathisma.  
*a* . . . Towers at Gates.  
*d* . . . Small Church.  
*m* . . . Passages leading to Arena and stairways.





SCALE: 1 Centimètre to 30 Mètres or 98½ Feet.

PLAN OF THE HIPPODROME

This ground story was about twenty feet in height. On it rested the Palace of the Kathisma, or Tribunal. In its centre, one story higher still, supported by twenty-four marble pillars, rose the Kathisma proper, or platform, from which the palace derived its name. Placed in the very front was the Emperor's throne. On either side the throne favored courtiers were wont to stand, and behind were picked members of the Imperial Guard. On right and left, but in the second story below, were the lodges of the grand dignitaries. Directly in front of the throne, but on a level with the lodges, was a platform raised on pillars, called by the Greeks the *Pi*, reserved to the standard-bearers and to the Imperial Guard. In the rear, leading up to the throne, were the steps which every high official must ascend before the games in order to prostrate himself at the Emperor's feet.

North of the palace was the Church of Saint Stephen, through which, by a narrow spiral staircase, and never by the public steps, the Emperor ascended to the Kathisma. That secret staircase, which Kodinos calls "dark and gloomy," saw many an assassination and deed of blood. Often the emperors must have shivered as in lonely majesty they passed up those steps which only their crimson-buskined feet could tread.

Though the Kathisma seemed rather a tier of lodges, as in a theatre, than a royal residence, it contained a dining-room, bed-chambers, dressing-rooms, and several other apartments, — especially one airy hall wherein the Emperor was robed and crowned. In one of these bed-chambers Michael III was wounded unto death by his successor Basil, and cast, wrapped in a horse's blanket, still breathing, into the Hippodrome on a heap of dung.

There was no direct communication from the arena, or



from the rest of the Hippodrome, with the palace, which was entered only from the north. Nevertheless, in a riot, more than once, the rabble, which could approach no nearer, chased the Emperor from his throne by a shower of stones. This experience befell Maurice, Anastasios II, Theophilos, Romanos I, and Michael V. The Emperor Phokas I threw from the Kathisma handfuls of gold to purchase popular favor. The people gathered up the coins, meanwhile insulting the sovereign upon his seat by every epithet which contempt and hatred could suggest. Justinian the Great once rose upon the throne to make an impassioned plea, but could obtain no hearing from his irreverent subjects, who screamed from forty thousand throats, "Thou liest! Keep quiet, thou donkey!"

During the early period the Empress had her station near that of the Emperor. But Western customs soon yielded to the prejudices of the East. Far down the western side of the Hippodrome, nearly opposite to the Built Column, a gorgeous chamber with latticed windows was erected for the Empress and her retinue. It rested on four porphyry pillars, and was hence called the Tetra-kion. Close beside this chamber, during the more solemn festivals, was placed the image of the reigning monarch, crowned with laurel.

The eastern, western, and southern portions of the Hippodrome were occupied by ascending parallel rows of seats and standing-places, appropriated to the spectators according to their degree. The marble benches rested on vaulted brick arches. The lowest range, the widest and most honorable, the Bouleutikon, or Podium, was raised about thirteen feet above the level of the arena, and was surrounded by a polished marble rim nearly three feet high. Behind rose benches, tier on tier. Half-way be-

tween the bottom and top, a broad passage separated the rows below from those above. Around the highest part a spacious promenade made the entire circuit, save that it was shut off by a blank wall from the Palace of the Kathisma. The promenade was without roof or covering, as were the seats in the Sphendone; but over the sides gigantic awnings were stretched to protect the spectators from the sun or rain.

No theatre, no palace, no public building has to-day a promenade so magnificent. Standing forty feet above the ground, protected by a solid marble railing reaching to the breast, the spectator had a spacious avenue two thousand seven hundred and sixty-six feet long in which to walk. Within was all the pomp and pageantry of all possible imperial and popular contest and display. Without, piled high around, were the countless imposing structures "of that city which for more than half a thousand years was the most elegant, the most civilized, almost the only civilized and polished city in the world." Beyond were the Golden Horn, crowded with shipping; the Bosphorus in its winding beauty; the Marmora, studded with islands and fringing the Asiatic coast; the long line of the Arganthonius Mountains and the peaks of the Bithynian Olympus, glittering with eternal snow, — all combining in a panorama which even now no other city of mankind can rival.

In the Hippodrome eighty thousand spectators might find ample room. In the delirium of the race, ease, rank, wealth, office, all was forgotten; no barriers of marble railings, far less of caste, could keep the crowds apart. Treading on one another's feet, raised on one another's shoulders, from podium to promenade close wedged against one another's side, one hundred thousand people in one human mass, fused into a common passion, might



glue their eyes upon the chariot and the goal. The admiring presence of the fairer sex was seldom granted to the charioteer. Behind the jealously guarded windows might sit the Empress in stiff, impassive state, and the Ladies of Honor as seemingly emotionless in her train. But it was deemed indecorous for a woman to frequent the Hippodrome, and, save the imperial company in the Tetrakion, women were seldom present.

Combats of wild beasts or gladiators were most rare. Still, the arena was bounded in imitation of a Roman trench by a narrow walk called the Euripos, which was paved in tessellated stone. When the city was dedicated, this Euripos was piled high with fish and cakes which were thrown among the people in sign of plenty. The southern part of the arena was the place of punishment, and sometimes of execution. Nor was it the traitor and the murderer alone who there met his doom. Byzantios laments that "there took place the bloody deaths of not only magicians, heretics, and apostates, but even of patriarchs and emperors." Martyrs to a truth or a folly there died as sublimely as at Smithfield or Geneva or Madrid. Among the noblest there to meet his doom was Basil, the chief of the Bogomiles.

The Spina was the backbone of the whole hippodromic body. This was a smooth and level wall, four feet high and six hundred and seven feet long, equidistant between the sides of the arena. In a perfect race its circuit was to be made seven times. At the northern end was the Goal of the Blues and at the southern the Goal of the Greens, each separated from the rest of the Spina by a passage equal to the Spina's width. On each goal were three obelisks, standing in a line perpendicular to the direction of the Hippodrome. On the northern goal the

mapparius was to wait, his mappa or handkerchief in his hand, his eye intently fixed on the Director of the Games, ready to give the signal for the furious dash.

At each extremity of the Spina proper was a high narrow framework, surmounted by seven poles. Seven fishes capped the poles of the northern framework, seven eggs that of the south. On completion of each circuit an egg and a fish were removed by an attendant, so that every person present could be sure how many turns still remained to run. The fishes were the emblem of Poseidon, god of the sea and creator of the horse; the eggs, of the twin demi-gods, Castor and Pollux, inventors of the chariot and the first charioteers. Among the pagans these deities were the special patrons of the Circus and the Hippodrome. Though dethroned by a newer faith, their insignia remained. Near the southern end of the Spina was the Phiale, or broad basin of running water, devoted to the victims of accidents. Over it rose an arched canopy, resting on porphyry pillars. Above this canopy a column was built, covered by brazen plates, and upon the column Constantine VI placed the statue of his mother, the Empress Irene.

One ornament of the Spina always called forth open-mouthed wonder; this was the statue of a maiden, life-size as seen from the ground, poised on the top of a Corinthian pillar. Her weight seemed resting on one foot; the other was advanced as if stepping forward, and the long flowing ends of a girdle, the maiden's only raiment, floated out far behind. Without apparent human energy, the airy sprite would face in one direction and another, and strangers marvel, ignorant that the face and form so fair were but the weathervane of the Hippodrome.

Three monuments still remain in place. One may well



rejoice that three, so typical, so distinct, so crowded full, each of its individual association, have survived the ravages of man and time. They are the Egyptian Obelisk, the Built Column of Constantine VIII Porphyrogenitus, and the Serpent of Delphi.

In the Stama — the space between the northern goal and the gateways of the Carceres — wrestlers and acrobats exhibited, and insignificant culprits received there the punishment of their misdemeanors; there, in sign of contempt, Constantine V Kopronymos caused the Patriarch Anastasios to be publicly flogged.

Four gates, flanked with towers, gave entrance from the city. The northwestern was called the Gate of the Blues, the northeastern of the Greens; the southeastern bore the sullen title Gate of the Dead; the southwestern is nameless. On account of the airy height of the Sphendone, there no triumphal gate was possible directly opposite the throne. The grand processions and armies returning in triumph entered therefore by the Gate of the Blues.

Of the vomitories and of the flights of steps which gave access to the rows of seats, not the slightest description has come down.

The external appearance of the Hippodrome was imposing for its vastness and height and even for its beauty. The walls were of brick, laid in arches and faced by a row of Corinthian pillars. What confronted the spectator's eye was a wall in superposed and continuous arches, seen through an endless colonnade. Seventeen columns were still erect upon their bases in 1529. Gyllius, who saw them then, says that their diameter was three and eleven twelfths feet. Each was twenty-eight feet high, and pedestal and capital added seven feet more. They stood eleven feet apart. Hence, deducting for the gates, towers,

and palace, at least two hundred and sixty columns would be required in the circuit. If one, with the curiosity of a traveller, wished to journey round the entire perimeter, he must continue on through a distance of three thousand four hundred and fifteen feet, before his pilgrimage ended at the spot where it had begun; and ever, as he toiled along, there loomed into the air that prodigious mass, forty feet above his head. No wonder that there remained, even in the time of Sultan Souleïman, enough to construct that most superb of mosques, the Souleïmanieh, from the fallen columns, the splintered marbles, the brick and stone of the Hippodrome.

In the early days games were of constant occurrence. As time went on they became less frequent, and at last were celebrated only on the two days which the Byzantines most revered, the 11th of May and the 25th of December,—the birthdays of the city and of Christ. The ordinary expense of a celebration was not far from two hundred thousand dollars. Such a sum in the opulent days of Constantine and Theodosius and Justinian was a bagatelle. But as the years rolled on, the Arabs from the South, the Seldjouk hordes from Asia Minor, and the Bulgarians in Europe pressed upon the stricken Empire. As its territorial bounds receded, its revenues became less and less.

The night before a celebration every place along the upper benches and promenade, and in the Sphendone, would be seized by an eager crowd. The lower seats and the Podium were reserved for the higher classes. All were required by etiquette to be in place before the sovereign appeared. When all was ready, the Emperor, robed and crowned, approached the balcony before his throne, and paused a moment as if in prayer. Then, bending in



benediction, he made the sign of the cross, first to the right, then to the left, then in front. Afterward the great officials approached to pay their homage. Except in times of disorder or disaffection, the people would greet their sovereign with a hymn appropriate to the season and the day, those on the right intoning one line, those on the left the next. Thus, on the 11th of May, in one great wave of sound would roll out from the east, —

“Behold the Spring, the goodly Spring, once more appears!”

Then from the western side would swell back the chorus,

“Prosperity and joy and health it brings.”

So they would continue ringing out line after line of that ancient hymn, inwrought into the life of the Hippodrome; and of which we have only the beginning. As Paparrigopoulos well remarks, “This and other like pleasing accompaniments of the festival imparted a gayety and a refinement utterly foreign to the celebrations in the Circus at Rome.” Moreover, in the sports a religious element was never wanting. The early fathers indeed denounced the games; but after the fifth century, patriarchs, bishops, clergy, had their places appropriate to their rank. “The choirs which chanted in the cathedral intoned the hymn of triumph at the race.” One reason of the marvellous hold of the Orthodox Greek Church upon its laity is that through all its troubled story the clergy have had their full share in the pleasures of the people, as well as in their sufferings and their prayers.

The political condition of the people was a strange mingling of servile subjection and wild lawlessness. Sometimes, with the insolence of equals, they would insult their sovereign; sometimes, with the humility of devotees, kiss

the dust at his feet. Nowhere else was the populace so free, so strong, so bold, as in the Hippodrome. There the thousands felt the magnetic influence of their might. Often the great host in the Hippodrome seemed like some national assembly presenting its petitions and enforcing its rights. The boldest tyrants cowered and yielded at the majesty of the popular will thundered from the benches by the popular voice. Justinian the Great is the only sovereign who maintained his throne after the Hippodrome had pronounced his deposition. Insults, sarcasms, complaints against his government, outrages to his dignity, — sure death if committed outside, — the Emperor was there often forced to tolerate, and, if he could, ignore. The Emperor Maurice, a brave but swarthy and thick-lipped soldier, lost his popularity. The people found a negro slave who bore a striking resemblance to the sovereign. In the midst of the games they wrapped around this slave a black cloth shaped like the Emperor's mantle, put a crown of garlic on his head, seated him upon an ass, and in the Emperor's presence paraded this parody of himself back and forth before his throne, paying to the negro their derisive homage, and shouting to the real sovereign, "See, see, O Maurice! behold how you look!"

At the games the people, who might obtain audience of their monarch nowhere else, firmly, boldly, often with dignity, presented their petitions. Custom had decreed that the petition should be in the form of a fourfold prayer. So when the Empress Ariadne, widow of the Emperor Zeno, ascended the spiral staircase and seated herself on her husband's throne, the people cried, "Oh, Ariadne, give an Orthodox Emperor to rule the world; give a prosperous Easter to the world; give order and safety to the city; banish that robber of the city called the Prefect."



Often the victims of oppression, who had obtained no redress, by a stratagem or a trick would there gain the Emperor's ear. A merchant vessel, the property of a widow, with all its cargo, had been confiscated on some slight pretext by the Prefect of the Palace. The Prefect was able to baffle all the widow's efforts after justice, and to prevent knowledge of his crime from reaching the Emperor. At last the outraged lady gained as allies the pantomimes of the Hippodrome. They made a tiny ship, which, in the course of the day, they put in the Stama, directly before the Emperor's throne. One of the clowns called to another, "Big mouth, swallow that ship." "My mouth is not big enough to swallow it," was the reply. "What, you cannot swallow that little ship! Why, the Prefect of the Palace has just swallowed a big galley with all its cargo, and did not leave a bite to the owner." The Emperor demands an explanation. It is given. At once, in the presence of the terrified people, he orders the Prefect, still wearing his gala robes of office, to the place of execution in the Sphendone, and there he is put to death.

The most turbulent scenes the Hippodrome beheld were connected with the rivalries and jealousies of the rival factions, the Blues and the Greens. More confusion and contradiction exists concerning these antagonistic parties than in reference to any other subject connected with Byzantine history. Divisions by the shibboleth of a name, a color, a flower, are as old as humanity. These divisions are not on account of the name, the flower, the color, but on account of that for which it stands. The people of Constantinople wore their respective color as a badge. Their struggles were not from the hue of the charioteer's tunic, but on account of the broad distinctions of which

that color was the insignia, the sign. There were no electoral campaigns, no casting of a ballot, small voting *viva voce*, in Constantinople. But antagonistic feeling, prejudice, principle, in politics and religion, must find expression as best it could. In civil affairs the people were divided into two classes. The first was composed of the inhabitants of the city proper; the second, of the other citizens. The city proper bore something of the same relation to the remainder of the capital as in London does "the city" to the other quarters of the metropolis. Among the citizens proper were the two parties of the Whites and the Reds. Among the vastly more numerous other citizens were the two parallel parties of the Blues and the Greens. With the lapse of time the Whites were absorbed by the Blues, and the Reds by the Greens, — each coalescing where it found kindred sympathies and sentiments.

The Blues were the conservatives in tendency, zealous supporters of the reigning house, and orthodox in faith. The Greens were the radicals of the day, usually lukewarm in loyalty, dissatisfied with the existing state of things, the agitators, freethinkers, reformers, latitudinarians in religion. An iconoclast was seldom a Blue; an adherent of holy pictures was seldom a Green. There were moments when the position of the parties seems reversed. For a time the champion of opposition becomes the champion of power. Still, through the course of Byzantine history, the Blues and the Greens held to their respective credos with a tenacity and consistency which has not been surpassed by the great political parties of Britain and America.

Both parties were systematically organized. Each possessed its chief, or demarch, its subordinate presidents, its



hundreds of officers and servants of every description, its rolls of membership, its clubs, throughout all the villages and cities of the nation. In the Hippodrome they found the most striking arena for their contention. Gradually the races became contests, — not so much between the steeds and charioteers as between the rival factions who owned the chariots and horses, and of whose organization the charioteer was a member. Whatever was used or appeared at a contest — a rope, a trained bear, a performing mule, a ropewalker, a dancer — was the property or partisan of one faction or the other. Their mutual aversion was manifested everywhere and in every way. Whenever one applauded, the other hissed.

Acacius, keeper of the bears for the Greens, died suddenly. One day his destitute widow sent her three little girls, seven, five, and three years old, into the arena, before the games began, to solicit the compassion of the spectators. The Greens, on whose side they commenced their piteous round, received them with contempt; and at last, impatient for the races, ordered them back. The Blues took the children's part, and showered upon them kindness and affection. Years passed away, but the experience of that hour never faded from the memory of one of those little girls. When, at last, no longer a suppliant for bread, she sat crowned Empress, and wedded wife of the illustrious Emperor Justinian, Theodora visited on the faction of the Greens, with whom her natural sympathies would have allied her, full measure for the insult and outrage heaped on the infant daughters of her dead father, the poor bear-keeper Acacius.

Their wildest passions were most excited by the chariot race. Here, on the grandest occasions, one hundred chariots contended, in each contest four; and hence a bewil-

dering succession of twenty-five distinct contests wrought each spectator to a white heat of frenzy. When the last race was finished, no power on earth could persuade the vanquished party, foaming with rage, that the prize had been fairly won. That the Greens had small chance for justice there is no doubt. Inferior in numbers, in rank, in wealth, in court favor, everything was against them.

By a wise provision the Blues and Greens sat on opposite sides of the Hippodrome, — the Blues to the right and the Greens to the left of the Emperor. Yet sometimes down they would plunge from their seats, over the barrier of the podium, into the arena, and hundreds be slain in the sudden fight.

“Nika,” *conquer*, was the shout of the contending sides. In the reign of Justinian occurred the most horrible and destructive of all their contests. This is commonly called the Revolt of the Nika. Five days the battle raged in the Hippodrome and the streets between the two colors. Suddenly, in the midst of their strife, both parties strangely forgot their resentment in a common resolution to dethrone the Emperor. They seized the patrician Hypatius, and, deaf to the prayers and tears of his wife, crowned him against his will; then forced him, reluctant and trembling, to sit in state on the throne of the Kathisma. The Hippodrome was packed to its utmost capacity with the multitude acclaiming the new sovereign. The soldiers in the palace of the Kathisma had allowed Hypatius and his partisans to enter, but prudently refused to declare for either side till they saw who would win. Belisarius assailed the Church of Saint Stephen, that he might ascend to the throne and capture Hypatius, but in vain.

At last, with Mundus and Narses, generals of renown, he formed a desperate plan. He himself will proceed



southwards of the Hippodrome, and then up its western side to the Gate of the Blues, and, with his little troop, attack the thousands within. When sufficient time has been allowed for his march, Narses will attack the Gate of the Greens, and Mundus, with a troop of Illyrians (the modern Albanians), the Gate of the Dead. Meanwhile the triumphant, disorderly populace had made small preparation for defence. Suddenly, at the Gate of the Blues, appears Belisarius at the head of his column. The undisciplined mob fights at every disadvantage. Remorselessly the heroic general hurls them back upon the advancing bands of Narses and Mundus. But one way of escape remains, — the gate on the southwestern side. In wild panic the fleeing, shrieking mob tramples hundreds to death. When that day's sun went down, thirty thousand human beings lay dead in the Hippodrome. Through the southeastern gate — now at last deserving the name Gate of the Dead, which it had borne two hundred years — their bodies were dragged, and crowded into deep pits below. A fearful conflagration was added to the horrors of those days. Sancta Sophia, the Baths of Xeuxippos, the imperial palace, and the fairest portion of the city, were laid in ashes.

The Hippodrome lay silent, forsaken, dead, apparently accursed, for two years. Then it was purified and re-embellished for the most splendid show Constantinople had yet beheld. Again Belisarius — foremost general of all history, save the ill-fated hero who sleeps near the peaceful Gulf of Nicomedia — is the central figure. With twenty thousand men he has won three pitched battles against desperate odds; slain forty thousand Vandals; captured Gelimer, the Vandal King; reduced the whole Vandal kingdom of Northern Africa to a province of the

East. Emperor, Church, Senate, Army, People, unite with equal fervor in extending him such a triumph as Rome bestowed before Christ was born. Refusing to ride in the triumphal car drawn by four white horses, he advances on foot, declaring that his army have been equal in the hardship and must now be equal in the glory. The Emperor is seated on his throne of the Kathisma. The Hippodrome teems with expectant faces, all turning towards the Gate of the Blues.

At last the martial form of Belisarius appears at the portal, clad in complete armor, and bearing his glorious sword. Next come the scarred veterans, bronzed by the southern sun; afterwards the captive monarch, Gelimer, wearing a purple robe, and every inch a king; then the captive Vandal nobles in a long procession; and last, the immense booty, guarded by Roman soldiers. There is spoil richer and more various than Constantinople has ever seen. There are the standards and arms of the Vandals; the solid silver plate of the king; his throne of massive gold; his crown; the chariot of his queen; baskets of gold and silver and precious stones; the seven-bowled candlestick and the sacred vessels of the temple at Jerusalem, which the Vandals had plundered from Rome, whither Titus had brought them. All this accumulation of captive men and treasure is paraded up and down the arena.

Gelimer is the haughtiest figure of them all. Only one phrase he repeats as he looks upon that surpassing scene of human glory: "Vanitas vanitatum, vanitas vanitatum, et omnia vanitas." Arrived before the seat of Justinian, his purple robe is torn away, and he is ordered to throw himself prostrate in the dust before the Emperor. He indignantly refuses. A deathlike silence of surprise and



fear reigns through the Hippodrome. The great heart of Belisarius honors the pride of his prisoner. He approaches Gelimer, salutes him with profound respect, clasps his hands, and exclaims, "I entreat you, my lord, to salute, as I do, the Emperor Justinian." Then he prostrates himself. The king follows his example, and, in the hearing of all the people, says with prophetic sympathy to Belisarius: "I bless you for your kindness to me in my distress. May you, in the days of your adversity, meet also a consoler and friend."

The triumph of Nikephoros, four hundred years after, was of nearly equal splendor with that of Belisarius. The procession of turbaned emirs, of Arab steeds, of wagons laden with plunder, of machines of war captured on the field of battle, of Oriental standards, of horsetails crowned by strange devices, entered by the Gate of the Blues, defiled from north to south to the place of execution, turned to the north again; and constantly the endless throng of prisoners and their conquerors poured through the gateway, till there seemed no longer a spot whereon another might stand. At a given signal every prisoner cast himself prostrate on the sand, each captured standard was thrown down, and the Emperor Romanos II placed his crimson slipper, embroidered with golden eagles, on the shaven head of the chief emir. Meanwhile, from the benches resounded, blended with the thunderous music of the military bands, hosannahs and shouts of victory: "Glory to God, who has triumphed over the children of Hagar! Glory to God, who has confounded the enemies of the Virgin, the spotless Mother of Christ!"

Hours would not suffice to trace, however briefly, the more thrilling scenes which have centred in the Hippodrome's walls. A mighty kaleidoscope it seems, wherein,

in ever-shifting variety through a thousand years, were presented singly and in endless combination each phase of a nation's life. Some of the emperors were never crowned, some never trod the hallowed precincts of Sancta Sophia; but, from Constantine to Isaac Angelos, there were only two who did not give the benediction of the cross from the balcony of the Kathisma, and sit upon its throne. There was not a revolution to which its walls did not resound; not a national disgrace or triumph, heroic achievement or fiendish crime, which did not echo louder there than in palace or church. The earth, lying now twelve feet deep over the ancient surface, seems to hide beneath all the mystery and history of the past.

What vicissitudes of shame and glory, of loftiest power and profoundest ignominy, it has beheld! Across it, with hands tied behind him and feet bound together, was dragged by the heels the lifeless body of that wise prince and illustrious ruler, the Emperor Leo V the Armenian, to be thrown down the precipice by the Gate of the Dead.

Justinian II, the Nero of the East, during eight years of an atrocious reign, was present at every game or spectacle of the Hippodrome. In the ninth year his suffering subjects seated him on the northern goal, and there cut off his nose and ears. By ill-timed mercy his forfeited life was spared, and he driven into exile in Russia. Twelve years later, through the aid of a powerful ally, he returned from banishment and captured the city by treason. The Emperors Tiberios and Leontios were bound so rigidly that they could stir neither hand nor foot. Justinian II seated himself on the throne of the Kathisma, and, during the whole continuance of the games, used the two emperors as his footstools. Meanwhile his partisans intoned the chant, "Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder; the



young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under foot." The games concluded with the execution of the two emperors in the Sphendone.

There the Emperor Andronikos Komnenos, Catiline and Alcibiades in one, was promenaded upon a camel that was lame, hairless, and full of sores. There on the Spina he was hung head downward on a fitting gibbet, the statue of the Wolf and the Hyæna. Meanwhile women he had debauched or whose kindred he had slain, tore his flesh with their nails. The unequalled torments that succeeded make us forget his unequalled crimes. At last a butcher in compassion drove a knife into his body to end the agony. Then the corpse of this most handsome, most fascinating, most brilliant, and withal most inhuman and depraved of Byzantine sovereigns, was cast, an unclean thing, for final burial, into a drain of the Hippodrome.

In the Hippodrome the groom Basil bestrode the unbroken Arabian steed that none other dared touch, and while the frightened creature reared, plunged, and dashed madly round the arena, maintained his seat. At last, when the vanquished horse stood panting, dripping, quiet as a lamb under the caresses of his conqueror, the enraptured spectators forgot the Emperor's presence in their uproarious shouts, "Long live Basil!" "Long live Basil!" Not many years went by before that Slavonian groom, sole ruler upon the throne whence the Emperor had beheld his prowess, founded a glorious dynasty, and became known to history as Basil the Great.

In 842 the Emperor Theophilos died, leaving no heir save a child Michael, three years old. Manuel, the commander of the army, assembled the people in the Hippodrome, and seated the child upon the throne. But the Hippodrome rang with the shout, "Not Michael! Away

with Michael! Long live Manuel Emperor!" "Hold," he cried, "Michael is Emperor,—yours and mine." The hundred thousand drowned his voice in the unanimous acclaim, "Manuel! Manuel! Emperor." At last, when they were silent from exhaustion, he shouted, with the energy of a deathless resolve: "I swear I will not be your ruler! Long live the Emperor Michael, and his mother the Empress Theodora!" The cry was feebly repeated, but Manuel kept his word. Michael, as child and man, ruled twenty-five years, alternately at the games sitting on the throne where Manuel had placed him, and contending himself as a charioteer, wearing the uniform of the Blues. But the deed of Manuel remains, rare in any age, one of the deathless glories of Eastern history.

When the last chariot race took place in the Hippodrome, it is impossible to say. I find no definite reference to any later than during the reign of Isaac Angelos, who was dethroned in 1195. Certainly none ever occurred later than 1203. Between these two dates for the last time a Byzantine Emperor sat in full pomp on the throne of the Kathisma and a Byzantine populace crowded its seats, each alike ignorant that never again should sovereign and people enjoy its sports.

Many times the Hippodrome had suffered from conflagrations in the city. These injuries were always speedily repaired, and each successive restoration seemed to leave it more impregnable to the flames. In 1203 a fire, wantonly kindled by the Frank and Venetian forces of the Fourth Crusade, raged eight entire days and nights, from the Golden Horn to the Marmora, over a territory two and a half miles wide. The entire western side of the Hippodrome was so injured as to require re-erection from the



foundations, were it ever to be used again. In 1204 the whole barbarian host, wearing the cross of Christ upon their breasts, — the cross never more dishonored than then, — in the Hippodrome divided the spoil and plunder torn from the ancient capital of Christianity. Then it was they stripped the Hippodrome of almost every ornament, casting its works of bronze ruthlessly into the melting-pot, and breaking its marble statues and carvings with the battle-axe and hammer, for no other purpose than the pastime of barbaric hate.

In the Imperium Orientale of the Benedictine monk Anselmo Banduri is preserved a picture of the Hippodrome as it appeared one hundred years before the city was captured by the Ottomans; that is, in 1350. Step by step through Banduri, through Unuphrius Panvinius, we may trace back this work of a nameless artist. Its details are not gathered, like this treatise, in a later age, from a hundred different sources, and put in place by the judgment of the mind. It is the sketch of an eye-witness, drawn at the time he endeavors to represent. Tried by the rules of art, it is destitute of value. It is heedless of perspective and disdainful of proportion. It makes the height of the obelisk equal to half the length of the Hippodrome. It brings the Marmora so near that the sea almost washes the Hippodrome's walls.

Yet that inartistic sketch is precious to us, as it reveals in what utter ruin the Hippodrome already lay five hundred years ago, and as it preserves the rough, imperfect likeness of the little which still remained. A few monuments and pedestals and the northern goal peered above the ground along the line of the Spina, but the Spina was already hidden under rubbish and *débris*. Not a single marble seat was left in place, nor any part of the western

wall, and hardly any of the eastern. A portion of the wall of the Sphendone was intact, as of course all of its foundations. The Church of Saint Stephen, the Palace of the Kathisma, and the Mangana or carceres were still comparatively well preserved. Dwelling-houses had already been built within the enclosure, especially towards the east. The sum total is a picture of desolation and decay. What Peter Gyllius said two hundred years later is already true: "It is a sight that saddens."

It was in the midst of that desolation, whose silent, haunted ruins pleasure-seekers had long abandoned, that Constantine XIII Palaiologos gathered his faithful band during the night of that 28-29th of May, 1453. Sancta Sophia had listened to the last prayer; the corner tower in the Heraklian Wall had watched the last vigil; the Gate of Saint Romanos was about to immortalize the last conflict of the last Byzantine Emperor. The crumbled Hippodrome, in the night's darkest hour, beheld the last review of Byzantine forces, and heard the final charge of that Emperor to his troops. To Constantine those tumbled walls about him must have seemed in keeping with the condition of the Empire and the despair of his own heart. No fitter place did the world afford to pronounce at once the eulogy and the elegy of all that had been.

If at that dismal hour he thought of all the vanished glories of his capital, he must have realized, what we moderns too often forget, that it was not the Turk, the Ottoman, the Moslem, who despoiled the city of its beauty and broke the Empire's strength. On the Eastern Empire, as on the Hippodrome, the deathblow had fallen at the hands of the Fourth Crusade. Madame Roland cried upon the platform of the guillotine, "O Liberty! what crimes are committed in thy name." Constantine, stand-



ing that night at the threshold of his opening grave, might well have cried, "O Christianity! what crimes in thy name have been committed against this Christian city and this Christian nation by those who claimed, like us, to be the followers of Christ!"

Since the Conquest the Hippodrome, become the Atmeïdan, has been constantly connected with Ottoman history. Lying close beside the Seraglio, where till fifty years ago the sultans dwelt, it was the favorite field of official and popular display. When the Mosque of Sultan Achmet was built partly within the Atmeïdan, its territorial extent was diminished, but its dignity was increased. It became the centre of religious and ecclesiastical, as it was also of civil and secular observances. There each Sultan first reviewed his troops after accession, and there bestowed his largesses, the invariable and welcome accompaniment of each new reign. There the circumcisions and marriages of the reigning family were celebrated with Oriental extravagance and pomp. Sometimes gladiatorial fights, wherein Slavonian and Hungarian prisoners fought one another to the death, furnished amusement to the faithful. There the mounted pages of the palace contended in the wild game of the djerid, a sport as maddening and as dangerous as the contests of the arena.

Toward the west, partly within and partly without the ancient limits of the Hippodrome, the all-powerful Ibrahim Pacha, Grand Vizir, and brother-in-law of Sultan Suleïman, erected the most magnificent palace an Ottoman subject has ever possessed. The palace has disappeared like the Hippodrome, of whose materials it was partly built. Ibrahim Pacha placed upon two pedestals, still remaining in the Spina, a Diana and a colossal Hercules of bronze brought from Buda. The Hercules for-

merly existing there in the time of Constantine had been melted by the Crusaders. In the Atmeïdan, Achmet Pacha, Grand Vizir, husband of the daughter of Sultan Ibrahim, was thrown before the horse-hoofs of his successor, Mohammed Pacha, and his body, then cut into fragments, sold at ten aspres the piece as an infallible cure for rheumatism.

In the Atmeïdan, in the vain effort to regain his health, Sultan Mourad III slew, with his own hand, fifty-two sheep, some black, some white, some spotted, the requisite number of each color having been indicated to him in a dream. There, too, during a rebellion, Sultan Mourad IV, the Conqueror, galloped alone into the midst of the mutineers, and quelled the sedition by the authority of his presence.

The mausoleum of two Ottoman sovereigns is situated in the northeast quarter of the Atmeïdan. In it are buried the pious Sultan Achmet I and the boy Sultan Osman II, the prince of unusual early promise and of a most tragic end.

From the Atmeïdan marched the undisciplined hosts of the citizens, the Sandjak Sherif borne at their head, for the extermination of the Janissaries. A curious mistake of historians, the change of a single letter in a name, has often confounded the Etmeïdan with the Atmeïdan, and located in the latter events with which it had little or no connection. The Etmeïdan, a quarter of the city nearly two miles distant, was the centre and stronghold of the Janissaries. In the Atmeïdan, indeed, they more than once upset their kettles in signal of revolution, and rushed over it in their furious raids; still, it was a region they neither loved nor frequented.

To-day to many a tourist the chief attraction of the



Atmeïdan is the Museum of the Janissaries, stocked with their ferocious likenesses, each clad in the robes and bearing the arms of his troop. But it was the Etmeïdan, rather than the Atmeïdan, wherein they made their last rebellion, and were deservedly destroyed by Sultan Mah-moud II the Reformer.

I have said but little of the Hippodrome as it is to-day. My topic has been rather its living past than its dead present. Beside the three monuments of the Spina, and



THE GAME OF DJERID

the foundations of the Sphendone, hardly any remains exist. Within the inclosure of the Mosque of Sultan Achmet, supporting the Turkish wall built upon it, is still to be seen a brick arch, sole vestige of the continuous row which, faced in marble, upheld the podium and bounded the arena. Still farther within the enclosure, one hundred and ninety-seven feet distant from the central line of the Hippodrome, is a pillar still erect, that I judge was built into the outer wall.

Towards the southwest of the Atmeïdan is situated a roofless cave or chamber, its paved floor sunk fourteen

feet below the surface of the ground. One descends by a gently inclining plane. On the right are marble slabs, marked with the cross, through which water trickles. Hurrying onward towards the walls of the Sphendone, as of old it did to the Phiale of the Spina, it seems constantly murmuring, in its crystal voice, Tennyson's Song of the Brook, —

“For men may come, and men may go,  
But I go on forever.”

The Serpent is broken, the Built Column is despoiled, even the changeless Obelisk is defaced; but the little stream flows no less musical and bright. Keats left as inscription for his tombstone, “Here lies one whose name is writ on water.” The archeologist, brushing away the dust of ruined empires and beholding the still flowing stream, may well ask was there anything more enduring, as enduring, as the water on which to write it?

In the northern part of the Atmeidan has been built a small kiosk, and around it has been planted a tiny garden. There is no more fascinating spot in Constantinople for rest and revery. As one sits and muses in the grateful shade of the trees, whose roots wind down to the old surface of the arena, inevitably, unconsciously to himself perhaps, he reconstitutes the past. He knows the Palace of the Kathisma rose on its snowy pillars where runs the dusty street; he lifts his eyes toward the point in the empty air where sat successive tiaraed emperors upon the vanished throne. He knows the first mad dash of the chariots in frenzied rivalry began where the garden stands, and in the air rustling among the leaves he seems to hear them whizzing by him in their rushing whir. He knows that from the west, through the Gate



of the Blues, poured victorious armies and throngs of prisoners; and that, while the humbler host pressed farther to the southward, the triumphant generals and captive monarchs halted to do homage to the Emperor on ground that would be comprehended within the enclosure where he is. He knows that to that self-same spot came the successful champions of the arena to receive from imperial hands their hard-won laurel crowns. He casts his eye southward towards the three surviving monuments of the Spina, and his heart echoes to the words of the Vandal King to Belisarius, uttered at farthest but a few yards away, perhaps at the very spot where his chair is standing, — the saddest, wisest words that Solomon learned or taught.

## VIII

### STILL EXISTING ANTIQUITIES



THE contrast between the edifices and monuments of the ancient city, as described by history and imagination, and their infrequent and scanty remains, is, at first glance, strange and shocking. It is not that the ruins are so ruinous, but that they are so few. The tortuous windings of the streets indeed reveal the dilapidated and abandoned at every turn. The air of decrepitude and decline hangs heavy in certain quarters. Decadence and death speak out not only from mouldy graveyards within the city limits, but from crumbling piles of brick and stone that seem ready to fall. Still this is the decay of the recent rather than of the old. The *débris* of the last superposed city and civilization is on the surface, and buries and conceals that older Byzantine city on which it was planted four and a half centuries ago.

It is not enough to say that time, fire, earthquake, and war have laid everywhere their devastating hands. There are certain reasons why the real antiquities of Constantinople must be few in comparison with many ancient capitals, and especially with the elder metropolis or imperial mother Rome. Here the habitable territory was contracted, hemmed in between the Golden Horn and Marmora; of necessity each succeeding generation built upon



and inhabited the very spot where innumerable preceding generations had successively dwelt. The abodes of the recently dead were incessantly torn down or covered over to appease the exigencies of the insatiable living. Many a quarried stone or chiselled marble, now the threshold of some café or the prop of some tottering garden wall, has had its place of honor or oblivion in a score of different edifices, and could tell a tale which, though limited to a dozen miles in circuit, is more fantastic and begins millenniums earlier than the transformations of the Wandering Jew. Rome, though often sacked and pillaged, never suffered a domination so injurious as the half-century duration of the Latin Empire at Constantinople. The iconoclastic controversy which raged one hundred and fifty years, had as its watchword and chief achievement, to destroy. The later rule of the Ottomans, contemptuous of antiquity rather than wantonly destructive, has not tended to the preservation of whatever dated from another religion and race.

Yet, when all is said, the fact remains that Constantinople does possess numerous monuments of the past, some of them unrivalled, and others among the most precious in the world. Her scores of Christian churches, now minareted and muezzined mosques, set forth in detail the story of Byzantine architecture from the first Constantine to the last. Her colonnaded cisterns, coeval almost with her foundation, are the largest and best preserved of any in the ancient Roman Empire. Her city walls are the vastest, most imposing, and most important military monument of the early Christian ages. Sancta Sophia, taken all in all, is without a rival among Christian churches. The Serpent of Delphi, headless, shattered, and disfigured in the Atmeidan, is richer in association and more instinct

with meaning than any other relic which the classic age of Greece has handed down.

Yet in many cases description of fragments, dotting the soil, amounts to hardly more than indication of the spot where once rose some historic or splendid structure, but of which there are left to-day only an uncertain memory and almost no remains.

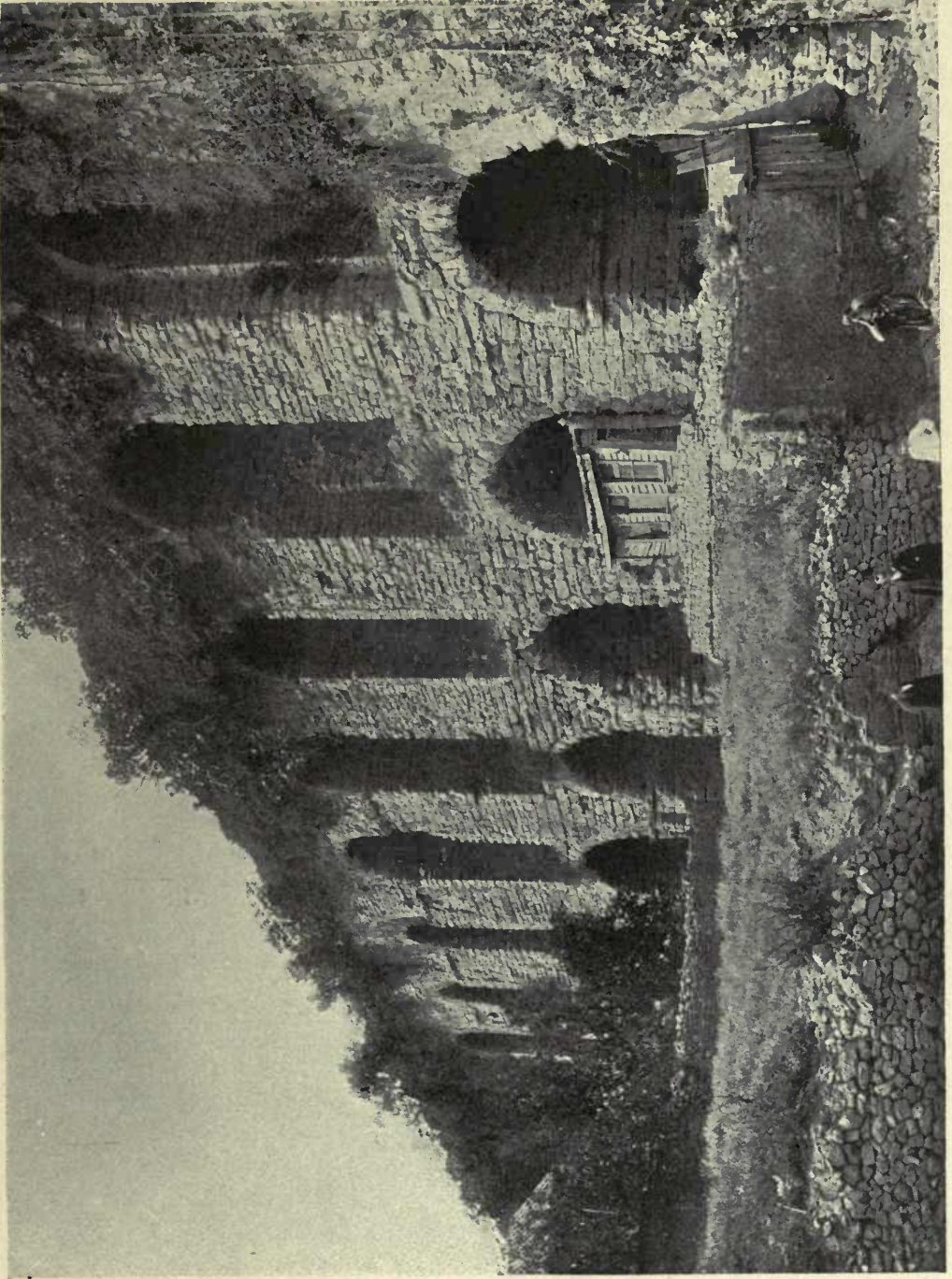
#### THE AQUEDUCT OF VALENS

THIS stately pile, whitened by the centuries, called by the Ottomans Bosdoghan Kemer or Arches of the Gray Falcon, and about two thousand feet in length, spans the valley between the third and fourth hills. Nothing can be conceived more picturesque than its windowed length festooned with ivy and thrown into distinct relief against the azure sky.

In its erection and various restorations, the greatest among the Pagan, Christian, and Moslem sovereigns seem laboring as contemporaries, shoulder to shoulder, though hundreds of years apart. Begun by Adrian, who sought to furnish Byzantium with water from the classic Cydaris and Barbyses, it was entirely reconstructed by Valens with the hewn stone stripped from the demolished walls of rebellious Chalkedon. Theodosius the Great, Justin II, Constantine V Kopronymos, Basil the Great, Constantine VIII Porphyrogenitus, Romanos III Argyros, Andronikos I Komnenos, left on it their successive impress as its restorers.

As seen to-day it reveals in its unshaken strength and quaint proportions the architectural magnificence and childish caprice of Souleïman I the Sublime. Absorbed

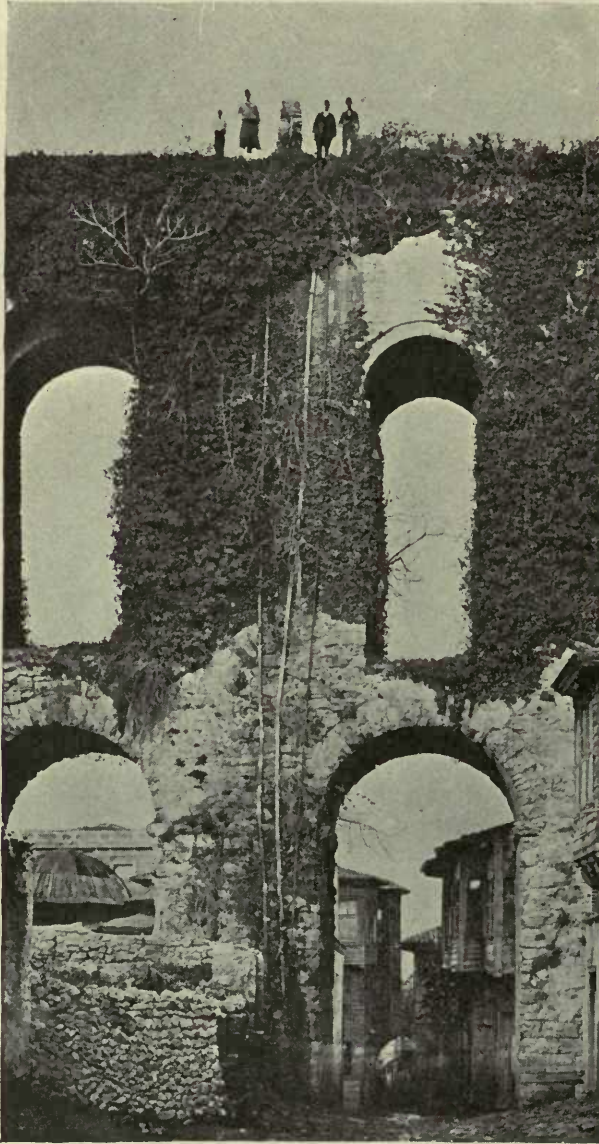




AQUEDUCT OF VALENS



in its restoration, he used to pray; the Ottoman historians state, that his life might be prolonged until it was complete.



AQUEDUCT OF VALENS

But no sooner was it finished than he ordered its immediate destruction, since it obstructed the view of Shahzadeh Djami, his favorite mosque. Its present abrupt appearance at either end results from the demolition thus begun but not fully accomplished. The hewn stone arches, twenty feet in thickness, are the work of the Byzantine emperors, while those in brick above date from Souleïman. The water it conveyed, considered the purest in the city, was long reserved for the Seraglio, and now largely supplies the eastern quarters of Stamboul.

The Ottoman houses, close wedged around the sides of the aqueduct, prevent a satisfactory view when near. Seen from the Golden Horn or the heights of Pera, it



hangs, a mammoth verdant garland on a framework of stone. Above the city, reposing at its base, it rises majestic and sublime, the most striking and æsthetic ruin which the past has bequeathed the capital. Its narrow upper rim affords a dizzy promenade, with unstable footing, seventy feet above the ground, for any sight-seer more adventurous than prudent. But if one be clear-headed and sure-footed, as he revels in the entrancing panorama it unfolds, he is rewarded for his daring.

#### THE BATHS OF CONSTANTINE

THE one great bath, surviving the destruction of all the others, was that of Constantine, near the Church of the Holy Apostles. Its last visible vestiges were hidden from human sight six years ago. After the conquest Mohammed II renovated it with his accustomed magnificence. It became familiar to the Ottomans as Tchochour Hamam, the Sunken Bath, because, though built upon an eminence, it was situated in a depression of the broad land wave which constitutes the fourth hill.

Its history affords a pointed illustration of the quickness with which the useless or disused vanishes from the memory of men. Shaken down by the frightful earthquake that almost destroyed the Mosque of Sultan Mohammed at its side, Tchochour Hamam could no longer serve its original purpose, and the passers-by, though dwelling in its immediate vicinity, soon lost all recollection of its name, and even of the purpose for which it was designed. Easily accessible in the midst of the crowded city, its sumptuous remains became a common quarry.

The whole locality is the property of a courtly Ottoman

who loquaciously describes his boyish wanderings through its dismantled chambers, and his wonder at the strange devices upon the ceilings and walls. The compartments still exist, but are covered over with masonry. A spirit of commercial enterprise has breathed upon the owner, and a street, lined on either side with attractive houses, has been laid out directly above the ancient bath.

In August, 1889, I visited the only room that could still be entered. With a rope for ladder, I descended to a vaulted room, twelve paces long, from which every trace of ornament had disappeared. This chamber, so transformed, without one reminder of former luxury and grace, was itself sealed up the following week. What had been visible fifteen hundred and fifty years I was the last to see.

#### THE CISTERNS

UPON her enormous and numerous cisterns the very existence of Constantinople depended. Natural watersprings within the city limits were almost wholly wanting. When the annual rainfall failed, and the country springs dried up, the aqueducts could furnish only a variable and often insufficient supply. In time of war even that might be intercepted by any foe sufficiently sagacious to discover and cut the subterranean pipes. Neither palace, nor church, nor Hippodrome was an absolute necessity of the people's physical life; but in siege or drought, should the precious streams be exhausted which those cisterns afforded, nothing would be left the parched inhabitants save to die.

So, with strategic skill, in a warlike age, a cistern, like a fortress, was planted on every hill, all interconnected and



arranged for mutual support. They were watched with the assiduous care which their importance demanded. By a wise economy they were kept always full, though in constant use. Some, the more prodigious in extent, "resembled lakes or seas," and were open to the sky. Others, hardly less stupendous, were covered with vaulted roofs, which hundreds of great columns upheld, and above which hundreds of human beings dwelt. Many of these colossal subterranean structures have disappeared; a few still convey the life-giving liquid as of old; some are utilized by silk-spinners, who, in emaciated procession, wind their threads among the mighty columns which rise amid the gloom like gigantic moveless ghosts; some have fallen in, and their walls of cement and their prostrate pillars look up piteously to the day.

Antiquarians have sought them out with inquisitive attention and most various results. Among the still existing, Du Cange enumerates twenty; Lechevalier, eight; the Patriarch Constantios I, eleven; Count Andreossy, thirteen; Gedeon, nineteen; and Tchihatcheff, twelve.

Though utility was the end in view, grandeur was inevitable from their majestic size and perfect proportions; grace and beauty were added by the æsthetic sense of their builders. So the cisterns, so utilitarian in purpose, impress the modern beholder as monuments equally artistic and sublime.

The half subterranean Cistern of Arcadius is relatively small, — only ninety-four feet long, fifty-eight feet wide, and forty-one feet high. Its twenty-eight marble columns, arranged in four symmetric rows, are each surmounted by a Corinthian capital, on which a Byzantine capital rests. The cross, wrought in that age of faith on the four sides of every capital, is perfectly distinct, as likewise is the

cross in the very centre of each of the forty Roman vaults above. Faint light straggles in through a few apertures towards the top, and by four tiny windows on the north. On the moist and slimy floor the pale and sickly silk-spinners flit like spectres to and fro, despite the gloom and damp. This cistern has escaped the curious eyes of most investigators, and of almost every traveller, and its existence is hardly known. Its graceful, almost ethereal proportions, and the rare finish of its capitals, some of them adorned with the drooping ornament of the Holy Ghost, render it as dainty and attractive as a marble palace.

The Cistern of Asparos, in the quarter of Salmah Tomrouk is of almost the same dimensions, — eighty-two and a half feet long and fifty-one feet broad, with twenty-eight columns in four equal rows. But it is a monument of architectural variety, no two columns being of the same length, circumference, or material, and their bases and capitals being equally dissimilar. Erected in 459, it rescues from oblivion the name of a heroic figure, the Consul Asparos, the Warwick, or kingmaker, of the fifth century, who might himself have become Emperor had he been willing to abjure his Arianism for a crown.

Close by is another cistern, in so ruinous condition that the approaches are walled up by governmental solicitude. The neighbors tremblingly call it Djin Ali Kiosk, the Summer House of the Djin Ali, and believe it haunted by dead Greeks and devils.

The Cistern of Bonos, who in the seventh century was chief commander of the city during the siege by the Avars, is of entirely other structure and design. Its area is enormous, — six hundred and twenty-five feet long, and two hundred and twenty-five feet broad. The sides are lined by perpendicular walls of stone. The earth, accu-



mulated within, has partially filled it up, and it varies now from ten to thirty-five feet in depth. The included territory is covered with orchards and vegetable gardens, while a whole sunken village dwells inside, whose housetops, peering through the trees, are lower than the level of the outer street. Situated near Edirneh Kapou, it must have furnished the main supply of the sixth hill.

South of the Mosque of Sultan Selim is a kindred cistern, built by Manuel Komnenos in the twelfth century, and called the Cistern of Petrion because of the famous monastic quarter on the fifth hill, the necessities of which it supplied. Almost square, it measures four hundred and thirty-five feet by three hundred and eighty-two. Its walls, sixteen feet thick and thirty-two feet high, are faced in alternate layers of brick and stone. Several yards of soil in most places hide the stone floor, which is six feet thick. Despite their tediousness, these figures are of value, as they indicate the amount of labor requisite, and the astonishing quantity of material employed in such construction.

The Cistern of Mokios, named from the adjacent ancient Church of Mokios, north of Eximarmora, is of like construction and of still vaster dimensions, — over five hundred feet long by four hundred broad. It was the chief dependence of the seventh hill. The facing of the walls consists of the finest hewn stone. Built by Anastasios I, who was crowned in 491, the Emperor John Palaiologos despoiled it in the fourteenth century. Like the cisterns of Bonos and Petrion, its enclosure is occupied by a rural village, and like them it bears among the Ottomans the same name of Tchochour Bostan, or the Sunken Garden. Michael Chrysoloras's descriptive epithet of "vast open seas" might seem too fanciful for the sheets of pure, trans-

parent water they once contained; yet it may be, as tradition states, that tiny fleets in mock sea-battle agitated sometimes their fair expanse.

Close to Djubali is a nameless cistern whose fourteen columns, rising from a mass of rubbish and filth, by their rude Byzantine capitals testify the workmanship of an inartistic age.

South of Laleli Djami is the one built by Modestos, the pompous Prefect of the city under Valens. Its sixty-four white marble columns, standing at unequal distances and crowned by capitals of various orders, are still erect. But the silk-spinners, whose livid faces and crouching forms once awoke the womanly compassion of Miss Pardoe, are long since dead, and it serves no other purpose than to receive the refuse of the vicinity, poured in through an iron grating in the middle of the street.

The foundations of the Sphendone of the ancient Hippodrome in enormous semicircular extent enclose the Cold Cistern, or the Cistern of the Palace. Save that here and there the cement has fallen from the walls, and heaps of rubbish have piled up, this cistern has known no change in almost seventeen hundred years. With awe and with delight the traveller gazes on the colossal arches, and slakes his thirst from the ice-cold stream.

Near Zeïrek Djami over the Cistern of Pantocrator, which aroused the admiration of the Italian tourist Bondelmonti in 1422, close-packed Ottoman houses have been built, and its four rows of Corinthian capitals and columns can be no longer seen.

The Cistern of the Studium, eighty feet long and fifty-six broad, near Mir Achor Djami in the southwest corner of the city, has been little damaged by time. It is the chief memento of that historic monastery to which it was



attached, and whose seven hundred monks were wont to boast that its water was "more delicious than wine." Twenty-three coarse Corinthian columns, always dripping with moisture, uphold the roof. In the sepulchral dampness, favorable to their handicraft but ruinous to their health, the weird silk-spinners come and go. Outside, in a neighboring garden, is the portal, or arch, supported by two Ionic columns of granite, from which the water was obtained.

Near the Atmeïdan, south of the Burnt Column, is the now rarely visited Cistern of Theodosius. Its thirty-two white marble columns, in four rows, are surmounted by a double capital, the lower plain, the upper exquisite Corinthian. One hundred and twenty-nine feet in length and seventy-one and a half wide, its pillared arches emerging in dim religious light, it seems a sanctuary calm and still, from which the worshippers have just departed.

Another cistern, very small but full of interest, because unique, sole representative of its class, was unearthed on the eastern slope of the third hill when the foundations of the American Bible House were being laid. Only twenty feet square by fourteen high, it belonged to some smaller monastery or private palace. Though dating from the sixth century, its almost perfect preservation would enable it, with slight repair, to serve its original purpose. The roof, in flattened Roman vaults, rests on four white marble columns, now black with time. Three of the columns bear Roman crosses. Three of the four Byzantine capitals resemble those in Kutchouk Aya Sophia, save in their ruder workmanship, are carved in vine-leaves and clusters of grapes, and show on one side a Byzantine cross. Close to the cistern were dug up many sepulchral bricks, with the stamps well-preserved of the brickmakers Trophimos, Con-

stantios, Petro, Constans, and Domnos, who have thus attained a humble immortality.

But the two which most challenge admiration and wonder are the Royal Cistern and that of Philoxenos. The latter, constructed by Philoxenos, a senator who came with Constantine from Rome, is called by the Ottomans



BIN BIR DEREK

Bin Bir Derek, or Thousand and One Columns ; the imagination of the stranger, as he stands bewildered among their far-reaching ranges, justifies the Turkish name. From an area, almost as vast in its superficial extent as the floor of Notre Dame, they loom upwards in seemingly endless procession. The all-pervading gloom magnifies their proportions and multiplies their number. The plainness of the bulging Byzantine capitals, the coarseness of the marble in



the columns, its destitution of all save rustic and ingenuous ornament, and the lack of historic interest and distinct association, are all forgotten as the awe-struck gazer beholds their lofty and majestic forms.

Nor does the reality much belittle the imagination. The pillared host consists of sixteen rows of fourteen columns each, arranged in martial symmetry. Each column is composed of three shafts, superposed in equidistant sockets, and each individual shaft is eighteen feet in length. Thus the Roman vaulted ceiling, when Philoxenos first beheld it in its completed grandeur, swept above at a distance of sixty feet from the floor. Impacted earth now conceals all the lower tier and the larger part of the second tier, and in the northwest corner, where slimy water constantly trickles, reaches even to the roof. This earth, an incredible Greek tradition states, was dug in the excavations preparatory to the erection of Sancta Sophia, and hastily cast in here that no time might be lost in its conveyance to any remoter spot. The columns, all of the same dimensions and all of marble, are nearly eight feet around.

Among the simple ornaments of the columns the cross is seldom seen; but monograms abound, the greater number rude and inartistic, yet sometimes original and beautiful, as if carved by a more skilful hand. The most appealing of all—Christ the Lord, the confession of Christian faith, the sum of all Christian experience and creed before and since—is of frequent occurrence. The expenditure involved in the construction of the cistern was too immense for any private individual to defray, however opulent; so contributions in money and material were donated by wealthy sympathizers, each socket, shaft, or entire triple column bearing the name of the patrician donor, and

handing it down to us, — the whole thus forming a princely roll of honor, a partial senatorial list precious in the annals of the time. Kynegios, Eugenios, Akakios, Rekios, Eusebios, Kynosos, Erikios, Eutropios, and many more thus preserve the record of their existence and of their philanthropic generosity. It is a striking evidence of how little Roman was the Romanized capital that every inscription here is in Greek. All the monograms upon socket or shaft were incised in the quarry, or at least before they were put in their destined place. So the workmen, ignorant and careless of greatness, have often placed them bottom upwards, and have inscribed the monograms indifferently from right to left or left to right.

The most superficial examination to-day is rendered difficult by the universal obscurity, and by the oily mould and earth that have filled the cuts, and often by the elevation of the incisions above the floor. I know of no other person besides myself who has groped and pored for hours over the grudging surface of those grimy columns in endeavor to decipher their unread tales. But a precious harvest of information, and perhaps of fame, is sure to the antiquarian scholar who solves and makes known all the meaning those grotesque, uncouth monograms conceal. Those pillared records, never so far read, may throw light on imperfect chapters of Constantine's Byzantine reign, and even on the origins of Imperial Christianity.

The entire cistern crushes by its vague immensity, — by a sense of overwhelming space. Guillaume calls it "the grandest and most magnificent of all known cisterns," unaware of the one close by, more magnificent and grander still. Statistical details of wealth of water, reckoned by the million cubic feet; of thousands of square



yards of superficial area ; of the world's capital with all its teeming animal and human life, sustained in case of need for weeks by its contents, — such minutiae only confuse the mind. Noblest of all designs, it was not built for glory, or to immortalize a conquest, but to satisfy humanity's most common, simplest need.

Long files of silk-spinners are its daily occupants. Gaye than most others of their class, their laughter rings out, and echoes almost demoniac along the marshalled columns and rounded arches, which rebuke all human mirth by their own disdainful stillness. The visitor grows sick and weary for the light and air of day. Then, impatient to be gone, he hurries up the forty-four uneven, shaking steps of the crooked staircase, and emerges grateful from the low stone archway into the sunshine, which never before seemed so blessed and bright.

The Royal Cistern, the Basilike, well deserves its name. Imperishably associated with Constantine its founder, and with Justinian its restorer and rebuildder, it is not only unequalled in extent and most perfect in proportion, but surpasses all others in its opulence of ethereal columns, unsoiled by time, in its panoramic beauty, and in the myths and fables that cluster round it. The Ottomans cannot regard it simply as a cistern, but give it the admiring name of Yeri Batan Seraï, the Underground Palace. It is still in perfect preservation, with the entire roof intact ; its three hundred and thirty-six columns, twelve feet apart, arranged in twenty-eight symmetric rows, stand each in place, crowned by a fine-wrought capital ; it still serves its original purpose, supplying water from the Aqueduct of Valens in as copious measure as of old. Three hundred and ninety feet long from east to west, and one hundred and seventy-four feet wide, it is

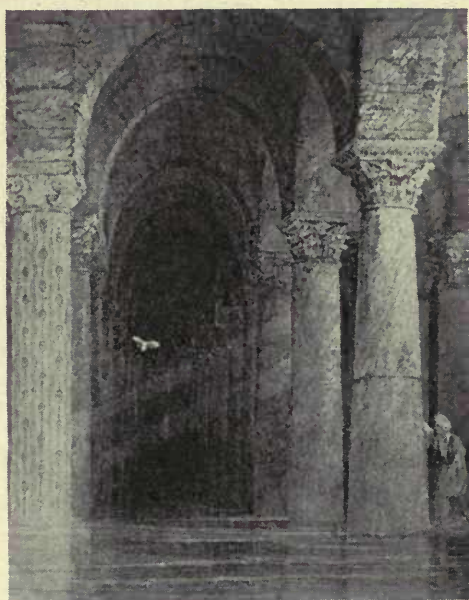
the vastest in existence; probably no other equally immense was ever provided for human necessity.

Mysterious and obscure, reality has not sufficed, and it has been described in all terms of romance and exaggeration. One author states that it underlies the widely separate foundations of Sancta Sophia and of the Mosque of the Sultan Achmet; and another, that it stretches on more than four miles in length, terminating outside the city walls. Peter Gyllius, with a traveller's propensity for the marvellous when safe from contradiction, describes his torch-lit voyages over it in quest of an uncertain haven. The Ottomans tenant it with goblins, and hear from it death-like voices when the outer world is still. They cherish legends of a wedded pair who embarked on it for a journey, "such as no other bride and bridegroom ever made," and never came back; of a headstrong Englishman, heedless of warning, who resolved to penetrate its recesses, and of his friends who waited for days at the opening and saw him no more; of a third adventurer who "progressed for two hours in a straight line, ever in a wilderness of pillars rising on all sides, and losing themselves in the darkness," and who returned demented. One American novelist locates in it the thrilling crisis of a fascinating romance. And the foremost of American writers, in the "Prince of India," renders one of its alcoved corners realistic and romantic with the love-frenzy of Demedes, and the agony and rescue of the kidnapped Lael.

The cistern can be entered only from the courtyard of an Ottoman house. A trap door covers an opening whence, by a rickety ladder and high stone steps, one reaches a platform which projects without railing over the water. Then fourteen stone steps, uneven, broken, in places almost



gone, likewise without railing, conduct to a lower platform, usually submerged. The lantern hardly breaks the Stygian darkness. But when the great torch is lighted on the upper platform, the effect is instantaneous and magical. Suddenly, from profoundest obscurity, the entire maze of columns flashes into being, resplendent and white. The glittering water and the effulgent roof toss the light back and forth in endless reflection. Not a sound breaks the perfect stillness, save perhaps the distant splash of some utensil let down for water from some house above. Nowhere else does Stamboul afford a scene so weird and enchanting. The coruscated columns, uprising from the scintillating water, photograph themselves upon the stranger's memory, and linger there in vivid distinctness when every other picture of Constantinople is dim or forgotten.



THE ROYAL CISTERN YERI  
BATAN SERAI

### THE COLUMNS

IN this city of crested hills the loftier structures, not only on the higher elevations but in the valleys, were brought out in bold prominence. Inevitably, in a luxurious and proud metropolis, on every site which afforded

opportunity for display there was reared its own appropriate monument. Hence in ancient Constantinople very numerous became those sky-piercing columns which commemorated a victory or sought to perpetuate an individual fame. The larger number were long since prostrate, and have disappeared; but a few still remain.

Most magnificent and ostentatious of all was the column crowned by the silver statue of the Emperor Arcadius, and raised by his son Honorius II. The shaft, soaring one hundred and forty feet above the plinth and torus of the pedestal, appeared a monolith, so perfect was the junction of its twenty marble tambours. Imitative, but not original, the artist sought in general design to reproduce Trajan's Column at Rome. The external decorations, however, represented Byzantine exploits, which were chiselled spirally around the shaft, and caused it to be commonly called the Historical Pillar. An inner spiral staircase of two hundred and thirty-three steps conducted to the upper pedestal on which the statue stood. In imperial isolation the calm metallic face seemed gazing upon the subject city, widespread beneath, almost two hundred feet below. The labarum rose above the Emperor's head, sustained by twin angels, and bearing the invariable device of the Byzantine sovereigns, "Jesus Christ is Conqueror."

But soon the lofty figure was despoiled by those natural forces which its haughty elevation seemingly defied. In 450 the head was struck by lightning, and part of the statue melted; the sceptred right hand was wrested off by earthquake the following year, and two centuries later another earthquake shook the entire statue prostrate and humble to the earth. The column, racked and rent by physical convulsions, cracked and blackened by fire, stood



totteringly erect till 1715. Its fall was then so imminent, and the neighborhood so endangered, that all except the lower tambour and the pedestal was removed.

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, on her arrival some months later, wrote almost mournfully, "The Historical Pillar is no more. It dropped down about two years before I came to this part of the world." Tournefort, more fortunate, who saw it in 1701, with enthusiasm describes the bas-reliefs of conquered cities, personified by female figures crowned with tower-like head-dresses, and of fiery steeds, "which did no discredit to the sculptor's skill;" but the bas-relief of the Emperor, seated in a curule chair and swaddled in robes and furs, "looked like a teacher in a law school."

To-day, in the Ottoman quarter of Avret Bazar, wedged in between a bakery and a Turkish house, half-hidden by a miserable hut in front, is a huge calcined mass of grayish stone over thirty feet in height. Gradually one recognizes that the material is marble, which frequent fires have discolored and eaten away. A few disfigured carvings are discernible near the top. An opening, stuffed with straw and rags, indicates that the shapeless mass is a human habitation, but of the humblest. From the kitchen of the adjacent house one has direct access to a sort of chamber, in which ascends a central spiral staircase. Climbing round the newel, up fifty shattered and shaking steps, one emerges upon the upper surface of the former splendid pedestal, now this shapeless stone. Nothing else remains of the trophied column which, in his filial piety, Honorius designed to be eternal. But from it, over the lowly houses at its side, one gazes southward toward the Marmora upon a scene of surpassing loveliness. Nor are tragic associations wanting: at the very foot of the

pedestal, in 1453, took place the sublime deaths of the Grand Duke Loukas Notaras and his heroic sons.

At the side of the ancient Triumphal Way, in the centre of Constantine's Forum, on the very spot where tradition asserts his tent was pitched when he besieged Byzantium, towers the Column of Constantine the Great. Its round black top, a speck against the sky, arrests the gaze from the Golden Horn and Marmora, and from all the eastern portion of the city. Its various modern names are descriptive or historical, — Porphyry Column, from the eight drums of porphyry brought from Rome, of which it is composed; Burnt Column, as blackened and partially consumed by fire; Tchemberli Tash, the Hooped Stone, its Turkish name, because of the numerous iron rings with which it is encased to prevent its fall.

The porphyry drums, bound together by wide brazen bands fashioned into wreaths of laurel, rested upon a stylobate of snowy marble nineteen feet in height. This in turn reposed upon a stereobate of almost equal height, consisting of four broad steps. The characteristic half-pagan piety and superstition of that early age found expression in the "priceless relics" placed reverently within: these were the alabaster box from which Mary Magdalene anointed the Saviour's feet; the crosses of the two thieves; the adze with which Noah fashioned the ark; and the Palladium of Rome. The latter was considered by some the original Palladium of Troy, and by others its exact copy.

On the column Constantine caused these words to be engraved: "O Christ, Ruler and Master of the World, to Thee have I now consecrated this obedient city, and this scepter and the power of Rome. Guard it: deliver it from every harm." On that momentous 11th of May





COLUMN OF CONSTANTINE THE GREAT

when Constantinople was dedicated, upon the summit of the column was placed the bronze statue of Apollo, brought from Athens, and esteemed a work of Phidias. But the head of Constantine had been substituted for that of the classic deity, and the nails of the cross replaced the rays of the Sun-god. This inscription was affixed: "To Constantine, shining like the Sun." The right hand grasped a lance, and the left a globe, surmounted by a cross.

An earthquake wrenched off the globe in 477, and another earthquake the lance in 541. A tornado hurled down the statue in 1105, when it was dashed to fragments, and several persons killed by its fall. A cross took its place. During the reign of Nikephoros III Botoniates, lightning melted three of the laurel bands and shattered the upper drums. Manuel I Komnenos replaced the latter by solid masonry, and added the inscription around the top, still distinctly seen: "The divine monument, injured by time, the pious Emperor Manuel restored." Early in the eighteenth century the Ottoman Government, fearing its fall, encased the stereobate and stylobate in a sheathing of thick masonry. Fifty years ago the shaft rose from a baker's shop, which had been built entirely around. In 1888 the column was repaired by the Ottoman Government. Such is its eventful history of fifteen hundred and fifty years.

No words can express the reverence with which the column was regarded by the Byzantine populace. Miracles were supposed to be wrought by the unconscious stone. Horsemen when passing dismounted from their steeds. Annually, on September 1, the Emperor, Patriarch, and clergy chanted around it thanksgiving hymns; and a bishop, from the window of the Chapel of Saint



Constantine, which had been built against the pedestal, intoned special prayers. Under its shadow Arius died his tragic death in 336. At its foot the iconoclastic Emperor Constantine V Kopronymos and the Patriarch Constantinos II solemnly anathematized the Fathers John of Damascus and Germanos II. Popular credulity declared that from its top at the hour of the city's extremest need, on the day of Ottoman conquest, an angel with flaming sword was to drive back the Moslem hosts.

The deposits in the stereobate have tempted antiquarians more than once. Not many years since two archeologists hired a house in the immediate vicinity, and sought by mining to reach the chamber included in the four arches of the stereobate where those relics were preserved.

To-day the column rises, a spectral outline, destitute of beauty, gaunt and sombre. But it possesses a mournful pre-eminence. It is the single ancient monument, coeval with the capital, linked in peculiar intimacy with its first Emperor. Through all the centuries since it has beheld, mute and passive witness, every experience which the burdened years have brought to Constantine's beloved city.

Nothing can be more incongruous with a shifting environment than the Egyptian Obelisk, which in the Atmeïdan marks the exact centre of the ancient Hippodrome. Everything around has been like an incessant wave of change. Not only generations, dynasties, empires, like playthings of time, have chased each other upon the stage, but every other work of human hands in stone or metal in the city has either fallen in ruin or been mutilated or transformed. *Tempus edax rerum* has been unable to indent or affect the indifferent adamantine obelisk. Absolutely the same is it to-day as when Thotmes III, twenty centuries before the Christian era, had it cut and shaped

in the quarries of the Upper Nile. Constantine, who brought it to Constantinople, is nearer in time to us than to that Egyptian King. Over fifty years its ponderous bulk defied the skill of the Byzantine engineers, and it lay prostrate on the ground. It was raised in 381, though in imperfect pose upon its four copper cubes, by Proclus, Prefect of the city, to his own glory and to that of his sovereign, Theodosius the Great. The battered figures on the lower of its two pedestals represent the manner of its erection and the popular rejoicings at the achievement.

The hieroglyphics, which to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu seemed "mere antient puns," were cut at various periods, and contain, Egyptian scholars tell us, the following prayer of Thotmes to his god Phta Sakaris: "Grant power, and with the principle of divine wisdom cover the king, O Guardian Sun, vigilant and just Sun, Continuer of Life. Guide his innermost thoughts so that he may show himself active and just in all things. Sublime Wisdom, grant to him the principle of thy essence and the principle of thy light, so that he may collect fruits in the impetuosity of his career. Four times he thus distinctly implores thee, Vigilant Sun of Justice of all Times. May the request which he makes to thee be granted to him."

The array of one hundred and eighty-two human figures on the upper pedestal sets forth the progress of the sports of the Hippodrome. Nothing kingly or imperial can be discerned upon the half obliterated central faces; nevertheless, they are those of Theodosius, his Empress Flacilla, and their sons, Honorius and Arcadius, who were to divide the world. On the north side the enthroned Emperor, amid a throng of obsequious courtiers and guards, awaits the beginning of the games; on the south, the imperial household watch their exciting progress; on the east, the





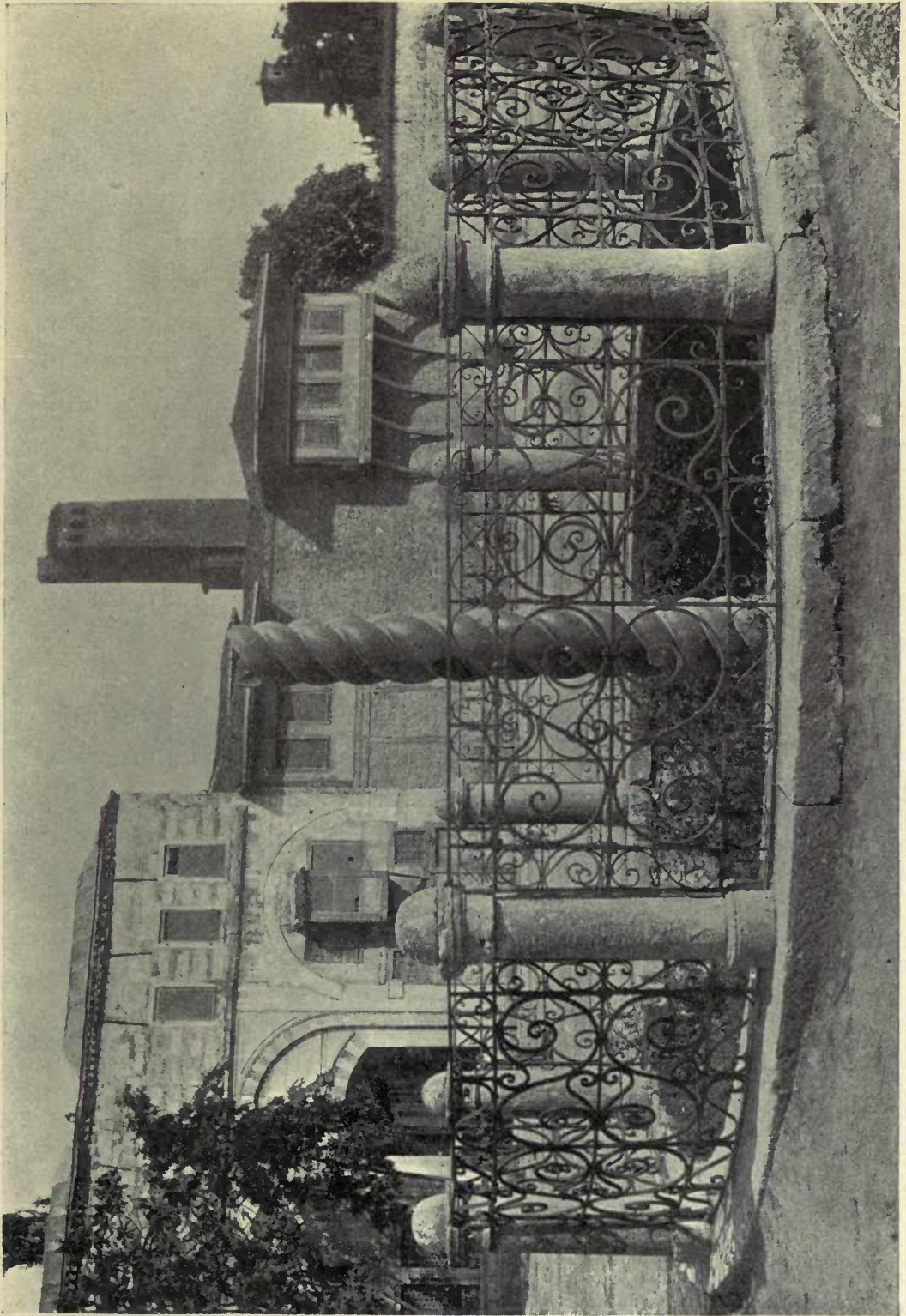
THE WESTERN SIDE OF THE PEDESTAL, SHOWING THE HOMAGE OF THE VANQUISHED GOTHS

Emperor, having risen from his throne, extends the laurel crown in readiness to reward the victor; on the west, towards the Triumphal Gate of the Blues, the conqueror and sovereign, with the Empress and their children at his side, receives the homage of the vanquished Goths.

Not content with the pictured victory over mortals, two inscriptions — the first in Greek and the second in Latin — record the triumph of the Emperor over the massive stone: “The Emperor Theodosius, alone having dared to erect the four-sided column which always lay a dead weight upon the ground, confided the task to Proclus, and in two and thirty days the so prodigious column stood erect.” The Latin inscription represents the obelisk as uttering the humble confession of its own defeat: “Difficult was once the command to obey serene sovereigns and to yield the victory to dead kings. But to Theodosius and his perennial offspring all things submit. So I, too, was conquered, and in thirty-two days under Proclus the Prefect I was raised to the upper air.” And now the obelisk looks down, inscrutable as the Sphinx, with the indifference that knows no change, upon the vain-glorious inscription of the forgotten Emperor.

The monument that peers above the ground a few feet farther south, the Serpent of Delphi, a perishable, pitiable wreck of Corinthian brass, centres far greater interest than the changeless obelisk. This triple serpent was the offering of Greek devotion to the god Apollo after the Battle of Plataea, when the Persian hordes had been forever hurled from Europe, and was set up in his most sacred shrine. Description of material and dimension seems almost irreverent, the visible object is so far transcended by the spirit it symbolizes. It is a consecrated trophy, to this day perpetuating the deathless triumph





THE SERPENT OF DELPHI



won in that early crisis of civilization and freedom. It is associated with Pausanias, Themistocles, Aristides, Xerxes, and Mardonius. Its own tale is told by Herodotus, Diodorus Siculus, the historian Pausanias, Zozimos, Sozomenos, Eusebius, and a host of lesser or equal writers.

Originally it consisted of three serpents twined around each other, their heads supporting a tripod of solid gold. During the wars of Philip of Macedon the tripod was confiscated by the chiefs of Phocis. When brought by Constantine from Delphi to Constantinople, a tripod of inferior value supplied its place. The superstitious Patriarch John VII in the ninth century came stealthily by night and broke off two of the heads, believing it was possessed by an evil spirit. Soon afterwards the people compelled their restoration, the city being suddenly infested by serpents, of which the desecration of the Delphic relic was considered the cause. An erroneous Ottoman tradition states that Sultan Mohammed II the Conqueror with his mace broke off one of the heads, thereby demonstrating his abhorrence of idols and the strength of his arm. At the beginning of the eighteenth century the heads were still in place, "with their mouths gaping." During the Crimean War the earth which had accumulated around to the depth of twelve feet was removed, and the precious monument enclosed by the present iron railing.

The mutilated torso is still affixed to the now black and broken pedestal on which Constantine had it placed. It is only eighteen and three-fourths feet in length, is cracked and seamed in many places, gapes with several jagged holes, and terminates in uneven, ragged edges. Its interior is filled with stones, thrown in by superstitious persons, who thus seek to avert the evil eye. Twenty-eight coils still exist. In the lower coils on its northeast side is



inscribed in characters primitive, archaic, almost embryonic, the priceless inscription which vindicates the genuineness of the serpent and transmits its glory. The kindly earth, gradually heaped around, has protected the lower coils, but the letters higher up have been worn away. Nevertheless, from the eighth to the third coil nineteen names can be discerned of those immortal cities to whose dauntless devotion was due the deliverance of Greece. One gazes reverently. The whole earth over there is no relic of the classic past that breathes a loftier spirit or is instinctive with a more exalted lesson.<sup>1</sup>

Still farther south, a column painfully bare, utterly despoiled, without one line of beauty, lifts its attenuated form from the dreary plain of the Atmeidan. Built of innumerable square blocks of stone, all along its sides the stones have dropped away; but the column is still erect,

<sup>1</sup> On the coils, the tenth and ninth from the bottom, faint traces of an inscription can be discerned. On the eighth, the reader can decipher enough to complete in his mind the names ΤΙΡΥΝΘΙΟΙ, ΓΛΑΤΑΙΕΣ, and ΘΕΣΠΙΕΣ. On the five remaining coils—that is, from the seventh to the third inclusive—every letter can be made out, some as easily as if incised to-day. On the seventh coil are the names ΜΥΚΑΝΕΣ, ΚΕΙΟΙ, ΜΑΛΙΟΙ, and ΤΕΝΙΟΙ. The ΤΕΝΙΟΙ is in slightly larger characters than the other words, and cut deeper. On the sixth, ΝΑΧΙΟΙ, ΕΡΕΤΡΙΕΣ, and Ν/ΑΛΚΙΔΕΣ; on the fifth, ΣΤΥΡΕΣ, ΦΑΛΕΙΟΝΕΣ, and ΓΟΤΕΙΔΑΙΑΤΑΙ; on the fourth, ΛΕΥΚΑΔΙΟΙ, ΦΑΝΑΚΤΟΡΙΕΣ, ΚΥΘΝΙΟΙ, and ΣΙΦΝΙΟΙ; on the third, ΑΜΦΡΑΚΙΟΤΑΙ and ΑΕΓΡΕΑΤΑΙ. These words are inscribed one under another in parallel lines on the north-east side of the monument. The letters are from  $\frac{3}{8}$  to  $\frac{1}{2}$  of an inch in length. In this inscription, made certainly not later than 475 B. C., the digamma Φ appears; also we have Θ for Φ, ⊕ for Θ, Χ for Ξ, Ν/ for Χ, Δ for Δ, and the vowels Ω and Η are not used.

On the thirteenth coil one archeologist supposes the following words: ΑΝΑΘΕΜΑΤΟΝΕΛΛΑΝΟΝ; another archeologist, ΑΝΑΘΕΜΑΓΟΜΕΔΟΝ; and a third, ΑΓΟΛΟΝΙΘΕΟΣΤΑΣΑΝΤΑΝΑΘΕΜΑΓΟΜΕΔΟΝ. On the twelfth coil the majority suppose ΔΑΚΕΔΑΙΜΟΝΙΟΙ, ΑΘΑΝΑΙΟΙ, and ΚΟΡΙΝΘΙΟΙ; on the eleventh, ΤΕΚΕΑΤΑΙ, ΣΕΚΥΟΝΙΟΙ, and ΑΙCΙΝΑΤΑΙ; on the tenth, ΜΕΚΑΡΕΣ, ΕΡΙΔΑΥΡΙΟΙ, and ΕΒΝ/ΟΜΕΝΙΟΙ; on the ninth, ΦΑΕΙΑΣΙΟΙ, ΤΡΟΖΑΝΙΟΙ, and ΕΡΜΙΟΝΕΣ, thus including the thirty-one Greek cities.

apparently too weak to fall. The name of its builder is lost, as if reluctant that so melancholy a pile should transmit his memory. Constantine VIII Porphyrogenitus, less fortunate, in the tenth century repaired the monument, and is commonly regarded as its founder. Once it was resplendent to the eye, sheathed from top to bottom in plates of burnished brass, and it glittered dazzlingly in the sun. The brazen plates were torn off and melted by the soldiers of the Fourth Crusade; everywhere are visible the gaping holes left by the bolts and nails which held them in place. In its perfect poise it is still a marvel. It seems as if the faintest wind must blow it down; but so perfect is its construction, so exact its centre of gravity, that, despite earthquake and tornado, its battered, worn-off pyramidal apex still clings one hundred and one feet high above the ancient surface of the arena.

A triple stereobate supports the marble block which serves as pedestal. Two of its sides are completely hidden by matted ivy. Through the tangled vine on the third or eastern side the following inscription may be easily deciphered: "Constantine, the present Emperor, to whom Romanos, glory of government, is the son, restores superior to its former appearance the four-sided marvel of lofty height which had been injured by time. As the Colossus of Rhodes was a marvel there, so is this Colossus of Constantine a marvel here."

In grateful contrast to this unsightly ruin is the Column of Marcian, Kiz Tash, the Maiden's Stone, south of the Mosque of Sultan Mohammed. On a tiny terrace in a private garden, remote from the street, in a dense Ottoman quarter, it rises, exquisite and beautiful, but solitary, as if forgotten by time. Its marble pedestal, once white, but now dark and mutilated, is seven feet high. The shaft is



a granite monolith, sixty feet in length, crowned by a capital of the composite order. On the capital is a damaged stone, no longer in the exact centre, on which the statue stood. To this the charming traveller, Sir George Wheler, evidently refers when he says that in 1676 he saw upon the capital an urn containing the Emperor's heart. Roman eagles with extended wings seem flying from the upper corners. A graceful, headless figure emerges from the northeast corner of the pedestal, but the corresponding figure on the opposite corner is entirely gone. On the north side the brass and nails forming the inscription have fallen away; but in the defaced incisions of the stone the following letters can be traced:—

[PR]INCIPIIS HANC STATUAM MARCIANI  
CERNE TORUMQUE  
[TERE]IUS VOVIT QUOD TATIANUS  
OPUS

The column and locality have their share of legends and traditions. The common appellation, Maiden's Stone, is due to its supposed mysterious faculty in discerning unfortunate women from those who had never sinned. The latter might approach in innocent security; but the garments of the former, by some invisible but resistless power, were made to rise and float above their heads. Scandal gloated over the tradition that the dancer Theodora dwelt in the vicinity before she wedded Justinian and was made sharer of his throne. It was commonly asserted that human vision was deceptive, and that the statue bore not the grim, septuagenarian visage of the soldier Marcian, but the bewitching features of ever youthful Aphrodite. When at last the statue fell, it was narrated that a kinswoman of the Emperor Justin II hurled

it down, revengeful for the tale it told of her private history while she was passing in state to the palace.

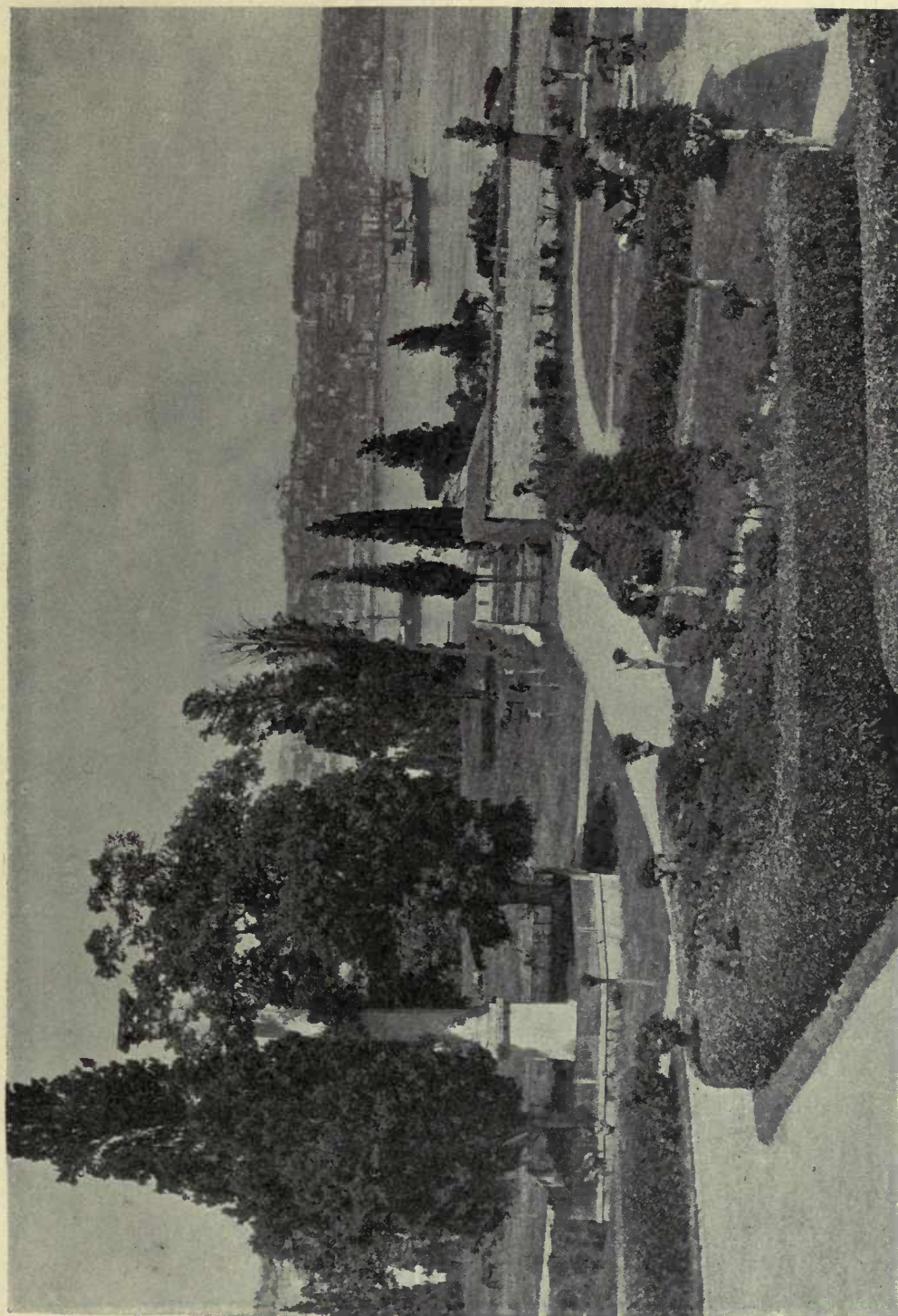
Little inferior in height, of less majestic beauty, but of far richer association, is the lonely column which keeps guard as sentinel in a grove of trees on the eastern spur of the Seraglio. The ground on which it stands is within the ancient limits of classic Byzantium. It is a simple monolithic shaft of the whitest marble, cleft with many a rent and fissure, and touched with a delicate grayish tint by time. Its thrilling votive inscription, which is easily legible,

FORTUNAE  
REDUCAE OB  
DEVICTOS GOTHOS,

is an eloquent memorial of the last martial victories of the undivided Roman Empire, and of the consequent baptism of Athanaric the Gothic King.

It was reared in 381 by Theodosius the Great, to commemorate his triumphs over those fierce hordes heretofore resistless. On its elaborate Corinthian capital he placed his equestrian statue and the following inscription: "Thou didst arise, another brilliant Sun, lightbearing from the east, O calm-minded Theodosius, upholder of mankind, having at thy feet the ocean with the boundless earth. Surrounded on every side by glory, thou magnanimous dost subdue a proud and fiery horse." Statue and inscription long since disappeared; the capital remains in all its high-wrought beauty. On it, according to Greek tradition, the pillar saint, Daniel of the Bosphorus, lived over twenty years. Later it served as means of execution, like the Tarpeian rock, condemned criminals being hurled from its top; thus the Latin Crusaders dashed to death their prisoner, the Byzantine Emperor Alexios V Mourtzouphles.





THE COLUMN OF THEODOSIUS, AND A VIEW FROM THE SERAGLIO

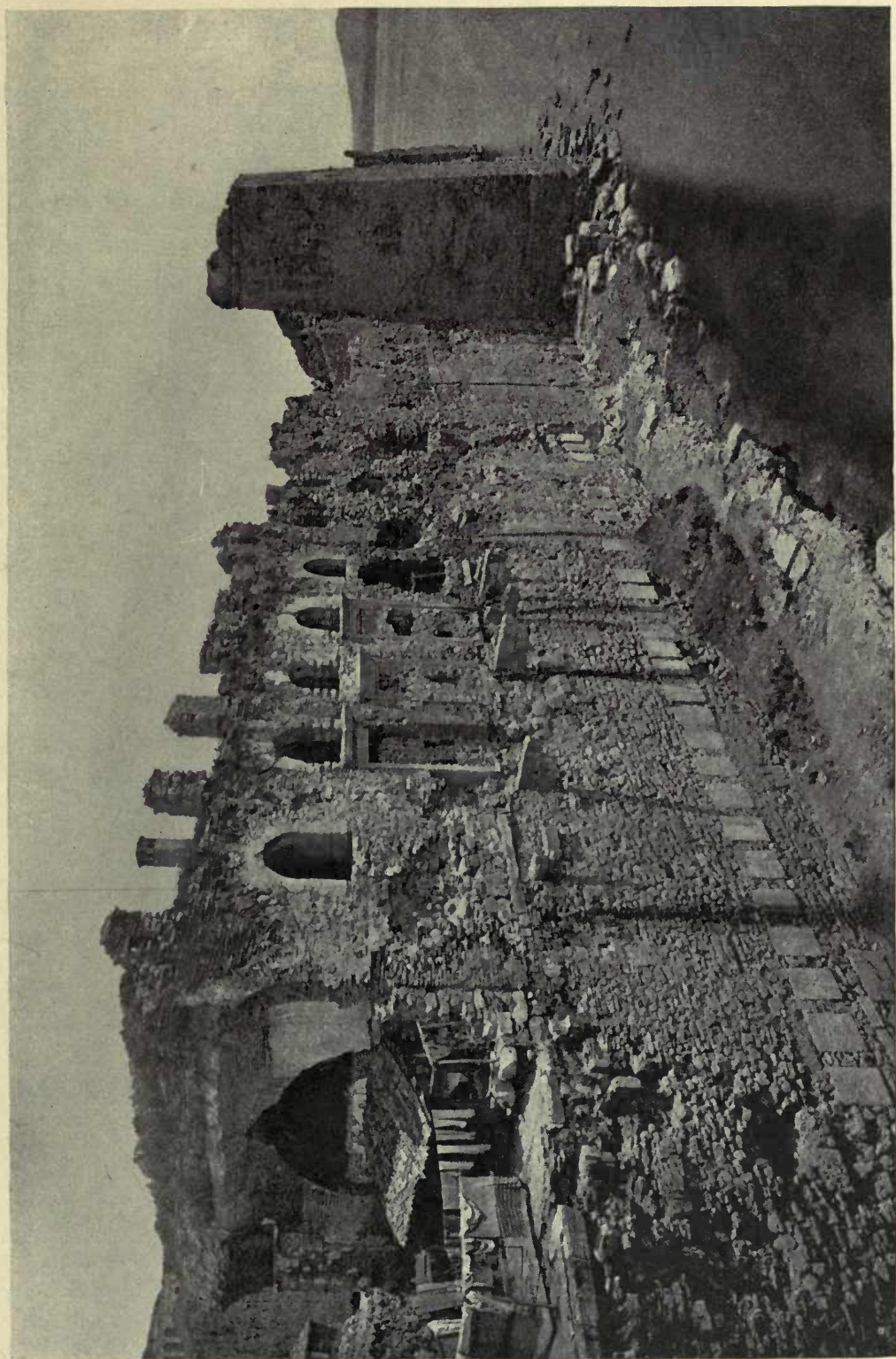
## THE PALACES

EAST of Aivan Serai Kapou, inside the city wall, is a foul, repulsive ruin. It is one hundred and twenty feet in length, and about two-thirds as wide; enough remains to show that it must have been three stories high. The thick walls of brick and mortar are of ninth-century workmanship. A lofty arched roof covers a main central hall, on which open rooms of various size and height. The southern part, called Yaghourt Khan by the Ottomans, is filled with rotten timbers and the *débris* of demolished buildings; a portion of the northern part is used as a charcoal magazine. The ground reeks with filth of every sort: throughout are vile odors, all mixed with the mouldy smell of decay. No spot can be more repellent, or less suggestive of youth and beauty. Surely there never was a place here for a maiden's foot, and no girlish laughter has ever echoed in these rooms, now so sickening with fetid air.

Nevertheless, this pile was once a palace. It was reared by the Emperor Theophilos, and designed by the doting father as a gift to Thekla, Anna, Anastasia, and Pulcheria, his idolized daughters. As they grew to womanhood, it became those princesses' favorite abode. Here Thekla refused the suit of the grandson of Charlemagne, preferring to remain with her sisters within these walls rather than to sit upon the imperial German throne. None of the sisters wedded. For years they dwelt here together. At last they wearied of the world, forsook their palace, and died as nuns.

The Palace of Hormisdas, or of Justinian, is romantic in its origin and history. No less romantic is its craggy





PALACE OF JUSTINIAN

southern wall, rising high above the Marmora, and visible from far upon the sea. The seven brick arches, lofty and wide; the three spacious doors, with monolithic doorposts, twelve feet high; the exquisite acanthus leaves finely chiselled upon the lintels; the grand marble columns, once supporting dizzy balconies, and projecting fifty feet above the water; and below, close to the sea, the horizontal row of snow-white marble slabs,—arrest the traveller's attention on his passing ship, and awake imagination to departed splendor.

But on the landward side all the impressive picturesqueness vanishes. There one does not approach the wall, so densely packed against it and against one another are the malodorous shanties of the refugees. The Roumelian Railway passes close by over subterranean chambers that were laid bare and then cemented over when the railway was constructed in 1869. A few feet farther north is a colossal wall, one hundred and eighty feet in length and fifty high, which rests on great arches, through which a still earlier wall is seen. These ruins are stately and imposing.

Hormisdas, a Sassanide prince and exile, fled to Constantinople to save his endangered life, and, enraptured with this spot, obtained from Constantine permission to build such a palace as might remind him of his Persian home. Two hundred years later it became the property of Justin I, and was bestowed by him on his nephew Justinian, then a consul. Hither, on the marriage of the latter, he brought his bride, the actress Theodora, and here they dwelt, until together they ascended the throne. No female triumph in any age has surpassed the victory Theodora won when she, the hated, slandered, outlawed woman, crossed the threshold of this then radiant



palace as prospective Empress, and already the Cæsar's spouse.

No other palace has preserved so much of its shape and former comeliness as the Palace of the Hebdomon, now Tekour Serai, on the northern summit of the double-crested sixth hill. Its dismantled though lordly outline



PALACE OF THE HEBDOMON

dominates the Golden Horn and the northern regions of the city, and justifies the magnificent prominence of its site.

It anciently bore many names, — Palace of Constantine, of Justinian, of Belisarius, as each was in turn its reputed founder. The humbler Greeks to-day still call it the House of Belisarius. But through the Middle Ages

its common title was Palace of the Hebdomon, or Seventh District, because this portion of the city was formerly appropriated to the Seventh Corps of the heretical Gothic guards. A dozen derivations may be assigned to its present Turkish name of Tekour Serai, and each Turkish scholar gives a different meaning thereto. When it was erected, or by whom, is uncertain. The lower story seems as old as Constantine, while the peculiar layers of brick and mortar near the top seem stamped with the autograph of the eleventh or twelfth century. Much of its history is obscure. The massacre in 1345 of the Dictator Apokaukos, guardian and tyrant of the youthful Emperor John V, by the two hundred prisoners whom he had confined and tortured, but among whom he rashly ventured, is one of its most thrilling episodes.

The part now remaining is a rectangle, over seventy feet in length by forty broad. On the east a huge central window, flanked by smaller windows on either side, opens over gigantic projecting pillars. On them was suspended the ancient balcony, forty feet above the ground, from which the wide-reaching and varied view must have been superb. On the south, beneath seven windows of various elevation, shape, and size, the wall is built in large mosaic of peculiar pattern.

The only entrance is from the north. One clammers over great heaps of broken glass to the ancient courtyard. In front rises the north side of the palace, supported on a central pier and granite columns, itself mutilated and timeworn, yet fair and beautiful, with its rows of rich mosaic. The floors have fallen; but traces of stairways may be discerned adhering to the inner walls. Clinging to crevices and jutting stones, one climbs along the sides, high up through a southwest window, to the



slight abutment whence, according to Greek tradition, Justinian with his own hands hurled his suspected General Belisarius to the pavement below. The legend adds that the hero was uninjured by his fearful fall, and, thus having proved his innocence, enjoyed the Emperor's confidence and affection ever after.



INTERIOR OF THE PALACE OF THE HEBDOMON

From the southwest corner of the second story one may creep to the adjacent fortress, the Tribunal of the Hebdomon, where were formerly quartered the guards of the palace; or, looking from the windows on the west, the eye may range outside the city walls upon the martial Plain of the Hebdomon, the exercise ground of Byzantine ar-

mies, and away over the rounded hills which saw the bivouac of so many hostile hosts.

The dilapidation of the palace since the Ottoman Conquest has been constant but gradual. Under Souleïman the Magnificent, elephants were kept in its degraded basement story, and hence Von Hammer has imagined that it served only as a menagerie under the Byzantine emperors. Less than two hundred years ago most of its columns, its floors, and marble stairways were still in place. The marble window casements were intact till within a century. The Byzantine double-headed eagle still spread its carved wings on the lintel of a window; on the capitals of the columns appeared the royal lilies of France; and above, indicative of victory over the Latin emperors, was the monogram of the Palaiologoi. Not long ago Jewish glass-blowers took possession, and crowded every corner with their huts and furnaces. Some were burned to death, and all their hovels utterly destroyed by a great fire in 1864. Since then the empty walls have been abandoned save by the antiquary, the tourist, and the beggar.

One day in 549 Justinian, wearing his imperial robes, came in the utmost pomp from the Great Palace to the Palace of the Hebdomon. Suddenly the panic-stricken courtiers observed that its most precious ornament, an immense diamond, had disappeared from the imperial crown. Diligent and protracted search was unavailing, and at last the incident was forgotten. Nine centuries later, soon after the Ottoman Conquest, a shepherd found a shining stone in the rubbish of Tekour Seraï. It passed from hand to hand as a bagatelle. A Jew in his eagerness to obtain it aroused suspicion. The more he offered, the more was demanded. Despairing of its acquisition, he



notified the Grand Vizir of the existence of the stone. At once it was seized by the Grand Vizir, and presented to Sultan Mohammed II. The Ottomans declare that it then weighed one hundred and twenty-four carats: they call it Tchoban Tashi, the Shepherd's Stone; esteem it the finest diamond in the world, and with special care preserve among the treasures of the Sultan the long-lost jewel of Justinian.

#### THE PRISON OF ANEMAS

ALL through the Middle Ages palace and prison were close together in shocking intimacy. Commonly the two formed but a single structure in frightful twinship, or the halls of the one reposed on the dungeons of the other. The occupants of the lighted rooms above were in constant terror of the inmates of the dark cells below. In necessary proportion to the grandeur and freedom of the one were the solid walls and ponderous fetters of the other. Among the Byzantines the Palace of Blachernai for five hundred years surpassed every other palatial abode in rank and splendor; so did its unnatural but inevitable twin, the prison of Anemas, exceed in strength and hopelessness every other dungeon horror of Constantinople. When or by whom it was constructed was forgotten. The Ottomans apparently never knew of its existence, and it had no part in history after the Conquest. Its locality was un-identified by the moderns, despite constant references in the Byzantine authors, over whose pages its name hung like a grisly nightmare. It seemed that nothing of it was left behind save its execrable memory.

About forty years ago the lynx-eyed archeologist Paspatis remarked a half-closed crannied hole on the northern

side of one of the northern towers, fronting the ancient site of the Palace of the Blachernai. With difficulty and danger climbing up, he wedged himself through the narrow opening. For a distance of thirty feet he crawled along in the darkness, through a vaulted passage less than two feet high and but little wider. Thence he



PRISONS AND CASTLE OF ANEMAS

emerged into a tiny room, slimy, tomb-like, stygian, but where at least a man could stand erect. The candle flickered in the mephitic vapors, and only served to make the blackness darker. Nevertheless, he felt that something was discovered. When, better provided, a few days later he repeated his adventure, he realized with an antiquary's unutterable exultation that he had found the prison of Anemas.

Since then its accursed recesses have been accessible to



whoever had the will and the nerve to enter. Nevertheless, its visitors have been strangely few. Many a time, with its discoverer or with others, I have groped along its chambers, and sounded its walls, in the effort to learn more of it or of the history it could unfold. My last visit, in 1890, stands out as distinct in my recollection as if made to-day.

On the right of the tiny chamber, where, rising from hands and knees, one first stands erect, at the end of another passage, is a spacious chamber now obstructed.

In front another opening, irregularly shaped, leads to a cylindrical and vaulted room, beyond which is a winding ascending and descending passage, a common Byzantine substitute for a stairway. Descent is impossible,



FIRST CHAMBER IN PRISON OF ANEMAS

so completely filled is it with accumulated earth. Mounting round a newel of blunted corners, leaving walled-up niches and blocked doors on the right, one reaches a lofty apartment, forty feet in length and thirty-five in width. In the farther corner is a large round opening in the floor, to which a like aperture in the ceiling corresponds. Dim light filters in through a high loophole in the corner. Returning to the winding passage and constantly ascending, one struggles over garbage and nameless filth, to a strong iron grating at the very top, which prevents further progress. This grating is in the Mosqueyard of Aivaz

Effendi Djami, sixty feet above the level of the ground below; and through it the inmates of the Mosque throw in their refuse, ignorant where it goes, and knowing only that somehow it finds a vast receptacle beneath. This circular passage was the direct means of communication between the Palace of Blachernai and the prison. In Scott's realistic tale, "Count Robert of Paris," this winding way is called the "Ladder of Acheron." Where one now picks a path over the pollution and foulness, the vivid Scotch romancer pictures that daintiest of Byzantine princesses, Anna Komnena, leaning, self-forgetful in her distress, on the arm of the gallant Hereward.

Starting again from the tiny chamber, and dragging one's self through another unobstructed passage, less than two feet wide and scarcely higher, one arrives at a room which runs east and west, thirty-one feet long and nine and a half feet wide. Its height is over forty feet; but on the walls holes left by rafters indicate a second floor which has fallen away. This is but one of twelve identical cells, of exactly the same dimensions, separated by walls over five feet thick, and connected by similar arched doorways. A succession of doorways above in the fallen second story corresponds to those beneath. Some of the cells are so piled with earth and stones that the mass reaches higher than the level of the second floor. The cells toward the south are gullied like a hillside, and filled far toward their vaulted ceiling by the deposits which every storm washes in through a fissure in the roof. These rooms are doubtless but a part, perhaps only a small proportion, of the cells once existing in this awful prison, and which some fortunate antiquary in time may reveal. They are constructed of massive hewn stone and brick. Well might the blind and helpless prisoner, once



the dauntless Ursel, have spent three patient years in uselessly boring through a single wall. None of the cells are windowed. A few more favored are pierced by the smallest loopholes, high up on the sides, through which the faintest light hardly ventures in.

Deathlike stillness reigns throughout, broken only by the water oozing and dripping from the stones, and by the swarming bats, with whose putrefying droppings the air is poisoned. Frightful as these dungeons were of old, in their abandonment and desolation they seem more hideous now.

To write the list of their former tenants is to call over the weary roll of Byzantine misfortune and despair. Here was shut the high-born Anemas, who has wrapped around this prison, built centuries before his day, the legacy of his undying name. Here in his disdainful silence the haughty Gregory of Trebizond lay speechless, even in his fetters aspiring to a crown. Here long remained that most atrocious figure of Byzantine history, Andronikos I Komnenos, thrown into still blacker outline by his saintly and devoted wife, who, for the love of him, sought and obtained the boon of sharing his deserved captivity; and here, in the squalor and wretchedness of their cell, their ill-fated babe, Kalo-John, was born.

The Ottoman Prince Kontos and another Andronikos, each the heir of his father's throne and each a mediæval Absalom, having been defeated in their unholy and parricidal rebellion, were imprisoned in one cell together here. The Byzantine prince escaped, and in the turn of fortune dethroned his father and cast him and his two younger brothers into the same cell. Again fortune turned, and the liberated Emperor shut up his son, once more a prisoner, in the very room that had borne so large a part in both their lives. One hardly lingers on the more

thrilling scenes in "Count Robert of Paris," which the great novelist locates here; for in the prison of Anemas the wonders of his romance pale before the wilder romances of history. Paspatis sums up all the long story in a few simple words. "These," he says, "are the far-famed prisons of Anemas, where once were heard the groans of captive emperors and the sobs of empresses."

#### THE TOWER OF GALATA

THE Tower of Galata is a stupendous hollow cylinder, remarkable for its bulk and height. Gaunt and white and bare, it looms into the sky from the most elevated part of Galata, and spreads upon the horizon of every stranger as he gazes northward on his arrival from the rail-car or steamer. It dwindles into ant-hills the four-storied houses at its foot. No monument exists on the northern side of the Golden Horn to be compared with it in either impressiveness or size. It is at once Byzantine, Italian, and Ottoman, in its architecture and associations.

Anastasius I in the fifth century reared it, though to less than half its present height, as the bulwark or acropolis of the farther shores of the Golden Horn. When the cholera in 542 swept away ten thousand persons daily, and pits could not be dug fast enough to receive the dead, the tower afforded a ready receptacle, wherein corpses were packed to the very top, jammed in, pressed down upon each other in grewsome equality. It was the main fortress of the Genoese of Galata during several hundred years. They piled it higher in 1348, and higher yet in 1446, when trembling at the approaching torrent of the Ottomans. During those years it was called Tower of Christ and Tower of the Cross, from a gigantic Latin



cross by which it was surmounted, and which the Conqueror removed after the city's surrender. Mohammed II built it higher still, and capped the whole with a sharp-pointed, conelike roof. Burned in 1794, this was replaced



TOWER OF GALATA

by Selim III, to be burned again in 1824, and again restored by Mahmoud II. The present succession of diminishing cylinders, now adorning its summit with the distant grace of turret upon turret, is the device and achievement of Sultan Abd-ul Medjid.

The lower half of the tower is pierced by loopholes, which, though made with no such design, break the

monotony of the surface ; then come the tiers of windows, row on row ; and over all the lancelike staff, tipped by the glittering spearhead, whence, on festivals and on the sacred Friday, floats the flag of the imperial dynasty.

As one stands within and peers upwards towards the top, he is crushed with a sense of stone immensity. The rope, swaying in the vacuum from above, seems fastened to the sky. Does one meditate the ascent, he grows half dizzy before he begins to climb. The walls, twelve feet in thickness, conceal the succession of stone stairways, not winding spirally, but ascending, by ingenious contrivance, stairway over stairway. At length the side steps cease, and one emerges upon a staging, where, platform above platform, commence rooms in which human beings reside, dwelling in the void between heaven and earth. At last one reaches the wide round chamber which stretches over the entire diameter, and whose circumference is the mighty walls. Here fire patrols pace ceaselessly, scrutinizing with their glasses every quarter of the city. Thirty-four steps, up a circular staircase, conduct hence to a room loftier still, wherein may be seen the ancient tocsin of the tower. Its alarum has swelled out many times over these hills its note of triumph, or of terror and warning ; but, dusty, rusted, thrust aside, it is tongueless now. It is said that the cats which one meets at every turn, born in these regions of upper air, have never set foot on the ground below. But multitudinous broods of whirring doves somehow here perpetuate their own family, although furnishing the constant sustenance of their feline foes.

One is allowed to climb no farther. Through the deep-cased windows of this highest room one passes, if he dares, to an outer platform, which is surrounded by an iron balustrade. Human language is inadequate to shadow,



even faintly, the unutterable loveliness and magnificence of the view. Nothing on this globe can surpass it. Whoever has gazed, awestruck and enraptured, on the most splendid scenes that nature unfolds before the eye from other lofty heights, must confess that this is incomparable in its panoramic variety and sublimity.

#### STRAY WAIFS OF ANTIQUITY

NOTHING is more typical of Constantinople than the fugitive inscriptions, the rooms whose early usage is forgotten, and the disconnected blocks of masonry, hardly more than mediæval rubbish, found in every quarter of the city. To each attaches the interest of conjecture and the pathos of namelessness, as one seeks in vain to solve the enigma of its history and depict the structure of which centuries ago it was a part. Everywhere the ground is honeycombed with wall and arch and pillar, over which thin earth rolls in graceful undulation, or which jut, mere suggestions, through the surface, or lie in indiscriminate confusion around.

South of the Burnt Column are seemingly endless rows of high brick arches, separated by walls over four feet thick. Little emerges from the rolling, wavelike surface of the ground; but through a wide extent, wherever the pick goes down, like arches are revealed. The Greeks call these remains the foundations of the Prætorium. Superstition for generations has left the spot deserted, and no fabric has arisen on that magnificent site. In 1871 the illustrious statesman Fuad Pasha, defying popular prejudice, began there the erection of a palace; but at the very beginning its further prosecution was prevented by his sudden death.

In another part of the city, a little west of the Atmeidan, are two great masses of stone and mortar, altogether above ground, separated from each other by the street. They have been hacked at by the mason and builder for generations; but so much is left that the larger mass is one hundred and twenty-nine feet long and almost fifty wide. Though supposition is valueless, these remains are commonly considered a part of the ornate embolos of Domnos, the most splendid which adorned the city.

Near Zeïrek Djami is a strange square Byzantine structure, painted bright green, — a single chamber in perfect preservation, covered by a truncated roof. Though the room is low-studded, and hardly more than twenty feet each way, the walls are over five feet thick. Into this small apartment nearly a hundred children swarm daily, and a turbaned teacher in flowing robes leads the chorus as in high-pitched voices they repeat passages from the Koran. No greater contrast can one conceive than between this building's past and present. This adapted school-house is an ancient heroon or tomb. Over the floor, where now the tumultuous children sit, were once ranged the coffins of the dead.

Ancient inscriptions abound: disconnected letters on broken blocks, and epitaphs and eulogies in entirety on slabs perfectly preserved. The curious traveller, as he threads his devious way across Stamboul or along the Bosphorus, is arrested at every step by these autographs of the past. Some are almost meaningless, or mean but little; others are animate with the tale of great triumphs and of heroic lives, or transmit customs which are now but traditions. The few in Latin indicate how ephemeral and superficial was the sway of the Roman tongue in the Greek metropolis. Some remain where placed at first; others,



ignored and disregarded, look out from blocks built as common stones, pell mell, bottom upwards, into some house or wall. The most ancient and most interesting so far known is found upon a tower of the Seraglio wall nearly opposite the Sublime Porte. Indistinct and incomplete, its archaic letters may be seen upon a small oblong stone which the heedless mason has mortared in nearly five feet above the ground. The inscription is a notice from some scene of public concourse: "Of veterans and stadium runners the place begins." So the unsightly stone indicated in some classic edifice the positions of rank and honor. The rustic letters have no meaning now for the passer-by; once the heart of many a hero, long since pulseless in oblivion, must have swelled as his proud eyes fell upon it, and, guided by its direction, he passed to the exalted seats appropriate to his achievements and renown.

#### BYZANTINE CHURCHES CONVERTED INTO MOSQUES

AFTER the Conquest not only did the palaces pass into the hands of foreign masters, but the edifices, hitherto Christian churches, were transformed into the sanctuaries of another creed. Nowhere had Church and State existed in a union more intimate than at Constantinople; nowhere had they been more mutually sensitive to a popular breath or a national convulsion. So it seemed not only mournful coincidence but almost inherent necessity that, as each conquered palace closed upon its former possessor, and accepted the behests of an Ottoman lord, so the church or chapel at its side should seal up its history, change its name, and accept the ritual and the priesthood of the Ottoman faith. Thus the ecclesia became the mesdjid or

djami; its baptismal name of the apostle or martyr, whose protection it had invoked as its patron saint, was superseded by the harsher appellation of some pasha or effendi. The altar was torn down, and the mihrab took its place. The mosaic faces of the saints were covered over, the arms of the carved crosses stricken off, and the walls made bare with whitewash. The plainness of the deadened surface was relieved only by passages from the Koran, and names of the Caliphs, the ornaments of puritan Islam. The Christian pulpit and the priestly throne were banished by the steep, austere minber, whence on each Friday, with drawn sword, the imam was to offer his noonday supplication. All that conquest could do was done to efface every association of Christ and the old, and to thrust into prominence every external suggestion of the Prophet and the new, — in a word, to utterly transform the Christian church into a Moslem mosque.

But while the old roof stretched above, and the old walls rose skyward around, two things remained which malignant fanaticism could not destroy: these were the church's form — basilica or Byzantine cross, ever mutely eloquent of its early consecration — and the church's history, written by human pens and traced on human hearts, imperishable, though from the dishonored aisles the chant of the choir and the accents of the priest had died forever away. Many of those sacred piles have gone the way of man and of all man's creation, and, worn out by natural decay, have fallen in the dust. Others, forsaken ruins, are at best despoiled skeletons; and others still, to-day unshaken and strong, have survived the centuries, significant of that Christianity to which their walls resounded, and which outlives time.

Those churches, now mosques, come down to us hal-



lowed by the memory of an unutterable misfortune, and by their earlier history of faith and prayer. Yet the interest that enwraps them is not only religious and historic. Nowhere else, not even at Ravenna or Salonica or Mount Athos, are to be found so many examples as to form, construction, and ornamentation, of every phase of Byzantine architecture. Here are represented every type and style of dome in its development and growth, the gradual shaping of the apse, the varied mural decoration significant of the age that inspired each artist's hand, and the capital and column, forever modified and yet always essentially the same. One traces the slow unfolding of the cylinder into the circular maze of columns, which at length shrink to four, whereby the farther spaces are drawn out into Architecture's fairest triumph,—the Byzantine cross. Above stretches the vaulted dome, chief and distinctive feature of Byzantine architecture, while by gradual progression semi-domes and lengthened vaults prolong the form and heighten the effect. The peculiar capitals, almost unknown to Rome and Greece; the sheathings of marble plates that line the walls; and that mosaic decoration which Ghirlandajo calls "the only painting for eternity," are likewise characteristic of this famed school of art. From church to church one follows, in its bulging growth, the truncated period of each column's capital, until it flowers, after centuries of training, with buds and birds and monograms. So from sanctuary to sanctuary does he watch the plain simplicity of early days slowly giving way to a luxurious devotion, that hides the framework and robes the inner walls with dazzling marbles of fantastic shapes and sizes, and that often seeks its criterion of taste in the prodigality of cost. The mosaics in their stony beauty, and glassy, golden glitter, are harder to

trace. Not that the tiny cubes have fallen, or their colors faded, but that the ascetic sentiment of the Ottoman has sought to hide them from the scandalized eye of his co-religionists. Scrupulously faithful to the letter of the second commandment, the Moslem looks with horror on any graven image, or any likeness of anything that is in the heaven above or in the earth beneath or in the water under the earth. So the thick whitewash or the closely adhering curtain veils the records in mosaic of the Saviour's earthly mission, and the pictures of the lives and deeds of the Virgin, saints, and martyrs, which were sermons to the Byzantine, and on which he gazed with reverence and awe. Nevertheless, many have escaped the Moslem's solicitude, and on their exquisite delineations one lingers with amazement and delight.

Yet, after all, these Byzantine churches at very best are but shadows of what they were. The magnificence has largely disappeared; the brightness and splendor have been eclipsed or ended by conquest, or by still more rapacious time. Nor is it strange. Their corner stones were laid before America was dreamed of, before the multitudinous crusading hosts poured from Europe against the sectaries of that Arabian Prophet, who, when their walls uprose, was still unborn. Yet they stand, a history in stone and brick and mortar of the outburst, the culmination and decline, of Byzantine architecture and art. Higher and more fadeless glory still, — they have centered the worship and echoed the anthems of early Christianity.



KUTCHOUK AYA SOPHIA, THE CHURCH OF SAINTS  
SERGIUS AND BACCHUS

CLOSE to Justinian's ruined palace, so near the Marmora that its foundations seem almost washed by transparent waves, is the Mosque of Kutchouk Aya Sophia. Anciently it was the memorial church of Saints Sergius and Bacchus, and the neighboring palace was eclipsed in gorgeousness by this sanctuary reared at its side. Justinian built them both. To the erection of the church he consecrated his entire private fortune as a votive offering on his accession in 527. Yet the vast wealth possessed by him as consul did not suffice for its completion, and its accomplishment was rendered possible only by the ampler resources of the Emperor.

Sergius and Bacchus had been high officers in the army of Maximianus, and were massacred by that pagan tyrant because they would not incline their heads at the altars of his gods. They might well be regarded as the patron saints of the Justinian dynasty. When Justinian, then a petty officer, and Justin, his uncle, afterwards Emperor and the founder of their House, lay in prison, condemned by the Emperor Anastasius to speedy execution, these saints — so Anastasius affirmed — appeared to him in a dream, proved his prisoners' innocence, and threatened him with the wrath of God unless they were at once restored to liberty and honor.

The edifice presents the fully developed plan of an early memorial church. Its interior constantly calls to mind that Italian creation of Justinian, San Vitale at Ravenna. No other building in Constantinople has exerted equal influence in subsequent Byzantine church architecture.

The towering Sancta Sophia, acme of Byzantine attainment, has served as model for almost every Moslem mosque, whatever its proportions, which has been erected since the Conquest. Apparently the Christians shrank from imitation of Sancta Sophia, their proudest architectural achievement. But the Church of Sergius and Bacchus has been the honored pattern, copied with greater or less fidelity in every Orthodox sanctuary of the East.

Sometimes it was called Convent of Hormisdas, from the Persian exile who founded the neighboring Palace of Justinian, and bequeathed it his name. Built against it on the north was the Church of Saints Peter and Paul, so close that a common entrance served them both. Of this northern edifice absolutely nothing remains, but the Church of Sergius and Bacchus is practically the same as when first erected. Though its garnished walls have been despoiled, though its every perishable ornament has been destroyed, though fire and earthquake have many times prostrated all the edifices in its vicinity, yet that church stands unshaken in its original strength, and still robed in much of its original beauty. More injurious than time or natural convulsion is the adjacent railway track, whence the thundering train, as it rushes by, jars the venerable edifice, and makes it vibrate to its base.

Its lengthy history has been neither startling nor unusually eventful. Here Pope Vigilius, having excommunicated the Patriarch Menas, sought refuge from the resentment of Justinian. In the fierce fight of the eighth and ninth centuries, it supported the iconoclastic cause, and its most distinguished abbot is better known as the iconoclastic Patriarch John VII. The legates of the Pope, and the Pope himself when in Constantinople, officiated at its altar. On the Tuesday of Easter week the Emperor



and court here offered their formal worship, and the sovereign himself assisted in the liturgy. Injured during the Latin occupation, it was cleansed and repaired by Michael VIII. Shortly after the Ottoman Conquest it was made a mosque by Houssein Agha, then favorite of Bayezid II, but soon to learn in terrible experience how precarious is a despot's favor. His headless body fills a neglected grave outside the mosque. Within these walls were packed from 1877 to 1879 a horde of Moslem refugees, who fled hither from Bulgaria during the Russo-Turkish War. The well on the right hand of the entrance, revered by the Byzantines as a holy fountain, received all the filth of the crowded inmates during two pestiferous years.

The outline of the ancient atrium, once extending before the church, can still be traced in the oblong court in front. This is now shaded by majestic trees, and lined on three sides by Mussulman cloisters. A shabby wooden portico gives access to the narthex. Thence by a stone stairway one passes to the gallery, whence alone a satisfactory view of the whole interior can be obtained. Standing above the main portal, with one's face directed towards the apse, all the artistic plan — mazy and confused when sought for from below — slowly becomes definite and distinct.

The edifice is an octagon inscribed in a square. Eight piers, over thirty feet in circumference, subtend eight great arches, which furnish direct support to the dome, seventy feet above the floor. The dome is not a portion of a sphere, but rises from the octagonal perimeter of its base in sixteen longitudinal sections. Through half of these the light pours in by means of deep-set vaulted windows. Towards the apse the dome is prolonged in a cylin-

drical vault. Pillars, two by two, rise from between the piers, and uphold the gallery, which is continuous save towards the apse. Over on the southern side, between two smaller columns, was the imperial entrance. Above are



COLUMNS AND GALLERY OF  
KUTCHOUK AYA SOPHIA

the clear-cut monograms of Justinian and Theodora, and empty nail-holes show where formerly fitted the casements of the imperial doors. The entablature above the columns is wide and elegantly wrought. The paint, daubed on in thick profusion by the Ottomans, has been mellowed by time, and has

the effect of a golden tint.

On the frieze is a Greek poetical inscription, whose broad and sharply protruding characters almost surround the church. A few letters are hidden by the modern Moslem pulpit, and a final sigma is wanting at the left of the apse. Every other character is in place, unbroken and unmarred, legible as when cut, perhaps beneath the eye of Justinian, thirteen hundred and sixty-nine years ago. Vine leaves and clusters of grapes serve as punctuation points between the lines, and refer to the convivial deity Bacchus, whose name is the homonym of the martyred saint. Justinian himself, doubtless, composed the inscription. So characteristic is its style, that it seems not so much a sculptor's work in marble as an audible utterance from the Emperor's lips. "Other kings have honored dead heroes whose achievement was small: but our sceptre-bearing Justinian, inspired by piety, glorifies



with a magnificent church Sergius, the servant of Omnipotent Christ; him neither the kindling breath of fire, nor the sword, nor any other sort of torture shook: for the divine Christ he endured, and, though slain, he gained the kingdom of heaven by his blood. Forever may he hold in his keeping the reign of the vigilant king, and augment the power of Theodora, the divinely crowned; of her, whose mind is filled with piety, and whose labor and constant exertions are directed to the diffusion of temporal blessings.”

The thirty-four columns of the gallery and ground floor are of the richest and showiest marble. They stand everywhere, two arranged together, in perfect symmetry. On them repose elaborate Byzantine capitals, unique in design, and of exceeding delicacy and beauty.

One seeks the old-time opulence of mosaics in vain. The hues that now robe the walls are subdued, though lovely. With the present chastened coloring one contrasts in fancy the dazzling ancient brilliancy which Prokopios declares “surpassed the effulgence of the sun.” To-day it is no single detail, nor even the main architectural design which most absorbs the gazer. It is the complete harmoniousness of the whole. Each individual feature is subordinate to every other. Every part, though dimmed and faded, still combines in structural harmony. It is a poem finished in marble lines which has survived the centuries. Its graceful form lingers upon the vision of the eye just as music fills the ear. No marvel that the Ottomans regard it as second only to the great cathedral, and bestow upon it the admiring name of the Little Saint Sophia.



















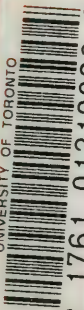
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CONSTANTINOPLE









MOSQUE OF MOHAMMED II



# UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO







# CONSTANTINOPLE

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OF ATHENS, GREECE

With an Introduction by

GENERAL LEW. WALLACE



IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. II

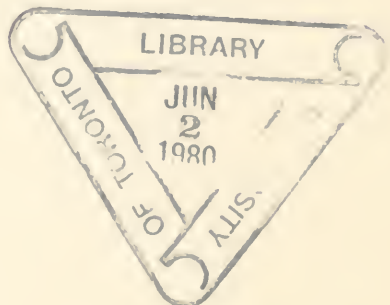
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# CONSTANTINOPLE

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## VIII — *Continued*

### MEHEMET SOKOLLI DJAMI, THE CHURCH OF SAINT ANASTASIA



#### MEHEMET SOKOLLI PASHA DJAMI

stands upon the site of the Church of Saint Anastasia. Nothing can be seen of the ancient edifice; nothing of it remains save the foundations upon which the modern mosque is built. Yet the spot is so full of associations, and the church exerted so large an influence in militant religious history as to demand more than a passing reference.

The ancient edifice, a humble structure, was erected by Saint Gregory Nazianzen, afterwards Patriarch of Constantinople. There he delivered those impassioned discourses which have seldom been surpassed in the annals of pulpit eloquence. He called his lowly sanctuary by the name of the virgin martyr Anastasia, whose memory had been handed down among the Greeks as the *Pharmakolytria*, or Healer. When imprisoned and tortured by Diocletian, the heroic maiden, forgetful of her own suffering, devoted herself to the lacerated and sick among her fellow prisoners.

During forty-four years this was the only Trinitarian church in Constantinople; from it was waged a single-handed, desperate, apparently hopeless warfare against persecuting Arianism. The victory, won by Orthodoxy, was largely due to its dauntless priests. In the fifth century the church was appropriated to the converted Goths, and its liturgy was celebrated in the Gothic language. In 537 Sancta Sophia was complete, and ready for reconsecration. In view of the eventful share the Church of Saint Anastasia had had in the religious life of the capital, Justinian decided that the gorgeous procession to dedicate his peerless cathedral should march from this church. The Patriarch Menas passed from its doors to the Emperor's chariot, and, drawn by four white horses, headed the magnificent cortège, and the Emperor followed all the way on foot. A favorite sanctuary of Basil I, it was rebuilt and enlarged by him in the ninth century. When the Latins captured Constantinople, it was sacked and almost destroyed. Its marble columns were torn down and shipped to Venice, and are built into still standing Venetian churches. Its cross, esteemed a masterpiece of Byzantine art, was likewise carried to Italy, and to this day can be seen in the Church of San Lorenzo at Genoa.

At the time of the Ottoman Conquest, little save the foundations remained. On them, in 1571, by order of the illustrious Ottoman statesman, Mehemet Sokolli Pasha, Grand Vizir of Souleïman I and Selim II, the architect Sinan, the Michael Angelo of the Ottomans, erected the present mosque. The great master, unrivalled among his countrymen, has stamped his creation everywhere with the impress of his genius. In bold conception and originality of design this edifice is not exceeded by any of the smaller mosques of the capital. It presents the perfect adjust-



ment of the hexagon in the square. The dome, over twenty yards in diameter, springs from six main arches, the four upon the sides likewise supporting semi-domes. Most harmonious and exquisite Persian tiles line the walls.



INTERIOR OF MEHEMET SOKOLLI DJAMI

The seven white marble columns on either side extend and enhance the charm of the general plan. The only recent feature, the twelve windows of rich stained glass, presented by Djevdet Pasha in 1881, are in keeping with the original design.

## GIUL DJAMI, THE CHURCH OF SAINT THEODOSIA

GIUL DJAMI is situated on the fourth hill, near the upper bridge. It stands alone upon an eminence, entirely surrounded by the street, and with no other buildings near to obscure its proportions. Its bald and lofty walls, pale and sombre, rise from its prominent site with a grim majesty of their own. One gazes upon the gaunt, almost spectral outline with a kind of awe. Seen from the Golden Horn, it is the ghostliest of Byzantine churches. Seen from within, it reveals everywhere the decadence of Byzantine architecture, and is easily recognized as a work of the thirteenth or fourteenth century.

The walls and insignificant domes are still in excellent preservation. The apse is unusually profound. Long cylindrical vaults supply the place of semi-domes. The piers that support the central dome are distorted and disproportionately large. In the piers to the east are sepulchral chambers, their floor being raised several feet above the pavement of the church. The former Byzantine occupants were long since expelled, and their places filled by the remains of imams of distinguished sanctity. This is a peculiar fact, as among the Ottomans a dead body in a place of prayer is considered to vitiate the supplications offered therein, and even to contaminate the worshippers. But the special holiness of these remains is supposed to more than counteract their ordinarily pernicious effect.

Under the church are spacious subterranean vaults, once tombs of prominent Byzantine families. Now their graves are inhabited by Ottoman households, not dead, but living. Lechevalier, ninety-four years ago, measured one of the vaults to which others converged, and found it one hun-



dred and twenty feet in length. To one of the lateral passages, which the Ottomans never enter, attaches the vulgar tradition that it is a subterranean imperial way to Sancta Sophia.

For over a hundred years after the Conquest it was used as a marine arsenal. Selim II transferred to Terskhaneh all the naval stores it contained. He had it washed within and without, erected a minaret, fitted in the mihrab and minber, and the church became a mosque.

The Byzantine writers are strangely silent concerning its founder. It was consecrated to Saint Theodosia, an adherent of icons, who had been martyred for her faith during the iconoclastic persecution of Leo the Isaurian. In consequence of a miracle wrought in the church shortly after its erection, it suddenly became a place for pilgrimages. Thenceforth, annually, on the 29th of May, the Emperor, Patriarch, and Senate made its circuit barefoot, and then entered for worship.

To that frightful 29th of May on which the city was captured by the Ottomans attaches the one overmastering agony of the church's history. From the preceding sunset it was crowded with the highest-born and wealthiest ladies of the capital, who passed the entire night in prayer, and who were to remain there all the following day. It was possible that the Emperor, in the lull of battle, or perhaps victorious, might come to offer his formal supplications as of old. Suddenly, about eleven in the morning, the church was surrounded by a band of sipahis (Ottoman cavalry), whose onset was the first intimation to the worshippers that their city had fallen, and that the Emperor was no more. The doors were battered down, the sipahis rushed in, and, despite vain resistance, the shrieking, horror-stricken women were dragged to a slavery worse

than death. It was the season when Constantinople is fragrant with roses. The church was everywhere embowered for its annual festivity. In memory of the picture it then presented, garlanded and flower-bedecked, to the victorious Moslems, they have called it ever since *Giul Djami*, the *Rose Mosque*.

#### ZEÏREK DJAMI, THE CHURCH OF PANTOKRATOR

ZEÏREK DJAMI, the ancient monastic Church of Pantokrator, stands upon an artificial terrace on the fourth hill. Its two great domes and its flaring yellow walls render it prominent from the Golden Horn and from the heights of Pera. Converted into a mosque soon after the Conquest, it derives its Turkish name from a learned Ottoman priest, Zeïrek Mohammed Eïfendi, who lived close by.

In perfect preservation and kept with scrupulous care, it seems a construction of recent date. It is indeed among the more modern of the ancient Byzantine churches of the city, as it was built only a little more than seven hundred and seventy years ago by the Empress Irene, daughter of Geysa I the Great, King of Hungary, and wife of John I Komnenos the Good. Irene's resources not sufficing to complete the church on the scale she intended, she begged the assistance of her husband, who, it is said, chided his wife for her religious extravagance, but gave her a larger sum than she required.

It consists of three parallel but unequal churches, separated only by rows of columns and entered from the same imposing narthex. On the north is the church, specially appropriated to the monks; on the south is the main cathedral; enclosed between the two is the smaller church



or chapel, which served as the heroon or mausoleum of many of the Komnenoi and Palaiologoi. The first to sleep beneath its tiny windowed dome was its foundress, the Empress Irene, who died in 1124. Nineteen years afterwards her husband was placed at her side. Later still was borne thither the sarcophagus of their son, the brave



ANCIENT CHURCH OF PANTOKRATOR

and sagacious Manuel I Komnenos, who filled the Byzantine throne during the Second Crusade, and died in 1180. Next his was the sarcophagus of his Empress, Irene, before her marriage famous as the flaxen-haired Bertha of Bavaria. Among other imperial dead gathered here were Irene, the wife of Andronikos II Palaiologos, and the heroic Manuel II Palaiologos, who saved Constantinople when it was besieged by Sultan Mourad II. All these

ashes have disappeared, the sarcophagi been broken or scattered, and the heroon is bare and empty.

The church was completed with prodigal magnificence. Its mosaics were inlaid by the most cunning artists, and were celebrated for their surpassing beauty. The marbles employed were the rarest and richest, and the columns the largest that gold could obtain. The mosaics are still preserved, though hidden, and some day doubtless will shine out again in untarnished splendor. Some were uncovered a hundred and fifty years ago, and were seen by travellers then in the city. The history of our Saviour's life was pictured in detail, and the figures of the Apostles and many of their deeds were represented, the subject of each scene being indicated in Greek below. Very prominent was the portrait of Manuel tendering Christ the plan of the finished church. The columns, over seven feet in circumference, are now snowy white with thick coats of whitewash, and all their exquisite tints invisible. But the sheathing of the walls is dazzling in its variegated richness; the Ottomans, with unusual regard to symmetry, have sought after like splendid marble slabs for the adornment of their elegant minber, or pulpit.

In the age when the imperial foundress built her church, piety sought its worthiest offerings, not so much in objects of rarity or cost or æsthetic value, as in some icon or holy picture of traditional sanctity or wonder-working power, or in a reputed relic of the Saviour or of his disciples. So Manuel endowed the sanctuary with an icon of Saint Demetrius which had been found at Salonica, and was esteemed of almost supernatural origin and efficacy. When the ship arrived that brought it, the Emperor and all the people marched to the harbor to receive it, and bore the icon to the church in one vast rejoicing procession.



Here too was brought from Ephesus with equal reverence the slab of red stone on which it was believed the form of the Saviour had been washed and anointed for burial. On Manuel's death this slab was devoutly placed over his remains in the heroon.

The monastery became the richest and most popular in the city, and for a time eclipsed the Studium in material prosperity and in the number of its inmates. When the chieftains of the Fourth Crusade parcelled out the Byzantine Empire as conquered booty, the temporal power was assigned to the Franks, who elected the Emperor; and the spiritual power to the Venetians, who chose as Patriarch their countryman Morosini. Forsaking Sancta Sophia, as too near the imperial headquarters of their turbulent allies, the Venetians made this Church of Pantokrator their cathedral, and such it continued throughout the duration of the Latin sway. Hither they brought the venerated and often-mentioned icon of the Holy Virgin the Odeghetria, revered as painted by Saint Luke. It was considered the priceless treasure of this church when in 1261 the Greeks retook their city. Michael VIII refused to make his triumphal entry till it had been carried to his camp outside the walls. Then placing the icon reverently in a chariot drawn by four horses, the restored Emperor and the victorious army followed it barefoot through the Golden Gate, humbly acknowledging that the restoration of their Empire was due to no human prowess, but to the mightier efforts of the Holy Virgin.

When the last Ottoman siege was impending, this Church was the centre of intolerant, uncompromising Orthodoxy, and of opposition to any appearance of union with Rome. Here was the cell of the ascetic Gennadios, the arch foe of Constantine XIII and of the Romanists.

When Constantine, on that fatal December 12, 1452, proclaimed the ecclesiastical union of the Orthodox Eastern Church with the Church of Rome, monks and nuns by thousands crowded here before the cell of Gennadios, imploring his advice, and shouting together incessantly, "What shall we do? What shall we do?" Without emerging from his austere retreat, he threw his written judgment disdainfully from the window. It was in these words: "Know, O wretched citizens, what you are doing; in the captivity that is to come upon you, you throw away your fathers' religion, and swear to impiety." Then all the nuns massed themselves around the church, together with the abbots and priests and monks and common people, and anathematized the union and all who favored it. After that event Constantine could no longer count upon the support of his own subjects in his resistance to the Ottomans. Almost six months later, when the city had been captured by the Moslems, this same Gennadios, elected by the bishops, issued from his cell to be confirmed by the Sultan as Patriarch of Constantinople.

Gazing upon the mosque, now so quiet in that slumbrous quarter of the city, it is impossible to realize that events so tumultuous and so momentous in an empire's history have had their arena here.

There is close by one reminder of the imperial Byzantine past. This is a magnificent sarcophagus of vert antique. The Moslems call it the tomb of Constantine, and the Greeks, the tomb of Irene. It may well be the last resting-place of one of those imperial ladies who once slept in the heroon. It is of splendid proportions, eight and one-third feet long, four and one-fourth feet broad, and six and two-thirds feet high. The lid is gable-roofed, with acroteria; its height adds three feet more to the



sarcophagus. Crosses consecrate the sides and ends, but it bears no other inscription or decoration. For centuries after the Conquest it served as a fountain for their ablutions to the *habitués* of the mosque, and one still sees the now disused faucets in its sides.

#### SHEIK SOULEÏMAN MESDJID, THE LIBRARY OF PANTOKRATOR

SHEIK SOULEÏMAN MESDJID, very near Zeïrek Djami, was made a mosque by Sheik Souleïman, who died shortly after the Conquest, and who was renowned for his learning and meekness. His lowly tomb and gravestone, with ample turban, are seen close to the door outside.

Though never a church, this edifice has a peculiar and unique importance. During its later history it was the library of the Monastery of Pantokrator, and is the only Byzantine library building that has come down to us. It is an octagon, about thirty-five feet in diameter, destitute of windows in the ground floor, but with one in each of its faces high above. These octagonoi or octagona — the tetradesia of Kodinos — are of constant mention in Byzantine authors. They exercised a mighty influence in early and mediæval Byzantine history. They were the chief centres of study and research to priests and monks, whose only delights were found in the subtleties of a creed, and whose whole horizon was bounded by dogmas. In them were forged those weapons which, in a theologic age, paralyzed or impassioned armies, and overthrew or set up thrones. The monasteries of mediæval Constantinople were no somniferous retreats; they were resounding arsenals, whose arms were furiously plied. While the great host of

believers followed blindly and without question their dogmatic leaders, those leaders wrought and wrestled over casuistic atoms with a fervor and fire which leave the schoolmen of the West far behind. Futile and unproductive though their agonies of speculation and argument appear to us in our sterner, colder age, they were the most material realities on earth to them.



SHEIK SOULEÏMAN MESDJID, THE LIBRARY OF PANTOKRATOR

The individual story of this octagon, now Sheik Souleïman Mesdjid, is utterly unknown. Its history has vanished like the cowed, long-bearded monks and abbots who pored over its manuscripts with fiery eyes, or transcribed them with tireless hands. But of one thing we are sure. It had its part, its wild, furious part, in all the mad war of doctrines which, like successive earthquakes, convulsed the East.



DEMIRDJILAR MESDJID, THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY  
VIRGIN OF LIPS

ANOTHER church close by became Demirdjilar Mesdjid, the Mosque of the Blacksmiths. This also was the cathedral of a monastery consecrated to the Holy Virgin of Lips, or of the South Wind, a tornado from the south having raged on the day of its consecration. The soldier Constantine Lips, who fell on the field of battle fighting the Bulgarians, founded it in the tenth century. The wife of Michael VIII, one of the many imperial Theodoras who adorned the Byzantine throne, rebuilt and embellished it four centuries later. Here her aged son, Andronikos II, after a troubled reign of forty-six years, became the monk Anastasios, and found asylum and peace, declaring he owed to his mother life to begin his career, and at its end a quiet home near her tomb. Here too was hurriedly buried at night, by a couple of hirelings, the Russian Anna, the wife of John Palaiologos, the heir to the throne. This princess, a lady of marvellous beauty, and accomplished and good as she was fair, had suddenly sickened during the absence of her boy husband, and died of a most infectious disease.

The church was made a mosque by Ali Effendi, chief barber and chief surgeon of Mohammed II. Almost rebuilt in 1762, not a single Byzantine feature can be traced. Abandoned of late years, even by the Mussulmans, given over to dirt and neglect, its only occupants are domestic fowl and the goats which are shut up in it at night.

ESKI IMARET MESDJID, THE CHURCH OF  
PANTEPOPTES

WHILE the great Mosque of Sultan Mohammed II was building, the neighboring female Monastery of Pantepoptes, the Omniscient, was degraded to an immense kitchen, wherein the food of the workmen was prepared. When that undertaking was completed, the church itself became Eski Imaret Mesdjid, the Mosque of the Old Almshouse. It is a dingy, blackened pile, uncared for and unfrequented. The tile-covered dome is pierced by a dozen arched windows, so thick with the dust of centuries that scant light ventures in. Nor do the single enormous window on the north, or the misshapen and deep-set eleven on the south, now walled up or obscured, much better serve their original purpose. Symmetry or a definite architectural design is wholly wanting.

The church was built in the eleventh century by Anna Dalassina, the great-hearted mother of Alexios I Komnenos. Here, like so many Byzantine princesses, she passed her last days as a nun. Here, a century later, in the unequal struggle between Church and State, the Patriarch Theodosius I was confined as a malefactor by Alexios II Komnenos, and, after a brief detention, went forth from his cell a conqueror. Here in 1204 was pitched the crimson tent of Alexios V Mourtzouphles, when defending his crown against the soldiers of the Fourth Crusade. Here, the first night of their victory, those same Latin soldiers encamped, daring to advance no farther through fear of an ambuscade. Alexios V had believed that the sacred relics of the church — the crown of thorns and a nail from the Saviour's cross — rendered it impregnable, and him invincible. After his



defeat, these were sent by the victors to churches in Venice, where they are still revered. Less precious relics from the shrines of this church — as the heads of Saint Marina, of one Saint Paul, who was martyred by the iconoclasts in the eighth century, and of another Saint Paul who was four times Patriarch, and finally drowned by order of Constantius I, the son of Constantine — were embarked for the same destination, but were stolen or lost on the way.

#### KALENDAR KHANEH MESDJID

KALENDAR KHANEH MESDJID is still farther east, near the southern end of the Aqueduct of Valens. Even tradition is silent concerning its founder, its former name and history. Speculation infers from its present Turkish name, which signifies House of the Shaven, that it once belonged to some monastic order, which, contrary to prevalent Byzantine custom, cut off close the hair of the head and beard.

The corners are so intercepted and dissembled by columns and piers and walls that the interior presents the form of a Greek cross more strikingly than does any other Byzantine church of the city. The dome rests upon a cylinder, which streams down a flood of light through numerous and graceful windows, and which is sustained by four symmetric arches. The marbles lining the walls are rich and varied, and the columns, flanking the triple entrance from the narthex, are surmounted by elegant capitals.

While the church is manifestly very old, it is difficult to believe with the learned Italian Cuppa that it is the most ancient in the capital. Fast becoming a ruin, it was thoroughly renovated a few years ago. Close to it on the north are remains of the cells once occupied by the monks.

KILISSEH DJAMI, THE CHURCH OF SAINT THEODORE  
OF TYRONE

THE ancient Church of Saint Theodore of Tyrone, now Kilisseh Djami, or the Church Mosque, is a short distance west of the Mosque of Sultan Souleïman. Away from the main thoroughfare, in a street so quiet as to seem almost mouldy, its humble yellow form escapes the notice of the infrequent passers-by. But it has a strongly marked personality of its own.

Nowhere else in the city can be found a type of Byzantine church architecture so crude and primitive. The childish infancy of Byzantine art seems appealing from its every feature and from the church as a whole. Almost all those structural details are present which were elsewhere carried to such degree of symmetry and power; but here they are seen in an incomplete, experimental stage. The domes are small and heavy, not suggestive of air and light, and are similar neither in inner appearance nor in outward form. The columns, all different from one another, seem dropped by chance upon their bases, rather than arranged by any design. Their indefinite capitals belong to no acknowledged school. The rude marble slabs, which wainscot the walls, fill up rather than adorn the places which they cover. The windows resemble one another neither in height above the floor, nor in size or shape. An idea of similarity between parts naturally alike seems wholly wanting. Yet the plaintive simplicity attracts rather than repels. Apparently the combination of all the architectural discords results in a sort of architectural harmony.

It is not strange, so simple and primitive is the church,



so almost barbaric in its artlessness, that the common Greeks revere it as the oldest church in the city, and that more than one European scholar has considered it a creation of the third century.

It was doubtless built by the Consul Sophakios not long after 450. A biting sarcasm asserted that the church was his thank-offering to God at escaping with his life from



CHURCH OF SAINT THEODORE OF TYRONE

the Council of Chalcedon, in which he had been present. Saint Theodore of Tyrone was the patron of all who had met with any loss, and was believed, in answer to entreaty, to assist in its recovery. Whoever lost money, a garment, a beast of burden, anything whatsoever, at once sought his effective aid. Petitions offered in this church, which was dedicated to him, were considered peculiarly effective. So there was always here a throng of distressed yet hopeful suppliants. Faith was increased by the oft-repeated story

of one man from whom a favorite slave had run away, and who remained in prayer three days and nights without rest or food. On conclusion of his supplications, going home, he found there the slave, who, moved by penitence and Saint Theodore, had returned two days before of his own free will.

Those were days when emperors sought, sometimes with ill success, to determine creeds and to teach the people what they should or should not believe. A boy, more favored than Isaiah, claimed to have heard the angelic anthem, "Holy, Holy, Holy," three times repeated, with the addition of, "Who was crucified for us," and then was believed by many to have been translated bodily to heaven. Contention as to whether the additional ascription was part of the celestial hymn rent the city. The Emperor Anastasios ascended the pulpit of this church, and ordered that it should be accepted at once and by all. The fanatic spirit of opposition burst forth in fury. The rebellion that resulted from this imperial harangue, in the graphic language of Gibbon, "nearly cost the Emperor Anastasios his throne and life."

But the place is quiet and almost deserted now. In the exo-narthex is a partially filled-up opening, admitting to some subterranean room or passage. No Moslem dares to enter, and no Christian is permitted. The imams assert in whispers that an underground way reaches to Sancta Sophia, more than a mile distant; that it is paved in stone and arched in brick all the way. They believe it is haunted by the ghosts of Christian emperors who used to traverse it, attended by their retinue and with a coach and four.



## FETIHIEH DJAMI, THE CHURCH OF PAMMAKARISTOS

ON an artificial terrace of the fifth hill, commanding a superb view over the Golden Horn and the heights beyond, is Fetihieh Djami, the Mosque of Victory. Its peculiar apse and the eccentric shape of its numerous windowed domes indicate not only a former Byzantine church, but



CHURCH OF THE PAMMAKARISTOS

also the time of its erection. Mary Dukaina, sister of Alexios I Komnenos, and her husband Michael Dukas, chief imperial equerry, founded it early in the twelfth century. It was consecrated to the Pammakaristos, the All-Blessed Virgin, and was the cathedral church of the largest female monastery in the capital.

One of its distinctive features is the forest of piers and columns which jut from the walls and cover the floors,

upholding the domes and ceiling. The narthex, exonarthex, nave, aisles, and chapels, are nowhere cut off or indicated by walls, but by the puzzling maze of pillars. So at first the structural design seems blurred and confused.

The main dome, less than five yards in diameter, rests on a drum which is supported by four arches. These arches rest in turn upon another drum, likewise supported by four arches, which are perfectly parallel to those above, and are subtended, only seven feet above the floor, by heavy piers. The twenty piers in the church are of every shape and proportion. The inner apse is sharply angular, irregular in form, and lighted from above by a dome.

To rear a fabric different from every other, and to attain this result by a variety that recognizes no acknowledged law, seems the aim of the architect. Yet the general effect is pleasing, and even impressive. One who is untrammelled by artistic rules, and who finds in freedom from restraint the test of originality and power, will easily esteem this church the foremost in Constantinople.

Towards the southeast corner is a tiny chapel, approached between columns with lovely capitals. The inner surface of the dome above is filled with a large and splendid mosaic, whose gilded and tinted hues are as rich to-day as almost eight hundred years ago. From the centre Christ looks down, his right hand extended in blessing, and around him in vivid distinctness are grouped the figures of the twelve apostles. This chapel was an heroon; in it stood, till after the Conquest, the sarcophagi of Alexios I Komnenos, and of his renowned daughter Anna Komnena, the one the shrewdest and ablest, the other the most learned and beautiful of their illustrious house.

In 1456 the Patriarchate, migratory since the fall of the Empire, was transferred to this church from the forsaken



Church of the Holy Apostles. The banished nuns, its former inmates, betook themselves to the Monastery of Saint John the Baptist in Trullo, now Achmet Pasha Mesdjid. Many times Sultan Mohammed II came hither in peaceful fashion to visit his friend the Patriarch Gennadios. It continued to be the Patriarchal See for one hundred and thirty years, — that is until 1586, when the church was made a mosque by Sultan Mourad III. Then the Patriarchate was removed to the lowly Church of the Holy

† Ὁ μὲν ἐξωστὸς ἀρχιεπίσκοπος Κορυθαίου  
 Τιμουρο, μερῶν. Θεοφάνης κτλ  
 ἀρχιεπίσκοπος

SIGNATURE OF THE PATRIARCH SYMEON IN 1471

Virgin in Vlach Seraï. An immense cross stood unchallenged upon its central dome till 1547, when Sultan Souleïman, persuaded by the entreaties of the scandalized faithful, ordered that it should be taken down.

Once the church was the centre of the following event, characteristic of the age, indicating better than pages of description the abject condition and suppleness of the subject Greeks and the rapacity and intolerance of their conquerors. In 1530 the Moslems, fired with a sudden fanatical frenzy, obtained from Kemal-pashazadeh, then Sheik-ul Islam, a fetva, or religious decision, declaring that, in a city won for Islam by the sword, the Christians had

no right to any religious property whatsoever. The consequent panic was extreme. Ibrahim Pasha, a generally just though avaricious man, was then Grand Vizir. The Patriarch Jeremiah I got together all the precious things which the church contained, and offered them as a present to the Grand Vizir. Moved by the terror of the Christians, and perhaps equally affected by the seasonable gifts, Ibrahim Pasha informed him there was but one way of counteracting the fetva of the Sheik-ul-Islam. If two Mussulman witnesses could be produced who were present at the capture of Constantinople seventy-seven years before, and who would swear the city was peacefully surrendered and not captured by storm, the Christians would be safe from all further molestation.

The suggestion was enough. At Adrianople were found two very aged Mussulmans, the exact number of whose days was sufficiently uncertain. By large sums of money these men were persuaded to come to this church at Constantinople, and were escorted all the way by an Ottoman guard of honor. On their arrival they were magnificently received at the church. The next morning, together with the Patriarch and a great crowd of people, they went to the palace of the Grand Vizir. Leaving the two old men in a waiting-room, the Patriarch entered alone and had his private audience. His two companions were shortly sent for, and told the following story. At eighteen years of age they had fought at the siege of Constantinople. After much blood had been shed and further resistance was hopeless, Constantine had offered to surrender on condition that the Christians should retain all or at least most of their churches. The Sultan accepted the conditions. Thereupon the Emperor himself brought the keys of the city to the tent of Mohammed, who embraced him, and



seated him on his right hand. After three days the sovereigns entered the surrendered city, riding side by side and chatting amicably all the time. The two Mussulmans swore to the truth of their statements. There were no other survivors to contradict their oaths. Their solemn declaration was officially communicated to Sultan Souleïman, who thereupon issued a formal edict that the churches still in the hands of the Christians should be theirs in peace forever.

#### ATIK MOUSTAPHA PASHA DJAMI, THE CHURCH OF SAINTS PETER AND MARK

ATIK MOUSTAPHA PASHA DJAMI is the ancient Church of Saints Peter and Mark. It was built in 459, not merely as a place for worship, but above all as the shrine of a revered relic. The patricians Galbius and Candidus, during their pilgrimage to the Holy Land, had found at Jerusalem a plain garment of fine wool, which a credulous age, alert for marvels, accepted as the incorruptible robe of the Holy Virgin. It was the property of a Jewish girl, of pure life and simple manners, who watched over it with superstitious care. By a stratagem the two pilgrims obtained possession of the precious relic, and on their return to Constantinople hid it in the ground till a worthy receptacle could be prepared. The church was hastily erected, an unpretentious structure, as befitted the unassuming habits of the Virgin, but so strong with thick walls and heavily grated windows as to guarantee its cherished treasure against pious robbery. Here the robe was kept with scrupulous devotion until it was believed that only an imperial custodian was appropriate to its

wonder-working sanctity, and it was removed to the Church of the Blachernai.

In the open street in front is a marble monument of most sacred associations. It is a colymbethra, or baptismal font. But one other of like antiquity exists in Constantinople, and exceedingly few have been discovered in the East. This is fashioned out of a single enormous block. On the inside three steps descend to the bottom, where the convert stood while baptism was administered. Until recently it was filled with stones and rubbish. It has since been thoroughly cleansed, stealthily, and at night, by pious Greeks. Disused since the church was made a mosque by Atik Moustapha Pasha, in the reign of Bayezid II, and carted aside in dishonor, the rugged font evokes emotions of profound and sympathetic interest. By its presence we are carried back to the early days and the primitive forms of Christianity. Thrilled imagination summons back the long procession of believers who, descending and ascending singly through the centuries, have worn deep those marble steps. A host, whose number baffles computation, have received the sacred sign within the narrow limits of that font, and pledged their Christian faith in its baptismal waters.

#### TOKLOU IBRAHIM DEDEH MESDJID, THE CHURCH OF SAINT THEKLA

TOKLOU IBRAHIM DEDEH MESDJID is situated within the grounds of the ancient Palace of the Blachernai, and near the ruined though still standing Palace of the Hebdomon. A basilica, about forty feet long and half as broad, without dome, and with a sharply defined semi-



hexagonal apse, it is a marked contradiction of the architecture prevalent in the ninth century, when it was erected. Until recently, rumors that it was haunted repelled worshippers, and it was fast falling to decay through neglect. Grass and weeds grew rampant on the roof, and even inside on the ancient floor. In 1890 an Ottoman set about its restoration, defying the common superstition that whoever ventured on so rash an undertaking would speedily die. Moreover, he meant to exorcise all evil spirits, if lavish use of paint, in brilliant colors and somewhat startling combination, would bring about such result. His success was complete. The hues of the mosque are somewhat florid; but the daring innovator is, or was a few months ago, hale and hearty, and not a little triumphant.

The edifice was first erected by Thekla, the bed-ridden daughter of the Emperor Theophilos, and consecrated to the martyr Thekla, her patron saint, who like herself endured life-long suffering. Anna Komnena tells the story of the church's splendid restoration and almost re-erection, two hundred and fifty years later, as a votive offering by the Emperor Isaac Komnenos. On the 24th of September, the day of Saint Thekla, he had escaped death as by miracle. A frightful tornado had arisen while he was on the march against the Scythians. With a few officers he took refuge under an enormous oak. Shortly afterward, at the same moment, the tree was both struck by lightning and uprooted by the violence of the storm. Yet neither the Emperor nor any of his suite were harmed. "Marvelling at the divine protection graciously extended, he, after his return to the capital, as an everlasting memorial of his own safety and of that of his army, restored the elegant and costly temple which was honored with the name of the venerable Thekla."

Shortly after the Conquest the Ottomans discovered in the vicinity Arab tombs, which their holy men declared to be those of two companions of the Prophet, — Djaber and Abou Scïdet, — who had been slain at the first Arab siege of Constantinople nearly eight hundred years before. The sheik Ibrahim Dedeh was appointed by Mohammed II guardian of those tombs, and the church was made a mosque. In its modern appellation the name of the maiden Thekla, fashioned into Toklou, and of the Ottoman sheik Ibrahim Dedeh are strangely united. Which would have been most horrified at the juxtaposition, the saint or the sheik, it is impossible to say.

#### KACHRIEH DJAMI, THE CHURCH OF CHORA

KACHRIEH DJAMI, near Adrianople Gate, over-hung at sunset by the lengthening shadows of the great land wall, is worthy of a pilgrimage. Many a traveller at the mention of the "Mosaic Mosque" will recall that unpretentious pile, outwardly so humble, but a revelation of color and beauty within. Its structure and ornamentation embody every distinctive feature of Byzantine architecture and art. Of small proportions, it is planned and finished throughout with prodigal expenditure of wealth and skill. Its mosaics constitute its most apparent glory. Many in the catholicon, or sanctuary proper, are hardly visible, white-washed or covered over. But in the narthex and ex-narthex, the ceilings, domes, and walls are lined with an unbroken succession of mosaic pictures. Some have been disfigured or effaced; others are as fresh and brilliant as when their glowing cubes first flashed in meaning from the wall. The endless multiplicity of scenes confuses the



gazer. These are exquisite in design, rich in coloring, and lifelike in expression. The limbs in natural outline are harmoniously draped, and the stiff and formal Byzantine type seems humanized and softened. Apparently the gentler Italian influence hovers over those masterpieces



ANCIENT CHURCH OF THE CHORA

of the East. They are rivalled by none now known in Constantinople, and are unsurpassed by the rarest mosaic treasures of Salonica or Ravenna.

But Kachrieh Djami possesses another and a higher pre-eminence. No other church in Constantinople incarnates in equal measure all the changing story, the pathetic romance, the startling vicissitudes of Eastern Christianity.

Artistic interest in its material outlines, though æsthetic and fair, is eclipsed by that profounder sympathetic interest attaching to its churchly history of more than sixteen hundred years.

The Turkish name *Kachrieh* is derived from the Greek word "chora," signifying country district or open land. When built by the persecuted Christians, while paganism was dominant and universal, and before Constantinople was founded, it was situated far outside Byzantium. Here the dismembered bodies of the martyrs, beheaded in the Diocletian persecution, were tremblingly interred by their surviving fellow-disciples. So upon it rests a halo, not as merely commemorative of martyred saints and consecrated to their memory, but as having itself afforded the secret sepulchre to their mutilated remains.

The original sanctuary, unchanged and humble, was enclosed within the city walls which Theodosius II built from the Golden Horn to the Marmora. Justinian, in that wondrous reign when devotion wrought its prayers and anthems into domes and columns and chiselled stone, left the hallowed foundations undisturbed, but tore down the upper structure to rear a sanctuary more impressive to the eye. In the seventh century, Priskos, favorite son-in-law and prospective heir of the Emperor Phokas, endowed it with almost imperial resources, crowded it with added splendor, and then, a few years later, a disappointed and heartbroken man, found therein his only asylum, and there wore till his death the monastic garb. Here in 711 the Patriarch Kyros, unjustly deposed, was confined as a malefactor in a subterranean cell. Nineteen years later he was followed by the saintly Patriarch Germanos I, who died and was buried here. Hither came in the ninth century the Emperor and clergy, entreating the monk Michael to



ascend the patriarchal throne, and obtaining in answer to their urgent prayers only his invincible refusal.

Gradually in succeeding generations fashionable piety passed it by. Its resources dwindled; the roof fell in, and its utter ruin seemed impending. Then the belle of that haughty Byzantine court, the Bulgarian Princess Mary Dukaina, as devout as she was beautiful, rebuilt it in its present form. Her daughter Irene wedded the mighty Alexios I Komnenos, and with filial devotion in after years raised to her mother's memory a splendid mausoleum. Byzantine history is fragrant with tales of that mother's beauty and of her spotless life, but the still standing walls of this monastic church are her only visible monument.

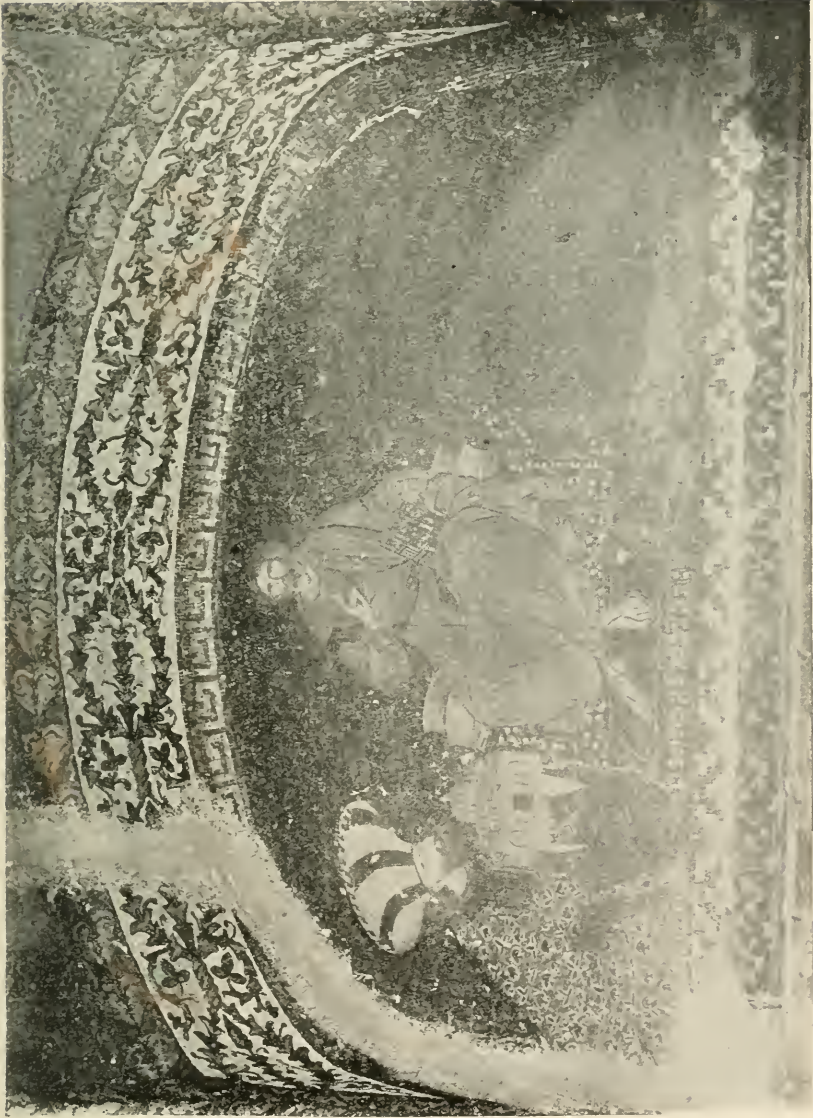
Again it became shaken and tarnished by time. Then the elegant Grand Logothete, Theodore the Metochite, in 1321, strengthened the main structure, with enormous expenditure built chapels around, and made the whole interior as resplendent as it was before. His monogram is still visible near the minaret on the south side of the church. When, shortly after, fickle fortune dethroned his friend the Emperor Andronikos II, the courtly Metochite was stripped of all his wealth and reduced to the most abject penury. He had no other refuge than the church enriched in his days of affluence. Here he became a monk and lived, and died eleven years after. His ardent and ever-faithful pupil, Nikephoros Gregoras, composed the following epitaph, which was inscribed upon his tomb: "This small stone conceals the dust of him who during life was the great glory of mankind. Cry aloud, all ye band of revered Muses. This man has perished! All wisdom has perished!" Not long afterwards Nikephoros Gregoras, accused of impiety, was sentenced to solitary confinement in the monastery, and in his cell he wrote his famous history.

Under the Komnenoi and Palaiologoi this church, conjointly with the Church of the Blachernai, served as the imperial sanctuary. Here the Patriarch often led the worship. With the Monastery of the Odeghetria it shared the honor of guarding the ancient picture of the Holy Virgin the Odeghetria, believed to have been painted by Saint Luke. Through Lent this picture was revered at the imperial palace. On every Easter Monday it was brought by the whole rejoicing city to the Church of Chora, and there exposed to the reverence of the populace. Whenever the capital was besieged it was kept within this church, and thence often carried to the walls to encourage and inspire the defenders. On the day of the Ottoman Conquest it was here captured by the Janissaries. By them it was divided into four pieces, which they shared by lot as precious talismans.

At last the Emuch Ali Pasha, twice Grand Vizir, and slain in battle in 1511, converted the church into a mosque. The sharp eye of Peter Gyllius searched it out; then it was forgotten by subsequent scholars till Lechevalier in 1786 discovered it with difficulty. Neglected by the Ottomans, its ruin then seemed sure. A great fissure had rent the dome, and the rain poured unhindered through the roof in every storm. Finally it was repaired by Sultan Abd-ul Aziz in 1875, and again thoroughly cleansed and restored in 1889, to be in readiness for the approaching visit of William II the German Emperor.

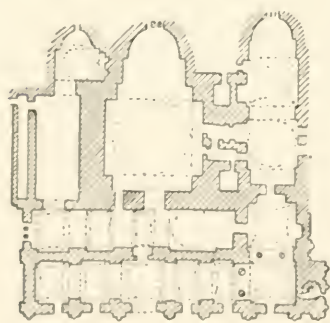
The edifice is almost square. In the catholicon, or sanctuary proper, three of the sides are formed by great arches, while over the fourth, corresponding to the apse, rises a semi-dome. A drum, half of whose sixteen deep-set windows have been closed, supports a flattened dome. Beneath the architrave, which belts the base of the arches,





THE ENTHRONED CHRIST

the entire wall is sheathed with marble slabs of various shapes, of every color, in all possible combinations of design. Nowhere can this peculiar feature of Byzantine art be better seen. Over toward the east the deep apse recedes in successive diminishing diameters. On the left is a mosaic Christ of colossal size. The left hand grasps the Gospel, which is open to the words, "Come unto me, all ye who labor and are heavy laden, and I." The right hand is extended in blessing, and the calm face above looks down in infinite tenderness and compassion. This picture was uncovered for the inspection of the German Emperor, and on his departure was immediately white-washed over. Corresponding on the right is the indistinct



PLAN OF KACHRIEH DJAMI

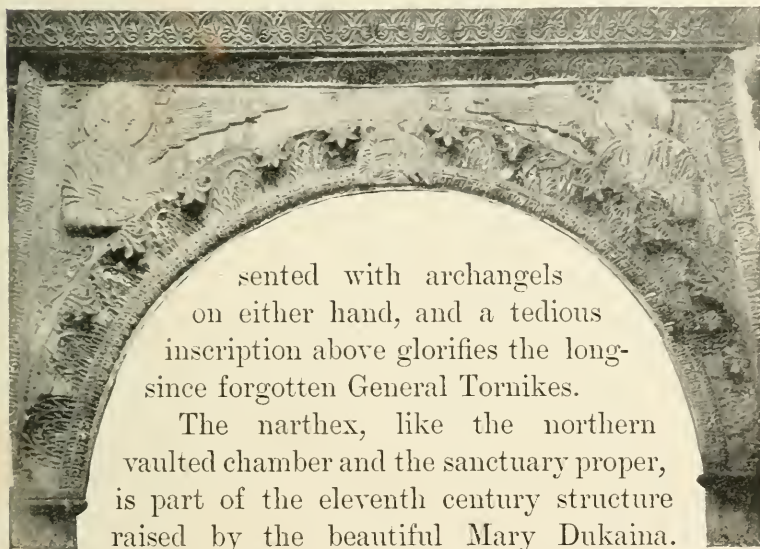
mosaic outline of the Holy Mother. Above these two mosaics, and beneath an architrave, likewise of delicate mosaic, a marble figure seems advancing from the wall.

North of the catholicon, but not communicating with it, is a vaulted chamber, bare and unadorned, of equal length, and of the same period of construction. At its farther eastern end is a domed tiny chapel, with a window in its apse. This resembles an heroon, or mausoleum.

South of the catholicon, and opening on it, is a chapel, evidently part of the later construction of the famous Theodore. Over the twelve windows in the dome above are grouped twelve angels, with the Virgin in the centre; but the angelic faces, poorly portrayed in fresco, are almost blotted out. On either side of the chapel is an



archivault of white marble, tastefully carved: on the north side, Christ, in the centre, between the Archangels Michael and Gabriel, bestows the benediction, while above and around are frescoed pictures of Old and New Testament story; on the south side the Almighty Himself is repre-



sented with archangels on either hand, and a tedious inscription above glorifies the long-since forgotten General Tornikes.

The narthex, like the northern vaulted chamber and the sanctuary proper, is part of the eleventh century structure raised by the beautiful Mary Dukaina.

Two columns on the southern side are crowned by capitals, whence zealous Moslems have endeavored to hammer off all the angels and crosses. One solitary cross has escaped their fervor, and is unharmed.

In the narthex and exo-narthex centres the absorbing interest of the mosaics. Why these have been left unhidden and untouched it is impossible to say. The Moslems themselves even point them out with pride, and dilate with inventive originality on the scenes they depict. The subjects are drawn equally from the received and the apocryphal books of the New Testament.

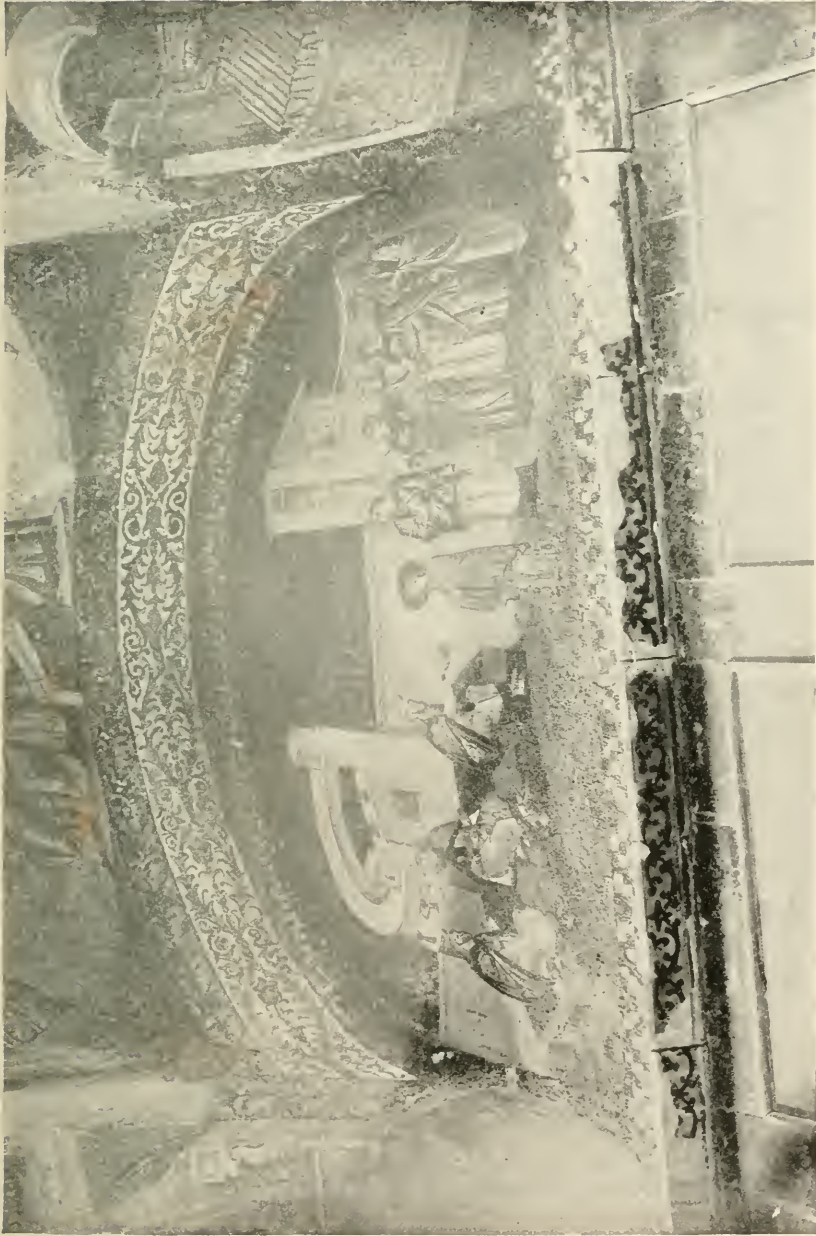
Over the central portal of the exo-narthex Christ the

Pantokrator, the Almighty, is represented, crowned as always with the cruciferous nimbus, and as always the left hand grasps the Gospels and the right gives the blessing. Nowhere does the Gospel hold a larger place, nowhere is it thrown into more reverent prominence, than in Byzantine art and in the Eastern Church. Above, on the right, is the Miracle of the Loaves, and on the left the Marriage at Cana. By these two scenes, flanking the central figure of Christ, the Byzantine artists loved to set forth the dogmas of the Lord's Supper.

Likewise over the central portal of the narthex, admitting to the cathedra, the enthroned Christ blesses with the right hand and grasps the Gospel with the left. The suppliant Theodore, on his bended knees, presents a plan of the renovated church to the Lord Christ. He is coiled with that immense striped cap, bestowed as a sign of special favor by Andronikos II, which played so large a part in that stormy reign. An obsequious and pliant contemporary poet found in that cap the inspiration of his muse, and wrote the following well-paid verses: "The good Metochite, the eminent Logothete, himself the culmination of learning, wears a gold-and-crimson cap, which, as a gift, the illustrious Emperor bestowed on him who is the maintainer of the State." To right and left of this entrance are the life-size pictures of Saints Peter and Paul. Somehow these two have aroused the scruples of the faithful, and are both hidden behind a wooden door. Their faces are full of life and expression. Farther to the right are a colossal Christ and Virgin. Both portraits are damaged and disfigured, but an indescribable melancholy and benignity linger on the faces of the Holy Mother and her Son.

Among all the storied sacred scenes one knows not





THE VIRGIN AND THE PURPLE SKEIN

which to choose, or where longest to dwell. In the southern dome, Christ, always giving his blessing and always with the Gospel, is surrounded by thirty-nine patriarchs, his ancestors. This is his genealogy according to Saint Luke. In the four pendentives are represented the Healing of Peter's Wife's Mother, of the Two Blind Men, of

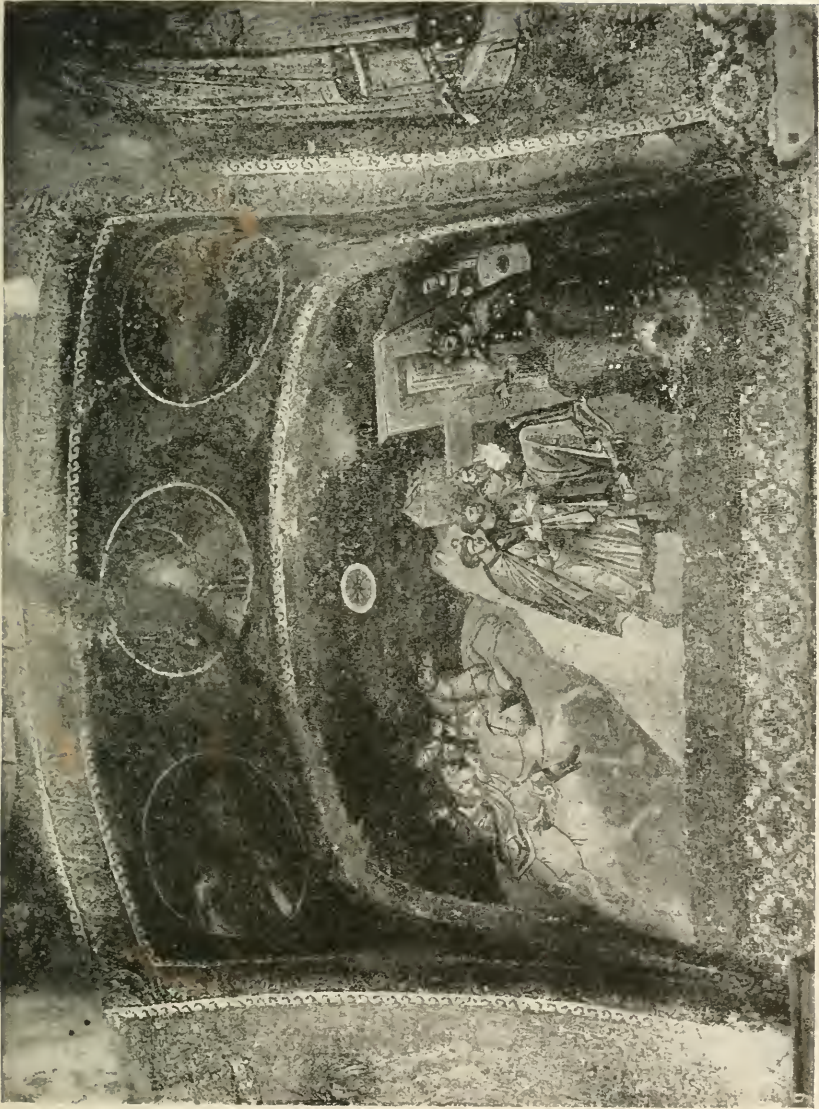


THE VIRGIN JUDGED

the Dumb and Blind Demoniac, and, most appealing of all, of the Woman with the Issue of Blood.

In the northern dome the Virgin the Theotokos holds in a medallion the infant Saviour, and around her group, in two rows, the twenty-seven Hebrew ancestors of the Saviour. This is from the genealogy according to Saint Matthew. The pictures in the pendentives are partly from the apocryphal Gospels, — Joachim feeding his Flock on the Mountain, the High Priest judging the Virgin, and the Annunciation; the fourth scene has disappeared.





THE STAR IN THE EAST. THE WISE MEN BEFORE HEROD

The history of the Virgin Mother, which reverent affection loved to ponder all through the Middle Ages, is given detailed expression in the mosaics of the narthex. In one — and there is none more touching — the parents, Joachim and Anna, bend tenderly over their fair girl child, whom together they hold and caress. In another her unequalled destiny is revealed as she and her sister maidens receive skeins for weaving sacred tapestries. Her skein blushes to royal purple at her touch.

A different spectacle, though one of the noblest, is the Healing of the Sick, where a numerous company, hobbling on staffs or unable to stand, stretch out piteous hands and beg to be cured. A mother holds forth her dying babe. Peter, James, and John look on with attention, while the Saviour, in the foreground, stoops with compassion towards the sufferers and heals their complaints.

In the exo-narthex are specially portrayed the early life and the miracles of our Lord. None is more realistic than the Massacre of the Innocents, badly injured though it be by heedless vandalism. But description can only enumerate main features and chief actors: it cannot really describe. No justice can be done by words to the fadeless beauty of these crowded mosaic scenes.

In the natural depression of the hill, the site appears neither imposing nor well chosen, and is half concealed from view. Later Christianity, when world-triumphant, for her churches and cathedrals sought commanding places, appropriate to her universal sway. But this humble, easily unnoticed spot, fitted better the necessities of the persecuted primitive Christians. Here if anywhere, in its secluded lowliness and loneliness, they might worship God, and, unseen, inter their murdered dead. So the very humility of the site is itself significant of its consecrated history.





SCENES OF THE NATIVITY

PHENARI YESA MESDJID, THE CHURCH OF  
PANACHIRANTOS

PHENARI YESA MESDJID is the ancient monastic Church of the Panachrantos, or the Most Immaculate Virgin. It consists of two structures, built at different periods, which lie side by side, and are separated by a massive wall, through which they communicate by a spacious open arch. Both have domes on cylinders and a common narthex, but are long in proportion to their width, and have many analogies with churches of the West. To the northern or smaller church is given the appearance of nave and aisles by great arches prolonged east and west on the north and south sides. In the same manner a like effect is produced in the southern or larger church, save that an additional aisle is effected by an additional arch. All these aisles terminate towards the east in tiny chapels. Hence the two churches present the striking and unique but most un-Byzantine appearance of seven parallel, adjacent, and intercommunicating sanctuaries of different length. In the day of the church's splendor the combined effect must have been original and impressive. Even in its present degraded and filthy condition something can be pictured of the old-time appearance.

The beautiful edifice is now in shocking need of repair. Biers and empty coffins fill the northern aisle. Pigeons' nests crowd every crevice and projecting point in the northern church, and the droppings are thick all over the rotting floor. The larger church is still open for worship. The imam asserts that magnificent mosaics are hidden under the dirty whitewash. Likewise he states that



the pigeons never enter here. Meanwhile they regard him knowingly, and flutter everywhere through the aisles.

The name of the founder is lost, and its history seems almost a blank. Only one event breaks its dead monotony. In 1282 the eloquent but vacillating Patriarch John II secretly abandoned the patriarchate, and fled hither alone by night. The death of the latinizing Michael VIII, to whom Pachymeres says he "had been tongue and hand and sharp-pointed pen, and subservient in all things," left him without a protector or friend. The unstable Patriarch feared that the people, indignant at his apostasy, would reach him even here, and tear him to pieces.

A curious letter, still preserved, written by the hegoumenos, or abbot of the monastery, answers an urgent entreaty of distant Christians for a sacred relic to be used in the consecration of a newly erected church. "We have given you a part of the skull of the Apostle Philip. It is wrapped up in ribbons of gold, on which the name of the Apostle is written in Greek. We entreat all who behold that sacred particle to remember us in their prayers. Those Greek letters, sealed with our seal, were written by us in the month of January, 1214."

The church was made a mosque by Phenari Yesa, Mollah, or Priest, of Brousa, who returned to his native city and died there in 1496. The Moslem pulpit is the gift and memorial of the humane and enlightened Beïram Pasha, Grand Vizir of Mourad IV. His death, while marching with the Sultan against the Persians, caused his sanguinary master to shed tears. A solitary majestic cypress lifts its sombre form at the northwest corner of the mosque in the deep valley of the Lycus.

## MONASTIR MESDJID

MONASTIR MESDJID, Mosque of the Monastery, is very near Top Kapou, the Cannon Gate, where the last Constantine fell in the final siege. From its architecture we know that it was built sometime in the thirteenth or fourteenth century. The tradition of the Ottomans that it was the first church in the city to fall into their hands and the first to be made a mosque, invests it with a mournful distinction.

The legend may be true that three beautiful maidens devoted their little all to its erection, consecrated it to the Three Martyrs, maidens and sisters like themselves, and then, bidding good-by to the world, took upon themselves the irrevocable monastic vows. But of its name, its history, or its founder, nothing is known with certainty.

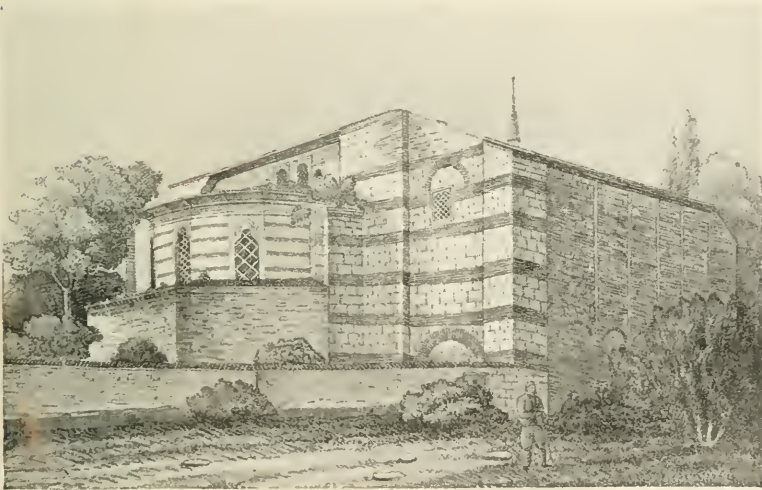
It is a tiny sanctuary, only seven yards square. Though without dome or visible mosaics, it possesses in miniature every other feature of a Byzantine church. In it are apse and narthex and marble columns and bulging capitals, wrought with acanthus leaves and crosses, and on its mildewed walls are the faded forms of frescoed saints.

Now in its utter desolation it is only a plaintive ruin. The decaying oaken door, no longer turning on its hinges, is held together by strings. Through the rotten ceiling one looks out at the stars and sky. The floor is strewn with fragments of mouldy coffins. The minaret itself has fallen; a round hole in the roof of the narthex indicates its former place. The last worshipper, the Moslem as well as the Christian, long since made his prayer, and nothing enters the desolate walls to-day save the birds and the antiquary, through the shattered window.



MIR ACHOR DJAMI, THE CHURCH OF SAINT JOHN  
OF THE STUDIUM

NEAR the Seven Towers, north of the railway track, arresting the eye from the passing train, is a peculiar greenish-colored building with gable roof. Its name is Mir Achor Djami. Just four centuries ago it was converted into a mosque by Elias, the mir achor, or chief



MIR ACHOR DJAMI, CHURCH OF SAINT JOHN OF THE STUDIUM

equerry, of Sultan Bayezid II. But its longer history as the Studium, or the Studite Church of Saint John, began eleven hundred years before, when it was erected by the patrician Studius, member of that distinguished house which gave prefects, consuls, and senators to the service of Constantine and of his immediate successors.

As the most ancient, almost the only, basilican church in the city, it possesses special architectural prominence.

The proportions of the sanctuary, ninety feet by eighty-three, are in keeping with the early Byzantine tendency to desert the oblong and adopt the square. In its various renovations always the original plan was strictly retained. When last reeclad in its former splendor, in 1293, by Prince Constantine, brother of Andronikos II, a contemporary author wrote, "He modified its ancient appearance in no respect." Likewise the Ottomans have abstained from any apparent change. So, despite the decaying roof and the floorless gallery and the neglected air of spoliated wall and column, one, as he wanders reverently through its aisles, is able in imagination to reeclad the naked outline with its early glory, and to reconstitute the sanctuary as it was when Christianity was young.

It was the chief church of a monastery numbering over a thousand monks. The voice of prayer and praise ceased not day or night ascending from its altar; for the brethren were the Akoimetai, or the Sleepless, and the service was uninterruptedly chanted by a third of the fraternity in turn. Cosmopolitan by its constitution, all nationalities were represented in its ranks, though Greeks, Latins, and Syrians were most numerous.

Among the most striking and heroic figures of Eastern church history is its venerable Abbot Theodore. A fanatical, unterrified adherent of the icons, or holy pictures, when, during the fierce iconoclastic persecution the stern Emperor Leo V in 815 ordered every holy picture to be banished or destroyed, Theodore, at the head of his clergy, in solemn procession, carried through the street all the icons he could gather, and gave them an asylum in his monastery. Nine years before, Theodore's indignant denunciation prevented the conclusion of a shameful treaty with the Bulgarian King Crum. Long afterwards,



in 842, the iconoclastic general and dictator Manuel lay at the point of death. The monks of the Studium thronged his chamber and promised him life and health if he would restore the icons. His subsequent almost miraculous cure he attributed to their intervention. Thereupon, and in conformity to the prayer of the Emperor Theophilos, the council was assembled which ended that bitter iconoclastic controversy. This result, achieved by the monks of the Studium, the Orthodox Church annually commemorates with special solemnity on the first Sunday in Lent, hence called the Sunday of Orthodoxy.

Just two centuries later the dethroned Michael V, and his uncle the General Constantine, hid in the church in terror, but were torn from its altar by the infuriated mob. In 1059 Isaac I Komnenos of his own free will laid down his crown, saying he would rather be doorkeeper in the Studium than sit upon his throne. As the doorkeeper he dwelt here till his death, and was often visited by his friend and successor Constantine XI Dukas. Here in 1078 another discrowned Emperor, Michael VII, reluctantly assumed the cowl.

The monastery's grandest day was the 29th of August, when the beheading of John the Baptist was annually commemorated. At early dawn each year the Emperor came by boat from the Palace of Boucoleon, landing at the seaward gate of the monastery, the still existing Narli Kapou. While the Senate gathered in the church, the magistrates and patricians lined the shore. In two lines, facing each other, the brotherhood were drawn up from the landing-place to the church to receive their sovereign. As he passed between their files, with swinging censers and lighted candles they fell in behind and followed him to the sanctuary. Then, as the liturgy commenced, the

Emperor waved a smoking censer over the holy relics. Afterwards the monks and abbots served him with a light repast, and led him back to the barge in the same order as before.

In this monastery were composed the hymns which voiced the Church's devotion all through the Middle Ages. Youths of exalted and imperial rank were sent here to receive their education in this "illustrious and renowned school of virtue." So ascetic were the monks that, save the legendary visit of the Empress Catharine to her abdicated husband, Joseph Bryennios declares that during a thousand years no woman's foot "profaned" its court. Interment in these hallowed precincts was esteemed a sacred privilege. Here, among other illustrious dead, were reunited after their voluntary life-long separation Isaac I Komnenos and his devoted Bulgarian wife, the Empress Catharine. Here lay side by side Bonos, governor of the city in the wars against the Persians and Avars, who died in 627, and Prince Kassim, youngest and apostate son of Bayezid I Ilderim, who died almost eight centuries later. Under the Latin occupation the monks were dispersed, and the wide fields round the church served only as pasturage for sheep.

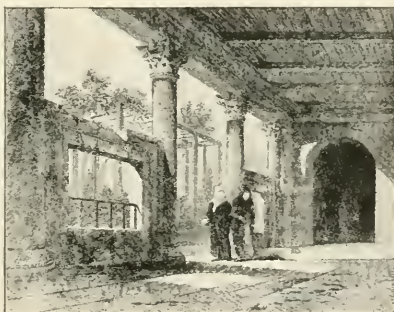
So late as 1740 Pococke, in his characteristic cumbrous style, declares Mir Achor Djami as still "the finest mosque after Sancta Sophia which has been a church." He lingers with clumsy admiration on its pillars of snowy marble and vert antique, and "its very rich entablature." Only one hundred and ten years ago the roof and flooring of the galleries were destroyed by fire, that swept away the surrounding quarter of the city. The rudest covering was stretched above to shut out the ruin, but hardly any other repairs were attempted.



Close to the entrance on the street stands a capital of enormous size and unusual beauty. Cloisters and giant trees enclose the court which precedes the mosque. Heaped about the enclosure are piles of ruins, while isolated fragments dot the soil. This courtyard has been a quarry for generations, whence columns and blocks of marble and high-wrought capitals, with their sculptured crosses, have been dug out and borne away.

The four columns which formed the open outer side of the narthex are almost concealed by the coarse Turkish wall which fills up the intervening spaces; but their exquisite composite Roman capitals stand forth admirable and distinct. In the luxurious architrave, ornate with the egg and dart ornament, and with birds and foliage, the cross constantly appears; and Roman eagles are sculptured soaring from the corners.

Within the sanctuary proper six superb columns of vert antique stand on the northern side, in perfect poise, upon the very bases where they were placed in the time of Constantine. In comparison, the eight bulky wooden columns, and the clustered pillars in the gallery, are pitiable caricatures. But the imams assert that they are in color and proportion the exact copy of the fire-crumbled marbles they replace. Beyond the marble floor recedes the broad and shallow segmental apse. Through the brick tiling of the southern aisle the battered lid of a sarcophagus protrudes slightly



COLONNADE OF MIR ACHOR DJAMI  
IN 1820

above the general level of the floor. Almost all the ancient doors and windows have been mortared up, and the whole interior of the church, once so bright and glittering, now dark and gloomy, seems equally deserted by the sunshine and by its early faith.

In the wall of the enclosure, near its northern gate, is the plaintive epitaph of the Russian monk Dionysios, who, an exile from home, found in this church a hospitable grave. But the careless mason has built the sepulchral tablet bottom upwards into its place, heedless of the dead man's fate and history.

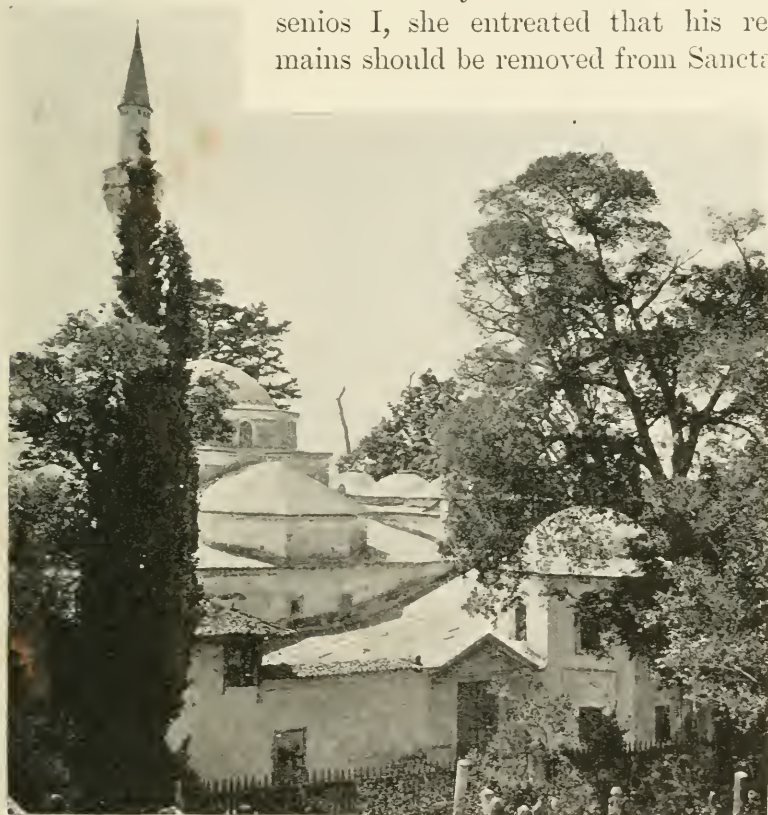
#### KHODJA MOUSTAPHA PASHA DJAMI, CHURCH OF SAINT ANDREW IN CRISIS

KHODJA MOUSTAPHA PASHA DJAMI occupies a romantic situation on the seventh hill in the southwest part of the city. It stands in the centre of a vast enclosure, shaded by giant cypresses, and hemmed in by close-packed Musulman graves. Though an attractive and airy edifice, it presents no special architectural feature. Its walls are picturesque, composed of alternate layers of brick and blocks of marble.

This mosque was the cathedral church of the female Monastery of Saint Andrew in Crisis. Hearts were in that day sometimes as tender as in this. A chronicle of 1371 mournfully narrates: "A certain monk from the venerable Monastery of the Odeghetria, a priest named Iosaph, has eloped with a certain nun from the venerable monastery of the glorious saint, the mighty martyr, Andrew in Crisis." Probably the church was first erected by Arcadia, sister of Honorius II. Entirely rebuilt in the eighth cen-



ture by an unknown founder, it was splendidly raised anew in its present form by the Princess Theodora, daughter of the erratic usurper John VI Kantakouzenos. Revering the heroic memory of the Patriarch Arsenios I, she entreated that his remains should be removed from Sancta



ANCIENT CHURCH OF SAINT ANDREW IN CRISIS

Sophia, where they had lain in peace over fifty years, and be brought hither to hallow her church. This was done with the utmost solemnity by the Emperor and Senate. A few years later, when Theodora was dead and for-

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gotten, the relics were taken back to their first resting-place in Sancta Sophia.

This lady's eventful history far eclipses in dramatic interest and vicissitude that of her beloved church. To strengthen his unstable throne her father tendered the hand of his daughter, already twice a widow, to Sultan Orkhan. The offer was accepted. Victim of her father's unscrupulous ambition, Theodora was handed over to her Ottoman lord. No religious rites consecrated their union; but the aged Orkhan made no effort to change the faith of his Christian wife, and on her death she received Christian burial. Her grave at Brousa is still often pointed out, near, but a little apart from, those of the Ottoman dynasty.

The church was made a mosque in 1489 by Khodja Moustapha Pasha, Grand Vizir of Bayezid II and of Selim I. During the reign of Achmet I, on the anniversary of the Prophet Mohammed's birth, the imams encircled the gallery of the minaret with rows of lighted lamps. The Sultan, enchanted at the fairy-like effect, ordered that henceforth on the Prophet's birthday all the minarets in the city should be thus illuminated. Hence the exquisite custom, continued to this day, had its origin here.

In front, protected by a high railing, is the blasted trunk of an enormous cypress which died generations ago. Suspended from its branches hangs a lengthy iron chain which common credulity dubs with the name of the "Judge." Whenever a debtor or creditor of bad faith stood below, the chain was expected with instantaneous precision to strike him a severe blow upon the head. Its present apathy is explained by the following tradition. Once an Ottoman was unable to obtain twenty pounds owed him by a Jew. The debtor protested that the sum was already paid. The cadi



ordered that appeal should be made to the judgment of the chain. The Jew concealed the exact sum in a hollow stick, which, just as he was stepping forward to undergo his trial, he asked the good-natured Ottoman to hold. The money having thus been unconsciously received by the creditor, the Jew remained untouched, but the Ottoman, who in his turn stood beneath, was prostrated to the ground. Thereupon the Jew picked up his stick and departed, but the chain, indignant at the trick, remains immovable to this day.

A more pathetic legend attaches to a small square stone daubed with paint, and long since built into the wall of the enclosure. Both the Ottomans and Greeks believe this to be a holy picture, mortared in bottom upwards and face inside. On every Easter morning, the Greeks assert, invisible to any human eye, and untouched by any



THE CYPRESS AND CHAIN

human hand, it stands in its original upright position, and turns its patient face beseechingly towards the ancient church.

#### SANDJAKDAR MESDJID, THE CHURCH OF GASTRIA

SANDJAKDAR MESDJID, the Mosque of the Standard Bearer, was formerly the church of the female Monastery of Gastria, and is situated in the southern part of the city, close to the Marmora. Little of the original structure can be discerned in the actual mosque. The narthex is now used as a kitchen by its Moslem occupants, but it is no dirtier or less attractive than the rest of the fast-decaying building.

Despite the squalid present, much legendary and historic interest attaches to the spot. According to tradition, here, on her return from the Holy Land, Saint Helena disembarked with the true cross, and was received by her son, Constantine the Great. The lilies, roses, and all the wealth of flowers which she had found growing around the cross in Palestine, she had carefully planted in pots with her own hands and brought hither. Nowhere in Constantinople is there a balmy and sunnier region. So here in long lines Helena set out her floral treasures, and the place has been called ever since Gastria, or the Flower Pots. When, later, a female monastery was founded in the same locality, it perpetuated the legend and the name.

During that century and a half of the harsh iconoclastic persecution, the nuns steadfastly adhered to the cause of the icons, and won great popular esteem by the devoted courage with which they disregarded the threats of the emperors. Theophilus was the last and most merciless of



the iconoclastic sovereigns. From the assembled noble maidens of the capital he had publicly chosen his bride Theodora, and in the midst of the fair company had declared his preference by the gift of a golden apple.

The house of Theodora and of her mother Theoktiste was close to the monastery. Strongly sympathizing with the nuns, they restored and embellished the church, and enriched the monastery with repeated gifts. Often Theoktiste called her grandchildren to her house and taught them to revere the icons. This was artlessly told one day by Pulcheria, the youngest daughter, to her father. Though furiously enraged, Theophilos was powerless, save to prevent his children from further visiting their grandmother. Some years after her husband's death Theodora, scandalized by the evil life of their son, the Emperor Michael III, withdrew to the monastery in sorrow, and became a nun. Here she was subsequently joined by her surviving daughters. The sarcophagi of these princesses stood side by side in the narthex of the church till shortly before the Ottoman Conquest. Because of her many virtues and spotless life, Theodora had been reckoned a saint in the judgment of the Church and of the common people. Her remains were therefore removed to the Church of the Theotokos Spelaiotissa, the Holy Virgin of the Cave, in Corfu. There still, once a year, is exposed to the veneration of the people the shrivelled, blackened form, bejewelled and gold-bedizened, of her who seemed to the imperial suitor the fairest among the ladies of Constantinople just ten hundred and sixty-five years ago.

The church was converted into a mosque by Khaïreddin Effendi, the standard-bearer of Sultan Mohammed II.

## MINOR BYZANTINE CHURCHES

So uneventful or so little known is the history, so small the artistic interest, so insignificant the remains, of some of the following mosques, once Christian churches, that one might almost pass them by in silence. Yet even the humblest among them all is venerable for its hoary age, sacred for the faith and Christian purpose with which its walls of prayer were laid, and all the more pathetic that now no human being can disclose or learn its checkered story. Despite the lapse of centuries and the weary miles that separate that dreamy capital from the tumultuous, enterprising West; despite the adamant wall of prejudice built up by different customs, blood, and speech, those Byzantine worshippers, even though long since dead, are our brethren and fellow-Christians still. Not without emotion can one who loves the common Christianity they cherished gaze upon those voiceless piles where, in an age and land less favored than our own, their sick, weary, suppliant hearts sought to draw near to God.

Sheik Mourad Mesdjid is the Turkish name of a nameless Christian church, or rather of the place whereon it stood fourteen years ago. On the site has recently been erected a dervish convent, the front steps of which are two magnificent Corinthian capitals three and a half feet in diameter. The foliage of no other capital of the city is so exquisitely incised. Into the walls of the convent have been built countless carved and chiselled marble fragments from the forgotten church.

Balaban Agha Mesdjid is a tiny fabric, probably erected in the seventh century, and doubtless dependent upon some



monastery. Nothing of its history is known save that it was converted into a mosque by Balaban Agha, the Albanian hero of Dr Ludlow's romantic story, the "Captain of the Janissaries."

Not even a legend or tradition clings about the church, converted into Kermankess Mesdjid by Kermankess Moustapha Pasha, Grand Vizir of Sultan Ibrahim. Only a few months afterwards the ill-fated Grand Vizir lost the favor of his capricious master, and, hiding under a heap of hay, was dragged out and beheaded in 1643. The roof and walls fell in ruin seven years ago. Underneath may still be discerned another, a subterranean and more ancient church, now so filled with earth and refuse that only very little of it can be seen. But on the choked-up walls there may be faintly traced in places the almost obliterated figures of the Saviour and the saints.

Yesa Kapou Mesdjid, the Mosque of the Gate of Jesus, is situated in an unfrequented, narrow passage, called the Street of the Gate of Jesus. Perhaps in the neighboring land wall of Constantine there existed some so-called gate, but both have equally disappeared. No history attaches to the church; the mosque is clean and bright, and tended with affectionate pride by its excellent imam.

Achmet Pasha Mesdjid is familiar in Byzantine annals as the church of the female Monastery of Saint John the Baptist in Trullo. It is at least as old as the tenth century. A legend, confirmed by Phrantzes, states that in it, in 692, convened that peculiar ecclesiastical assembly called the Penthekte, or Fifth-Sixth, as supplementary to the Fifth and Sixth General Councils. When the female Monastery of Pammakaristos, in 1456, became the Patriarchal See, its nuns found a shelter here, and remained in

quiet one hundred and thirty years. Then they were forced to seek another home, and the church was made a mosque by Achmet Pasha. Now it is only a dismantled ruin. The brick minaret long ago crumbled to pieces. Weeds and shrubs thrive on the tile-covered roof and dome, and the Ottomans of the quarter are ignorant of even its Turkish name.

Of Sinan Pasha Mesdjid, the ancient Church of Saint John the Baptist of Petra, nothing is left save a portion of the apse and of the northern wall. Burned down many years ago, no man has been brave enough to defy the current prophecy that all who had any part in its re-erection would die together the moment it was complete. It was changed into a mosque by Sinan, Kapou-dan Pasha, or Chief Admiral, of Sultan Souleïman the Sublime.

The venerable monastic Church of Myrelion, now Boudroum Djami, or the Subterranean Mosque, seems designed as a mausoleum rather than a church. Built in the seventh century, and rebuilt on a larger scale three centuries later by Romanos Lekapenos, it afforded places of burial to the dead equally with places of prayer to the living. Here Romanos was himself interred with his Empress Theodora. Beside them was placed their daughter the Empress Helena, whose life was a long hard struggle between the conflicting claims of her ambitious father and her pliant husband, Constantine VIII. Here were gathered and laid to final rest the long-scattered bones of the dismembered Emperor Maurice. Here the Empress Catharine assumed the veil, when seeking the one asylum of the city that should remind her most forcibly of the vanities of power. Mesich Ali Pasha, Grand Vizir of Bayezid II, was attracted to the gloomy church as in keeping with his



own sombre spirit, and converted it into a mosque. Hardly had the transformation been effected when, in 1500, at the zenith of his glory, he was accidentally killed by a falling stone, and was buried in the mosque enclosure. In perfect preservation, but dark and dreary, the edifice has an almost sinister appearance peculiarly its own. Even the Moslems do not love it, and seek some other sanctuary in which to pray.

Kepheli Mesdjid is near the Hebdomon. Its founder was the soldier Manuel. It was also his place of burial. Sidney and Bayard are not more knightly figures than this Byzantine chevalier. Loyal to the infant Emperor Michael III, he refused the crown which the nation pressed upon him, and his entire life is a record of heroism and stainless virtue. The church was enlarged by Photios, the brilliant Patriarch who defied the Pope, and in 879 presided over the Eighth Ecumenical Council in Sancta Sophia. Again it was almost rebuilt by Romanos I Lekapenos, the conqueror of the Bulgarians and the Russians. The Greeks deserted the locality after the conquest. Mohammed II, eager to repopulate his capital, established there many thousand Armenians, whom he had brought as captives from Kaffa in Russia. He gave them as their sanctuary the half-ruined church of Manuel. Its new possessors were finally despoiled by Souleïman the Sublime, who made the church into a mosque. But the present name, signifying Mosque of the People from Kaffa, preserves the memory of the Armenian exiles. Vast subterranean chambers underlie the church.

Near the Aqueduct of Valens is Sekban Bashi Mesdjid, the ancient Church of Christ. It was built by that fair and tireless founder of churches, Mary Dukaina, sister of

Alexios I Komnenos, and was made a mosque by the Sekban Bashi, who died in 1496, and is buried near. It is surrounded by a Mussulman cemetery, where successive tiers of graves are heaped upon one another. Of small proportions and inartistic, it is equally destitute of beauty and of history.

#### DJEB KHANEH, THE CHURCH OF SAINT IRENE

SAINT IRENE is the only ancient Byzantine church still standing upon the grounds of the Seraglio. All the other numerous and splendid Christian edifices, once included within those limits, have been destroyed or have disappeared. This one sanctuary remains close to the verge of the vast enclosure, and with the high Seraglio wall apparently braced against it. It was never converted into a mosque, and hence at its side there is no minaret, the distinctive, sky-piercing symbol of Islam. Unchanged in all outward appearance since the Ottoman Conquest, and as manifestly a Christian church as when first erected by Constantine the Great, its venerable form seems lifting a solitary and eternal protest against the transformations which have gone on around.

It was consecrated not to a virgin martyr named Irene, but to the *Εἰρήνη*, or Peace of God, even as the great cathedral which towers just beyond was dedicated to the *Sophia*, or the Wisdom of God. Burned at the Revolt of the Nika in 532, it was, when rebuilt by Justinian, in no way inferior to the splendid fabric destroyed. Early in the eighth century an earthquake racked and rent its walls, but did not throw it down. The unsightly buttresses, which increase its strength but de-





CHURCH OF SAINT IRENE

tract from its beauty, were then added by Leo III the Isaurian.

In ecclesiastical rank, though not in popular opinion, it yielded precedence only to Sancta Sophia. Here the Patriarch conducted the daily worship, save on those solemn and prescribed occasions when the church calendar demanded his presence elsewhere; here too on Good Friday communicants were examined in the catechism by the Patriarch. It was called more often the Patriarchate, or the Patriarchal Church, than by its name of consecration. The priests of Sancta Sophia always officiated at its altar, as it had no stated clergy of its own.

Despite its peaceful name, it has been the scene of many a bitter polemic. When in 335 Constantine recalled to favor the exiled Arius, who had been condemned ten years before at the Council of Nice, the Patriarch Alexander shut himself alone in the church and cast himself prostrate before the altar. There he remained several days and nights, repeating the same fierce prayer, and beseeching that God would grant some overwhelming manifestation of the divine will: if the Arian doctrine was true, he besought that he might not survive the day of Arius's return; if the Arian doctrine was false, he prayed that the arch heretic might speedily receive the punishment of his impiety. The sudden and startling death of Arius was commonly regarded as a direct, divine reply to this petition. Here assembled the Second General Council in 381, when, by the voice of one hundred and fifty bishops, the Arian controversy was ended, the relative rank of the five chief bishoprics determined, and the Holy Spirit declared equal with the Father and the Son.



Saint Irene in its successive though partial restorations has preserved its original form unmodified. It lies due east and west, and has a narthex, apses, a central nave, transepts, and aisles. In more than one detail it resembles a Roman basilica. Its spacious and impressive dome rests upon a cylinder, lighted by a score of windows. Yet



INTERIOR OF SAINT IRENE

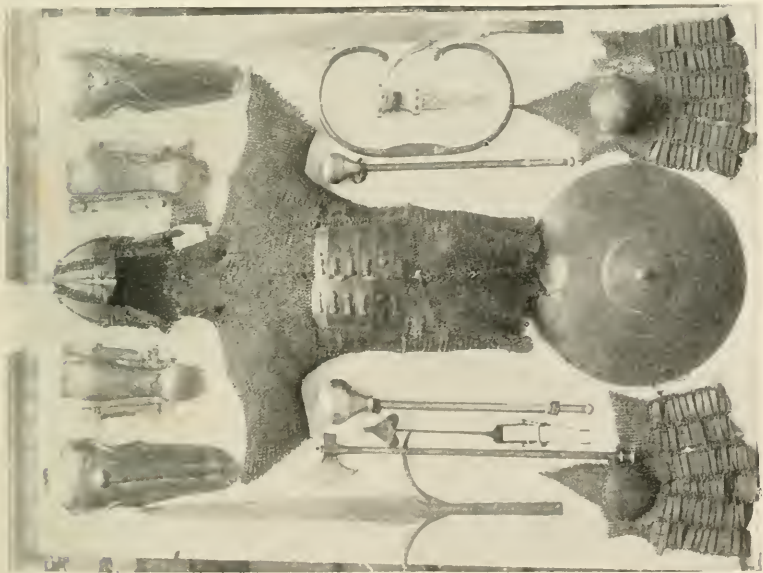
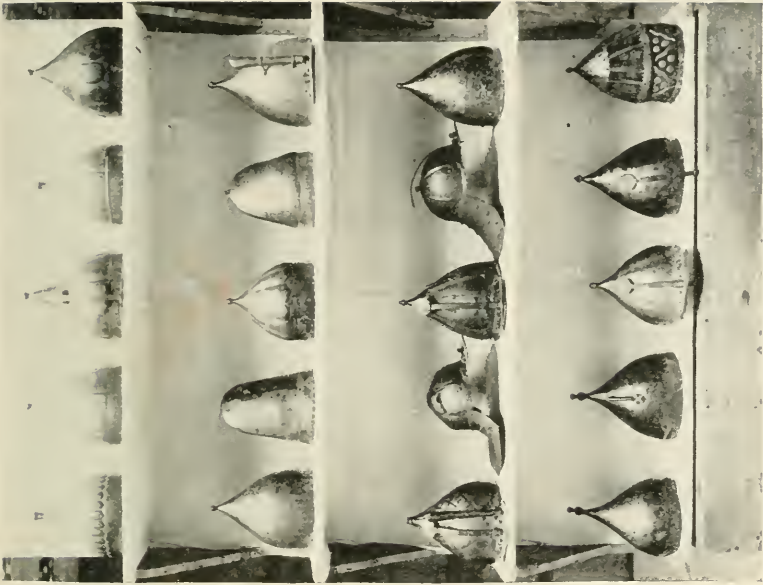
the interior is dark and gloomy, so many windows have been closed with brick and mortar, probably by the Isaurian Leo III almost twelve hundred years ago. Numerous pictures in fresco and mosaic remain intact and undisturbed. Over the altar spreads an immense and unmitigated cross.

To hardly any other of the jealously guarded buildings

of the capital is admission so difficult and well-nigh impossible. At the door armed sentinels stand on guard night and day, and never relax their vigilance. Sometimes the Government grants the rare permission to cross the sullen portal and to wander through the martial aisles. One thus favored may well cherish the recollection among the most valued memories of Stamboul. By the strange irony of fate this temple, dedicated to peace, was, after the Ottoman Conquest, converted into Djeb Khanch, the Armory, or the Arsenal. The wide walls are lined in close mosaic, with mediæval and modern armor of every form and description. Breastplates, helmets, coats of mail, suits of chain armor, battle-axes, maces, scimitars, pikes, though arranged in symmetric order, blend in a strange confusion with the tens of thousands of rifles from America which point upward in great stacks from the floor. Yet, as almost all the weapons are antique, and long since disused, the church is less an armory than a museum. Many objects of richest association have been recently removed. Nevertheless very much remains.

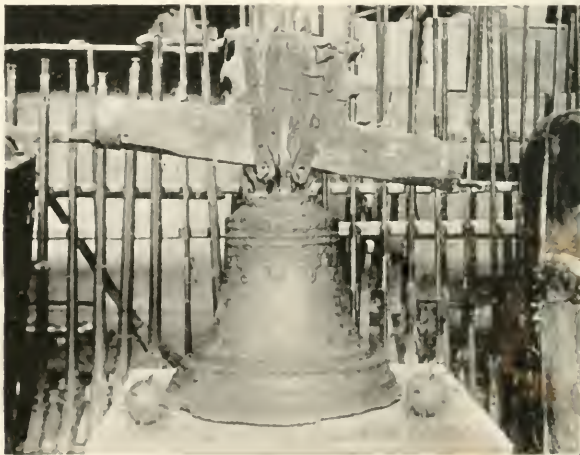
Side by side are the knightly weapons of the Crusaders and the machines of war of Alexios I Komnenos, who died in 1118. Near the amulet of Tamerlane are the sabre of Mohammed II and the sword of Scanderbeg, now blunt and rusted, which flashed against each other in the bloodiest days of Albanian history. In the vestibule, in suggestive proximity and equally mute, are the bell of Sancta Sophia and the kettles of the Janissaries. Pushed into the corner is a sarcophagus, in which an emperor or an empress must have slept; close beside it, heaped upon the floor, lies a portion of the great chain which stretched across the Golden Horn to Galata, and which, during almost a thousand years, shut out the galleys of every





MEDIEVAL ARMOR ON THE WALLS OF SAINT IRENE

enemy, save those of the Crusaders in 1203, and of Mohammed II just two hundred and fifty years later. In chests are tiny bags of earth, sent in token of submission by terror-stricken provinces, and strings of gold and silver keys from conquered cities. Heaped upon each other in careless and indiscriminate confusion are countless objects the meaning and the source of which are alike

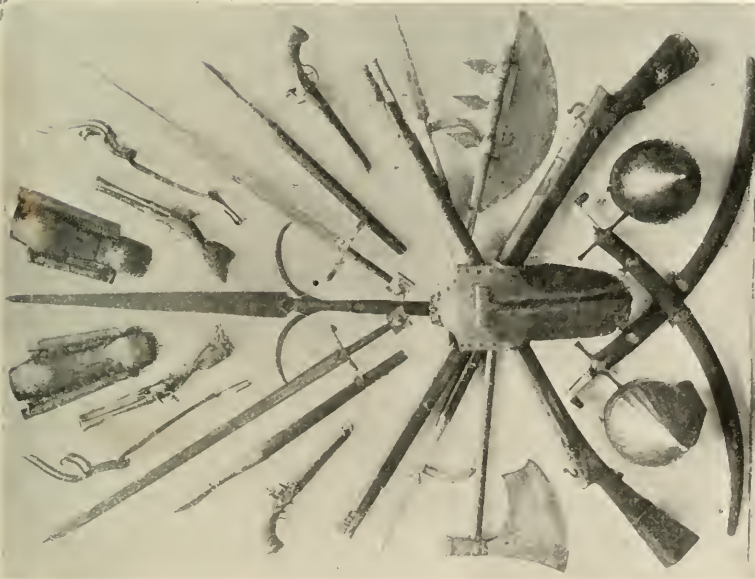


REPUTED BELL OF SANCTA SOPHIA

forgotten, but which were once the almost articulate expression of all human passion and despair. Saint Irene is a prodigious hearthstone, on which all the ashes of religion and of triumph and surrender have grown cold.

On the north side of the church is a narrow, grassy plat, separated from the street by a high iron railing. Placed in line and easily scrutinized through the impassable bars are seven large objects of great though dissimilar interest. The least important is an enormous head of





MEDIEVAL ARMOR ON THE WALLS OF SAINT IRENE

Medusa. The forehead has been barbarously clipped away, that, thus adjusted, it might better serve in the foundations of some building. Next is the lower portion of that porphyry obelisk of which Prioli carried the upper part with so much pride to Venice. On the extreme left is the empty sarcophagus, of green Thessalian marble, to whose eternal trust Leo VI the Philosopher, and his ill-



KETTLE DRUMS OF THE JANISSARIES

used Empress Saint Theophano, committed their daughter Eudoxia.

The porphyry pedestal a little farther north has more momentous associations. On it once stood the silver image of another Eudoxia, the frivolous wife of the Emperor Arcadius, and the relentless foe of Saint John Chrysostom. While the statue was being poised upon this now disfigured stone, buffoons and women of the street



burned incense at its base, and circled around it in boisterous and lascivious dances. The ribald uproar disturbed the worship which Chrysostom was conducting in Sancta Sophia. Ascending the pulpit, the indignant and dauntless Patriarch thundered forth that most vehement and tempestuous of all his impassioned sermons. Losing sight of the ignoble crowd, with his merciless tongue he lashed the follies and errors of the Empress. He likened Eudoxia to the paramour of Herod Antipas. "Behold," he said, "that revengeful Herodias. Herodias is falling back into her madness. Herodias begins again to inspire the dance. Herodias demands once more the head of John." This ill-judged but heart-wrung discourse resulted in the speedy exile and consequent martyrdom of that most passionate and most eloquent of Christian preachers.



EUDOXIA, WIFE OF THE  
EMPEROR ARCADIUS

On the right hand of the plat are three huge porphyry sarcophagi. They were excavated in 1847 from among the ruins of the Church of Saint Menas in the Seraglio, but had been brought thither at some unrecorded period from the Church of the Holy Apostles. The one farthest north, still covered by its gable-pointed lid, may be, as Déthier almost proves, the sarcophagus of Theodosius the Great. The monogram of the Saviour, surrounded by a laurel wreath of victory, hallows the lid. Underneath are the letters Alpha and Omega, significant of Christian faith and hope. The sarcophagus on the left is even larger, — twelve and one half feet long, by six and one half

feet wide, — but not hewn from a single stone. The lid is wanting. A not improbable conjecture assigns it to Constantius II, who died in 360.

The third sarcophagus, prominent in the very foreground, likewise destitute of its lid, marred and cracked and seamed but most august because of its prodigious



SUPPOSED SARCOPHAGI OF CONSTANTINE THE GREAT AND  
THEODOSIUS THE GREAT

size, is, of all sarcophagi cut from a single block, the vastest in the world. Its inner cavity or receptacle is eight feet nine inches long, four feet one inch wide, and three feet eleven and one quarter inches deep. Hence it was evidently designed for the reception, not of one coffin, but of two, one resting upon the other. Not a single monogram or character of any sort breaks the sphinx-like plainness of its outer or inner surface. Empty and uninscribed



sarcophagi, like dead men, themselves tell no tales of their ended past. Yet a chain of collateral evidence, which it is impossible to doubt, demonstrates that this sarcophagus was the sepulchral chamber wherein the coffins of Constantine the Great and of his mother Saint Helena, removed from her earlier tomb at Rome, were placed together in filial and maternal nearness for their final rest.

#### THE CHURCH OF THE LIFE-GIVING FOUNTAIN, OR OF BALOUKLI

OUTSIDE the great Land Wall, and directly west of the Gate of Selivria, is an extensive plain. During the spring and summer it is green with grass and bright with flowers. In every direction the land stretches away in beautiful undulations, shaded by enormous trees. What Prokopios wrote thirteen hundred and fifty years ago is true to-day: "A luxuriant forest of cypresses, verdant and flowery slopes, a spring noiselessly pouring forth its calm and refreshing waters, — these are the features which besem that sacred spot." It is the Philopation, or the far-famed Seaward Meadow of the Golden Gate. The place was loved by Justinian and Theodora, and by many Greek emperors and patriarchs since. It was the favorite resort of the Byzantines when in search of change or rest or health, and weary of the busy city. Since the Conquest the dead have packed the places always dear to the living. The entire territory is now parcelled out among the cemeteries of three peoples. The flat monuments of the Armenians, the pointed shafts and crosses of the Greeks, and the turbaned tombstones of the Ottomans cover the ground. As far as the eye can reach, all seems one boundless grave-

yard, wherein it is no exaggeration to say that millions sleep.

Near the centre of the plain is the spring called the Life-giving Fountain, whose hygienic qualities were recognized in the time of Constantine. Superstition magnified its beneficent effects. When it was reported that a blind man had been restored to sight at the touch of its waters, Leo the Great forthwith erected a church over the source. Justinian, believing that a bath in the spring had cured him of calculus, thriftily enlarged the church by means of the superfluous material that remained after the completion of Sancta Sophia. Twice destroyed by earthquake, it was successively rebuilt by Irene, wife of Leo IV, in the eighth century, and by Basil I one hundred years later. Simeon, the King of the Bulgarians, during one of his raids in the tenth century, burnt it to the ground, and on his departure it was restored with added splendor by Romanos I Lekapenos. A generation later King Peter, the son of Simeon, wedded at its altar the granddaughter of that same Romanos. There too was solemnized the still more brilliant wedding of the youthful Emperor John V, and Helena the bewitching daughter of John Kantakouzenos. The father hoped the young wife's charms might blind the husband to his own culpable designs upon the crown.

Near the church was the Palace of the Peghé, or of the Spring, to which the emperors annually removed on Ascension Day, and where they devoted a few weeks to their health. Not a vestige of the palace exists. Here were the headquarters of Mourad II during his unsuccessful three months' siege of Constantinople in 1422. The church was greatly injured at the time, but not entirely destroyed until after the victory of Mohammed II. Then



its materials, part of which had been dug long before from ruined pagan temples, were carted away to serve in the erection of the Conqueror's Mosque.

But the fountain, or ayasma, never lost its place in popular regard. Soon the people flocked back to the beautiful meadow as of old. Sixty-two years ago Mahmoud II authorized the Greeks to construct the now-existing church on the site of the ancient edifice. Though digging deep through the *débris*, nothing was discovered save a large white marble door and a portion of the old-time pavement.

The present simple church stands in the centre of a small, marble-paved, high-walled enclosure. On the right is the revered ayasma. To it one descends by a flight of stone steps. Shut in, roofed over, obscure and gloomy despite the always burning lamp and the constantly lighted candles, it bears small resemblance now



A DECEASED PATRIARCH EN-  
THRONED BEFORE BURIAL

to the sparkling open fountain above which, in the eye of Byzantine faith, the enthroned Virgin always seemed to hover, and the vivifying waters of which restored the suffering and diseased.

Farther to the south are many tombs of bishops and distinguished prelates. No less than eight patriarchs are interred among them according to the peculiar form of patriarchal burial. Each in his tomb is seated on a sub-

terranean throne; each grasps the Gospel with the dead left hand, and the stiff fingers of the right are arranged as if giving the benediction. Thus always, with the Gospel clutched by their mouldering fingers, does the Church gather her Patriarchs to the grave, — mute testimonial for the resurrection that the only hope of saint and sinner is the story of Christ's redemption. The monument, which rises above and hides the grave of each, is shaped like an altar, and bears the two insignia never wanting over a Patriarch's tomb,—the cross, in symbol of faith, and the double-headed eagle, significant of the Empire overthrown in 1453. The last Patriarch to join the illustrious company was Dionysios V, who died in August, 1891.

A legend is firmly believed among the common Greeks that on May 29, 1453, the last day of the final siege, a monk was frying fish near the ayasma. Suddenly a terrified priest rushed in, screaming that the city was taken. "I will never believe it," replied the friar, "unless these fish jump back into the water." This they forthwith did. The fish now gliding in the dim recesses of the ayasma are commonly considered the lineal descendants of their half-fried ancestry. It is asserted in attestation of the legend's truth that the living fish are black on one side and white upon the other. So general and so firmly planted is the tradition that the name now usually applied to the locality is Baloukli, or the Place of the Fishes.

Twice every year — on Easter Friday, called the Day of Baloukli, and on the following Sunday — the place is thronged by an eager crowd. Often more than fifty thousand people come together to quaff the water and to picnic among the tombstones under the trees. A few are in quest of health, but the larger number are seekers after recreation. Belonging in general to the humbler classes,



but representing all nationalities and creeds, the concourse affords an almost unequalled opportunity to watch peculiar phases of Constantinople life. Good order and decorum reign supreme. No relaxation can be more innocent, and no merriment more quiet and subdued.

#### CHURCH OF THE THEOTOKOS THE MOUCHLIOTISSA

THE tiny monastic Church of the Theotokos the Mouchliotissa, planted on a hill a little above the present Patriarchate, possesses a peculiar and solemn distinction. It is the only church in Constantinople, existing prior to the Conquest, in which Christian services have been unceasingly rendered ever since. Most of the churches built before 1453 were successively made mosques; all the others, except this one alone, were thrown down by earthquake or consumed by fire. Subsequent re-erection might imitate their form, but could not restore the absolute identity of the structures once destroyed. Moreover, in each of all the rest there was a break of months, and sometimes years, in the continuity of worship.

But in the Mouchliotissa the walls are the very same that echoed with the anguish and reddened with the blood of the Ottoman siege. On the same still-trodden flagstones of its pavement pressed the knees then bent in unavailing prayer. In the four and a half centuries since there has been no week, and almost no day, when Christian worship has not ascended like incense from its altar. Hence it is the sole ecclesiastical link that directly binds the religious present of the capital to its mediæval religious past. In a metropolis once the "City of Churches;" in a capital whose sovereigns wore, as their most exalted title, "Faith-

ful Emperor in Christ;" over the ruins of an Empire dashed to pieces four hundred and forty-two years ago,— the Mouchliotissa comes down with its thrilling history of six centuries, the only Christian sanctuary in Constantinople which has never been defiled by conversion into the temple of another faith, which has never lain in ruin, and in which the voice of worship has never ceased.

Mary, daughter of Michael VIII, was given by her father as hostage and wife to Apagos, Khan of the Mongols. On the death of her barbarian husband she returned to Constantinople, and devoted her private fortune to the erection and maintenance of this monastery. Its name, Mouchliotissa, or Mongol Lady, transmits the memory of her wedded life. In a humorous exercise of philology, Lechevalier derives the name from the Greek *μάγουλον* (a jaw), and infers that an Empress was there cured of the toothache!

At the Conquest many Christians, with their wives and children, fortified themselves in the church. Refusing to surrender, and resisting to the last, they were all massacred together. The hill on which it stands is still called Sandjakdar Yokoushu, Height of the Standard Bearer, from a brave Ottoman officer who was slain in the fight.

The Sultan bestowed the church and the entire locality upon the Greek Christodoulos, in reward for his services as architect of the Mosque of Mohammed II. The hattı sherif, or imperial firman, confirming the grant, written and signed in ordinary characters by the Sultan's victorious hand, is still preserved. It is in the following words: "O thou who hast been elevated to the rank of Sou Bashi (Prefect) of Constantinople. Since, in consequence of Our divine clemency, to the architect Christodoulos, in recompense for his perfect work, We have given a grant of the



Street called Kutchook Djafer, thou wilt go to the Church Mouchliotissa, and wilt trace the afore-ordered Street, with the vacant places which it contains; then thou wilt put the afore-ordered Christodoulos in possession thereof, conformably to Our present sacred command, to which thou shalt give absolute obedience." A second Christodoulos, nephew and heir of the first, was architect of the Mosque of Bayezid II, and to him that Sultan confirmed the grant. In the eighteenth century Achmet III was entreated by his courtiers to take the church from the Christians. The Moldavian Prince Cantemir, as he tells the story, took the precious firman to the Grand Vizir, Tehorluli Ali Pasha, "who read it through with profound attention, humbly kissed it thrice, afterwards handed it back, and ordered that all further prosecution of the subject should cease, and that the Christians should never again be molested about the matter."

The church presents many structural and ecclesiastical peculiarities. It is the evident creation of a degraded architectural age. The pulpit and episcopal throne are strangely placed. Many of the painted and mosaic icons were brought from other, older churches, and their appearance testifies to their antiquity. Close to the throne is an elegant and costly tapestry, in which is exquisitely worked the Burial of Christ. This is the gift of the Russian Czar Nicholas I. At the rear is an ancient ayasma. The misshapen and inartistic church is cherished by the Greeks with intense and affectionate veneration.

## ARAB DJAMI

ARAB DJAMI, the Arab Mosque, on the north side of the Golden Horn, resembles no other mosque in the city. It is a plain, unassuming, low-studded building, one hundred and eighty feet long and less than half as broad. Even had it no square, high, sharp-pointed campanile at its side, from which the muezzin calls to prayer, it would be recognized at once as formerly an Italian church. Built by Dominican friars on the site of a more ancient Byzantine chapel, it was the favorite sanctuary of those Genoese adventurers who in Galata maintained a semi-independent existence for hundreds of years, and alternately cajoled and defied the Byzantine capital. Its present neat and attractive wooden ceiling was the gift in 1880 of a devout Ottoman lady, who suffered from an incurable disease, but who vainly hoped by this meritorious act to purchase perfect health. The church was made a mosque in 1620 by Moustapha I. A common but erroneous Mussulman tradition attributes its erection to the Arab general, Mouslem, who besieged Constantinople in 718. It is regarded by the Ottomans as the most ancient, except one, of the mosques of the city. Large revenues are derived from its two most popular and revered possessions, — a black ebony bowl of generous dimensions, and the fountain in the court. Whenever an enceinte woman drinks sufficient water from the fountain in this bowl, she is guaranteed the happy delivery of a boy. When it is too late to repeat the draught, in case the lady proves to be the disappointed mother of a girl, the imam gravely assures her that she did not drink enough.



YENI VALIDEH DJAMI, THE CHURCH OF SAINT  
FRANCIS

YENI VALIDEH DJAMI, likewise in Galata, occupies the site of an Italian church, consecrated to Saint Francis, and served by Franciscan friars. The Genoese writers proudly extol its former beauty. After the Conquest its monks were accused by the Moslems of devoting themselves to the abhorred wine traffic rather than to prayer. So their landed estates were confiscated, and the church burned down. In 1697 a mosque was erected on the abandoned foundations by Rebiçh Ghoulnoz Ounmedoullah, Sultana of Mohammed IV, a Cretan lady, the beauty of whose face was considered not inferior to the euphoniousness of her name. All the Christian houses between the mosque and Golden Horn were then torn down, so that indignation at their existence should not disturb the devotions of the faithful. In the imperial order commanding the mosque's erection, it was enjoined upon the architect "to change into a house of God the former resort of abomination and scandal." Though destitute of architectural beauty, the edifice deserves mention, not only because of its Christian history, but as being the largest mosque which the Ottomans have raised in Galata.

## SANCTA SOPHIA



THE first questions every stranger asks as his steamer rounds Seraglio Point from the Marmora, or descends the Bosphorus from the Black Sea, are, "Where is Sancta Sophia?" -- Which is Sancta Sophia?" To catch the earliest possible glimpse of its outline the eye of every traveller is strained.

Myths and legends told concerning it are devoured with eager interest. With rapt attention its walls and pillars and arches and mosaics are scanned. In after years, in the quiet of the stranger's home, it is the colossal form of Sancta Sophia which stands out most distinct on the canvas of Constantinople memories.

Nor is it strange. To many Constantinople means nothing but Sancta Sophia. To thousands who have never even heard of the city's wonderful walls, and who have never made a mind-picture of the Bosphorus, the name of its venerable cathedral is a familiar sound. Even to those who know it least it is the synonym of what is grandest, most glorious, most historic, and most sacred in the achievements of Christian architecture.



In one respect Sancta Sophia is unlike every other antiquarian monument of Constantinople. Those other antiquities of the city belong wholly to the past, and have no future. The battered Theodosian walls can never withstand the shock of war again. Up the broken Serpent of Delphi in the Hippodrome no oracular response will ever pass to some future suppliant. Their part in the world's history is done. They are ancient, classic, hoary; but with each day becomes more remote the age for which they were formed, and the purpose for which they were designed.

Sancta Sophia belongs to the past as well. In 537, a whole generation before the birth of Mohammed the Prophet, its great dome swept heavenward as skylike as it does to-day. Yet that church, we may believe, has a future as glorious as, perhaps more glorious than, its past. The Russian sees in it the future cathedral of Triumphant Orthodoxy. The fatalistic Moslem has a saying that at last it will be restored to the Giaours. Sultan Mohammed II was never more profound, more philosophic, more truly great, than on the day of conquest. An Ottoman soldier, in the intoxication of victory or fanaticism, was destroying the mosaics in Sancta Sophia with his mace. "Let those things be!" the Conqueror cried. With a single blow he stretched the barbarian motionless at his feet. Then, in a lower tone, he added, so the historian declares, "Who knows but in another age they may serve another religion than that of Islam?" What the future of this cathedral is the wildest speculation cannot grasp. In the legend of the common people, a Greek priest was celebrating the liturgy when the exultant army of the Sultan burst through the doors. Taking the cross in his hand, the priest slowly

withdrew to one of the secret chambers, and there, with the cross, is waiting still!

The Church of Sancta Sophia rises on the crest and western side of the first hill. It stands just outside the limits of ancient Byzantium. To-day its confused and shapeless pile, bounded by four massive minarets, encased in gigantic buttresses, made grotesque by wide painted stripes of alternate yellow and white, fills the horizon of the eye from every direction.

Like Saint Peter's at Rome, it traces its history by an unbroken chain back to Constantine himself. It is a fit coincidence that those two cathedrals—one the vastest sanctuary of Western Catholicism and the other of Eastern Orthodoxy—should both have been first erected by the first Christian Emperor. It is another coincidence that neither was intended by its founder to be the metropolitan church of either the new or the ancient Rome. That distinction in Constantinople was intended for the Church of Saint Irene, and in Rome for that of Saint John Lateranus.

Its foundations were laid in 326, on the site of a pagan temple, in the presence of Constantine himself, a few months after his return from the council of Nice. It was a basilica, and its erection occupied ten months. It was dedicated, not to the lady Sophia, the legendary martyred mother of three legendary martyred daughters, Faith, Hope, and Charity, as is sometimes said; nor to the Third Person of the Trinity, as is more commonly believed. It was consecrated to the divine Sophia, or Wisdom of the Logos, or Word of God,—that is, to Christ himself.

Its dedication and name is a result and souvenir of the theologic war which had raged in the council of Nice.



That Constantine ever cast a longing, lingering look back to the paganism he had abjured, I do not believe. He was a Christian rather than a pagan. Still he was a politician more than either. In the struggle of Christian creeds he meant to be found the champion and leader of the winning side. The Arians had just been defeated at Nice. The believers in Christ's oneness and equality with the Father were in the ascendant. So for a time, as long as the great majority were on that side, Constantine was a Trinitarian. Hence the churches which he founded in that first summer day of Orthodoxy were devoted, one to the Wisdom of Christ, and one, the chiefest, to the Peace of God which passeth all understanding.

Thirty-four years afterwards his son Constantius II, unable to rival his father's military successes, and burning with a natural desire to surpass his father's architectural achievements, tore it down and rebuilt it anew, crowning it with a dome of brick. At this, its second consecration, twenty thousand idolaters, converts from paganism, were baptized. When, the following year, Julian the Apostate ascended the throne, the brick dome gave way, and crushed the pulpit and part of the pavement in its fall. The excited Christians reported that this dome was so full of a heavenly spirit that it thus committed suicide rather than exist after the accession of a heathen emperor. A wooden dome, less dangerous and less sensitive to religious error, took its place.

This edifice of Constantius became the Patriarchal Church, and was hallowed by the sermons of Chrysostom. When Chrysostom was deposed and exiled, a fierce fight ensued between his foes and adherents: many persons were killed; the church was burned to the ground. The affectionate devotion of his followers is said to have res-

cued the pulpit and the patriarchal throne from the sacrilegious flames. A throne, asserted to be the very one on which he sat, and a pulpit, believed to be the same from which his sermons were thundered, are now preserved with credulous reverence in the Patriarchal Church at Phanar.

A third structure was erected by Theodosius II and consecrated with special solemnity in 415. Longer-lived than its predecessors, it was the chief Christian temple of the capital during the reign of nine emperors and under fifteen patriarchs.

In 532 broke out the horrible Revolt of the Nika. The flames, first kindled for the sake of plunder, and then kindled anew by the hopeless hate of the defeated party, consumed an untold number of churches, palaces, baths, houses, and public buildings. When at last quiet was restored, the Emperor Justinian beheld from his half-burned palace a broad black belt reaching from the Golden Horn to the Marmora. The greatest grief of the Emperor and of his remorseful subjects is said to have arisen from the fact that the Church of Sancta Sophia, thrice built, was again utterly destroyed.

This church Justinian determined to restore on a scale of magnificence such as the world had never beheld. It should be expiation in stone of his own mistakes and sins as a sovereign. It should commemorate the overthrow of disorder and rebellion, and the pacification of the capital and Empire. In it his own glory should be embodied, and succeeding ages should there behold the enduring monument of his reign. It should preserve as well the memory of his Empress Theodora, whose noble courage had saved his imperilled throne, whose image was stamped with his upon every coin, and whose name



was joined with his in every decree. It should be worthy of them its founders, and — as far as lay in seemingly limitless human resources and in the highest human skill — of the Saviour for whose worship it was designed.

Anthemios of Tralles, the most skilful architect and engineer of the century, the first of the Greeks to utilize the power of steam, — a man, Agathias says, “able to imitate earthquakes and thunderbolts,” — was chosen architect in chief. With him were associated Isidoros of Miletus and Ignatios the restorer of the Augustæum, architects of almost equal ability and fame.

An angel was considered to have revealed the plan of Sancta Sophia to the Emperor in a dream, — not indeed in its entirety and elaborateness of detail, but the one idea, the main conception, which afterwards the architects were to develop and clothe with form. This conception was that of a dome, of the greatest possible diameter, made the segment of the largest possible circle, elevated to a dizzy height and sustained by the least possible support. The revelation did not consist in the mere conception of a dome, — which was no new idea, though afterwards almost monopolized by a single school, but in the most perfect combination of these conditions. Anthemios was to be no mere developer or servile imitator of any system then existent. Byzantine architecture was to spring into its fullest development almost at a bound. Sancta Sophia was “at once the herald and culminator of a new style.”

How wide a dome could be safely built, it was for Anthemios to judge. That question decided, it was next for him to determine the least possible amount of support necessary to maintain it in the air. Until those two prob-

lems were solved, the work could hardly begin. They, however, being once determined, the construction could be pushed on as rapidly as means and material were provided.

Proclamations were sent all over the Empire, announcing the work Justinian had begun, and inviting the co-operation and assistance of the faithful and devout. Patriotism, personal ambition, desire of the Emperor's favor, hope of preferment, everything combined with half-pagan superstition and genuine piety to aid as far as they could. We speak of the Sancta Sophia of Justinian. It is fitting that the great fabric should be peculiarly illustrative of his fame. But it is rather the outcome and creation of a people in its most gilded age. It is rather the burst of a century's enthusiasm than the slow construction of imperial power. In the edifice centred then, as has centred ever since, the whole heart of the Byzantine Empire.

Contributions poured in from Europe, Asia, and Africa, — even from remotest provinces. The rich gave of their abundance. More than one poor widow cast in all that she had. Imperial, national, and private treasures were lavished like water as the work progressed. When earthly resources failed, it was thought that celestial aid was afforded. An angel, disguised as a donkey-boy, — a form in which angels are seldom met, — was reported to have led a string of mules to secret vaults, and to have brought them back with their baskets laden with gold. Justinian, a laborer's tools in his hands, toiled with the workmen. The angelic assistants were as tireless as he. At night, when all were asleep but the watchmen, the walls continued to grow by invisible hands.

Once, when the men were taking their noonday rest,



a man in white raiment suddenly appeared to the boy who watched their tools, and told him to hurry the men back to their work. The boy hesitating to leave his post, the stranger said, "I will stay here till you come back." The boy went on his errand, but before he returned the story was told the Emperor. He declared the man in white to be an angel. He gave the boy much money, and despatched him at once to a distant province of the Empire, binding him under most solemn oaths never to return. The humble classes believe that somewhere around Sancta Sophia the outwitted angel is waiting for that boy.

The new church was to occupy the exact site of the old, but, being far larger, required much additional territory; that, too, in the most elegant and expensive quarter of the city. Part was given gladly by devout proprietors; part was bought at a fair price by the Emperor. But the widow Anna refused to abandon the spot whereon she was born. Neither bribes nor imprecations moved her. At last the Emperor came to her house and besought her for the love of God not to hinder his pious purpose. Moved by his condescension and entreaties, she made a free gift of her property, only stipulating that she should be buried on that very spot, so that on the resurrection morning, arising from the hallowed ground, she might demand and receive an eternal reward. The promise was given and kept. The bones of the widow were laid to rest a few years after at the northeast corner of the building by Justinian himself.

Another proprietor, a cobbler, refused to give up his bit of land. He, however, was ambitious, not of gold, but of honor. Finally he agreed to sell, on condition of having a prominent seat in the Hippodrome and being saluted by

the troops in the same manner as the Emperor. Justinian consented. A most conspicuous seat was assigned this aspirant after distinction, but its back was first turned toward the soldiers and the games. Shouts of derisive laughter mingled with the salutes of the well-trained troops, when the cobbler for the first and only time approached his distinguished seat.

To prepare for the foundations, a surface several hundred feet square was excavated and made level. On this was deposited a layer of cement nearly twenty feet thick. Close by an oratory, with a small pavilion, was built for the Emperor, where he might rest or pray.

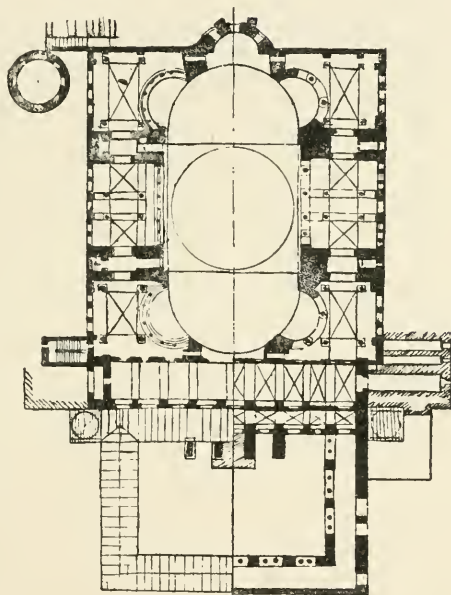
On February 23, 533, Justinian laid the first stone, while bishops swung incense and the Patriarch Epiphanius repeated prayers.

Anthemios believed he could sustain a dome one hundred and eight feet in diameter with an axis of no more than forty-six feet. For its support he built four colossal piers of cubical stone, bound together by iron clamps and faced in marble. To counteract the enormous lateral pressure, two other immense though slightly smaller piers were constructed at both the east and west ends. These were a little nearer each other than were the colossal piers, so the space thus included was a sort of oval. At the same time in both the north and south sides two other piers were built in a straight line with the colossal piers. Hence these four direct supports and the eight lateral supports were arranged most distinctly in form of a Greek cross. At the height of nearly one hundred feet four semi-circular arches sprang from the four colossal piers. On the top of these arches rested the belt or perimeter which served as a base to the circumference of the dome.

It is stated that the only mortar used was made of lime,



powdered brick and shells, and pulverized elm-bark, mixed with warm barley water, which had been boiled till it became a pulp. The brick for the arches were made with special care. On very many were stamped the words 'Η Μεγάλη Ἐκκλησία, the Great Church, by which name, rather than Sancta Sophia, the cathedral has always been commonly called among the Greeks. For the dome small square brick were prepared in Rhodes, of so spongy material that five weighed hardly more than an ordinary brick. On each were stamped in Greek the initials of the verse, "God is in the midst of her. She shall not be moved. God shall help her, and that right early." These brick were placed in layers, which diminished in thickness towards the apex of the dome. On completion of each twelfth layer relics of saints were inserted, and priests intoned prayers and hymns.



PLAN OF SANCTA SOPHIA

It was believed that celestial music cheered the workmen whenever they grew weary. An auspicious dream never failed the Emperor when in doubt as to some perplexing question or detail. Thus when the architects could not agree as to the shape of the apse, an

angel in a vision showed the Emperor that it must be triple, — its present form, — in acknowledgment of the Holy Trinity. The many legends, still affectionately cherished and repeated, “prove,” as says Bayet, “how this gigantic enterprise wrought itself into the popular imagination.”

The church was ready for consecration on December 24, 537. The grand procession started from the Church of Saint Anastasia, and wound its solemn way by the Hippodrome and the Great Palace, through the Augustæum, to the southern door of the inner narthex. There Justinian removed his crown — never so gladly laid aside as then — and placed it in the hands of the Patriarch Menas. Then alone he passed through the central door, and alone advanced as far as the ambon, or pulpit. From a soul full of the completed magnificence, and of bursting gratitude, he uttered the exclamation which will be remembered as long as Sancta Sophia endures, and so loud that they who had not crossed the threshold heard his exultant accents. “Glory to God who has deemed me worthy to accomplish such an undertaking! Solomon, I have conquered thee!” *Σολομὼν, νενίκησά σε*. As he spoke, he was standing close beside a great mosaic wherein Solomon was represented looking round in speechless, wondering admiration.

That day the entire population of the metropolis feasted as guests of the Emperor. Moreover, thirty thousand measures of wheat and several hundred weight of gold were distributed among the poor. On Christmas morning, the church was thrown open to public worship. The thanksgivings and rejoicings continued through fourteen days.

The common statement that seventeen years were occu-



pieced in the erection of Sancta Sophia has been disproved more than once, most forcibly of all by Du Cange. From January 532, to February 533, thirteen months were employed in preparation and in partial accumulation of material. From February 23, 533, when the first stone was put in place, to December 24, 537, four years and ten months were devoted to construction. Hence, in the marvellously brief space of less than six years, the entire fabric had arisen from its ashes, and stood forth majestic and complete. Such rapid achievement would have been impossible had not the pious enthusiasm of the nation equalled that of its Emperor. Saint Peter's at Rome required one hundred and twenty years for building; Saint Paul's in London, thirty-five years; Notre Dame at Paris, seventy-two years; Milan Cathedral, over five hundred years; the Cathedral of Cologne, six hundred and fifteen years; Sancta Sophia, finished centuries before those other venerable Christian temples were begun, not quite six years!

The immensely larger Hippodrome had determined the direction of the Great Palace and of the Augustæum, inasmuch as structural symmetry required that their sides should present parallel lines and not divergent angles. The same architectural law controlled the axis of the church, rising in their vicinity, and overrode the custom of rigid Orthodoxy, which would have pointed its cathedral towards the east. The divergence is  $22\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ ; hence the direction of the church is east southeast and west northwest instead of due east and west.

The length of Sancta Sophia is two hundred and sixty-nine feet, and its breadth is two hundred and forty-three.

Despite many indications given by contemporary writ-

ers, the cost must remain very largely a matter of conjecture. Probably the careful and laborious estimate of the Greek historian, Professor Paparrigopoulos, is near the truth. He reckons the value or cost of ground, material, labor, ornaments, and church utensils, at about 324,000,000 Greek drachmas of to-day, or about 64,000,000 dollars. The common estimate of the cost of Saint Peter's is 240,000,000 francs, or less than 48,000,000 dollars. It must be remembered that no other Christian church has at all approached Sancta Sophia in the variety and preciousness of its marbles, and above all in the prodigal employment of silver, gold, and precious stones in decoration, and for the sacred vessels. The expenditure for Sancta Sophia was doubtless greater than for any other sanctuary ever reared by a Christian people to the glory of their God. No marvel that even imperial and private munificence were inadequate for such outlay. One may almost credit the mournful Zonaras as he laments that even the waterpipes of the aqueducts were melted to obtain lead for covering the roof, that the schools were shut so the salaries of the teachers might be diverted to this one all-ingulfing channel, and that so much money was withdrawn from its ordinary use as to plunge the people "into general ignorance and barbarism."

The contemporary writers, Prokopios and Paulos Silentiarios, seem leading us by the hand as they point out the wonders of the completed church. The other Byzantine writers refer to Sancta Sophia with equal admiring amazement. They specially dilate on its graceful and airy appearance, and upon the brilliant gorgeousness of its interior. They picture it as an immensity of glitter, and dazzle the reader with the floods of light poured through innumerable windows, and reflected from mosaics of color





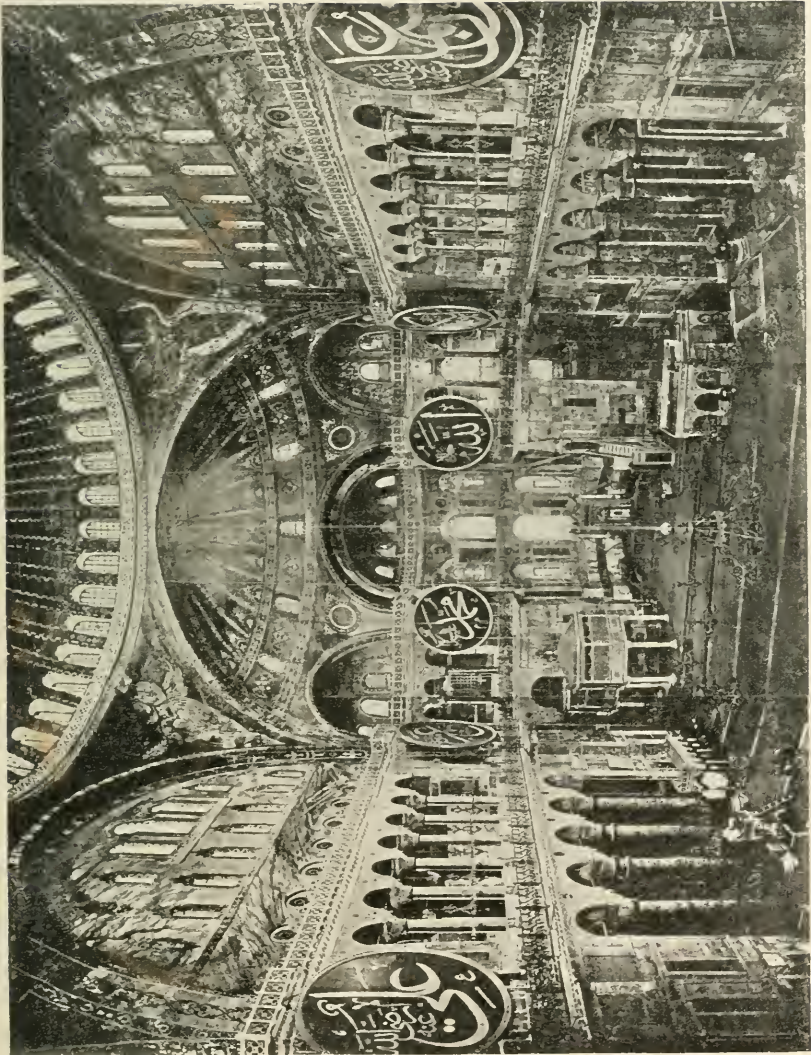
SANCTA SOPHIA

and gold. Prokopios is spell-bound at the dome, which seemed to him "suspended by a chain from heaven." Seven hundred years later, Niketas Choniates calls it "an earthly heaven, a throne of divine magnificence, an image of the firmament created by the Almighty." In the strange fourteenth-century book attributed to Sir John Mandeville it is declared to be "the fairest and noblest church in the world."

The leading modern authorities are no less eulogistic. Sir Gilbert Scott says: "The interior . . . appears to me to be in some respects the noblest which has ever been designed, as it is the most daring. When we consider the whole as clothed with the richest beauties of surface, — its piers incrustated with inlaid marbles of every hue, its arcades of marble gorgeously carved, its domes and vaultings resplendent with gold mosaic interspersed with solemn figures, and its wide-spreading floors rich with marble tessellation, over which the buoyant dome floats self-supported, and seems to sail over you as you move. — I cannot conceive of anything more astonishing, more solemn, and more magnificent." Fergusson is stronger still: "Internally, at least, the verdict seems inevitable that Sancta Sophia is the most perfect and most beautiful church which has yet been erected by any Christian people. When its furniture was complete, the verdict would have been still more strongly in its favor. It may be doubted whether any Christian church exists in any age so beautiful as this marvellous creation of Byzantine art." It is the opinion of Bayet that "there exists not in the history of Christian art a church whose importance is greater." Lübke speaks of Sancta Sophia as "the highest model of all future ages."

These writers, while among the most esteemed authori-





INTERIOR OF SANCTA SOPHIA

ties of the nineteenth century, were, however, architects or art critics: that is, specialists. But it must be acknowledged that the impression produced on the average sight-seer to-day is far different. Most visitors, the first time they enter Sancta Sophia, feel a sense of disappointment that is a shock and almost pain. Now, as to the eager glance of Tournefort: "It appears excessively clumsy outside." Dr. Clarke, professor at Cambridge, England, in 1799 found "its general appearance gloomy," and even the dome exhibiting "much more of a subterranean than of an aerial character." Hobhouse, who saw it rather with the eyes of his travelling companion, Lord Byron, than with his own, exclaims, "In nothing answering to the idea men have of Saint Sophia, it disappoints any sanguine expectation." After the first visit, many a stranger goes away, repeating, unconsciously perhaps, the very words of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu: "Perhaps I am in the wrong, but some Turkish mosques please me better."

It is utterly impossible for us to-day to picture, even faintly, what that temple must have been as Justinian beheld it. All that the power, the wealth, the art, the skill, the devotion of the civilized world could create was there. So it might well gleam and stretch away and soar before his enraptured gaze.

Since then numerous buttresses, great and small, high and low, and buildings of every sort, have been piled around it, and muffle and disfigure its form. The light of many windows has been obstructed, and many others have been closed. Through Mussulman devotion, the mosaic pictures, though preserved, have been covered over, and the crosses and other Christian emblems defaced. The countless priceless ornaments of gold and silver have dis-



appeared. The decorations and ecclesiastical furniture added by the Ottomans are incongruous with and mar the whole architectural design of the edifice. Above all must one remember that Sancta Sophia is centuries older than the sanctuaries with which it is commonly compared, and that it has been worn by the feet and dimmed by the dust



NORTHEASTERN TURKISH GATE TO THE COURT OF SANCTA SOPHIA

of countless throngs of worshippers during more than thirteen hundred and fifty years.

In front of the church of Justinian stretched the atrium, a spacious rectangular court. This was enclosed on three sides by porticos which opened upon it, supported by a row of marble columns and built in brick arches. On the fourth side it connected, by means of five doors, with the exo-narthex of the church. In its centre was

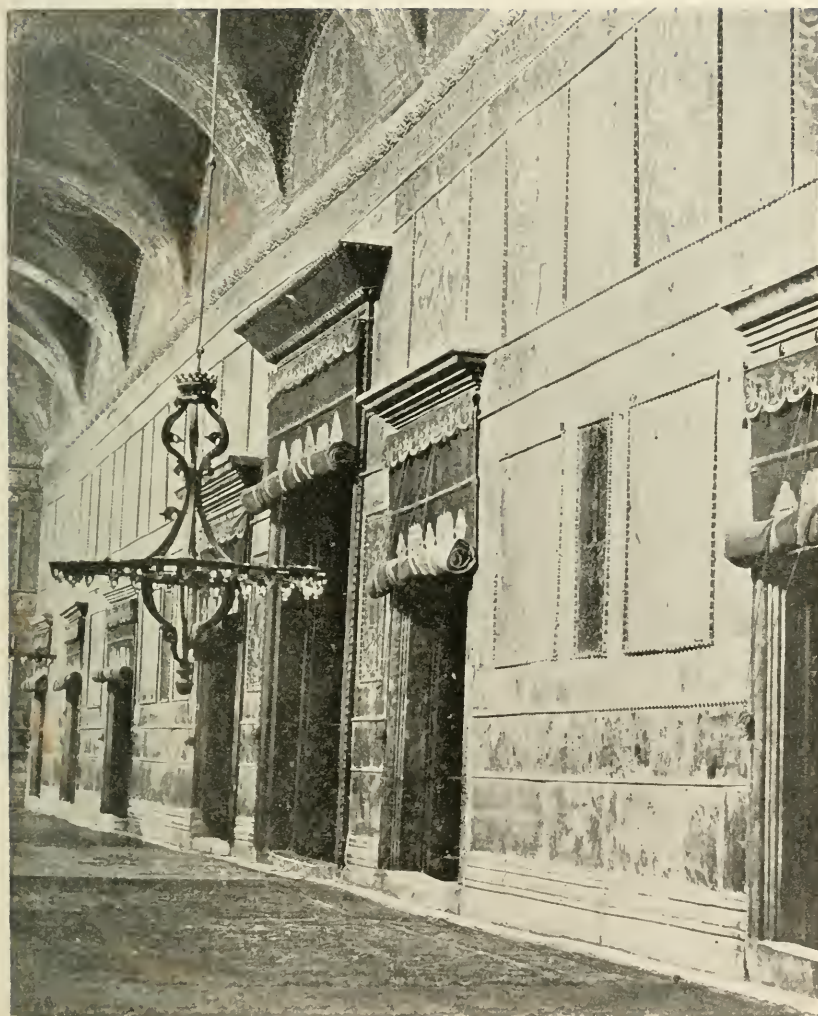
the phiale, an immense basin of running water where the worshippers washed their hands and feet before attending service. Around the rim of the phiale ran one of those curious inscriptions called by the Greeks "crab-like" because it could be read equally from left or right: ΝΙΨΟΝΑΝΟΜΗΜΑΗΜΟΝΑΝΟΨΙΝ, "Wash thy sins, not merely thy countenance." Atrium, phiale, inscription, one after the other long ago disappeared.

The exo-narthex, two hundred and twenty-five feet long and twenty-four feet wide, was exceedingly plain and austere. Here pagans and excommunicated persons might stand, but could advance no farther, entrance to the sanctuary being denied them. By five doors it communicated with the narthex.

The narthex was of the same length, but was thirty-three feet wide. At its south end was the Emperor's vestibule, through which, when making an official or public entry, he came into the narthex, and there leaving his crown and sword, passed thence into the church. At the north end was a similar vestibule, the place of the deaconesses. Thence by a winding, inclined plane the women who wished to worship, and who were not permitted to enter the sanctuary with the men, might ascend to the gallery above, called the gynaikonitis, or women's quarter. Both classes of catechumens, Christians who were expiating post-baptismal sins, and persons not yet admitted to full communion, remained in the narthex. Nine bronze doors, in triple recognition of the Trinity, admitted to the church. The imperial door, wider and higher than the others, was in the middle, directly opposite the apse.

The stone thresholds of the eight less exalted doors are worn deep by the feet of unnumbered millions of human





THE NARTHEX OF SANCTA SOPHIA

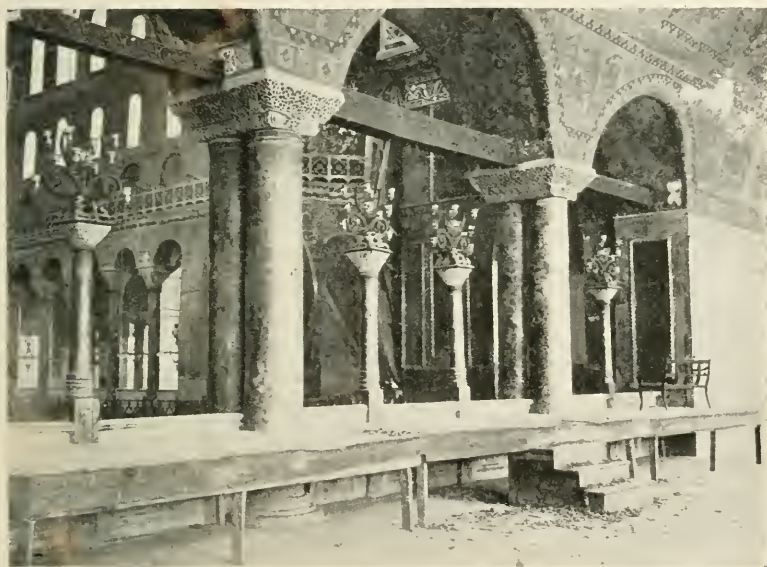
beings, Christian and Moslem, who have passed in to worship. As the stranger enters now through the less-trodden central portal, he may well linger with involuntary pause at the open door. Imagination is to restore the ancient glories, to paint afresh the hidden mosaics, to recall in long procession the imperial crownings, the patriarchal consecrations, the triumphs, funerals, nuptials, that have here had place. Back the soul treads through the worn-out centuries to Justinian and Theodora the restorers, and to Constantine the first founder of Sancta Sophia. All that humanity has been and has seen and done since that first imperial Christian century seems compressed and centred here.

The ponderous Moslem curtain pushed aside and the threshold passed, before him, around him, above him, unfolds the vastitude of space, shut in from the outer world and consecrated as Sancta Sophia. So proportionate are the various dimensions that realization of its vastness does not come as a sudden revelation, but dawns as a gradual growth. Like the apocalyptic city, for ultimate residence wherein Sancta Sophia, like every earthly sanctuary, was to fit mankind, the length and breadth and height of it seem equal. Were the apse less far away, were the apex of the dome less high or the dome itself less wide, were there a narrower vista down which to peer, did a forest of columns in the central plan confuse and obscure the view, the cathedral would at once appear immense. But its proportions grow by gazing. Each dimension at first dwarfs every other, but soon each becomes a factor to magnify the rest.

On the right and left long-drawn aisles, broad as churches, are cut off by colonnades, and are imagined rather than beheld. No numerals can ever picture space.



Figures are cold and shadowy allies, though we must summon them to our aid. The nave — unbroken, unobstructed, open space enclosed in space — is more than one hundred and ten feet in width, terminates in an apse more than two hundred feet distant from the western doors, and is bounded on its heavenward side by the dome which soars



WESTERN OR VISITORS' GALLERY IN SANCTA SOPHIA

one hundred and eighty feet above the marble floor. Lengthier, broader, loftier cathedrals, with arrowy spires and groined and fretted vaults, have been reared in various lands since Anthemios and Isidoros, their labor done, were gathered to their well-earned rest. But among all the Christian sanctuaries of the world there is not another with a nave at once so spacious and so symmetrical as this.

The ethereal dome was and is the unrivalled masterpiece of Sancta Sophia. Forty-five generations of progressive civilization and endeavor have since passed away, but it has never been surpassed or equalled.

The relative degree of architectural perfection among domes may be fairly gauged by the following test: let fall a perpendicular from the summit of the dome to the plane which passes through its base; make this perpendicular the numerator, and make the diameter of the dome the denominator, in the form of a fraction: all other things being equal, the smaller the fraction, the more perfect is the dome. The diameter of the dome of Sancta Sophia is 108 feet; its perpendicular, the distance from its apex to its base, is 46 feet; hence  $\frac{46}{108}$ , or about  $\frac{6}{14}$ , will represent its fraction. The diameter of the dome of Saint Peter's is 139 feet, but its perpendicular is 190 feet; its fraction, therefore, is  $\frac{190}{139}$ , or about  $\frac{9}{4}$ . The diameter of the dome of the Pantheon, now Santa Maria Rotonda, is  $143\frac{1}{2}$  feet, but its perpendicular is the same; hence its fraction is  $\frac{1}{4}$ . So the relative fractions are: Saint Peter's,  $\frac{9}{4}$ ; the Pantheon,  $\frac{1}{4}$ ; Sancta Sophia's,  $\frac{6}{14}$ .

These details are absolutely necessary to a comprehension of that which constitutes the peerless distinction of Sancta Sophia. Those two wider domes, stupendous masterpieces as they are, are eclipsed in beauty as well as daring by that sky-mocking vault which Anthemios threw into the air thirteen hundred and sixty years ago. In Saint Peter's at Rome the dome is complement of the building, and not its major design. There the dome exists for the sake of the building, and not the building for the dome. In Sancta Sophia this is all reversed. Here the dome is the end, and the structure on which it rests is but the means to uphold it and lift it near





STATION OF THE EMPRESS IN THE GYNAIKONITIS

the sky. The dome of Sancta Sophia is the inspired text; all the lower structure — buttresses, walls, carved and chiselled columns — is, after all, only the sermon in stone.

The aisles, called katachoumena, were about fifty feet in height, and so intercepted by the colossal piers as to form

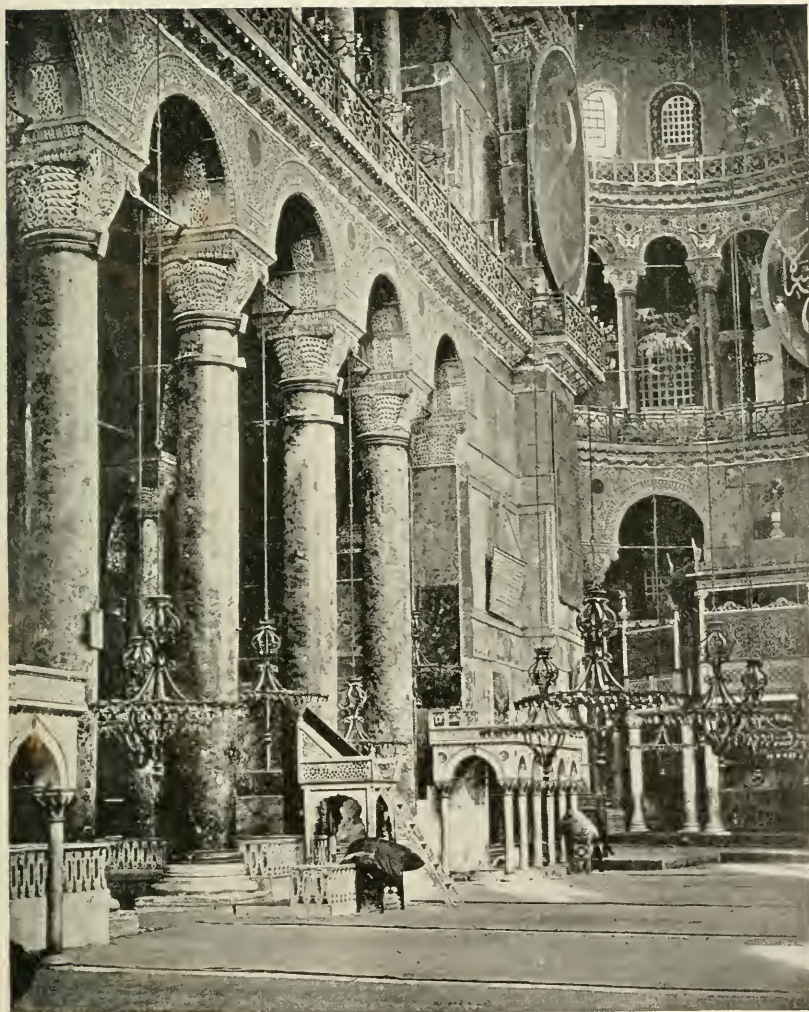


CORNER OF UPPER GALLERY, SANCTA SOPHIA

on each side of the church three chapelled chambers, of which the central was the largest.

Over the exo-narthex and narthex and aisles extended the wide gallery, the gynaikonitis, thus bounding every side save towards the east. Even the Empress had her station here. During the hour of worship no woman might enter below except those esteemed venerable from their vocation or age. Inclined planes, winding in the





NORTHERN ROW OF COLUMNS FROM EPIHESUS

great northern and southern outer piers, conducted from outside the church to the gynaikonitis. They were thus devised that the fair devotees might unseen ascend to their places, and not by their visible presence distract the devotions of the men below. So wide is the passage that — according to a tradition current among the rabble — the Empress always rode in her carriage to the top.

One hundred and seven columns added strength and dignity. Their number afforded a designed but whimsical victory of just one hundred columns to Justinian's temple over the house builded by Wisdom in the Book of Proverbs, for which "she hath hewn out her seven pillars." These columns were richer in association even than in their rarity, beauty, or size. They had been gathered from the most famous temples of the classic world, and were the legacy bequeathed by dead paganism to the rising sanctuary of the new faith. Forty was esteemed an auspicious and imperial number; therefore forty were marshalled on the ground floor. The other sixty-seven were arranged about the gynaikonitis. Though Troy, Cyzicus, Athens, Rome, the Cyclades, and Egypt had representatives among those pillared forms, yet only sixteen can be identified with absolute certainty.

The splendid eight of serpentine — four on each side of the nave beneath the great arches — were sent by Constantius, Prefect of Ephesus, and were esteemed the most magnificent which had awed the worshippers in Diana's Ephesian Temple. The eight of porphyry — arranged in pairs between the colossal piers and the piers on the east and west — were bestowed by the Roman lady, the patrician Marcia. Once they stood in the Temple of the Sun at Balbek. Aurelian, victorious over Queen Zenobia, con-



veyed them to Rome. At last they became the property of Marcia, and were her welcome offering, tendered, as she phrased it in her letter, "for the salvation of my soul." Ἐπερ τῆς ψυχικῆς μου σωτηρίας. The other twenty-four below are of various richest marble, rose-colored, bluish, variegated, yellow, and black with veins of white and brown. The sixty-seven above in the gynaikonitis are smaller in size, but no less rare; forty are of vert antique, twenty of jasper, and seven of granite. Over the history and origin of these last ninety-one the German Salzenburg and other scholars have toiled with conscientious tediousness and inadequate result.

The carving of the capitals is marked by intricacy of detail and elaborateness of design requiring months of labor. Though distinctively Byzantine, Grelôt can find no better descriptive term than "gothicized Greek," and Gibbon sarcastically says "every order of architecture disclaims their fantastic forms." Their numerous monograms are marked by endless variety and ingenuity of device. They are still visible, unimpaired and perfect, in the front and rear of almost every capital on the ground floor, and on thirty-six of the capitals in the gynaikonitis. "Justinian Emperor" is the most frequent formula of all, occurring over fifty times, and "Theodora Augusta" is hardly less often seen. The capital surmounting the most southwest of the columns of Marcia centres peculiar interest. It bears the monogram, "Year of the World 6042, 12th of the Indiction." The Greeks reckon that Christ was born in the year of the world 5508. Hence this capital and column were poised in place in the year 534, and possess the proud distinction of being the first to stand erect while the cathedral rose around them.

Ordinary marbles were disdained for the floors and

walls. Only the rarest known, the most difficult to obtain, the most striking in color and tint, spotted and veined, were sought out in the quarries of the world. Then, from the profusion accumulated at the capital, only the daintiest, choicest, and most perfect were selected. Paulos



SOUTHWEST INTERIOR, THE COLUMN ON THE RIGHT BEING THE FIRST ONE ERECTED IN SANCTA SOPHIA

Silentiarios enumerates them all with a definiteness which bewilders: Egyptian porphyry; rose Phrygian, with bluish and whitish veins; Laconian, green and white; Carian, red, with white and brown lines running through; Lydian, wherein green and yellow were blended; Lybian, bluish and buff; Celtic, black with veins of white; Bos-



poric, white with veins of black; Thessalian, variegated green; Molossian; Proconnesian, — a concourse of quarries, wherein each vied in the proffer of its best. The floor of the narthex and gynaikonitis was laid in immense marble flags. The walls of the colossal piers and aisles were lined to their top with exquisite marble veneering. The floor of the sanctuary was inlaid in such a manner that, seen from the great western, the imperial door, the four rivers of Paradise were revealed "in the thousand dyes of the veined marbles" rolling in undulating waves towards the altar.

In fadeless, incorruptible mosaic was the effort made to set forth the church's imperishable, radiant beauty. Through its minuteness and prodigality of toil, mosaic decoration resembles gobelin tapestry but wrought in stone. Thirty thousand individual tiny cubes are required for the composition of a single yard. Yet, with lavishness of art and labor such as never has been elsewhere beheld, the ceilings of the narthex, dome, semi-domes, vaults, great arches, apses, and the spaces above and between the capitals were one unbroken maze of mosaic of gold and of every hue. The whole of the Old and New Testament story, the life of the Holy Virgin, in contemplation of which the world's filial devotion always loves to linger, the sublime tales of martyrs and saints who had won their crowns and in their footsteps guide the world up to glory, streamed their priceless sermons everywhere on the rapt worshipper. When the sun set, darkness did not always come down on the mighty minster. The flames of six thousand silver lamps, tossed from the sacred, glittering surface, "made the night," Theophanes says, "as brilliant as the day."

Each of the four colossal piers bore the name of the

church father whose holy life was portrayed in mosaic upon it: the southeast was that of Saint Basil; the northeast, of Saint Gregory; the southwest and northwest, of the two Saints Germanos.

The iconostasis shut off the body of the church from the central apse, which contained the bema, or holy place. This iconostasis was a succession of panels, fourteen feet in height, inlaid with gold and divided by twelve heavily gilded pillars. It was covered with the painted figures of Christ, the Holy Virgin, and the saints. Through it three doors admitted to the bema. On the middle door a shield bore the carved monograms of Justinian and Theodora, blended in form of a cross.

In the centre of the bema stood the altar, "marvellous in form," "made of all most precious things which the sea and the earth produce." On it in mosaic was wrought the following prayer: "Thine own from thine own, O Christ, thy servants Justinian and Theodora bring thee, which graciously receive, thou Son and Word of God, who didst become incarnate and wast crucified for us. Keep us in the Orthodox faith, and increase to thine own glory the Empire thou hast intrusted to us, and heed the intercessions of the Holy Mother of God, even the ever-blessed Virgin Mary." The altar was approached and entirely surrounded by three steps covered with gold. It was supported by gold pillars. Whoever, man or woman, in danger of life, grasped one of those pillars, was safe.

Its depressed upper surface, called the Sea, was of beaten gold, studded with precious stones. On it votive offerings, such as imperial crowns, were often placed, prior to being deposited in the definite receptacle in the bema. In 812 Michael I hung heavy embroidered curtains round the



altar. It was in time replaced by one less elaborate and costly, which the Latin Crusaders knocked to pieces in 1204 and shipped to France. Their impious greed was profitless however, inasmuch as in a furious storm the ship conveying the broken altar was wrecked in the Marmora and its cargo lost. A third altar, the gift of Michael VIII in 1262, served until 1453. Mohammed II climbed upon it on the day of Conquest and there made his prayer. It was then removed and destroyed.

Above the altar rose the ciborium, or canopy, supported by silver pillars and surmounted by a sphere of gold one hundred and eighteen pounds in weight, on which stood a cross of purest gold weighing seventy pounds. Around the ciborium hung eight candelabra of solid silver. The crown of Constantine was suspended near. When Isaac Angelos, by a sudden revolution, was made Emperor in 1185, and nothing else was at hand for his coronation, this crown was placed upon his unworthy head. Here, too, was suspended, in a jewel-wrought golden sheath, a disk of Theodosius the Great, on which the Last Supper was chiselled.

East of the altar the synthronon lined the wall. Here were the thrones of the bishops, with that of the Patriarch in the middle, all resplendent with gold.

West of the bema were the soleas and choir, shut off from the main body of the church by a gilded paling. The soleas was set apart for the officiating clergy, and the choir was the place of the readers and chanters. It is said that Justinian at first intended to cover the pavement of the soleas and choir with gold, and that he desisted from fear they might be despoiled by some subsequent emperor.

The ambon, or pulpit, stood on the north side of the nave, a little east of the centre of the church. Built of the rarest marbles, it was profusely adorned with jewels

and gold enamel. Above spread a dome covered with gold plates and embedded with precious stones. Surmounting all was a cross of solid gold. In this spacious ambon the emperors were crowned. It was approached by two gorgeous staircases. The annual revenues of Egypt had been expended in the decoration of the soleas and ambon.

The throne of the Emperor must have fronted the pulpit, though nearer the bema.

The two minor apses, north and south of the main apse, were devoted to the diakonikon and skenophylakion. The former was appropriated to the priests: the latter was the storehouse of the sacerdotal vestments and the sacred utensils. In it was kept an almost incredible number of crosses, chalices, vases, relic shrines, and of all objects employed in the ritual of the church. Most revered were the twenty-four copies of the Gospels, written on parchment, with the highest skill, and enclosed in massive gold cases, — case and Gospel weighing over two hundred pounds.

The words, gold, silver, jewels, precious, rarest, priceless, grow monotonous in describing Sancta Sophia. As in the Jerusalem of Solomon, silver and gold in this temple were as plenteous as stones. As one pores to-day over the amazed descriptions drawn by those who saw Sancta Sophia in its pristine perfection, it seems as if no one feature of it could have been striking or distinct. Nothing anywhere was superior to the rest. Everything everywhere, which by itself might have been esteemed a marvel, was confused with other objects, all equally marvellous.

What and where was the Holy Well, so often and so reverently referred to, are questions which have prompted many a conjecture. Perhaps, as says Du Cange, it was a mosaic near the bema, which pictured Christ seated and



revealing his mission to the perplexed woman of Samaria. Perhaps, as maintains the Patriarch Constantios I, it was an opening still visible in the church, whereon Justinian placed the curb which he had brought from Jacob's well. Perhaps, as thinks Labarte, it was a room, since destroyed, existing formerly outside the church, and connecting with it by a door still seen. Wherever and whatever the Holy Well, the Emperor was wont to prostrate himself before it when about to engage in the public worship of the sanctuary.

In the horologion, near the baptistery, the Emperor sometimes gave an informal audience. This was a hall, which derived its name from a crimson sun-dial which Justin II placed near by. The metatorion was a chamber wherein the Emperor often reposed when exhausted by the lengthy service of the church. The triklinos thomaites was the library, whither a new crowned sovereign usually withdrew after his coronation.

The baptistery was situated outside the southeast corner of the church, near the narthex. Built long before Justinian's day, its escape uninjured from the conflagration of 532 was counted a miracle. It still exists, unmodified in form, and serves as mausoleum of two Ottoman sultans. The lower half a square, the upper half an octagon, it is a miniature Byzantine church. It is surmounted by a dome, and its narthex communicates with Sancta Sophia. The apse on the east and three niches on the other sides give it the marked form of a Byzantine cross. A narrow passage and a stairway in the nearest buttress lead to a small rectangular dome-covered chapel on a level with the gynaikonitis.

In Justinian's day more than a thousand persons were constantly employed in the service of the church. Among

them were a hundred women who sang by fifties in the choir. This blending of gentler voices with the harsher notes of men was most unusual, — Oriental custom to this day requiring that women be silent in the churches. During the following century the host of attendants diminished by almost a half. It then comprised seventy-five door-keepers, twenty-five chanters, one hundred and sixty readers, seventy sub-deacons, forty deaconesses, one hundred and fifty deacons, and eighty presbyters. In the eleventh and twelfth centuries — that momentous period of the Dukai and Komnenoi — the liturgy was celebrated almost daily, although at first only on Saturdays, Sundays, and the great festivals. Justinian had set apart eleven thousand shops, the entire income of which was devoted to the support of the cathedral. Moreover, many Christians bequeathed it legacies in their wills. Yet in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries a formal service was seldom held, since the pathetic penury of the Empire found it difficult to provide tapers and oil.

For more than twenty years the entire fabric defied natural convulsions, and required neither buttressing nor repairs. Then on May 5, 558, an earthquake threw down the eastern portion of the dome and semi-dome, and by their fall the ambon and ciborium were dashed in pieces. A new dome was constructed by the younger Isidoros, a nephew of the associate of Anthemios. There seems no sufficient reason to doubt that this dome, still existing, is an exact reproduction of the one it replaced. The engineers asserted that the first dome gave way because, in Justinian's eagerness to see his church complete, the framework had been removed before the masonry had time to harden. So now the framework was undisturbed for above a year. Then the floor of the church was flooded



several feet deep with water, and the timbers were let fall one by one. Thus it was thought the jar would be less than if they were removed in any other way.

The church was again dedicated on December 24, 562, just quarter of a century after its proudest inaugural day. Of the original chief actors at that first consecration, all but one were gone. The saintly Patriarch Menas had died. His successor, Eutychios, soon to be deposed for heresy, presided at the dedicatory rites. Anthemios, Ignatios, and the elder Isidoros, were dead. The faithful Theodora had been for fourteen years only a memory cherished by her husband, whose devotion death and time were powerless to affect. Justinian alone remained,—a bowed, trembling, weary old man of seventy-nine. His impetuous spirit, like his blood, had cooled with age. The restoration of the dome cost him almost as many years as the church's erection.

Through the next three hundred years the cathedral seemed impregnable to decay. The earthquake of January 9, 867, rent the walls in many places. The four enormous buttresses, which equally disfigure and support the church on the north and south, were then piled against it by the Macedonian Basil I. The western semi-dome gave way in 975. Its restoration and other important repairs then undertaken occupied five years. Scarcely were these completed when another portion of the dome fell down in October, 986. Romanos III, in the eleventh century, barbarously gilded all the capitals of the columns. The Patriarch John VII, just a generation later, rendered a more useful service by cleansing and restoring all the mosaics.

The northeastern portion seeming insecure, Andronikos II built four unequal and unsightly buttresses against the

eastern wall. Nevertheless, the central apse partially came down twenty-eight years afterwards, dragging the eastern semi-dome in common ruin. Simeon the Proud, of Russia, and his nobles sought to have their humble part in the restoration of the Byzantine temple. Though harassed by the Tartars of the Golden Horde, who had almost crushed Russia under their iron sway, the Russians, despite their poverty, got together a generous sum, and sent it southward, with the prayer that it be laid on the blessed altar of Sancta Sophia. But the usurping Emperor John VI embezzled the pious offering, and spent it all in payment of the Turkish mercenaries who constituted the larger part of his rebel army. The rightful Emperor, John V, was at last firmly seated on his throne, and at once undertook the last restoration of the church made by a Christian emperor.

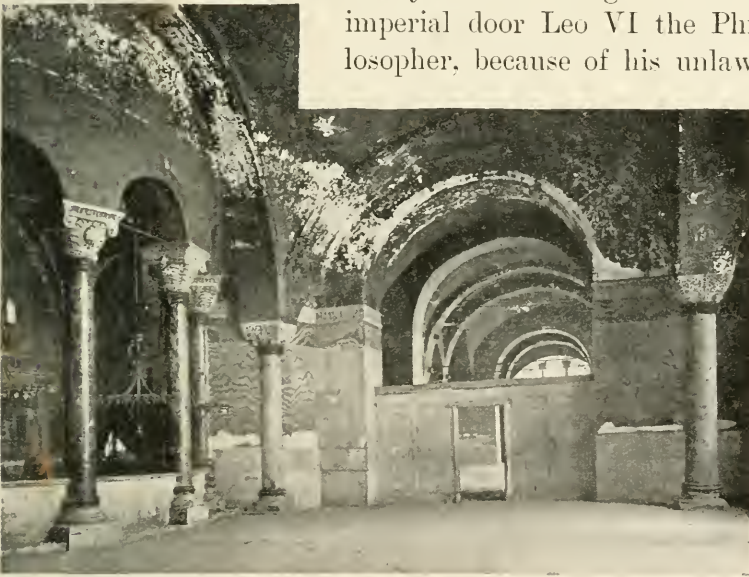
The church has never, before or since, been in so pitiable condition as just before the Ottoman Conquest. It and the Empire had grown old together. It was a question which would outlast the other, the feeble, dying Empire, or the decaying church.

The historical importance of Sancta Sophia is almost boundless. No other church in any land, no other structure reared in any age by human genius, has held so large a place in a nation's life. "In its name is centred the entire duration of Byzantine history." The Cathedral of Rheims, Notre Dame, Westminster Abbey, Saint Peter's, the Parthenon, tenanted and crowded as they are by thrilling associations, evoke not so countless memories. This is the official sanctuary of an Empire wherein Church and State were one, and which through more than eleven hundred years was the heir and equal of Rome. Up its nave and aisles swept the pageantry of monarch and pontiff —



baptismal, nuptial, triumphal, funeral — through the reign of sixty-eight successive emperors, and under one hundred and six successive patriarchs.

Here in his gilded chamber Heraklios I was told of the first victory just won by sectaries of a then unknown Arabian prophet over Christian troops. Towards the eastern apse dethroned sovereigns and convicted traitors, seeking the only asylum which sacrilege dared not invade, madly fled for refuge. At the imperial door Leo VI the Philosopher, because of his unlaw-



THE ECUMENICAL COUNCIL-CHAMBER

ful marriage, was denied admittance by the indignant Patriarch, and compelled to go away in shame. In the walled-off portion of the gynaikonitis, shut apart for the solemn convocation by a marble barrier, Ecumenical Councils have been held: its recesses seem echoing even yet with the hot eloquence of Photios, and the wran-

gling of Greek and Latin bishops over the procession of the Holy Spirit and the rival claims of Rome and Constantinople.

There beside the Ephesian columns stood, in 987, the pagan envoys of the Russian Vladimir, who had been sent over the world "in search of the true religion." The resplendent majesty of the temple, the venerable files of priests in gorgeous sacerdotal robes, the celestial chanting of the choir, the mounting clouds of incense, the reverent hush of bending thousands, all the mystery of an unknown and sense-subduing ritual bore captive the untutored minds of those rustic children of the North. As their historian Karamsin declares, "This temple seemed to them the abode of Almighty God himself, where he manifested his glory direct to mortal eyes."

So the envoys went back to their Slavonian Prince, and told their story in the following words: "We knew not if we were not already in heaven. Verily, on earth one could never find such riches and such magnificence. We can only believe that one was surely in the presence of God, and that the worship of all other countries is there by far surpassed." Vladimir accepted the narration and the faith of his envoys. He was baptized as the spiritual son of the Emperors Basil II and Constantine IX, and was soon close bound to them by bonds of marriage as the wedded husband of their sister the Princess Anna. Vladimir and the Russians ever since, grateful that from Constantinople they had received the boon of their holy faith, cling to the great Mother Church and their Christian coreligionists with filial and fraternal fidelity. Beneath the sceptre of the Czar the worship is the same to-day as that which carried captive the envoys in Sancta Sophia.



On July 16, 1054, while the church was thronged by the Orthodox clergy and people, Cardinal Humbert and two other Latin bishops, legates of the Pope, walked steadily up the nave till they reached the altar in the holy place. Then, standing under the colossal mosaic picture of the meek-eyed Christ, whose arms were stretched in blessing, they laid upon the altar the papal excommunication of the Orthodox Eastern Church, and the anathema against the seven deadly heresies of the Greeks, devoting them and all who shared their doctrines "to the eternal society of the devil and his angels." Then "they strode out, shaking the dust from their feet, and crying, 'Let God see and judge.'" Thus the seamless robe was rent; the hitherto undivided Christian Church was torn in twain, and has never since been reunited. The Protestant may ill determine or appreciate the rights and wrongs of the contending parties, — of Michael Keroularios the Patriarch, or of Leo IX. the Pope; the points at issue, so vast to them, may appear trivial and of almost microscopic littleness to-day. But it may be doubted if any act more disastrous to Europe, and above all to Eastern Christianity, was ever performed than this on which the silent walls of Sancta Sophia looked down. Well may Mathas, Bishop of Thera, exclaim: "Unutterably frightful have been the consequences of this schism."

Here, on Easter morning, in April, 1204, the warriors of the Fourth Crusade, red-handed from their conquest of the city, caroused and feasted. A courtesan, seated on the patriarchal throne, sang obscene songs in nasal tones to mock the chanting of the Greeks. Meanwhile the drunken soldiers indulged in nameless orgies with women of the street, and the fane resounded with their indecent and Satanic glee. In derision the consecrated

bread and wine were mixed with blood and dung. Meanwhile strings of beasts of burden were driven in, covered with priestly robes and loaded with plunder. The shocked and sorrowing Pope Innocent III reproached the Crusaders with bitter words, and declared that "the Greek Church would see in the Latins only treason and works of darkness, and loathe them like dogs." The undying memory of those deeds lingers among the Greek inhabitants of Constantinople to this day. So it is not strange that, when the death-throes of the Byzantine Empire had begun, many a fanatic Greek looked with equal aversion upon a doctrine or a soldier from the West.

On May 26, 1204, Baldwin, Count of Flanders and Hainault, having been tossed in Teutonic fashion upon the shield, was crowned in Sancta Sophia first Latin Emperor of the East. Twelve months afterwards the cathedral afforded a splendid sepulchre to the remains of Dandolo, the Doge of Venice, the real brain of the Fourth Crusade. It was he who prostituted its piety to mere material advantage, and drowned remembrance of its earlier, loftier aim — recovery of the Holy Tomb and the Holy Land — in the conquest and sack of a Christian capital. Though dying at the age of ninety-seven, his physical and mental powers continued unabated to the last.

A few months later the cathedral doors swung open, as the portal of a mighty tomb, to receive a gentler and more appealing tenant. Mary, the bride of Baldwin, had remained at home when her just-wedded husband departed on his wars. Romantic and loving, she had besought in vain that she might go with him and share his dangers. Afterwards she had embarked for Constantinople, that she might share his throne. Her ship, driven from its course,



was wrecked in Palestine. Only after weary wanderings and fearful experiences did she reach the capital. No husband was there to greet the worn-out wife. Baldwin, made prisoner in battle by Joannice, King of the Bulgarians, had been put to death, and his skull, lined with gold, was serving as a drinking-cup to his savage conqueror. Hopeless and broken-hearted, nothing was left the wanderer save to sicken and die. The pathos of her story redeems some of the coarser horrors of the Fourth Crusade, and makes it meet that she should rest at last within that most regal pile where she had dreamed of being crowned by her husband's hands.

Not a vestige can be discovered of the tomb of Mary. Ramnusi and Le Beau assert that the marble mausoleum of Dandolo remained in place until Mohammed II transformed the church into a mosque. Then the sword, spurs, helmet, and breastplate of the great commander were given by the Sultan to the Venetian artist Bellini, and were bestowed by him on the Doge's descendants. Near a window in the south side of the gynaikonitis may be seen in the pavement a marble slab, on which are cut in almost obliterated characters the name Henricus Dandolo.

On December 12, 1452, Constantine XIII in Sancta Sophia proclaimed the union of the Eastern and Western Churches by his official acceptance of the doctrines and supremacy of Rome. Cardinal Isidore, Legate of Pope Nicholas V, officiated at the altar according to the Roman ritual, and the submission of Orthodoxy seemed complete. In consequence of this act, which the Greeks deemed apostasy and sacrilege, the cathedral was looked upon as defiled, and was abandoned by the people till on the day of Conquest they again thronged it in their mad despair.

There is nothing more pathetic in the long, troubled annals of the Eastern Empire than the night before its glorious fall. On May 28, 1453, an hour before midnight, Constantine came once more to Sancta Sophia. The sacrament was administered, but by Romish hands, to him and to his immortal band, as to the dying. He knew, and so did each in that silent company, that if they were faithful unto death, the sands of their earthly life had less than twenty-four hours to run. No hope of victory then flickered in that solemn scene. No less grand was it than Leonidas and the Spartans at Thermopylæ. All equal in that crucial hour, the Emperor, that he might be absolved by all, begged the forgiveness of any whom in his brief reign he might have unwittingly wronged. The mail-clad men were not ashamed to weep, and their answering sobs alone broke the stillness. Then the last Byzantine Emperor crossed the threshold that for centuries no Christian sovereign was to tread.

“The rite is o’er. The band of brethren part,  
Once, and but once, to meet on earth again;  
Each, in the strength of a collected heart,  
To dare what man may dare, and know ’t is vain!  
The rite is o’er; and thou, majestic fane,  
The glory is departed from thy brow!  
Be clothed with dust! the Christian’s farewell strain  
Hath died within these walls; thy Cross must bow.  
Thy kingly tombs be spoiled, the golden shrines laid low.”

On the following day Sancta Sophia was packed with a throng such as it had never seen before. Not that the concourse was more vast, but a common agony filled the souls of all. Some were indeed clinging to the ancient legend that when a victorious enemy reached the Column of Constantine an angel would place a flaming sword in

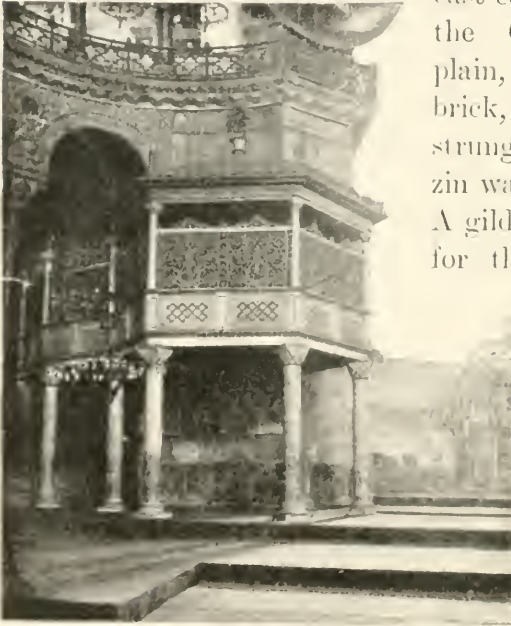


the hand of a little child, who forthwith would drive back the invaders. The Ottomans beat open the doors of the southern vestibule, whereon may still be seen the marks of their impatient violence. The crowded mob of refugees, paralyzed with horror, offered no resistance. No blood was shed, either of conquered or conqueror. No violence was used. The half-dead captives—ascetic monk, and maiden on whose veiled face the sun had hardly shone, high-born lady and kitchen scullion, patrician and beggar—were bound together in couples, and driven forth in long files to be sold as slaves.

Meanwhile Mohammed II was riding in pomp and triumph from Adrianople Gate direct to Sancta Sophia. On foot, "about the ninth hour," he entered the narthex by the south door. On the threshold of the sanctuary he paused and cried, "God is the light of the heaven and the earth." Then he ordered an imam to ascend the patriarchal pulpit and intone the Ezann, which, when pronounced for the first time in a conquered church, is the Mussulman *Te Deum Laudamus*. So the high notes rang out in the melodious voice of the Ottoman priest: "God Most High! God Most High! God Most High! God Most High! I declare there is no God but God! I declare there is no God but God! I declare that Mohammed is the prophet of God! I declare that Mohammed is the prophet of God! Come to the temple of salvation! Come to the temple of salvation! Great God! Great God! There is no God but God!" As the sublime cadence, "*La ilah 'i il 'Allah*," died away, the Conqueror climbed the altar, and bowed himself in prayer.

This was on Tuesday. On the following Friday, the sacred day of the Moslems, the church was more formally consecrated to the faith of the Prophet. With all possible

speed whatever emblemized Christianity or served in Christian worship was destroyed or concealed. In the apse, a little to the right of the broken altar, the mihrab was set in direct line with Mecca and the Kaaba towards which all Moslems pray. The bell, the gift of Venice, was taken down from the low square belfry, and towards the south-



THE TRIBUNE OF THE SULTAN, THE  
MAFIL-I-HUMAYOUN

east corner of the mosque the Conqueror built a plain, massive minaret of brick, whence the high-strung voice of the muezzin was to call to prayer. A gilded, latticed chamber for the Sultan — mafil-i-humayoun — and a high, steep pulpit — minber — for the Imam were at once constructed. Meanwhile, within and without, from the rounded summit of its dome to its foundation stones, the build-

ing was washed with rosewater. This was not so much designed to purify from grime and dirt as from the defilement caused by centuries of Christian worship.

Bayezid II erected a lofty marble minaret at the north-east corner. The simple minaret of his father, which reached only to the base of the dome, he raised to the same altitude as his own. In 1571 the overwhelming



naval defeat of Lepanto stunned the Ottoman Empire. Selim II believed that his sins were the immediate cause of this disaster. In consequence, to expiate his impiety, he erected the two graceful minarets on the west, but in no way modified his scandalous manner of life.

Gradually buildings of every sort have sprung up around the mosque. The earliest built were the library and college, erected in 1454 by the Conqueror. Though many, subsequently added, are necessary annexes for the convenience of servants and officials, or philanthropic and humane establishments, yet, confusing and distorting the entire central form, they seem like architectural fungi.

The sultans have shown as much solicitude for the preservation of Sancta Sophia as did their predecessors the emperors. The oft-shattered eastern semi-dome, thrown down by earthquake, was rebuilt by Mourad III in 1575. The same Sultan undertook thorough renovation of the mosque, as had also done his great ancestors, Mohammed II and Souleïman I. But the most important of all was that accomplished by Sultan Abd-ul Medjid. This occupied more than two years, involved an expenditure of over 1,500,000 dollars, and was performed in the most satisfactory manner by the Italian architects, the Fossatis. Every part was tested, and whatever lacked was supplied. A framework of iron girders was wrought in throughout. Each mosaic was laid bare, carefully cleansed and restored, and then as carefully covered over. When all was complete, Sultan Abd-ul Medjid, on July 13, 1849, performed his devotions in the renovated mosque, and afterwards, with his accustomed munificence, rewarded whoever had any part in its renewal. A commemorative gold medal was struck, bearing on one side the picture of the mosque, and on the other the toughra, or seal of the Sultan.

During the repairs, an event of peculiar and solemn interest occurred in Sancta Sophia. The story, I think, has never been told in print before; nor, with safety to those concerned, could it have been narrated till the last participant was dead. One day in 1848 only Christian workmen and a few Christian lookers-on — among them a village priest — were present in the mosque. A mason on the scaffolding of the gallery leaned too far, and, falling



VILLAGE GREEK PRIEST

to the pavement, was instantly killed. As his comrades were lifting him in their arms to bear him outside, one of them whispered, "Why do we carry him out like a dog? Let us give him his funeral here like a Christian." The priest consented. In low, hurried tones — for it was prison or exile, or even death, for all concerned if the affair were known — he began and completed the sublime ritual of the dead. There were no lighted candles, no clouds of

incense, no waving crosses, no chanting choir, no robed mourners, no costumed clergy; only a country priest in threadbare and patched attire, and the humblest of workmen. He around whose form they bent, though now touched with the mighty majesty of death, only a brief space before had been as lowly and as ignorant as themselves. Yet to what Byzantine Emperor were ever tendered obsequies so memorable as these? The echoes, to which the walls and dome seemed to vibrate, had been voiceless since 1453. That hasty, sudden burial to which



the dead man was borne is to be reckoned among the most thrilling funerals that ever passed on earth. That final prayer, *Κύριε, ἐλέησόν με*, "Lord, have mercy upon me," ascending from the lips of the priest, floated heavenward for him from within that sacred sanctuary to which, despite its centuries of alienation, each Christian heart must warm as to its own.

The Ottomans regard Sancta Sophia with the utmost reverence. Therein they but follow the example of the illustrious Conqueror, whose eager steps first turned hither after his hard-won victory, and whose first official act in his blood-bought capital was its conversion into a mosque. Alone of all churches submitted to Islam, it retains its Christian name, the Aya Sofia of the Moslems being but the literal rendering of the *Ἁγία Σοφία* of the Greeks. As fit accompaniment of its grandeur, in formal mention the word *Kebir* is always added, signifying the Great.

Countless Mussulman myths and legends cluster round it. In common belief there is, beneath the adamantine cement on which its foundations rest, a broad, thick layer of solid gold, fastened here immovably by the wizard power of Solomon, and chosen from among the treasures brought him by the Queen of Sheba. On midnight before Easter many Moslems have heard resurrection chants and triumphal hymns, and have been even blinded by the light of burning candles reflected from the walls. He who first gropes in on Easter morning finds the marble floor beneath the Turkish carpet covered with the shells of innumerable Easter eggs. No earthquake may rend or shake its walls, which offer an asylum, impregnable not only to danger, but to disease. The dome will exist eternally, for the mortar in which its bricks were laid was mixed with sand from Mecca, with water from the Holy Well of Zemzem,

whence Hagar quenched the thirst of the dying Ishmael, and with the Prophet's blessed saliva. Elijah daily performs his devotions under the exact centre of the dome, and, though invisible to common eyes and impalpable to common hands, has been seen and recognized and touched by holy men. By its mysterious influence miracles are wrought on whoever at the predestined moment turns towards the mihrab and prays with a pure heart. Thus heart disease has been often cured, a shattered intellect made whole, and a lost memory restored. One will never be shipwrecked, nor will he ever encounter a violent storm at sea, if he has rubbed his hands against the southern door, which is made of wood from Noah's Ark, and if, meantime, he repeated two prayers for himself, and another for the peaceful repose of Noah's soul. The Christians confess their ignorance when they state that in the pendentives of the dome are set the mosaic forms of the six-winged archangels, — Gabriel, Michael, Azrael, and Raphael, — their faces since the Conquest hidden behind a gilded star. Those figures are really gigantic bats, thrust into the most prominent position to ward off the evil eye. In former days, when the church was vacant, they talked with each other in human voices, and predicted coming events. They have been silent ever since the birth of the Prophet. In comparison, there remained nothing to foretell. The Prophet had been born! What was there more to say?

Yet, though Aya Sofia be the foremost mosque of the capital, and though its sheik rank in Moslem hierarchy second only to the sheik of Al Haram in Mecca, the Ottomans regard it rather with the pride of conquest than with affection. They love better many a less regal mosque, founded by their own sultans, and reared by their own



people. Despite all their efforts to transform Sancta Sophia, its Christian characteristics can be effaced only by its own destruction. Its structural form has always resisted the requirements of the Moslem ritual. It resembles a mighty captive, ever mutely protesting against his chains. The long rows of prayer carpets stretch in diagonal lines, inharmonious, across the floor, and the devotees, facing Mecca, are forced to bend in an unnatural direction towards the corner of the church.

Furthermore, the two distinctive triumphal symbols, connected with the pulpit, are a perpetual reminder to its occupants that, though the mosque is theirs, it is not of them. From the platform, where its preacher stands, hang the two green silken flags, significant of the victory of Islam over its parent faiths, Judaism and Christianity. Every Friday, as its venerable sheik climbs the steep pulpit steps to preach his weekly sermon, he bears in his right hand an unsheathed sword as reminder of the manner in which Sancta Sophia was won. So, would the Moslem forget the long past of the church, he cannot, for the flags and the sword are there.

During centuries non-Moslems were jealously denied admittance to Aya Sofia. The real reason for this exclusion is given by Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, who says it had been so long the chief of Christian churches that perhaps "Christians might profane it with their prayers." The Crimean War, in 1854-5, broke down many a barrier of Eastern reserve, and since then the ground floor, and often the gallery, have been accessible on payment of a fee.

The exo-narthex is hardly used save as a receptacle of rubbish and mosque utensils; most of its doors are closed.

Non-Moslem visitors generally approach the narthex through the northern vestibule, this entrance being less conspicuous and more humble. In the vault above the door are mosaic portraits of Constantine and Justinian.



THE MUSLIMAN PULPIT

invisible behind thick layers of paint. The Moslems commonly enter the narthex through the southern or imperial vestibule, thus following the footsteps of their fathers, who broke in at this very spot four hundred and forty-two



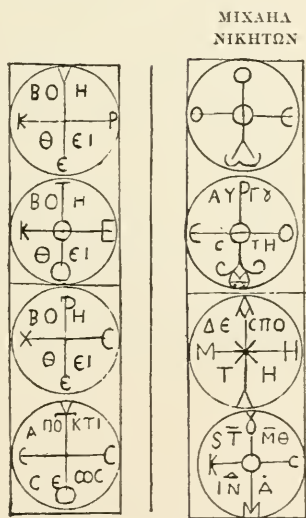
years ago. On the bronze panels of the mutilated door are these monograms, of exceeding and pathetic beauty:

Lord, help	Theophilos.
Mother of God, help	the Augusta Theodora.
Christ, help	the Emperor Michael.
Year of the Creation	of the World 6349, and of the Indiction 4.

Hence this inscription dates from 841 A. D. Well might the sick and worn-out Emperor Theophilos eternize in Sancta Sophia his dying prayer for Theodora, so soon to be a widow, and for their helpless infant Michael, already weighted with the heavy name of Emperor. Above the left-hand panel the words "Theophilos and" have disappeared, but over the right panel "Michael Conquerors" still remains.

Along the walls of the narthex the crosses, with their chipped-off arms, appeal piteously to the stranger, but the glittering gold mosaic ceiling shines down with something of its early splendor. Before each of the nine doors admitting to the sanctuary hangs a canvas curtain, and on each curtain is worked the Mussulman creed: "There is no God but God, and Mohammed is the Prophet of God."

In the brazen lintel over the central door an open book is chiselled, wherein may be read these passages from the tenth chapter of Saint John's Gospel: "The Lord said, I am the door of the sheep. By me if any man enter, he



MONOGRAMS ON THE SOUTH-  
WESTERN DOOR

shall be saved, and shall come in and go out and find pasture." Still higher above the cornice one perceives a large mosaic, which at first appears dim and shadowy, and only gradually becomes distinct. The Christ, his head surrounded by the cruciferous nimbus, is seated upon his throne. His right hand, always merciful, is extended in benediction. His left hand grasps the Gospel, is



THE ENTHRONED CHRIST

open to the words: "Peace be unto you. I am the light of the world." On the right and left are medallions of the Holy Virgin and of the Archangel Michael. Lower in the scene, to the left, a crowned Emperor, prostrate on his knees and arms, but with suppliant hands, looks beseechingly toward the Saviour. This humble monarch is, doubtless, Basil II, the soldier invincible in battle, and the mosaic dates from the year 981.

The marble floor of the church is visible only on the rare occasions when matting and carpets are removed for



cleansing. It has been broken and ground into innumerable fragments under the heel of time. Discolored, uneven, in places entirely gone, the story that once billowy waves were represented in its dingy surface, or that richness and beauty were visible in its material, seems a myth.

The sultans have been constant and lavish in their gifts. Tokens of their remembrance are on every side. The prodigious chandelier, suspended from the centre of the dome, was the offering of Achmet III, and took the place of the enormous gilded sphere hung there by Mohammed II. The great oval urns of alabaster, far to the right and left of the main entrance, were sent from Marmora by Mourad III, and can each contain over two hundred and fifty gallons of water. The present marble pulpit, with its carvings delicate and intricate as lace, was given by Mourad IV, and made still more beautiful by Mahmoud II. The chamber of the Sultan, resting on its seven marble pillars, embodies the elegant and luxurious taste of Sultan Abd-ul Medjid. The two mammoth candlesticks, flanking the mihrab, were brought by Souleïman I from a church in Hungary. But to individualize is to enumerate all the sultans.

The mastabah, or platform set apart for the devotions of the attendants of the mosque, occupies the spot where anciently stood the Byzantine throne. On the north, between the Ephesian columns, is a second, an unpretentious pulpit, whence instruction in the Koran is given daily. Scattered along the nave and aisles are the cushions and koran-stands of Mussulman doctors of theology. Towards the east two green curtains from the Kaaba are pendent from the piers. In this incongruous company two eight-day clocks from omnipresent England regulate the time.

The Moslem artists, to whom portrayal of any living object is forbidden, are of necessity calligraphists rather than painters. Involved and suggestive calligraphy affords almost the only field for their dexterity and skill. So the walls of Aya Sofia are adorned with these masterpieces of their art.

Eight immense flaunting disks, high up upon the sides, immortalize the cunning hand of Ibrahim Effendi, unequalled in his craft, who inscribed them in 1650. They were regilded in 1848. Some of the letters are twenty-eight feet in length. On the disk farthest east on the right of the mihrab is written, "Allah, infinite is His greatness;" and on the left of the mihrab, "Mohammed, peace be upon him." The remaining six bear the revered names of the four perfect Caliphs, Aboubekir, Omar, Othman, and Ali, and of Hassan and Houssein, the ill-fated sons of the last Caliph. Worked in with the name of each is the reverent declaration, "God is pleased with him." Under the disk of Othman is the exhortation, "Hasten to prayer before the hour be past;" to which that under the disk of Ali replies, "Hasten to repent before death comes."

Around the mihrab is wrought the fatihat-ul-kitab, that grand first chapter of the Koran, which reads not only as the supplication of Islam, but as the outpouring to God of all humanity: "Praise to God, Sovereign of the Universe, the Clement, the Compassionate, Sovereign at the Day of Judgment. It is Thou whom we adore. It is Thou of whom we implore the aid. Direct us in the narrow path, in the path of those whom Thou hast heaped with Thy benefits, of those who have in no way incurred Thy wrath, and who go not astray. Amen."

Most of the inscriptions are of narrower range, limited by the bounds of an exclusive faith. Above the mihrab:



“There is no God but God, and Mohammed is the Prophet of God. The temples are God’s; therefore call not upon any other God.” Over the nearest window: “God hath spoken. May He be blessed and exalted. Bow unto God and worship.” In the large square frame on the right of the mihrab: “There is no God but God. He is my Lord, and the Lord of the worlds, and Mohammed is my Prophet. The blessing and peace of God be upon him.” Another close by: “O Lord, allow us to enter Paradise through Mohammed. Peace be upon him.” Another: “In God alone is my confidence.” Another is couched in the familiar words, true in all schools and ages, “The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom.”

The long, complex tracery upon the dome, above the forty-four windows which stream into the sanctuary the effulgence of the sun, is a monument of appropriateness as well as of calligraphic skill: “In the name of God, the Merciful, the Compassionate. God is the light of the heaven and the earth. His light is in Himself, and therefore is not like that of the morning star, nor that which shines through glass, nor that which is derived from the olive-tree.”

But the phlegmatic Ottomans descant with greater zest on four objects of legendary wonder than on the masterly Arabic inscriptions, which, after all, only a very few among the *habitués* of the mosque can read.

One is the Shining Stone, which came from Persia. This is a bit of translucent marble in the west side of the gallery. In times of national prosperity and triumph, when shone upon by the sun, it transmits rays of dazzling brilliancy. But whenever disaster impends upon the Empire or the faith, then, however cloudless the skies and however blinding the sun, it remains black and opaque.

No mortal eye has ever seen it darkened, though Ottoman armies have sometimes been defeated and the Moslem power has seemed shrinking or broken. Thus the Stone, always shining, has proved to the simple and believing that, however it might appear, the real strength and victory was with them.

Another marvel is the Sweating Column, the most northwest of the columns on the ground floor. This exudes a moisture which is a panacea in every disease. The finger of the sick is thrust into an aperture in the column, which is partially protected by a brazen plate. The degree of moisture emitted depends, not upon the nature of the disease, but upon the holiness of the patient. To some the marble remains wholly dry, while the finger of a saintlier invalid may drip with water. Though even the saintliest may die immediately after, it is always from some other malady than that for which he sought the healing contact of the stone.

The third is the Cold Window, the most northeast but one on the northern side. There, even in the sultriest heat or during the dead sirocco, a refreshing north wind blows. Close to this spot, in the days of the Conqueror, the Sheik Akshemseddin expounded the Koran, and himself created the breeze, which has been unceasing since.

Last and most manifest of all is the rude outline of a left hand on the southeast colossal pier. Here the Conqueror, seated upon his steed, steadied himself with his hand against the wall while shouting the Moslem creed, and on the plastic marble left his impress forever. Its great height above the floor is due to the piles of slain on which his warhorse stood with unstable footing.

All these four marvels, so vast on the horizon of Moslem eyes, can evoke at most but a pitying, silent smile in Sancta Sophia.



But in the prostituted church the Christian, weary of Arabic inscriptions and Ottoman traditions, grows heart-sick and hungry for something that is his. The ever-present architectural grandeur and invisible memories of the past are not enough. Let him ascend the southern gallery, and gaze from among the six colonnaded columns towards the vaulted ceiling above the five windows of the central apse. Gradually in the dim, half-veiled surface he discerns the mosaic form of a colossal Christ. The hair, the forehead, the mild eyes of the Saviour may be traced, and the indistinct outline of his form. The right hand, gentle

“as when

In love and in meekness he moved among men,”

is extended still in unutterable blessing, and in its comprehensive reach seems to embrace the stranger. Within the shadow one feels Christ is keeping watch above his own.

As one now makes the outer circuit of Sancta Sophia, his eyes fall on much which Justinian never saw. The dome, still in place, though depressed on its southwestern side, arouses his admiration; but the burnished cross upon its summit is replaced by the crescent. This crescent is hardly noticeable at a few furlongs' distance, though one imaginative guide-book says it is “one hundred and fifty feet in diameter,” and another, with equal power of fancy, describes it as “visible a hundred miles out at sea,” and as “seen from the top of the Bithynian Olympus glittering in the sunshine!”

Upon the great shell of the cathedral, buttresses and later buildings crowd like fungi. Even the luxurious minarets of Selim II on the west are partly hidden by more recent structures piled around their base. An extensive

yard, uneven and irregularly paved, occupies the site of the ancient atrium. But below the nine upper windows the wistful eye is gladdened by the sight of twenty-seven Greek crosses, carved on the outer face, which have escaped the hammer of the Ottomans.

As one follows the street on the north, a high wall permits only a partial view. A descending narrow passage ends at the deaconesses' vestibule of the narthex.

At the northeastern corner, entering the Turkish gate under its ample Oriental awning, one has before him a



SOUTHEASTERN ENTRANCE TO SANCTA SOPHIA

paved enclosure. On the right are Ottoman magazines and shops. On the left is the round, thick-walled building, perhaps older than Sancta Sophia, since the Conquest pierced with windows, now serving the purpose of a storehouse, its original design an enigma unsolved and puzzled over by Lethaby and Swainson, as by all their predecessors.

Only on the eastern side does the edifice, or rather the frontage of buttresses, touch the street. The private entrance of the Sultan is on the left of the minaret erected by Sultan Bayezid II. A public



entrance is farther south, on the right of the minaret raised by the Conqueror. This is flanked on either side by triple columns. The two outer are of porphyry, with doves carved at the corners of the capitals, and a scroll bearing the cross between. Close to the street are gigantic capitals, one unfinished, the other with the monogram



TURBEH OF SULTAN SELIM II

of Theodore, perhaps the consul and pretor who erected the propylaia of the Senate in 409.

On the south the mosque is bordered by the sombre enclosure where are grouped the high turbehs with rounded tops, the mausoleums of the sultans. Farthest east is the octagon of Mohammed III. Near the Sultan sleeps his wife, Khandann Sultana, the mother of

Achmet I. Nine children of the latter and seventeen of Mourad III keep them company.

Next is the turbek of Selim II, marked by its florid architecture and exquisite tiling, an octagon in a square. The rich columns of the portico are of jasper and vert



MOURAD III

antique. Beside the Sultan is his favorite wife, Nourban Sultana. Under the same roof lie his three daughters; also the five sons, — Mohammed, Souleïman, Moustapha, Djeanghir, and Abdullah, — all bow-strung in that same dreadful night by their brother Mourad III on his accession. Here, too, are the remains of twenty-one

daughters and of thirteen sons of their brother and murderer.

The hexagonal turbek of Mourad III contains his catafalque, and that of his favorite wife, Safiyeh Sultana, a Venetian lady, known to her compatriots as Baffa. Forty-three children of the Sultan, one son of Achmet I, five of Mohammed III, and three of Sultan Ibrahim, share the turbek.



The turbeh of the Shahzadeh is by far the smallest of all, and the most southwest. It is built over four sons and a daughter of Mourad III, to whom the overcrowded mausoleums of their kin could afford no place.

The ancient baptistery has itself become a sepulchre. Immediately after the Conquest it was made the oil magazine of the mosque. When the deposed Moustapha I died



THE BAPTISTERY AND TURBEHS

suddenly, in 1622. — the only sovereign for whom the Ottoman historians find no word of praise, — and there was no spot available in which to bury him, the oil vessels were huddled out, the baptistery made a tomb, and the remains of the Sultan hurried in. On his right is the catafalque of Sultan Ibrahim. Around them are gathered thirteen other members of the reigning family.

So in these mausoleums, under the sacred shadow of Sancta Sophia, are brought together the remains of five sultans, of three sultanas, and of one hundred and forty children of sultans, all of whom died in the space of seventy-four years, between 1574 and 1648. One hundred and two of the throng were the children of Mourad III, whose offspring rivalled but did not equal in number the progeny cast upon the world by a German sovereign of the eighteenth century, Augustus II the Strong, of Saxony. Mohammed III put to death his nineteen brothers on the day he ascended the throne. Their coffins were ranged around the bier of their common father, Mourad III, and the funeral rites of the dead Sultan and the slaughtered princes celebrated together with profoundest solemnity and pomp. When Mohammed III died, eight years later, at the close of an evil reign, over the entrance to his turbeh were inscribed the words, which still remain there, "God Almighty hath said everything perisheth except mercy and judgment, and they return to thee."

Nevertheless these sepulchres, crowded with Ottoman dead, and the crescent upon the dome, and the mihrab in the wall, are not the most forceful demonstration that Islam now reigns triumphant and undisputed in this arch-cathedral of Christianity. That is afforded every night during the month of Ramazan. Then thousands of lighted lamps twinkle through the vastitude of the building, which they cannot illumine. The host of Moslem worshippers, shoulder to shoulder, close together, bow and kneel and rise and stretch their hands in perfect martial unison over the densely crowded floor. With the abstraction of beings from another world, and in a silence of the dead, as if impelled by a single soul, they perform their devotions. The simultaneous rustle of their robes



in the utter stillness resounds like the roll of distant thunder. Altogether it is the most awe-inspiring religious ceremony which one can anywhere behold. With an incisive distinctness, equalled at no other hour, every attendant detail proclaims Sancta Sophia a mosque.

## THE WALLS OF CONSTANTINOPLE



THE walls of Constantinople are at once the most picturesque and the most majestic of all her ancient remains. Kindly Nature has striven her utmost to hide the wear and ravage of time, and has clothed their battered forms with wonderful beauty.

Up the lofty towers, and over the crenellated battlements, wild vines everywhere drape their pitying mantle with that perfect grace which only artless Nature can attain. Nowhere does the world present a lovelier, more entrancing spectacle than that which stretches on in the mighty distance, and unfolds before the enraptured eye, as one follows the wall from the Marmora to the Golden Horn.

Yet æsthetic charm and interest are almost forgotten in the profounder emotions which those venerable and gigantic piles excite. Here are combined the stateliness of material power and the grandest works of human achievement, saddening in their overwhelming desolation, and haunted by solemn and undying memories. The walls embrace and centre all the martial past of the capital. The densely peopled triangle they enclose has been more coveted and fought for than any other spot on earth by rival chiefs and empires; but the walls have been the barrier at which the seemingly resistless waves of conquest and invasion have been stayed. At their base have



fallen in fight a more mixed and more numerous multitude than have died in assault of any other city save Jerusalem or Rome. The fleets and hosts which have besieged the city, following one another like returning tides, have each branded on the walls its fierce autograph in fire and blood. Patriotism and fanaticism, monopolies of no one age or faith, have here wrought their sternest prodigies in attack and defence. Creeds and races in indiscriminate confusion have, through more than two thousand years, upon this altar offered their hecatombs of sacrifice. There is not one of the ninety-five landward towers in which does not lurk some tale, or many tales, of heroism, or loyalty, or treason, or despair. There is not one of the seven landward gates whose portal has not swung open wide for processions of triumphal pageantry, of exalted grief, of churchly pomp, or of military expedition. Nor are the lowlier seaward walls and gates, or those on the Golden Horn, inferior in association. Thick as the leaves of ivy, festooning crevice and niche and broken parapet, are the legends and traditions and true tales that enwrap the walls.

On them are affixed the only imperial memorials which remain in place. The heroons are levelled with the dust. Not a single sarcophagus retains the ashes or preserves the name of its imperial occupant. But the white marble zones, belted high up on wall and tower, still project their uneffaced inscriptions: the pompous eulogies therein contained are the only epitaphs those long-dead sovereigns possess. Those prodigious piles, useless centuries ago, torn by earthquake and rent by war, are the Byzantine emperors' fitting monument.

But it is their own history which the walls best crystallize in their brick and stone and mortar. Each century

indicates itself by its peculiar structural form and style. Even the careless passer-by recognizes the stamp of successive epochs. Here a walled-up gate is mutely eloquent of the imminent attack. There a gate still open reveals in its gradually diminishing proportions how the Empire and the power of resistance shrank. Here a tower, torn asunder from top to bottom, seems quivering even yet from the convulsive shock of earthquake. There another, tumbled piecemeal on the ground, tells where the cannon-ball, a thousand pounds in weight, or the battering-ram has smitten. Here a hasty jumble of cobble-stones and soft fifteenth-century mortar shows where the sleepless garrison patched up the breach hurriedly and by night. There the mortar, more tenacious than the crumbled brick or the disintegrated rock, reveals the earlier, more perfect masonry of the fifth century, — an age in Western Europe filled with barbarian tumult and invasion, but in Constantinople a time of comparative peace.

The walls of ancient Byzantium, like Byzantium itself, are only a tradition and a name. Of them no remains exist. But their history is the roll-call of the chieftains who most shaped the destinies of the classic city. They were built by Byzas, rebuilt by the Spartan Pausanias, almost destroyed by Philip of Macedon, restored by the Byzantine general Leo, demolished to the foundation stone by the Roman Severus, and, when re-erected, served as an ineffectual rampart against the assaults of Constantine.

The walls of mediæval Constantinople consist of three distinct sections : that on the west, or landward side ; that on the Marmora, or seaward side ; and that on the Golden Horn. Each section constitutes a side of that mural triangle which bounded and enclosed the mediæval city. These sections differ widely in the date of their erection,



their structure and subsequent history, their present condition and appearance, and even in the sentiments they evoke.

#### THE WALL ON THE MARMORA

THE wall on the Marmora was begun by Constantine when he founded Constantinople. He heightened and strengthened the eastern wall of Byzantium, and prolonged it to the Gate of Saint Emilianos, the southwest limit of his city. Thrown down by earthquake within seventy years, it was rebuilt by Arcadius, whose son Theodosius II extended it still farther to the present southwest extremity of the capital. In the fifth century, during the wars with Carthage and the Vandals, it was thoroughly repaired by Leo the Great. It was made much higher by Tiberios III when the city was menaced by the Tartars of the Crimea two hundred years afterwards. In preparation for the imminent Arab attack, it was again restored by Leo III at the beginning of the eighth century. In the ninth century Theophilos, who was engaged in constant war with the Persians and Saracens, rebuilt and raised it higher still. His name appears more frequently on the towers than that of any other Emperor. Greatly damaged by the Marmora in a furious storm, it was partially rebuilt by Basil I; so thorough was his work that no repairs were necessary during the next three hundred years. Manuel I Komnenos in the twelfth century, Michael VIII and Andronikos II in the thirteenth, and the Grand Duke Apokaukos in the fourteenth, expended large sums in its restoration. In the frightful earthquake of 1509, which destroyed more than a thousand houses and over a hundred mosques, it

was thrown down in many places, and the Marmora flooded the southern streets of the city.

Its complete renovation required the work of fifteen thousand laborers during two months, and was celebrated by a festival which continued three days, during which the common people received food on the silver plate of Sultan Bayezid II. In 1635 Sultan Mourad IV had the entire wall repaired for his triumphal entry after a victorious campaign in Persia. It was also made "dazzling as snow" with whitewash, at the expense of the persons whose houses adjoined. Since then a great part of the wall has been demolished, and the rest given over to neglect and decay.

Seen from inside the city, the seaward wall arouses comparatively little interest or pleasure. The refugees who swarmed hither from Bulgaria during the Russo-Turkish War in 1877-8 have wedged their miserable shanties close against it, and thereby at many points have concealed the ruins and prevented close approach. Foul odors from these unclean dwellings, and from neighboring heaps of filth of every sort, repel the visitor, and are horribly suggestive of cholera and the plague.

But gazed at from the Marmora, it presents often a weird and always a delightful and enchanting spectacle. To the lover of the romantic and old, a caïque ride on the transparent waters of the Marmora, close to the seaward wall, affords a marvellous excursion. It should be made only when the north wind blows and the bright sun shines. The long contour, fringing the sea, is here snowy white, there grim and gray with the touch of centuries. Here it utterly disappears, leaving only the pebbly shore; there it resurrects itself, perfect and entire, with unmutated tower and parapet. All the odors, so noxious from



the inside, are lost in the fresh air of the sea. Gentle ripples bathe the time-worn base like memories. Reminiscence, imagination, æsthetic sense, are in constant tension while one glides over what seem enchanted waves.

The starting-place is the northeastern corner of Seraglio Point. Here stood the Gate of Saint Barbara, a martyred Christian maiden, whose venerated remains were enshrined in the adjacent church. When in 999 Giovanni Orsoli, son of the Doge of Venice, and his wife Maria, visited Constantinople, the Emperor Constantine IX bestowed on them the precious but grewsome gift of the maiden's shrivelled body. They carried it to Venice, where it now adorns and sanctifies the ducal church of Santi Giovanni e Paolo. Under the Ottomans the gate became Top Kapou, the Cannon Gate. Here discharges of artillery always announced the birth of a prince, the accession of a sultan, an Ottoman victory, and the chief festivals of the faith. On the quay, bounding the sandy slope and now occupying the site of gate and wall, the ill-starred Sultan Abd-ul Aziz was landed on that stormy 30th of May, 1876, which saw him deposed and a prisoner. Here, an hour later, his boat was followed by twenty barges crowded by trembling Oriental beauties who had shared his throne and were partners in his fall.

Farther south are the scanty ruins of Mermer Kiosk, the Marble Pavilion, wherein the great Mahmoud II loved to pass hours of dalliance. The wall again begins, pierced by the Ottoman gate, Djeirmen Kapou. Near by, a narrow, half-hidden opening, high over a buttress of masonry, indicates the wooden slide down which many a fair unfortunate, sewed up in the fatal sack, was launched into the water. Farther on are the meagre remains of Indjili

Kiosk, the Pavilion of the Pearl, built for the ferocious Selim I by his beloved Vizir Yusuph Pasha. In the rear is the Holy Fountain of the Saviour, sole memorial of the famous church.

The wall crosses the filled-up site of the Harbor of Boucoleon, where the emperors embarked in their gilded galleys on days of state, or for excursions up the Bosphorus. The Gate of the Protovestiary, through which they passed with their gorgeous retinue, is seen in the arch, now closed with masonry, and is known among the Ottomans by the plebeian name of Balouk Khaneh Kapon, the Gate of the Fish-house. Next is Achor Kapou, the Straw Gate,—as thereby stores were formerly brought to the Sultan's stables,—but anciently called by the Greeks the Gate of Odeghetria, as once belonging to the renowned Monastery of the Theotokos the Odeghetria. From its quay deposed grand vizirs departed to their places of exile, consoled for the loss of office by the fact that they still retained their heads.

Farther west is the ancient Iron Gate, now Tchatladi Kapon. Through it on their arrival from Rome were carried in triumph the huge porphyry drums which were to compose Constantine's yet standing column. On the marble foundations, flanking the gate on either side, are still heaped the *débris* of Byzantine palaces; that on the left is the early home of Justinian and Theodora. Numerous elaborate capitals and columns in piled confusion peer above the water, or are visible far down in the pellucid depths.

Beyond the walled-up ancient Lion's Gate the massive masonry of Mourad IV shuts in the historic Sophian Harbor. Marble slabs and pillars, chaste and carved, each one with a past, are mixed in by the contemptuous Sultan





THE ARMENIAN PATRIARCH NERSES

with common earth and stone. In this harbor was fought the desperate sea-battle which resulted in the deposition of the tyrant Phokas and raised Heraklios to the throne. A monastery was erected on the bank in 809, and dedicated to Saint Lazarus. Afterwards it was used as a quarantine hospital; and the name of lazaretto was in consequence applied to like philanthropic institutions in other lands. In 1462 Mohammed II constructed dock-



THE SOUTHEAST SEA WALL

yards in the harbor, and made it the chief station of his galleys. On its western side, in Byzantine days, stood the marvellous hollow tower in whose foundations great tubes, like the pipes of an organ, had been laid. "Whenever the south wind blew violently, and the waves beat against the shore, the air rushed from above with tremendous force into the tubes, and produced such thunderous music as astounded the ears of all." Opposite was the twin Tower of Leo and Alexios, torn down only fourteen



years ago, which echoed back the music in magnificent response. In the harbor rendezvoused the Byzantine fleet when setting out on some distant expedition. As the ships got under way, "the musicians would seek to imitate with their instruments the reverberations from the towers."

Now the harbor is without water or music. The dockyards were abandoned in 1515; it became a muddy bed, and was finally filled up by order of Mourad IV. The Ottoman writers state that an immense but disabled imperial galley, painted the sacred green, was not removed, but was covered over with earth. The place is now a dreary plain, dotted with silent Ottoman houses, and called *Quadrige Liman*, the Galley Harbor. The southern portion, however, bears the distinctive name of *Djindji Liman*, the Harbor of the Wizard. It was given by Sultan Ibrahim to his favorite juggler, to whose sage advice the Sultan, when despairing of offspring, attributed the birth of his son and successor Mohammed IV.

Next one passes the tiny bay and promontory of *Koum Kapou*, the Sand Gate, or Gate of *Konto-Scala*, beyond which is the Armenian Patriarchate. Here the broken line of slimy, blackened rocks indicates the long mole constructed by Michael VIII after he had driven out the Latins. Here the credulous *Pachymeres* states that the same Michael sought to deepen his favorite harbor by throwing in vast quantities of quicksilver, either to wear away the shallows or to attract the water. — a story just as credible as the tales of vinegar poured on the Alps by Hannibal. The wretched structure of the wall from this point, as far as *Yeni Kapou*, the New Gate, indicates the haste with which it was repaired in some dire necessity.

The fortifications beyond disappear. Even the foundations, built over by the crowded dwellings of a populous quarter, defy discovery. The great rocks, whose rounded surface rises above the water, were piled in by the emperors to break the resistless violence of the waves. Though the sea is here so calm and still when the north wind blows, yet if its direction changes to the south the waves roar and roll against the land like ocean billows. Often, in a southern storm, they thunder over the tops of the highest towers, and deluge the land inside. The shore, which here turns abruptly southward, and perpendicular to the course thus far pursued, was anciently lined with the pleasure houses and simple retreats of the Byzantine nobility. Shielded from rough blasts and open to the sun, sequestered yet upon the sea, here was their refuge from the stiff ceremonials of state and of fashionable life. Seekers after simple pleasures love it still. A continuous tier of cafés, built like nests upon piles driven into the water, replace the aristocratic Byzantine cottages, and are always thronged by a listless, dreamy crowd.

Still farther south and west, beyond Yeni Mahalleh, or the New Village, three periods of construction are superposed. The lower portion of the wall is the work of Constantine. Above is a superstructure of ten centuries later. This in turn is surmounted by an unbroken row of modern houses, which rest upon the summit of the wall as their dizzy base. The fortifications now skirt the immense vegetable garden of the Vlanga Bostan, which occupies the filled-up site of the ancient Theodosian Harbor, and which an inner wall of an earlier period entirely surrounds. Here the Lycus used to empty in its proud days as a river, and now, having become the city sewer, dribbles into the Marmora through a covered drain. At Daoud



Pasha Kapou, the ancient Gate of Saint Emilianos, ends the southern boundary of the city as it was traced by Constantine.

The wall from this point is of different character, resembling in material and style, though not in grandeur, that bounding the city on the west. The quantity of marble fragments, of every shape and size, brought from earlier and often pagan structures, are for some distance no longer seen. Instead are great square bricks, of such admirable make that they have disintegrated less than the stone or marble. Along Bostan Yeri portions of wall and modern dwellings alternate. At the Greek quarter of Psamatia the wall recedes inland, and houses are built between it and the sea. The ancient gate stands on lower ground than the Roumelian Railway track, which runs outside.

Beyond a breakwater, Narli Kapou, the Pomegranate Gate, is reached, to this day called in proud distinction by the Greeks the Ancient Gate. This was the prized possession of the renowned Monastery of the Studium. Here, with ceremonious dignity, the grave brotherhood annually received the Emperor.

Again the wall changes in appearance, and, supported by formidable buttresses, climbs up higher ground. Below, along the sea, lie immense masses of masonry, which earthquakes have hurled down in piteous confusion. Side by side and parallel in the wall, below the tree-clad slope of Sekyz Aghatch, are forty-two great marble columns, which must have stood together in some imposing but long-forgotten edifice. Inland is seen the colossal circular outline of Yedi Kouleh, the Seven Towers, dominating the extreme southern section of the city, and to the west the imperial landing-place of the Springs.

Terminating the sea wall, marking Constantinople's southern apex, rises, or rather seems to soar, Mermer Kouleh, the Marble Tower. Less than forty feet square at the base, it lifts its dazzling shaft of the whitest marble blocks almost a hundred feet into the sky. Nothing else so exquisitely beautiful adorns the long circuit of the walls. Of snowy purity, of ethereal proportions, surrounded on three sides by water, it seems emerging like Venus from the sea.

#### THE WALL ON THE GOLDEN HORN

No wall existed upon the Golden Horn during the first five centuries after Constantine. A huge chain, supported upon floats, stretched from the Acropolis of Saint Demetrius, now Seraglio Point, to a tower in Galata, on the opposite shore. This chain, of enormous strength and watchfully defended, effectually closed the entrance and defied the attack of any hostile fleet. In all the numerous sieges which the capital endured by land and sea, only once did the enemy succeed in breaking through the chain. In 1203 the soldiers of the Fourth Crusade heavily loaded a war-vessel with stone, and fastened to the prow an enormous pair of shears, which opened and shut by means of a powerful machine. The vessel, manned by the ablest rowers, and propelled moreover by a high north wind, was driven with the utmost momentum against the chain. At the same moment the great shears closed upon it. One link snapped asunder, and the hitherto invincible iron barrier dropped on either side into the sea. Replaced by the Greeks after the expulsion of the Latins, it baffled all the efforts of Mohammed II and of his three hundred

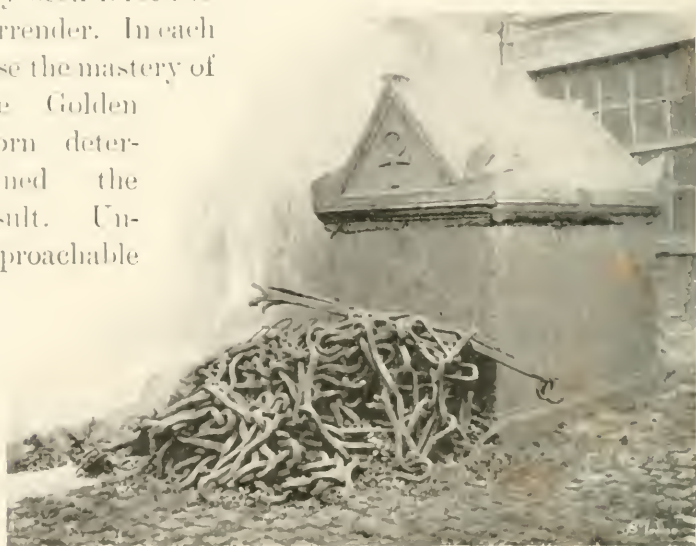




THE MARBLE TOWER

and sixty war-ships to penetrate the harbor. Only after all other attempts had failed did he devise the ingenious but ignominious expedient of transporting his galleys four miles overland.

Since the foundation of Constantinople, only on these two occasions has a foreign force obtained possession of the Golden Horn. Thereupon, but at no other time, has the city been forced to surrender. In each case the mastery of the Golden Horn determined the result. Unapproachable



THE CHAIN FORMERLY CLOSING THE GOLDEN HORN

from the Marmora, impregnable from the land, Constantinople was an Achilles among the cities, and vulnerable only at a single point. At that point she met her fate.

The Emperor Theophilus, who died in 842, erected along the Golden Horn the fortifications which preceding sovereigns had neglected or disdained to build. His towers were less lofty and his wall less thick than that upon the



sea. Nor was there need of equal strength and height; for the northern side of the city was not exposed to the terrific violence of the Marmora lashed by a southern storm, and the chain was still regarded as sufficient protection. Michael VIII, on whom devolved the arduous but glorious task of repairing the ravages of the Crusaders, restored the wall to more than its former strength. It was patched with careful but parsimonious vigilance by Constantine XIII in his hopeless preparations for the final siege. Since then it has been allowed to crumble in contemptuous decay. Here, it has served as a common quarry; there, it has been a perch whereon the meanest and cheapest human habitations have been poised. The quays now in process of construction along the Golden Horn will cause the demolition of much that still remains; and the stones hacked from Theophilus' ineffectual rampart will be used in the pavement of the street.

The wall was originally built close to the water's edge. Gradually the land has encroached upon the receding harbor, specially during the last one hundred years, and now extensive tracts lie outside the fortifications, and are occupied by tenements and magazines. But when the English tourist, Sir George Wheeler, visited Constantinople, no longer ago than 1675, he wrote, "In many places there is not room to pass between the square towers that jut out from it (the wall) and the sea."

The Golden Horn wall enjoys less charm of association and landscape than does that which confronts the Marmora. It pursues a devious, uncertain course, generally westward, having always close to its northern or outer side a crooked, narrow Oriental street. Jostled by the swarming crowd, deafened by incessant and piercing cries, stumbling over broken pavements, through pits of mud

and hordes of snarling or dozing dogs, the tourist or the student, as he pursues his tortuous way, grows more anxious to preserve his own present than to reconstitute the city's past.

The starting-place is again the northeastern corner of Seraglio Point, but this time one proceeds in a westerly direction. During the first part of the way almost nothing is visible of the wall. Even Eastern enterprise and traffic, however sluggish, deal more harshly with old-time ruins than does the Ottoman or war. The railway on the left, over which one may be whirled back to Western Europe, and the quay upon the right, where navies discharge their goods, have swept or are sweeping from their path almost everything that was linked with the old-time past, but is of no modern use. Long after a locality is transformed the old titles linger, but they are only meaningless, unsubstantial names.

Near the starting-point once stood the Gate of Eugenius, that opulent and favored senator who came with Constantine from Rome. After the Conquest it was called Yali Kiosk Kapon, Gate of the Mansion Pavilion, from an elegant summer house which the tireless nonagenarian Grand Vizir, Sinan Pasha, built for his almost worshipped master, Mourad III. It was destroyed by fire in 1861.

The dismantled wall crosses the site of the Bosphorion, the famous neorion, or harbor, of ancient Byzantium. The name was changed to Phosphorion, the Place of the Light-bearer, when the meteor of torch-bearing Hecate roused the garrison to repel the night attack of the Macedonian Philip, three hundred and forty years before Christ. On the bank, close to the water, the Byzantines raised that colossal statue, made immortal by the eloquence of Demosthenes, which represented the cities of Perinthos and



Byzantium crowning their ally and deliverer Athens. When Constantinople was founded, that entire classic harbor was converted into land. The Roumelian Railway Station occupies a portion of its site. The traveller buys his ticket direct to Paris or Vienna, and takes his seat in the railway train behind the screaming locomotive, on the very spot where almost twenty-three centuries ago the allied fleet of the Byzantines and Athenians floated under the command of the patriot Phocion.

Not a vestige can be discerned of the ancient Gate of Neorion, the Baghtehh Kapou of the Ottomans, which stood on the western side of the filled-up harbor. But to the spot attaches imperishable interest. It was the last fragment of the Byzantine Empire to fall under Ottoman sway. A tower, now demolished, but then adjacent to the gate, was garrisoned during the final siege by volunteers from a Cretan galley. After all resistance elsewhere had ceased, they refused to surrender, and obstinately fought on for hours. The Conqueror, honoring courage even in a foe, ordered that they should be permitted to depart with the honors of war.

Farther on, here and there a shapeless remnant of a tower, or a jagged fragment of the wall may be distinguished, but always in a degraded and melancholy state. Then the line, almost imaginary, since so little is left of the fortifications one endeavors to trace, traverses the dirtiest, busiest, and most crowded section of the city. On the left it passes the stately Yeni Valideh Djami, the New Mosque of the Sultan's Mother, occupying with its cascaded roof the centre of the ancient ghetto of the Jews. Thence they were expelled by order of the government in 1589. On the right is the tumultuous bridge which crosses the Golden Horn from Stamboul to Galata, always heaving

from sunrise to sunset with counter-tides of humanity, and swelling the revenues of the Valideh, of whom it is the private possession.

The Gate of Perama, or the Crossing, was just beyond, so called because boats from Galata here landed their passengers. Its name among the Ottomans was Balouk Bazar Kapou. The name has clung to the place, though the spacious portal it designated long since disappeared. Appropriated to the fishmongers by Constantine, it has continued from his day to this the largest and best-stocked fish-market of the East. During forty-five successive generations of mankind the seventy fish species of the Bosphorus, each in its season, have been exposed here in daily sale.

That market left behind, one scrambles on over a slimy, oily, slippery pavement, where the mud splashes in driest summer, and the foulest odors mingle in a combined stench more nauseating than any individual smell. The right of way seems the monopoly of the humans, — human beasts of burden, — who with vociferous cries of “Vardar!” “Vardar!” — Take care! Take care! — warn pedestrians from the path. Often eight totter along together, transporting an entire bullock-skin, which, filled with oil, exudes grease from every hairy pore. And the porters seem as heavy footed and as stolid-minded as the dead brute whose distended skin they carry. The shops a little farther on are gay from top to bottom, during Easter week, with millions of crimson and gilded Easter eggs. When Yemische, the Fruit Bazaar, is reached, the sight of its antiquated, romantic roof, and its luscious stores of every fruit the East produces, and the perfumes they exhale in one commingled fragrance, more than reward the patience and the toil with which one has come thus far.



Portions of the wall and the posts are standing at Zindan Kapou, the Prison Gate, but the arch is gone. Close by is the Debtors' Prison, wherein, when no other accusation was at hand, obnoxious persons were incontinently clapped on charge of debt. Next is Odoun Kapou, the Wooden Gate. The surrounding level tract, closed on the south by the sharply ascending hillside and overshadowed by the imposing Mosque of Sultan Souleïman I with its four sumptuous minarets, was appropriated to the Venetian colony during Byzantine days. Desolation now marks the region in consequence of a fire, which, in July, 1890, destroyed nearly a thousand houses. Till a few months ago houses and shops perched upon or intermingled with the few projecting towers and the still-preserved battlements of the wall. High up on a white marble slab almost every tower bore the reverent inscription +ΠΡΟΦΙΛΟΤΕΝΧΩΑΥΤΟΚΡΑΤΟΡΟC+, Tower of Theophilos, Emperor in Christ, — always beginning and ending with the cross.

After Ayasma Kapou, Gate of the Holy Fountain, Oun Kapou, familiar in ancient and modern times as the Flour Gate, is reached. On the right is the longer, broader bridge, first constructed by Mahmoud II the Great, now seeming dreary and deserted, utilized only by infrequent passengers. On a tower just beyond might be seen, till a year ago, the sole still unmutilated inscription of Theophilos. The ancient Glass Gate is now Djubali Kapou, Gate of the Sheik Djub Ali, who died in 1526, but who is famous even yet for the immensity of his person and of his learning. Through Aya Kapou, the Holy Gate, then the Gate of Saint Theodosia, on the 29th of May, 1453, a horde of Janissaries rushed to the sack of the crowded white church above, now Giul Djami. Yeni Kapou, the

New Gate, is the only one thus far reached which was made by the Ottomans. It was opened by Souleïman I for the easier transport of building material to the mosque he was erecting on the hill above in honor of his father, Sultan Selim I.

The street grows still narrower, lined by a row of mediæval houses. A mass of ancient masonry, jutting from the west into the street, and splitting it in twain like a wedge, indicates the southeast corner of the fortified enclosure called, twelve centuries ago, the Castle of Petron. Here, in the days of Justinian the Great, the patrician Peter erected a church and an immense asylum for the poor. He encircled the whole with walls, and bequeathed to the locality his name. In this castle the emperor-monk Stavrakios died, in 812, of wound, received in battle against the Bulgarians.

Inside the enclosure Basil I, who seized the throne in 867, founded the great female Monastery of Saint John the Forerunner, of which not a stone remains in place. In expiation of his sins he caused his four daughters to enter it as nuns. Anna Dalassina the mother, and Irene the wife, of Alexios, afterwards Alexios I Komnenos, were here confined by the timorous Emperor Nikephoros III. To it the Empress Theodora, sister of the voluptuous and oft-married Empress Zoe, twice withdrew as a nun, having twice voluntarily descended from the throne. Twice, against her will, but forced by popular clamor, she reassumed the crown, the last time at the age of seventy. Her virtuous and most glorious reign had but one defect: it was of brief duration. The great sovereign died in 1056, having held the sceptre less than three years.

The monastery was unrivalled in its wealth of relics. Here were kept the spear, sponge and reed, believed to be



consecrated by the Saviour's Passion. These relics were seized by the Latin Crusaders, and after many wanderings and barterings came into the possession of Louis IX. the Saint Louis of France. By him they were confided to the pious guardianship of the Sainte Chapelle at Paris. There they remained till 1793, when, in the Reign of Terror, agents of the Convention melted the gold casket in which they were contained, and threw the long-cherished contents away. It possessed, moreover, a gilded right hand reputed to be that of John the Baptist. With a heart full of reverence for the hand which she believed had pointed out the Lamb of God and had baptized the Saviour, Anna Komnena wrote, with her own fingers, on the golden lid beneath which the priceless relic was enshrined, the following inscription:—

“ The wrist a bone, but whence the golden hand?  
 A fruit from the wilderness, from Palestine.  
 A golden palm, golden-fingered, stranger!  
 The wrist a bone from the plant of the Forerunner.  
 That hand has now been gilded over by the skill and the devotion  
 Of Anna the Queen, born in the purple.”

After innumerable vicissitudes this hand, in 1797, was acquired by the Russian Emperor Paul, and has ever since been religiously guarded by the czars. The monastery and grounds were bestowed by Mohammed II upon a Servian Christian lady, the mother of Mohammed Pasha, who was the Sultan's favorite Grand Vizir and brother-in-law.

The boundaries of the ancient Castle of Petrion may still be traced; but the spot is now mainly important as including the cathedral and palace of his Holiness the Ecumenical or Greek Patriarch, whom over one hundred million Christians, members of various independent

national churches, revere as, under Christ, their spiritual head.

The whole region is now comprised in the quarter of Phanar, so called from a phanos, or lighthouse, which stood at the end of the little promontory, and was a landmark on the Golden Horn. This district is enterprising, prosperous, cleanly, and well kept. One admires the balconies, supported by finely wrought consoles, and the thick-walled, strongly built stone houses, which seem half fortress, half habitation. Here lived the Phanariotes, who played so great a part, sometimes glorious, sometimes inglorious, in later Ottoman and Greek history. "Hither," as eloquently says Théophile Gautier, "has fled ancient Byzantium. Here live in obscurity descendants of the Komnenoi, the Dukai, the Palaiologoi, — princes without principalities, but whose ancestors wore the purple, and in whose veins beats imperial blood."

At the western extremity of Phanar, in extensive grounds, where formerly stood the palace of the Kantakouzenoi, the hospodars of Wallachia, is a metochion, or dependence of the Monastery of the Holy Sepulchre of Jerusalem. In the library of the metochion the erudite Bishop of Nicomedia, Philotheos Bryennios, in 1880 was searching among the many ancient and mediæval manuscripts for a sentence which had escaped his memory, but which he remembered having read in the treatise of some humble and unpublished writer. Bound in a single volume with numerous other short discourses, and written in the cursive hand of the twelfth century, a work met his eye which he had never seen. It proved to be a copy — the only one known — of the often-referred-to and long-lost "Teaching of the Twelve Apostles," which was composed at latest in the first half of the second century.



Its discovery produced an excitement in the religious world of Europe and America second only to that which Tischendorf aroused with the priceless "Codex Sinaiticus." I recall with peculiar pleasure that, through the kindness of the learned prelate, I was the first foreigner permitted to look upon the venerable pages. A copy of the photograph which he shortly after allowed me to take of the first part of the document, fitly ornaments this page.

The melancholy wall, with its broken towers in every stage of ruin, enters an unsavory quarter, swarming with population. This is Constantinople's modern ghetto. "It

∴ διδαχὴν πάντων τῶν ἀποστόλων ∴  
 Ἀ, διὰ τὴν κτὴν δὲ τῶν ἀποστόλων τοῖς ἐμφανῶς ὁδοῦ.  
 ἡ γὰρ ἐκείνη τὴν καὶ μετὰ τὸν θάνατόν της ἀφορὰ πολλὴν ἐκείνη  
 ζῆν τῶν ἀποστόλων. ἡ γὰρ ὡς ὁ δὲ τὴν καὶ αὐτὴν πρὸς τὴν γὰρ

BEGINNING OF THE ΔΙΔΑΧΗ, THE "TEACHING OF THE TWELVE APOSTLES"

would be difficult to imagine any spot more unclean, infectious, and pestilential." But its name, Balat, has a lordly origin, being derived from the word "palation" (palace), referring to the imperial Palace of the Blachernai, which was formerly adjacent on the west. The ancient Gate of the Palace has disappeared; but at a little distance another gate shows its still stately form. This is the Hunter's Gate, the largest and most imposing of those on the Golden Horn. Through it imperial parties proceeding to the chase at Kosmedion, now Eyoub, used to issue with that ceremonious etiquette which always everywhere attended a Byzantine emperor. It consists of a single spacious arch, which was solidly walled up imme-

diately after the Conquest. On the left side, in bas-relief, is the colossal figure of the Archangel Michael holding a palm-leaf; on the right a Jewish house, which has been built close against the wall, completely conceals a corresponding bas-relief of the Holy Virgin. The whole scene represents the Annunciation. By a curious clerical blunder this gate is called, on the old German maps, *Das Arztthor*, or the Gate of the Physician.

Traversing the filled-up site of the third and last of the Byzantine neoria, or dockyards, the wall reaches the Ottoman quarter, whose name, *Aivan Serai*, or the High Palace, preserves the tradition of the *Blachernai*. On the left of the Gate of *Aivan Serai*, which was opened by the Ottomans, is a mournful ruin, once the resplendent palace of Theophilos' daughters. Then the route is cut by another wall, eleven feet thick, which crosses the street at right-angles, and is prolonged to the water. This is the ancient rampart, or wing, of the *Blachernai*, and was designed to afford additional protection. In it is *Odoun Kapou*, the ancient *Xyloporta*, or Wooden Gate, low and narrow, and the last on the Golden Horn.

The three adjacent districts of *Phanar*, *Balat*, and *Aivan Serai* had a prominent and perhaps decisive part in the only two sieges which Constantinople was unable to resist.

In 1203 they were attacked by the Venetian forces of the Fourth Crusade. The French historian Villehardouin was an eye-witness of the battle. He says that "the wall was well provided with English and Danish soldiers." The besiegers were led to the attack by "the blind old Dandolo, Byzantium's conquering foe." The Venetian galleys came so near that ladders from their prows reached the summit of the wall. When the Venetians



wavered in their attack, their sightless Doge, then over ninety years of age, reviled his countrymen for their cowardice. Grasping the gonfalon of Saint Mark, and guided by two intrepid soldiers, he rushed against the defenders of the wall. His waving long white hair became the ensign of his followers. From shame and loyalty they renewed the fight. Twenty-five towers were captured, but the defeat of their French allies in another quarter compelled them to withdraw. They first, however, set that part of the city on fire.

During the Ottoman siege, the defence of Phanar, Balat, and Aïvan Serai, was intrusted to the Grand Duke Notaras. Here Zaganos Pasha, the third in rank of the Sultan's vizirs, led the terrible attack. It is the concurrent testimony of Ottoman historians, and of Ottoman tradition, that through the wall at Aïvan Serai, and not through the land wall, their forces first fought their way into the city. Most of the Greek writers are strangely silent as to the point of entry. Michael Dukas hinges the result on the unguarded wicket gate of Kerkoporta on the landward side. That gate he declares to have been left open and undefended in the crisis of the siege. Careful comparison of all the testimony available leads to the conclusion that through a breach in this very wall at Aïvan Serai—perhaps one of the breaches still visible and open—the Janissaries first seized the city; that from one of the towers on the Golden Horn—perhaps one of these towers still frowning and erect—first floated their sanguinary flag.

## THE LAND WALL

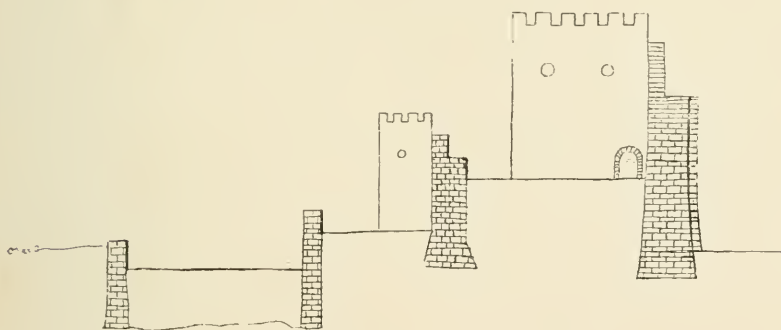
CONSTANTINE fortified his new-built capital on the west by a wall running northward like the arc of a great circle from the Gate of Saint Emilianos to a point near the present Djubali Kapou on the Golden Horn. With marvellous rapidity the city grew. In less than a hundred years a territory outside the wall, equal in extent to that included within, was densely populated. To defend this outlying, exposed quarter, which was an organic part of the capital, Theodosius II in 413 constructed fortifications generally parallel to those of Constantine. The latter, now useless, were neglected, and gradually disappeared. Perhaps in the inaccessible private gardens and residences of the populous Ottoman quarters some of its remains exist. Up to the present they have eluded my diligent and often-repeated search. Possibly a future investigator may accurately trace the course Constantine marked out with his spear, and determine beyond question the as yet unknown western limits of the city.

The fortifications of Theodosius were conceived and accomplished on an enormous scale. No mere single line of wall, however strong, nor of towers, however thick and lofty, was deemed enough. Three parallel and concentric walls, buttressed by towers, and furthermore protected by a broad, deep moat, were built from the Marmora to the Golden Horn.

First there was the inner wall, whose height varied from forty to seventy feet, and whose thickness from two yards to over six. On the top, behind the parapet, ran a level space along which the soldiers could pass. Planted at intervals of one hundred and sixty feet, rose square,



polygonal or circular towers, projecting from and always overtopping the wall. About three rods distant stood the second or outer wall, likewise strengthened by towers, it and they being of inferior proportions to the inner or great wall. The space between the two was called "peribolos," was raised some yards higher than the outer level, and afforded a vantage ground for the besieged on which to fight. The garrison seldom fought from the top of the high towers, and almost never from behind the parapet of the inner wall.



A SECTION OF THE WALLS

Less than four rods from the outer wall stretched the moat. Throughout its entire length it was from sixty to seventy feet wide, and nowhere less than thirty feet in depth. It was lined on both sides by walls of hewn stone, which at their base were over two yards thick. The top of the outer lining rose slightly above the general level of the ground, while the inner — that towards the city — was built several yards higher still, and really constituted a third wall of defence. Narrow partitions at varying distances cut the moat and served as locks. In each were hidden waterpipes, which could flood the moat

or convey water to the besieged. The existence and the management of these pipes was a state secret, confided only to a trusted few. The moat in front of the gates was crossed by drawbridges, which were entirely removed in time of siege. All the walls had parapets, and were faced on both sides with hewn stone, the space between being filled with a conglomerate mass of stone and mortar.

Well might Theodosius II, when his stupendous defences were complete, deem his capital impregnable. In days when the cannon was unknown, the most dauntless commander and the mightiest army might well shrink back in terror at the sight of such tremendous works. Like a broad, deep, bridgeless river stretched the moat in its precipitous sheath of stone. Even were it crossed, and its inner smooth, high face of rock surmounted, there rose beyond the formidable front of the outer wall and towers, defended on the vantage ground of the peribolos by phalanxes of fighting men. And if those bastions were carried, and their defenders driven back in rout inside the city, there loomed beyond, mocking the ladder and the battering-ram, the adamant, overawing inner wall. Along its embrasured top the besieged might stroll, and laugh to scorn the impotent assault of hitherto successful but now baffled foes. No wonder that the historian of the bravest army that ever besieged the capital said of his own astounded comrades, "Know ye that there was no man so bold that his flesh did not creep; and by no means was it a marvel."

The fortifications, invulnerable to man, were rent like tow by the earthquake, and in 447 the entire walls were thrown down. Theodosius II was still on the throne, and he intrusted their restoration to Cyrus, the Prefect of the city.



Around the Church of the Blachernai, founded by the Empress Pulcheria, the sister of Theodosius, soon grew up an opulent and elegant suburb. When the Avars and Persians threatened to attack the city, Heraklios I in 625, in order to protect this suburb, built from near the Palace of the Hebdomon, as far as the Golden Horn, that enormous structure with its tremendous towers, sometimes called Wing, or Rampart, of the Blachernai, and sometimes the Heraklian Wall. These fortifications are much higher, thicker, and stronger than those of Theodosius, but are undefended by an outer wall or moat.

Early in the ninth century Leo V, the Armenian, surrounded the ayasma or Holy Fountain of Saint Basil, then outside the northwest corner of Heraklios' fortification, with a wall of inferior height and strength. Thus he endeavored to defend the tiny chapel and the ayasma from the ravages of Crum, the dreaded Bulgarian King. To the whole was given the name of the Pentepyrghion, or the Five Towers.

Through more than a thousand years these walls were watched with scrupulous and unremitting care. To enumerate the sovereigns who repaired them, or endeavored to make them stronger, is to repeat the chronologic list of Byzantine emperors from Theodosius II to Constantine XIII. Of all the restorations, the most complete was that of Leo III, the Isaurian, who, at war with the Saracens and the Caliph, in the eighth century rebuilt the greater part, even from the foundation stone. The longest continued and most laborious was that of the last two Palaiologoi, in anticipation of the inevitable Ottoman attack.

Now they are venerable ruins, sublime and awful in their unutterable desolation and decay. In places the

moat is filled up level with the ground outside, and through the prostrate walls the plough may be almost driven where their foundations stood. In other places the moat still yawns in all its former depth, and the walls behind stand in perfect preservation, but absolute abandonment, like the deserted stone cities of Petraea. Throughout their entire length, parallel to the moat, lies the white line of Justinian's once well-paved Triumphal Way. At



CEMETERY OUTSIDE THE WALLS

its side spreads to the west the continuous cemetery, sombre with its thousands of mournful cypresses and plane-trees. Nowhere in the world is there a promenade so pathetic, so dreary, so supremely sad, as this imperial broken highway, which reaches on mile after mile between ruins and a cemetery. Even the dust that stifles in the hot winds of summer, and mixes in deep, muddy sloughs all the winter through, is the dust of the dead. And yet the beauty of the scene, in the sunshine and amid the



bursting life of spring, beheld through the transparent air and under a sky of Ionian blue, is equal to its austere magnificence.

Starting from the Imperial Landing of the Springs, which thrusts itself into the bright waves of the Marmora, let us follow this Via Sacra northward, lingering only where we must. It is no brief excursion we have to make. The wall of Theodosios, terminating about eighty feet from the Palace of the Hebdomon, is 18,275 feet in length. The wall of Heraklios, which thence continues, is 3,200 feet long. Altogether the length of the walk before us is therefore 21,475 feet, or more than four miles.

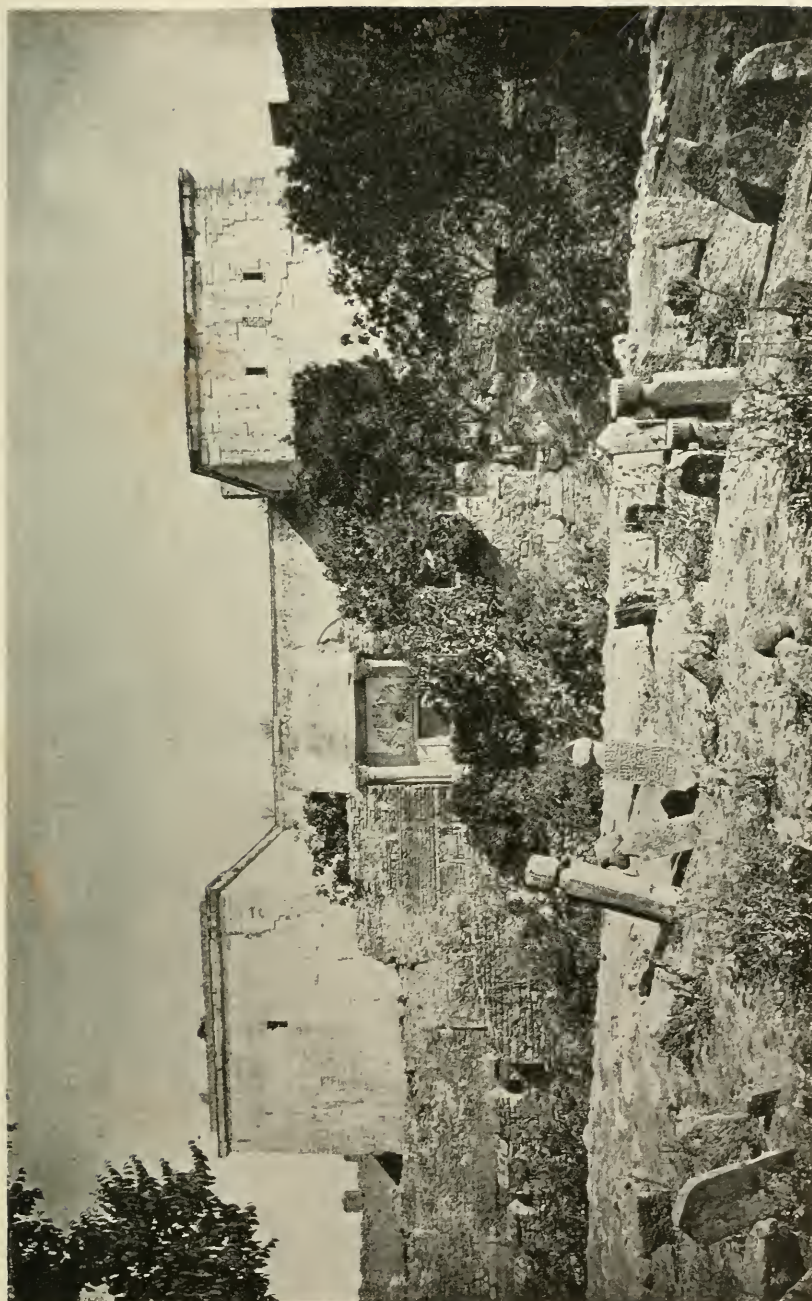
The white marble zone on the great pentagonal tower farthest south bears the following inscription: + ΠΤΡ-ΓΟCΒΑCΙΑΕΙΟΥΚΑΙΚΩΝCΤΙΝΟΤΗΙCΤΩΝΕΝΧΩΑΤΤΟ-ΚΡΑΡΩΝΕΥCΕΒΕΙCΒΑCΙΑΕΙCΡΩΜΕΩΝ +, “+ Tower of Basil and Constantine, faithful Emperors in Christ, devout Kings of the Romans +.” Hence it commemorates the brothers Basil II and Constantine IX, who sat on the throne together fifty-six years, from 969 to 1025, and whose common reign, marked by mutual trust and devotion, has no parallel in the annals of imperial fraternal affection. Utterly unlike, — one the ferocious conqueror of the Saracens and Bulgarians, the other absorbed in the empty pleasures of his court. — it would be impossible to say which was the more loving and generous brother. At last Basil died, and the stricken Constantine reigned on three years more alone. Adjacent, on the north, is a small arched gate, having over it the ✠, and hence called Postern of Jesus Christ.

The tower farthest south in the outer wall bears a memorable inscription. From it we learn that this was the last completed by John VIII Palaiologos when striv-

ing to prepare his capital against the sure Ottoman attack. The last century of the Byzantine Empire was one ceaseless, exhausting crisis. Whatever the faults and foibles of its later sovereigns, they did their utmost with their available resources, and by all the arts of war and peace, to protect and preserve their imperial heritage. So, through eleven years, from 1433 to 1444, though his palaces and churches crumbled and remained unrepaired, John VIII toiled with tireless diligence to restore and strengthen his fortifications. He is even considered by many to have built the outer wall and towers from their foundations.

On the octagonal tower a little farther north is, still perfectly preserved, the most exquisitely cut inscription to be seen on the inner wall: + ΠΑCΙΡΩΜΑΙΟΙCΜΕΓΑ-  
CΔΕCΗΟΤΗCΗΓΕΙΡΕΡΩΜΑΝΟCΝΕΟΝΟΙΛΑΜΜΕCΤΟC  
ΤΟΝΔΕΗΤΡΠΟΝΕΚΒΑΘΡΩΝ +. " + The most mighty Romanos, mighty Lord of all the Romans, erected this Tower from the foundations +." But only a dubious immortality is conferred, as no man can determine which of the four Emperors Romanos is intended. Romanos I was a mighty warrior, who defeated the Russians by sea and land. Romanos II was a cowardly parricide, who gave his father a cup of poison, and himself, after a shameful reign, died in just retribution from poison administered by his wife. Romanos III was both a debauchee and monkish ascetic, at last smothered in the bath, that his guilty wife might wed her paramour, while her dead husband lay unburied. Romanos IV was a hero and martyr, immortalized by the knightly chivalry of his foe Sultan Alp Arslan, by the devotion of his Empress Eudoxia, and by his own unutterable misfortunes. All the four held the sceptre during the tenth and eleventh centuries; the pompous inscription may be the servile eulogy of either.





THE GOLDEN GATE

The railway track pierces the wall close by, and with its continuous bands of steel links the metropolis of the Eastern Cæsars to the cities of the West. The hoot of the locomotive constantly startles the stillness that otherwise would be tomb-like, and the mediæval wall trembles at the thundering train.

The hexagonal tower beyond, remarkable for its rich marble lintel and its Byzantine cross, after having been thrown down by earthquake, was rebuilt in its present form by the joint Emperors Leo and Constantine.

The moat, as far as this tower, is shallow, almost filled with a rich and fertile soil, utilized as a vegetable garden. It was here formerly crossed by an ancient bridge, no portion of which is left save some of the projecting supports. In front is a gate, of insignificant dimensions, flanked by columns of vert antique with Corinthian capitals. Opposite, in the inner wall, is a vast central arch, with a large though smaller arch on either side, the three closed with solid masonry. On the right and left are high square towers, covered with slabs of the whitest marble. Save their grandiose appearance, and the Byzantine eagle which spreads its broken wings above the corner of the tottering northern tower, nothing indicates the former magnificence or history of the fast-closed central arch.

Yet this is Constantinople's long-famed Golden Gate, which never opened except to imperial or triumphal processions, and to return through which was the aspiration of victorious armies and commanders. After its completion, Theodosius II passed through it in a car drawn by elephants. Through it Belisarius, with his Vandal prisoners and their captive king, Gelimer; Heraklios I, the conqueror of the Persians; Leo III, Nikephoros II, and John Zimiskes, each victorious over the Saracens; Basil II,



the slayer of the Bulgarians, and many another Byzantine general, made their solemn entry. No stranger procession ever passed its portal than in 1261, when Michael VIII Palaiologos and his army, having wrested the city from the Latins, walked barefoot into their ancestral capital, while the holy picture of the Virgin led the way in the



THE GOLDEN GATE

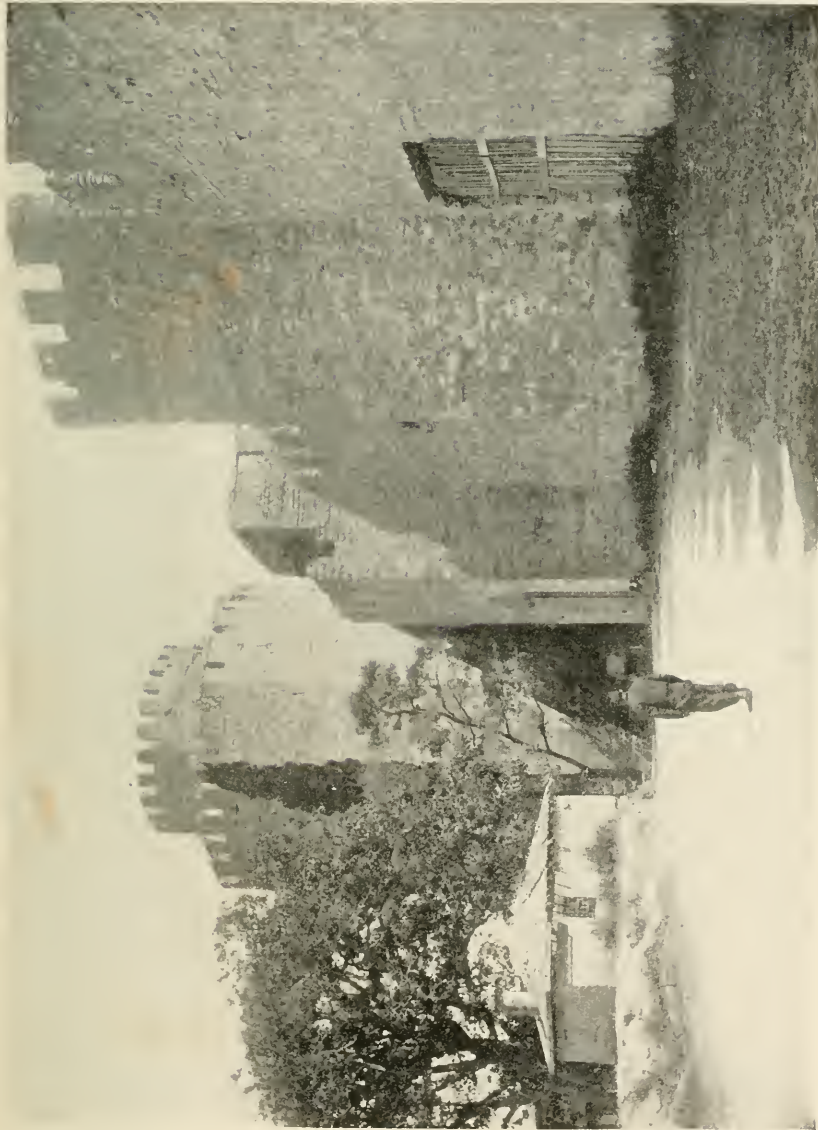
triumphal chariot. During the previous century it had been walled up for some unknown reason; but at the Latin conquest in 1204 it had been broken through by the fleeing populace in the endeavor to escape. It was last closed, by order of Mohammed II. in 1453. To this day the Ottomans regard it with superstitious dread, believing that through it some future Christian conqueror is to take possession of the city.

The central gate was originally sixty feet in height, and nearly half as wide. Its present appearance, and that of the lateral gates, strikingly reveals how at various periods its proportions diminished. One can now pass through a humble opening, less than six feet high, which is closed by a decaying oaken door and made fast by a wooden bar. On the lateral gates the monogram of Christ may be seen, and the cross is carved on the pilasters. Every other vestige of former splendor is gone. But travellers who saw it less than two hundred years ago describe in enthusiastic terms the bas-reliefs of classical subjects with which it was still adorned. Among them were the Fall of Phaeton, Hercules and Cerberus, Hercules' Capture of the Cretan Bull, and the Visit of Venus to Adonis.

By a winding inner passage one may ascend to the top of the southern tower, and then, climbing northward over the broken tiles and through sturdy bushes, stand directly above the Golden Gate. Looking down, one beholds, ninety feet below, the route traced by those grand processions wherein military prowess and imperial power culminated in a gorgeous cortège. On that lofty, ruined height the eye revels in a glorious view over land and sea, and the mind summons glorious memories. Two factors are pre-eminent in the wondrous scene: the changeless, fadeless beauty stamped on his natural creation by the hand of God, and the mutability, the brief duration, the emptiness and vanity, stamped on the work of man.

Farther to the rear are even more enormous towers, larger and higher than any in the wall. They belong to the Ottoman *Yedi Kuleh*, the Seven Towers, which occupy the site of a Byzantine fortress called *Kyklöbion* or *Strongylon*, the Round Castle, *Pentepyrghion* or the Five





ENTRANCE TO THE SEVEN TOWERS

Towers, and Heptapyrgion or the Seven Towers, of which the modern Turkish name is a translation. It was first erected by the Emperor Zeno in 480. In the tenth century it was rebuilt and enlarged by John Zimiskes, Basil II, and Constantine IX. The Komnenoi made it stronger; the Latins of the Fourth Crusade levelled it with the ground. It was alternately raised and destroyed by the rivals John V and John VI. The former, finally victorious, sought to make it an acropolis against the menacing

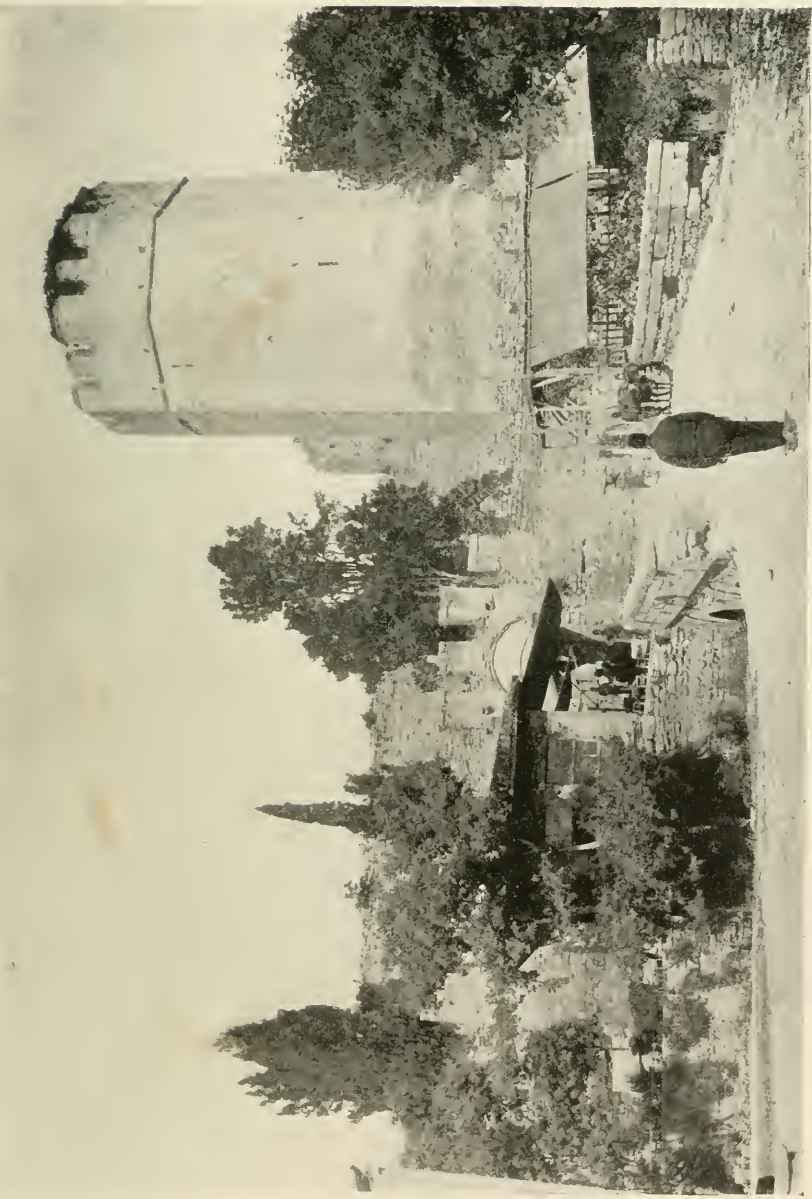


CASTLE OF THE SEVEN TOWERS IN 1820

assault of Bayezid I. He was forced by paternal weakness to desist, the fierce Sultan having sent him word that, if the work continued, he would put out the eyes of Manuel, John's son and heir, then a hostage in the Ottoman camp.

It was constructed anew by Sultan Mohammed II in 1455. Inside the enclosure he built an immense circular palace, designed mainly as a treasure-house wherein his most-prized possessions might be safely kept. The fortress consisted of stupendous circular and polygonal towers. These were connected by a crenellated wall over





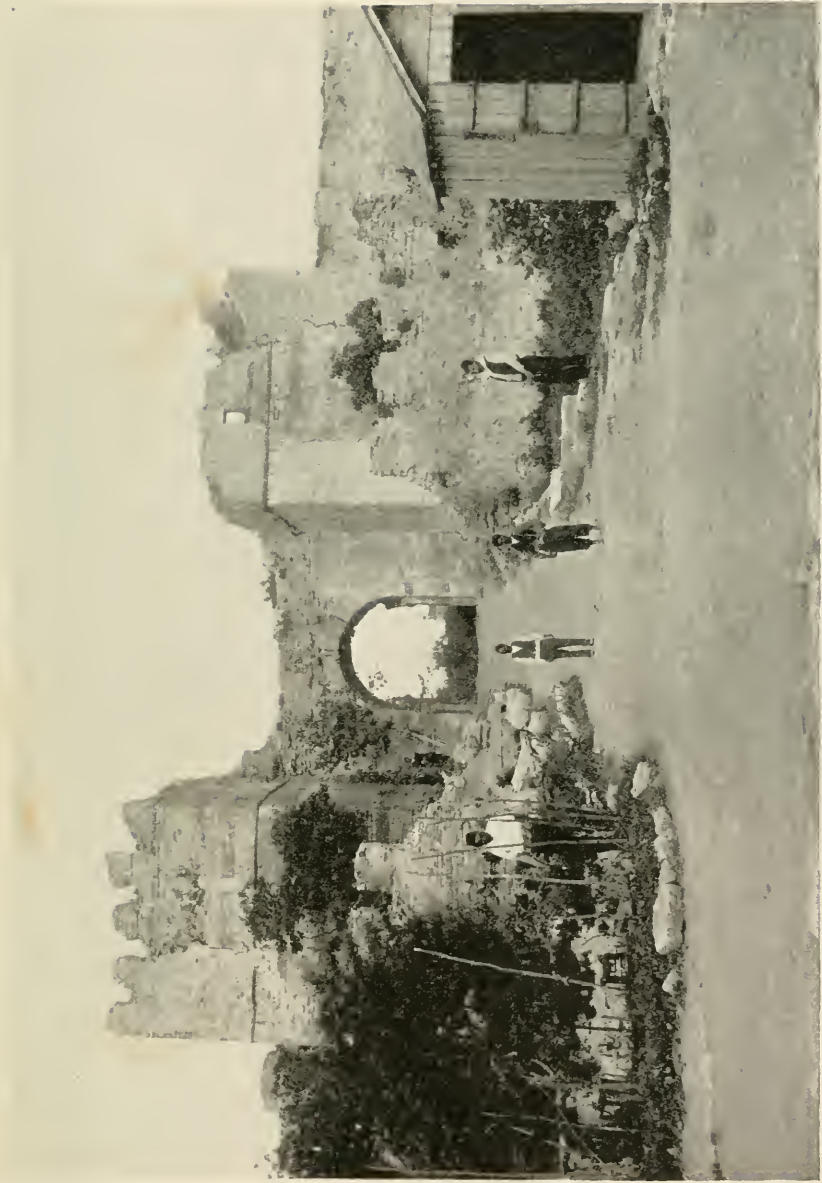
GATE OF THE SEVEN TOWERS

fifteen feet in thickness, the whole forming an irregular pentagon. Three of the towers were thrown down by earthquake in 1768. Till fifty or sixty years ago each tower was capped by a fantastic, high-pointed roof, like a gigantic cone.

Morbid imagination has invested the Seven Towers with a sanguinary interest which they do not deserve. The tragedies of Ottoman history, located here by romance, have usually occurred on some other stage. "Wells of blood," "Piles of heads overtopping the battlements," "Seven Sultans murdered here," "Seventeen Grand Vizirs hung by the neck from that hook," are among the fables devised for the delectation of the hungry-minded. Yet, though far surpassed in hideous horrors by the Tower of London, and the Bastille, this fortress has witnessed some frightful scenes. The boy Osman II, the first Ottoman Sultan ever slain by his subjects, was dragged hither by the Janissaries half naked and put to death in 1622 by the hands of the Grand Vizir Daoud Pasha and of three high officials. Ten months afterwards the repentant Janissaries slew the same Daoud Pasha in the same room. Here, in 1714, Constantine Brancovano, Hospodar of Wallachia and an unwilling ally of Peter the Great, was tortured without intermission for five days in the vain effort to wring from him a confession of where his treasures were hid. His wife, his four sons, and forty of his near kindred shared his sufferings and captivity.

But the place was seldom ensanguined by deeds of blood. It served rather as a prison of state. Its inmates were usually treated with the consideration due their rank. For centuries the ambassador of any power against which the Sultan had determined upon war, was, as a preliminary to the hostilities, incontinently clapped into the vast cir-





GATE OF BELGRADE

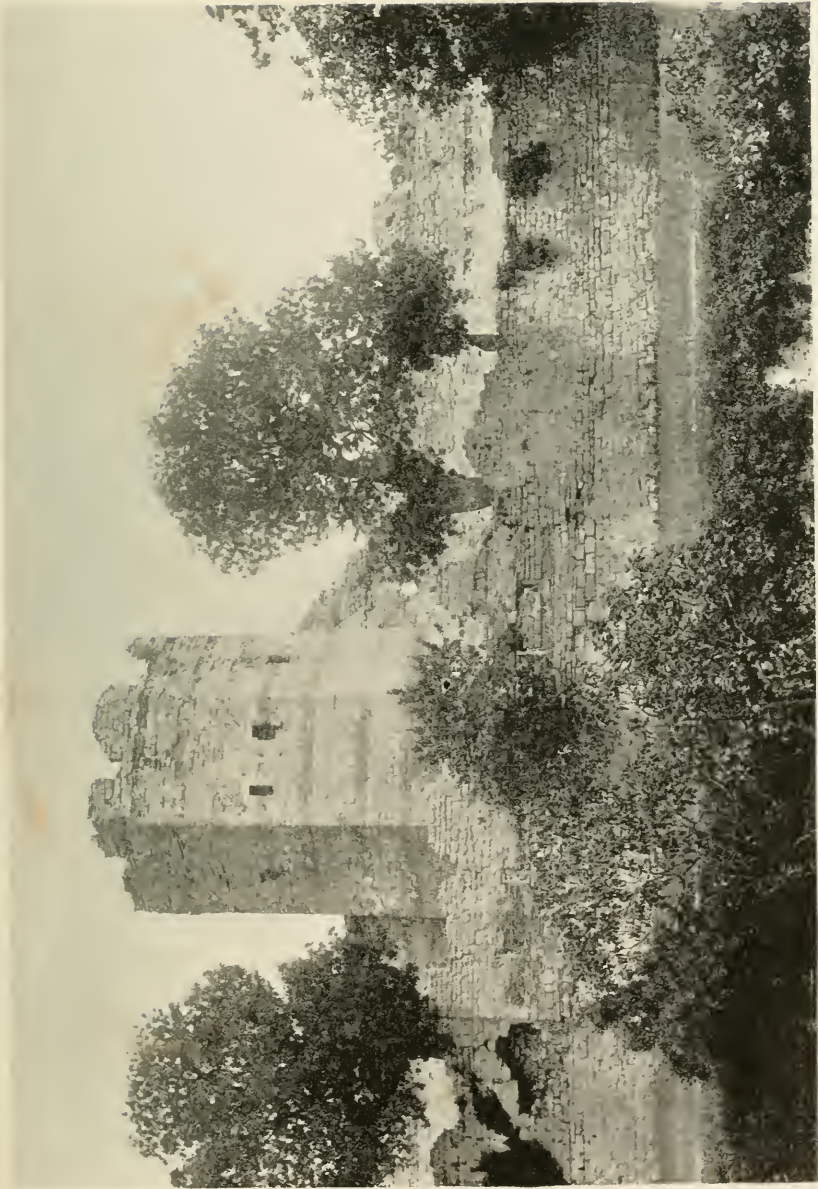
cular tower south of the main entrance. M. Ruffin, ambassador of France, was the last thus confined, being imprisoned in 1798, at the time of the French expedition to Egypt; but the custom was not officially abolished until 1806. With characteristic leniency the Ottomans permitted each ambassador after his release to carve on the outer wall of the prison tower some memorial of his captivity. These inscriptions are numerous, and often are pathetic, recording not only the date and duration of the confinement, but its tediousness and wretchedness. They are in Latin, French, German, Italian, and one in English dated 1699.

Visits of curiosity or inspection on the part of foreigners were never allowed. Even the celebrated Tournefort, though sent on a special scientific mission by Louis XIV, was refused admission in 1701. Now access is easy, and a little silver is an effective key.

The fortress is at present seldom used, and is almost abandoned. It sometimes serves as a plague hospital in pestilence or cholera. Viewed from the outside, it is grand and impressive; but its interior is the reverse of interesting or romantic. Weeds and noxious plants cover the ground. The air is unwholesome and musty. Not a stone is left to mark the site of the Conqueror's Treasure Palace. Even religion has abandoned the repellent spot, and the vanished mosque indicates its former situation only by a few rotten timbers and a half-filled hole.

North of the Seven Towers there may be seen in the inner wall *Yedi Koulch Kapon*, or the Gate of the Seven Towers. On the city side, over the inner arch, is a quaint Byzantine eagle, carved in stone. The modern Turkish bridge, which crosses the moat in front, conducts to the plain where, in 1147, the German Emperor Conrad III





A TOWER IN THE LAND WALL

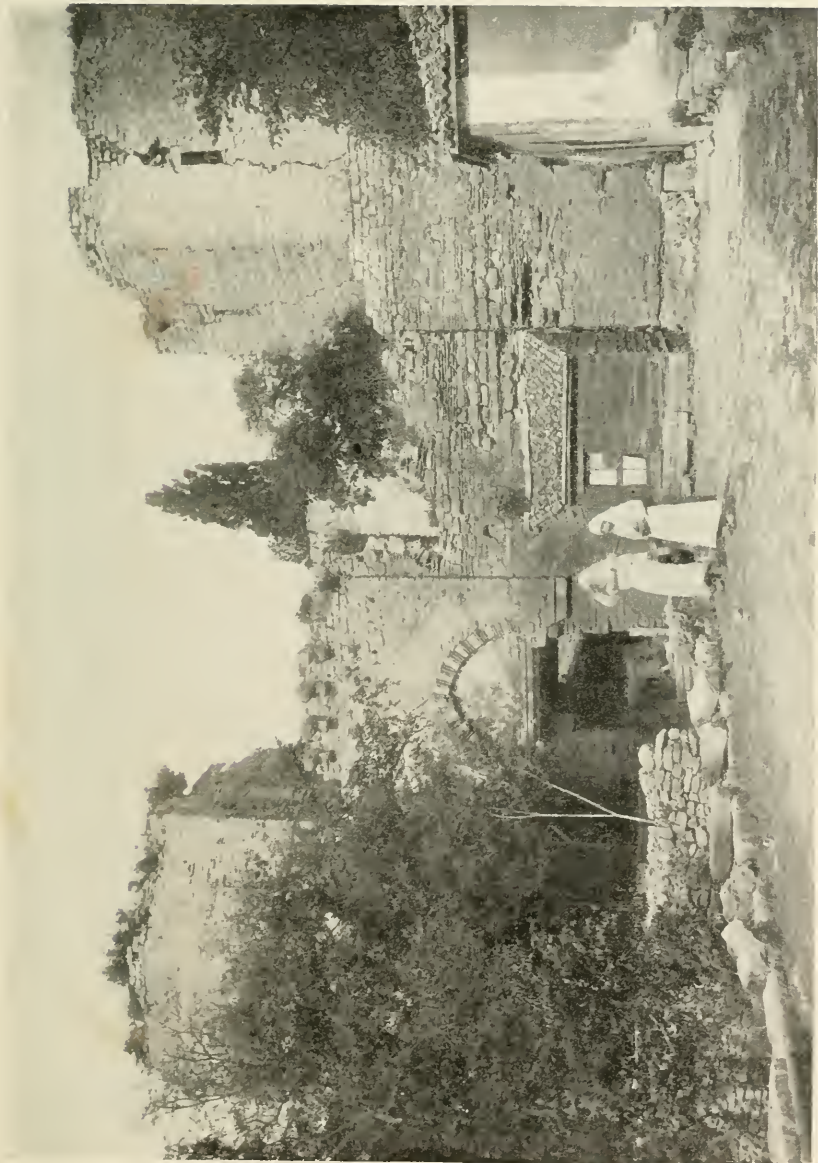
encamped with ninety thousand men, survivors of a host six times as numerous, at whose head he had begun his arrogant march from Germany. An admirably organized Armenian hospital now occupies a part of the German camp. For some distance the fortifications have suffered little in war, though terribly damaged by earthquake.

Quarter of a mile farther north, Belgrade Kapou is reached, the ancient Deutera Porta, or Second Military Gate. Walled up for centuries, it was opened only some twenty years ago. It consists of a single broad, low arch, between two well-preserved square and massive towers. Traces of ancient frescos are visible on each side. The wall is here nineteen feet thick. In 1522 Sonleïman I colonized in the locality a band of Servian exiles, made prisoners of war when their capital, Belgrade, was taken during the preceding year. The name of their native city lingers in the modern appellation of the gate, and their Hellenized descendants still live close around it, near the Orthodox Greek Church of the Repose of the Holy Virgin.

The buildings which attract attention outside opposite the gate are philanthropic institutions of the Greek community. They comprise a lunatic asylum, a hospital, an orphanage, and a poor-house, — all well administered, and generously maintained. More than a thousand inmates constantly enjoy the benefit of their protection and care.

As one pursues his way, he might be tempted to linger on the left of the ancient paved highway, under the majestic cypresses which darken the endless Mussulman cemetery, or on the right to gaze at the verdant gardens of the moat, and to watch the antique, droning water-wheel. But many thousand loads of decaying garbage in one long pile line the road, and render the air so foul that one hurries past towers of unusual beauty to Selivri Kapou,





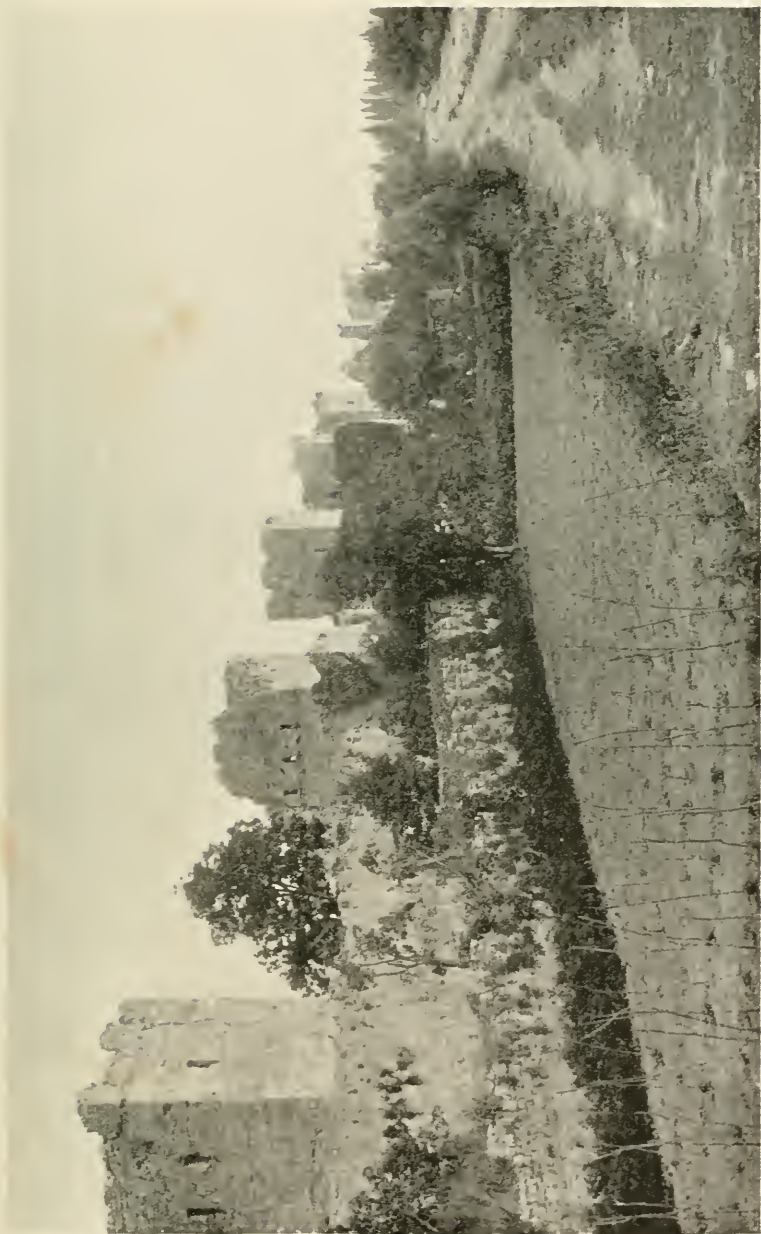
GATE OF SELIVRIA

the Gate of Selivria, the ancient Gate of the Life-giving Fountain.

It stands between two octagonal towers. On the right is that built by Manuel Bryennios; on the left, another of the brother Emperors Basil II and Constantine IX. The outer gate is a ruin. Inside the wall, on the right, hangs by a chain the mace of the Janissary Idris. It is a stone sphere with an iron handle. A commemorative inscription in Turkish, below, extols the prowess of the Janissary, and declares the weight of the mace to be eighty-six okes, or two hundred and thirty-six and one-half pounds. Under this gate, by a disused drain, the Cæsar Strategopoulos, with a handful of followers, crawled in 1261, and once inside, broke it down, and so let in his army, thus capturing the city and ending the Latin Empire.

Opposite the gate outside, at an angle in the road, is a peculiar row of seven Turkish tombstones. They evoke recollections of Byron and Dumas, of Childe Harold and Monte Cristo, of beautiful Basilike and mysterious Haidee, of the Lake of Scodra and the Greek Revolution. The largest tombstone bears the following inscription: "Here lies the head of the famous Ali Pasha of Tepelen, who, through more than fifty years, toiled for the independence of Albania." In the other graves are the heads of his sons, Veli and Mouktar, and the bodies of four near kinsmen. After the execution of the dreaded chieftain, his white-haired head was exposed on a golden plate at the Gate of the Seraglio. It was the property and perquisite of the executioner. He refused a large sum offered for it by an English showman, and sold it at a far less price to the Sheik Souleïman, a playmate and lifelong friend of the dead Pasha. Hence, instead of being stared at among the horrors of some museum, it peacefully reposes here.





GENERAL VIEW OF THE LAND WALLS

Some distance farther north is the closed Trite Porta, or Third Military Gate, almost hidden by ruins, where the fortifications curve like a mediæval sigma, and the outer and inner walls are brought close together. Here in the partition of the moat may be seen the recently discovered, long concealed water-pipes essential in flooding the moat.



GATE OF THE MEVLEVIS

but whose existence was for centuries regarded as less a mystery than a myth.

Then one reaches Mevlevi Khanch Yeni Kapon, the New Gate of the Convent of Mevlevi Dervishes, the humble yellow form of which is seen at the corner of the road. This is the ancient Gate of Melandesia. It is flanked on either side by a square and lofty tower. It is enclosed in a sort of casement of six white marble columns, barbar-



ously painted red. No other gate centres so little interest or history, and yet no other is so covered and encircled by inscriptions. One in Greek on the lintel, and one in Latin on the right, announce the same fact, that in sixty days, under a mighty monarch, the Prefect Constantine, more commonly called Cyrus, "bound wall to wall." The Latin adds what the Greek omits, that "Pallas herself could hardly have erected so stable a fortification in so short a space of time." It is impossible to state what was the exact achievement of this Prefect of Theodosius II, here lauded in so glowing terms. It may be the restoration of the inner wall, rent by earthquake, or perhaps the outer wall was then built under his direction. But the marvel is, that in the unchanging, always sluggish East, anything so worthy of remembrance could be accomplished in sixty days. His success and consequent popularity roused the resentment and jealousy of Theodosius against Cyrus. So he ordered his Prefect to become a priest, and the Alexandrine Chronicle ingenuously adds, "and he sent him as a bishop to Smyrna, for the citizens of that city had already killed four of their bishops, and perhaps they would kill Cyrus also."

Another inscription upon the lintel — the longest found anywhere on the wall — extols the Emperor Justin II, and his wife, the puritan-minded Sophia, under whom, towards the close of the sixth century, the Theodosian wall was thoroughly repaired by their architect, Narses. One other inscription may be quoted because so typical. It reads: "The fortune of Constantine, our God-guarded Emperor, conquers."

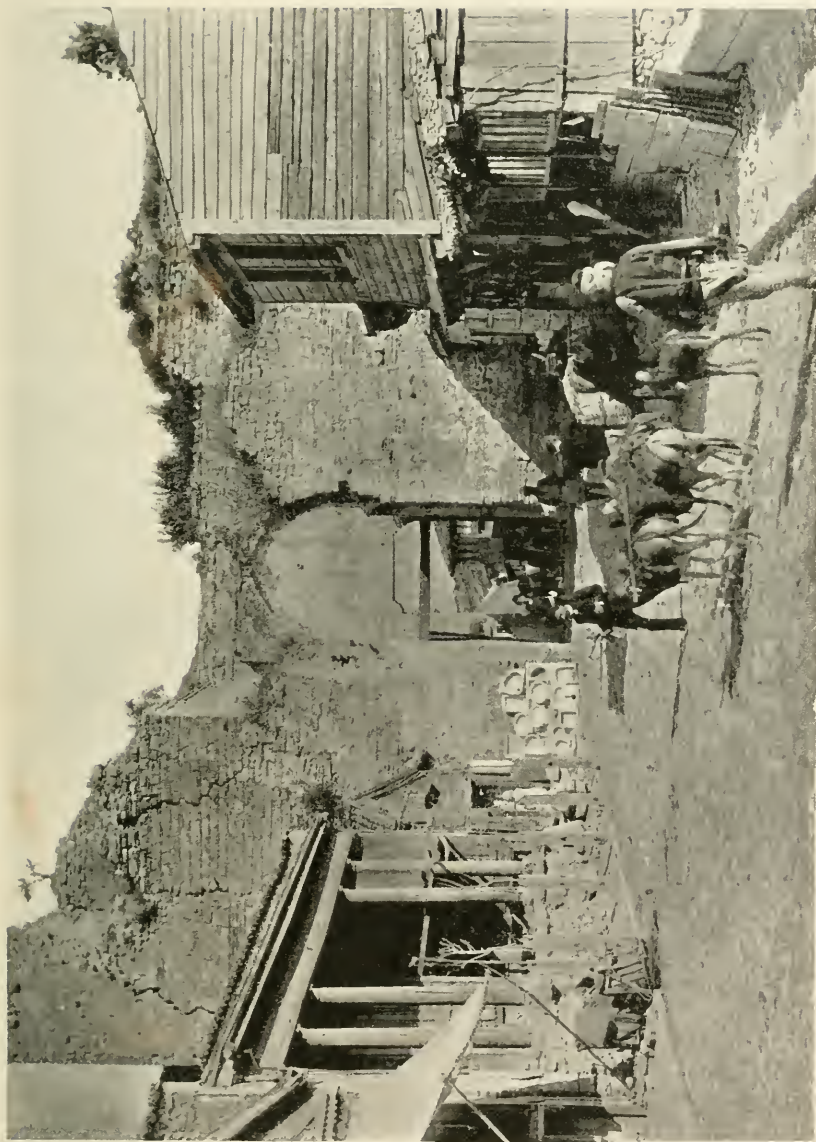
After the Conquest, the Ottomans located their chief powder factory inside the city near this gate. One day during the last century it exploded, and destroyed nearly

a thousand houses, and uncounted lives. It was thought advisable by the government to put their new factory in some less populous spot.

The walls northward for some distance show little damage from natural convulsion or war. One tower, erected by Constantine IX on the ruins of another which an earthquake had thrown down, bears the reverent, almost illegible inscription: "O Christ, O divine Christ, preserve thy city from tumult and war. Conquer thou the wrath of its enemies." Near by is the Tetarte Porta, the Fourth Military Gate, solidly closed up. From its rear a flight of steps ascends to the summit of the wall.

The next gate is hardly more than a battered opening in the wall, with its lateral towers an almost shapeless heap of ruin. It bears no inscription, and it needs none. No other gate awakens so profound emotion: no other is custodian of so imperishable a memory. Here fought and fell the last Byzantine Emperor, the hero and martyr of the final siege. After the battle was over a mutilated body was dragged forth from under a pile of slain. From the disfigured face all likeness was gone, and the rank of the dead man was distinguishable only by his crimson shoes. This is the ancient Gate of Saint Romanos. Some months after the Conquest, Mohammed II caused to be fastened in its upper arch three cannon-balls, — the smallest of which may still be seen, — as a defiance to Christian Europe. The challenge was never accepted; but the gate has borne ever since the Turkish name of Top Kapou, or the Cannon Gate. A little distance inside is the tiny Convent of the Roufaï Dervishes. They claim that the sheepskin, whereon their Sheik is seated during their religious ceremonies, indicates the exact spot where their sated Sultan made his first prayer after victory.



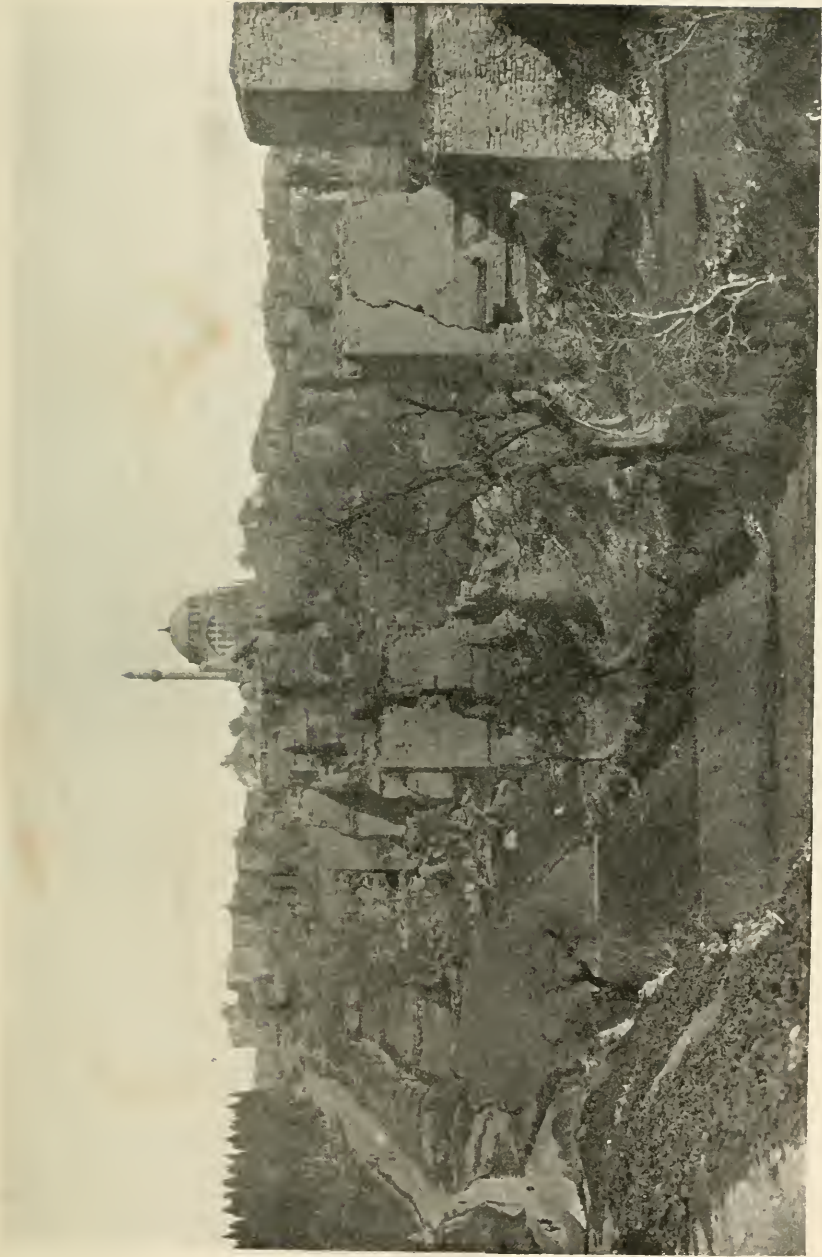


GATE OF SAINT ROMANOS

The gate stands on one of the highest points traversed by the great land wall. From it northward is afforded an overmastering, overwhelming view. On the left extends the Ottoman cemetery, with its sable trees; on the right the mosque of triumphant Islam dominates Justinian's Triumphal Way, and the filled-up, dusty moat, and the prostrate towers and walls. Here is the valley of the Lycus. To resist the torrential waters of spring, the fortifications were here made doubly thick and strong. Yet from the configuration of the ground it was the most vulnerable point in the land walls. Against this point was directed the assault of Mourad II, in 1422, when cannon were for the first time employed in siege. Though the Ottoman camp, in 1453, extended from the Marmora to the Golden Horn, the Sultan's headquarters were directly opposite, on the west, in the great plain now called by the name of Daoud Pasha; and, according to tradition, the Conqueror's tent was pitched where now stands the Ottoman Military Hospital of Mal Tepeh.

Against this point in the walls was directed the mammoth cannon of the Hungarian mercenary, Ourban, the soldier of fortune, who had first been in the service of Constantine, but who deserted to Mohammed II for larger and surer pay. The Ottoman historian, Khodja Effendi, states that this cannon weighed thirty thousand pounds, was drawn by a hundred oxen, was served by five hundred cannoneers, required two hours to load, and launched a ball of twelve hundred pounds. But, despite its monstrous size, it did little execution, as it burst the fourth time it was discharged, and tore its inventor to pieces. When the Ottomans made their last and successful charge, the moat was filled level with the ground with bodies of the dying and the dead, over which, as by a bridge, the





VIEW NORTHWARD FROM GATE OF SAINT ROMANOS

survivors rushed to the attack. In 1477 Mohammed II repaired many portions of the walls and gates, but ordered that the Gate of Saint Romanos, and the ruins northward, should not be touched, and should remain forever the eloquent and awe-inspiring monument of his victory.

Of the thirty-eight towers, large and small, once existing between the Gate of Saint Romanos and the Gate of Adrianople, which crowns the hilltop on the north, it is impossible to count how many still remain. Their former shape can hardly be distinguished in their crumbled ruins. Vandalism and greed have supplemented the havoc wrought by Mohammed II. In the effort to turn a thrifty penny by the sale of building-material, the Ottoman Government, in 1868, undertook the demolition of the walls by blasting. This attempt was checked by the energetic remonstrances of the British ambassador, but not until a considerable portion had been blown up and carted away. One of the largest towers was disposed of to an Ottoman contractor for a thousand piasters, or about forty dollars. On one of the towers in the outer wall then destroyed was a marble slab bearing the name of Manuel Jagaris, cut in larger and more glaring characters than any other inscription. To him and to another monk, Nikodemos of Rhodes, Constantine XIII had intrusted all the money he could obtain for the repair of the fortifications. Months after the sack had ceased, some Janissaries unearched in this tower seventy thousand gold byzants, which the foul monk had stolen and concealed, but had never been able to enjoy.

Soulou Kouleh, the Water Tower, is built on an arch directly over the bed of the Lycus. Just beyond is the walled-up Pempte Porta, the Fifth Military Gate. At various periods it was gradually made smaller, and was



finally closed before the siege. Above may be read the eulogistic statement, "Pusæus, no less than great Anthe-mios, strengthened to their utmost the towers and gates." Pusæus was doubtless an officer of the Latin Empire, and the gate is often called by his name. Of the more than



INTERIOR VIEW OF GATE OF ADRIANOPLE IN 1893

fifty inscriptions on the land wall, only this and one other are in Latin, all the rest being in Greek.

The Gate of Adrianople, Edirneh Kapon, stands on the summit of the sixth hill, more than two hundred feet above the level of the sea. Its ancient name of Gate of Polyandria, or Myriandria, the Many Men, is thus accounted for by Kodinos. He says that eight thousand workmen belonging to the Blues, and an equal number

belonging to the Greens, at the same moment began the erection of the wall,—the former on the Marmora, the latter on the Golden Horn. They approached each other with equal celerity and skill, and at last met here, simultaneously completing their respective sides. The earthquake of 1894 threw down the hitherto well-preserved inner towers and gates. Here the inner wall was over twenty-seven feet thick. On it were suspended two ponderous stone maces, which have doubtless crashed through human bones; and close beneath, in striking contrast, were crowded dove-cotes, where numerous pigeons interminably sat and brooded over their young. Through this gate the Conqueror made his formal triumphal entry on that fatal 29th of May, 1453. From it, during more than four hundred years, all the Ottoman armies marched to their European wars. In the neighboring Mosque of Mihrima Sultana, the Sultan always prayed before departing on a military expedition. The most Oriental and Asiatic of all the gates, it is the favorite of the Ottomans. Here, and at no other, camels are often seen.

The view changes in character as one proceeds northward, but becomes no less superb. It sweeps over the grave-studded hills, across the Golden Horn, to the villages and desolate plateau on the farther side. The wall, thus far open to the road, is for some distance shut off by a long, narrow, carefully enclosed Greek cemetery, which occupies part of the ancient martial Plain of the Hebdomon, the parade ground of the Byzantines. Here not a vacant inch remains for another grave. Every thrust of the digger's spade turns up matted masses of human bones. The outer wall has almost disappeared. The inner, with its towers, is marvellously intact. It bends abruptly to the northeast at the Tower of Nicolas. Who



this Nicolas was, when he lived, or what he did, no one knows beyond the fact that a tedious inscription on this tower gives him a disputed title, and preserves his name. Beyond the closed Ekte Porta, the Sixth Military Gate, rises the plaintive, gloomy ruin of the Palace of the Hebdomon, fronted and half-menaced, half-defended by the massive Tower of the Tribunal. Here ends the inner wall, cut off by the ancient palace. Doubtless it origi-



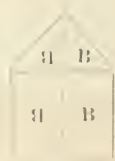
PALACE OF THE HEBDOMON AND TOWER OF THE TRIBUNAL

nally kept on in a straight course northeast, descending the hill to the Golden Horn. But after the erection of the wall of Heraklios outside the Blachern quarter, any portion of the wall of Theodosius thus included became useless, and was destroyed.

Here, too, is the site of the wicket gate, Kerkoporta, which a tale of Michael Dukas, a historian contemporary with the siege, invests with a legendary importance and fame. He states that from this gate a handful of the garrison made frequent sorties, always leaving it open so

as to insure a safe retreat. He says that on that 29th of May fifty Janissaries lay in ambush, and, watching their opportunity, dashed in before the garrison could return. The few soldiers still inside were panic-stricken at their sudden appearance, and fled in despair. Forthwith the fifty rushed upon the flank of the Emperor, who thus far had repulsed every attack at the Gate of Saint Romanos. Other Ottomans followed close behind, and, swarming upon the towers, planted their triumphant flags. Meanwhile the wild cry, "It is taken! It is taken!" was heard from every direction. According as this tale of Dukas is credited or disbelieved, is the importance or insignificance of Kerkoporta in determining the result.

Antiquaries have waged a wordy and often a bitter battle as to the brief portion of the wall which continues beyond the Palace of the Hebdomon. Doubtless it bounded the western side of some dependence of the palace. In it is a built-up gate, its lintel a splendid block of marble over fifteen feet long and more than three feet thick. Six beautiful windows, a little farther on, break the monotony of the wall. On one of them, evidently closed many centuries ago, is a rude heraldic shield carved with the four mystic Byzantine B's.



Here ends the Theodosian Wall. From it, at right-angles, the Heraklian Wall with its still loftier battlements diverges in a straight line westward. The moat, continuous from the Marmora, comes bluntly against it and ends. Passing two colossal towers, one reaches the closed, almost buried Gate of Saint Kallinikos, so called from a once neighboring church, of which nothing remains. Then one stands beneath the circular corner Tower of Kaligaria, to which a single event imparts deathless interest.





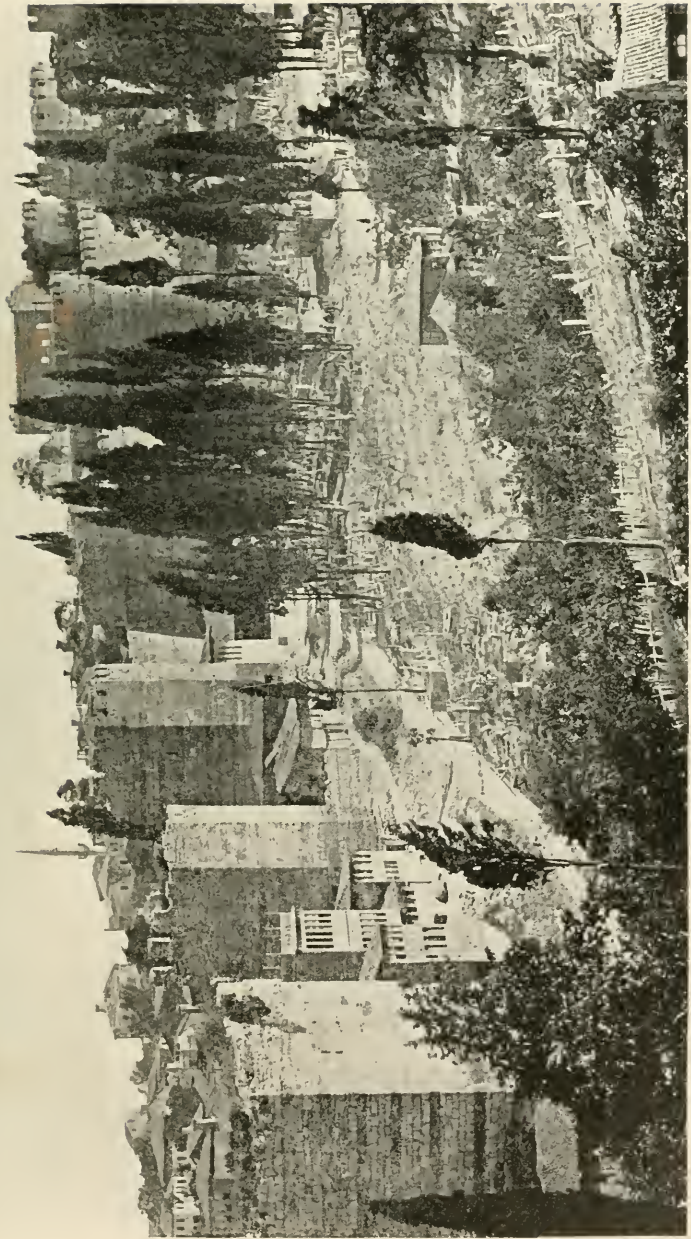
THE TOWER OF KALIGARLA AND NEIGHBORING TOWERS

Cold, calm, impassive, it tells no tale of a long-since ended agony; the imperial form which once climbed its stairs has left upon its walls a shadow no more lasting than that of the passing cloud. Phranzes, constant companion of the Emperor, and faithful historian of the last siege, tells how in that direful night they made their melancholy circuit of the walls, and sought to encourage the sleepless sentinels in their watch. "When we came to Kaligaria, at the first hour of cockerow, we dismounted from our horses and ascended the tower. And we heard the murmur of frequent talking and a mighty tumult outside. The guards told us that all the night it had been thus; for the Ottomans were making ready, and were dragging up their machines of war for the battle at the walls, and were bringing them near the moat." To the sublime band peering through the darkness towards the tented plain those commingling sounds came as the voice of Fate.

"It was a sad and solemn task to hold  
 Their midnight watch on that beleaguered wall,  
 The heavy clouds were as an empire's pall;  
 The giant shadows of each tower and fane  
 Lay like the grave's. A low, mysterious call  
 Breathed in the wind, and from the tented plain  
 A voice of omens rose with each wild martial strain:  
 For they might catch the Arab charger's neighing,  
 The Thracian drum, the Tartar's drowsy song;  
 Might almost hear the soldan's banner swaying,  
 The watchword muttered in some Eastern tongue,  
 And boding thoughts came o'er them, dark and strong;  
 For heaven, earth, air, speak anguries to those  
 Who see their numbered hours fast pressing to the close."

Three towers more — as impressive to the eye, but destitute of a memory — and the gate is reached which history has invested with many names: of Kaligaria, because





THE WALLS OF HERAKLIOS

all the neighboring quarter was inhabited by makers of the kaliga, a soldier's shoe; of the Bulgarians, because the frequent point of attack in the assaults of that warlike people; of Karsia, or the Crooked, because the inner and outer portals are neither opposite nor parallel. The Ottomans have literally translated the latter name, calling the gate *Egri Kapon*. Of all the entrances in the Heraklian

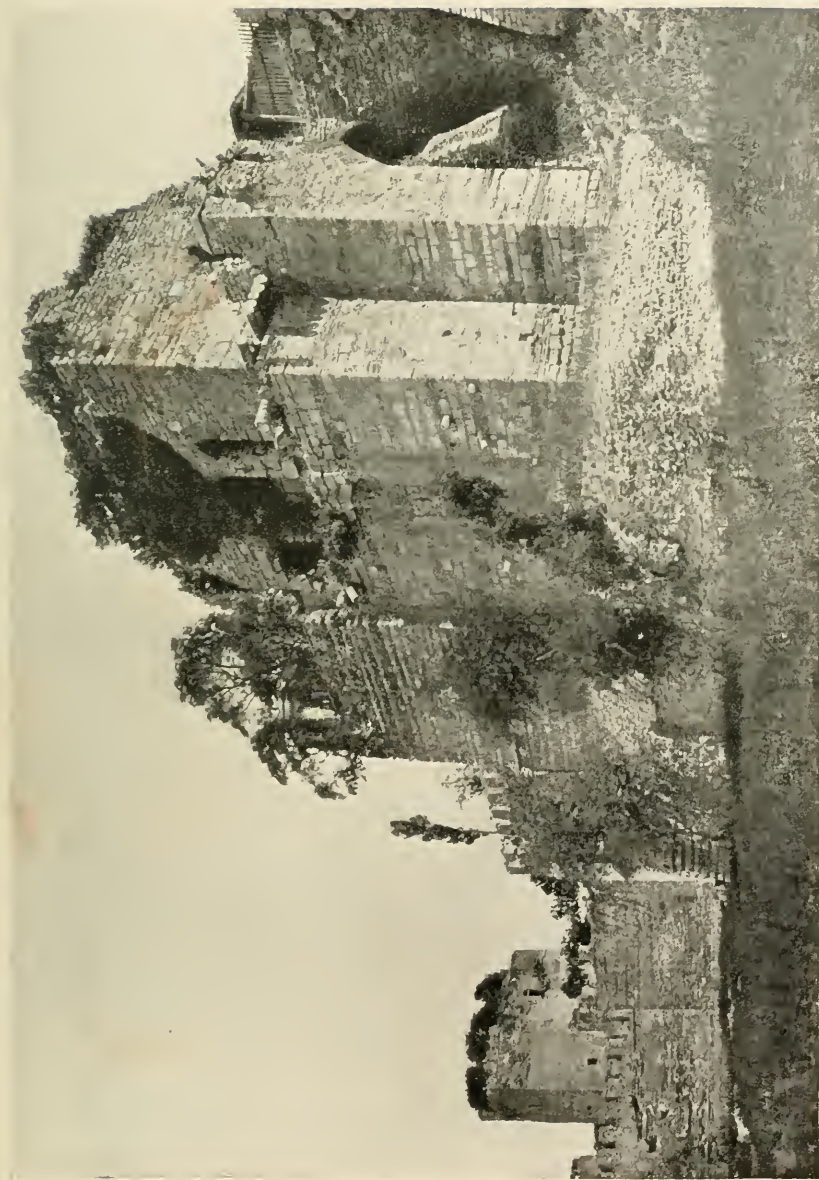


THE CROOKED GATE.

Wall, this is the only one which is double, and which was not closed with masonry in the Ottoman siege.

Through it Justinian the Great made a triumphal entry; so too did the exiled Alexios Komnenos, in 1081, on his return as Emperor. Against it the Franks of the Fourth Crusade, in 1203, directed their main attack; likewise at first did the Ottomans in 1453, endeavoring also to break in by mining. Their attempts were foiled by the sturdy





THE TOWER OF ISAAC ANGELOS

resistance of John Grant, the German, the commander of the gate. So the besiegers concentrated their later efforts in the valley of the Lycus, against the Gate of Saint Romanos, and upon the Golden Horn.

Houses and private gardens border the wall, and force the modern road aside. The sharp slope of the hill rapidly descends. Skilful masons have so walled up the Gate of Argyrolimne, the Silver Lake, that its outline can be discerned only with difficulty. Three busts of black marble formerly ornamented the arch. Two of the heads have been broken off. Only one is left, the head of a woman with various artless ornaments on her neck and breast. This is the gate through which Peter the Hermit, Godfrey of Bouillon, and the other chiefs of the First Crusade commonly went in and out of the city. Not a vestige can be discovered of the moat which was dug along this level tract in March, 1453, by Constantine XIII.

After passing the towers of Andronikos II, and of the architect Basil, one arrives at the tower of the timid Isaac Angelos, built in 1188 as a fortress and palace. It is flanked by a wall nearly ninety feet in height, and stands directly in front of the former Palace of Blachernai. It leans against the Tower of Anemas, and the two, surrounded by a common rampart, at first seem but one. Yet the arched and ivied windows high above, and the long line of jutting marble columns, once supporting an airy balcony, indicate that it was the abode of pleasure as well as of fear. The Ottoman summer-house on the top of the grimy tower at its side seems laughing in the sun. Away back, deep in the recesses of the earth, behind the towers and the buttressed wall, are the hideous Prisons of Anemas.



The wall of Leo then commences, in front of and including the last three of the twenty Heraklian towers. These three were among the loftiest in the city, but their height was further increased by layers of brick. The more southern is mainly the work of Michael II, who never forgot that he passed from a dungeon to the throne, and who repaired this tower as a defence against his uncertain subject the General Thomas, and against his uncertain allies the Bulgarians. The more northern, noticeable for its inferior masonry, was erected from the foundations by Romanos III. It was often called Tower of Saint Nicolas, from a long ago destroyed but once adjacent church of that popular saint. This strip of land, thus enclosed between the Heraklian and Leontian walls, is now accessible only after a long detour from inside the city.

Thence, by the inner gate of the Blachernai, the ancient imperial private way, one may enter the hallowed enclosure. On the right of the entrance is the mausoleum, filled with Mussulman graves, and having in the centre the enormous catafalque of Abou Seïdet, the companion of the Prophet Mohammed. So revered is the sanctity of this holy person that, for centuries after the Conquest, no non-Mussulman foot was allowed to approach his jealously guarded tomb. Farther inside, and opposite, beyond toppling tombstones, appears the lintel of the outer imperial Gate of the Blachernai. In 1080, through it and between the sideposts, which accumulated earth has hidden, Alexios Komnenos escaped, a fugitive in danger of his life, to return an Emperor.

Turning northward through a partition wall, one discovers a tiny edifice of stone. From within, dilapidated steps descend to the never failing spring of pure, trans-

parent water which sparkles below. The cold bare stones reveal no record of a burdened past. No sound breaks the silence, deathlike in its stillness. Yet dames the most exalted in their rank, and peerless in their radiant beauty, have worn this narrow pavement with their knees. Crowned sovereigns, while the chapel door was closed to all other suppliants, and when God's was the only ear to listen, have prayed and groaned here alone. This is Saint Basil's Imperial Chapel and Holy Fountain, once most revered. Now the custodian at the door is a toothless, bleary-eyed being, who rapaciously tracks the stranger, and who, ghoul-like, watches for alms in the habitations of the dead.

The enclosure is shaded by majestic trees, some of which were green when the Byzantine Empire fell, and which have survived another Empire's decay. A wild, luxuriant vegetation pushes in the damp and fertile soil, and clothes the slopes with beauty. It is a spot which the tourist's eye hath not seen, and which the garrulous guide or courier does not know. This sequestered nook, shut off from the travelled ways of men, encompassed by the mighty arms of the protecting walls, sentinelled by the giant towers, is, above all other, the fit place in which to re-live the past and to breathe the present of these unequalled ruins.



THE MOSQUES AND TURBEHS



THE mosques at Constantinople are the only durable monuments of the Ottoman Conquest. In a city twenty-five centuries old one realizes mournfully that there is nothing among the works of man to which with any propriety the word "durable" can be applied. Marble edifices, their foundations laid in adamantine cement and their blocks riveted together, resist only a few generations longer than the trellised summer palace "'gainst the tooth of time and razure of oblivion." Nevertheless, the mosques will last when every other structure of Ottoman wealth and power in the minareted capital has perished.

They are the noblest, worthiest monuments of the Ottomans. With a care which they have never expended on kiosk or palace, and with an art which found in such constructions its deepest inspiration and loftiest destiny, they have sought to make their mosques as sublime and lasting as the human mind could devise and the human hand could execute. Like the classic Greeks, they have consecrated their best to the service of their faith.

The primitive, typical mosque is indeed the plainest and least pretentious of all structures : —

“ A simple, unpartitioned room,  
 Surmounted by an ample dome,  
 Or, in some lands that favored lie,  
 With centre open to the sky,  
 But roofed with arched cloisters round,  
 That mark the consecrated bound  
 And shade the niche to Mekkeh turned,  
 By which two massive lights are burned;  
 With pulpit, whence the sacred word  
 Expounded on great days is heard;  
 With fountain fresh, where, ere they pray,  
 Men wash the soil of earth away;  
 With shining minaret, thin and high,  
 From whose fine-trellised balcony  
 Announcement of the hours of prayer  
 Is uttered to the silent air;  
 Such is the Mosque — the holy place,  
 Where faithful men of every race  
 Meet at their ease, and face to face.”

A room, a mihrab or niche, a pulpit, a fountain, — these are the essentials. These four conditions fulfilled, the mosque, however small and lowly, is complete. Even the minaret is not a necessity. Such sanctuaries exist by scores at Constantinople.

Nevertheless, luxury and devotion have not been content with such unostentatious temples. Hence in the city may be found every form of mosque, from the plainest and least costly to the grandest achievements of Oriental art and the most elaborate offerings of imperial piety and magnificence. Since the Conquest the Cathedral of Justinian has exercised an immense influence in Mussulman architecture. Lechevalier hardly exaggerates the truth when he says that “all the large mosques of Constan-



tinople are the copy, more or less imperfect, of Sancta Sophia." This influence reaches even to the least assuming suburban structures.

To indicate a mosque in Turkish, the two words *djami* and *mesdjid* are commonly employed. The former is commonly applied to the larger, and the latter to the smaller buildings, though the distinction is not always maintained. From *mesdjid* the English word mosque is derived through the medium of the Spanish and French.

Those founded by members of the reigning dynasty surpass the rest in rank, and are called imperial. They alone are allowed the distinction of more than a single minaret. Sancta Sophia and the Mosque of Souleïnan I have four, while the Mosque of Achmet I has six. In each is the *maksourah*, or latticed chamber, a gilded, gorgeous apartment, always in readiness for the sovereign. It is approached from without by a long covered passage, the floor of which is an inclined, ascending plane, and is not accessible from inside the mosque. Always near it, sometimes separated only by a curtain, is another chamber, set apart for the devotions of the Sultan's mother. In each, too, is the *mastabah*, or high, square platform whence criers intone the call to prayer and where ecclesiastical dignitaries may offer their worship.

The imperial and larger mosques are often fronted by a harem or court. This is surrounded by an elegant and spacious colonnade, is commonly paved in marble, and has a charming fountain in the centre. That philanthropy is the monopoly of no one race or faith is attested by the numerous dependent institutions of mercy which Islam rears around her sanctuaries. These include poor-houses and kitchens for the poor (*imaret*), schools (*mekteb*), colleges (*medresseh*), hospitals (*hasta khaneh*), lunatic asylums

(timar khaneh), inns (khan), libraries (kitab khaneh), and almost every conceivable institution to assuage the physical infirmity or suffering, and to satisfy the mental needs of the Mussulmans.

How many mosques there are in Constantinople, imperial and plebeian, great and small, minareted and minaretless, no man accurately knows. Dazed by their apparent omnipresence, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu exclaims, "There are from five to six thousand in it!" Byzantios, who wrote forty-five years ago, could find only three hundred and forty-six. Hafiz Houssein Effendi gives the names of four hundred and ninety-one in Stamboul alone.

Something of what the church is to the Christian the mosque is to the Mussulman, — a place where prayer is made and where sermons are preached. Nevertheless, the devotees of the two religions look upon their sanctuaries with different eyes. No foreigner has better caught the spirit of the mosque, and pictured it in more charming lines, than Lord Houghton in his "Palm Leaves":—

"As men are wont to meet  
 In court or chamber, mart or street,  
 For purposes of gain or pleasure,  
 For friendliness or social leisure,—  
 So, for the greatest of all ends  
 To which intelligence extends,  
 The worship of the Lord, whose will  
 Created and sustains us still,  
 And honor of the Prophet's name,  
 By whom the saving message came,  
 Believers meet together here,  
 And hold these precincts very dear.

"The floor is spread with matting neat,  
 Unstained by touch of shodden feet, —



A decent and delightful seat.  
 Where, after due devotion paid  
 And legal ordinance obeyed,  
 Men may in happy parlance join  
 And gay with serious thought combine;  
 May ask the news from lands away,  
 May fix the business of to-day;  
 Or, with "God willing;" at the close  
 To-morrow's hopes and deeds dispose.

" Children are running in and out  
 With silver-sounding laugh and shout,  
 No more disturbed in their sweet play,  
 No more disturbing those that pray,  
 Than the poor birds that fluttering fly  
 Among the rafters there on high,  
 Or seek at times with grateful hop  
 The corn fresh-sprinkled on the top.

" So lest the stranger's scornful eye  
 Should hurt this sacred family, —  
 Lest inconsiderate words should wound  
 Devout adorers with their sound, —  
 Lest careless feet should stain the floor  
 With dirt and dust from out the door, —  
 'T is well that custom should protect  
 The place with prudence circumspect,  
 And let no unbeliever pass  
 The threshold of the faithful mass;  
 That as each Muslim his Hareem  
 Guards even from a jealous dream,  
 So should no alien feeling scathe  
 This common home of public faith,  
 So should its very name dispel  
 The presence of the infidel.

" Yet, though such reverence may demand  
 A building raised by human hand,  
 Most honor to the men of prayer,  
 Whose mosque is in them everywhere!

Who, amid revel's wildest din,  
In war's severest discipline,  
On rolling deck, in thronged bazaar,  
In stranger lands, however far,  
However different in their reach  
Of thought, in manners, dress, or speech, —  
Will quietly their carpet spread,  
To Mekkeh turn the humble head,  
And, as if blind to all around  
And deaf to each distracting sound,  
In ritual language God adore,  
In spirit to his presence soar,  
And, in the pauses of the prayer,  
Rest, as if rapt in glory there."

The earlier imperial mosques are marvellously fascinating and impressive. Each crowns some imposing elevation, whence, with domes and minarets, it perfects the landscape and suggests to the traveller at sea the illusion of a celestial city. Each is surrounded by a spacious court, over which enormous trees spread their majestic arms. The numerous dependent structures, relegated to a distance, are not near enough to obscure the outline or to minify the grand effect. Whatever the heat and turmoil of the bustling capital, it seems always calm and tranquil in the shaded precincts of the mosque. The galleried minarets rise like watchmen at its side. The soil beneath often quivers with the earthquake, and the polished, tapering point in the dizzy air invites and defies the lightning; and still the minaret stands, slender, arrowy, ethereal, — a most daring, and the most poetic, creation of architecture.

The clergy of the mosque are divided into the five classes of sheiks, khatibs, imams, muezzins, and kaïms.

The sheik is the preacher. One and but one is attached



to each large mosque. He is required to preach every Friday after the noonday prayer, and he often also preaches on other occasions. Mussulman sermons are characterized by frankness and fearlessness, are usually extemporaneous, and must never be attended by any gesture whatsoever. A gesture is supposed to divert the listener from thoughts of God and of the subject, to contemplation of the speaker.

The khatib has the single duty of presiding at the solemn noonday prayer on Friday.

The imam always conducts the worship except on Friday. He officiates at circumcisions, marriages, and funerals.

The muezzin calls to prayer from the minaret, and then repeats the call from his tribune inside the mosque, — immediately after which worship begins. The chief requirement for his office is the possession of a rich and powerful voice. Five times a day — at morning and noon, in the afternoon and evening, and at night — the sublime invitation must ring out over the hills. Weak or discordant tones can neither be acceptable to God nor reach the ears of men.

The ka'im performs all those humble duties which would be considered menial in any other building, but which are ennobled when rendered in the service of God and of his house.

Many of the smaller mosques have as their sole attendant an imam, who unites in his person the attributes of the other officials.

In close vicinity to the mosque are often one or more turbehs. The turbeh is an Ottoman mausoleum, a tomb of more than ordinary size and splendor. Such are the sepulchres of the sultans and sultanas, of favored members of the reigning family, and sometimes of successful gen-

erals and grand vizirs. All are covered edifices, square, polygonal, or circular. They are usually fronted by a portico with marble or porphyry columns, are two or three stories high, lighted by several parallel rows of windows, and surmounted by a dome. The outside is sometimes plain, but often ornate. The inside is commonly as rich and sumptuous as the founder and architect can devise. Pendent ostrich eggs, olive lamps, and Arabic inscriptions are found in all. Koran-stands, provided with the sacred book, are always ready for the perusal of devout and pious visitors. Prayer offered in their calm seclusion is considered most salutary and efficacious. Even more than the mosque they are favorite places for meditation and self-communion. Some contain the ashes only of a single individual. In others a score of persons, or even fifty, may be grouped in strange and — to one acquainted with their domestic history — in startling juxtaposition. Few turbans have been erected during the last two hundred years. Almost all the more recent sultans have been dependent for a final resting-place on the silent hospitality of some remote predecessor.

The bodies are placed with the right side turned towards Mecca, and only two or three feet below the level of the floor. Above is raised a catafalque, which terminates in a sort of gable roof, and is shaped like an Ottoman coffin; that is, highest and broadest at the upper portion of the body. This is covered with cloth, on which may be placed costly shawls or a black velvet pall embroidered with Arabic devices in gold or silver thread. The grave of a male person is distinguished by a turban at the head, or, in recent years, by the red fez of the Reform. A tuft of heron's feathers, affixed to the turban, indicates that a once reigning sultan lies below.



The catafalques of women are marked by no head-dress, and are generally lower and smaller. Those of warriors and saints are often made prodigiously long and broad, to indicate the mighty physical proportions of the deceased and the extraordinary influence he formerly exerted in heaven and on earth.

Each turbeh is under the care of custodians, whose entire earthly existence is passed within its walls. This guardianship is a lazy heritage, often continued through the same family for hundreds of years. No life can be more inane and profitless than that of these watchers in the tombs of the dead. Muttering eternally the same prayers, repeating by rote passages from the Koran for thousands of times, dusting the graves, and sweeping the floor, make up its sum.

#### THE MOSQUE OF EYOUB

THE Mosque of Eyoub is esteemed the holiest Mussulman temple in Europe. Every other mosque is accessible to the infidel. This remains to this day untrodden by a non-Moslem foot. The octagonal turbeh of Eyoub at its side is revered as of equal holiness, and in dignity outranks every other mausoleum in the city, whether of sultan or saint. The entire vicinity is considered hallowed by the presence of these two edifices, and the village is called "the sacred." So great is the religious fervor of the neighborhood that it would be perilous for a Christian to enter the spacious, well-paved outer courtyard, or even, when passing in the street outside, to direct towards mosque or turbeh inquisitive and repeated glances. Apparently,

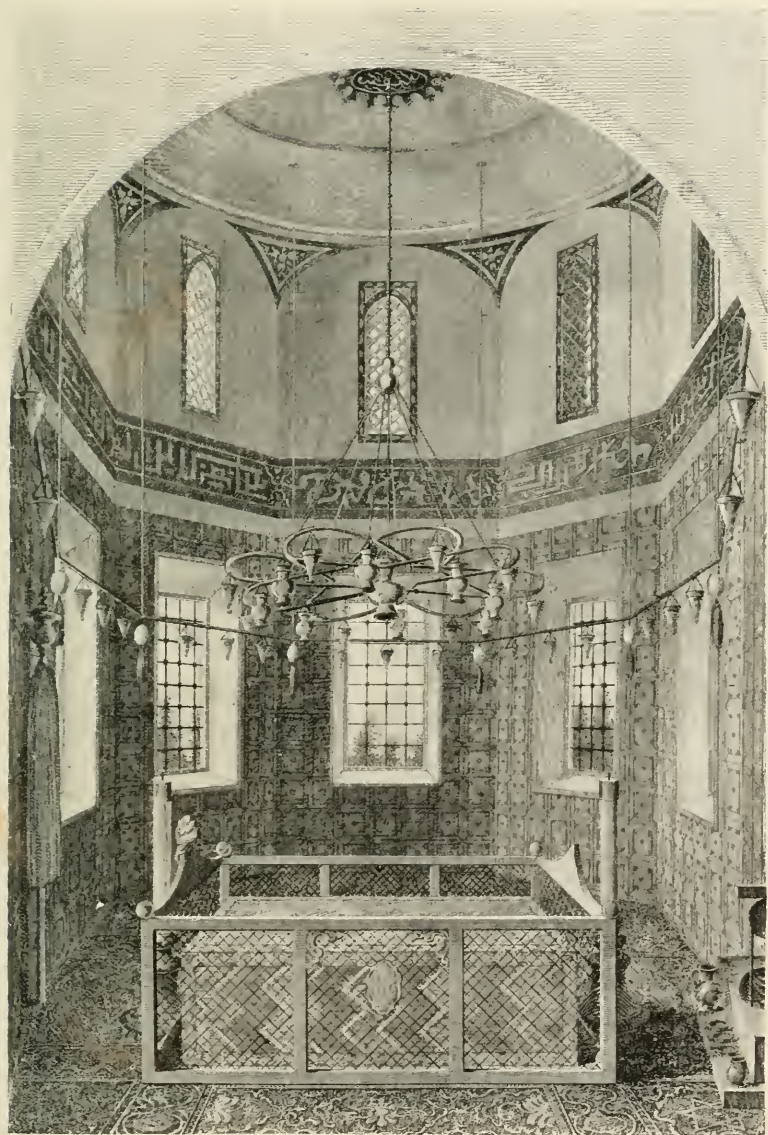
all the mouldering fanaticism of the Ottoman has concentrated here as in its desperate last asylum.

Nor does the mosque lack dynastic and state pre-eminence. Here, on accession to the throne, each sultan must be girded with the sabre of the great Osman by the hands of the General of the Mevlevi Dervishes, who comes across Asia Minor from far distant Konieh for the proud purpose. Only two sultans since Mohammed II have omitted the ceremonial, or have performed it elsewhere, and the reign of both was brief and calamitous.

The following details concerning the history and inner appearance of mosque and turbeh are derived from Muslim sources, especially from the "Hadicat-lu-Djevami," or Garden of the Mosques, wherein the poetic fervor of Hafiz Houssein Effendi finds occasion for many a startling Oriental simile, and for a flow of metaphoric speech.

During the first Arab attack upon Constantinople there died of dysentery, in the year 672, Abou Eyoub Khalid Ensari, who had been companion and standard-bearer of the Prophet. The Arabs were defeated in their seven years' siege, and on their disastrous flight were obliged to leave behind the bones of the venerable saint. Till 1453 — that is, during almost eight centuries — the Christians passed over his grave, ignorant and careless that so important a personage slept beneath. A few days after the Conquest of Constantinople the Sheik Akshemseddin — "to whom," says Hafiz Houssein Effendi, "the capture of the magnificent capital of the Ottoman Empire was chiefly due" — was vouchsafed a celestial vision. An angelic envoy, whose feet were planted upon the earth, but whose head touched the stars, indicated to the admiring sheik the spot where so long reposed the relics of the holy warrior. As further confirmation, the angel stated that near the remains





THE TURBEH OF EYOUB

there would be found a water-spring, heretofore unknown, and a white marble slab with a Hebrew inscription.

The Conqueror was immediately informed, and ordered that investigation should be made without delay. Soon the spring was laid bare, and close by, though many feet below the surface, a slab was discovered on which were deciphered the words, "This is the tomb of Eyoub." Though the grave was found, the ashes had mingled with their native dust, and devotion was unable to identify any of the remains. The erection of a most magnificent turbeh over the spot was at once undertaken. A well was dug at the side, into which the water was conducted from the spring. On completion of the edifice, Akshemseddin, standing beneath the dome, girded the sabre upon Mohammed II, significant that the Conqueror was the fulfilment of prophecy, and that he had accomplished the task Eyoub had begun.

At first the turbeh remained open to the faithful only on Friday night, then throughout Friday and Monday. The influx of the worshippers required ampler opportunity for pious observances. Since then, night and day, without cessation, the place has been thronged by the devout. The great majority bring offerings of amber, incense, aloes, silver or gold; but the purest wax is the most frequent contribution, and the most esteemed. As a meritorious act, each devotee drinks from the water of the well which is at the foot of the catafalque.

With immense difficulty and at great expense the tireless d'Ohsson, over a hundred and twenty years ago, obtained a picture of the interior from an Ottoman artist. Several Mussulmans have assured me that it affords a faithful idea of the present appearance of the revered shrine. The catafalque is oblong, in box form, the upper



surface flat and concealed under the costliest and minutely embroidered cloths. On the gilded railing is placed the turban, symbol of Mussulman manhood, and outside near the head a furled green standard, symbol of the honorable office of the dead. At head and foot are silver candlesticks, presented by Sultan Ibrahim, in which burn great candles, whose fire is watched like that of the vestal virgins. From the ceiling are suspended olive lamps and ostrich eggs, the latter significant of patience and faith. The inscription, in Coufic characters, which girdles the walls between the upper and lower windows, was placed there by Mahmoud I. He also caused a stone, which bore the imprint of a human foot, to be inserted in the wall in 1732. This had been discovered in the gardens of the Seraglio, and was at once declared to be the footprint of the Prophet. The glowing imagination of the poet Soubhi describes the lifeless impression as "shining with everlasting splendors, like the countenance of the houris."

Almost every sultan has increased the splendor and opulence of the turbeh. The large-hearted, ill-fated Selim III composed the following prayer, and affixed it in gold letters to the wall: "O Holy Standard-bearer, thou chief in the kingdom of prophecy, in my hour of need be thou always my helper with Allah. The suppliant Selim Khan prays thee; be thou always his intercessor, O Abou Eyoub Ensari."

The mosque is built entirely of white marble. With scrupulous care, equalled nowhere else, its custodians constantly cleanse the exterior, and allow no dust or stain to disfigure its dazzling purity. It is surrounded by a beautiful grove. From the mass of trees its clustered domes and semi-domes and its artistic minarets, each with two elaborate galleries, emerge in loveliness. It was not

erected until several years after the completion of the turbeh. On the inner side of its vaulted dome the Conqueror caused these words to be written: "In the year of the Hegira 863 (1459) Sultan Mohammed built this mosque. May it resemble paradise. It has been made a house of God, whose followers are to be revered."



STREET OF TURBEHS AT EYOUB

Earthquake and lightning have dealt harshly with the main structure and minarets. Yet after each catastrophe it has been restored as radiant as before. Its last entire reconstruction occupied the space of twenty-eight months, when it was reconsecrated in 1800 by Selim III. The present ethereal minarets were designed by Mahmoud II the Great.

Constantinople has no Ottoman Westminster Abbey, nor Saint Denis, nor even Père la Chaise. The tombs of the



sultans and of their warriors and statesmen are scattered throughout Stamboul. The main host of Mussulman dead people the cemetery of Scutari and the interminable lines of burial places outside the walls. Yet no other quarter equals Eyoub in its mausoleums of the famous and eminent. One of its streets is distinctively a *via sacra* of tombs. Almost all the sheiks-ul-Islam, the high priests of Islam, are interred beside one another outside the mosque in sepulchres of stern simplicity. No bronze or sculptured marble can be more solemn and impressive in mute tribute to piety and worth than these rows of plain black catafalques, each surmounted by its spotless turban. Here, too, apart from the pomp and noise of statelier quarters, many a sad discarded sultana has found rest.

#### THE MOSQUE OF SULTAN MOHAMMED II

IT stands on the summit of the fourth hill, and is visible from afar in every direction. The austerity and dignity of its form mark it as the appropriate masterpiece of the Conqueror. Its courtyard is the vastest of all the mosques, — almost a mile in circuit. Over the arch of the central door an inscription, written in graceful characters by Ali Abou Souphy, announces that the edifice was completed in the month of Radjab, in the year of the Hegira 875, or eighteen years after the capture of the city by the Ottomans.

It occupies the site of the Church of the Holy Apostles, and of the two heroons, or mausoleums, of the Byzantine emperors. That church, second only to Sancta Sophia, the Sultan assigned to the Christians as their Patriarchate. In 1456 the Patriarch Gennadios, ill at ease

in a region inhabited mainly by Mussulmans, obtained permission to remove his see to the Monastery of Pammakaristos, now Fetihieh Djami. Seven years longer the church stood, silent, and deserted by Christian worshippers. By no mere coincidence the spot, associated with the buried glories of the Byzantines, was the fittest whereon to build the triumphant sanctuary of Mohammed. The church was torn down, and the mosque begun. It occupied eight years in building. The architect was not a Mussulman, but the Greek Christodoulos. His well-deserved reward was the still standing Church of the Holy Virgin the Mouchliotissa, and the adjacent lands. A sanguinary but erroneous Greek tradition states that when his work was done the architect was impaled, so that no rival structure should ever be created by his genius.

The Ottomans repeat the following tradition, equally without foundation, which in a measure transmits the barbaric and simple ideas of the age. Christodoulos had shortened the two principal columns of the mosque, unwilling that there should be any pillars in it of greater length than those in Sancta Sophia. Thereupon the angry Sultan ordered the two hands of Christodoulos to be cut off. At once the mutilated architect made formal complaint to the *cadi*. He accused the Sultan of having thus deprived him of the means of support, the right of every man. The *cadi* commanded the plaintiff and defendant to present themselves for trial. The Sultan appeared at the tribunal, and was about to sit, when the *cadi* bade him remain standing, inasmuch as he was accused of a great crime. The Sultan confessed his guilt, and was condemned to the severest penalty of the law. Then, his duty done, the *cadi* rose, cast himself prostrate before the



sovereign, and kissed his feet. Meanwhile a tame viper, whose fangs had not been removed, fell from his sleeve. "What is the meaning of this serpent?" cried the Sultan. "To strike thee dead, dread Padishah," replied the *cadi*, "hadst thou not obeyed the law." "Oh, righteous judge," exclaimed Mohammed, disclosing a battle-axe till then concealed by his cloak, "know thou that with this same axe it was my intent to crush thy head, hadst thou acquitted me, thus rendering an unjust judgment in this affair."

Inasmuch as this mosque was erected by the Conqueror, and bears his name and that of the Prophet, it is regarded by the Ottomans with peculiar veneration. On every trivial detail concerning it they dwell with scrupulous minuteness. Thus, after its partial destruction by earthquake in 1767, Hafiz Housseïn Effendi, in his "*Hadikat-ul-Djevami*," is careful to state the exact moment when its restoration by Moustapha III began. This was, he says, at twenty-seven minutes past twelve, on the fourth day of the month Djemazi-ul-Ewell. In consequence of its sanctity, it was one of the last mosques to become accessible to non-Mussulmans. Even now admission is not always possible, and often, when once inside, the fierce looks and hostile bearing of its *habitués* make the stranger anxious to be gone.

Apparently its Christian architect could conceive no adequate structural design other than a cross. So this masterpiece of the victorious Sultan in a measure preserves the symbol of the vanquished religion. The dome, two hundred and fifty-six feet high, the loftiest in Constantinople, is supported by four colossal piers, and from it are subtended four great semi-domes. The interior is more effective than the outside. Its main features are

spaciousness and a simplicity so entire that it attains grandeur. The decorations are immense black arabesques on a white groundwork, and resemble prodigious crayon sketches, save that in them no living creature appears. Their austerity and plainness heighten the general impressiveness, and augment the sense of vastness.

On the right, and above the main entrance, is a sky-blue tablet, to whose letters of gold the Ottomans point with never-waning pride. It bears the words, which Mus-sulman tradition attributes to the Prophet: "Constantinople shall be subdued. Happy the prince, happy the army which shall achieve its subjection."

The harem is a regal structure, with marble pavement and canopied fountain and broad trees and splendid colonnade. Six columns of reddish granite are over three feet in diameter. The other twelve are of like granite, and of vert antique. Some of them must have stood in the Church of the Holy Apostles, most of whose precious materials were built into the mosque. The harem is the favorite play-ground of troops of children. They chase each other up and down the steps, and play at hide-and-seek among the pillars.

The wide outer mosque-yard is always thronged and always quiet. In front and rear pass main thoroughfares of the city, but they do not disturb its calm. Under the great trees — cypress, acacia, lime, plane, ilanthus, mulberry — is every day a scene than which there is none more Oriental anywhere in Stamboul. All occupations of ambulant humanity are represented in the countless crowd, — fruit-sellers, fakirs, pilgrims from Mecca, doctors whose sole treatment consists of hand-passages in the air, cooks with portable kitchens, water-carriers with heavy skin-bottles on their backs, venders of amulets and





A PILGRIM

charms, dervishes, professional letter-writers, harmless lunatics from the hospital of the mosque, turbaned imams, theological students, soldiers, hamals, beggars, barbers plying their craft amid the crowd in the open air, and children in swarms.

At a little distance, forming a belt around the mosque-yard, are numerous buildings — many with successive rows of domes — of every shape and character and size. In them are located various dependent philanthropic establishments. They include schools, colleges, theological seminaries for the four rites of Islam, cloisters of the students and priests, baths, poor-houses, public kitchens, a khan, a hospital for the sick and another for the insane. Nearest of all to the mosque is the library founded by the Conqueror. It is a square, fantastically roofed, two-storied building. Over its entrance is the following Arabic inscription: "The study of learning is by divine command incumbent on every Mussulman."

Near the mosque on the east is the turbeh of Moham-med II. It is a decagonal, two-storied building, of white marble, lighted by many windows, and covered by a dome. Around it, on the outside, runs a marble step several feet in height, from which the Ottomans with reverence and awe gaze in upon the catafalque of their dread sovereign. The turbeh has no other occupant. The Conqueror lies alone in his glory. The coffin-like structure rises above him, and is itself enclosed by a richly-wrought railing of mother-of-pearl. A magnificent velvet pall was placed there by Sultan Abd-ul Medjid. On either side, and at the foot, are candles over twelve inches in diameter.

The turbeh has two precious possessions. One the custodians proudly show. This is a Koran, copied from beginning to end by the Sultan, and signed with his name.





A BEGGAR

The other is esteemed too holy for even the eyes of the faithful to rest upon it. This is a *simm sherif*, or sacred tooth, one of the four which were struck from the Prophet's mouth at the fearful battle of Uhud.

Goulbahar Sultana, the beloved wife of Mohammed II, and mother of Bayezid II, sleeps in another *turbah* close by. At her side is the catafalque of an unknown princess, though commonly considered that of Mohammed's mother. That lady, in whose life blends much of mystery, is interred at Brousa, near her husband, Mourad II. Ottoman tradition regards her as a daughter of Charles VI of France, and hence as sister of Isabella, queen of Richard II of England. On account of this traditional relationship the French ambassadors to the Porte constantly demanded, and were often allowed, precedence over the envoys of other nations.

In another *turbah* still farther east centre claims more modern and less doubtful. This is the tomb, shaped like a rotunda, of Nachshedil Sultana, consort of Abd-ul Hamid I. It was built by her order some years previous to her death. There is strong reason to believe the following story, and, if it be true, no life romance is more romantic than hers. It is supposed that she was born in the West Indies, in the island of Martinique. Her maiden name was Aimée Dubuc de Rivery, and she was companion in childhood and cousin of another creole lady, Josephine de la Pagerie, who escaped from the guillotine on which her first husband was beheaded, to become the wife of Napoleon and Empress of France. Mademoiselle de Rivery, on completion of her education in a convent at Nantes, at the age of eighteen embarked at Marseilles to return to Martinique. Shipwrecked, she was rescued by a vessel en route for Majorca. This vessel was afterwards



captured by an Algerian pirate. The young girl was exposed for sale in the slave market of Algiers, and was purchased by the dey, who sent her as a present to Sultan Abd-ul Hamid I. By him she became the mother of Mahmoud II, the grandfather of the present Sultan. If this strange tale be credited, which the Empress Eugénie repeated in 1869 to Sultan Abd-ul Aziz, much that was grand in the career of Mahmoud II the Great may well be attributed to the potent influence of his mother.

The catafalque of the Sultana occupies the centre, and is surrounded by the graves of fourteen members of the reigning family, her descendants. One, covered by black velvet, is that of the imperious Adileh Sultana, who had a large share in shaping contemporaneous Ottoman history.

#### THE MOSQUE OF SULTAN BAYEZID II

BAYEZID II, throughout his reign, seemed overshadowed and dwarfed by his great predecessor and father, Mahomed II. His mosque bears a like relation to that of the Conqueror. Another Christodoulos, the nephew of the first, was its architect. It was completed in 1498, nine years having been consumed in its construction. The Sultan, while exacting the most splendid results, was parsimonious in expenditure, and many times nettled the ambitious architect by his economy. The Greeks have a tradition — based only on the aversion of subjects for their masters — that, when the work was finished, the Sultan asked Christodoulos if it was possible to construct anything more magnificent. “Surely,” he replied, “if more generous means are provided.” The story ends, like so

many another Eastern tale of horror, "Thereupon he was at once put to death."

The mosque stands on the western edge of the Grand Bazar, and south of the esplanade of the War Department, once occupied by Eski Seraï. Its proportions are graceful within and without, but destitute of any distinctive character. Four arches, on four piers, support the central dome, while dissimilar semi-domes are added in different directions, and produce the effect of a blurred and imperfect cross. Grottesquely painted flowers ornament the white ceiling. The chamber of the Sultan is distinguished by its ten columns of jasper and vert antique, and the balustrade of the pulpit is a marvel of exquisite chiselling.

The whole exterior has a dirty, dingy look, inevitable from the pigeons who for many generations have brooded in every nook and cranny. All are sprung, according to tradition, from a single pair, the contribution of a poor widow while the edifice was building. The Sultan consecrated but a part of his resources; the widow gave her all. So the doctors of Mussulman theology declare that her humble name, and not the Sultan's, shines in heaven as that of the real founder. Even on earth its construction gives the Sultan but infrequent mention, as it is commonly called the Dove Mosque. The progeny of that first pair have become countless. The pigeons around Saint Mark's in Venice are few in comparison. To throw them a handful of corn is considered an act as meritorious as a prayer. They seem surfeited; yet when a human being approaches the grain counter near the western entrance, they flutter towards him in shoals of hundreds.

The court, or harem, is fine, with its three-sided portico, upheld by twenty columns, — four of jasper, six of granite, and ten of vert antique. The fountain in the centre is



immense, its canopy resting on eight marble columns. It is paved with blocks of porphyry and marble, and in each corner the trunks of venerable trees pierce through the rocky flooring. The portico is crowded with stands and stalls of petty tradesmen, venders of seals and seal-engravers, dealers in amulets, beads, and perfumes, professional dove-feeders, and beggars, whose occupation thrives. The



A PORTICO AT THE MOSQUE OF SULTAN BAYEZID

letter-writers form a distinct and always busy class. Each patron finds his letter ready made, requiring only an address and signature. The one idea in their composition is that friends wish to say certain things incident to their relations with each other; so too do children and parents, and lovers most of all, whose language is eternally the same. So the letter of each class may be best expressed in invariable and stereotyped terms.

Behind the mosque is a little garden, in which are three turbehs. The one, a splendid octagon, prominent in the centre, is that of Sultan Bayezid. His catafalque, proportioned to his fabulous size, is over thirteen feet in length. It is surrounded by a railing incrustated in mother-of-pearl. Three enormous candles, with censers and bra-



THE FOUNTAIN AT THE MOSQUE OF SULTAN BAYEZID

siers, are stationed at his head, and another great candle at his feet. The dust shaken from his garments during his campaigns was always carefully preserved, and on his death was fashioned into a brick. This is placed beneath his right arm in his grave as mute testimonial to Allah that the dead sovereign fought for his faith. Beyond is a simple turbeh, where the favorite daughter of Bayezid sleeps alone. Near the entrance of the garden is the



third turbeh, the modern mausoleum of Reshid Pasha, who was five times Grand Vizir of Sultan Abd-ul Medjid, but is better known to Europe as the coadjutor of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe and of the British in the Crimean War. Three of his sons are buried near the statesman. Outside, surrounded by a finely wrought railing, but exposed to all the storms of heaven, is the marble monument of his wife.

#### THE MOSQUE OF SULTAN SELIM I

SQUARE and angular, massive, sullen, forbidding, with little grace or beauty, but the embodiment of solidity and strength, there could hardly exist an edifice more typical of the monarch whose name it bears. If the fierce Sultan's soul ever came back to the world he terrorized, it would revel in a sanctuary so congenial to itself. From the summit of the fifth hill it seems to cast over all the region a shadow and a fear. Harshness and cruelty are apparently built into the silent walls. When the sun shines brightest, it is dark within and gloomy without. The repellent harem, or court, with its twenty columns of marble and granite, and the plain, almost clumsy minarets, are appropriate to the main edifice.

Nevertheless, it was not erected by Selim I, whom his trembling subjects called "yevouz," the inflexible, or cruel, — but by his son Souleïman I, as a tribute to his memory. The materials were mainly brought from the abandoned edifices which Constantine the Great had begun and then left incomplete at Alexandria Troas.

In the rear are four turbehs. That of Selim I is the farthest west, a yellow octagon, with white trimmings and



THE MOSQUE OF SULTAN SELIM I



a melon-shaped dome. The Sultan is the sole occupant. On his vast white turban is the heron feather of the Ottoman dynasty, and three candles — eight or nine feet high, and wide in proportion — are grouped at his head. The glaring modern frescos, which cover the ceiling, are incongruous with the mausoleum, which reveals its age of three hundred and seventy-five years. In the turbeh nearest is the catafalque, hidden by a close-fitting mantle of sacred green, of the beautiful Haphsa Sultana. She was Selim's favorite wife, the mother of his son Souleïman the Magnificent, and the only human being who did not shrink at his look. The third turbeh contains the remains of three sons and two daughters of Souleïman. Farthest east of all is the turbeh where sleeps Sultan Abd-ul Medjid. On his left are also the graves of two of his sons.

#### THE MOSQUE OF THE SHAHZADEH

SHAHZADEH DJAMI, the Mosque of the Sultan's Son, is in its structure and environment one of the most weirdly fascinating edifices in Stamboul. On the south spreads a mosque-yard, wide, unkempt, but picturesque, traversed by the rare pedestrians who find it an easier cut than the busy thoroughfare — once Justinian's Triumphal Way — which borders the wall of the enclosure. On the three sides, trees, shrubs, and wild plants wedge together in a natural forest. The tangled vegetation is broken only by narrow footpaths, and by turbehs whose rounded tops, as looked at from a distance, dot the green expanse like stars.

The mosque was begun in 1543, and finished four years later. It is a work of the Ottoman architect Sinan. In that reign of Souleïman, when all glories culminated,

Sinan was a lordly and distinguished figure. The Ottomans have produced calligraphists, but never a painter. Their noblest mosques and most sumptuous palaces have been devised by Christian brains and reared by Christian hands. Sinan in his ancestry was an Ottoman of the Ottomans. Yet he stands forth an anomaly in their history, ignorant of rules and untaught by masters, himself the Homer, the Shakespeare of Ottoman architecture, as destitute of rivals and imitators as he was of peers. So this mosque is wonderfully beautiful.

Four octagonal pillars, sixteen yards in circumference, uphold the superstructure of central dome, lateral semi-domes, and triple arches receding on each side. These main factors are found in every mosque. Here they are so pervaded and modified by genius, mastering every detail, utilizing not only lines and curves but light and shade, and transfusing each feature with its spirit, that the result, often monotonous from other hands, is here magnificent and original.

The mosque is a memorial of a great sorrow. It is the monument dedicated by Souleïman and Roxelana to their eldest son, Mohammed. The caprice of fortune had lifted Roxelana from the slave-market to be the consort of the Sultan. By a solemn ceremonial, such as no Ottoman sovereign had before employed, he had proclaimed her his wife. In five years she bore him five children: four sons, — Mohammed, Bayezid, Selim, and Djeanghir; and one daughter, Mihrima. The heir of the throne was Moustapha, the son of Souleïman by a Georgian lady, who had died in giving him birth. After long persistence, Roxelana persuaded Souleïman to violate the rules of Mussulman inheritance, and to declare their child Mohammed his successor. A few months afterwards Mohammed sickened





THE MOSQUE OF THE SHAHZADEH

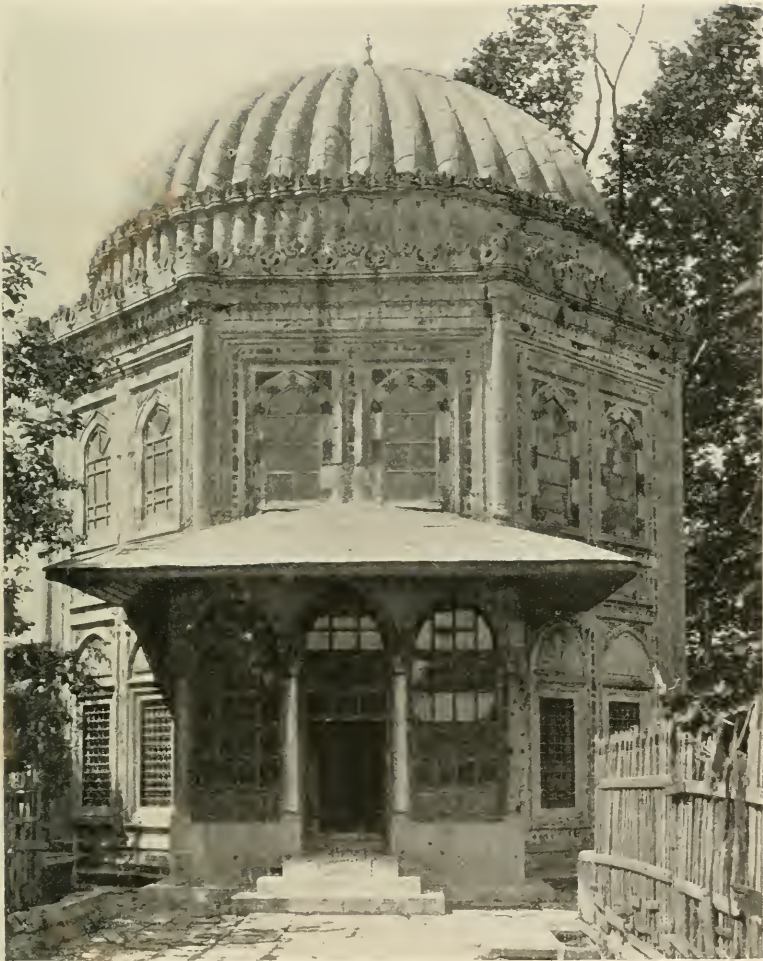
and died. The Sultan and the mother were equally afflicted; all the ambition of the latter for her offspring seemed buried in the coffin of her child. Even her zealous partisans timorously whispered that Allah had thus pronounced for Moustapha, the rightful heir, and that whoever sought to set aside his claims would be punished by Heaven. In later years splendid deeds of virtue, and inhuman crimes, were to spring from the fierce maternal affection of the Sultana; but for months the only thought of the heart-broken woman was the erection of this mosque in memory of her son.

The turbeh of the young prince is a towering octagonal structure. The inner and outer walls are inlaid with precious marble mosaic, and the interior is rich with rarest Persian tiling. Affection, expenditure, and art have striven their utmost to provide a regal sepulchral chamber.

Three other turbehs in the same enclosure centre much of the history and tragedy of the epoch. In one sleeps Mihrima Sultana, daughter of Souleïman and Roxelana, as magnificent and haughty as her father, as bewitching as her mother. The second is the mausoleum of her husband, Roustem Pasha, Grand Vizir of Souleïman. He was a harsh but able minister, and had the rare experience of dying peacefully in his high office, undisturbed by the bowstring.

The third turbeh is that of Ibrahim Pasha, all-powerful Grand Vizir, brother-in-law and other self of Sultan Souleïman. The son of a Greek sailor, captured in boyhood and sold as a slave, he was given to the Sultan. His wonderful beauty and intelligence captivated his master, and he speedily became the real ruler of the Empire. Never has any other Ottoman subject enjoyed such unheard-of marks of favor. Through thirteen years his





THE TURBEH OF THE SILAHZADEH

ascendency never waned. Then an insignificant affair caused sudden umbrage. On the fifth of March, 1536, he went to the Seraglio as usual, and was received with accustomed honors. Early the next morning his lifeless body was found on the threshold of his chamber with a deep red mark around the neck. Then he was buried



FOUNTAIN OF THE SHAHZADEH

with the most respectful pomp, and this imposing monument raised over his remains. But for over a hundred years his bloodstains were left untouched on the walls of his room, that the fate of the favorite might serve as a terrible lesson to his successors.

The graceful outer fountain of the Shahzadeh is always the haunt of a drowsy company, alike indifferent to the dramas of the past and the activities of the present.



## THE MOSQUE OF DJEANGHIR

THE story of Djeanghir continues that domestic tragedy of which the Mosque of the Shahzadeh commemorates the beginning. When Mohammed, the son of Roxelana, passed away, the succession was apparently assured to Moustapha, the son of Roxelana's hated but dead Georgian rival. The virtues and prowess of Moustapha won him the devotion of the Janissaries and people. Even Souleïman himself would have hardly ventured to set aside his rights. The imperious Sultana saw her three surviving sons, Bayezid, Djeanghir, and Selim, irrevocably excluded from the throne. Moreover, Djeanghir, of deformed body and feeble constitution, but endowed with a brilliant mind, was passionately attached to Moustapha, and was on a constant watch to protect him from possible plots.

War broke out with Persia. Souleïman and Moustapha marched away at the head of the troops. Djeanghir remained infirm in the Seraglio. Opportunity, and the fierce maternal affection of Roxelana, prompted her to the commission of a horrible crime. By means of the Grand Vizir Roustem Pasha, the husband of her daughter Mihrima, she persuaded Souleïman that Moustapha was plotting against his life, and furnished the Sultan with forged proofs of the treason of his son. The prince, already condemned to death, but unsuspecting, on the sixth of October, 1553, was invited to an audience of honor. The Vizirs kissed his hand, and the Janissaries attended him to the imperial tent with acclamations. Entering, he found himself confronted by seven mutes. They threw themselves upon him, and, stifling his piteous cries, strangled him with the bowstring. As long as he lived the Janissaries

would have fought to protect his life. Now that he was dead, they submitted with indignation, but with the resignation of Orientals, to an accomplished fact. Soon afterwards Souleïman was convinced of his son's innocence. He punished severely all who had any hand in the crime except the instigator and chief criminal. Against her he could summon only a few weak reproaches.

The tidings came to Djeanghir as a death-blow. He fell into a profound melancholy. Despite all the efforts of the physicians, he expired some weeks later, praying he might be laid close to Moustapha, in the turbeh of Mourad II at Brousa. This entreaty was disregarded, and his remains were placed beside those of his own brother, Mohammed, in the turbeh at the Shahzadeh.

To his memory Souleïman built the Mosque of Djeanghir at Topkhaneh, high up on the European shore of the Bosphorus. Its situation is enchanting. The superb view from its terrace rivals in loveliness that enjoyed from the gardens of Yildiz Kiosk. The mosque is approached by a narrow street, which mounts almost precipitously from the water's edge. So sharp is the ascent that the Ottomans, once the best horsemen in the world, repeat with incredulity the story of a soldier, who, pursued by enemies, galloped to the top. The edifice was consumed by fire in 1764, and re-erected exactly as before. Totally thrown down by earthquake in the present century, it was in slow process of reconstruction through more than twenty years. It was entirely restored in its original form by the present Sultan Abd-ul Hamid II, and a third time consecrated on April 10, 1890.

Its lofty position and its whiteness, thrown into relief by a background of unpainted wooden houses, render it prominent to every passer-by upon the Bosphorus. Archi-



teaturally it awakens little interest. It only testifies to a tale of horror like that of Constantine the Great and his murdered son Crispus, or of Philip V and Don Carlos of Spain, or of Peter the Great and Alexis. Hideous bloodstains are the monopoly of no one dynasty or throne. All things are paralleled everywhere.

#### THE MOSQUE OF MIHRIMA SULTANA

MIHRIMA SULTANA, favorite daughter of Souleïman the Magnificent, was its founder. She employed her own resources, and also taxed the liberality of her generous father to defray the cost. The architect was the great Sinan. The mosque deservedly ranks among the most elegant and commanding of the Empire. Only one injunction did the fair founder lay upon her architect. She ordered that it should be so constructed that, when one was inside, he should feel as if he stood in the outer air. No command was ever better obeyed. To it is due the unusual wealth of windows, which in seven parallel and horizontal rows fill the arches of the sides, and even on the darkest day stream in a flood of light. From a distance the whole seems to consist of windows, with a minaret and a dome.

The plan of no mosque is more simple. In its simplicity it is sublime. Here, in the effort to apparently float a dome in the sky, though it be only seventy feet in diameter, there is something of the aspiration of Anthemios at Sancta Sophia. Here there is profuse employment of galleries and colonnades. Two of the larger granite columns, eleven feet in circumference, were brought from the ruined Church of Saint John the Baptist in the Heb-

domon. Inside there is little attempt at decoration or display.

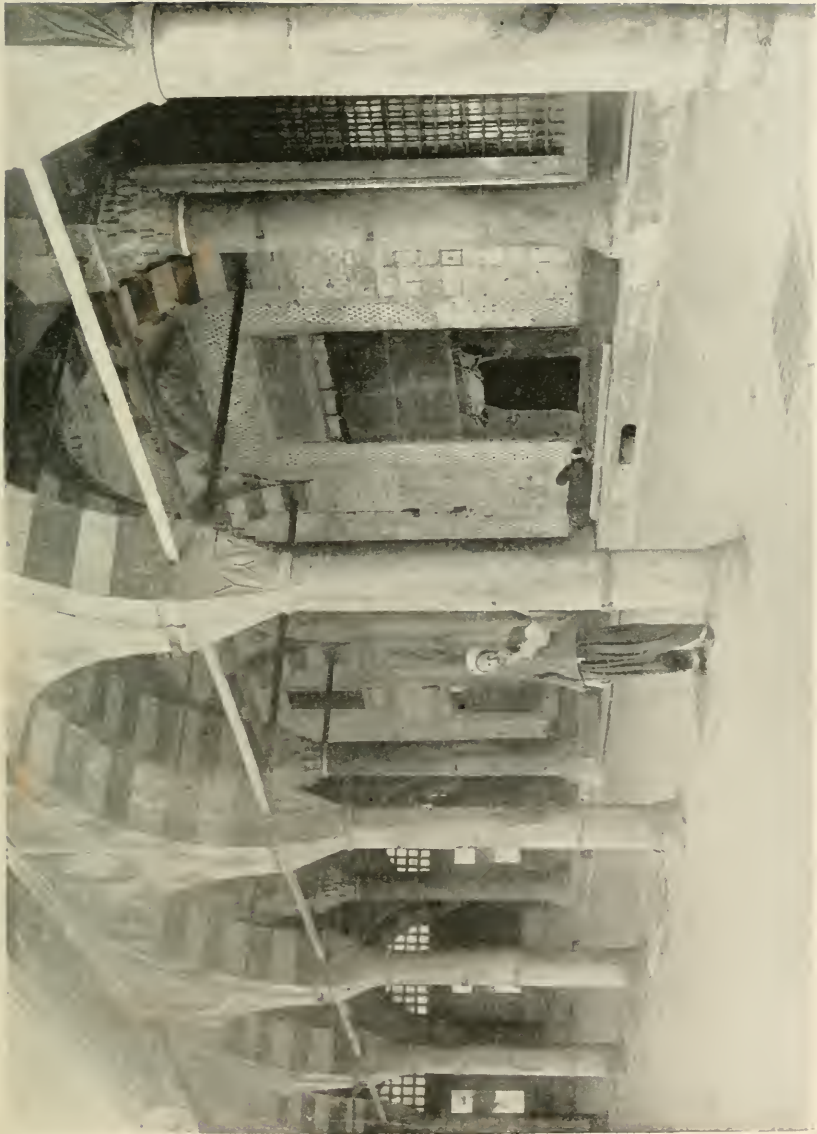
The mosque stands on the highest point included in the territory of Stamboul. It occupies the site of the ancient Monastery of Saint George on the summit of the sixth hill. Soaring above the bed of the Lycus, and over-topping the great land wall of Theodosius, it forces attention from every direction to its own magnificence, and to the magnificence of its site.

It is more associated than any other Moslem sanctuary with the European wars of the Empire. Here the sultans always performed their devotions before setting out on military expeditions to the West; then, their prayers concluded, and the blessing of the imam received, they marched forth at the head of their armies through the neighboring Gate of Adrianople. The frightful earthquake of 1894 shattered the mosque and cast the gate, a heap of ruin, to the ground.

#### THE MOSQUE OF ROUSTEM PASHA

THE Mosque of Roustem Pasha is in every respect the direct opposite of that built by his wife, Mihrima Sultana. Hers is light and airy, magnificently simple, and planted on a commanding height. His is dark and shut in, ostentatious on the inside, and dropped into the cleft of a valley on the Golden Horn. The stern Vizir, who during his entire lifetime was never known to smile, was in character and ability inferior to his open-hearted, sunny wife. His mosque is in like degree inferior to hers.

With a thrifty blending of piety and enterprise rare in an Ottoman, the whole basement story was devoted to



A COLONNADE AT THE MOSQUE OF ROUSTEM PASHA

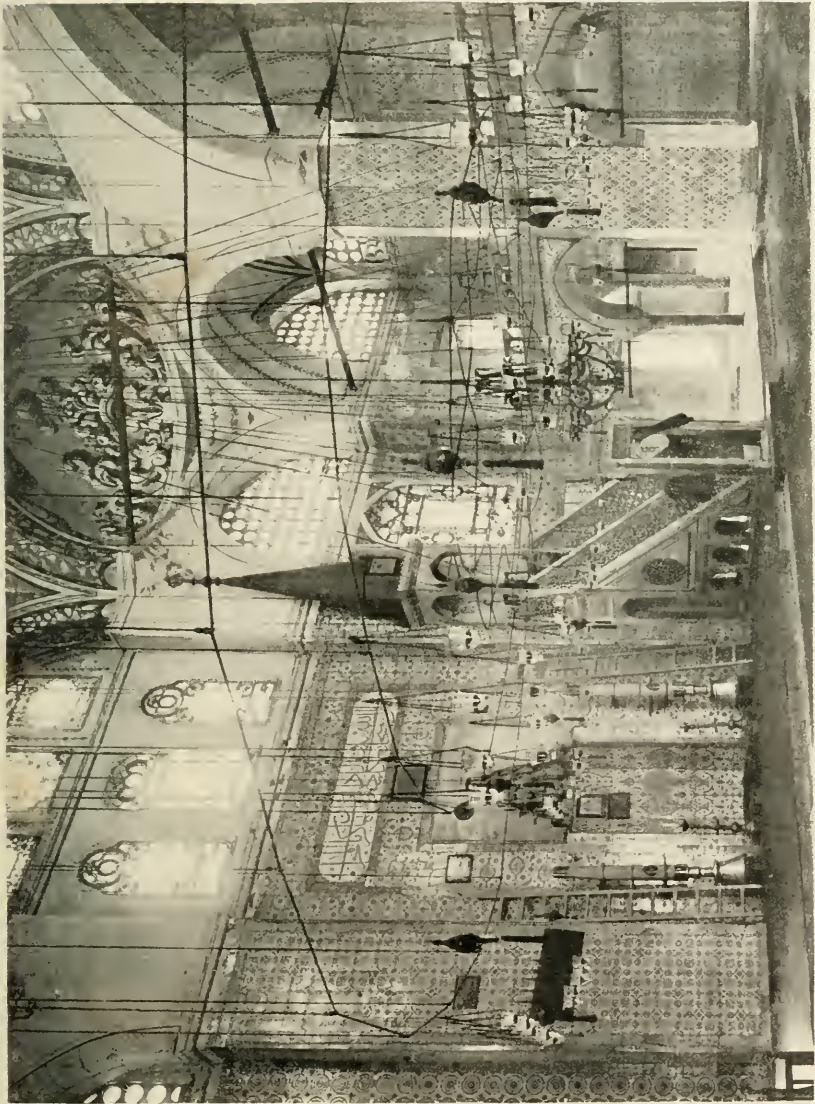


magazines and shops, from the income of which the expenses of the mosque were to be defrayed. On the strong flat roof as on a floor, the mosque was built. It resembles a fortress rather than an ordinary place of prayer.

The accumulation of Persian tiles was a passion of Roustem Pasha. His immense and rare collection was his pride. Ottoman cynics hinted that he built this holy edifice as the only sure means to protect his tiles. Once affixed to a consecrated building, they were safe from confiscation or robbery. A few of no special value line the outer wall. The most precious and the most difficult to obtain sheathe the sides and the piers of the interior up to the base of the arches. Roustem was sagacious and far-sighted. Within five years of his death his tremendous fortune had disappeared, scattered in every direction under heaven like his eleven hundred camels, his two thousand nine hundred horses, and his seventeen hundred slaves; the mosque still guards the treasures of his heart unimpaired in its inviolable keeping.

#### THE MOSQUE OF THE HASSEKI, OR SULTANA

It was built by Souleïman the Magnificent in honor of his wife Roxelana. Its erection was kept a secret from the Sultana till it was completed. Then she was taken on a pleasure excursion in that direction, and it was presented to her by her devoted husband as a surprise. Columns always exercised a witchery on Roxelana. It is said that she loved to wander among them and touch them with her hands. So in this mosque sixty of various colors, shapes, sizes, and material had been brought together by her husband's forethought to delight her heart.



INTERIOR OF THE MOSQUE OF ROUSTEM PASHA

Her childish glee at her unexpected present, and the tender solicitude of the great Souleïman to gratify her fancy, light up with a human gleam the tragic history of their lives. During the following year Roxelana died.

In connection with the mosque are many charitable institutions. One of special excellence and efficiency is a hospital for women, open to all without distinction of race or creed. Near by are the turbeh of the wise and humane Grand Vizir Beïram Pasha and the dervish tekieh of which he was a member. His death in 1638, when on the march against the Persians, caused the morose Sultan Mourad IV to shed tears.

#### THE MOSQUE OF SULTAN SOULEÏMAN I

MANY an art connoisseur considers this the finest mosque which the Ottomans have erected. No other of their creation is equally costly, elaborate, and famous. As Trajan and Titus raised triumphal arches to perpetuate the memory of their exploits, so towards the conclusion of his reign this mosque was undertaken by Souleïman, not only as a thank-offering to God, but to eternize the recollection of his brilliant conquests. It specially commemorated the capture of Belgrade, of Rhodes from the Knights of Saint John, and of Bagdad, — three strongholds regarded as the northwestern, central, and eastern bulwarks of the Empire.

Begun in 1550, it was completed in 1556. Its materials were brought from Egypt, Asia, and Greece, though a large part were obtained from the Church of Saint Euphemia, at Chalkedon, and from the ruins of the Hippodrome. No other mosque is adorned with so many columns which



once stood in classic temples and in Christian churches. The illustrious Sinan was its architect ; but in this, which should have been his greatest achievement, he was trammelled by the constant interference of the Sultan, and by the order to imitate Sancta Sophia.

It occupies a large territory on the brow of the third hill. The proximity of the palace of the Sheik-ul-Islam contributes to its ecclesiastical prominence. As the Mosque of Souleïman the Magnificent, the Sublime, contemporary and peer of Charles V, of Francis I, and of Henry VIII, it is the one most familiar to foreign tourists. One imam volunteers the estimate that it is annually visited by over one hundred thousand strangers from Europe and America! Heavily endowed, its annual income from its possessions exceeds one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Over three hundred persons are constantly employed in its service.

Its outer effect is obscured by the forest of dependent philanthropic buildings from which it rises. Even its imposing dome seems lost in the multitude of smaller domes which it dominates. Hence from outside one cannot obtain a satisfactory conception of its magnificence and size.

The harem, or court, is of unusual proportions. Of recent years the central monumental door and the hardly inferior lateral doors are commonly kept closed, so it has an unfrequented, half-neglected look. Twenty-four columns of reddish granite and porphyry in a colonnade support the domes of the portico. Another dome, still higher, rises over the ornate fountain in the middle. All the pavement of the harem is of the whitest marble, except one slab of porphyry to which the interest of legend attaches. This slab, because of its unusual fineness, the

Sultan designed for a place of honor before the mihrab. A zealous Greek stone-cutter secretly carved the cross upon it, hoping that the mystic sign would convert the Moslem worshippers. The act having been discovered, the workman was beheaded, and it was so contrived that his head in falling struck the stone and bespattered it with his blood. The slab, defiled, and no longer fit for employment in the sanctuary, was placed here with the cross beneath, that all persons might unwittingly trample on the symbol of Christianity.

Four minarets stand, one at each corner of the harem. They differ in height — though all are lofty — and in their style of workmanship. The ten galleries of the minarets by their number are intended to indicate that Souleiman was the tenth sovereign of his dynasty, and that he was born in the first year of the tenth century of the Hegira.

The mosque is nearly square, two hundred and twenty-eight feet long and two hundred and nine feet wide. Its dome, ninety-six feet in diameter, surpasses every other in the city except that of Sancta Sophia. The tremendous lateral pressure has required the construction of the clumsy buttresses which disfigure the outside. Thirty-two windows, terminating in a pointed arch, pierce the cylinder of the dome. The arrangement of larger and smaller semi-domes, the ranges of triple windows with their noble arches, the superposed colonnaded porticos, the receding segmental vaults, are constant reminders of its grander prototype.

The interior is exquisite in the harmony of vast dimensions and appropriate coloring. The four massive piers, ninety feet in circumference, convey no impression of disproportion. The lateral arches are further supported at their base by two gigantic porphyry columns, four and a

half feet in diameter. Tradition states that they once stood in the Temple of Diana at Ephesus. On either side of the central space, included between the massive piers and the porphyry columns, and resembling a nave, are broad aisles, bounded by colonnades. Above are lateral galleries. The chamber of the Sultan, profusely carved, rests on eight columns of variegated marbles, — green, yellow, white, and red. The dome is tastefully frescoed, and surrounded by a wide belt of Saracenic carving.

A most delicate brown mosaic covers a large space around and above the mihrab. The same side is illumined by nine windows of stained glass. Two rose-windows of peculiar beauty are trophies from Persia. Over the pulpit four slender columns support the sounding-board, the fantastic pointed spire of which is studded with gold stars. The space to the right is shut off by a railing, and affords opportunity for study or devotion in retirement. Over the entire floor of the mosque are scattered the reading and praying stands of theological professors and students. Nowhere are the Koran-stands more dauntily inwrought in mother-of-pearl. In the outer wall concealed stair-cases ascend to the galleries and roof.

Much of the mosque's fresh modern beauty is due to Sultan Abd-ul Aziz, by whom it was renovated within and without. Finding it difficult to remove the dust impact upon the walls, the varnish and paint were applied over it by the workmen. The result is seen in the wavy lines and indefinite shadings, which might be the consequence of deliberate art. The colors are subdued, and in admirable taste, — so arranged as to divide the whole into four horizontal sections. Highest of all is the roseate hue of the dome with frescoed columns between the windows; then light brown as far as the iron gallery and the



extremity of the main arches; next a grayish tint reaching as far as the great columns; and last a rich coffee color below.

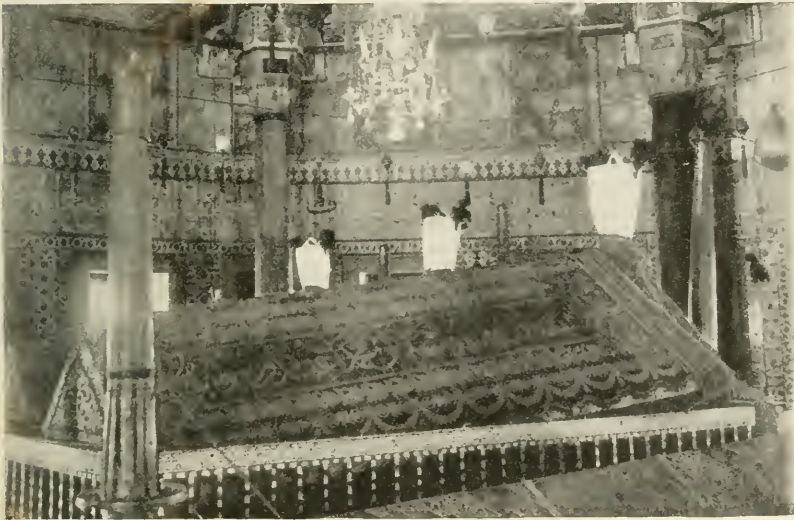
The general view is distressingly blurred by a prodigious number of cords and wires suspended from the ceiling.

Despite the immensity, opulence, and real impressiveness of this fabric, which Souleïman deemed his masterpiece, its relative architectural rank is a matter of dispute. Its noblest features are those which make it resemble Sancta Sophia; wherein it has deviated from that incomparable model are its visible defects. Could Siman have adhered more closely to his pattern, or have followed with greater freedom the inspiration of his own genius, this most ostentatious of Mussulman temples would have been more worthy of the architect and of the Sultan.

In the outer mosque-yard are two large slabs, used as horse-blocks, or whereon hamals can rest their loads. One is a simple piece of ordinary marble. The other, of rich porphyry and with broken carving, is the lid of an imperial sarcophagus.

In the graveyard at the rear of the mosque are the two turbeks in which the Sultan and Sultana have found rest: Souleïman, at the close of the longest, most tumultuous, most dramatic reign in Ottoman history; Roxelana, after vicissitudes of fortune and excitements of triumph and despair which make fiction tame. The turbek of the Sultan is most elaborate. It is an octagon, the outside covered with dark marble mosaic, and surrounded by a broad frieze. The inner walls are inlaid with the rarest Persian tiles, made by Persian masters for this funeral chamber. The dome rests on marble and porphyry pillars, and is frescoed in intricate and vari-colored arabesques. The catafalque is covered with green cloth, richly embroidered,

and inscribed with passages from the Koran. Cashmere shawls, which Souleïman formerly wore, are folded above. The enormous white turban, with the double tufts of heron's feathers, at his head, is his own device. At his side are the scarcely humbler catafalques of Souleïman II and Achmet II. The turbeh contains several precious illuminated Korans. Another valued possession is a fac-



THE CATAFALQUE OF SULTAN SOULEÏMAN THE MAGNIFICENT

simile of the Kaaba and of the holy places of Mecca, with the procession of pilgrims represented marching from the sacred mountain Arafat.

The turbeh of Roxelana is likewise an octagon, but plain and unpretentious. She, who cared nothing for the semblance of power, but only for its reality, seems even in death disdainful of what is only show.

Among the thick and almost undistinguishable graves outside is that of the architect Sinan.

The dependent philanthropic structures are innumerable. They include a theological seminary, a hospital, a printing-house, a medical school, baths, and schools of inferior grade, a library, a poor-house, and densely populated cloisters of the clergy and students.

#### THE MOSQUE OF PIALI PASHA

It is situated far up the silent valley of Kassim Pasha, and near the desolate plain of the Okmeïdan. The currents of life have flowed away, and it is seldom visited and little known, even by the Ottomans. Seven years ago its utter ruin was imminent. It was restored in its early beauty by the present Sultan, and reconsecrated in April, 1890.

It was built in 1573 by Piali Kapoudan Pasha of three Sultans, — Souleïman I, Selim II, and Mourad III, — under whom he conquered many islands, won numerous sea-fights, and gained glory and spoil for the Ottomans. The great sailor disdained professional architects, and drew his own plans. So the general design is somewhat original and unique. It was his pet purpose that the mosque should resemble a ship. Architectural necessities forced him in many details to conform to prevalent custom. The minaret, however, is planted, not as commonly at the side, but in the middle of the front, thereby to remind the admiral of his warship. It is entered, not from outside as elsewhere, but from the inside of the mosque. When the master-mason protested that no such arrangement had ever been seen, the Pasha swore roundly that in his mosque, at least, the muezzin should go up from the fore-castle like a Moslem, and not scuttle from the gangway like a pirate.



In his last days he himself used to climb to the gallery and imagine himself afloat.

Nevertheless, the landsman recognizes little which suggests the sea. The front, nearly two hundred feet in length, is lined by a splendid portico of marble columns. The portico on the sides is supported by large square piers. "Have nothing like the Giaours," was the order of Piali. So, instead of a grand central dome, as at Sancta Sophia, here are six equal domes, resting on marble columns fifty-two feet high. High around the walls is an inscription in white colors, not painted by a calligraphist, but wrought in rich blue tiling. The minber, in its combination of blue, green, white, and red tiling, must rank among the most striking in the city. Opposite the minber, in a sort of inner porch, are six columns, covered from the days of Piali with thick green paint, but now cleansed and revealed as delicate rose marble and very antique.

The open space and venerable cemetery about the edifice are shaded by magnificent trees. Near the Pasha's beloved mosque is his simple octagonal turbeh. His favorite son sleeps at his side. Ten other children, who died in infancy, lie at his feet. Their catafalques are of marble, strangely shaped like sarcophagi. The immense and disproportioned turbans are also of marble, as are the round tassel-less caps above the graves of his daughters.

#### THE MOSQUE OF KILIDJ ALI PASHA

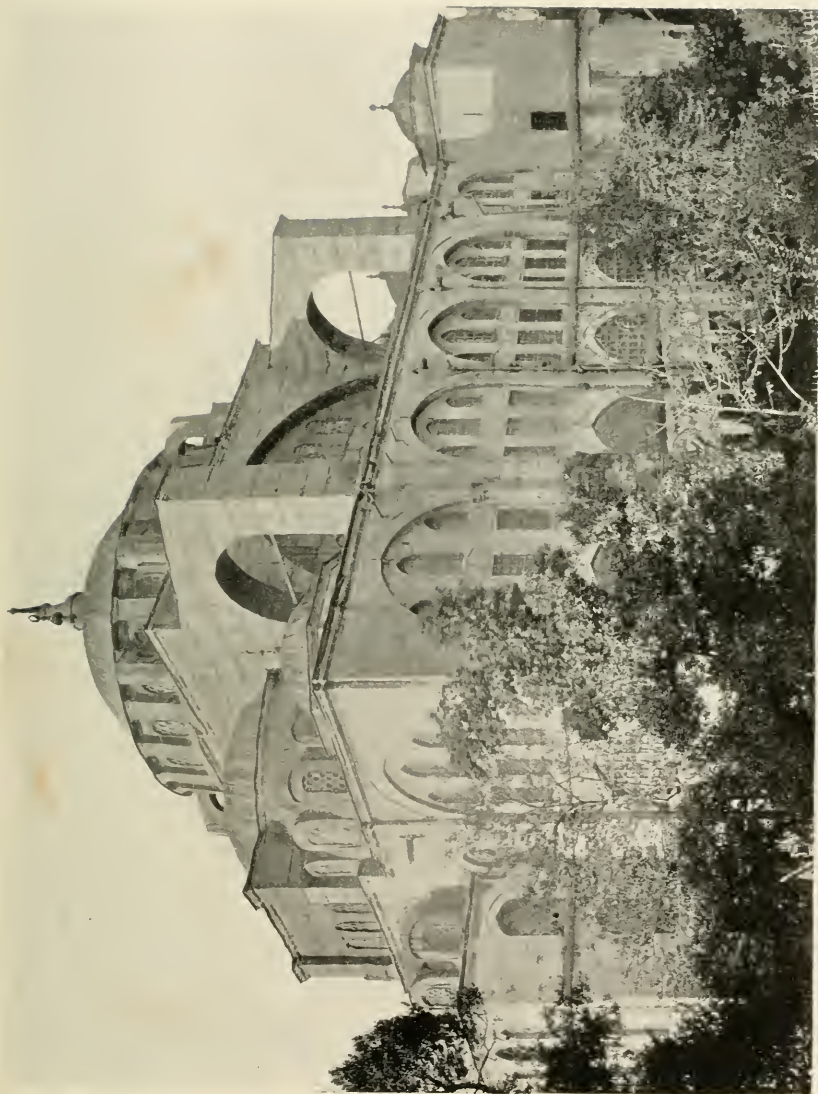
THIS is a frowning, stately pile, suggestive in every line of strength, but nowhere of grace. Built at Topkhaneh, along the noisiest, dustiest street on the Bosphorus, it has become blackened and grimed. Yet the dark hue

cast over it by the centuries seems only part of its sullen self.

It was built in 1580 by Kilidj Ali, the Kapoudan Pasha, according to tradition a Frenchman converted to Islam. The rough sailor was no courtier, and had a free tongue. Often, when on shore, he jeered at the effeminacy of landmen, and did not always spare his dread master, Mourad III. So, when he asked of the Sultan for a place whereon to build a mosque, the Sultan replied, "Since the sea is so much better than the land, put it anywhere on the water." At once the Pasha chose the shallow bay then at the foot of Salih Bazar, drove in piles, filled it up with stones and earth, and laid the foundations thereon.

After its completion people were afraid to enter, saying, "The mosque is sure to sink back into the sea." Then the architect fitted long, slender, revolving cylinders of reddish-yellow marble into sockets on each side of the main entrance. "As long as these cylinders turn in their places," said he, "it will be evident that the mosque has not settled a hair's breadth, and you can go in." There is even yet no danger in entering for they still turn!

The Ottomans have a tradition that the bay was filled, the foundations laid, and the wall raised to the base of the lower windows in a single night. Mourad III, looking across from the Seraglio in the morning, was astonished, and cried, "It is the work of the djins," the genii of the Arabian Nights. "Nay," replied the Kapoudan Pasha, "all this has been done by your Majesty's prisoners of war. So many have been your victories, and so countless are your captured slaves, that far greater things than this can be accomplished in even less an amount of time."



THE MOSQUE OF KILIDJ ALI PASHA



“The mosque as by magic upsprang,  
 In its symmetry peerless and grand;  
 And the praise and the fame of it rang  
 Through the length of the land.”

The mosque consists of dome, buttresses, and walls. The upper windows are hardly less opaque, — tiny circular panes set in thick cement, and never cleaned. The heavy piers and numerous columns, and the outer buildings raised thick around, render the interior so gloomy that one almost gropes his way. In front, outside the porch, are the crowded benches of engravers, letter-writers, and healers of rheumatism and neuralgia. The latter prescribe no drugs, but attempt cures only by hand-passages in the air.

The small cemetery in the rear contains the tomb of Atesh Melmet Pasha, an Ottoman admiral who fought and died on the allied Anglo-Franco-Turkish fleet during the Crimean War. Quaint allegorical and naval ornaments adorn his monument.

The turbeh of Kilidj Ali Pasha is plain and sombre, like his mosque. Nevertheless, it possesses a bewildering opulence of precious tiles. His epitaph is Oriental and apt. “His cord of life was relaxed by age, and he himself was bent like his bow. So he embarked in the wooden skiff of his coffin, and rests already beneath the soil, which during his lifetime he almost never trod.”

#### THE MOSQUE OF SULTAN ACHMET I

No other mosque except that of Sultan Mohammed II occupies so immense an area. The area of no other extends over such historic spots. It includes part of the



THE ATMEIDAN AND THE MOSQUE OF SULTAN ACHMET I

territory of the Augustæum, chief of Byzantine forums; of the Great Palace of Constantine, abode of Byzantine royalty; and of the Hippodrome, place of reunion of the Byzantine people. It is strange that, among the seven sultans who reigned before Achmet I in Constantinople, none recognized the superb prominence of this site. It may be doubted if any other mosque built by an Ottoman sovereign is visible for so great a distance from so many points of view. Sancta Sophia and the Mosque of Achmet stand side by side, — the one the highest achievement of Christian, and the other a masterpiece of Mussulman art. From afar upon the Marmora, or from the European and Asiatic hills, their sky-resembling domes and sky-reaching minarets commingle, even as the central truths of Christianity and the central truths of Islam, stripped of the deformities built around them by human ignorance and fanaticism, blend in one.

The mosque outranks in sanctity every other in Europe save that of Eyoub. Its size, and the immensity of the open space around, have made it specially adapted to the celebration of the great religious and civil ceremonies of the Ottomans. It alone possesses six minarets, — a number at the time of its erection equalled only by El Haram, which surrounds the Kaaba. The Sherif of Mecca was indignant that even an Ottoman sultan, though Caliph, should presume to honor another mosque with as many minarets as stood in the most venerable sanctuary of Arabia. He protested in glowing terms against the apparent sacrilege. The Sultan, convinced by his remonstrances, offered to add a seventh minaret to the Kaaba. This he forthwith did, and the Sherif was content.

Achmet I, the first sultan to ascend the throne before the age of manhood, had succeeded his father, Mohammed



III, in 1603, at the age of fourteen. Three years later was signed the Treaty of Sitvatorok, the first disastrous treaty which the Ottomans ever concluded, the first official acknowledgment to themselves and to the world of their military decline. The young Sultan, though voluptuous and enamored of the soft allurements of the Seraglio, was serious and devout. To propitiate Allah and win back divine favor, he determined on the erection of such a mosque as by its size, splendor, and cost, should eclipse the most notable creations of his predecessors. With an enthusiasm like that of Justinian at Sancta Sophia, he came on foot every Friday to toil with the workmen, and at evening paid them their wages with his own hand. A large part of the materials was brought from Alexandria Troas.

When Achmet saw his mosque complete, his ambition was satisfied. More original and less ornate than that of Sultan Souleïman, it is the most impressive and harmonious which any Ottoman sultan has constructed. One traveller calls it "the masterpiece of Asiatic art; the embodiment of its gorgeous poetry." Lechevalier exclaims, "It is the most beautiful mosque existent in the East." It is itself vastness and simplicity combined. No single outer or inner detail seizes the eye by its undue prominence, but all the various features combine in an impression of majestic symmetry and completeness.

One enters by the wrought brazen doors, which have captivated many a fancy. The interior, two hundred and thirty-six feet long and two hundred and nine feet wide, is an undisguised Greek cross. Four immense round pillars, white and fluted, twenty-four yards in circumference, uphold the four great arches, above which spreads the dome. In the prevailing plainness and absence of mural

ornament, except the rich coloring of the deep blue tiling, the whole appears austere and almost cold. Nor is it so brilliantly lighted as many of the mosques.

Concealed in the gilded mihrab is a bit of the famous black stone sent from the Kaaba to Sultan Aehmet by the Sherif of Mecca.

No other mosque possesses a harem equally spacious and elegant. Its thirty domes are supported by a colonnade wherein dozens of marble and granite columns vie in beauty, rarity, and size. In the centre is the hexagonal fountain,—an architectural gem, but now disused and dry. In their height and grace the six minarets are worthy of their position.

The mosque has been the scene of innumerable state and church observances and solemnities, and of momentous events in the history of the Ottomans; but it never presented a more thrilling and dramatic sight than when, in 1826, the sacred flag of Islam was planted at the top of the narrow pulpit. That day was the crisis in the life of Mahmoud II, the Great, the Reformer. The very existence of the Empire was at stake. From the pulpit steps Assad Effendi, the national historiographer, read the fetva, denouncing the crimes of the Janissaries and ordering the extinction of the corps. Under the pressure of overwhelming excitement, so loudly and so clearly did he read that, as he himself informs us, he thought "his voice could be heard even by the inhabitants of the other world!" The Sultan called upon the faithful to rise at the voice of their religion and country. Many were timorous and faint-hearted, and remained inactive all day long, as says the Ottoman historian, "devoured with anguish, their backs planted against the wall of stupefaction." The great majority of the patriotic and law-abiding rallied to the mosque around



PRINCIPAL ENTRANCE OF THE MOSQUE OF  
SULTAN ACHMET I



their Padishah and the flag of their faith. Yet the opposing forces seemed almost equally balanced. Nevertheless, at night the victory was complete. Six thousand conspirators had been slain or burned in their barracks. In a ghastly pile in front of the mosque were heaped upon one another more than two hundred corpses of the ring-leaders of the rebellion. From the enormous sycamore near the central door of the harem, still called the "tree of groans," dead men hung "like the black fruit of a tree in hell."

In grateful contrast to the horror of those days is the spectacle now annually presented in the mosque-yard during the days of public rejoicing called the Great and the Little Bâïram. Thousands of children in holiday attire and in the democracy of childhood have possession of the whole extent. Every means and manner of delighting children's hearts is provided. Such a picnic is rarely seen in any country. The universal merriment seems all the more pronounced in its striking contrast with the habitual gravity and sobriety of the older Mussulmans. Constantinople affords no more refreshing and humanizing sight than is afforded at such seasons.

East of the mosque is a large school for Ottoman young ladies of the higher classes. It enjoys the special patronage of the government, and is held in deserved esteem by the people.

The unassuming square turbeh of Achmet I is situated at the northwest extremity of the enclosure, near the Atmeidan. United at last in death, near each other lie the Sultan and his beloved Machpeïker, who survived her husband through thirty-four eventful years. The same turbeh preserves the remains of the unfortunate Osman II and of the terrible Mourad IV; also of Bayezid, the son of

Achmet and Machpeiker, whose melancholy life-story is rescued from oblivion by the greatest of French tragedians in his "Bajazet." Carefully guarded in the same mausoleum are some of the robes in which the Sultan labored at the construction of his mosque.

A little to the northeast, nearer Sancta Sophia and the Seraglio, is the famous Fountain of Sultan Achmet. This,



FOUNTAIN OF SULTAN ACHMET I

though the masterpiece of the many public fountains scattered over the city, is typical of them all. On it is seen to perfection that "unrivalled decoration of plane surfaces which forms the chief glory of Mohammedan art." A peculiar skill or dexterity is displayed in the involved composition of the inscriptions, and in each having a subtle and hidden as well as apparent meaning. For example, in one line there is such ingenious contrivance of charac-

ters, that, by adding the numerical value of successive letters, one finds the year when the fountain was completed. Sultan Achmet was an adept in this sort of cleverness, and devoted many hours to its exercise.

THE NEW MOSQUE OF THE SULTAN'S MOTHER, YENI  
VALIDEH DJAMI, AT BALOUK BAZAR

SITUATED in a square on the farther side of the street, directly opposite the Stamboul end of the lower bridge, it is the first mosque to impress the stranger as he crosses the Golden Horn from Galata. Partly from the tenacity of first impressions, foreigners have bestowed upon it unstinted praise. The French ambassador Count Choiseul Gouffier speaks of it as "the most elegant mosque which exists at Constantinople." The travelled Banduri calls it "the most charming and best-executed of all the mosques at Constantinople." Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, as travelled but no less enthusiastic, exclaims, "The most prodigious, and I think the most imposing, structure I ever saw." The beautiful English lady looked upon it almost two hundred years ago, hardly more than half a century after its completion, before time and dust and smoke had sullied and blackened its snowy form. Consisting entirely of white marble, not then as now surrounded and obscured by a mass of dingy buildings, rising almost directly from the water's margin, it may well have dawned on her appreciative eyes as a vision of delight.

It is indeed an artistic and noble pile, a worthy example of the grandest sanctuaries raised by devout and opulent Ottomans to the glory of God. It rests on its high walls like an architectural pyramid with a dome for its apex,



and with its sides receding and rolling downwards in a cascade of other domes, semi-domes, pinnacles, and dozens of turrets. As looked down upon from a height above, it resembles a prodigious Florentine mosaic. The polygonal minarets, audaciously slender, high, and tapering, each with three lace-like galleries, are remarkable for their daring and elegance.

Resemblance to a cross, characterizing the interior of most of the larger mosques, is here designedly obviated by the distance from one another of the piers which support the dome. Opposite, on the farther piers, are suspended two great green cloths, covered with inscriptions from the Koran, and greatly revered as having once hung in the Kaaba of Mecca. Nowhere is the marble pulpit more daintily carved. Nowhere is the blue tiling richer, deeper, or more profuse. Two windows of stained glass are daz- zlingly fine. Others have the appearance of great opals. But the interior is dimly lighted. Despite its real beauty, it appears dark and dreary.

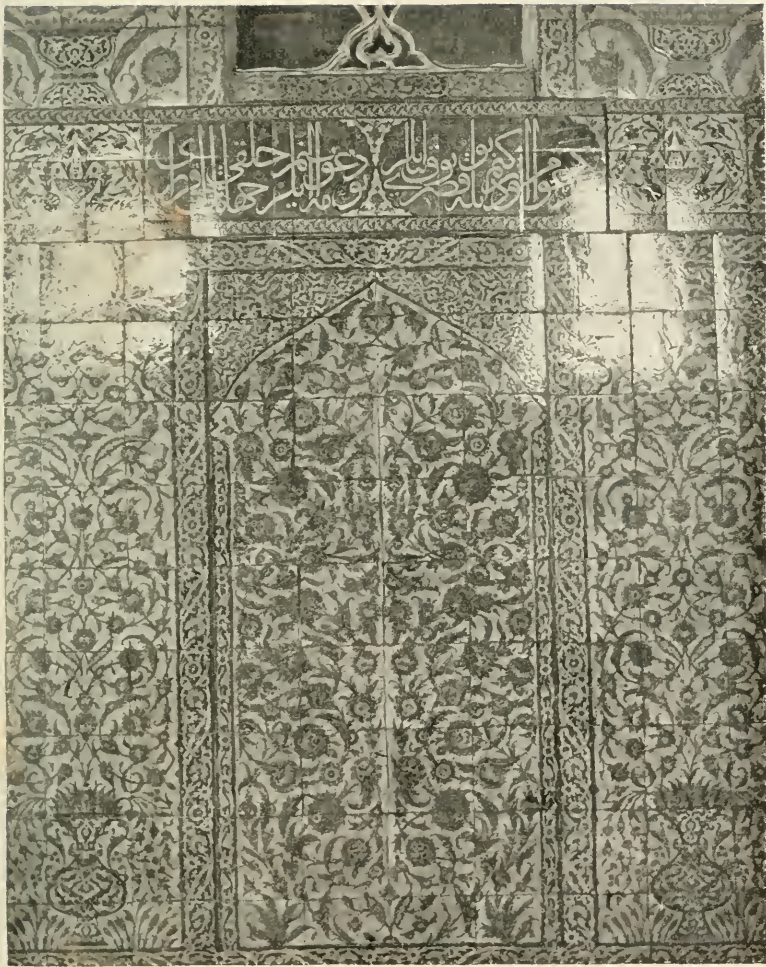
The scores of columns which sustain the galleries within were brought from the plain of Troy, and may have once been set up in temples named by Homer. One column, of such peculiar rose as is rarely seen, was brought as a trophy from Crete, in 1645, by the victorious Kapoudan Pasha Yousouf. This pasha was counted the handsomest man of his time. His beauty and the roseate marble could not save him; or, rather, they caused his death. A jealous rival accused him of having brought a worthless colored stone to the Sultan, while keeping a column of solid gold for himself. The luckless admiral was speedily deposed from office, and shortly sent to execution.

The graceful harem is now entirely disused. The doors are locked, and the windows closed with boards. On Mon-

day the locality is always animated by the presence of a busy crowd. Then the broad steps of the harem are spread with many sorts of merchandise, and the whole area of the mosque-yard that day is given up to the tents and stalls of an Oriental bazaar.

The mosque was begun in 1615 by Machpeïker Sultana. Its construction was effected by all the vicissitudes in the polygamous life of the Seraglio, and by a bitter life-and-death struggle between two women. Machpeïker, the Moon-faced, was the daughter of a Greek priest. She became the favorite wife of Achmet I, and speedily, by the force of her character and intelligence, exercised a potent influence in public affairs. In 1617 her husband, Achmet, died, and his brother, Moustapha I, succeeded. Throughout his reign and that of Osman II she endured close confinement in the Seraglio. Meanwhile the mosque which she had undertaken remained untouched.

With the accession of her son, Mourad IV, in 1623, she emerged from her seclusion, and until his death, seventeen years later, was the real ruler of the state. Other cares occupied her attention, and little was done to the mosque. With the ascent to the throne of her son Ibrahim her troubles began. His favorite wife, Tarkham Sultana, was her deadly foe; but, superior in ability, and in her rank of Valideh, Mother of the Sultan, Machpeïker maintained her ascendancy. On his deposition in 1648, Mohammed IV, a boy seven years old, the grandson of Machpeïker, the son of Tarkham, became Sultan. No relationship is more exalted among the Ottomans than that of a sultan's mother. The influence of any other tie, however intimate and direct, pales before it. Nevertheless, strong in the devotion of the Janissaries and the clergy, Machpeïker made a desperate fight to still govern



TILES IN THE MOSQUE YENI VALIDEH DJAMI



the Empire, of which she had been the master spirit under three reigns. The guards and pages of the Seraglio, and the majority of the people, were adherents of Tarkhann. Never was a contest more relentless, more envenomed, and more insidious, than between the two sultanas. Suddenly, in 1651, the guards of the Seraglio revolted. They were at once joined by the pages. Hearing their tumultuous cries, Machpeiker went out to meet them, thinking the disturbance was made by her faithful but turbulent partisans, the Janissaries. Too late discovering her error, she hid in a secret closet in the farthest recesses of the women's apartments. Before her friends could come to her rescue, the mutineers found out her retreat, dragged her forth, and strangled her with heavy curtain-cords, which they tore from the walls.

Tarkhann had apparently no hand in the murder, but thenceforth she ruled supreme. The mosque, still unfinished, was destroyed by fire not many months afterwards. The victorious Valideh commenced its re-erection from the foundation-stone. She herself presided at its inauguration in 1663, forty-eight years after it was begun. In the midst of public rejoicings she distributed purses and robes of honor among the grandees of the court.

A long narrow covered passage, winding like a labyrinth, its sides lined with precious Persian tiles and mazy mosaics, its many doors inlaid with mother-of-pearl, conducts to the latticed chamber of the Sultan in the mosque. Thither Tarkhann Sultana led her son; and there, separated from each other only by a curtain, still hanging in its place, together they offered prayer.

Behind the mosque is a square turbeh of most plain exterior. It is the largest in the city, and most densely populated by members of the reigning family. Above

rises a dome, over sixty feet in diameter, and below are fifty-six catafalques of sultans, sultanas, and their children. Nowhere else in Constantinople are so many Ottoman sovereigns brought together. Nowhere else are so many ended ambitions, triumphs, and disappointments, side by side. In the centre, surrounded by the highest railing, and dominating all the other dead, is the catafalque of Tarkhann Sultana, raised over her only two years after the consecration of the mosque. Thirty years after his mother's death, in accordance with his dying command, the remains of Mohammed IV were placed beside her. To the same already crowded mausoleum were successively brought the coffins of Moustapha II, Achmet III, Mahmoud I, and Osman III. The turbeh contains many Korans copied by their hands. Most prized of all is one the work of Tarkhann Sultana. Near the door is a continuous row of tiny catafalques, raised over the infant children of five sultans.

#### THE MOSQUE NOURI OSMANIEH

MAHMOUD I in 1746 resolved to erect a mosque which should resemble nothing in existence. Not grandeur or beauty, but absolute originality was his aim. Hence he sent his architects over Asia and Europe, not in search of suggestions or perfect models, but simply that, having thus seen all, they should know how to avoid whatever the world had seen. In 1748 he himself laid the corner stone. He died before his undertaking was finished. Could he have stood beside his brother and successor, Osman III, at its consecration in 1754, the disappointed Sultan would have realized that in mosque-building there

is nothing new under the sun. The peculiarity in the shape of its five-sided harem, in the arrangement of the eight revered names of Islam high up along the inner wall, and in the loftiness of its spacious mihrab, is the sole claim to originality which the mosque can show. Even these features, though uncommon, may be found elsewhere.

Nevertheless, while it cannot claim a monopoly of any architectural detail, it does possess a marked loveliness of its own.

Its dominant structural idea is of the simplest; a hemispherical dome, over ninety feet in diameter, is placed directly upon the walls, each wall consisting of a single arch. It is the boast of its imams that not a particle of brick or common stone was anywhere employed, even in the foundations, and that it consists only of the purest white marble. In the brief century and a half of its existence the shining surface has taken on a universal tint of gray, and the outer appearance hardly hints at the material of which it is composed.

Its Turkish name signifies the Light of Osman.

In the outer yard is a splendid porphyry sarcophagus, almost nine feet long, which probably once had a place in the heroon of the Byzantine emperors. It is cut from a single block, is rectangular and plain, and has no lid.

#### THE TULIP MOSQUE. LALELI DJAMI

LALELI DJAMI is an imperial mosque, once the pride of Moustapha III. who devoted four years and over two million dollars to its erection. Now it is mournful and pathetic through carelessness and neglect. The ponderous green curtains which shut the harem from the portico of





THE MOSQUE NOURI OSMANIEH

the mosque hang in rags and tatters. Countless panes are broken in the windows. Dust, which no man regards, spreads its mantle everywhere. Yet, despite the universal air of dilapidation and decay, the interior is not destitute of charm, with its maze of columns, various in size and color. Three of the finest were brought from the ruins of the Byzantine Palace of Boucoleon. Two came from the likewise prostrate Palace of Theodosius in the Theodosian Forum.

The mosque was completed in 1763.

A turbeh in the enclosure rises over the catafalques of Moustapha III and of his son Selim III. Both these sovereigns were enlightened and energetic princes, striving to improve the condition of their people and to reform and resuscitate the state. Neither was strong enough for the task he had undertaken. Each carried on most disastrous wars with Russia. The first died in 1774, in a moment of victory, as he was departing to take command of his armies on the Danube. The second was dethroned by the Janissaries in 1807. One year later his partisans were victorious, and proclaimed his restoration to the throne. Breaking into the Seraglio to bear him forth in triumph, his dead body was thrown among them in mockery of their success. He had been strangled as the last act of the just deposed and vengeful Moustapha IV. Thence he was brought in a tumultuous funeral procession, the whole city in his train of mourners to be laid in this turbeh of his father.

THE MOSQUE OF THE HOLY MANTLE, HIRKAÏ  
SHERIF DJAMI

THIS nineteenth century structure is situated on an artificial terrace built high on the southern slope of the fifth hill. In its general appearance and inner furnishings it resembles no other mosque in the capital. It is a diminutive octagon, about forty feet in diameter, surmounted by a dome of the same span. A handsome variegated brownish stone, highly polished, is everywhere employed in its decoration and furniture. On the right is a rare realistic picture of the Kaaba and of the sacred places of Mecca. A spacious room over the main entrance contains a large model of the Prophet's tomb and of the five-minareted Mosque of Medina.

This mosque was erected in 1851 by the pious Besma Sultana, wife of Mahmoud II, and grandmother of the present Sultan. She desired to provide a receptacle of absolute safety for a sacred mantle of the Prophet, revered by the Mussulmans as one of the most precious relics of Islam. This mantle is made of thickly woven camel's-hair cloth. The Prophet presented it shortly before his death to his faithful friend and disciple, Reïs-ul Aremin. Since then, down to the present day, its guardianship has been a hereditary trust, vested in the oldest of Beïs-ul Aremin's descendants. It remained at Medina until 1609, when, at the urgent solicitation of Achmet I, its custodians brought it to Stamboul. Like the other sacred mantle, now preserved in the Seraglio, it was always kept, in forty coverings and made secure in a stone chamber. Since the completion of the mosque, it is stored according to the imam, in a secret niche near the mihrab, just as the Iron Crown of



the Lombards is watched over by the Italians in a like niche in the Cathedral of Monza. No non-Moslem may profane it with his eyes, but it is shown to the faithful during the last fifteen days of the feast of Ramazan.

THE NEW MOSQUE OF THE SULTAN'S MOTHER, YENI  
VALIDEH DJAMI, AT AK SERAI

THIS is one of the fairest structures in the capital. It is perhaps too much to call it, as does a Gallicized Eastern critic, "the masterpiece of the Ottoman renaissance." Still, within and without it differs from every other mosque, and is equalled by few in its impression of airiness and light. It is a diminutive edifice, — the main sanctuary hardly more than fifty feet square, and the tiny dome little over thirty feet in diameter. While essentially modern, being erected in 1870, much of its style and decoration is partly Moorish, partly Saracenic. Between the upper and lower windows a broad green band, covered with citations from the Koran, encircles the walls. The gilt letters are not written, but carved in bas-relief. The lavish polychrome tints are not usual, nor altogether pleasing. The olive lamps of the older mosques are here replaced by candelabra from Paris, glittering with cut glass and loaded with wax candles. The green silk curtains screening the foot of the marble pulpit are embroidered in an endless maze of needlework of gold.

The mosque possesses all the main features of vaster Mussulman temples, — vestibules, chapelled alcove, gallery, and a Sultan's chamber. At first there was but a single minaret, though the rank of the foundress demanded two. The story told by the common people illustrates the char-

acter of the Valideh. Crippled in funds, she was told by the architect that she could easily erect two if she would renounce her design of building a fountain, or economize on that already begun. "No," she replied. "One minaret is enough to call to prayer. Another would only glorify me. The people need a fountain." Her son,



THE FOUNTAIN OF THE VALIDEH

Sultan Abd-ul Aziz, came to her help, and the mosque has its appropriate number.

The Valideh had risen to her exalted station like a Cinderella from the ashes. At first she was employed in the menial offices of the palace kitchen. One day the listless eye of Mahmoud II fell upon her as she carried a heavy burden across the palace court. Something in her face

and bearing fired his fancy. He ordered that the young girl, without changing her attire, should be taken to his apartment. She became the mother of his son Abd-ul Aziz. Later, from 1861 to 1876, while her son sat upon the throne, she was the most influential figure in the state. She never forgot the lowliness of her origin, nor that she sprang from the people. Fanatical, but kindly and unselfish, she was adored by the humbler classes. She survived the fall of her son, though herself passing from the political stage. When she died, eight years afterwards, the present Sultan honored her virtues with a magnificent funeral, and the entire city mourned her.

She reposes in a white marble turbeh opposite her mosque. It is surrounded by a garden, full of the flowers which the Valideh loved. Her splendid catafalque is covered by a richly wrought black velvet pall. Near her lie her chief lady-in-waiting and some of her descendants. The turbeh is a hallowed place, cherishing in its keeping the remains of one of the best women of the century.

#### THE MOSQUE OF DJERRAH MOHAMMED PASHA

WOULD the foreigner realize the Oriental charm which attaches to a Turkish mosque founded in some enchanting spot by bygone opulence, and then half-abandoned to neglect and age—a mosque under whose wide dome crowds no longer gather, and whose leafy yard is given over to the luxury of isolation—a mosque where the quiet is almost eloquent, and the few *habitués* dress and move like spectres of the past? Let him on some perfect day in May or June plunge into the heart of Mussulman Stamboul, at Ak Serai, and, where the narrow thoroughfare



divides, let him follow that which climbs, apparently purposeless, towards the southwest.

Soon he reaches, on the left, a spot thickly planted with the antique tombstones of generations ago. The cypresses and plane-trees are monumental and colossal. The apathetic Moslem priests who flit among the decaying cloisters on the southern side of the enclosure serve to make the silence and the solitude seem more intense. In the centre is the many-domed Mosque of Djerrah Pasha, slanting like a gravestone, and surrounded by its many-columned porch. The whole northern side is lumbered with timber and useless rubbish piled up against the windows, no man knows when, and left undisturbed through lethargy. Architectural beauty never was a feature of the mosque. From listlessness and poverty, its officers are indifferent to its progressive dilapidation. Nevertheless the combined whole of the crumbling building and its hoary graveyard have been touched by Nature, like the basket which Kallimachos placed on the grave of the Corinthian virgin. A scene more beautiful and an atmosphere more poetic than art could imagine or devise is the result.

This mosque was founded towards the close of the sixteenth century by Djerrah Mohammed Pasha, a man originally a barber, but who by his astuteness and ability rose to be Grand Vizir.

#### THE CELLAR MOSQUE, MAHSEN DJAMI

THIS mosque is subterranean. One descends several steps from the boisterous, greasy, narrow street near the Galata custom-house, passes through a double iron gate,

painted the brightest green, and reaches an underground chamber, eleven feet high, about one hundred and fifty feet long and two-thirds as broad. The vaulted roof is upheld by fifty-four piers, arranged in half a dozen rows. The cold, darksome place is apparently a mediæval cellar, once utilized as a magazine.

Many Ottomans claim for it a far more distinguished history. They assert that it is the most ancient mosque in Europe, and that it was built in the very century when, at the western end of the Mediterranean, the Moor Tarik crossed to Gibraltar to spread the light of Islam in Spain.

In 718 the Arabs, in tremendous force, a second time attacked Constantinople, in a siege lasting eighteen months. The city defended itself with its old-time heroism, and all the attempts of the assailants were in vain. At last they were forced to a most disastrous retreat. Before abandoning the siege they were persuaded by Bin Sheïret, one of their leaders, to prepare these solid vaults, and to there deposit the bodies of their slain comrades and all the valuable articles which they could not carry away. Then they spread the earth above, and committed the whole to God. Afterwards, when the Greeks trod the ground, they had no suspicion of what lay beneath.

In the reign of Sultan Ibrahim, during a time of national discouragement, early in the seventeenth century, the Sheik Mouradzadeh was granted one of those seasonable visions or dreams so often and so opportunely vouchsafed the children of the East. An angel indicated to him the spot where the remains and the treasures of the dead Arab warriors were stored. Excavation confirmed the veracity of the celestial informant. The disinterred bones were placed in another mausoleum. Over the vaults the Grand Vizir, Kara Moustapha Pasha, a man of Hungarian

origin, but converted to Islam, raised the present unpretending wooden structure.

The Mussulmans now regard the spot with profound veneration.

#### THE MOSQUE OF DAOUD PASHA

THIS Mosque, now desolate, on the southern slope of the seventh hill, has the distinction of being the first edifice erected by the Ottomans in Stamboul. Its existence antedates their capture of the city by almost sixty years. It also awakens peculiar interest, as affording an example of the privileges commonly granted by the Byzantines to foreigners and continued by their successors, the Ottomans, under the name of capitulations.<sup>1</sup>

Before the close of the fourteenth century several Ottomans had become domiciled in Constantinople for the purpose of trade. Sultan Bayezid I requested the Emperor Manuel Palaiologos that they should be allowed to build a mosque, and to be judged, not by Byzantine magistrates, but by their own kadi. There was nothing insolent or unusual in this request. Nevertheless, it has been often misrepresented as the encroachment of an arrogant sultan, eager for a *casus belli*, on a feeble and defenceless emperor.

Foreigners resident in Constantinople were under their own laws and amenable to their own magistrates. Such, for example, was the case with the Venetians, the Amalfians, the Genoese, and the Pisans. This arrangement was an advantage to the Byzantine authorities and a convenience to the foreigner. Sultan Bayezid simply made the demand that no distinction should be made against his

<sup>1</sup> See a valuable discussion of this topic in Pears' "Fall of Constantinople, or the Story of the Fourth Crusade."



subjects, but that they should be upon the same footing as the subjects of other foreign states. There was no reason why Manuel should say nay.

The Ottomans, on their subsequent arrival as conquerors, found this system of concessions or capitulations in existence. It has survived the Byzantine Empire, for it was adopted by the new rulers, and has been perpetuated by them to this day. Its most formal embodiment was in the capitulations granted the French under Francis I in 1536. Every American resident of the capital, or any part of the Empire, at this hour, is the beneficiary of that system in consequence of which the Mosque of Daoud Pasha was erected, and its frequenters were submitted to their own tribunals.

Architecturally the mosque presents nothing of interest. It is square, crowned by a dome so subtended as apparently to repose on an octagon. The whole interior is filthy and repulsive through neglect and abandonment. The last worshipper must have made his prayer long ago. The fountain before the main entrance is a ruin. Numerous granite columns lie prostrate in front, the largest of which is nearly three and a half feet in diameter. In the rear is a most romantic cemetery. Its magnificent trees were planted and some of its broken tombstones fitted in their sockets before the fifteenth century began.

#### VARIOUS OTHER MOSQUES

THERE are many other mosques in the capital which have some special charm in their structure, associations, or site.

Those erected by sovereigns of the last century are marked by an elaboration of finish and profusion of orna-

ment not found in the earlier edifices. The Mosque of Mahmoud II, at Top Khaneh, commemorates the destruction of the Janissaries in 1826, and is surnamed *Nousretieh*, the Victorious. Its fluted minarets are the most slender in the city. The Mosque of the *Validéh*, mother of Sultan Abd-ul Medjid, at *Dolma Baghtcheh*, and of Sultan Abd-ul Medjid at *Ortakeui*, are of the same pleasing type.

The Mosque of Sultan Abd-ul Hamid II, near his palace of *Yildiz Kiosk*, is a fairy-like gem.

In heavy contrast with these recent ethereal creations are the substantial mosques of Mahmoud Pasha, north of the *Nouri Osmanieh*, and of Mourad Pasha at *Ak Seraï*. The founder of the first was the son of a Greek priest and of a Servian woman, was captured from a monastery and circumcised, and became Grand Vizir and brother-in-law to Mohammed II. He was famed for his courtly manners and his love of learned men. He welcomed the latter weekly to his table, when they were served with pellets of gold mingled with their food. These pellets they were to carry away. His outspoken frankness cost him his life. He was bowstrung in 1474, and is revered by the Ottomans as a martyr. At the height of his power he built this lordly mosque on the site of a nameless Greek church, commonly called by the Ottomans the *Church of the Bell*. It is surmounted, not by one, but by two equal domes. It contains a peculiar picture of the sacred edifices of Mecca. Mourad Pasha, Grand Vizir of Achmet I, was surnamed the *Well-digger* from the pits which he dug and into which he cast his prisoners alive, and the *Sword of the State* because of his victories over rebels and Persians. The tireless old man died in 1611, at the age of ninety, in Persia, whither he had marched at the head of the army.

His body was embalmed and brought for burial to his mosque. It is a splendid and venerable pile, with a spacious court and enormous trees.

Orta Djami, the Mosque of the Regiment, is not so much a present reality, but suggests a past horror. It now designates a shapeless and extensive mass of ruins in the Etmeïdan, which no man has cleared away, on which no man would consent to build, but which nature has clothed with verdure and made beautiful. Orta Djami was the Mosque of the Janissaries. In it they concocted those disorders and crimes which they always sought to justify in the name of religion. It was levelled to the ground on the day when that ferocious soldiery were destroyed in 1826, and the spot where it stood is still counted accursed.

The Mosque of Atik Ali Pasha is situated near the Column of Constantine, and is built entirely from the *débris* of Constantine's Forum. Few edifices in Constantinople reveal so plainly the material of which they are composed. The irregular paving of its portico in marble blocks of every color and size, the marble and granite columns of its colonnade, and here and there stones recognizable in the general mass, tell unmistakably the tale of its origin.

The Mosque of the Laborers' Gate, Azab Kapou Djami, close to the northern end of the upper bridge, serves as a milestone or guidepost to indicate the extreme western end of mediæval Italian Galata. Irregular black heaps of masonry in the vicinity are among the few vestiges of the fortifications within which the Genoese deemed themselves secure against the Byzantines.

The Mosque of the Quarter, Mahalleh Djami, near the Column of Constantine, is considered the most diminutive Mussulman house of worship in Constantinople. It is a tiny, toy-like octagon, with minaret, gallery, and



arches complete, but is itself less than twelve feet in diameter.

The Twisted Mosque, Bourmali Mesdjid, is remarkable for its minaret, which resembles no other. Throughout its entire length it has the appearance of twenty-four coils twisted around one another.

The Mosque of Ab-ul Vefa, near the Aqueduct of Valens, was built by Mohammed II in honor of his friend, Ab-ul Vefa, a famous musician and poet. Its plainness and inferior size are due to the wish of the poet, who was a man of primitive and frugal tastes. No honors or wealth could affect his independence and simplicity. He was dearly loved by the Conqueror, on whom his music had the same soothing influence as that of David on Saul. Often the Sultan came without ceremony to his house. Several times, it is said, Ab-ul Vefa refused to admit him, sending word that he was writing poetry and could not be disturbed. Thereupon the fierce Conqueror would laugh, and go away with a jest.

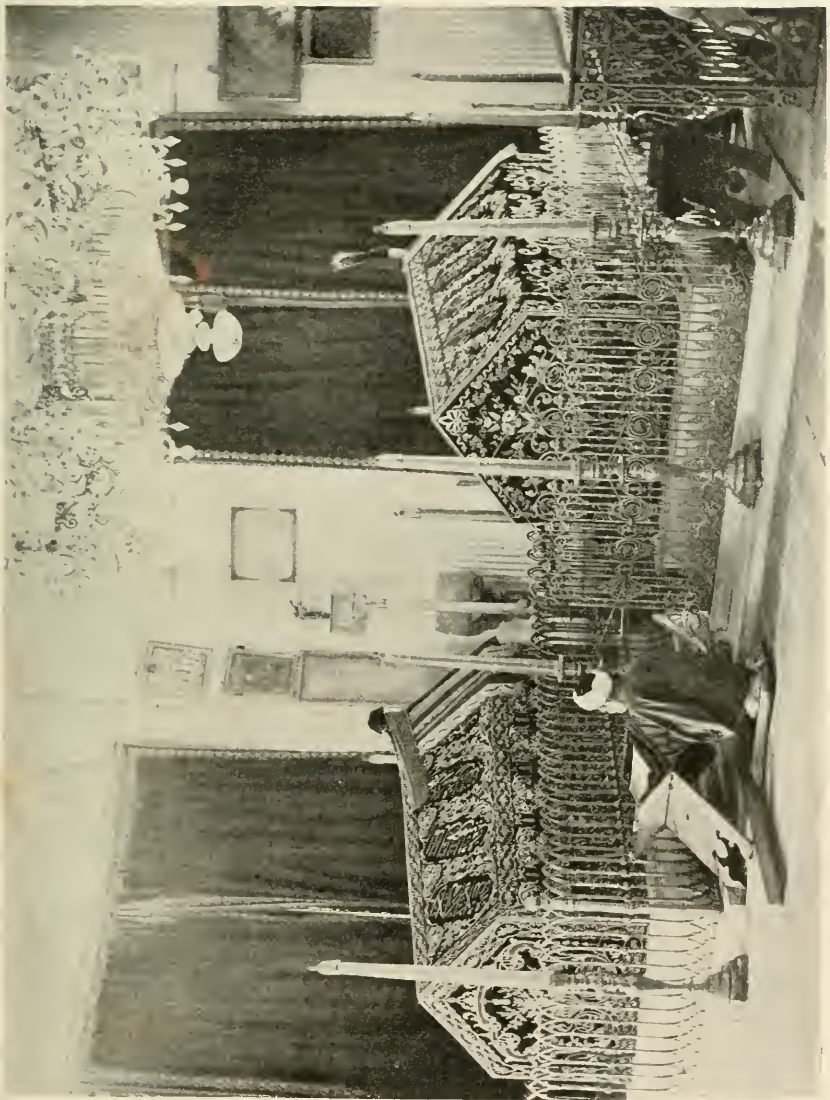
The Mosque of Aivaz Effendi has no architectural claim to mention, though it is agreeable and attractive; but a large interest attaches to its historic situation. It occupies part of the site of the Byzantine Palace of the Blachernai. Its yard, on the same level as the top of the land wall to which it reaches, is directly over the imperial Prisons of Anemas. Through an iron grating near the mosque the refuse of the vicinity is thrown into the mediæval dungeons. As one stands in the enclosure seventy feet above the ground below, he gazes out over the summit of the land wall upon a most memorable locality. Directly opposite the gate by which he enters the yard is one of the three famous plane-trees of Constantinople. Its branches waved during the siege in 1453, and already its

age was reckoned by centuries. The hollow trunk was a long time used as a chamber, but has recently been closed. In the slow progress of many years it has moulded itself around the quaint hexagonal fountain at its side.

Into many of the minor mosques no thrilling history has entered, and some have been little touched by art. Yet there is hardly one in which we might not delightedly linger, and of which something peculiar to itself might not be said.

#### THE TURBEH OF SULTAN MAHMOUD II THE GREAT

THIS mausoleum surpasses in size and beauty every other in the city. It is situated near the Column of Constantine, in the very centre of the life of Stamboul. It is an octagon of pure white marble. The catafalque of the great Sultan is in the middle, surrounded by a railing in silver gilt. The antique turban with its involved folds is replaced by the black tasselled crimson fez which Mahmud introduced as the national head-dress. A high tuft of heron's feathers is attached by a cluster of diamonds. The black velvet pall, wrought in needle-work of gold, is unequalled in costliness and richness. On the right is the catafalque of the Valideh Sultana, mother of his son, Sultan Abd-ul Medjid; on the left, that of his son, Sultan Abd-ul Aziz, likewise covered by a black velvet pall.



TURBEH OF SULTAN MAHMOUD II THE GREAT



## XII

## THE SERAGLIO



WHAT other Eastern name awakens such lurid yet confused ideas, such *mélange* of imagination and history, as does the word Seraglio? It vibrates with every possible echo of human experience and passion. To the Western mind it comprehends

all the ranges from an earthly paradise to a gehenna.

The term has entered English through the medium of the Italian, and is derived from the Persian word "serai," which means a palace. Every place honored by the residence of the Sultan is still called "serai;" but to the poet, the historian, the traveller, there is only one Seraglio in the world.

It is situated on the first, or most eastern, of the seven hills. It looks out upon the Golden Horn, the Bosphorus, and the Marmora, and commands a glorious view up the European and Asiatic shores. It is rounded by every incoming steamer that casts its anchor in the harbor of the capital. Much of the site of ancient Byzantium lies under its northern slope, and its southern sweep partly includes the pleasure-grounds of the Great Palace of Constantine. So the Seraglio of the sultans rivets together the pre-Christian classic and the Christian mediæval cities, and rides triumphant above them both.

Its scattered, disconnected buildings are islanded amid a luxuriant mass of trees, "o'ertopped by cypresses dark green and tall," which descend in terraces almost to the water's edge. The incurving roofs and rounded domes and sharpened spires are all sheathed in lead, as that metal, like a royal flag, suggests to an Eastern mind the abode of majesty. Most strenuous have been the Ottomans for this outward indication of rank. One dethroned sultan bitterly protested when his keepers hastily confined him in a building covered by earthen tiles. The unanswerable justice of his complaints was recognized. Forthwith he was removed to another prison, whose leaden roof was considered more in keeping with the dignity of the dis-crowned monarch.

The term Seraglio comprehends both the structures raised by the sultans and the vast enclosed territory by which they are surrounded. The grounds are of irregular shape, with a circumference of over two miles, the length being nearly twice the breadth. The whole extent consists of two distinct and distinctly separated portions, the outer and the inner. The outer comprises more than nine-tenths of the total area, and completely surrounds the second or inner portion.

All the approaches are still guarded by a suspicious soldiery, but every person is free to pass through the gates of the outer wall, and wander where he pleases along its outer circuit. Nevertheless, if he lingers to gaze at the high white walls which surround the inner enclosure, the sanctum sanctorum of the sultans, or stands for a moment lost in revery, there breaks upon his ear the harsh, insolent shout of some omnipresent sentinel, "Yasak! yasak!" (It is forbidden! it is forbidden!) and the loiterer must move on.

Once it was deemed sacrilege, worse than treason, even from a distance to turn one's eye in this direction. In 1634 a Venetian was hanged, and his possessions confiscated, because from the window of his house he had looked towards it through a glass. For this crime of their co-religionist, hundreds of Italians, Frenchmen, and Englishmen were thrown into prison, and from Sir Peter Wych, the English ambassador, was roughly taken away the sword wherewith the English king had dubbed him knight. The arm of England was shorter then than now, and no reparation was ever made for the insult.

Along the water the Seraglio was defended by the wall and towers of Constantine and Theophilos, of which a small portion still exists. These fortifications curved with the shore from the Gate of Eugenios (a senator who came with Constantin from Rome), on the Golden Horn, to the wicket gate of Michael the Protovestiary, on the Marmora. Under the Ottomans the former became Yali Kiosk Kapou, and the latter Balouk Khanch Kapou. Between the two, for protection on the western or landward side, was built the irregular crenellated wall of stone, with square projecting towers, which remains in almost perfect preservation. Despite the great authority of Paspatis, who believed that this western wall was constructed by Michael VIII in 1261, on the restoration of the Byzantine Empire, I judge it the creation of Mohammed the Conqueror. The Byzantine emperors in the thirteenth century had no possible motive for its erection, and it is of Ottoman rather than of Byzantine workmanship.

During fifteen years after the Conquest, Sultan Mohammed continued to inhabit the enormous palace which he reared on the site of the Theodosian Forum and of the Capitolium, and around which he enclosed an ample



domain nearly two miles in circuit. Not till 1468 did the charms of this spot attract his eye. Then he commenced the erection of a palace, where, with a portion of his household, he passed the summer months. Likewise did his son and grandson, Bayezid II and Selim I. This was vastly enlarged by Souleïman I, who removed his whole household hither and made it his habitual residence.



RECEPTION OF A VENETIAN AMBASSADOR IN 1500

The earlier discarded structure in the heart of the city became known as the Old or Eski Serai, and was finally appropriated to the families of deceased sultans. For more than three centuries this, the New or Yeni Serai, the Seraglio of Ottoman history, was the heart and centre of the state. Twenty-one successive sultans here more than anywhere else wrought out their destiny and the destiny of their Empire. On his accession, in 1839, Sultan Abd-ul Medjid bade it farewell, and withdrew to his palaces

on the Bosphorus. It has been the habitation of no sultan since. During the last two generations the heirs of Osman have been almost strangers to its grass-grown courts, seldom passing its gates, save when compelled by some traditional and formal ceremony, and then hurrying away as if eager to be gone.

Often the locality was ravaged by fire, the last time in 1865. Then more than eight thousand houses in Stamboul were destroyed, and many of the edifices of the Seraglio. However, those escaped uninjured which were comprehended in the enclosure of the inner wall.

Sultan Abd-ul Aziz, eager to bring his capital into closer relations with Western Europe, and realizing that the railway terminus should be on the Golden Horn, permitted the track to be laid in the Seraglio. It follows the trend of the shore, parallel and close to the seaward wall, and in a great semi-circular sweep traverses the once impenetrable enclosure.

Nevertheless, despite time, abandonment, fire, and innovation, much of the real residence remains, and all of its legend and mystery. The four gates on the landward side, — Demir Kapou, the Iron Gate; Soouk Teheshmeh Kapou, the Gate of the Cold Fountain; Bab-i-Humayoun; Giul Khaneh Kapou, the Gate of the Rose Palace, — are existent realities. So, too, built on the outside against the outer wall, is Alaï Kiosk, from whose latticed windows listless sultans used to glance at the passing crowds, or look down at public executions below.

The outer Seraglio is crossed by avenues of cypresses and plane-trees, is partly devoted to vegetable gardens, and suffers constant encroachment towards its semi-circular rim by the exigencies of the railway. Very little is left of its many fantastic and sumptuous palaces. Sebtdjilar

Kiosk still exists close to the Golden Horn, blackened and indescribably dirty, affording hardly a hint of its former daintiness and importance. Here the Sultan gave audience to the Kapoudan Pasha before departure of the fleet on some naval expedition. The great war vessels were



ALAY KIOSK

drawn up near the shore for his inspection, and from the decks the sailors might behold their sovereign rise from a silver throne and bestow upon them the blessing of the Caliph. Adjacent was the larger and more famous Yali Kiosk, erected in 1589 by Sinan Pasha, the Grand Vizir. This was a white marble octagon, adorned with fifty white



marble columns. Not a vestige is left. It has disappeared as utterly as the once neighboring Tower of Eugenios, thrown down in 1817, or as the Monastery of the Mangana, which stood close by, which Constantine X erected, and in which he found a tomb. Caïque Khaneh, on the Golden Horn, contains a few long-since disused caïques, which once served sultans long since dead; also a quaint Italian galley, the trophy of some victory at sea. Remains exist of Indjili Kiosk, built by Selim II, but nothing of Mermer Kiosk, both of which overhung the water.

Giul Khaneh Kiosk, outside the southern corner of the inner wall, possesses little beauty, but was the scene of a notable event. Here in 1839 Sultan Abd-ul Medjid, seeking to tread in the footsteps of his father the great Mahmoud, issued his Hatti Sherif, or Sacred Proclamation, a comprehensive scheme of national reform. This state paper declared that the decline of the Empire during the preceding one hundred and fifty years was due to disregard of justice and law; that hence, relying on the assistance of the Almighty and the intercessions of the Prophet, the Sultan sought by new institutions to bestow upon his provinces the benefits of a good administration. It guaranteed security of life, honor, and property to all; a uniform and just system of taxation, and uniformity in conscription and military service. Ottoman history presents no other event of like political significance. In none other had the nation in its representative capacity so shared.

The solemn impressiveness of this imperial utterance was enhanced by every possible detail. The ambassadors of the European powers were all present in their official uniforms. So were the Patriarchs of the Greek, Armenian,

and Armeno-Catholic churches, and the Grand Rabbi, attended by their clergy and attired in their pontifical robes; also deputations of the bankers and of the various guilds of the capital, together with the chiefs of the national administration and their higher subordinates. The body of the Oulema, the judges and mollahs, occupied seats in the centre. The Sheik-ul-Islam and the seven marshals by the sanction of their presence voiced the approval of the Church and Army. The Proclamation was read by Reshid Pasha, Minister of Foreign Affairs. It concluded with a prayer and an imprecation: "In the performance of this, may God Most High have us all in His holy and worthy keeping; whoever violates this, may he be the object of the divine curse and forever deprived of every blessing." Then the Sheik-ul-Islam pronounced a prayer, and the entire assembly, Moslem, Christian, and Jew, native and foreigner, answered "Ameen." Salvos from all the artillery in the capital announced the conclusion of the ceremony and the introduction of a new political day.

Though, because of national inertia and Mussulman prejudice, there has been reaped so small an apparent harvest, it may be doubted if any rescript of an absolute monarch was ever composed with a higher purpose or more honest ambition.

Tchinili Kiosk, the Tile Palace, stands under the shelter of the northern inner wall. There is no other still existing Ottoman edifice in Stamboul, erected after the Conquest, which is equally old. By the strange irony of fate it has become the Museum of Antiquities.

Many other buildings situated here and there in this outer enclosure are now devoted to popular and national rather than to autocratic purposes. Such are the imperial

medical schools, military and civil; an imperial hospital, a military school, infantry and cavalry barracks, and government bakeries.

Thus far, although within the charmed precincts, we have been wandering merely through the outskirts, hardly casting furtive glances towards the barred and fast-closed



TCHINSLI KIOSK

doors and windows of the inner, the real Seraglio, whose threshold it remains for us to cross.

The "Sacred Residence," the "Celestial Abode," the "Ineffable Coronation of Destiny," is preceded by an irregular, uneven plain, shut in by bare white walls, described in Oriental metaphor as "so lofty that the aërial voyagers dare not wing their flight above the dizzy battle-



ments, so thick that human imagination cannot conceive their span." Their width and loftiness dwindle, on approach, to far tamer dimensions, as does so often Eastern hyperbole when confronted by the cold touch of Western fact. A transverse wall divides this plain into two courts of unequal size.



THE BAB-I-HUMAYOUN

The outer court is entered from the street by the Bab-i-Humayoun, the High or Imperial Gate, whose resonant title is justified less by its appearance than by the fact that through it the sultans used to issue and return "in all the Asian pomp of Ottoman parade." It is built of marble, and designed to represent a triumphal arch. On either side are the mitred niches wherein the

heads of grand vizirs were more than once exposed in silver plates. Above is the small square chamber where Mahmoud II, in 1826, waited anxiously all day long for tidings of the last battle against the Janissaries. Directly over the entrance is the inscription, placed there in 1478 by Mohammed II. "God shall make eternal the glory of its builder; God shall strengthen his work; God shall support his foundations." So massive is the portal that its outer and inner doors are fifteen yards apart. Formerly fifty full-armed kapoudjis, or keepers, stood here constantly on watch night and day.

The court still bears its former ill-omened name of "Court of the Janissaries." No other memory so hangs over it as does theirs. Here in the rare days of civic peace they were drawn up in serried ranks to acclaim or follow their sovereign. Hither they many times rushed like madmen, beating their kettles, battering the walls, and with infuriate cries demanding largess, or increase of pay, or the heads of vizirs and mouphtis, or the deposition of a sultan. On the left is the Church of Saint Irene and the Mint. Prominent in the foreground is the enormous Plane-tree of the Janissaries, which eight men standing in a circle cannot belt with their extended arms, in whose hollow trunk families have lived, and from the gibbet of whose tremendous arms hundreds of corpses have hung.

One passes hence to the inner court through Orta Kapou, the Middle Gate, sometimes called Bab-el-Selam, the Gate of Peace. It likewise was formerly guarded by fifty kapoudjis, and is still flanked at a distance by its cone-like towers. Only the Sultan may enter it on horseback. Above is inscribed the Mussulman creed, "There is no God but God, and Mohammed is the Prophet of God." The inner and outer doors of Orta Kapou are



PLANE-TREE OF THE JANISSARIES



thirty-five feet apart. In the rooms between are arms and standards.

The room on the left was that of the executioner. Here condemned vizirs and pashas were beheaded after being drowned in the cistern below. The mangled trunk



ORTA KAPOU

was cast upon the ground in the Court of the Janissaries, and the dissevered head, with a written statement of the crime imputed, was placed at the Bab-i-Humayoun. Afterwards it became the perquisite of the headsman, from whom it was often ransomed at an exorbitant price by the kindred or friends of the dead.

The room on the right was the waiting-place of foreign

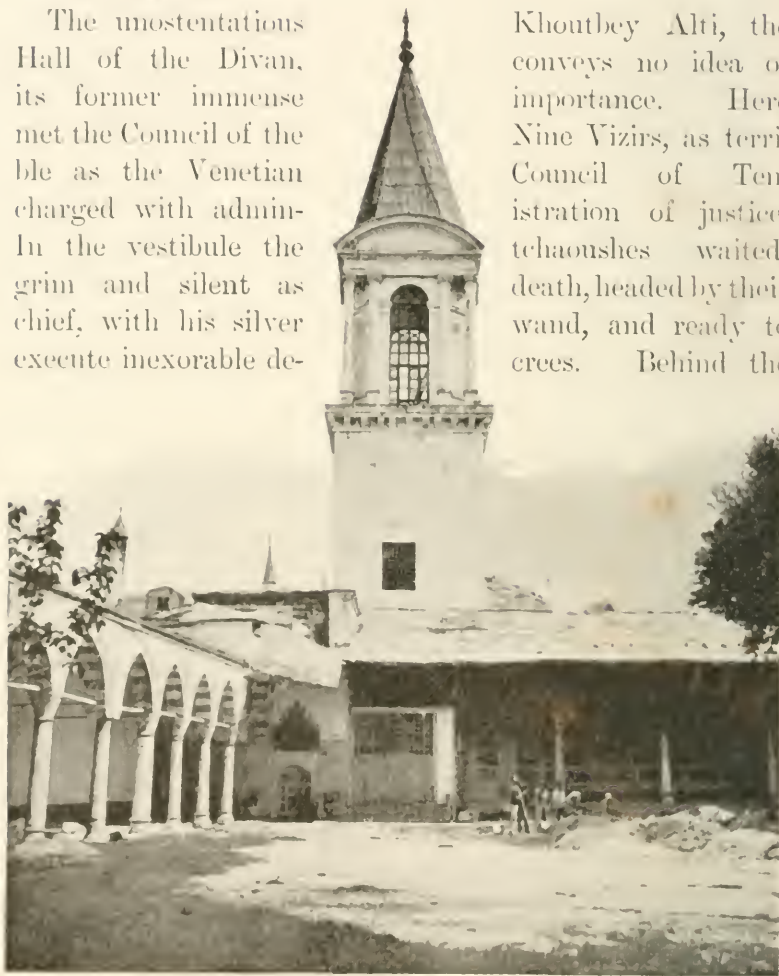
ambassadors. Sometimes they remained there seven or eight tedious hours, until the Sultan deigned to receive them. Their sycophancy, their rivalry with one another in affectation of friendship for the Ottomans, often merited the contempt with which they were commonly regarded. Whenever a victory was gained over some Christian nation, the representatives of other Christian powers were wont to ask permission to hasten hither that they might congratulate the Ottomans on their success, and assure them of their own delight. When at last the Sultan was nearly ready to receive the anxious envoy, the announcement was usually made in the insolent order, "Let the dogs be fed and clothed!" Then the ambassador passed through the gate and across the inner court to the Hall of the Divan on the left, still surmounted by its belfry-like tower, where he had the honor of dining with the Grand Vizir. For his suite old leathern carpets were spread upon the ground inside the colonnade, and there they made what cheer they could "with scanty dishes."

Towards the right were drawn up several thousand Janissaries. On the ambassador's appearance great kettles of rice were placed before the soldiery, at which they "darted like arrows," — a peculiar custom, introduced to impress the foreigner with the appetite and ferocity of the corps. Sometimes they ate sullenly, or not at all. Then the nation trembled. When the ambassador's repast was finished, he received the caftans, or robes of honor, furnished to him and his retinue by the Sultan. The number varied according to the esteem in which the country represented was held. By custom there were twenty-four caftans for France, sixteen for England, twelve for Venice, and the same number for Holland. Then the envoy

was ceremoniously and most courteously conducted to his solemn interview.

The unostentatious Hall of the Divan, its former immense met the Council of the ble as the Venetian charged with admin- In the vestibule the grim and silent as chief, with his silver execute inexorable de-

Khoutbey Altı, the conveys no idea of importance. Here Nine Vizirs, as terri- Council of Ten. istration of justice. tchaoushes waited, death, headed by their wand, and ready to crees. Behind the



HALL OF THE DIVAN

lattice window, unseen, like deity, the Sultan sat and listened to the discussions of his ministers.

On the extreme right were seen the nine kitchens of





IN MY LADY'S GARDEN

the Seraglio. The first was devoted to the Sultan's table; the second, to that of "the Princess the best beloved," that is, the Sultan's mother, and of the chief sultanas; the third, of the other sultanas; the fourth, of the chief of the black eunuchs and of the other eunuchs; the fifth, of the captain of the gate and his subordinates; the sixth, of the ministers of the divan; the seventh, of the itehoglans or pages; the eighth, of the humbler attendants of the Seraglio; the ninth, of all connected with the divan ex-



BAB-I-SEADET

cept the ministers. No beef — a flesh deemed impure — might enter these kitchens, but daily five hundred sheep were there roasted whole.

The Bab-i-Seadet, the Gate of Felicity, admits to the Seraglio proper. Under this gate always first took place the announcement of a new reign. Formerly whoever passed was obliged to kiss the threshold.

Bewildered by anticipation of unfolding mystery, and by the rushing medley of association, the stranger involuntarily pauses as he approaches its opening doors. The blood is stirred at the thought of a vaster throng of beauties than have entered through any other doors on earth.



AN OTTOMAN LADY  
(Outdoor Costume)



As Abishag was sought for David throughout all the coasts of Israel, so hundreds, thousands, of other maidens as fair were sought among the subjects and the captives of an empire for the lord of the Seraglio. With eyes bright as stars, with breath like the flowers of spring, with arms white as the houris, with airy step that left no footprint upon the ground, through more than three hundred successive years they were ceaselessly entering here.

During three and a half centuries there was not a sultan, from Mohammed II the Conqueror to Malmoud II the Reformer, for whose magnificent passing this portal has not almost daily opened wide. Sometimes, while the Sultan trembled within, the Janissaries have thundered at its brazen panels until their bloody hunger was appeased by the corpses of the noblest in the state cast at their feet. Sometimes the monarch showed himself their master. In 1632, when a sedition was at its height, and the court was packed with infuriate rebels, and vociferous shouts announced his deposition, Mourad IV ordered the gate thrown open, and walked calmly and alone towards the mob. The raging multitude shrank in terror from the glance of that young man of twenty-two. He quelled the tumult by his audacity, and returned unhindered, a bloodless conqueror.

Twice in the present century, in a single year, the doors were unlocked for the ignominious exit of a dead sultan. Baïræckdar, the terrible Pasha of Rustchuk, in 1808 had roused the whole nation and proclaimed the restoration of the enlightened Selim III, who had been deposed by Moustapha IV twelve months before. In triumph he approached the still closed Bab-i-Seadet and demanded his master, who in the recesses of the Seraglio was ignorant of the revolution accomplished in his behalf. The guards

inside were still faithful to Moustapha. The deposed Sultan ordered Selim bowstrung; then he cast the remains through the door with the message, "Give the Pasha of Rustehuk Selim, whom he seeks!" Bairaekdar in agony threw himself upon the body of his Sultan and kissed his hands and feet, sobbing like a child. The kapoudan pasha roused him from his grief. "It is useless to weep like a woman," he said; "let us save Prince Mahmoud before he, too, is destroyed." Moustapha was seized, but Mahmoud could nowhere be found. His nurse had hidden him under a pile of disused mats and carpets, exacting the solemn promise that he would not come out till she called him. For a long time she dared not reveal his hiding-place; but at last she was convinced of his safety, and shouted, "Come forth, my lion." Mahmoud emerged from his concealment to ascend the throne, which he filled grandly for thirty-one years.



SULTAN SELIM III

A few weeks later there was another successful revolution, this time in favor of Moustapha, and the deposition of Mahmoud was announced. Mahmoud commanded that Moustapha should be put to death. Again the gate was opened, and again an imperial corpse was borne through it to victorious rebels. Then Mahmoud calmly presented

himself to the rage of the insurgents. He, a youth of nineteen, was the sole male survivor of the dynasty of Osman. Were he slain, their reigning family would be extinct. They kissed the ground before their only possible padishah, and withdrew. Thus ended the last tragedy the gate has seen.

One passes under the broad, overhanging arch, and the Seraglio is before him. No scene could be more calm and peaceful. The horrors have vanished like the full-eyed beauties! The stranger marvels, in the innocent tranquillity, if this be the very spot of which such direful tales are told.

High-wrought fancy imagines that all the achievements of Eastern art are gathered here; but one looks in vain for something impressive or stately. There is here no Alhambra or Palace of Versailles or Kremlin. The Serai of Dolma Baghtcheli or Beylerbey is more bewildering and entrancing than any single structure which the Seraglio contains. Here there was never any single great, continuous, overshadowing pile, or even a symmetric grouping of minor buildings around some greater centre. Here there were clustered palaces, pavilions, mosques, baths, fountains, every mushroom fabric of architectural fancy springing up in endless, planless variety, each regardless of all the rest, and yet all somehow combining in a realization of wonders. The inner Seraglio was a sea of ostentation and caprice, into which flowed like water the booty of campaigns, the tribute of vassal kingdoms, and the resources of the state, all swept headlong hither by the hand of absolute power. Gilded pagodas, bejeweled kiosks, every materialized conception of odalisks and sultanas were tossed like bubbles upon the surface of that sea, without thought of permanence or of the future. Everything



seems permeated by the spirit of Selim II, who, surrounded by his musicians and dancing-girls, exclaimed: "I think only of the pleasure of to-day. What shall be after me does not cause me a thought." So there was always here ornamentation the most profuse, mosaic and inlaid work the most minute, faience the richest, arabesques the most



ARZ ODASSI

involved, rare and costly woods with dainty chisellings, embroideries that seemed like dreams, every accessory of minor art to bedeck the small. There is no building here worthy of the greatness of the Ottomans. There is nothing which by its massiveness and monumental grandeur will vindicate to coming ages the power of the sultans.

The Arz Odassi, the Chamber of Supplication, or the Throne Room, is an elegant pavilion, surrounded by a

colonnade. It is situated directly opposite the Bab-i-Seadet. The Sultan used to sit in Oriental fashion, at the farthest corner of a prodigiously large couch, while he received the homage of his officers, and granted audience



THE THRONE

to foreign envoys. This couch had eight coverings, of varying degrees of magnificence, though all were wrought with gold embroidery and precious stones. At each reception the covering was chosen according to the greatness of the country represented, or the favor in which its envoy

was held. In this room, in 1525, the ambassador of Ferdinand, King of Bohemia and brother of Charles V. sued Souleiman I for peace, and the ambassador of France entreated him to rescue Francis I, then a prisoner of Charles V in Spain. Here, in 1568, Harebone, ambassador of Queen Elizabeth, besought Mourad III to assist the English against the gathering armada of Philip II.

By its name the Treasure House, or Hazneh, suggests a blinding array of diamonds of Golconda, and of all priceless things in the untold opulence of the East; but in neither quantity nor value do its accumulated treasures correspond to the pictures of imagination. I have visited the Hazneh many times, and I can but wonder at the enthusiasm of a distinguished author. Mr. Stanley Lane-Poole, who exclaims, "Nothing to be compared to its splendor exists in any European capital." Generations ago such a comparison would have been just. At the death of Mourad IV, in 1640, in a single room were counted four thousand sacks, each containing fifteen thousand gold ducats. The prodigious sum amounted to three hundred and sixty million francs, or over seventy million dollars. The other rooms were stored with jewels and every form of wealth in like almost inconceivable, almost incredible proportion. No wonder that the seal of the Sultan bore the humble, haughty words, "The aid of God has been with his servant Mourad." No wonder that Baron Tavernier, who saw it all in its dazzling affluence two hundred and fifty years ago, compared the Treasure House to the Caspian Sea, into which the vastest rivers flowed, and from which none departed.

Here, however, the thing that has been is not the thing that is. One still beholds quantities of precious stones, elaborate harness mounted in gold, saddle-cloths wrought



with pearls, marvellously fashioned clocks, splendid porcelains, gold and silver chased arms and armor, cups encrusted with diamonds, and a maze of objects of rare and perfect make to gratify every wildly extravagant whim. Yet, when all is seen, the impression left behind is one of blurred confusion and disappointment, rather than of admiration and surprise.



THE PERSIAN THRONE

Four main rooms open upon one another. The most remarkable possession of the first is a Persian throne of beaten gold, into which handfuls of rubies, emeralds, and pearls have been wrought in mosaic. This trophy of Ottoman valor was captured in 1514 by Selim I from Ismail, the Shah of Persia. On a shelf close by is an emerald which the Ottomans boast is the largest in the



OPENING THE HAZNEH

world. It is this which, in his latest romance, General Wallace pictures the Prince of India bringing from the grave of Hiram, King of Tyre, on whom Solomon had bestowed it, and laying at the feet of the last Constantine, in effectual ransom for the lost daughter of his soul, his Gul Bahar. The gallery contains a throne of Aehmet I. Much of the armor contained in the gallery has been worn by heroic sultans on the field of battle.

A large glass case in the second room contains many rare gold coins, and is surmounted by a gilt copy of Trajan's Column. The portraits of twenty-eight successive sultans are grouped on the wall in a single frame. In the gallery, in glass cases on wooden frames, are arranged in chronologic order the gala robes of each sultan from Mohammed II to Mahmound II. The fez and Cossack costume of the latter contrasts strangely with the flowing, graceful attire of his predecessors. The turbans, adorned by the heron's feather, are such as each sultan devised for himself and wore during life; the daggers are the very same they wore at their sides. The jewelled clasps of Sultans Ibrahim and Souleiman II, and the emerald hilt of Selim I, are the most remarkable.

The third room possesses numerous objects of minor interest. Additional treasures are kept in a fourth chamber, still called the Chamber of Roustem, in memory of that thrifty Grand Vizir of Souleiman I.

Since 1680 the Hazneh may be opened only by the Hazneh Kiaya, always a eunuch, second in rank to the Kizlar Aghassi, the chief of the black eunuchs. Each day he must visit it for inspection, and on departure must seal the outer door with a signet which bears the device, "Submission to the Creator." Whenever he dies, or is deposed from office, a careful enumeration, often lasting





INTERIOR OF THE LIBRARY

several months, must be made of the contents of the Treasure House.

The Library is contained in a small kiosk built by Moustapha III. It consists of a single cruciform room. Over the covered porch are the words, "Enter in peace." Opposite the entrance one is confronted with the inscription, most appropriate to every student and every age, "Study with diligence, my beloved, and say, 'O Lord, increase my knowledge.'" On each side are the alcoves where the books are placed. The Library comprises about five thousand manuscripts, mainly in Arabic, Persian, and Turkish. The greater part were collected by Mahmoud I, Osman III, and Moustapha III. They embrace all departments, being the most diversified Ottoman collection in the capital. Some are magnificently illustrated. The older library of the sultans was destroyed by fire towards the close of the sixteenth century.

His Excellency Hamdi Bey, director of the Imperial Museum, informs me that during certain excavations near the Library in 1848, the enormous lid of a sarcophagus was discovered, around which the roots of a still standing plane-tree had so wound that its removal would require the cutting of the roots and probably kill the tree. Consequently the lid was carefully covered over, and an inscription stating the fact was placed near by. So centuries hence, when the now stately plane-tree yields to natural decay, the archeological treasure, at present held in its tenacious keeping, will be given back to the world.

The most elegant building in the Seraglio is the Kiosk of Mourad IV, or of Bagdad. When the Sultan captured that city from the Persians in 1638, he saw there a kiosk which he declared to be the most beautiful in existence. On his return, he endeavored to erect its exact copy. It

charms by exquisite unity of design, by perfect blending of what is choicest in Persian and Ottoman architecture, by combination of colors and unique decoration. Here is preserved the private library of the sultans. Here, too, were formerly kept the seventeen famous codices captured from the library of King Mathias Corvinus at Buda in 1526,



THE KIOSK OF BAGDAD

and presented in 1877, by the present Sultan, to the Hungarians, the kinsmen in blood of the Ottomans, and their devoted political allies.

It is commonly believed in Europe, and even among the Greeks of Constantinople, that somewhere in the Seraglio, and most likely in the libraries or the Treasure House, are concealed many ancient and mediæval manuscripts and

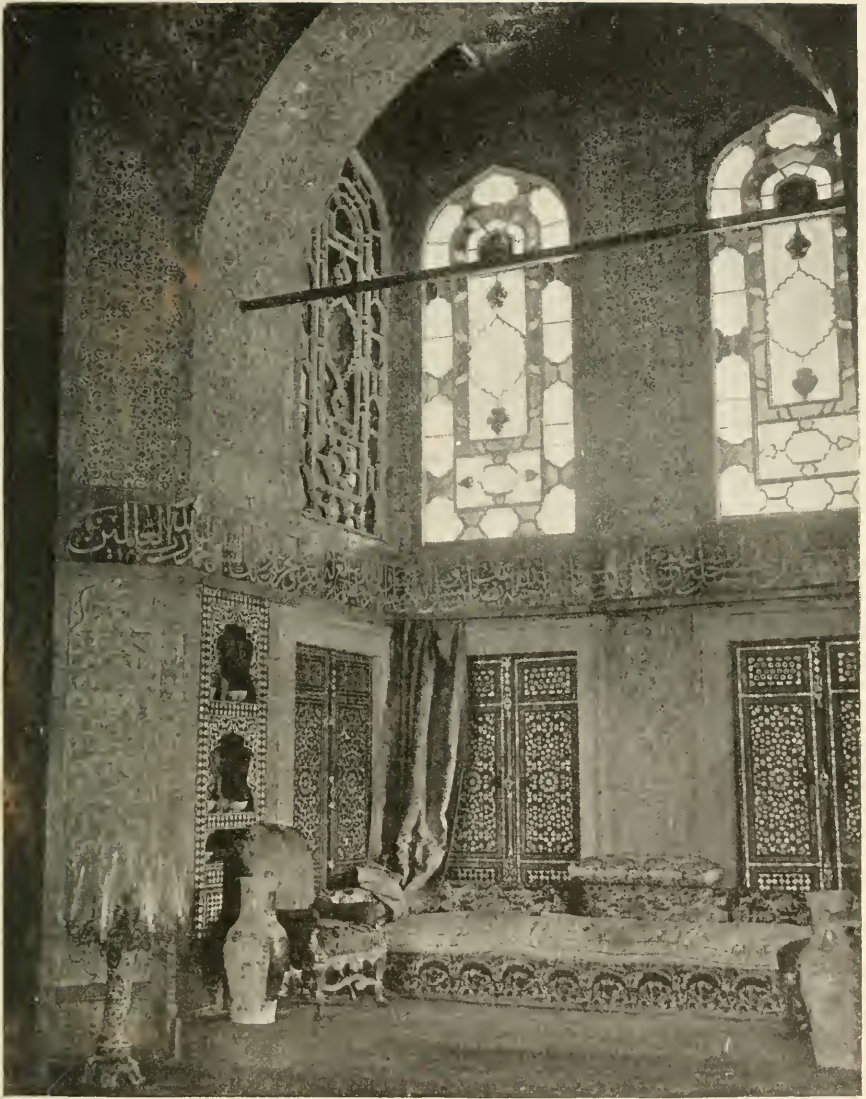


Christian relics, and works of Byzantine art. It is thought that in the lapse of time these objects have been forgotten.

Every Greek priest at the capital knows the story of the old chest in the Treasure House, in which in 1680 was found a box containing a still smaller box of solid gold. In the latter was a skeleton hand, on which was written, "The hand which baptized Jesus," and on the thumb, "The Lamb of God." Undoubtedly this was the relic revered by the Byzantines as the hand of John the Baptist, the very same that was once religiously kept in the Monastery of Saint John the Forerunner at the Petron, on the Golden Horn, and the outer casket of which was engraved by the art and devotion of Anna Komnena. Yet two hundred years after the sack of the city it was thus found in the Seraglio. Souleïman II gave it as a most precious gift to the Knights of Malta. In 1797 their order was abolished, when the hand was sent to the Czar Paul, their tutelary defender. It is now one of the most esteemed possessions of a church at Saint Petersburg.

Whenever this tale is told among the common people, imagination is whetted at the thought of innumerable other valued and unknown objects waiting to be revealed in the Seraglio. But the discovery of the golden box took place during the first careful inspection ever made of the contents of the Treasure House. Like careful examination has been repeated many times. Probably no manuscript — Greek, Latin, Hebrew — has eluded the diligent investigation of foreign scholars, whom the Ottoman government has permitted more than once to make researches.

The Kiosk of Sultan Medjid is beautiful in itself, and surpassingly beautiful in its situation. There the stranger



INTERIOR OF THE KIOSK OF BAGDAD

becomes a guest. As he sips coffee of aromatic fragrance, and tastes conserve of roses, and feasts his soul with the entrancing view upon the sea and strait and distant hills, in the enjoyment of the moment he half forgets his disappointment that, except the Throne Room, Treasure House, Library, Kiosk of Bagdad, and this ethereal pavilion, all the edifices of the inner Seraglio are closed to his feet and eyes.

The Kafess, or Cage, which it is forbidden to approach, is a two-storied building, without windows in the lower story. It is said to comprise twelve magnificent apartments, all exactly similar to each other, and all furnished in the extreme of luxury. Yet there is no loathsome dungeon on earth more justly dreaded, and of which more hideous horrors can be told.

Its erection indicates an advancing humane sentiment. Yet it served a purpose hardly less inhuman than the barbarous custom it was designed to supersede. Till the time of Achmet I in 1603, it was customary, on accession of a sultan, to put to death the other surviving male members of the reigning family. The ostensible object was to prevent possible revolutions and civil war. The practice was justified by the text from the Koran, "Rebellion is worse than executions," ingeniously perverted from its original sense, just as Christian fanatics have defended the most fiendish acts by impious exegesis of passages from the Bible. Under the milder sway of Sultan Achmet, it was determined that his brother Moustapha should not be slain, but should be shut up in strictest seclusion in this Kafess. The subsequent Ottoman princes were thus confined. Not a whisper was permitted to reach the inmates from the outer world. Nor was there any hour perfect peace: for a violent death was always threatening,



and each day's tranquillity was overshadowed by the possibilities of the morrow. Attended only by eunuchs, who were also mutes, and by odalisks, whose inability to become mothers was certified by the court physicians, no prince could tell whether he was

“to fill a bowstring or the throne;  
One or the other, but which of the two  
Could yet be known unto the Fates alone.”

The larger number led a torpid, vegetable existence, until they ceased to be. Their life was hardly animal, for they could not set foot upon the ground, or stand in the full light of day.

A few successively emerged to become sultans and caliphs. Such incarceration told its tale in a death-like pallor of the face, as on Edmond Dantes in the Château d'If, and sometimes in an ignorance of the world and a sluggishness of the mind that was almost idiocy. Osman III was a prisoner there more than half a century, and Achmet II only seven years less. Souleïman II devoted thirty-nine years of confinement to copying the Koran and to prayer. Through his brief after-reign of thirty-three months he was regarded as a saint. Selim III dreamed his fifteen years away in aspiration to rule worthily and to regenerate the nation, if his time should ever come. Twenty-six years in the Kafess left Mahmoud I generous and brave, and his later reign of almost equal length was a golden era in Ottoman history.

Osman II, in 1622, was the last sultan put to death on deposition. Instead, each overthrown monarch walked the melancholy path which ended here. Moustapha I, Ibrahim, Moustapha II, Achmet II, Selim III, Moustapha IV, through youth and early manhood trembled here,

then went forth to the throne, were in turn deposed, and came back to linger a few days or months or years, and then to die. Save Moustapha I, none was recalled to power; he only for fifteen months. A third time the heavy door of the Kafess closed upon him, and shortly afterwards he was bowstrung.

None other summed up more of indifference, hope, and agony in sojourn within its walls than did Ibrahim. Shut



SULTAN IBRAHIM

up a child two years old, he survived the reigns of Moustapha I, Osman II, and Mourad IV. Then Mourad died, and the attendants of the Seraglio rushed tumultuously hither to announce to Ibrahim his accession. Terrified and incredulous, Ibrahim and his odalisks barred the door, and piled furniture against it to keep them out. Soldiers were obliged to break through by force. In their protestations of

loyalty, Ibrahim saw only duplicity, and believed they sought a pretext for his death. He swore he loved his brother better than himself, and that his solitude and his birds, caged just as he was, were dearer than all the thrones of the universe. Not till the corpse of Mourad was brought into the room, and gave convincing

proof by its awful presence, did he consent to abandon his asylum. Then he yelled, "The Empire is at last delivered from its butcher," and gave orders for the dead Sultan's funeral. A nine years' ignoble reign succeeded. Weaving rings and jewels into his scanty beard, throwing gold coins to the fishes in the ponds, and seeking women for his harem whose chief beauty was excessive corpulence, were his more serious occupations. The indignant nation rose and hurled him back to the Kafess. Hourly he dreamed of restoration. Again the silence was broken. Prisoner and odalisks hailed the coming footsteps with exultation. The guests were the Sheik-ul-Islam and the Grand Vizir, and with them came the executioner and the bowstring.

The last inmate was Mahmoud II. When he went forth to reign early in the present century, the Kafess was relegated to the things of the past.

The Hirkai Sherif Odassi, the Chamber of the Holy Mantle, is devoted to the relics of the Prophet. It is an apartment about forty feet square, elaborately adorned. None may enter except the Sultan and a few officials of the highest rank.

During his lifetime the Prophet disclaimed all homage for himself except such as was paid to his exalted mission, and hence might contribute to its success. In his sublime humility, he declared that he was only like other men. Still it is not strange that his followers, in their reverence for the Apostle, have forgotten that of all iconoclasts he was the greatest. They cherish with almost idolatrous veneration the few relics associated with the rise of Islam.

Of these there are seven. One is a tooth, struck from his mouth at the battle of Uhud, and preserved in the



turbah of Mohammed II. Another is a mantle, guarded in the Mosque of Hirkaï Sherif. The other five are kept in this chamber.

The first is the Sandjak Sherif, or Sacred Standard. According to one tradition it was the tent-curtain of Ayesha, the Prophet's favorite wife. According to an-



THE ENTRANCE TO HIRKAÏ SHERIF ODASSI

other, it was the turban of Bourcïdeh Sheshmeh, an early disciple of the Prophet. During a desperate battle he unwound it from his head and fastened it as a flag upon his lance. It was carefully preserved by the Ommiade and Abasside Caliphs, and finally acquired by the Sultan of Egypt. On the conquest of Cairo, in 1517, Selim I removed it to Damascus, and it was annually carried in

the pilgrimages to Mecca. Mourad III brought it to Galipoli in 1595, and Mohammed III to Constantinople two years later. Its presence on battlefields and in times of national crisis has often inflamed Mussulman ardor to the highest pitch. In the Mosque of Sultan Achmet it wrought the citizens to frenzy in their determination to destroy the Janissaries. When the great host of Kara Moustapha, the Grand Vizir, was crushed at the siege of Vienna in 1683 by the Polish hero, John Sobieski, it was the only flag out of many hundreds which did not fall into the hands of the enemy. One resembling it was taken, and hence the proud but empty boast of the Christians that they had captured the flag of Islam. Through fear of its falling in tatters on account of age, it has never been unfolded by the Ottomans except in 1596. Nevertheless, "to unfurl the Sacred Standard" has become the synonym of a holy or religious war.

This flag is stated by the Mussulmans to be of wool, about twelve feet long, and of the sacred color green. On it is no inscription or device. It is kept in a rose-wood box, which is inlaid with mother-of-pearl, tortoise-shell, and precious stones. Around it is wrapped a similar standard of the Caliph Omar. The whole is enclosed in forty coverings of rich cloths, the innermost of green silk, worked in reverent inscriptions in gold.

The second relic is the Hirkaï Sherif, a black mantle of camel's hair. This the Prophet took from his shoulders to throw around Kiab Ibni Shehir, in enthusiasm at a poem wherein the latter set forth the infinite majesty of the Creator and the mission of his Envoy. Through the hands of the Caliph Moavia, the Omniade and Abasside Caliphs, and the sultans of Egypt, it passed to Selim I.

Once, when a battle was almost lost in Hungary, Mohammed III put it on and gained the victory.

Annually, on the fifteenth of Ramazan, the Sultan, surrounded by his ministers, comes in solemn state from his palace on the Bosphorus to pay homage to this mantle. He and his escort reverently kiss its hem. After each kiss the first chamberlain, in order that no impurity may cling to it from the contact of human lips, lightly touches it with an embroidered handkerchief, which he gives to the devotee. When all have rendered their homage, the Sheik-ul-Islam carefully wipes the mantle with pure water from a golden dish. Then it is carefully dried, and returned to its case. Even the water employed in its purification is regarded with veneration. "That of the Jordan cannot be more esteemed by Christians." It is scrupulously dropped into tiny vials, which are sent to the chief dignitaries of the faith. By them it is doled out, drop by drop, mixed with other water, and drunk at the termination of each day's fast in Ramazan.

The third relic is the Prophet's beard. This, after his death, was shaven from his chin by his favorite barber, Selman, in the presence of Aboubekir, Ali, and his chief disciples. It is stated by an Ottoman grandee that "the beard is about three inches long, of light brown color, without gray hairs."

The fourth relic is one of the teeth which the Prophet lost at the battle of Uhud.

The fifth relic is a limestone impression of the Prophet's foot, supposed to have been made when he mounted the steed Al Borak, or when he lifted a heavy stone to build into the Kaaba. The somewhat similar imprint in the Mosque of Eyoub is regarded with less confidence in its genuineness.





A LADY OF THE HAREM  
(Indoor Costume)

The last three relics, placed in glasses hermetically sealed, and adorned with jewels and filigree work in gold, are kept in an altar or shrine in the middle of the room. Above them hang silver lamps, which are always lighted at sunset. The chamber also contains a manuscript Koran copied by the Caliph Osman: another copied by the Caliph Omar, and the silver key of the great sanctuary at Mecca. All are under the charge of the chief of the black eunuchs.

Farther to the northwest are the apartments, undescribed, unvisited, but to which warm imagination turns more than to the other attractions of the Seraglio. The magic of mystery magnifies the charms of this retreat. One would rock but little though all the doors were locked and all the other buildings closed, if his eyes might revel in those luxurious haunts of odalisks and sultanas, the inviolable home of the harem, "the serai's impenetrable bower." They entered the Bab-i-Seadet, — those women of unearthly beauty and languor and grace, those rarest of human flowers, — they crossed the court, they passed within that blank and mocking wall, their shadows flitted from room to room, and yet on earth none of them is even a shadow now.

"Beauty and anguish walking hand in hand  
The downward slope to death."

Nor were they all weak and willowy, fleshly creatures of statuesque perfection, timorous playthings to speed lightly the dalliance of an imperial hour. Gathered together like the many maidens in Shushan the Palace, more than one was as grand and haughty as Vashti, and as devout and heroic as Esther. By a strange paradox of human nature, here, where wifehood was little esteemed,



ENTRANCE TO THE HAREM



motherhood was honored as it has been in no other land and upon no other throne.

One imperious figure heads them all. — the consort of Souleïman the Magnificent, the mother of the first sultan born in the Seraglio, the Eastern prototype of Catherine de Medicis, though more astute and nobler, with many a dark sin on her soul, but with no atrocity like St. Bartholomew's, — the peerless Roxelana.

But the golden cage is empty. Its birds of paradise or of prey, with brilliant plumage, are all gone!

Baron Tavernier, two hundred and twenty years ago, wrote a book of two hundred and seventy-one pages to describe the buildings and customs of the Seraglio. He begins his chapter upon the harem, "I devote a chapter to the quarter of the women, only to entertain the reader with the impossibility there is of knowing anything about it," and ends with the conclusion, "Unless I wish to make a romance, it is difficult to even talk about it."

At least one may see the threshold, perhaps with the double outer doors swung open under their rounded arch. As sentinel from old-time habit, custodian of memories but no longer of a living charge, a sable, ungainly being of neutral sex is always sitting at its side. The ample robes, which in part concealed the deformity of his predecessors, have given way to a European garb, which renders the hideousness of the modern eunuch more intense. Nor is his presence the only warning that no man save the master can enter here. Over the broad portal gleams the Arabic inscription of prohibition, "Oh, ye who have believed, enter not the Prophet's doors except he gives you permission."



IN THE HAREM

## BATHS, KHANS, AND BAZARS



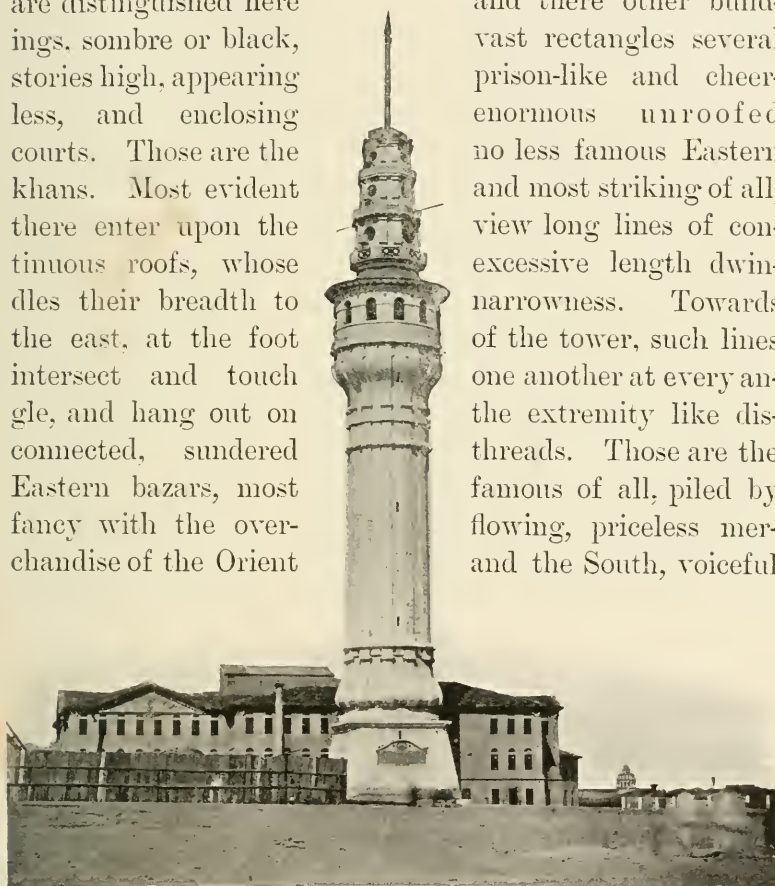
HE knows little of Stamboul who has never climbed to the top of the Tower of the Seraskier, on the third hill. From that point, the loftiest attainable in the triangular enclosure of the mediæval walls, the whole broad expanse of the seven-hilled city spreads out at his feet. The view from the Tower of Galata is lovelier and more varied; but this affords larger and more definite information, and emphasizes the fact that Stamboul, despite all its modern transformations, is an Oriental, Ottoman, Mussulman metropolis. The mass of verdure, hardly suspected, as one threads the narrow high-walled streets below, almost hides the multitudinous homes of many thousands of men. No other metropolis of Europe presents such a spectacle of forest and garden. Even Paris, with all its unequalled wealth of trees and verdant parks and squares, when beheld from the spires of Notre Dame or the height of the Eiffel Tower, is an agglomeration of roofs.

From the Seraskier's Tower the principal mosques indeed are always prominent. Gradually, as one looks forth into the mist of green, other edifices take form and appear. From the mazy whole are disentangled isolated buildings, with numerous domes of brick, each dome



thickly set with glittering, protruding, hemispherical plates of glass. These are the famous Eastern Baths. So are distinguished here ings, sombre or black, stories high, appearing less, and enclosing courts. Those are the khans. Most evident there enter upon the tinuous roofs, whose dles their breadth to the east, at the foot intersect and touch gle, and hang out on connected, sundered Eastern bazars, most fancy with the over- chandise of the Orient

and there other build- vast rectangles several prison-like and cheer- enormous unroofed no less famous Eastern and most striking of all, view long lines of con- excessive length dwin- narrowness. Towards of the tower, such lines one another at every an- the extremity like dis- threads. Those are the famous of all, piled by flowing, priceless mer- and the South, voiceful



THE TOWER OF THE SERASKIER

with suggestions of the caravan and desert, fragrant with odors from Arabia and India, from whose exhaust- less splendors palaces of Aladdin may be fitly decked, where battles of barter are waged, and where Western

frugality anticipates purchasing the most bizarre and rarest things on earth for a song.

The baths, the khans, the bazars,—to many an Occidental these three, with perhaps a glimpse of a mosque and possibly a hint of the Seraglio, constitute Stamboul.

The public baths number about one hundred and fifty. The general appearance and internal arrangements of them all are nearly the same. None make much pretence to outward show. Their disposition within is almost



THE VESTIARY OF A BATH

identical with that of a Roman bath, though in size and luxury they are inferior. Vitruvius, in the first century after Christ, wrote a description of a bath at Rome, which would almost perfectly apply to one to-day at Constantinople.

The Bath of Mahmud Pasha, near the Grand Bazar, and that of Ibrahim Pasha, not far from the Mosque of Mohammed II, each erected by an ambitious, philanthropic, but ill-starred Grand Vizir, are the best examples.

While the khans are inns, affording the simplest entertainment, they are also monuments of private or public philanthropy. To found a khan is esteemed a work as meritorious as to build a mosque. Often over the one great gate, which affords the only entrance, one sees the words, "Just and honest merchants are chief in the ranks of those souls which are illustrious for piety." Another

device of welcome and encouragement almost as frequent reads, "Labor and industry are the best defence against poverty." The rooms all open upon inner galleries, which surround the court. The guest comes in Eastern fashion, provided with his bed. The khan for a pittance furnishes a chamber and water.

These establishments in Galata, as also many in Stamboul, have lost much or all of their original character, — given over to offices of bankers and merchants, to printing-houses and every sort of magazine. Of those least affected by innovation or time, Valideh Khan is the chief and most typical. It was erected over two hundred and fifty years ago by the Valideh Sultana Machpeiker, the wife of Achmet I. The income is devoted to the support of the Mosque of the Valideh at Balouk Bazar, which the same noble-hearted woman began, but which her victorious rival Tarkhann Sultana completed.

It is a fortress rather than an inn, three stories high, over two hundred and fifty feet square, impregnable to ordinary attack, and deemed indestructible by fire. Commodities of every sort from Persia and Turkestan cumber the court. Gradually it has become the centre of the Persian colony. There, annually, on the tenth day of the month of Moharrem, they, as ardent Shiites, or adherents of the martyred Caliph Ali, celebrate wild, bloody rites, commemorative of the disasters of his house.

Yet even this stolid khan Western customs have touched with their finger. Recently, more than a hundred of its inmates subscribed to have water-pipes carried through the building to the different rooms, that they might no longer be forced to descend for water to the fountain, but might always have it at hand, "as in America."



Yeni Khan, in the same street, is the largest in the city. It is well supplied with water and with fire-proof magazines.

Vizir Khan, near the Mosque Nouri Osmanieh, was probably erected in the fifteenth century. For many years it was the residence of the Austrian internuncio, whence its common name of Eltchi Khan, the Khan of the Ambassador. It is a rambling pile, so large that houses are built inside, and is now mainly occupied by artisans. The blocked-up windows in one of its rooms have a story. It was reported to the Grand Vizir that from this window a gallant envoy used to watch the Ottoman ladies as they passed. He even was said once to have audaciously waved a handkerchief to a fair one. Forthwith several Janisseries and masons were despatched hither, who, despite the internuncio's protests, walled up his windows with brick and mortar.

The term bazar as applied by Europeans is commonly a misnomer. In the Eastern sense the bazar is ambulant or nomadic, or devoted to the sale of living objects. To-day a host of peddlers set up their booths in an appointed place and spread out each one his own commodities for sale. At evening, like the Arabs, they fold their tents and steal away, to reappear together on the morrow in another spot. Such is a bazar. So is the place where birds or fish or horses are sold, or in early days prisoners and captives, as in the Avret, or Slave Bazar.

The arrogant, uncompromising West thrusts not only its laws and usages upon the East, but sometimes forces on common terms its own interpretation, the acceptance of which it ultimately compels. Many an Oriental calls even the long covered line of shops "bazar," which to his fathers and to accurate speech is the "teharshi," or market.

We can do no better than employ the word in its European meaning.

Missir Tcharshi, the Egyptian Bazar, was founded by Tarkhann Sultana, who completed the neighboring Mosque of the Valideh. It is a prodigious emporium of drugs and gums and spices, a continuous stone arch, forty feet wide, forty-five high, and nearly three hundred and fifty long.

A path, paved, narrow, and always slippery, traverses its entire length. The iron doors at either end are closed on Friday, and an hour before sunset on other days. On both sides are the open stalls, seventy-eight in all, yet separated by so low a railing as to appear but one. In the centre of each stall sits the owner, in a nest of bags and baskets, that project into the path in front and climb up high upon the wall. There is not a pod or root or leaf known to



THE EGYPTIAN BAZAR

the pharmacopœia of use — broken, crushed, powdered, ground, or in its natural state — which is not within his reach and ready for disposal. The enormous pile is at times a box of perfume. It is the place where blow the most delicious odors in Stamboul. Sometimes the pungent mingle with the soothing in a blast of fragrance. Sometimes the scent creeps over one with a numbing or stinging rapture, till he half comprehends the line. “Die of a rose in aromatic pain.”

The Grand Bazar is not a single bazar with a single industry, but a union, or rather a contact, of nearly forty in one. From its central point, or heart, called the Bezes-tan, streets strike out like arteries in every direction. They are generally paved and straight, and are all covered with rounded or pointed arches, which for the most part rest on columns or pillars. Each industry or guild occupies one and sometimes several streets. Shops are wedged in against one another along the sides. In front of each, shut off by a low railing, is a narrow platform, whereon goods are often displayed, and where the proprietor may both breathe the outer air and lay hold of the unwary passer-by. Each tiny shop is a sort of spider's web, often no more than three yards square, and the human spider sits in front. Faint light — ally of the vender rather than of the buyer — struggles feebly in through dim and dirty thick glass plates in the roof. Lulled by the blandishments of the seller, the customer, however cautious, is beguiled. Soon he is persuaded that some rubbish, tricked out before his eye, is the very thing he has needed ever since he was born. Thus shiploads of recently manufactured antiquities, of ancient coins fresh from some private mint, of antique china and porcelain made the preceding year, of hangings dingy and soiled, of carpets moth-eaten, thread-bare, and irredeemably dirty, of articles by scores which one would not endure in the kitchen if first seen in New York, — are purchased at enormous prices and exultingly sent home by our rejoicing countrymen and countrywomen.

No description and no figures can convey any idea of the Grand Bazar to one who has never seen it. The space it covers is hardly more than a mile in circuit, but its contracted streets, if drawn out in a single line, would reach over five miles. The Ottomans exaggerate when they say



it would surround Stamboul, or stretch from Seraglio Point to the Black Sea. The seven thousand seven hundred and seventy-seven shops — the Oriental estimate — are only three thousand one hundred and ninety.

The broadest and longest thoroughfare is Kalpakjilar Djadessi, the Hatters' Street, entered from the yard of the Nouri Osmanieh Mosque. Little is sold in it save foreign goods. Kiurkdjilar Kapou, the Furriers' Gate, admits to a weird locality, stocked with every European and Asiatic



THE GRAND BAZAR

fur. At the southeastern end of the Bazar is Bit, or Louse Bazar, the morgue and charnel house of trade. Here are accumulated for sale all possible objects of every sort, but in every possible condition of second-handedness and decay, — a place of rags and tatters, where holes alternate with stains. Near the Mosque of Sultan Bayezid are Arabic, Persian, and Turkish bookstores, occupying the site of Chartoprata, or the Paper Market of the Byzantines. Jewelry and diamonds, the latter in strong wooden cases, are found near Mahmoud Pasha Kapou. There too are grouped the shops whither the travellers swarm, the

Promised Land of "Oriental curiosities," of the embroideries, the "Brousa Silks," the towellings and cottons, the tablecloths and cushions and curtains and doilies, the strings of amber and the vials of attar of rose, and of all the dainty, fascinating, head-confusing category at sight of which the eyes sparkle and the covetous heart dilates. There, too, are the carpets of Khorassan and Bokhara, of the Vales of Cashmere and Shiraz, from Persian palaces and Servian kralcs, of cotton, wool, mohair, and silk, indicated by a nomenclature various and involved, but which is warbled by the tongue of many a lady connoisseur with accents of appreciation and joy.

Moreover, prayer carpets from all the lands of Islam are there heaped together, some of recent fabric and never pressed by a suppliant knee, and others which the prostrations of the faithful and devout have worn for years. Nothing else does the Bazar contain so voiceful of the East as its prayer carpets, beautiful still, though scarred by time and use. Professor Clinton Scollard well weaves the significance and the mystery of them all into his sympathetic lines: —

" I know not when in Daghestan  
He lived, the skilful artisan  
Who wove in some mysterious way  
This fabric where the colors play  
Across the wool in rainbow chase,  
Or meet and link and interlace.

" Nor do I know what suppliant knees  
Once pressed these yielding symmetries,  
The while the turbaned brow was turned  
Toward Mecca, and the soul that yearned,  
Borne by the rapt muezzin cry,  
Soared, birdlike, up the tranquil sky.

“ But this I know, — foot ne'er shall press  
Its worship-hallowed loveliness,  
For still about it dumbly elings  
A subtle sense of holy things,  
And woven in the meshes there  
Are strands of vow and shreds of prayer.

“ With kindling morning beams the sun  
Its blended colors shines upon;  
The mosque domes catch the rays, and lo!  
In loitering lines the camels go;  
A fountain flings a silver jet;  
A palm-tree cuts a silhouette.

“ But when night lids the eye of day,  
And sunset glories fade away,  
My fancy shapes a fervent man  
From shadows on the Daghestan.  
Thus, in its compass small, I see  
The Orient in epitome.”

Other Oriental bookstores are farther south, and on the north the Slipper Bazar with its fascinations. One slakes his thirst at the fountain erected by the daughter of Sultan Mourad III for the refreshment of a shoemaker whose work always gave perfect satisfaction, and, most surprising of all, was always done on time. Near Ouzoun Tcharshi Oriental perfumery may be found with infinite variety of scent, and sherbets and confections and delicious honeyed pastes wake the most indifferent palate to delight.

The Bezestan, a huge rectangular building over one hundred and fifty feet long and two-thirds as wide, with massive walls of stone, is the most ancient structure in the Bazar. Tradition ascribes it to the time of Constantine, and its date must be at least as early as the tenth century. It is, however, asserted by the Ottomans that it was



erected by the Conqueror. Several times partially destroyed by fire, it was rebuilt in its present form by Aehmet III in 1708. Its high, heavy gates are named from the chief occupations of the adjacent quarters, — the Gate of the Goldsmiths, of the Makers of Embroidered Belts, of the Dealers in Women's Goods, and of the Booksellers. Over the Gate of the Booksellers is a slab, about two feet square, from which a gilded one-headed Byzantine eagle, with extended wings, stands out in bas-relief. This probably goes back to the tenth century; for in the later days of the Empire the eagle was two-headed.

A rambling wooden gallery clings high up on the inner sides. A mosque, a mere tiny chamber, projects a little way into the central passage, and in the midst of the daily traffic the muezzin calls to prayer.

Here only rare and costly objects are exposed for sale. Hence this is almost the only place in the Empire where smoking is forbidden. Nowhere else can be found a like array of old armor, Damascus blades, silver ornaments, filigree work, delicate carvings and chisellings, musical instruments of remote date, quaint watches, inlaid and mosaic furniture, ornaments of mother-of-pearl, charms, gems, seals, coins, mouthpieces, — whatever is peculiar and old. But the rare is becoming rarer. Even the sellers are dropping away, and many of the stalls are vacant. The lordly Bezeistan is fast degenerating into a sort of Bit Bazar itself.

Nowhere is the paralysis of Eastern manufactures more plainly recognized than in the Bazar. Almost all Turkish productions are disappearing, or have already disappeared. Native fabrics have been brought into unequal competition with those of Western Europe. In consequence the Ottoman markets are swamped by the foreigner. There are



A FORTUNE TELLER IN THE BAZAR

whole streets in the Bazar where not only the majority of the goods are of foreign manufacture, but are also the imitation of articles once made in the Empire and sold in these very shops.

The Sandal Bezestan bears striking testimony to such decay. It is a building almost equal to the Bezestan in solidity and size. Tradition asserts that it covers the spot where the bread sold in the Forum Artropoleion was officially weighed. It was erected by Mahmound Pasha, Grand Vizir of Mohammed II. Thrice destroyed, it was rebuilt in 1701 by Achmet III. The first three edifices were of wood.

This building a hundred years ago was occupied only by Armenians, and was the headquarters of the trade in native silk. It can tell all the lamentable story of the decline and death of a formerly immense and lucrative national industry.

Its best situated stalls rented in 1795 at thirty thousand piastres of the time, or about two thousand four hundred dollars of to-day. In 1844 the rental of those same stalls was twenty thousand piastres, or, since the piastre had depreciated a half, no more than eight hundred dollars.

That very year Mr Charles White, for many years a resident of Constantinople, wrote as follows: "Within the last ten years, and especially since the conclusion of commercial treaties with the Porte, the silk trade in home-made articles has decreased in the proportion of fifty per cent. . . . The richer articles, principally manufactured at Lyons, have completely superseded those formerly received from Brousa, or manufactured at Scutari, Constantinople, and Beyoglou. . . . The Armenian manufacturers say that they cannot afford to produce articles of equal richness at the same cost. They have consequently aban-



done the fabrication to their Western rivals." This was written fifty-one years ago.

The exquisite silk goods, reputed Turkish, and perhaps embroidered in Turkey, are now first imported from France. For years not a merchant has done business in the Sandal Bezestan. It is useless and solitary, except when rarely it serves as a storehouse on account of its fire-proof masonry. The long walls of closets, empty and decaying, which line its mouldering walls, are an eloquent, unanswerable commentary on Turkey's commercial treaties with foreign powers. Each such treaty has been as injurious to the Ottoman Empire as the loss of a province, and more irreparable in its results than a disastrous war.

Also the superficial aspect of the entire Bazar is becoming Occidentalized. French advertisements and shop-signs abound. "Modiste française" is the announcement of several shops. Panes of plate glass adorn more than one formerly windowless front. Though the merchants wear the fez, they dress otherwise in European style. The long-bearded adherents of the turban and flowing robes have taken refuge in the Bezestan, and are hardly seen elsewhere. At the principal restaurant in the Bazar the attendants wear livery and speak French.

Yet enough remains Oriental and unfamiliar to interest and charm. The place is a bewilderment to those who know it best,—a city within a city, with its own squares, fountains, khans, and mosques. No map can pilot through its labyrinth. It is a region wherein one may wander and be lost. It is full of quiet nooks and shady corners, and passages which lead to sequestered edifices and nondescript buildings fantastic and old. Some of its plain, unobtrusive mosques and simple fountains have a pathetic beauty.

Every night, an hour before sunset, all strangers are excluded; then the eight ponderous doors of iron are locked, and it becomes a fortress against robbery and fire. Against one foe it is defenseless. The earthquake has more than once tossed its inmates like dust and rent its walls like tow. The last frightful shock took place in July, 1894. It wrought damage in destruction of property and derangement of business which a succession of prosperous years cannot fully repair. At present, because everywhere unsafe, its shops are all shut, the approaches closed, and it itself suggestive of bankruptcy and desolation. In June, 1895, the Ottoman government contracted with a French architect who is to undertake its thorough restoration. The avenues of trade will again open in time, but probably smaller streams will flow through them than ever before. The whole Bazar in the end is to take its place with other interesting architectural fossils, like the tunnel under the Thames.



A TINSMITH IN THE BAZAR



THE MUSEUM OF THE JANISSARIES, ELBICEI  
ATIKA



**N** the history of the Ottoman Empire the word Janissary is found on every page. Until the second quarter of the nineteenth century not a battle is fought, not a sultan enthroned or deposed, not a sheik-ul-Islam consecrated or removed, not a grand vizir installed or expelled, that they do not play their sanguinary, sometimes glorious, sometimes inglorious, but always prominent part. During the ascending greatness of the Empire they furnished the chief military impetus, and were its main support. After the acme was reached, they were one of the chief causes, if not the chief cause, of that Empire's decline.

As a permanent military corps they were first incorporated in 1328 by Alaeddin Pasha, brother and Grand Vizir of Sultan Orkhan. So their organization antedates by one hundred and eleven years the compagnies d'ordonnance of Charles VII of France, often considered the first standing army of modern times.

The peculiar constitution of their order was unique in its originality and in its violation of natural human sentiment, and of family ties. "Let the Christians support the war," said Alaeddin: "Let them themselves furnish the soldiers by means of whom we are to fight." From

among non-Mussulman children not over seven years old, captured in war or paid in tribute, he selected the most promising. To each was given a Christian name. They were circumcised, carefully instilled in the principles of the Mussulman faith, taught military exercises, and on reaching manhood associated in companies. Knowing neither father nor mother, forever separated from the land and faith of their birth, forbidden to marry, and hence without family ties of their own, they were to unite with the courage of the soldier the fanaticism of the zealot. They were to seek only the triumph of the Mussulman religion and the glory of the Sultan.



JANISSARIES

As soon as the first band of the recruits was ready, Alaeddin brought them to Hadji Beghtash, the founder of the Beghtash Order of Dervishes, a sheik renowned for his holiness and learning. From him Alaeddin besought a benediction, a name, and a flag. Placing his hand on the head of one of the youths, over which fell his long flowing sleeve, the Sheik exclaimed: "Let their name be *Yeni Tcheri*, New Soldiers! Let their countenance be always shining, their right arm triumphant, their sabre sharp, their lance winged; and let them always return with victory!"

Never were the springs of a coarse imagination touched more powerfully, or rendered more effective. They adopted as their insignia a broad piece of cloth, pendent

from their ample turban, in memory of the sleeve of the Sheik. Their kettles, as symbol that their food was furnished by the Sultan, they regarded with a superstitious devotion that was almost worship; they made them their drums, and their drumsticks were spoons. All their titles of office they derived from the occupations of the



JANISSARIES IN 1125

kitchen. Their colonel was the Tchorbadjî Bashi, or chief maker of soup; their major, Ashdji Bashi, or chief cook; their captain, Sakka Bashi, or chief supplier of water. On their standard was wrought a flaming two-edged sword.

They were forbidden other abode than their barracks, and other occupation than arms. They were to take part in a campaign only when the Sultan commanded in person. In case of cowardice, the poltroon was to be expelled from their ranks,

and to suffer no other punishment, — was not expulsion worse than death? As infantry they despised mounted soldiers, and between them and the sipahis — the cavalry — there was an intense and often bitter emulation, which resulted in the highest effectiveness of both.

At first they numbered only a thousand. Then a thousand were added annually, and finally a larger number. At last they counted forty thousand in their ranks, and possibly more, — every one the offspring of Christian or Jewish parents, and all animated by the deadliest hate against the race and faith wherein they were born. The



religious rancor of the proselyte was always dominant, and thereby their mercilessness and ferocity were increased. So it is not strange if for two hundred years they were the most dreaded, the most abhorred, and the most mighty military engine which the world has seen.

Hadji Beghtash, their spiritual father, their inspirer and patron saint, died in 1357; so did Alaeddin, of whom they were the pet and pride. Mourad I in 1363 increased



SIPAHIS IN 1550

their haughtiness and effectiveness by the modification of certain minor details in their organization.

Souleïman I introduced various humane innovations into their constitution. He allowed them to marry, to live wherever they pleased, to engage in any civil occupation; but required they should serve in war whether the Sultan was in the field or not. He restricted admission to their ranks no longer to captives long trained and fired by ambition to become Janissaries, but allowed whoever wished, and of whatever origin, and of almost whatever training, to join the corps. Speedily their effectiveness

against the enemy declined. Soon they became the curse and horror of the state. Cowardly in battle, fierce only for self-indulgence and largess or increase of pay, violently opposed to good government, they terrorized over the nation, of which they arrogantly boasted themselves the principal defenders. More than one sultan they deposed; many sheiks-ul-Islam and grand vizirs they massacred. Their kettles they constantly overturned in signal of revolution: and always the disorderly, the dissolute and vicious, were on their side. Their annihilation is the grandest achievement of Mahmoud II. They have left only an execrable memory. The Praetorians of Rome, the Strelitzi of Russia, in their wildest days of lawless infamy never equalled the Janissaries.



THE AGA OF THE  
JANISSARIES IN 1550

The Museum contains one hundred and thirty-six effigies of the fearful corps. It has not a single claim to artistic merit. Its excellence is found only in the realistic fidelity in color and form and every detail whereby the costume and armor and entire appearance of these fierce warriors are represented. The roughly chiselled, painted faces are grotesque. Some seem almost leering at themselves and at the gazer. Ludicrous postures of the figures more than once tempt a smile. Their weakness and impotency excite even an emotion of pity, as does always, in the most obdurate heart, the pictured powerlessness of the dead. One half questions whether men ever rushed to battle in such attire, with the demoniac cry, "Allah!" upon their lips.

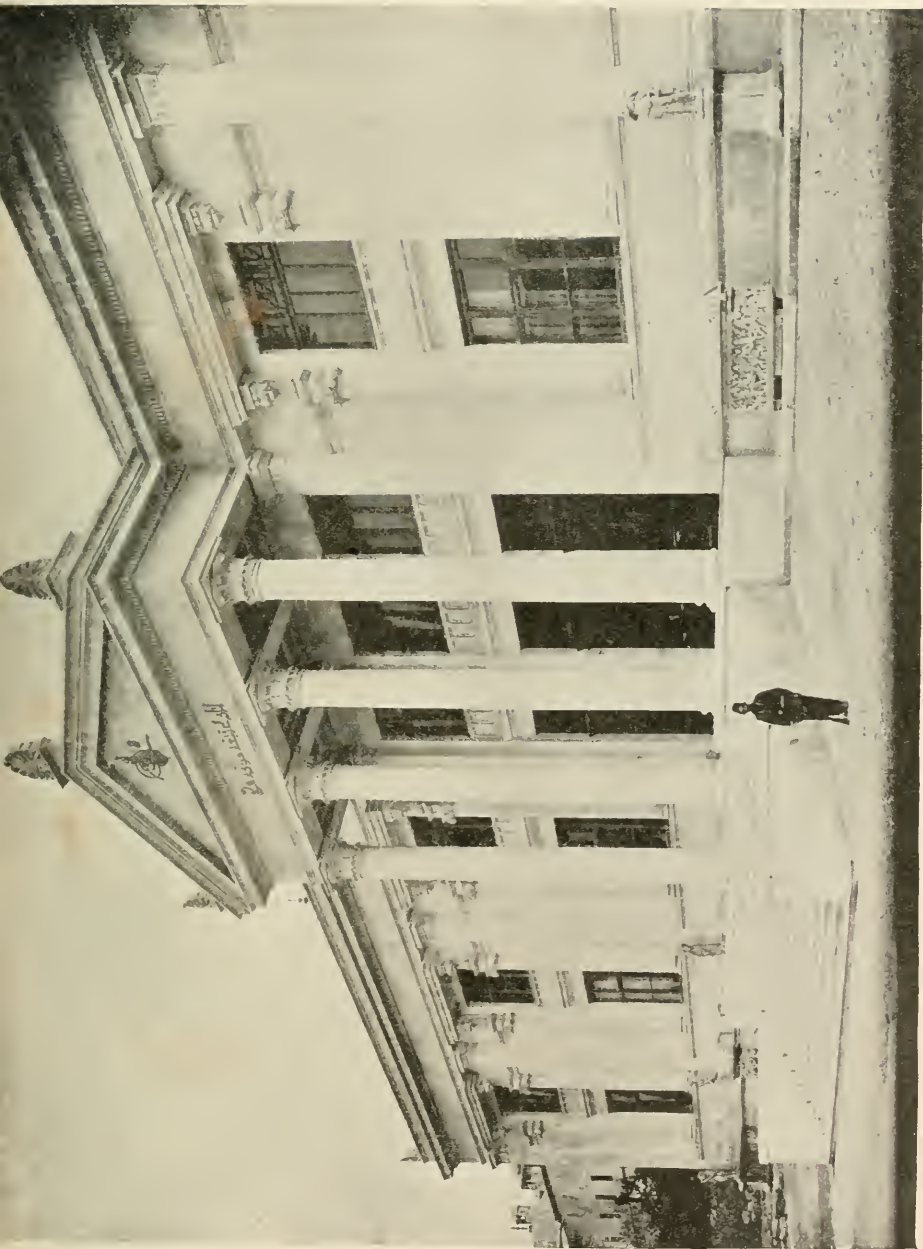
Nevertheless, would one live over and embody to himself Eastern history from 1327 to 1826, — five momentous, overburdened centuries, — he rejoices that he may walk through the lengthy chambers of this Museum among these harmless, grinning wooden ghosts of the bloody past.



## THE MUSEUM OF ANTIQUITIES

**N**O other country possesses a field for archeologic research so extensive and rich as does the Ottoman Empire. In Europe it comprises a large part of ancient Greece, with Illyricum, Macedonia, and Thrace. In Asia it includes the Sporades Islands, Crete, Asia Minor, western Armenia, the basins of the Euphrates and Tigris, and western Arabia. These lands were the seat of the Hittite, Chaldean, Assyrian, and Babylonian empires, and of the Hebrew and Syrian kingdoms; were later dominated by the Greek and Roman government and civilization, and are now dotted everywhere by the remains of their magnificent cities. It is a bold but not exaggerated statement, that, if ample financial means were provided, the Museum of Antiquities at Constantinople might be made the finest in the world.

It is not strange that the Mussulman Ottoman government looked upon the archeological treasures of its domain at first with aversion. Every nation, like every faith, must at its origin be iconoclastic of its predecessors. So were the primitive Christians as to the monuments they found everywhere of the classic Greeks and Romans. So



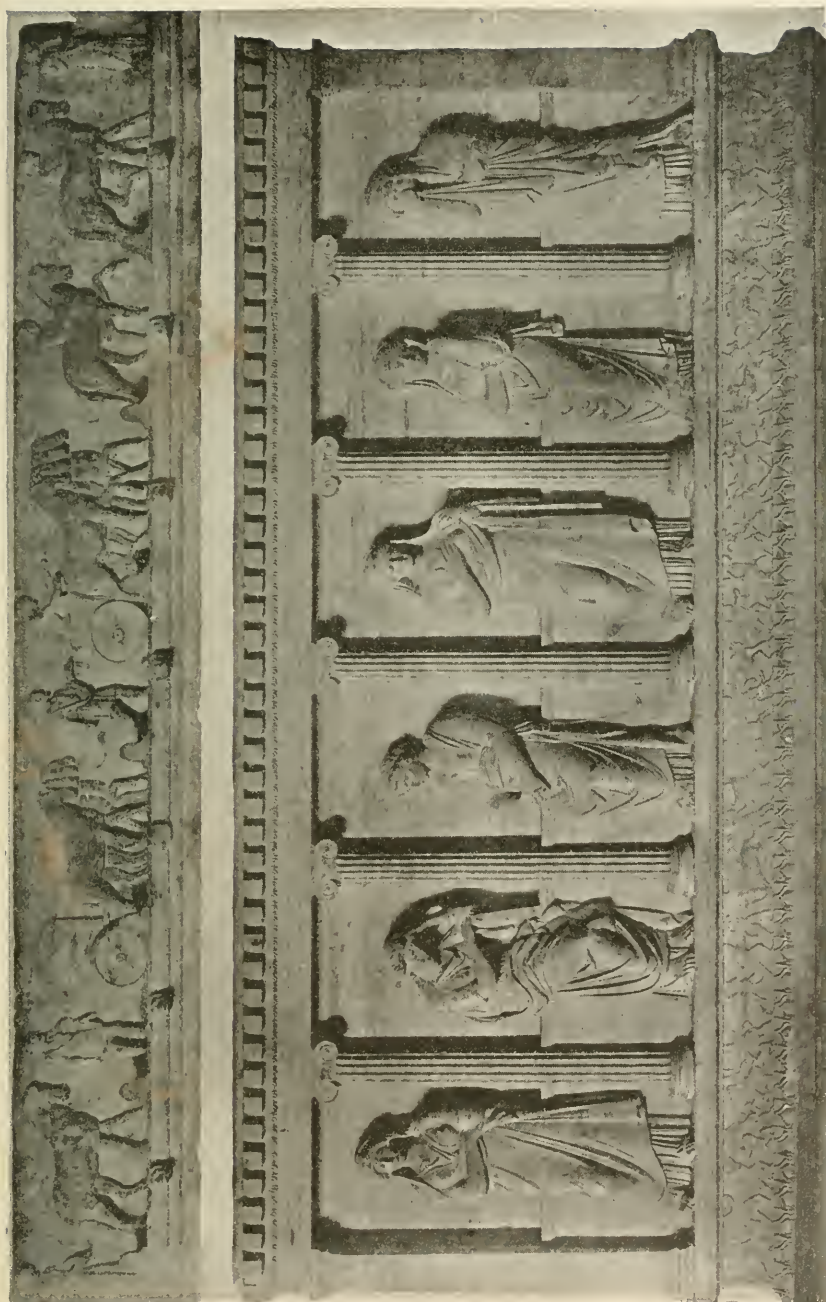
THE IMPERIAL MUSEUM OF ANTIQUITIES

were the reformers of England, Scotland, and continental Europe as to the splendid masterpieces in architecture, sculpture, and painting of the Church of Rome. The Puritan founders of New England were no exception to the rule. In time such aversion is succeeded by indifference, and at last the third stage is reached in enlightened interest. The Ottoman government, more advanced than the majority of its Mussulman subjects, has passed through the first and second stages, and, under the enlightened and progressive leadership of its Sultan Abd-ul Hamid II, has entered upon the third. The means for antiquarian research are furnished from the Sultan's private purse.

The Museum of Antiquities was begun by Fethi Pasha, Grand Master of Artillery, only forty-three years ago, under the patronage of Sultan Abd-ul Medjid. It was first located in the Church of Saint Irene. An Englishman named Gould was at its head. By authorization of Sultan Abd-ul Aziz, it was transferred from the contracted limits of Saint Irene by its second director, Dr Dethier, an erudite Hungarian, to Tchিনি Kiosk. The latter edifice was most appropriate for such a purpose. Erected by Mohammed II in 1466, two years before he commenced his palace in the Seraglio, it is itself an artistic and architectural curiosity, esteemed a masterpiece of Ottoman art. It was a startling indication of the march of progress when this structure of the Conqueror was devoted to preserving for future ages the memorials of those Aryan races and of that Semitic faith over which the Ottomans gained a resounding victory in the capture of Constantinople.

During the last fourteen years it has been in charge of his Excellency Hamdi Bey, an Ottoman and a Mussulman,





THE SARCOPHAGUS OF THE WEEPERS  
(Side View)

a student of the *École des Beaux Arts* at Paris, and an artist of ability. When, under his energetic and enthusiastic direction, the accumulating treasures overflowed the walls of *Tehmili Kiosk*, the scholarly liberality of the present Sultan defrayed the cost of erecting the second spacious building of the Museum.

For generations the Empire has been an exhaustless mine for foreign archeologists and excavators, who have ravaged ancient monuments ruthlessly at will, and have enriched the museums of their native countries with an easily plundered spoil. Through the influence of *Handi Bey*, the same strict law concerning excavations has been enacted and enforced which prevails in Greece and other European countries. While excavations by foreigners are permitted and encouraged by the Ottoman government, all objects unearthed are to be deposited in the Museum at Constantinople. The great and increasing suspicion and distrust of foreign investigators is largely justified by the persistent, and sometimes successful, efforts many have made to evade and violate the agreements they themselves have signed, and in virtue of which the permission to excavate was accorded. Blunted by acquisitiveness, often the Occidental, as a recent American explorer of Babylon well says, "will believe no good of a Turk, and feel bound by no moral code in dealing with him."

The Museum has marvellously expanded during recent years. It comprises the objects stored in the two buildings, and a vast number of coarser and less destructible monuments which pack the extended area around. This area is covered with columns, stela, sarcophagi, statues, votive tablets, and an immense variety of memorials of the past. One sarcophagus of white marble — its length



THE SARCOPILAGES OF THE WEEPERS  
(Side View)

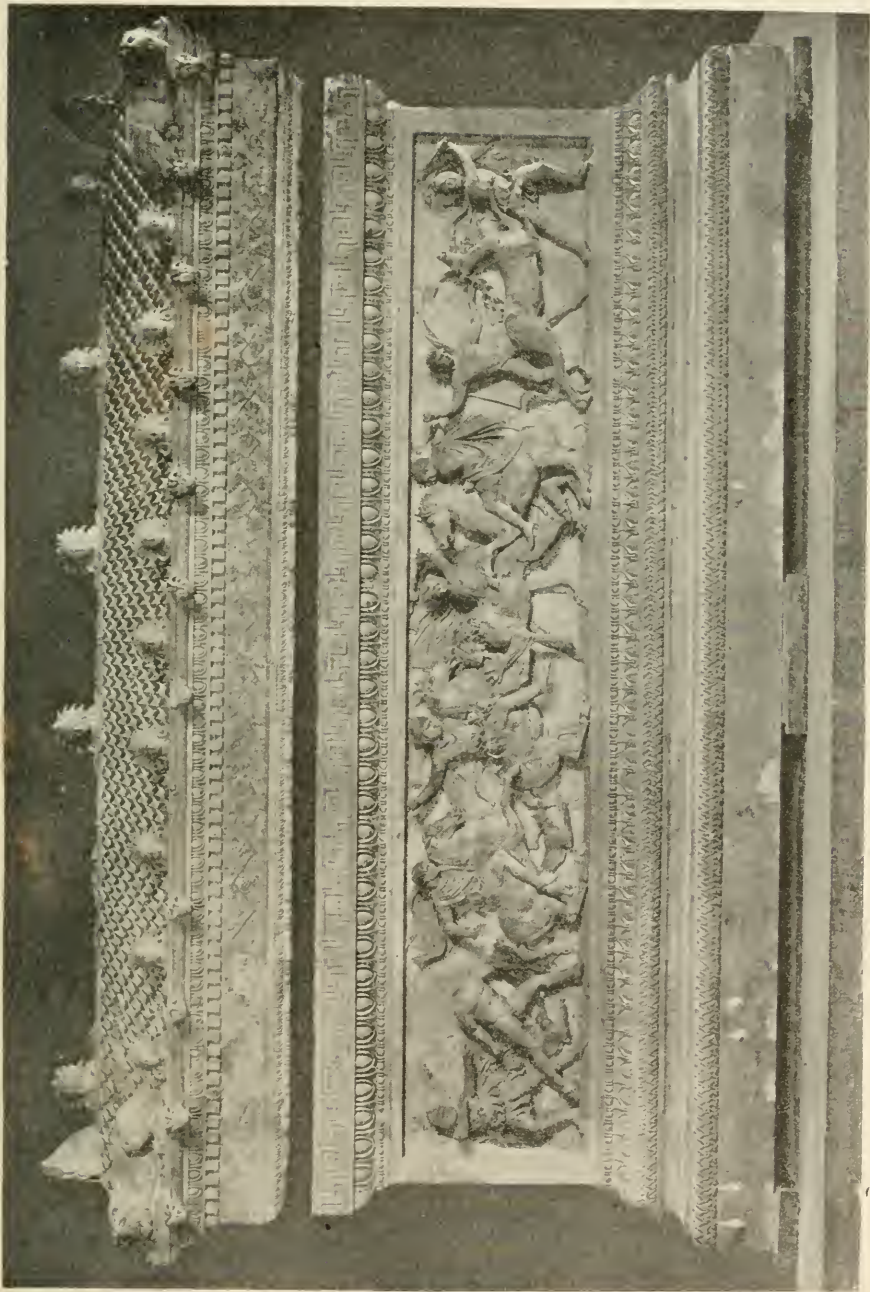


eleven and a half feet, and its height and width nearly six feet — must have held an imperial occupant. Even common tradition states that it came from near the Mosque of Sultan Mohammed, which was partly built on the heroon of the emperors. Its coped lid is almost perfect, and the acroteria are intact. Near by is seen an immense colymbethra in form of a Byzantine cross, doubtless the largest in existence hewn from a single stone. It probably once belonged to Sancta Sophia. The inner space, where baptism was administered, is five and three-fourths feet long, and three and three-fourths feet deep.

The collection is classified in seven main departments, — Assyrian and Egyptian; Greek and Græco-Roman sculpture; Cypriote; Byzantine and mediæval; bronze and jewels; faience with terra cotta and glass; and inscriptions.

The latter are of great number, Latin, Greek, Cypriote, Assyrian, Egyptian, Hittite, and Hittite. None are regarded with greater interest than the "Jerusalem stone," once standing on the wall of the inner court of Herod's Temple, and the Siloam inscription, lengthier and more ancient than any other Hebrew inscription yet discovered. Under the porch of the kiosk is a heaped-up, heterogeneous mass of antiquities, tombstones, and sepulchral bas-reliefs, Chaldaean, Confie, Greek, Roman, Byzantine, and mediæval. The Cypriote collection rivals that in New York, and surpasses all others. The Byzantine and mediæval objects are scanty, and possess little artistic value. Perhaps in no other museum are there an equal number of sepulchral bas-reliefs.

A sarcophagus of yellow marble was for years esteemed the unrivalled treasure of the Museum. It held the place of honor in the centre. It is profusely and exquisitely



THE SARCOPHAGUS OF ALEXANDER  
(Side View)

carved with the story of Theseus and Ariadne; that of Hippolytos and Phædra occupies the end. Some scholars have supposed that it once contained the ashes of Euripides and stood in the Theseum at Athens. Its general design and execution would render it a fitting resting-place for the most elaborate and the last of the tragedists of Greece.

But its glory and the glory of all else in the Museum is eclipsed by the sarcophagi from Sidon. Their place of concealment was discovered by an Arab in 1887. It is gratifying to American pride that a fellow-countryman, Dr Eddy, an American missionary at Sidon, was the first person to call to them the attention of the civilized world. His statements were received with incredulity. Finally, Hamdi Bey hastened to the spot. Two supposed tombs were revealed, — a royal Phœnician tomb above and a Greek tomb below. Altogether seventeen sarcophagi were unearched from sepulchral niches in a rock plateau, some at the depth of over forty feet below the surface. They were laboriously removed and embarked for Constantinople with the most scrupulous, even tender care and precaution.

Several are Phœnician, anthropoidal, and of white marble. In three, not only are the head and shoulders outlined, but they taper not in straight but in flowing lines to the feet. One of black marble was devoted to a woman. Another, of black marble, when unearched still contained the body of Tabnith, Priest of Ashtaroth, and King of the Sidonians. The royal corpse lay in a sort of liquid resembling oil. The nose and a small portion of the face, protruding above the surface of this liquid, had fallen away; but all the rest of the body had a fresh, natural appearance, and was well preserved. The flesh was soft





THE SARCOPHAGUS OF ALEXANDER  
(End View)

to the touch. I well recall standing, four and a half years ago, above the now closed shaft, whence the sarcophagi were taken, and listening with amazement, that was awe, to Dr Eddy as he told me the wonderful story and described what he felt as he gazed upon the still lifelike countenance of one more than twenty-two centuries dead. Horace Smith's "Address to the Mummy at Belzoni's Exhibition" was made to a shapeless bundle, from the blackened, distorted outline of which all human similitude had fled. Dr Eddy, and all who gazed with him on Tabnith, saw a man looking up from a sleep of more than two thousand years, as one who only a short time before had entered into rest.

Dr Peters gives the inscription, which with impotent forethought Tabnith had caused to be engraved upon his sarcophagus: "Do not open my tomb or violate it, for that is an abomination unto Ashtaroth; and if thou dost at all open my tomb and violate it, mayst thou have no seed among the living under the sun, nor resting-place among the shades." Nevertheless, the ignorant workmen emptied out the circumambient liquid, and threw the remains, which decay had spared, irreverently upon the ground. Tabnith himself had not a clear title to the sarcophagus in which he lay. It had before his time been the coffin of the Egyptian general, Panephtah, who had endeavored to protect the inviolability of his rest by an inscription, still seen, as full of menace against intrusive sacrilege, and as unavailing.

Seven of the sarcophagi are Greek. Of these, four of white marble, polychrome, and sculptured, are pre-eminent. To them all the rest seem but handmaidens and attendants. The eye which falls upon them can turn to nothing else among the objects by which they are surrounded.



THE SARCOPHAGUS OF ALEXANDER  
(Side View)



Their discovery marks an epoch in the history of ancient art. Two at least have no peer among the priceless treasures of any European museum. "Do you know anything that equals them?" I once asked Professor Hamlin of Columbia College, who, with an experience enriched by all that Europe can present, had studied them often and long. "I know nothing that approaches them anywhere," was his reply.

One of the pre-eminent four is the sarcophagus apparently of an old man. On one side he is represented entering his chariot; on another he is seated at the banquet, and at the ends he engages in the hunt. On the sides of the second, chariot races are carved, and centaurs join in battle at the ends.

The two on which one hangs rapt and breathless are the Sarcophagus of the Weepers and the Sarcophagus of Alexander.

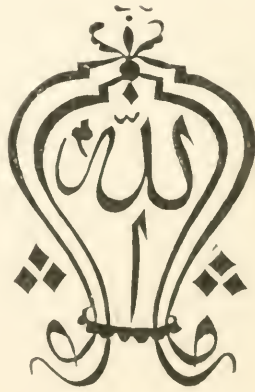
The first is a peristyled Ionic temple. Its name is given because of the eighteen mournful female figures carved in mezzorilievo and separated from each other by Ionic columns. No picture and no description can do more than shadow faintly the varied and divine beauty of the original. Because of the impassioned face of the Macedonian hero, unmistakable, on the side, the second is called the Sarcophagus of Alexander. It may indeed be the coffin of the Conqueror of the ancient world. If so, the mausoleum was worthy of its tenant. These creations of the third century before Christ repay a pilgrimage of the art student, of the lover of art, of whoever would drink in their ideal perfection.

Their very existence is a mystery unfathomable. What inspired sculptors chiselled their marvellous outline? What artists imparted those yet unvanishing tints? Whose hon-




THE SARCOPHAGUS OF ALEXANDER  
(End View)

ored ashes were confided to their more than royal keeping? When in most careful secrecy were they hidden in the rock? How is it that not a written line or word or vague tradition transmits their history? Each answer is lost in an oblivion profounder than the rock-hewn chambers on that dead Sidonian coast from which they were dug.





WIFTLY the sunset falling  
Purples the painted air:  
As from cloud minarets calling  
Hear I the voice of prayer.

Slowly the sun descending  
Bears on his lordly light:  
"Gently the hours are blending,  
Lost in the surge" of night.

What though the evening darkens!  
What though the day is done!  
God 'neath the shadow hearkens,  
Leaves not the world alone.

Close we the tale of sorrow;  
End we the joys of old;  
Slow dawns that grand to-morrow  
Which the dead seers foretold.



# CHRONOLOGICAL LIST

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## EMPERORS AT CONSTANTINOPLE 330-1453: THEIR EMPRESSES

### THE FLAVIAN DYNASTY

1	Constantine I the Great . . . . .	330-337	Fausta
2	Constantine II the Younger, son of 1 . . . . .	337-340	
	Constantine II, son of 1 . . . . .	337-361	<sup>1</sup> Eusebia <sup>2</sup> Faustina
	Constans I, son of 1 . . . . .	337-350	
3	Julian the Apostate, nephew of 1 . . . . .	360-363	Julia Helena

### OF NO DYNASTY

4	Jovian . . . . .	363-364	Carito
5	Valens . . . . .	364-378	Dominica
6	Gratian, nephew of 5 . . . . .	378-383	Constantia

### THE THEODOSIAN DYNASTY

7	Theodosius the Great . . . . .	379-395	<sup>1</sup> Flacilla <sup>2</sup> Galla
8	Arcadius, son of 7 . . . . .	395-408	Elia Eudoxia
9	Theodosius II the Younger, son of 8 . . . . .	408-450	Eudoxia (Athenais)
10	Pulcheria the Saint, daughter of 8 . . . . .	450-453	
11	Marcian, husband of 10 . . . . .	450-457	Saint Pulcheria

### THE THRACIAN DYNASTY

12	Leo I the Great . . . . .	457-474	Elia Verina
13	Leo II, son of 12 . . . . .	474	
14	Zeno I the Isaurian, son-in-law of 12 . . . . .	474-491	Ariadne
15	Basiliscus, brother-in-law of 12 . . . . .	475	
16	Anastasius, husband of widow of 14 . . . . .	491-518	Ariadne



## THE DYNASTY OF JUSTINIAN

17	Justin I the Elder . . . . .	518-527	Euphemia
18	Justinian I the Great, nephew of 17 . . . . .	527-565	Theodora
19	Justin II the Younger, nephew of 18 . . . . .	565-578	Sophia
20	Tiberios II, son-in-law of 19 . . . . .	578-582	Anastasia
21	Maurice, son-in-law of 20 . . . . .	582-602	Constantina

## OF NO DYNASTY

22	Phokas I . . . . .	602-610	Leontia
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## THE HERAKLIAN DYNASTY

23	Heraklios I . . . . .	610-641	<sup>1</sup> Endoxia <sup>2</sup> Martina
24	Constantine III, son of 23 . . . . .	641	Gregoria
25	Herakleonas, son of 23 . . . . .	641	
26	Constans II, son of 24 . . . . .	641-668	
27	Constantine IV Pogonatos, son of 26 . . . . .	668-685	Anastasia
28	Justinian II Rhinotmetos, son of 27 . . . . .	685-694	

## OF NO DYNASTY

29	Leontios . . . . .	695-698	
30	Tiberios III Apsimaris . . . . .	698-705	

## THE HERAKLIAN DYNASTY

28	Justinian II Rhinotmetos . . . . .	705-711	Theodora
31	Tiberios IV, son of 28 . . . . .	711	

## OF NO DYNASTY

32	Philippikos (Bardanes) . . . . .	711-713	
33	Anastasios II (Artemios) . . . . .	713-716	
34	Theodosios III . . . . .	716-717	

THE ISAURIAN DYNASTY

35	Leo III the Isaurian . . . . .	717-741	Anna
36	Constantine V Kopronymos, son of 35	741-775	{ <sup>1</sup> Irene <sup>2</sup> Maria <sup>3</sup> Eudoxia
37	Leo IV Kazaros, son of 36 . . . . .	775-780	Irene
38	Constantine VI Porphyrogenitus, son of 37 . . . . .	780-797	<sup>1</sup> Maria <sup>2</sup> Theodote
39	Irene, widow of 37 . . . . .	797-802	

OF NO DYNASTY

40	Nikephoros I Logothetes . . . . .	802-811	
41	Staurakios, son of 40 . . . . .	811	Theophano
42	Michael I Rhangabe (Kouropalates), son-in-law of 40 . . . . .	811-813	Prokopia
43	Leo V the Armenian . . . . .	813-820	Theodosia

THE ISAURIAN DYNASTY

44	Michael II, son-in-law of 38 . . . . .	820-829	Euphrosyne
45	Theophilos, son of 44 . . . . .	829-842	Theodora
46	Michael III, son of 45 . . . . .	842-867	Theodora

THE MACEDONIAN DYNASTY

47	Basil I . . . . .	867-886	<sup>1</sup> Maria <sup>2</sup> Endoxia
48	Constantine VII, son of 47 . . . . .	868-878	
49	Leo VI the Philosopher, son of 47 . . . . .	886-911	{ <sup>1</sup> Theophano <sup>2</sup> Zoe <sup>3</sup> Eudoxia <sup>4</sup> Zoe
50	Alexander, son of 47 . . . . .	911-912	
51	Constantine VIII Porphyrogenitus, son of 49 . . . . .	912-919	Elene
52	Romanos I Lekapenos, father-in-law of 51 . . . . .	919-945	Theodora
	Christophos, son of 52 . . . . .	919-945	
	Stephanos, son of 52 . . . . .	919-945	
	Constantine, son of 52 . . . . .	919-945	
51	Constantine VIII Porphyrogenitus . . . . .	945-959	Elene
53	Romanos II, son of 51 . . . . .	959-963	<sup>1</sup> Bertha <sup>2</sup> Theophano
54	Nikephoros II Phokas, husband of widow of 53 . . . . .	963-969	Theophano

55	John I Zimiskes, son-in-law of 51 . . . . .	969-975	Theodora
56	Basil II Boulgaroktonos, son of 53 . . . . .	969-1025	
57	Constantine IX, son of 53 . . . . .	969-1028	Elene
58	Romanos III Argyros, son-in-law of 57	1028-1031	Zoe
59	Michael IV the Paphlagonian, son-in-law of 57 . . . . .	1031-1041	Zoe
60	Michael V Kalaphates, nephew of 59	1041-1042	
61	Constantine X Monomachos, son-in-law of 57 . . . . .	1042-1054	Zoe
62	Zoe, daughter of 57 . . . . .	1042-1052	
63	Theodora, daughter of 57 . . . . .	1042-1056	

## OF NO DYNASTY

64	Michael VI Stratonikos . . . . .	1056-1057	
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## DYNASTY OF THE KOMNENOI AND DUKAI

65	Isaac I Komnenos . . . . .	1057-1059	Katherine
66	Constantine XI Dukas, adopted by 65	1059-1067	Eudoxia
67	Eudoxia, widow of 66 . . . . .	1067-1071	
68	Michael VII Paraqinakes, son of 66 . . . . .	1067-1078	Maria
69	Andronikos, son of 66 . . . . .	1067	
70	Constantine XII, son of 66 . . . . .	1067	
71	Romanos IV Diogenes, husband of 67	1068-1071	Eudoxia
72	Nikephoros III Botaniates, husband of widow of 68 . . . . .	1078-1081	Maria
73	Alexios I Komnenos, nephew of 65 . . . . .	1081-1118	Irene
74	John II Komnenos, son of 73 . . . . .	1118-1143	Irene
75	Manuel I Komnenos, son of 74 . . . . .	1143-1180	<sup>1</sup> Bertha <sup>2</sup> Irene
76	Alexios II Komnenos, son of 75 . . . . .	1180-1183	<sup>1</sup> Irene <sup>2</sup> Agnes
77	Andronikos I Komnenos, nephew of 74 . . . . .	1183-1185	Agnes

## THE DYNASTY OF THE ANGELOI

78	Isaac II Angelos, great-grandson of 73	1185-1195	Margarita
79	Alexios III, brother of 78 . . . . .	1195-1203	Euphrosyne
78	Isaac II Angelos . . . . .	1203-1204	
80	Alexios IV the Younger, son of 78 . . . . .	1203-1204	
81	Alexios V Mourtzouphlos, son-in-law of 79 . . . . .	1204	Eudoxia



THE LATIN EMPERORS AT CONSTANTINOPE

82	Baldwin I, Count of Flanders . . . . .	1204-1205	Marie
83	Henry I, brother of 82 . . . . .	1206-1216	Agnes
84	Peter, son-in-law of 82 . . . . .	1216-1219	Yolande
85	Robert, son of 84 . . . . .	1219-1228	
86	Baldwin II, son of 84 . . . . .	1228-1261	Marie
87	John, father-in-law of 86 . . . . .	1231-1237	Marie

THE BYZANTINE EMPERORS AT NICE

1	Theodore Laskaris I, son-in-law of 79	1206-1222	} <sup>1</sup> Anna <sup>2</sup> Philippina <sup>3</sup> Marie
2	John III, son-in-law of 1 . . . . .	1222-1255	
3	Theodore Laskaris II, son-in-law of 2	1255-1259	Elene
4	John IV, son of 3 . . . . .	1259-1260	
5	Michael VIII Palaiologos, great-grand- son of 79 . . . . .	1260	Theodora

THE DYNASTY OF THE PALAIOLOGOI

88	Michael VIII . . . . .	1261-1282	Theodora
89	Andronikos II the Elder, son of 88 . . . . .	1282-1328	<sup>1</sup> Anna <sup>2</sup> Irene
90	Michael IX, son of 89 . . . . .	1295-1320	
91	Andronikos III the Younger, son of 90	1328-1341	<sup>1</sup> Jeanne <sup>2</sup> Anne
92	John V, son of 91 . . . . .	1341-1391	<sup>1</sup> Elene <sup>2</sup> Eudoxia
93	John VI Kantakouzenos, father-in-law of 92 . . . . .	1347-1355	Irene
94	Matthias, son of 93 . . . . .	1355	
95	Andronikos IV, son of 92 . . . . .	1355	
96	Manuel II, son of 92 . . . . .	1391-1425	Irene
97	John VII, son of 95 . . . . .	1399	
98	John VIII, son of 96 . . . . .	1425-1448	} <sup>1</sup> Anna <sup>2</sup> Sophie <sup>3</sup> Maria
99	Constantine XIII (Dragoses), son of 96	1448-1453	

## THE OTTOMAN SULTANS

1	Sultan Osman I Ghazi the Victorious, son of Ertogroul Shah	1300-1326
2	Sultan Orkhan Ghazi the Victorious, son of 1 . . . . .	1326-1360
3	Sultan Mourad I Ghazi the Victorious, son of 2 . . . . .	1360-1389
4	Sultan Bayezid I Ilderim the Thunderbolt, son of 3 . . . . .	1389-1403
	Interregnum . . . . .	1403-1413
5	Sultan Mohammed I, son of 4 . . . . .	1413-1421
6	Sultan Mourad II, son of 5 . . . . .	1421-1451
7	Sultan Mohammed II el Fatih the Conqueror, son of 6 . . . . .	1451-1481
8	Sultan Bayezid II, son of 7 . . . . .	1481-1512
9	Sultan Selim I Yavouz the Ferocious, son of 8 . . . . .	1512-1520
10	Sultan Souleïman I el Kanouni the Legislator, the Magnificent, the Sublime, son of 9 . . . . .	1520-1566
11	Sultan Selim II Mest the Drunkard, son of 10 . . . . .	1566-1574
12	Sultan Mourad III, son of 11 . . . . .	1574-1595
13	Sultan Mohammed III, son of 12 . . . . .	1595-1603
14	Sultan Achmet I, son of 13 . . . . .	1603-1617
15	Sultan Moustapha I, son of 13 . . . . .	1617-1617
16	Sultan Osman II, son of 14 . . . . .	1617-1622
15	Sultan Moustapha I, son of 13 . . . . .	1622-1623
17	Sultan Mourad IV Ghazi the Victorious, son of 14 . . . . .	1623-1640
18	Sultan Ibrahim, son of 14 . . . . .	1640-1648
19	Sultan Mohammed IV, son of 18 . . . . .	1648-1687
20	Sultan Souleïman II, son of 18 . . . . .	1687-1691
21	Sultan Achmet II, son of 18 . . . . .	1691-1695
22	Sultan Moustapha II, son of 19 . . . . .	1695-1703
23	Sultan Achmet III, son of 19 . . . . .	1703-1730
24	Sultan Mahmoud I, son of 22 . . . . .	1730-1754
25	Sultan Osman III, son of 22 . . . . .	1754-1757
26	Sultan Moustapha III, son of 23 . . . . .	1757-1774
27	Sultan Abd-ul Hamid I, son of 23 . . . . .	1774-1789
28	Sultan Selim III, son of 26 . . . . .	1789-1807
29	Sultan Moustapha IV, son of 27 . . . . .	1807-1808
30	Sultan Mahmoud II the Reformer, the Great, son of 27 . . . . .	1808-1839
31	Sultan Abd-ul Medjid, son of 30 . . . . .	1839-1861
32	Sultan Abd-ul Aziz, son of 30 . . . . .	1861-1876
33	Sultan Mourad V, son of 31 . . . . .	1876-1876
34	Sultan Abd-ul Hamid II, son of 31 . . . . .	1876-

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