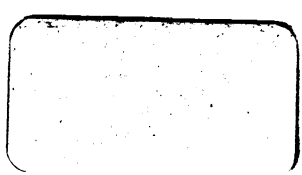

TURKEY AND ITS DESTINY.

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TURKEY AND ITS DESTINY:

THE RESULT OF

JOURNEYS MADE IN 1847 AND 1848 TO EXAMINE INTO THE STATE OF THAT COUNTRY.

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AUTHOR OF

"CONSTANTINOPLE IN 1828."

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CONTENTS OF VOL. II.

CHAPTER XVI.

CHAPTER XVII.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CHAPTER XIX.

CHAPTER XX.

CHAPTER XXI.

CHAPTER XXII.

CHAPTER XXIII.

CHAPTER XXIV.

CHAPTER XXV.

CHAPTER XXVI.

CHAPTER XXVII.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

CHAPTER XXIX.

CHAPTER XXX.

CHAPTER XXXI.

CHAPTER XXXII.

TURKEY AND ITS DESTINY.

CHAPTER XVI.

We returned to our far-travelled, much-enduring tailor, Monsieur Charles, *Nation Belge, Hôtel de Bellevue.* The house was very airy, not water-tight, and by no means so comfortable a habitation as it had been in the hot weather. We, however, remained some time, as I had several investigations to complete.

The state of the Pashalik did not render me very anxious to revisit Mustapha Nouree Pasha, but I heard that he had been making inquiries about us; and on the afternoon of the 26th of November, Yorvacki, a Greek, who had been well known to us ever since our first arrival at Brusa, came to us with a tale of foul oppression and brutal outrage, and implored me to see the Pasha on his account. This man was an industrious farmer of the village of Kelessen, on the opposite side of the plain. He was by far the most industrious man we had seen in the country. I had frequently employed him on little errands, and in making purchases in the tcharshy, and had always found him punctual and honest. After working hard at the plough all day, Yorvacki would walk from Hadji Haivat to Brusa and back again, to carry a letter or anything we might want. He was unmarried, but he supported his old father and mother, and was the main stay of two younger brothers. Four years ago, the debts of his infirm, old father being thrown upon him, Yorvacki was owing 26,000 piastres, or about 235*l.* sterling. He had toiled night and day to pay off this debt, and discharge all taxes and dues levied upon the family. In addition to his own small farm at Kelessen, he hired some good land of John Zohrab, at Hadji Haivat, upon which he grew good crops of wheat, Indian corn, melons, etc.; paying rent partly in produce, and partly in occasional labour on John's grounds. Single-handed he had made the only good ditches and inclosures that were to be seen at Hadji Haivat. He would rise at midnight to

hold the plough; he was always working; and, in the course of these last four years, besides supporting his family, he had reduced his debt to 4000 piastres. Some of his brother villagers and neighbours, as well Greeks as Turks, became envious of his prosperity: the tchorbajees of Kelessen (three known rogues,) were his declared enemies, and joined some of the Turkish authorities in deciding that he was fat and full and ought to be squeezed. This year he had paid his ushur, about 2000 piastres; kharatch, for himself and family, 195 piastres;—and salianè, 235 piastres. But the tchorbajees brought the village in debt to the tune of 30,000 piastres, *old* debt, contracted heaven knows how, for the three old rogues had no accounts to show! Seeing Yorvacki so prosperous, they called upon him of a sudden to pay down about 800 piastres, to go towards the discharge of this old village debt, for which they had been exacting money for the last *fifteen years*.

Yorvacki said that the sum demanded was far more than his fair quota; and hereupon a quarrel had ensued, and he had been threatened by the tchorbajees with the vengeance of Khodjà Arab, the head of the Pasha's police, and their ally, protector, and (in these matters) *partner*. Yesterday evening the chief tchorbajees, and one of Khodjà Arab's tufekjees, seized Yorvacki in the coffee-house at Kelessen, and vowed they would have the money then and there. Money he had none: corn he had; but he could not sell it without going to the Brusa market, and it was night. He promised to pay the next day, and he pointed to his corn, and his four pair of oxen as sufficient security for the payment. No! They would have the money that night. He was an insolent upstart; he had insulted those put in authority over him! And the tchorbajee and the armed tufekjee fell savagely upon him and knocked him down. They then put fetters to his legs, tied a rope to the fetters, and passing the rope through an iron ring in the ceiling of the cafinet, they dragged him up by the heels. In this torturing position, with his head down, and all the blood of his body running towards it, they kept him until he became insensible.

The deed was publicly done; there were plenty of Greeks present: but some of them had long nourished the evil passions of envy and jealousy, and the rest of them stood in dread and awe of the fierce Khodjà Arab. At last a friendly Greek of the village, named Yorghi (with whom also we were well acquainted,) implored the two scoundrels to let go the rope. The tufekjee bargained to do so for a goose. The goose was brought by Yorghi; Yorvacki was released and restored to his senses; and, the goose being cooked, the tufekjee and tchorbajee sat down lovingly together and ate it. They were both drunk before supper, and no doubt got much drunker after! Yorvacki could not tell this story without weeping; and tears flow-

ing from the eyes of a man thirty years old, six feet high, and robust and strong, are not to be seen without emotion. Two red marks and a swelling about the ankles showed where the fetters and rope had been. I told the poor fellow that I would see the Pasha that very night, and in the mean time I gave him a little money and sent him away to a learned scribe, a native of Bokhara, who was famed in Brusa for drawing up petitions. As I advised, the scribe presently drew up two petitions, briefly setting forth the circumstances of the case; one for Mustapha Nouree, the Pasha of Brusa, and one for Reshid Pasha, the Grand Vizier at Constantinople.

As in the discharge of his duty our English consul had lately had some stormy scenes with the Pasha, I would not avail myself of his services. I wished to appear at the konack in a friendly manner, under friendly auspices, and yet with some one who, in acting as drogoman, would not be afraid of literally interpreting what I had to say. Our tchelebee, who assuredly would have had no fear, was brother-in-law to our consul, and so would not do. Fortunately M. George Crespin, the French consul, who was a native of Constantinople, and who had always been on good terms with Mustapha Nouree, wanted to speak with him on an affair of his own, and on another case of injustice and violence which had been brought before him that very morning. We agreed to go to the konack that evening, I engaging to put my truths in the least offensive form, and M. C. promising to translate whatever I should say to him in French into the clearest and closest Turkish he could command.

The great man received us very civilly; said he was glad to see me back at Brusa; showed us an enormous quantity of game which his people had been killing, and gave me six plump red-legged partridges. I began the conversation with thanks and praises. The letter he had given us on our starting for Kutayah had every where been attended to (this was a bit of flattery, we had only shown the letter twice; and, except at Yeni Ghieul, it had been of no use to us;) we had every where found the roads perfectly safe, and the people of the country honest, civil, and kind; we were in raptures with the beauty and natural richness of the land; we had not seen fairer regions in Italy, or France, or Spain, or in any other part of Frankistan. Mustapha Nouree was much pleased, he clapped his hands and ordered in a fresh supply of coffee and tchibouques, telling my worthy drogoman that I was a person of ability and great observation, a very pleasant companion, a friend to Sultan Abdul Medjid, etc., etc.

But then I passed to the woe and oppression we had witnessed, both up the country, and down the country, and all in his own Pashalik; to the decaying population, the ruined villages, the unroofed houses, and the utter misery of the Turkish peasantry. This

talk rapidly changed the cheerful expression of his countenance; he seemed uneasy on his divan; he eructated very frequently. And what was the great man's reply? As translated, it was literally this: "Monsieur Mac Farlane, the people might be a good deal more miserable than they are!" I stared at him with all my eyes. "*Drôle de réponse pour un homme d'état!*" said Monsieur C., who then took refuge in a fit of coughing.

I said that I had seen a good deal of misery in my time in other countries, but never misery like this; that I could scarcely conceive how the poor Mussulmans could be more miserable than they were, and *live*. After a little reflection the Pasha said that it was all the will of God; that the poverty we had witnessed was all to be attributed to the famine of 1845; that destiny, and not he, had brought about that year of famine; that for his part he wished the people were richer, for then it would be less difficult to send the money the government was always wanting in Constantinople. I spoke of the wise and humane intentions of the Sultan in ordering advances of money to be made to those who had been ruined by the scarcity, of the unfair repartition which had been made of that money, and of the crushing weight of interest charged on it. He replied testily, that that was *seraffs' business*, and no affair of his; that he got no profit out of the interest—which was false; and that he could not control the Armenians—which was not true. I did not read him lessons in political economy and radical philosophy (as Dr. Bowring would have done,) but I told him that it was deplorable and almost incredible to see so fertile a country subject to visitations of famine; that the land, if cultivated, was capable of supporting twenty times its present population; that the villages could do nothing without a little capital and encouragement; that, unless something was soon done for them, it would be impossible for them to continue paying their taxes; and that he might soon expect his Pashalik to be desolated by another famine, much worse than that of 1845. To all this his answer was, that if it was their *kismet* to have a famine, why a famine they would have!

Thinking to please his ear with gentler notes I talked a little about the excellent condition of the troops up at Kutayah, bestowing warm and well-merited praise on Achmet Pasha. But Mustapha Nouree (like every great Turk I met) had no ear for the music of any praise except his own; and he increased the frequency and loudness of his eructations, and merely said that he had already heard from others that Achmet was a good sort of young man that knew his business. I then told him in full detail the story of the Greek gardener of Ascià-keui. He said he could not believe that the Kadi of Billijik had given the Greek *three hundred* strokes. I asked him whether such use of the bastinado was not prohibited by the Sultan's procla-

mation, and by the repeated orders of Reshid Pasha the Vizier. He replied, that it certainly was prohibited in Constantinople; that he himself did not allow much of it at Brusa; but that up the country the mudirs and aghàs would have recourse to it occasionally, which was natural and excusable, as it was an ancient usage. I asked him whether it was not as unlawful for a Mussulman to abuse the religion of a Christian, as for a Christian to abuse that of an Osmanlee. He said that verily it was so. I then told him the story of the Armenian at Billijik, and his Turkish bully. He said that the Osmanlee must have been much in the wrong, and that he would have inquiries made into the whole of that matter. He asked me to furnish him with the names of the parties concerned in the Billijik affair in writing—in Turkish, in Turkish characters—saying that he knew nobody in that town by name except Sandalji Oglou. I told him that he should have the names in the way he desired.

Seeing that *mezzo-tintos* would be useless, I brought before him, in strong light and shade, the case of poor Yorvacki, relating all the circumstances as I had heard them a few hours before, telling all that I knew of that industrious, worthy fellow, and making a full stop by putting the petition into his hands. He glanced his eye over the paper as if he could read it (which, I was assured he could not), then thrust it under a cushion of the divan, promising, however, to examine into that matter to-morrow.

Monsieur C. proceeded to open the case of wrong which had been laid before him. A few days ago, at Phillader (in the coffee-house where we had first alighted, when going in search of the poor Albanians), a murder had been publicly committed. A Turk, well known in that neighbourhood—and never known for good—went into the cafè, armed and dressed like one of the Pasha's own tufekjees, and shot a Greek, against whom he was known to have an old grudge. His pistol-ball not only killed his enemy, or the man he hated, but badly wounded another Greek of the place, who was sitting by him. The assassin, having other arms, while the Greeks had none, escaped. Upon the case being reported at Brusa the Pasha's or Khodjà Arab's tufekjees were sent to Philladar, and there, instead of looking after the Mussulman murderer, they seized the cafèjee and all his family, and every poor Greek that was said to have been in the coffee-house or near to it, when the murder was committed. These innocent people were chained, brought from Philladar to Brusa, and thrown into the Pasha's prison. The cafèjee or keeper of the coffee-house had fallen ill in that foul hole (just opposite to the room in which we were now sitting) and was believed to be in a dying state. Two or three days ago his mother went weeping to the house of the English consul, to know if anything could be done for her son—whose crime amounted to this, that a Christian had been murdered by a Turk in

his coffee-room. Madame S ——— had been much affected by the old woman's deep grief; but her husband, the consul, could not interfere officially; and the French consul could only interfere (to use a word I detest) *officiously*. As these last details were gone over, the Pasha appeared to be considerably flustered; but at the end he told Monsieur C. that he had liberated the Philladar prisoners this very evening, and that they had been brought over to Brusa *only* as witnesses. Begging his Excellency's pardon, this last assertion was notoriously and monstrously untrue. But if it were true that the Greeks had been brought over only for the sake of evidence, what could be thought of a system of justice which loaded witnesses with chains, threw them into a horrid, infectious prison, and kept them there more than a week, and did not allow them to depart (as we learned subsequently) until they had paid heavy fees to Khodjà Arab? And what of a system of justice which (thus treating witnesses) makes no perquisition after the criminal? And what again of the blessed Tanzimaut, and all the rescripts and ordinances which have been throwing dust in the eyes of Christendom, when the united evidence of all the Christian Greeks and Albanians living in Philladar would not have sufficed to convict the Mussulman murderer, if he could have brought only two Turks to swear to an alibi?

Mustapha Nouree changed the conversation, by taking a sudden leap into agricultural matters—which he again discussed like a grazier or a carcass-butcher. Would his Syrian cows (those invisible cows!) be worth a great deal of money in Frankistan? He had 1500 of the merinos breed of sheep, or a breed proceeding from the cross by the Sultan's stock? Would the Turkish wool rise in the markets of Europe? Would he be able to get a good price for his fleeces? Monsieur C., as a merchant, told him the prices of wool, and I told him that the sale of Turkish wool, or its prices, must depend upon the health and condition of the sheep, and the cleanliness with which the wool was prepared and shipped. Again shifting the topic, he plumped down upon Dr. Davis and the Sultan's Model Farm at San Stefano. Dr. Davis had wasted a great deal of money; the experiment of growing American cotton had completely failed; the Sultan would make no profit by this speculation. He, Mustapha Nouree, well knew all these facts from some persons who had recently come from the capital, and it grieved him sorely that the Sultan should throw away so many *grushes*. Son Excellence then asked whether I was a close friend of Dr. Davis, and had influence with him—"because," said the Pasha, "I have a chiftlik of mine own which touches upon the Model Farm, and I should be very glad if Dr. Davis would say he wanted it, and would persuade the Sultan's people to get it bought for him: the price is only 500,000 piastres. If you could speak *privately* to the American on this subject I should

be very grateful." I said that what Dr. Davis wanted was not more land, but hands to work upon the land he had, and that I could use no influence in this way. He again looked glum. I delivered him a message as Dr. Davis had by letter requested me to do: it was simply the offer of some of the American cotton seed with instructions how to cultivate it. "As for that," said the Pasha very gruffly, "I know I can get as much as I like from Boghos Dadian. But what good would it do me? What use is it to anybody? American cotton will not grow in this country. Dr. Davis's experiment has failed." I did not directly propose that he, the Pasha, should give one or two of his Syrian cows to contribute to the improvements at the Sultan's Model Farm; for this proposition had been left to my discretion, and I saw it would be idle to make it unless I put the cows in the shape of a bribe to the Doctor, or as an inducement to make him intrigue in order to purchase the chiftlik—which, I am sure, my friend would not have done for all the cows of Syria.

It was pretty evident before this that he had had enough of our company. Before going, I however again alluded to the case of poor Yorvacki, expressing in words a hope I did not feel, that that industrious, worthy man would receive some reparation and justice, or be at the least protected from such violence in future. The only answer I now got was delivered in a very sulky voice indeed—"Send me a paper with the names, and then we shall see." If he had not given me the six partridges before the conversation began, he certainly would not have given them to me when it ended. At our leave-taking he did not accompany us towards the door as on the former occasion—he did not even rise from his seat on the divan. As soon as our steps were beyond the threshold of that apartment, I was beset by his menials all hungry for backshish. I gave his head-sportsman about double the market-price of the six partridges, fee'd the tchibouquejee, the cafèjee, the cook, the door-keeper, and the fellow who took care of our mud-boots, and turned out into the filthy streets with a purse considerably lightened.

This scene at the Brusa konack is not dramatized. On the following morning I wrote down in my diary nearly all that had passed or been said; and I have not added a single embellishment. And this was Mustapha Nouree Pasha, who had been for more than twenty years one of the great men of reformed Turkey, and who was now holding one of the most important governments in the empire! By universal consent he was brutally ignorant and even stupid, except where his own interests were immediately concerned; but when he was allured by a gain, or disquieted by the apprehension of a loss, he was said to be the cunningest of men. He was an old and practised courtier, and was known to have immense influence with the Sultan's black neutralized men and white women. His

history, as related to us, both here and at Constantinople, was but the counterpart of the history of half of the great pashas. He was the son of one of the poorest and lowest of Stamboul Turks; but as a boy he had been remarkably handsome, and on this account Sultan Mahmoud had taken him into his household. He was now enormously fat and bloated, taking no exercise, but passing his whole life between his harem and his divan, on which he sat cross-legged like a joss. His occasional courtesy to Franks was all forced: he hated their society, their manners, and their religion; for, next to the passion of avarice, the strongest feeling in his breast was Mussulman fanaticism and superstition. The society he cherished was that of a set of filthy vagabonds or wandering dervishes and fakirs. He was fattening on the spoils of the Mahometan church, he was seeing the mosques falling to ruins and the medressehs or colleges becoming void; but he clung to the excrescences of the Mussulman faith; and if there had been any reactionary movement or outbreak of fanaticism, he was far more likely to join in it (in secret) than to take any measures for checking it. His Kehayah or Lieutenant, whom we avoided seeing, was reported to have much more ability and a great deal more vice than Mustapha Nouree; he was a barefaced profligate, but active, persevering and bold. He did all the business that was done, and, with a show of the most abject submission, led the dull-headed Pasha by the nose. His natural acuteness would have prevented much mischief which was committed without an object, or without the prospect of gain to any party; but if the Pasha interfered, he would on no account contradict him:—

"Pazzo chi al suo signor contraddir vuole,
Sebben dicesse ch' ha veduto il giorno
Pieno di stelle, e à mezza notte il sole."*

This is the philosophy of all the secondary men, and hence the great men in Turkey never hear the truth. The grandees are incessantly surrounded by retainers and dependents, who risk no opinions of their own, and take the words of their chiefs as inspirations. Let a stupid, bloated Pasha say what he will—

"Di varie voci subito un concento
S' ode accordar di quanti n' ha d' intorno;
E chi non ha per umiltà ardimento
La bocca aprir, con tutto il viso applaude,
E par che voglia dire: anch' io consento."†

The next morning we sent the lists of names written in good Turkish. In the Billijik affairs the Pasha never did anything. The proceedings in the case of Yorvacki will convey a very perfect notion

* Ariosto, 'Satira Prima.'

† Id. id.

of Turkish justice. The day after our interview with the Pasha a tufekjee made his appearance in the village of Kelessen, and had some private conference with the tchorbajees. When this was over, his old enemy sent for Yorvacki and told him that the next time he would hang him up by the neck and not by the heels, and that then he might go and complain if he could. Three days after this the Pasha sent two tufekjees to carry the tchorbajees of Kelessen to Brusa; and on the day after this Yorvacki was summoned before the Pasha and confronted with the tufekjee who had eaten goose and the tchorbajees, who boldly denied everything alleged against them. The Pasha bullied Yorvacki, told him that he must produce his witnesses and give security for his own and their appearance to-morrow at noon-day. When out of the presence chamber, that old savage Khodjà Arab and his tufekjees fell upon the poor Greek, telling him—a rayah, a slave, a pezavenk, a dog—that they would teach him how to go and complain to Frank consuls and Frank travellers and present petitions to the Pasha. The Khodjà, spitting in his face, told him that he could get no witnesses to appear, and that he knew it; and that if he did not bring up his witnesses to-morrow, he should be thrown into prison. They made use of terrible menaces and of much beastly language. The poor fellow came again to us sadly depressed in spirits, for he felt quite sure that none of the Greeks who saw him hung by the heels would have courage enough to come forward and certify to the facts. They were all too much afraid of Khodjà Arab. The Khodjà now and then shot a man on the highway, and swore he was a robber. He could always find a pretext for getting a Greek into trouble. "*Helbetté bir gun ellimden guetchèjeksin*"—Surely one day you will pass through my hands! These were words of terror when they proceeded from the mouth of the tufekjeebashi, whether they were addressed to Turk or Greek, Armenian or Israelite. Yorvacki assured us that at least fifteen persons had witnessed his maltreatment. We kept him with us till night, and then sent him to his village to try and induce some of his witnesses to appear, advising him, in case of failure, to go across the plain to John's house at Hadji Haivat, where the tufekjees would be very shy of making their appearance. Not one of the witnesses would attend, telling him that if they did their case would soon be as bad as his own. There was a Greek of Kelessen, named Alexan, who occasionally worked about the farm at Hadji Haivat—a very good-looking fellow, and one who appeared to have more spirit than the rest. He had witnessed the scene at the coffee-house at Kelessen, and had related to us all that he had seen. We sent for him and asked whether he would not go to the Konack, and repeat to the Pasha what he had told to us? No! he was afraid of Khodjà Arab, and his allies the tchorbajees! If he appeared he would be a ruined man!

Monsieur C. sent his drogoman to tell the Pasha that the complaining party could not bring up his witnesses, and to explain the reasons why he could not. Mustapha Nouree said that *he* would send and bring the witnesses, but nearly a month passed and nothing was done. When the Turk had murdered the Greek over at Philladar, the Pasha sent and brought a score of Greeks to Brusa, and threw them into his prison, pretending to us that this was done only to obtain evidence, as the Greeks would not have come voluntarily. If it had been a Greek that had killed a Turk—no matter under what provocation, or even if only in self-defence—he would have brought the whole village of Philladar into his prison. Then why did he not send to the Greeks at Kelessen, which was so much nearer—which was almost at the gates of Brusa? Why throw upon the helpless accuser and sufferer the task of bringing up his witnesses? He might as well have told poor Yorvacki to go over to Constantinople, and bring him the Sultan's chief eunuch. The reason of all this was, that the tchorbajees of Kelessen were protected both by the Kehayah Bey and the head of the police, and that the Pasha was offended at having had the truth told him by Franks—the only persons who dared tell it.

In the meanwhile Yorvacki remained almost entirely at Hadji-Haivat, and his tchorbajees set up the cry that he was a thief and robber, and that he had not paid his saliané for four years. The French consul made another application to the Pasha, and gave another list of the names of the persons who were present at Yorvacki's torture. The Pasha said that the Greek tchorbajees were very apt to be great rogues; that the Greeks ought to change them; that they elected them themselves; that the election was free, and uncontrolled by the Mussulmans; that the tchorbajees settled the accounts of the villages; and that if the Greeks had bad tchorbajees it was all their own fault. Here again there was little else than downright lying. The Turkish authorities did interfere in all the elections in the towns and villages. The Greeks no more dared to choose for tchorbajee a man not approved by the Turks, than they dared to appear as witnesses against Khodjà Arab or any of his gang. The tchorbajees divided their spoil with some of the potent Turks, and those who had nominated them kept them in office and supported them in every unjust act. The tchorbajees ought to be elected annually; but six, seven, or even more years, were allowed to pass without any election; and during their long tenure of office the tchorbajees tried to grow fat by oppressing and robbing the weak. In the Pashalik of Brusa there was scarcely any exception to this rule, except at the very large and strong village of Demirdesh. The tchorbajees of each village had what they called their patron or protector. Khodjà Arab, who had great power everywhere, was the

patron of the tchorbajees of Kelessen. Mr. David Urquhart, who has drawn many fantastical pictures of things as they ought to be, but not as they are, makes quite a charming tableau of the municipal institutions of Turkey, and calls the town and village councils nothing less than "Amphictyonic." May the gods and patriots of ancient Greece forgive him this flat blasphemy!

I told a person, who I was quite sure would repeat my words to Mustapha Nouree, that I was astonished that no justice had been rendered to Yorvacki; that I felt confident the Sultan would disapprove of such conduct; that I had a petition which I would present to Reshid Pasha, and that I certainly would tell the facts of the case to Sir Stratford Canning when he arrived.

At last, on the 18th of December, after the Pasha had promised the French consul that no harm should befal the accuser, and that all the witnesses should be present, Yorvacki attended a summons and went to the konack, into the dreaded presence of Mustapha Nouree. Instead of finding all the witnesses he had named—and of whose names two lists had been given to to the Pasha in writing—he found only the tchorbajees, and two Greeks of their party. The tufekjee who had administered the torture was not there. Yorvacki saw him quietly smoking his pipe at the gate of the konack; but the fellow was never summoned into the hall, for he was a Mussulman, and above the reach of Christian evidence, The tchorbajees of course denied the facts, and were of course supported by the two witnesses who had been selected by themselves and their patron and partner Khodjà Arab. The Pasha never put the two witnesses to the oath, as by law he was bound to do. It suited him to consider the whole matter as a village squabble, at which the Mussulman tufekjee had been present only by chance; and, without offering any redress, he advised Yorvacki to go back to Kelessen and make friends with the villagers and his tchorbajees. He, however, flattered and tried to cajole the poor fellow, telling him that he had heard how industrious he was, how good, orderly, and so on. Son Excellence ended by telling him that he might rely on his justice and protection; that he need not in future apply to Franks; that his protection was the only one worth having, and that the Franks, whether consuls or only travellers, had no right to interfere in these matters. Yorvacki was scarcely allowed to open his lips; but he had the courage to say that if all his witnesses had been brought, and had spoken the truth, a very different tale would have been told. As he left the konack, Khodjà Arab, who had the tchorbajees by his side, again abused and threatened him, in the coarsest and most violent manner, telling him that he should pay for all this, that he would soon have him in his clutches, and fast by the legs in the konack prison. The poor fellow came straight from this den of iniquity to us, and related the satisfaction he had received.

Ever since our first arrival at Brusa we had been acquainted with a Catholic Armenian merchant, named Serafino, whose eldest son had been condemned for a murder of which he was perfectly well known to be innocent. Through great exertions the youth's life had been spared, and he had been sent into exile to Tocat. The latter doom had been removed, but the young man had not been allowed to return to Brusa until a few days before our arrival from the Lake of Apollonia. We saw him for the first time at the end of November, and then heard his story from his own lips. We had heard it before from John Zohrab, from his sister, Madame S——, from Monsieur C——, and others; and the French consul, as well as our own consul, had shown me official reports, drawn up at the moment and sent to Constantinople.

At the beginning of March, 1846, an Arab groom, or horse-cleaner, was stabbed and killed at a fountain on the roadside, between the baths of Tchekgirghè and Brusa. It was notorious that the murder was committed by an ill famed Armenian vagabond of the Eutychean Church, by name Kara Vasil, or Black Basil. But this fellow was a beggar; there was no money to be gotten from him; and old Serafino, a Catholic Armenian, a seraff and merchant, and closely connected in business with the great Dooz Oglous of Constantinople, was rich, and would be able to bleed freely. Besides, old Serafino had enemies in the Pasha's council, and among the powerful Turks and Eutychean Armenians at Brusa. He had built and opened the khan at the baths at Tchekgirghè (that comfortless khan where we had passed one night), and had thereby injured the revenues of Nissà Effendi and other bath proprietors. By numerous speculations, and banking and commercial enterprizes, he had excited jealousy in many quarters. Some of his rivals had told him that he was grasping at everything, that he would leave nothing for them; and they had threatened him with their vengeance so soon as the opportunity should offer. His son Hohannes had been at Tchekgirghè with two companions the day the murder was committed, and it was therefore speedily resolved to accuse him of the crime.

Hohannes was then a short, slim youth, just entering his nineteenth year. He had been guilty of some youthful folly and extravagance; but that was said to be all. Probably his morals were neither better nor worse than those of the sons of seraffs in general. He was in his father's house, in the city of Brusa, when the assassination took place. He was seen there by many persons, having returned from Tchekgirghè with his comrades, and put up his horse at the stable where he had hired it. An hour or two later in the evening, when the cry was set up that he was the murderer, he was sitting in his father's house, and John Zohrab, Monsieur Crespin, the French consul, and others were assembled there *pour passer la soirèe.*

The charge was so absurd that the youth laughed at it. Next he offered to go at once to the Pasha and Kadi. Monsieur C., as if foreseeing what outrage would be done to justice, offered to take him to his own house and keep him there under the protection of the French flag, until the storm should blow over; but the young man, and his father and mother, declined any such protection. The night passed off quietly enough; some tufekjees said that Hohannes had been at Tchekgirghè, and that, as he was a chapkin, there was no doubt but that he had killed the Arab; and others said that it could not be, as they had seen him riding quietly in from the baths some time before the murder was said to have been committed. But, during that quiet night, the wild and stupid Arabs of the town were worked upon; their old rogue of a Sheik was taken into counsel by some of the enemies of Serafino, and measures were concerted that were very bungling, but good enough to pass in a Turkish court of justice. Early on the following morning Serafino took his son to the Pasha's konack. They strongly exposed the absurdity of the accusation: the murder was alleged to have been committed at two o'clock, Turkish time, or two hours after sunset; the Pasha himself had seen Hohannes, on his return from Tchekgirghè, ride leisurely by his own konack before sunset; it could be proved by a host of witnesses that he had put his horse up in the stable, and had gone straight to his father's house, where he had remained the whole evening. It was not our friend Mustapha Nouree, but a certain Salih Pasha, who was then governor of Brusa.* He admitted the conclusive fact that he had seen the young man quietly passing his konack; he admitted that he considered the charge as absurdly malicious; but by this time the manœuvres of the overnight were producing their effects; the sheik of the howling dervishes, who was also shiek of the Arabs, being himself an Arab, or of Arabian descent, and the most remorseless villain in Brusa, had stirred up the horsekeepers and some of the Turkish rabble of the town; and these people now surrounded the konack, shouting "Blood! blood! Life for life! A ghiaour has killed a Mussulman! Let the ghiaour die!" It was said that some of them threatened to set fire to the four corners of the city, and burn all Brusa, if Hohannes were not put to death for having murdered the Arab. The Pasha was, or pretended to be, greatly alarmed. As he was a confirmed coward, his fears, though unfounded, may have been real. Old Khodjà Arab, who was not then in office as chief of police, put these comments on part of the iniquitous story:—"All the Arabs in Brusa did not exceed 200 men; they were, as you now see them, a set of horse-cleaners—the poorest, vilest, and

* The same Salih who was Pasha of Salonica at the time of the persecution of the Albanian Catholics. See vol. i. chap. viii.

most despised part of the population: they had no arms; with two of my tufekjees I would have sent them all back howling to their houses or tents. They never would have dared to make that noise if they had not been set on by more powerful men. Many of them had seen the son of Serafino enter the town, and knew as well as I did that he could not have committed the murder. It was a clever intrigue." While the Arabs were below in the great court-yard, Salih Pasha looked several times out of his window, saying, "See what a rage and fury there is! I have not an army here. I have only a few tufekjees! What can I do?" That which he did in the end was this: he clapped Hohannes up in his prison, with a set of robbers and real cut-throats, assuring Serafino that he was thoroughly convinced of his son's innocence, but that he was sore afraid of the Arabs, and all that popular fury. Hohannes had two comrades with him on that unlucky excursion to the baths, but these were Christian Armenians, and their evidence could not be taken in a case where the blood of a true believer had been shed. But other evidence was procured, quite decisive of the guilt of Kara Vasil, or Black Basil, and the Pasha was obliged to order the arrest of that ruffian and of his four companions, who had all been seen galloping into Brusa just after the murder had been committed. But the Eutychean Armenians rallied round their co-religionists; Black Basil, reprobate as he was, was declared to be a man of decent character and behaviour; all Serafino's enemies brought their malice and influence into play; some Mussulman witnesses were intimidated, others were bribed; and, after a mocking trial, Black Basil and his associates were let off. Cabackji Oglou Mattios, a rival seraff, headed the Eutychean party in these proceedings, and joined them in their laugh at Serafino and his son. Having acquitted the real murderer, they proceeded to try the innocent accused. The wild horsekeeping Arabs who were let into court, had little else to say than that they had been told that Hohannes, the son of Serafino, had murdered their brother, and that they believed it. At the first attempt two Mussulman witnesses contradicted one another, and contradicted themselves so grossly, so ridiculously, that it was impossible to receive their evidence, even in that court, under the eyes of two European consuls and of several other Franks.

But the day after this essay two more acute or better instructed witnesses were brought up. Yet even these two contradicted one another, and swore against facts which were known to many scores of people in Brusa. They swore that the murder was committed before sunset, whereas the Arab had been seen alive and well more than an hour and a half after that time; that Hohannes was mounted on a white horse, whereas the horse he rode was a dark bay. Black Basil had ridden a white horse; but the stable-keeper who had let

out the horses, and all the people about the stables, could swear that young Hohannes had gone out with a dark bay, and had come home with the same. But these men were Armenians, were Christians, and so their evidence could not be taken. The two instructed false witnesses also swore that the youth had four companions with him, whereas he had but two, and it was Black Basil who had four. More than fifty persons—Turks as well as Greeks, Armenians of the two rival churches, and poor Jews—had seen Hohannes return to the town before sunset with his two comrades, riding leisurely with not a hair of their horses turned. A still greater number of persons had seen the Armenian murderer and his four companions galloping like mad down the rough-paved road leading from the Baths—had seen the five enter the town in the dark. The people who had let the horses had deposed in private, and were ready to depose in public, that their five horses were brought back in a foam —that Black Basil and one of his comrades had left their horses in the streets to find their own way home, instead of taking them, as usual, to the stable-door. The dagger with which the murder had been committed, had been found on the spot, near the fountain, and hundreds of persons could have sworn that it belonged to Black Basil. Subsequently to the sham trial evidence had been procured showing the very shop and the very time at which he had bought it. But, through the exclusion of Christian witnesses, and the adroit management of the chief of the police, the sheik of the howling dervishes, Cabackji Oglou, and the rest of the enemies of Serafino, his son Hohannes, before the so-called Court of Justice and Municipal Council of Brusa, was pronounced guilty and sentenced to lose his head. I was assured by several who were present that this second trial did not last quite fifteen minutes, and that the court would examine none but the two hired witnesses.

By the recent regulations of the humane Sultan, sentence of death could not be legally executed without his confirmation. At a greater distance and with a bolder Pasha this confirmation might have been dispensed with; but Salih Pasha, being so near to the capital and so very timid, thought himself obliged to send to Constantinople. But his account of the case was a tissue of falsehoods—some new, and some taken from the trial—for many things might be easily believed in Stamboul that could not obtain credit in Brusa. The diminutive stripling Hohannes was described as a big, burly ruffian, long familiar with crime and bloodshed; as a road-side assassin, who had very frequently waylaid honest and inoffensive people on the Tchekgirghè causeway. When the French consul in a *tête-à-tête* remonstrated with the Pasha, that great and just man admitted that he had no doubt whatever of the youth's innocence, and that he had himself seen him pass by his konack with his two comrades before

sunset; but then he alleged that, having no troops, he was afraid of the Arabs and the Brusa mob. When Monsieur C——— dwelt upon the terrible injustice of the sentence, the Pasha shielded himself behind his Municipal Council. It was not his act, nor could it be called the act of his Kadi or Mollah; all the proceedings had taken place before the Council, in which there were Christian and Jewish members as well as Mussulman members. The Council had concurred in the sentence. It was their act: he, the Pasha, washed his hands of it. Now the Catholic Armenian member of the Council, revolted by the injustice of the case, had retired on this occasion, and has never since then appeared in Council. The Bishop or head of the Catholic Armenians at Brusa did however, through fear and baseness, put his seal to the sentence and to the *eelam* or report, which he had not read, and which, in all probability, he could not read.

The father and mother of Hohannes were plunged into despair. Old Serafino, who loved his son, but who loved his money-bags almost as much, was perplexed and quite stupefied; his wife showed a great deal more self-possession and more parental devotedness. The French and English consuls drew up their reports to their several ambassadors, wrote letters to several influential persons in Constantinople, and other letters were written to the Dooz Oglous and the heads of the Catholic Armenians in the city. But who would carry and deliver them all? There was no time to lose. Tchelebee John instantly volunteered his services, and taking one Turkish suridjee with him, and slinging his double-barrel gun across his shoulders, he departed; and he gallantly rode from Brusa to Scutari, in very bad weather, on poor, blundering post-horses, and over the worst of mountain-roads, in seventeen hours.

Speed was very necessary—the Porte, without any examination of the case, was going to confirm the sentence; and then execution would have followed in a day or two. Sir Stratford Canning exerted himself, as he always does in the cause of humanity and justice; some of the other embassies interfered, and an assurance was obtained from the Porte that execution should be suspended, and that Hohannes should be brought over to Constantinople, and have a hearing there. On the 29th of March the young man was carried to the capital by two tufekjees, his father going with him with a well-filled purse. A few days after his arrival the youth was brought before the Divan or Grand Council of Justice; but he was not to be tried, nor was there to be any revision of the Brusa proceedings—he had been previously told by the powerful Armenians of the Catholic party (the Eutycheans would gladly have seen him beheaded) that he must confess himself guilty of the murder and throw himself on the Sultan's mercy, and that then his life would be saved through

their favour and influence with the Porte. He had in vain remonstrated against this dishonouring course. "There is no other," said his powerful co-religionists; "you must take it or die!" Some people of the Catholic Armenian Bishop or Patriarch went with him to the Grand Council. There were present eight pashas, two katibs or scribes, and a deaf and dumb Turkish servant. Of the pashas Hohannes knew only Rifat Pasha and Suleiman pasha, two men who have successively filled some of the highest offices of government—of Reshid Pasha's reformed and reforming government! This High Court told Hohannes that he had been proved guilty of a dreadful murder in the person of a Mussulman; that seeing that the brother of the murdered Arab had now agreed to take the money-compensation instead of blood for blood, life for life, the Sultan's government would be merciful, and leave his own Patriarch to decide upon his fate. "But," said the orator, "you must confess your guilt and return thanks for the Sultan's clemency." The young man trembled, and could not and would not speak. "Would you lose your head? Confess and return thanks!" said one of the Catholic Armenian priests. Hohannes burst into tears. Then a priest standing behind him, put his hand on his head and forcibly bowed it. This was taken as confession enough. "You must pay 20,000 piastres to the Arab's brother," said the mouthpiece of that august and upright Council, "and now go to the Sheik-ul-Islam, and finish your ugly business."

To this head of the law and faith they went. He had nothing to say on the matter, except that they must down stairs and settle with his katibs for the price of a new *eelam*. The chief katib began by asking 25,000 piastres. Old Serafino, the father, wrangled a long time, but at last settled for 15,000. Then the Arab's brother was called in, and told that out of the 20,000 piastres he had received, he must pay 5,000 piastres. Here followed another long and loud fracas. The Arab swore that he would break the agreement, and have blood for blood, rather than pay 5,000 piastres out of the price of his dear brother. The katibs told him that it was too late for that—that he was a greedy, grasping pezavenk, and ought to be bastinadoed—that he must pay on the nail or go to the Bagnio. The Arab paid. Hohannes was then carried before another legal authority, who registered the proceedings. This was a Turk who had some conscience, although he was in office. He was reading the Brusa *eelam*, which represented the son of Serafino as a practised murderer and most formidable ruffian: when he cast his eyes on the beardless boy before him, he could not conceal his astonishment and disgust. He muttered to himself "kutchuk! kutchuk! this is a very little fellow! There are no signs of beard on his chin! There are lies in the *eelam!*" Having paid 6,000 more piastres to the katibs in this

office, the grievously afflicted Serafino and his bewildered son were carried to their Patriarch, who had previously received the sum of 15,000 piastres. Here the youth found his tongue, and spoke out. His Reverence the Patriarch said it was a hard case, a very hard case, to be made to pass for a murderer, and to have to pay so much money to the Turks; but that the best had been done that could be done for him, and that it must be a comfort to consider that his life was now safe. The High Priest then wept; but, nevertheless, passed this hard sentence—that the youth should be exiled for ever from Brusa, and be relegated at Tocat. The sentence was confirmed by imperial firman.

After remaining a short time in the Patriarch's prison, Hohannes was bailed out. As weeks passed—as two months passed, he and his friends imagined that the sentence would not be carried out, and that he would be allowed to remain in Constantinople among his friends and relations. But one fine morning one of the Patriarch's familiars waited upon and told him that in two days he must embark for Tocat. Hohannes gave way to invectives and reproaches, which were addressed more to his own clergy than to the Turks. In the violence of his passion he broke a small blood-vessel. Notwithstanding this, in two days he was carried on board a steamboat under the surveillance and charge of a Turkish cavass. He was to be landed at Sinope as the nearest port to Tocat. The vessel made the offing in a terrible storm. Three boats came off to receive such of the passengers as were to land at Sinope. In the boat which carried Hohannes and his cavass there were eleven other persons: in the other two boats there were twenty-five persons, besides the boatmen. They were all three upset, and every soul in them, except Hohannes and a bimbashi, who had gone off from the shore, was drowned. Hohannes had learned to swim only by paddling in the great basin of the largest of the hot-baths at Tchekgirghè; but, although the distance was but short, he was well nigh drowned before he reached the beach, or a projection where some people seized him by the hair. The bimbashi was too fat a Turk to sink at once; but he had gone down once or twice before the people could catch hold of him, and when he was landed on the beach he was full of salt-water and swooned away. The Turks of Sinope carried them both up to the first butcher's shop, and there, fastening a rope round the legs of the fat bimbashi, they suspended him, heels uppermost, to an iron hook, on which the butcher was wont to hang sheep and bullocks; and when he was thus suspended, they belaboured his posteriors with their fists and with clubs, in order to drive the salt-water out of him, and bring the spirit of life back to him. Such is the patent way of restoring drowned people in Turkey. They had given the bimbashi precedence, because he was an Osmanlee; but they wanted to hang

Hohannes up by the heels also, and they would have done it if he had not recovered entire self-possession, and bolted away from the shop. He gave himself up to the Turkish governor, who said he would send him by the first caravan to Tocat, but who otherwise treated him very kindly. While Hohannes stayed at Sinope eight of the drowned bodies were washed ashore and buried, the first of them being the cavass who had had him in custody, and who had behaved to him in a harsh and cruel manner, because he would not give him all the money he wanted.

In other quarters there seemed to be something very like immediate retribution. Dire misfortunes or sudden death fell upon nearly every man in Brusa that had taken a bad part in the affair. Not only some of them had died, but disease had swept away their wives or some of their children—and at all these fatal disasters the family of Hohannes and the Catholic Armenians generally had rejoiced, and had seen the finger of God in it! But Black Basil the real murderer, yet lived, and Cabackji Oglou Mattios was a greater or a richer man than ever, being a flourishing partner of Mustapha Nouree, the present Pasha of Brusa. Old Serafino and the rest of them indulged, however, in the happy hope that the two schismatics—the murderer and the accuser of the innocent—must, a little sooner or later, be overtaken by the vengeance of heaven in this world, to be followed up by eternal damnation in the world to come: and all the Roman Catholic Armenian priests said "Amen."

Hohannes travelled on by land to Tocat, where he remained fifteen months, during which time he married a Roman Catholic Armenian girl of the place—the lady who served us with coffee, in Serafino's own house at Brusa, while Hohannes was relating these adventures. Great interest was made to obtain his recall. At last the Porte, which had acted upon such elevated principles of morality, consented, provided he could obtain a good character, or certificate of moral conduct from the Turkish authorities at Tocat. These authorities gave him *the best* of characters, but they made him pay 6000 piastres *for it*. If the devil himself had paid them double the sum, no doubt they would have given him the same testimonials; or, if the devil had been short of money, they would have given him the same good character for 3000 or for 300 piastres. Shortly after paying the *virtuous* men of Tocat, Hohannes was told that he was free to go where he liked, except to Brusa. He came down to Constantinople with his young wife and an infant child, and was there protected, and for some months employed by the mercantile house of the Catholic Armenian Billijikjees. With their countenance, which was worth a good deal, he applied in the month of August of the present year, to a very great pasha at the Porte, for permission to return to Brusa. The great pasha told him that that grace depended upon

his Patriarch. Hohannes knew that nothing was to be done in that quarter without money; and therefore he was obliged once more to cry "open sesame" to the purse of old Serafino. During the grand festivals of the late circumcisions behind Scutari, the mercenary and corrupt High Priest applied to the Porte, and at once obtained the desired permission. For his better security Hohannes wanted an imperial firman. The pasha said, "If anybody at Brusa has a firman against your returning to Brusa, let him show it!" Hohannes with his Tocat wife—who was not so well-favoured as she might have been—and his infant, had arrived at Brusa during our journey to Cyzicus and the lakes; and when we saw him, he was living in his father's house. There, I took notes of the narrative from his own lips, and from the lips of his father and mother. The major part of the relation was confirmed by the English and French consuls, who knew all that had passed down to the point when he had been carried over to Constantinople. John Zohrab could carry his confirmation a little farther.

The mother, who had suffered a long martyrdom of terror and anxiety, showed a good and a high spirit—a spirit quite un-Armenian. When Hohannes was relating to us his appearance and conduct before the Divan at Constantinople, she said that he never ought to have consented to pass as guilty of a foul murder; that he ought to have found his tongue, and to have boldly proclaimed his innocence in the face of the Council. She went over to Constantinople soon after her son. She had employed a Turkish katib, and had prepared a petition for the well-intentioned young Sultan; and she would have fallen at his feet, as he was going to mosque, and have presented it; but the Patriarch and his crew, and the timid, dodging, Papistical friends of the family, and her husband, old Serafino, all cried out that this would mar their arrangements, and again put the life of her first-born in jeopardy. As she stated these things to us, her emotion was very deep; it gave a tone of tragedy and high poetry to a very commonplace woman. We went away liking her much better than either her son or her husband. The events had much shaken the attachment of the parents to the Roman Catholic Armenian Church, and seemed to have brought the son to the conviction that all the Christian churches in Turkey were monstrous humbugs. Hohannes could read no European language, but only give him a little French, and you will have a *philosophe*. Though he had become a husband and a father, he had still a very youthful look, and was very slim and slight.

A few days after this visit to the house of Serafino, while we were staying with our friend R—— T——, who lived at the top of Brusa town, in a very airy, cool situation, at the distance of a few steps from the house of the Sheik of the howling dervishes, that consum-

mate old rogue called in a dependent of the Serafino family. "What is this I hear?" said the sheik; "the son of Serafino, the murderer of the Arab at the fountain, has come back to Brusa, and has been here many days, without coming to reconcile himself with me, in order that I, their sheik, may reconcile him with the Arabs of the town! Go, bid him come." "And let him bring a good present with him," said one of the sheik's women, who followed the Armenian to the door. The message had been reported; but old Serafino would not open his purse, and his son would not go. I should have feared for the life of Hohannes if it had not been a charmed one. One touch more—a truly Oriental touch—must complete this picture of criminal justice in Turkey. It turned out that the murdered Arab's brother, who got the money, was not the brother at all, nor any relation to the deceased. A real brother came up from Syria, and claimed the price of life, but the other rogue had spent or wasted it all. But the picture is not yet quite perfect: there must be one little touch more. Black Basil, protected by his sect, and molested by no one, was swaggering about Brusa. We saw the big ruffian several times in the bazaars; and if any body asked Khodjà Arab who killed the Arab by the fountain, he would answer, "Kara Vasil, and every body knows it!"

We were rather frequently reminded of the existence of the Sheik of the howling dervishes, for he was a man that made a noise in the world; and twice that we happened to be at R—— T——'s on a Friday evening, we heard the howlings of his Tekè. Our friend, living in an entirely Turkish quarter, and being the only Christian there, had thought it politic to cultivate friendly relations with the old dervish by treating him frequently to pipes and coffee, and by occasionally lending him small sums of money. The old rogue was always impecunious, for he had three or four women in his harem, and three or four hulking lazy sons who did nothing for their living, and who were neither old enough nor sinners enough to set up as Mussulman saints; and as the Arabs of the town were miserably poor, and as his congregation of howlers were not rich, the old man did not raise any great revenue either as Bey of the Arabs or as Dervish-Sheik. When very hard pressed for money, it was his wont to excite some little disturbance in the quarter, and then to step in as mediator and arbitrator. If the people did not pay him well for his peace-making, he called up Khodja Arab, and then the Sheik and the Khodjà went shares. The old man's history, as commonly related at Brusa, was very simple and very Oriental. A great many years ago he had been Kehayah Bey to a great pasha at Bagdad. Having to make a long journey, the pasha left him in charge of his household, of his goods and chattels, and of all his business. The kehayah took shameful advantage of this absence, converting to his

own use all the women of the pasha's harem, and making equally free with the pasha's Ganymedes. The facts were discovered on the pasha's return. Terrible was the virtuous indignation, tremendous the wrath of the great man! The Keyhayah Bey was bastinadoed into a jelly, red-hot wires were thrust into his eyes, and then he was cast out of the town to perish in the desert. But his end was not yet: his constitution was uncommonly tough. He crawled to a teke of howling dervishes; and having nothing else left for it, he turned dervish and saint. This is what the greatest villains do or did. It was the custom of the country, but was still more common in Persia. As a dervish the ex-Rehayah Bey had travelled and howled far and wide; but he had now been settled a great many years at Brusa, where he had opened a teke, and formed a very considerable howling society or club. He must have been very aged: his beard was perfectly white, and his face was wrinkled all over like a scorched parchment. The pasha's hot needles had not quite destroyed his eye sight, nor had old age, for he could still see a little, and even grope his way about the intricate streets of the town without any guide; but his eyes had a strange unearthly cast and appearance, which added greatly to the solemnity of his performance in the teke. He would not have made so good a sheik if the men of Bagdad had not meddled with his organs of sight. He was as picturesque an old rogue as eye could see, or painter imagine.

By this time we had seen pretty clearly into the working of the old Municipal and the new Provincial Councils. By the Tanzimaut every pasha was to act by and with a *Shoorah* or Council, assembled in his konack, but freely chosen by the different communities, and without the assentient voice of the majority of this Council he was to take no important step. This may have been well meant by the Sultan's reform government; but, like too many other changes, it has produced evil rather than good. *Before*, the pashas were held answerable for the acts of their government; *now* they throw the responsibility on the Councils. And yet, in hardly any case, do they allow the Council a deliberative voice. The Pasha, his Kehayah-Bey, and his Kadi have it all their own way; they propound what must be done, and the members of the Council have nothing to do but to concur and assent. None of them will make the Pasha or the Kadi their enemy by a useless opposition. By the Sultan's orders the Greeks, the Armenians, and even the Jews are to be represented in these Councils. But the Rayahs are of course more timid than the Mussulmans; they are glad to have their attendance excused, and they are now seldom summoned at all. When they do attend, it is only to assent to every proposition made by the pasha: as with the tchorbajees, there is no freedom of election: the pasha, either directly or indirectly, intimates what Greek, Armenian, or

Jew shall be of the Council, and these are named and appointed as a matter of course or of necessity. Where the pasha happens to have a trading, speculating propensity, as at Brusa, he is sure to put into the Council some Armenians who are his agents, or partners, who make large profits by him or through his influence, and who, *pro tanto*, are his sworn slaves. Such men will not hesitate to sanction the worst of measures. The Greek Bishop, the Armenian Bishop, the Catholic Armenian Bishop, and the chief Rabbi of the Jews, must give their signatures in certain cases affecting their several flocks. This is made another screen for the pasha. What blame, or what suspicion of prejudice and unfairness can rest upon him when the case is sanctioned by the Christian Bishop or the Jewish Rabbi? In the case of Serafino's son, the Catholic Armenian Bishop at Brusa, put his signature to the sentence of guilty, although he had the best of proofs to the contrary, and knew of his own knowledge that the young man was innocent. The Bishop acted under the base influence of fear—an influence we saw every where at work in Turkey. He afterwards joined in petitioning for the young man's pardon, and in clubbing money to procure it. One morning, up at Kutayah, a long paper in Turkish was brought to our host the Greek Bishop from the Governor and Council to have his seal put to it. "I cannot read Turkish," said the Bishop. "I have never been consulted in this matter; I know not what it may be; this paper may contain mine own death-sentence; but I must seal it!" And so he did.

The prime manager of the Pasha of Brusa's speculations was the Armenian seraff Cabackji Oglou, a sordid, most selfish man. He was furious just then against a Frank merchant for having lent money to some Armenians at 15 per cent. interest: he himself got from 25 to 50 per cent. The Armenians wanted the borrowed money for a church; their priests had got hold of the money and had spent it, they could give no account in what manner, and were not prepared to pay the interest, although their seals were to the bond!!! Two years' interest were then due, and the merchant was pressing for payment; but, through the influence he had with the Pasha, and consequently with the Kadi, Cabackji Oglou baffled the Frank in his legal pursuit. He was determined to make the merchant feel the monstrous impropriety of reducing the rate of interest. By the universal consent of Turks, Greeks, Armenians, and Jews, this Cabackji Oglou was worse than the Pasha, worse than the Kehayah Bey, the greatest rogue in all the Pashalik.

The members of the Brusa Council—which Mr. Urquhart would no doubt call "Amphictyonic"—were thirteen in number; but nine of them were Mussulmans, and two of the Rayah members had entirely withdrawn. The Rabbi of the Jews, having painfully perceived that his presence in Council was of no use in checking

oppression and injustice, had retired more than a year ago; and Sandalji Oglou Agob, after the unjust sentence passed upon the son of Serafino, resolved never to set his foot in the Council, and they had not been able to find any member of his community to take his place. As the notable who represented the Greek community never attended except when summoned, and never spoke in Council except to say "*Evat Effendim*," (Yes, Sirs,) there was in fact only one acting Rayah member, and he was Cabackji Oglou.* During our residence in the Pashalik, when some of the most corrupt and nefarious transactions excited comment and remonstrance, the Pasha said, "These are not my acts. The Council did this, not I." And to remonstrances proceeding from the European diplomatists at Constantinople, Reshid Pasha and his small satellite Ali Effendi would say, that there was no longer any despotism in Turkey, that municipal institutions were now cherished, that pashas now-a-days could do nothing without the consent of their Councils, and that, without any distinction as to race or religion, all the communities were fairly represented in these Councils.

By the new system, which took the far greater part of the collection of the revenue out of the hands of the pashas, and farmed out the taxes, these great governors of provinces and many of their subgovernors were appointed to regular annual salaries. They were to be paid like the public servants of civilized nations, and were no longer to be left to the sole resources of jobbery and extortion. In many instances these salaries are enormously high, and altogether disproportionate to the means of the country. Mustapha Nouree was receiving at Brusa a salary of some 8500*l.* per annum.† The Mini-

* Here is a list of the Brusa Council :—

Turks.
1. Mustapha Nouree Pasha, Governor.
2. Musta Effendi, Kehayah Bey, or Tefterdar.
3. The Kadi, Judge for Civil Matters.
4. The Mufti, Judge for Matters of Religion.
5. The Sheik Saffetui Effendi, Chief of a Religious Institution.
6. Hadji Ali Effendi, Manager of Vakouf property.
7. Hadji Mulktar, Notable.
8. Arif Effendi, Notable, and First Katib or Clerk of the Mehkemeh or Turkish Law-court.
9. Hadji Omer Effendi, Notable.

Rayahs.
10. Cabakji Oglou Mattios, Notable of the Eutychean Armenians, and Banker and Factotum to the Pasha.
11. Michelacki Vassiteri, Notable of the Greek Community.
12. The Rabbi of the Jews.
13. Sandalji Oglou Agob, Notable of the Catholic Armenian Community.

† Mustapha Nouree's French doctor, *un homme du Midi* (of whom I have said little because I could not say any good), was constantly boasting that Son Excellence got three times more money than his pay. "Alors!" said that honest Frenchman Monsieur G——, "Alors votre Pasha il vole!"

"Pardonnes moi," said the hekim, "mon Pasha ne vole pas, *mais il s'arrange*."

From the evening on which we heard this discourse we always turned the verb "*voler*" into "*arranger*."

sters at Constantinople are paid *far* more than any members of the British Cabinet. The custom also was introduced of giving retiring pensions to the displaced servants of government, and the old and very sharp practice of seizing upon and appropriating the money, goods, and chattels of a disgraced or dismissed pasha or other great man, was entirely given up by the sultan, whose father, Mahmoud, very frequently replenished his purse in that way. But the diminution of temptation to jobbery and extortion has not been attended with any visible decline of the old evil practices. A shrewd old Turk said to us, "Our pashas are as hungry as ever. Their posts are not sold quite so openly as they used to be, but they are hardly ever obtained without bribery, and they are not to be retained without intrigue, and a heavy annual outlay in the shape of presents to the Sultan's women, to the people about the Court, and to some of the Ministers. The pashas rob the people, but few of them grow very rich or long keep their wealth. They begin by contracting enormous debts with the Armenian seraffs, in order to obtain their places and have the means of entering upon them with state and dignity; some Armenian or other becomes the seraff of each of these great men, receiving his money, keeping his accounts and all the rest; and I have noticed that whenever a man gets into debt with Armenians, he is sure never to get clear again. The Armenians are eating us all up; they are getting all the money of the country into their own hands, or under their control. The Armenians have as much to do with government appointments as they had when the places were publicly sold. I should like to see the man that can step into a high place, and keep it, without their assistance. This Reshid Pasha has appointed many poor fellows to office; but it was Armenian gold that paved the way for these men at Court; it was the money of the seraffs which gave them their outfit—their horses, their fine dresses, their costly rings, their diamond-mounted pipes—and it is by jobbing with the seraffs that they keep up their interest over at Stamboul. The Armenians must have heavy interest for their advances, and when you want to leave a ruined estate and a family to poverty, only allow an Armenian to manage your affairs for you! Believe me, under this boasted new system there is quite as much extortion as under the old. In Mahmoud's days these Armenian seraffs and rapacious pashas now and then had their heads taken off, which was some comfort to us, although we did not get back the money of which they had robbed us; but now they rob and plunder as much as ever, and no punishment overtakes them. Now the pashas always screen themselves behind their Shoorahs or Councils, and no one is really responsible; and the Armenians, with their nishans and their honourable decorations embroidered on their caps, hold up their heads higher than the best of us Osmanlees, and

are even allowed to entertain the Sultan at dinner in their own houses."

An English friend, for whose experience and opinions I entertain the highest respect, had come to very melancholy conclusions as to the practicability of checking official corruption and purifying the provincial administration of Turkey. He had lived thirteen or fourteen years in the country, he had travelled wellnigh over every part of the vast, unpeopled empire, he was impressed more deeply than any man I knew at Constantinople with the political necessity of sustaining the tottering government and preserving the independence and integrity of the Ottoman dominions; he had been most intimately acquainted with Turks of all classes and conditions; he had relations of close friendship with some few Turks of rare attainments, who had never been spoiled by power or ambition, or the intrigues necessary to attain to greatness. He entertained a high opinion of the *morale* of the Turkish peasantry:—in short, my amiable and accomplished friend might be called a Philo Turk. Yet these were the conclusions he had come to in the year 1847:—"Corruption is still a heavy clog.....It is an evil, moreover, which can only be slowly eradicated; the remedy, too, is more easily indicated than applied.

"In the first place it is absolutely necessary that the fountain-head should be untainted—that the ministers from whom all other dignities and appointments flow, should be themselves men of integrity; next, that they should select honest governors for the provinces; and, thirdly, that these, in their turn, should choose honest men for local and subordinate functionaries. Now, here already is the rub. Where, in heaven's name, are so many honest men to be found? At Constantinople, where they may be easily counted, I do not think they possibly amount to more than half a dozen; that is to say, honest functionaries. As for men of untried public virtue, there are thousands, to be sure, who desire no better than to have it put to the proof; and by these the Grand Vizier is pestered night and day for places and appointments. In the hope, therefore, of bettering the public service, he has extensively employed this class of individuals himself, and recommended others to the governors of provinces. I am afraid, however, that, on the whole, the experiment has proved a failure, and that some other qualification for office besides untried integrity will generally be found necessary. To make head against the tide of corruption requires great superiority of character, to say nothing of experience in the business of life. Most of the new men being, I suppose, deficient in both these respects, have found it easier to go with than against the stream, while the more resolute have been thrust aside as impracticable."*

* Extract from a letter dated Damascus, March 2, 1847.
This letter was one of several which appeared in the "Morning Post," during our friend's extensive tour in Asia Minor, Syria, &c.

Matters are not mended when the Porte, of its own movement, or roused by the petitions of the suffering people, or impelled by the strong representations of Christian ambassadors, despatches some great man or men into the provinces to examine into the grievances complained of. A roving commission of this sort is almost invariably turned into a permission to plunder. Mustapha Nouree had too many friends among the eunuchs and women of Constantinople, and was altogether too strongly supported to be subjected to any such inquiry. But not long ago, under one of his predecessors, a commission was sent over to Brusa. There, in a cool, comfortable house on the side of Olympus, the commissioners remained, without making any attempt to see things with their own eyes. They sent some underlings to scour the country and extort money; they summoned a few of the heads of towns and villages to their august presence, and got more money; they bled the Pasha and his Armenian seraff, they obtained presents from the head men of the Greeks, Armenians, and Jews; and then, returning to the capital, they reported to the Grand Vizier that the pashalik was well governed and in a blessed condition, and could very well bear a good deal more taxation!! A short time previously to our arrival at Constantinople, terrible complaints having by some means reached the imperial ear, Sultan Abdul Medjid despatched a confidential person from his own household, one Raghib Aghà, to furnish an authentic report as to the state of the pashaliks of Bagdad and Mosul. After making a tour of these provinces, receiving large sums by way of bribes and hush-money from the pashas and others, and extorting presents everywhere from the famished villagers, he returned to court, and sent in a report containing a glowing account of the prosperity of the two provinces, and the efficiency and virtue of their governors. It was confidently asserted in Constantinople, and by parties likely to be well informed, that Raghib Aghà, the man of the Sultan's confidence, had made by this trip a sum nearly equivalent to 15,000*l.* sterling. I could multiply instances, but these will suffice.

While writing this chapter, I have received a letter from Brusa, dated at the end of March of this present year, 1849. My friend says—"Mustapha Nouree Pasha still keeps his post. I think it high time he should be off; but whether we should be benefitted by a change is uncertain. *They are all bad.* That plundering Armenian, Cabackji Oglou, still reigns suprême in all affairs here. He is really *too* bad. The Shoorah continues its iniquities. I hear that a change is to take place, and that the Porte has determined to send three wise, honest men to overlook our Brusa Council. Where will Reshid Pasha find administrative wisdom? Where does honesty exist in this unhappy, fast perishing country? You know the class too well to expect any honesty among the *employeés* of government. If these three overseers should come, we shall only have three more hungry

mouths to fill. A Turk said to me the other day—'The Pasha did always leave us something, but now everything we have will be devoured.' Old Khodjà Arab, our chief of the police, is also to have a supervisor, and high time is it that his tyrannical proceedings should be controlled.* But, in all probability, the supervisor will be as bad as the Khodjà, and so the poor people of Brusa and the villagers of the plain will have two tyrants instead of one. You wanted them to make roads and bridges. These are in a far worse condition than when you left us. The plain is all flooded and in a deplorable state; nothing under the size of a camel can get through the mud of our best road. Some 300*l.* sterling have been spent to repair the almost useless wooden bridge near the Turkish coffee-house you used to frequent up our great Derè; and this is left unfinished for *want of funds*.

"This has been a job nicely managed by the Pasha and Cabackji Oglou. The people at one village can hardly communicate with those living in another a mile or two off. The Turkish school is as you left it. Except in ruin, there has been no progress. All the town is now ruins; tumble-down houses and prostrate walls meet me at every turn; and as the snows are melting, and no care taken to give the torrents from the mountain a proper course, our streets are all like rapid mill-streams. As my Turkish landlord could not afford to put my *palace* in repair, I was driven away at the approach of winter by the fear that it would fall upon me and bury me in its ruins. I took refuge in one of the hot baths at Tchekgirghè. I begin to believe that life in one of your Union workhouses must be better

* The chief of the police was now turning his numerous arrests to a new kind of account.

The Pasha's prison had become dreadfully pestiferous; the gaol fever was spreading in the town, and cholera was daily expected. Towards the end of January the French consul waited upon the Pasha, spoke to him about the frightful state of the prison, and asked his Excellency to go into it with him, and see things with his own eyes. Mustapha Nouree excused himself, saying that only the evening before he had ordered the prison to be swept out and perfumed—*il l'avait fait balayer et parfumer*.

"It is nevertheless true," said M. George Crespin, "that the prisoners are still heaped one upon another, and that some of them are everyday brought out dead or dying. Will the government of Constantinople continue to shut its eyes to such horrors?"—*Letter from the French Consul at Brusa, dated January* 24, 184°. Later in the season, when the cholera was committing ravages in the town, the Pasha began to tremble for his own safety, and a new scheme was adopted. Instead of being carried to prison, Khodjà Arab's victims were carried to a great farm he had acquired in the Brusa plain, and were there set to work like slaves, for the benefit of the chief of the police.

My other Brusa correspondent, whose letter I am quoting in the text, says:—"Instead of being sent to prison, people are now conducted to Khodjà Arab's estate, and are there taught 'agricultural pursuits and improvements' gratis. His collection of labourers is composed of Turks, Greeks, Armenians, Jews, the poorest of Brusa. Some of these men have changed their occupation from silk-weaving to ploughing; and a pretty business they make of it! All stray cattle in the plain are immediately marked with the Arab's stamp, not much thought being given as to where they may come from. Thus you see men and beasts are taken up for the laudable purpose of working Khodjà Arab's farm."

than any existence in this naturally rich but absolutely ruined country. There is no trade of any sort. The silk-works are all stopped and bankrupt. Universal poverty and wretchedness have increased since your departure from Brusa at the end of 1847. And yet there are asses among the Turks who are talking of going to war with the Russians, and of the glory and conquests to be obtained.* But these boasters are few: the majority of the Osmanlee population would not care a cocoon if the Russians were here to-morrow—and they would be welcomed by the Rayah subjects."

We took some pains to acquaint ourselves with the state of education, of which very flaming accounts had been given to us by some in London and by many persons in the Turkish capital.

The Armenians had of late been making great exertions to promote education, as well here as at Constantinople and Smyrna; but their efforts at Brusa did not appear to be very successful, and they were always changing their masters and complaining that good teachers could not be procured. Though they had less money to spend, the Greeks appeared to be in a much better way. They had an upper school, in which ancient Greek was well taught. We saw there 45 pupils, boys and girls mixed, and remarkably intelligent young people all. The head class read Homer, the second Licias, the third Xenophon; the fourth read short extracts in easy Greek. The modern Greek school was in the same quarter of the town, and was preparatory to this high school: it counted 135 pupils. In another quarter there was another ancient Greek school and another preparatory one; but, as yet, the number of pupils in these two was very limited. In the high school, which we visited on the 9th of December, we saw the beautiful hand-writing of some of the little girls. Two girls read Homer right well. The school-rooms were small; but there was a talk of building. They had desks and forms like English scholars. Their hours of study were the same as in our common English schools. They came at 9 A. M., and went out and home to dinner at 12; returned at 2 P. M., and remained till 5. None of the Greek masters were priests! The master of this high school, a very intelligent man, came from Cæsarea. There was a small but good library attached, containing Greek classics, and modern Greek works on history, geography, etc. Some of these children were sent to a French master, and some learned to read and write Turkish. All these Greek schools were supported by the churches; but small annual presents were made to the masters by the parents of the

* It is to be borne in mind that this vapouring, which was much louder at Constantinople than at Brusa, was exhibited months before the question of the extradition of Kossuth, the renegade Bem, and their numerous and desperate gangs.

As I have intimated elsewhere, the Porte assumed a hostile bearing towards Austria and Russia as early as the summer of 1848.

pupils. The Catholic Armenians had no school in Brusa—they sent their children to the French, in which there were two male teachers and one female. The Eutychean Armenians, on the contrary, had two schools. That which we visited on the 9th of December stands by the chief Armenian church, and is extensive; at least it had one very large class-room. There were 317 boys and 115 girls, but separate, and not mixed like the Greeks. They learn Turkish, Greek, Armenian, and French, beginning with Armenian. There were only about 100 boys that were studying ancient Greek, and they had made but little way in the study. This class was young as yet. Church music was taught. About a dozen boys sung to us a psalm in Armenian, and then "Peuple Français, Peuple de Braves." This showed the character and politics of their French master. There were no women: an old man teaches the girls in a separate room. Here there were no desks and forms. The pupils were provided with little cushions, and squatted on the ground Orientally. All the movements, internal and external, were regulated by sound of bell. This had a curious effect. It set me thinking of the bell of the President of the National Assembly which makes so great a noise in the history of the first French Revolution. The children seemed rather lazy and listless. A number of them were humming their lessons all together, like young Turks. They came to church and school at sunrise, and they stayed till near sunset; but they had long intervals for play and food. They brought their victuals with them in queer little baskets, of which we saw a whole regiment by the school-room door. The education was gratis. The school was endowed in connexion with the church. A good many legacies, etc., were left them. The discipline was very mild. The school-room was well warmed with a stove. We saw an entire translation of Homer in Armenian verse—a recent production. Also an old translation of Milton's "Paradise Lost," in Armenian prose. These people had another girls' school at Chatal Chesmè, another quarter of the town. There, a woman from Constantinople taught reading and writing. She had about 70 pupils. The American missionaries had schools, but were obliged to close them by the bigotry of the Greeks as well as Armenians.

Months before we left Brusa, Omer Bey had been appointed director of the unfinished Turkish school, but he had never come over from Constantinople. For the miserable sum of 4000 piastres the school-building was at a standstill. A few old khodjas taught, or pretended to teach, reading to the Turkish children, the school-room being generally attached to some inferior mosque. The once splendid medressehst or colleges, attached to the grand mosques, were either entirely deserted or on the point of being so. Most of them were in ruins. In those few where some softás or students yet lingered, in

spite of discouragement and poverty, we could never see any professors at their duty, or any sign of study beyond that of one or two young fellows crouching in a corner and poring over a large MS. Koran. The softás were about the raggedest people in all Brusa, and at the same time the sourest and most insolent. All that they got from these richly endowed medressehs was a loaf of bread per diem, and a piece of matting to lie upon. I have seen very poor students in other countries, but never such scholastic poverty and nakedness as here! In their rooms there was absolutely nothing but the piece of matting, a rude cushion or pillow, and an earthen jug for water—to serve as well for drink as for their ablutions. Generally the door of the apartment was falling from its hinges, and the casement of the window broken and without any glass. In the cold weather the students go to their homes (if they have any,) or huddle together in one room for the sake of warmth. Sad reports of their immorality were current. The total amount of the students we saw in the whole city fell below fifty. It is evidently the intention of government to starve them out. At the Bairam, and Courban Bairam, some devout Mussulmans of the town will club together and give a sheep to each of the colleges, in order that the students may make their sacrifice and feast. The softàs also make a little money, or collect donations in kind, during the Ramazan, when they go out to the Turkish villages and do duty at the mosques as Imaums. Yet they have a hard struggle to keep body and soul together, for it is most rare that they have any private fortune or means, or that they belong to any but the poorest families. Towards the end of the year 1846 Reshid Pasha took a good many of these divinity students and put them into the military and naval schools at Constantinople, to make soldiers and sailors of them.

The Mussulman colleges were in no better condition in any other town we visited; and Bishop Southgate, in his very extensive tours, found them *everywhere* neglected and dishonoured; the buildings being very mean or in ruins, the students being few in number and miserably provided with teachers and means of instruction. The largest of the medressehs at Tocat contained only sixteen students. One of these had performed the pilgrimage to Mecca, and he entertained the Bishop with the most marvellous stories of the pilgrimage and the holy city. "There were," he said, "exactly 70,000 pilgrims present every year. The city itself was the centre of the earth, which he supposed, in common with Mussulmans generally, to be a great plain. The days and nights were always equal there, and the temperature always the same. This last, however, he thought no great recommendation, as when he was there it was almost too hot to live."*

* "Narrative of a Visit to the Syrian (Jacobite) Church of Mesopotamia; with

At Bagdad, which—

"——— in the golden prime
Of the good Haroun al Rashid,"

so abounded in seats of Oriental learning, the medressehs had been treated even worse than the mosques. This pious and intrepid American traveller could not ascertain the exact number of these colleges, but he was able to learn something in respect to the state of learning in them, and the manner in which they were conducted. In general, each college at Bagdad had only one professor, who had the whole duty of government and instruction. He received his salary from the Pasha, and devoted such time to the duties of his office as he pleased. "As the government has become the administrator of the revenue, and the guardian of the colleges," says Dr. Southgate, "no adequate effort is made to keep the ranks of the professors full, but, on the contrary, their number has been curtailed and their salaries reduced. There is no regularity or system in the discipline or instruction of the institutions. A lecture is followed by four or five days of idleness; and, of all the professors in the city, not more than six are competent to instruct in the higher departments of Mussulman learning. Formerly the students were, in part at least, permanent residents in the medressehs, and received, as is common in other parts of Turkey, a daily allowance for their support. Now the allowance is withdrawn, and of course their number is greatly reduced. They do not reside in the colleges, and a great part of them are not regular in their attendance upon instruction. Many of them, indeed, have other trades or professions, which they leave for an hour to hear an occasional lecture. Such a state of things cannot, I think, find its parallel in any other city of the empire. It arises doubtless, in the present instance, from the illegal usurpation of government, which has taken the administration out of the proper hands, and cares for little but to appropriate to its own use as much of the revenues as it can find any pretext for retaining."* But this interesting passage was written in 1838, and since that time Reshid Pasha has been twice Grand Vizier, and what is called the reform system has been driven on at the charging pace; and that "state of things" which the writer witnessed at Bagdad finds now its parallel in *every* other city of Turkey. Bishop Southgate himself, in his second journey, made in 1841, saw good evidence of the rapid and universal declension; and my other much-esteemed friend, Mr. Longworth, who made his extensive tour in Asia in 1846–7, saw everywhere the medressehs in the same state of abandonment or utter

Statements and Reflections upon the present state of Christianity in Turkey, and the Character and Prospects of the Eastern Churches," New York, 1844.

* "Narrative of a tour through Armenia, Kurdistan, Persia, and Mesopotamia, &c.," New York, 1840.

ruin as at Brusa. Mr. Layard could bring down the history of the "decline and fall" in the Pashaliks of Bagdad and Mosul, and in all the country between the Persian Gulf and the Euxine, to a still later period.

Yet in many of those regions the fire of Mussulman fanaticism burns as fiercely as ever, and but too often consumes not only the unhappy Nestorians who dwell near the Kurds, but other offending defenceless Christians; and great Osmanlees employed by the reforming government, and in many instances promoted by Reshid Pasha, do not hesitate, even in the presence of Franks, to give utterance to the most atrocious sentiments—to a deadly hatred of all Christian Rayahs, simply because they are Christians. Reshid Pasha was Grand Vizier at the end of 1846, when Nazim Effendi was sent to Mosul to examine into the circumstances connected with Bedr-Khan-Bey's second Nestorian massacre. This Nazim Effendi, in passing through Djezira, the stronghold of the Kurd, had several friendly interviews with the sanguinary monster, whose crimes it was pretended he had been sent to investigate. He took large sums of money from Bedr-Khan-Bey, and when he reached Mosul he would hear no evidence against the butcher. The language he held to the French and English consuls on the subject of the second massacre of the Nestorian Christians, was as unreasonable as it was insolent —as false as it was savage. Far from seeking to deny or palliate the atrocious circumstances of the massacre, he openly justified them, and said that the Nestorians were rebellious *infidels*, whom it was the duty of all good Mussulmans to exterminate; and when asked what provocation had been given by those poor Christians, he repeated an absurd story which had been trumped up by Bedr-Khan-Bey in justification of the *first* great massacre he had perpetrated three years ago, and in which 10,000 of the Nestorians had perished. This story was, that some emirs, or green-turbaned Turks, who had settled in the neighbourhood of the Christians, had been murdered by them. There was not a word of truth even in the original statement. Some Mussulman villagers who had intruded on the territory of the Nestorians (as the fugitive Circassians have done on the lands of the Greeks at Lubat), were, on the complaint of the Christians, removed by the Pasha of Mosul to another part of the country; and, on their retiring, a report was maliciously got up that the emirs had been assassinated. Upon this flimsy foundation, Nazim Effendi had the audacity to maintain that Bedr-Khan-Bey was justified in his indiscriminate massacre of 2000 more Christian subjects of Sultan Abdul Medjid.

"Not a Mussulman has been killed by the Nestorians," said the consuls: "the men reported to be dead are living and in good health not far off; but, even admitting that assassinations had been com-

mitted, ought not some distinction to have been made between the innocent and the guilty? Ought not the women and children of the Nestorians, at least, to have been spared?" The imperial commissioner, Nazim Effendi, coolly replied that they were all infidels—all the same dirt—and were doomed therefore, and deservedly, to the same fate.

I state these particulars on the authority of a friend who is also the friend of Mr. Layard, and who, as well as that enterprising and accomplished gentleman, was in the country at the time of Nazim Effendi's visit. I have no inclination to repeat a tale of horror which has been so strikingly narrated by the discoverer of Nineveh, and Mr. Layard's statements stand in no need of corroboration; but it may be of importance to revive the recollections of these damning *recent* atrocities, and to remind my countrymen of the blossoms and fruits which have grown on the tree of Turkish reform, and of the utter impossibility there is of counting, for a single day, upon Mussulman mercy, moderation, or justice.

One of my friend's informants at Mosul stated that, when the chief officers of Bedr-Khan-Bey were reposing themselves after the labours of the second massacre, some Kurds, who sought to obtain favour in the eyes of their chiefs, brought to them, as slaves, about sixty of the most beautiful women and children they had been able to find in the Nestorian villages; but Tayar Aghà, the governor of Djezira, exclaimed, "We want no more slaves for the Ghiaour ambassador at Stamboul to set at liberty. Slay these prisoners! Kill them all!" The Kurds immediately fell upon the women and children, and despatched them in cold blood. Three girls alone, whose beauty seemed to have made a too favourable impression on the chiefs, were spared; but it was more than suspected that they subsequently, with additional circumstances of atrocity, shared the same fate. Similar scenes took place in other parts of the district.

On the return of those who had escaped the fury of the Kurds, they found their villages literally strewed with dead mutilated bodies. To complete the misfortunes of these wretched Christians, they had scarcely ventured to return to their ruined houses when another Mussulman monster fell upon them unawares, and put such as he could seize to excruciating tortures, to compel them to confess whether they had concealed property previously to the late incursion of Bedr-Khan-Bey. The surviving Nestorians now fled into Persia, and their beautifully-cultivated district is a desert. The Ghiaour ambassador to whom the governor of Djezira alluded, was Sir Stratford Canning, who, by his humane and active interference, had secured the liberation of some of the Nestorians who had been made slaves at the time of the first massacre. Alas! other instances might be quoted in

which the humanity of Sir Stratford has only given a keener edge to Turkish cruelty.*

These events, which must sound like horrible fables in the ears of most Englishmen, took place quite recently—and at a time when a Turkish Ambassador was residing in London, and making constant declarations that the reign of fanaticism and cruelty was over in Turkey, that the use of torture was for ever put down, that full religious liberty had been established on the broadest and most solid base; that, strong in his army and in the prompt obedience and the enthusiastic affection of all classes of his subjects, Abdul Medjid could secure everywhere the execution of his humane ordonances and admirable laws; that the Sultan possessed in Reshid Pasha the most enlightened, philanthropic, honest, and active of Ministers; and that the reformed Ottoman Empire ought now to be allowed to take a foremost place among the civilized nations of the world. Yes!

In 1846, when the salaried journalists of Constantinople were proclaiming to the whole world that Turkey was now a well-governed and most happy country, and when hireling writers were repeating and embellishing these statements in some of the newspapers of Paris and Vienna, and other places, innocent blood was flowing like water on the banks of the Tigris, and a Christian people was suffering every indescribable horror—was undergoing torture and extermination!

When, through the reports made by the French and English consuls to their several ambassadors, and still more through the accounts sent to England by the correspondents of our most respectable English journals, the tale of blood and horror was bruited, the Porte pretended that the Turks had nothing to do with the massacres; that the Sultan and his government deplored what had happened; that the Osmanlees would have prevented the massacres if they had been able, but that Bedr-Khan-Bey and his Kurds were too strong to be controlled even by the government. Then what became of that loud boast about the Sultan's regular army? What became of the affirmations about obedience and affection, and the spread and firm establishment of religious toleration and general civilization? True, Bedr-Khan-Bey was powerful, and was not to be subdued without employing a regular army against him; but why was not that army employed after the first massacre, when, in 1843, 10,000 Christians perished, instead of being sent into the field after the second massacre in 1847? How was it that the lying, *purchased* report of Nazim Effendi found favour for a time in the sight of government? How was it that, when the great Kurd butcher fell into the hands of the Porte, they let him off with gentle banishment in the beautiful island

* See, for *one* example, the story of the Albanian Christians at Philladar. That frightful religious persecution was an immediate effect of the declaration of religious liberty which Sir Stratford, after infinite toil, wrung from the Porte.

of Crete? How was it that many of his adherents were taken into the employment of government, and that many fanatical Turks who had favoured the monster's enterprises against the Nestorians, instead of attempting to thwart them, were continued in their places or promoted.

But there was a gigantic falsehood in the pleading of the Porte that the Turks had nothing to do with the massacres, and that they would have prevented them if they had been able. It was notorious to every man in the country that the green-turbaned Turks who had been dispossessed of the lands of the Nestorians, to which they had no right, contributed in a great degree to the first massacre; that many Turks took an active part in both the massacres, while all the fanatics of that race applauded the bloody deeds when they were done; that the majority of the Turkish population in that part of the empire were the declared enemies of toleration and reform, and regarded the Kurdish chief as their champion; and that Bedr-Khan-Bey was moreover supported by the whole strength of the fanatical party. It was more than suspected that he had favourers and friends in Constantinople, in the Sultan's own palace, in some of the departments of government! And at last, when the Grand Vizier sent an army against the butcher, *it was not on account of his butcheries, but because he was making himself the head of a great party, and rallying round his standard, in the mountains of Kurdistan, thousands of disaffected Turks, sworn foes to Reshid Pasha and his reform system.* If Bedr-Khan-Bey had not been a political enemy and in circumstances to become a very formidable one, he would never have been seriously molested by the Porte.

In the capital, and in some of the large towns near the sea-coasts, the overthrow of religious institutions, and the forced introduction of Frank usages, is evidently leading to a total indifference about any kind of religion; but I do not believe that, in other parts of the country, the decay of Mussulman learning will be attended by any decline of Turkish fanaticism. I believe, on the contrary, that this fanaticism will become coarser and more brutal—more of a mere animal impulse. Instead of being controlled by educated, sedate, and decorous mollahs, the mobs will be led by illiterate, savage, wandering dervishes, who scarcely respect any texts of the Koran except those which inculcate a deadly hatred of all who are not Mussulmans.

We did not ascertain the precise number of the dancing or whirling dervishes at Brusa, who live together in their tekè like friars in a Franciscan monastery, and who seemed to be not only well lodged, but comfortably supplied with food and raiment. Including the novices and the serving-men, I should think there were about fifty of them; but education in this house seemed to be strictly confined

to the science or art of twirling. I never saw a student doing anything else. When he could spin round like a well-whipped whipping-top for a quarter of an hour, without being sick or giddy, and could stop suddenly, and stand firm and bolt upright at the clapping of the sheik's hands, his education was considered as completed.

Balbi set down the population of Brusa, in round numbers, at 100,000. I much doubt whether at this moment it exceeds 60,000. There are many void spaces within; and on the edges of the town, towards the plain and towards the mountain, at the east end as well as the west, whole quarters have disappeared, or have left nothing behind them but ruined mosques, minarets, and baths. Greeks, Armenians, and Jews were increasing; and the Turks were on the decrease as well in the town as in the villages of the plain. Although many of them are but small places, the united population of the villages must make a good round number. In the upper part of the plain, or between the Lake of Dudakli and the Lufar river, we counted thirty-three villages, and visited most of them; and I should think that there were twelve more villages between the Lufar and the sea at Moudania.

Before leaving Brusa for our old quarters in the farm at Hadji Haivat, we visited a remarkable personage. While staying with our consul at the Baths of Tchekgirghè, we had met a corpulent good-natured man, apparently about forty years old, who was introduced to us as grandson of the Emir Beshir of the Druses, and ex-Prince of Mount Lebanon, but who was not otherwise very noticeable. In one of our many rambles up the romantic derè, we had seen an aged man riding across the wooden bridge near the Turkish coffee-house, followed by eight or ten servants and a Nubian slave, all mounted on wretched hack horses; and we were then told that it was the Emir Beshir who had been to pay a visit of ceremony to Mustapha Nouree Pasha. The overthrown and exiled prince was then residing in a large shabby house high up the side of Olympus, nearly on a level with the deserted kiosk the Turks had built for Sultan Abdul Medjid. I was curious to see this fallen ruler of a mysterious people, and to hear his own version of his unhappy history. One day, at the end of November, Madame S——— and her daughters, who were intimately acquainted with the Emir and his wife, very kindly took us to his new abode in the town of Brusa. He had just descended from his elevated and cold quarters on the mountain to this new residence, which was spacious, but half in ruins. Masons, plasterers, and carpenters were rather busily at work, putting the house into some order. The Emir received us in a small dingy room. He was the most venerable-looking man I ever beheld: his beard was snow-white, and thick and long; his eyebrows were of the colour of his hair; his face was wrinkled all over, but his eye was bright and

keen. He was then eighty-three years old. He was dressed like a Turkish gentleman of the old school—wearing, however, the red fez without any turban. His dress and person were exemplarily clean and neat. Fallen as he was, there was an unmistakeable air of dignity and command about him. His attendants waited upon him with as much respect and ceremony as the servants of a great pasha display in the presence of their lord and master. He could speak no language except Arabic; but he had a Roman Catholic priest in his household who had lived in Italy, and who spoke French tolerably well, and Italian perfectly. The priest acted as our drogoman. At first the old Emir was very guarded in his expressions, but he soon grew warm, and violently abused Mr. * * * *, now our consul at * * * *, and our consul-general of * * * *, charging these two with having betrayed him, and as being the chief cause of all his troubles. He was most violent against Mr. * * * *. He said that Colonel * * * * was a British officer that knew nothing of the country or the language; that Mr. * * * * was the son of an English Jew, formerly a drogoman at Constantinople; that he was no Englishman, but a true Levantine, having been born of a native Perote woman; that he (Mr. * * *) knew the country, and spoke Arabic and Turkish, and knew all the people and all the arts of Levantine intrigue; that he had misinformed and misled Colonel * * *, who depended almost entirely upon him for the information upon which he had acted. "But for that Constantinopolitan son of the London Israelite," said the Emir, whose face reddened as he spoke, "Colonel * * * would have acted with the good faith of an English gentleman."

They did not mince matters: both the Emir and the priest—both the grandson we had met at Tchekgirghè and another member of the family—declared that our consul of * * * * had been unduly influenced, as well by some of the Turkish officers as by the Emir's enemies in the country, and that to their certain knowledge. . . . . .

I can only answer for the correctness of the statements as to Mr. * * * 's birth and parentage. I can only add, from my own impressions and convictions, that no born and bred Perote, whether of the drogoman class or any other, ought ever to be allowed to represent Great Britain in any capacity whatever. The more fluent he is in the languages, the more facile will he be in intrigue. Of Lieut. Colonel Napier, who distinguished himself in the strange Syrian campaign of 1840–1, all present spoke with the greatest respect, only regretting that the gallant, open-hearted officer had been ignorant of Arabic and Turkish, and thus obliged to receive information and conduct negotiations through the faithless medium of drogomans. "Colonel Napier," said the Emir with much emotion, "would never have played the false part! If my fate had depended on that man of truth and honour, I should be in my palace on Mount Lebanon, and not in this Turkish den, and the poor state in which you see me."

They maintained that the Emir was to a great extent an independent prince, and that he had never been in rebellion against the Sultan; that the Porte had driven him into perilous enterprises, and had then abandoned him to those whose enmity he had provoked by their command; that in the year 1834 they had excited him and his subjects the Druses to join in the insurrection against Mehemet Ali, the Pasha of Egypt, and that, on that luckless occasion, being left without the support the Turks had promised him, he had been defeated by Ibrahim Pasha, and compelled to submit to the Egyptian rule; that in 1840, when the four great powers, England, Russia, Austria, and Prussia, resolved that the whole of Syria and Palestine should be restored by force of arms to the young Sultan, he had been visited by English as well as by Turkish agents, and by them impelled to rise against the Egyptians; that he and his faithful Druses had joined the general movement, and had rendered all the services they were able; and that if the Emir had previously submitted for years to Ibrahim Pasha, it had only been because he could not resist him, and because the Porte did nothing for him, and would never have been able to regain possession of Syria if the allied powers had not aided them with money, ships, and troops. They urged that in going against him the English had gone against their best and only friends; that the Druses, who form about one-third of the entire population of Lebanon, had been devotedly attached to the English, while of the other two-thirds, the Maronites were devoted to France and the Greek Christians to Russia. This is certainly in accordance with the Palmerstonian policy: in nearly every part of the world our incomprehensible Foreign Secretary has wronged or insulted our friends, and given protection and encouragement to our enemies. The Druses are by far the most warlike people in the country, and the day may not be very distant when we shall have to deplore the policy which could convert them from friends into bitter foes.

England had certainly no interest in overthrowing the dynasty of Emir Beshir, which had existed from the time of the Crusades, and had ruled in Mount Lebanon two centuries before Osman laid the foundations of the Ottoman Empire at Brusa; but the existence of the quasi-independent, tributary state was odious in the eyes of the Turks of the new school, and an anomaly in their levelling system; and the Porte and its diplomatic agents succeeded in persuading some Englishmen that the old Emir Beshir had always been and ever would be a disobedient and dangerous vassal of the Sultan, and that the Lebanon could not be properly governed unless he and every member of his family were carried off, and the country placed under the rule of a Pasha nominated by the Porte. According to the Emir Mr. * * * * was the chief expounder of these Turkish opinions, and it was through his ill offices that Colonel * * * * and

others were led to report the existence of his ancient dynasty as incompatible with the tranquillity of all that portion of Abdul Medjid's dominions.

"I was a free man in my mountains, surrounded by my faithful and brave people," said the Emir, "and none would have brought me from them by force; neither Turks nor Egyptians, neither English nor Austrians would at that moment have dared to march into my country. I was deceived, cajoled, and entrapped by English agents! Shame upon England! I went voluntarily down to the coast, and on board an English man-of-war, and then I found that I was a prisoner! The only direct charge ever brought against me by Mr. drogoman * * * * was that I had offered a large sum of money to tempt a bravo to assassinate him. A lie and nonsense! Dirt! Little Mr. * * * * was not the English government or Lord Palmerston. Of what use would his death have been to me? He was *then* only a little drogoman and go-between: he was too insignificant for my revenge: your government made him a consul afterwards as a reward for what he had done. If I had wanted his death, half a piastre (a penny) to buy a charge of powder and a bullet would have been enough!"

"Well," continued the aged chief, "the Turks have had their way; I and all my family are their captives; but what have they gained by it? They have turned my fair palace into a barrack, and have stabled their horses in my kiosks; they have destroyed or carried off all the thing which were mine; but can they call Mount Lebanon their own? Are they safe outside their walls? Has the country been quiet a single day since they tore me from it? No! the Sultan cannot collect a single tax or any money in it. I paid my tribute regularly, and could do it and support my state as a prince without distressing my people. My faithful, affectionate people! they demand me back, or demand that a son or grandson of mine should be sent to rule over them. They vow they will not submit to any other ruler—and they never will! Let those who betrayed me secure my liberation. Let the Sultan send me back to my native mountains to die in peace and find a grave among my ancestors, and let my family go with me, and you will soon hear no more of this anarchy and bloodshed in Lebanon."

The priest said that in some respects this Mount Olympus recalled the memory of Mount Lebanon. The Emir allowed that it did; "but," said he, "where are the cedars? where are my good people?"

They had been carried from the coast of Syria to Malta, where they remained about eleven moths, and were very kindly treated by English authorities and by every one else. At the end of that period they were told that they must go to Constantinople and confide in the magnanimity and generosity of the Sultan. They arrived

at the Turkish capital eight days before the departure of our ambassador, Lord Ponsonby, who had sent Mr. * * * * into Syria, and who (under false impressions, as they believed) had concurred in the expulsion or capture of the Emir. They made repeated efforts to see his Lordship, but never could succeed. This also they attributed entirely to Mr. * * * *, who threatened the priest with serious consequences if he persisted in going to the ambassador's house. I tell the tale as it was told to me. I never had the means of substantiating the details, or of testing the veracity of the priest and the Emir and the Emir's grandson; but persons who had had better opportunities, and upon whose judgment I place confidence, *believed* every part of the narrative. The priest, in the most solemn manner, repeated to me more than once that Mr. * * * * had so threatened him; and attributed his conduct to his dread of the truth being made known to his master. The invisible ambassador (too often invisible to others who had business with him) went away, and the Emir and his people remained four years in Constantinople or in its immediate neighbourhood. They were then suddenly told that the presence of the old man in that capital was very dangerous to government, and that he and his sons and all his family must instantly remove to a place in the interior of Asia Minor, in the direction of Erzeroum. The Emir demurred and protested. Some servants of the Porte had the brutality to tell the octogenarian that they would drag him by his white beard.

They were hurried across the Bosphorus and sent by land to the appointed place of exile. I forgot to take a note of the name of the town, but it was a cold, bleak, dreary, poverty-stricken place, where no meat was to be procured except the flesh of camels and goats. The fatigues of that terrible land journey nearly killed the Emir, and his eldest son died soon after the journey was over. This cruel removal took place while Riza Pasha was Grand Vizier. On the accession of his rival and mortal enemy, Reshid Pasha, they were removed from that horrible place, and finally brought to Brusa. Here the Emir was allowed 10,000 piasters a month, and hitherto this allowance had been regularly paid. Including women and children there were fifty persons living with the Emir.

There seemed to be a curious intermixture of religions. The Padre was strictly an orthodox Roman Catholic priest; the Emir, who in the Lebanon had ruled over Christians as well as Druses, was said to be half Druse, half Christian, and of his people now with him some were Christians of a sort, some Mussulmans, and some strict Druses. I had no opportunity of making inquiries about this last mysterious sect and its tenets and rites: I only remember that the Emir's grandson told us that the Druses worshipped the image of a calf, which was always inclosed in an ark.

CHAPTER XVII.

Besides the farm-house in which we lived, there were only six inhabited houses in the decayed hamlet of Hadji Haivat, and of these five were mere hovels, occupied by very poor Turks. The sixth house, which, like Tchelebee John's, was detached, and at some short distance from the rest, was a large farm-house, occupied by a Greek, who had been unfortunate in business as a merchant, and had turned farmer, recluse, and philosopher, out of necessity. He held some hundreds of acres of fine land, which was but indifferently cultivated. His house was of wood, and falling fast to ruin. He and his wife had retreated from one apartment after another, and were now dwelling in a dingy corner of the tottering edifice. It was not a house to go to on a windy day; and at night the spot was especially to be avoided, for it was sadly haunted by the murdered Arab, who had been eaten by the hyænas, but who yet walked about with his head under his arm. In one of the courtyards of the house there were two of those very beautiful and peculiar weeping-willows to which I have before alluded. They must grow rapidly, for they were very tall trees, and John Zohrab had planted them with his own hands not above seven or eight years ago. Their foliage fell in large and somewhat regular tresses, looking at a distance like plumes of green feathers. They would be a great addition to our ornamental trees, and I should think that they would thrive in many parts of England.

Except an old hag, (Khodjà Arab's protegèe), who could not keep her hands from picking and stealing, the Hadji Haivat Mussulmans were honest, quiet, inoffensive people, but very deficient in industry and agricultural skill. They looked up to our tchelebee as their aghà, coming to consult him in all their difficulties, and almost invariably referring their little differences to his friendly arbitration. Between the hamlet and the high road there was a broad, uncultivated space, where grew some pleasant trees, and where the foundations of spacious houses and other buildings, very different from those which now exist, could be traced. At the southern edge of this space, a few yards from the road, stood the grim ruins of the khan, flanked on the east by the cemetery and its few tall cypresses. The home of the dead came close upon the high road. On the opposite side of the way there was a Turkish fountain, built of stone, which had once been very neat and elegant, but which was now dilapidated, like everything else at Hadji Haivat. But the pipes were not yet broken; the brightest and purest water of Olympus still gushed forth there, and was caught in an oblong, square trough, made of

coarse marble; and in the hot weather it was rare for either man or beast to pass it without stopping to drink. The fountain recalled to my memory those which the Moors left behind them in such abundance by the thirsty road-sides in Andalusia and other parts of Spain. It was shaded by cool, broad-leaved chestnut-trees of magnificent growth. Behind the fountain was a strip of woodland, mostly of the same trees; behind, and above these chestnuts, on a spur of the mountain, were bosquets of the evergreen ilex, and then, up towered Olympus, in all his majesty, wearing a crown of pine-trees on his head. Seen through the purple atmosphere of noon, the mountain seemed but a few feet in the rear of the fount. Under all lights, and at all times, when there is light to see, that spot, by the old khan of Hadji Haivat, is one of the most lovely and romantic, and eminently picturesque, that eye or heart can desire. But now that the chestnut trees were bare, and that the wintry winds began to howl from the mountain, it was an awful ghostly place to linger at in the dusk of the evening, or to pass by moonlight.

The poor squirrels in the chestnut-wood had all made up their beds, and were taking their winter nap. Not one of them was to be seen in the woodlands where they had so swarmed a few weeks before. Much did I miss them and their gambols as I walked through those glades. With few and brief interruptions, the weather continued mild, balmy, and beautiful, until the 20th of December. There were some days when the sun was quite hot from the hour of noon till 3 P. M., and the glorious blue sky without a cloud or streak. But then we had our cool evenings and cold nights: and, slowly, the snow came lower and lower down the majestic flank of old Olympus. On the cold nights it seemed that the wolves and jackals were hungrier than usual, or that the sharp dry air was a better medium for the transmission of sound: we heard them on the mountain side, and yelling across the plain, the concert being completed by those dismal vocalists the owls and cucuvajas. Yet we found this good music to go to sleep to. In the daytime the place was lone enough; but there were the resources of shooting and walking about; of reading, writing, and thinking; and now and then brave Ibrahim of Dudakli dropped in upon us, or merry Halil rode across the plain to see us; or the French consul, or our friend R. T——, came out from Brusa. Also our neighbour, the bankrupt merchant and philosophical chiftlikjee, paid us a visit; and an old Turk, the nominal odà bashi and head of the hamlet, came in rather frequently. Poor old fellow! He had once been a prosperous man, with sons to till his grounds, or work for him or with him; but plague had smitten his roof-tree, and other diseases had crossed his threshold; he had buried two wives and ten children in the cemetery hard by—every day he passed their graves—and now, in his old age, he was

left alone in the world, in abject poverty. Our friend and host had helped him through two hard winters, and would not see him starve in this. The old man submitted to his kismet with truly wonderful placidity. I never heard him utter a complaint or murmur, and he seemed always happy when we gave him a pipe to smoke.

We got through the long wintry evenings very well. There was no lack of wood for firing; and in one of the tchelebee's rooms—which had other comforts—there was a good chimney and fire-place, on the hearth of which the pine and oak and chestnut of Olympus burned and crackled and blazed right cheerfully.

We made a little journey to Moudania, the nearest seaport on the gulf, a few miles to the west of Ghio. On Saturday, the 11th of December, at 11 A. M., we mounted for this excursion. A little way beyond the bridges, across the Lufar, we quitted the road or track which we had followed in going to the Lake of Appolonia, bearing a little to the right, or to the north. After crossing some marshy ground we came upon some good corn-lands, a few acres of which had borne crops this year. We left on our right hand what had been a very large Turkish farm-house, but what was now an abandoned ruin. At about 2 P. M. we found, on the ridge of a gentle hill, a large chiftlik, with extensive barns and outhouses, belonging to a Greek Rayah, who had recently turned his attention to agricultural pursuits, and had invested in them a capital which almost amounted to 1000*l.* sterling! Unluckily the Greek was not at home. Externally his house, which was large, wore a very respectable appearance for a farm-house in Turkey; and his outhouses, though slovenly enough, were models of neatness for the Pashalik of Brusa. In the rear of this farm is a very small hamlet called Emiklèr, and exhibiting little but ruins. Half an hour farther on we forded the Lufar, having the water to our saddle-flaps. There is a rude bridge lower down the stream, which must be used when the river is swollen. In certain seasons the river cannot be crossed at all; and the road to Moudania remains for weeks "broke off in the middle." About half an hour beyond the river, in a charming green valley, we came to a Turkish village, where an *immense* chiftlik was falling to pieces. We crossed another ridge of hills and then entered into a crooked valley, which opened upon the gulf of Moudania. We met nobody: we had the road entirely to ourselves—and a very bad road it was. From Brusa to this, her nearest seaport, Moudania, the distance is scarcely more than sixteen English miles; and as, for a good part of the way, it runs over level ground, and as the intervening hills are of gentle ascent, and of no height, and as the best materials for road-making abound, it would be exceedingly easy to make an excellent road.

When Sultan Abdul Medjid travelled this way on his journey to

and from Brusa, they made him believe that the road *was* excellent. Poor young man! He had never seen a road deserving of the name in his life. By *corvées*, by forced labour, they made the peasants smoothen the rough track, remove the big jolting stones, and fill up the ruts and hollows and holes with stems of trees and branches, and underwood, and then cover the superfices with small stones and soil. The Sultan travelled in a light European calèche, which went over the ground smoothly and beautifully at the rate of *almost* five miles an hour. But the rains and torrents of the next winter washed away all these repairs, which were meant to serve only a temporary purpose, and left the road worse than it had been before. Also when the Sultan passed and repassed, efforts were made to make him believe that the condition of the people was smooth and pleasant. The Brusa chief of the police and his tufekjees went beforehand into all the villages, commanding that all such as were in good case and had good clothes should dress in their best and station themselves along the road-sides, and that all that were poor and squalid should keep out of sight, as they valued their lives. If one honest, fearless man could have approached the ear of the young Sultan, he might have blown the illusion away like a bubble. But where look for such a man about the court, or among any of the Turks and Armenians who had free access to him?

The Lufar does not follow the valley we entered, but finds its way to the sea through another vale. The plain of Brusa may be said at this termination to be tri-forked.

As the central valley in which we were travelling declined towards the gulf, it was thickly cultivated; but the cultivation was rather slovenly. Olive-trees, mulberry-trees, and vines were mixed and growing (crowded) all together, in a manner more poetical than profitable. We passed an agiasma, or holy fountain, of the Greeks, which was walled in and roofed over, and looked like a small church. A great festival is held here during three or four days each year. On the opposite side of the valley, in a recess of the hills, on our left, was the large Greek village of Missopolis, inhabited by the people who hold and cultivate nearly all the valley. There was not a Turkish house in the place; the last of the Osmanlees had disappeared years ago.

It was dark before we issued from the valley upon the sea-beach. Riding for about a mile over the sea-sands, we entered a tolerably broad but straggling street, running parallel with the shore of the gulf; and, at 6 P. M., we dismounted at the comfortable and hospitable house of Signor Michele Gallè, a subject of Pope Pius IX., and a native of the small maritime town of Porto di Fermo, in the Marches of Ancona. I well knew the place of his nativity, and all the country where his early life had been spent. He was the most

respectable, most gentlemanly European I had met in these Asiatic tours. He practised medicine, and was called doctor; he acted as agent for our consul at Brusa; he was an old friend of J. Z——, and he very soon became our friend. His elder brother had emigrated from the poor little town of Porto di Fermo to the Levant, many years ago, had married a Catholic Greek, and had settled in this place. After an interval of some years he followed his brother to the East, and was carrying on business at Constantinople as an apothecary, to which profession he had been regularly trained in Italy. His brother died at Moudania some ten or twelve years before our visit, leaving a widow, two young children, and (for this country) considerable property in houses and lands, and in capital employed at interest. Knowing well that a perfect wreck would be made of this property if left to the management of the widow, Signor Michele gave up his business in the capital, came over to Moudania, and took charge of the interests of the bereaved and very helpless family. "If," said he, "I had delayed my coming, the property would have been devoured by cheats and thieves. Widows and orphans are considered fair prey in these parts. God help them! Unless she be strongly protected, and have some honest, affectionate male relative to manage her affairs for her, you will not find a widow in all Turkey that can keep together that which her husband has left her. Let her husband die ever so rich, the widow is speedily reduced to poverty. It requires a man, and, if he be a Christian and a stranger, a man of quick sight and the strongest nerves, to keep a property together in a country where, correctly speaking, there is no law, no justice." Well remembering these words as I did, I could not help saying at Smyrna, when I heard of the death of poor Antonacki Varsami, "God help his wife and children!"

Our host's sister-in-law was living, and well, and a good-looking, comfortable, motherly woman. Her two little boys had grown up into two fine young men, with plenty of vivacity, courage, and activity. One of them had recently been in some trouble, originating, I believe, in a quarrel with a Turk of Moudania, who wanted him to pay more than the fixed duty for the shipment of some Indian corn. The Turk abused him and his religion, calling him *ghiaour kupek*; and he soundly thrashed the Turk, who went away and swore to the Aghà and Kadi that young Gallè had assaulted him without cause and had reviled the blessed Prophet. The Kadi summoned the young man before him. His uncle and some Christian friends of the town went with him to the mehkemeh. The Turkish complainant was of course provided with his false witnesses, and the Kadi would not take the evidence of the Christians. The Aghà joined the man of the law in abusing the youth; and they told him that his offence was so heinous (in abusing the Prophet) that they must

send him to prison and then in chains to Brusa. The young man, who had hitherto merely denied the words attributed to him, was now overcome by rage, and really committed the high crime of which he was accused, for he called them all rogues and liars, he called Mahomet an impostor, and he did the dirty thing on the Prophet's beard! His uncle, having calmed him, fell into nearly as great a passion himself, roundly rating both Kadi and Aghà, reminding them of many preceding acts of iniquity, and defying them to imprison a Frank Christian who enjoyed the protection of Great Britain, as his father had done before him. The Turkish authorities were completely cowed. The youth walked home with his uncle, and not only the Greeks but many of the Osmanlees of the town united with them in laughing at the beards of the governor and judge. A flaming report was sent to Mustapha-Nouree Pasha at Brusa, whose fanaticism was thereby much excited; but the Pasha no more dared to molest the young man than the Aghà and Kadi had done. Had it been a Greek rayah there would have been torture or even death. The business ended in our consul calling young Gallè and some of his witnesses up to Brusa, and in a rebuke from the consul for the confessed abuse of the Prophet in the Mussulman court.

We stayed in Moudania the whole of the following day, which was a Sunday, seeing the town and visiting three or four very respectable Greek families. The houses within were neat and clean; the women and children were elegantly dressed in the Greek style. The men were all engaged in commerce—chiefly in exporting the produce of the country—there was not one of them but would have gladly given half he was worth for English, or French, or Russian protection. They said that as rayah subjects of the Porte, they could never obtain justice where Mussulman interests were opposed to theirs; that they held their own by an insecure tenure; that the Tanzimaut was, as far as they were concerned, a mere sham, and that injustice and oppression weighed quite as heavily upon them as in the days of Sultan Mahmoud. They complained of the export-duties laid upon all the produce of the country, and of the frequently irregular transit-duties levied upon produce on its way from the interior to the sea-ports. They said that they, as peaceful rayah subjects of the Porte, laboured under many disadvantages from which the Frank merchant was exempt, and from which the Greeks of the Ionian Islands were equally free, because they had British protection, and passed every where in Turkey for *bonâ fide* British subjects. There was not a Greek in the place but would have made himself a protected subject even of a third-rate Christian state if he had been able to do so; for even a Neapolitan, a Roman, or Tuscan enjoyed in Turkey advantages that were denied to the native rayah subjects of the Sultan. Take away the seraffs and those in the immediate

employment of government, there was scarcely an Armenian but would have shown the same willingness to pass as the subject of any other power rather than of that he was born under.

In matters of commerce, the protection to a Rayah of a powerful nation is a good *per centage* on every operation. But men are not always trading, and even Armenians, the most plodding, and trafficking, and money-thinking of men, have some sensibilities beyond those which reside in the purse. They are far from being so sensitive or so proud, or vain as the Greeks; but among the Armenians there are many very capable of resenting insult. An English gentleman, long resident in Constantinople, told us this story:—

An Armenian (not a seraff) who lived at the village of Arnaoutkeui, on the Bosphorus, could never go to smoke his narguilè at the coffee-house without being insulted and reviled by an odious Turk, his neighbour. As a Rayah he did not dare to show his resentment —he too well knew the value of Tanzimaut and Hatti Scheriff to expose himself to the dangers of a litigation in a Mussulman court. He bore his wrongs, but grew thin and pale under them. At last, doing as so many Rayahs annually do, he shipped himself off for Odessa. In about four months he returned, a made Russian subject, with a title to all the powerful protection which the Russian Legation never fails to give in such cases. He went to Arnaout-keui, and to his old coffee-house; and there he found his old persecutor, who lost no time in renewing his assault. The Armenian left the Turk void his foul vocabulary; but then he turned upon him, and enjoyed the sweetness of revenge. "Hà pezavenk! Hà karatà! Hà! thou eater of dirt, dost thou not know that I am a Muscov?—that I am protected by the Muscov Elchee, and that I can spit at thy beard?" The Turk slunk away, and never more molested the Russianized Rayah.

There were about 7000 inhabitants in this sea-port town of Moudania, and of this number not more than 1000 were Mussulmans—and these conquerors of the soil were the poorest of the lot, and, with the exception of three or four families of them, were living in the worst of the houses.

I made some remarks to Signor Gallè as to their bad cultivation and management of olive-groves. He knew more about the culture of the olive than I did—the olive-groves between Porto di Fermo and Ancona are managed to perfection. He told me that he had improved some of the groves which belonged to his brother, and had endeavoured to show the people of the country the way of improving theirs; but the Turks set their faces against any innovation, and the Rayahs, also wedded to the practices of their grandfathers, were averse to change, and were so taxed and harassed, and so afraid of being thought rich, that they would do nothing in the way of im-

provement. Some other attempts in agriculture had been alike unsuccessful, and for the same causes; so that for some years he had given up all hopes. "To do any good in this country, or to see it done," said Signor Gallè, "a man ought to live to a Patriarchal age, and see the Turks dispossessed of the sovereignty forthwith. There is a malediction of heaven and a self-destructiveness on their whole system. I know them well—I have now lived many years among them—there are admirable qualities in the *poor* Turks, but their government is a compound of ignorance, blundering, vice—vice of the most atrocious kind—and weakness and rottenness. And whatever becomes a part of government, or in any way connected with it, by the fact, becomes corrupt. Take the honestest Turk you can find, and put him in office and power, and then tell me three months afterwards what he is! He must conform to the general system, or cease to be in office. One little wheel, however subordinate it may be, would derange the whole machine if its teeth did not fit."

As the Greeks were keeping a fast, and as the Turks neither were sportsmen nor had any sheep to kill, there was nothing to be had for the table in Moudania, except some inferior fish, caviare, and cabbage. The wine was abominable. There was no milk—there never is in these sea-port towns. With great difficulty a few bad apples and dried walnuts were obtained. A good deal of fruit used to be grown in the neighbourhood, but the Turks had taxed it, and the people had cut down their fruit-trees rather than pay the saliané upon them. Signor Gallè assured me that only the other day a number of fine walnut trees had been destroyed, the Greeks saying that they had had nothing but trouble with the trees, and had been made to pay more to the tax-gatherers than the fruit was worth. "Next year," said they, "the saliané-collectors shall find no fruit-trees to tax!" Our excellent host was *disperato* quite *au désespoir*, on our account; but we did very well, and I only mention the state of the table in the very best house in all Moudania—a sea-port with a population of 7000!—to show the nakedness of the land.

The situation of the place is far more healthy, but the harbour is not so good as at Ghemlik. The traffic with the capital chiefly consists of inferior wines, which cost about fourpence per gallon, raki, which is made in considerable quantities, a little very bad oil, and dried black olives. The Greeks were talking of giving up their small trade in oil altogether, on account of the necessity they lay under of carrying their olives to the Turkish mill. One poor fellow told us that this year, before he got free of the mill, the Turks had gotten more than half of the oil his olives had rendered, and that, when he complained to the Aghà, he was only abused and threatened.

Messrs. Pavlacchi and Co., who had one of the new and extensive silk-works at Brusa under the direction of the intelligent French

people I have mentioned, had just finished building another but smaller Filatura on the edge of the town of Moudania. The machinery was set up, and would have given employment to between forty and fifty men, women, and children; but the times were unpropitious, and they had scarcely begun to work. Except when smuggled, silk could not be exported from Moudania; the producers were obliged to carry it by land to Brusa, and from Brusa it was carried by land to Ghemlik. Two such journeys, over *such roads*, are no trifling discouragements; and Ghemlik is good fifteen miles farther from the capital than Moudania. This new Filatura was under the management of a very quiet, intelligent, worthy man, who came from the South of France, and bitterly regretted having ever come to this exile in Turkey. He was half starved; he was hypochondriac; he was the most melancholy, despairing Frenchman I ever met. He told me that, at times, he had found the want of society so terrible, that he had been tempted to tie a stone round his neck, and throw himself into the gulf.

On Monday morning at about 10 A. M. we set off on a little excursion along the coast to the west, to visit the Greek town of Psyche or Sychee, and its far renowned church. There was no road; our path lay chiefly along tall cliffs, or over hills that shelve down to the sea; it was nearly as rough and perilous as the one we had travelled at Cyzicus. It took us more than three hours to ride a distance which ought to be performed in less than one.

The town of Sychee was also beautifully situated on the crest of a hill, overlooking the sea, the opposite coast, and the long island of Kalolimno (in Turkish Imbrali) which lies off the mouth of the Gulf of Moudania; but the usual disenchantment took place when we got into the foul, steep streets. The church, built by a Greek emperor towards the close of the eighth century, is a solid, massive, stone edifice. It is a place of pilgrimage and great resort; it is the scene of an annual festival which lasts several days; it is more famous all over the country even than the church and shrine at Lubat. Miracles are performed in it; and above all it is noted for its miraculous cures of *insanity*.

According to the priests who showed it to us, if you lost your wits your friends had nothing to do but to carry you to the church, lay you down on a mattress on the floor before the screen of the altar, and there leave you for two or three days and nights under the care of the saints and priests. A square antechamber, through which we passed before entering the body of the church, was piled up with mattresses and coverlets from the floor to the ceiling, ready to be let out to mad patients. It looked like a bedding-warehouse rather than the porch of a temple. The priest told us that when business was brisk they made a good penny by their mattresses and covers, and

that the *Turks*, as well as the Greeks, brought their mad people to the church to be cured! This last curious and rather startling assertion was confirmed by our guide, philosopher, and friend, who had seen more than one Turk, as mad as March hares, carried to the miracle-working spot; and he had known others who were witless enough to believe that they had recovered their wits by being laid upon their backs in the *Ghiaour Tekè*. Perhaps it is owing to this Turkish faith in the *miracula loci* that the church has been preserved from Mussulman fury during nearly eleven hundred years. In a remote part of Asiatic Turkey, Bishop Southgate visited another church where madness was said to be cured in the same miraculous manner; but in *that* church the Greeks had chains and iron collars wherewith to secure the maniacs, and here there was nothing of the sort. We asked the priest how they managed with their obstreperous visitors. He said that there was a holiness in the air which instantly calmed the mad, and that when they hung out the picture of St. George of Cappadocia no man could possibly rave. I heard rather a different story from another quarter.

One night, when four or five demented Greeks were sprawling on the church floor—men and women mixed—one of them, going off at score, began to pummel his neighbours; they rose and began to pummel and clapperclaw him; his fury was contagious; the attendant priests, though stout, strapping fellows, interposed in vain; their beards and their long hair suffered great detriment in the scuffle; and they only saved themselves from more serious injury by running up a narrow staircase into the gallery of the church and making fast a strong door. This little incident, however, had not at all shaken the popular credulity.

At the time of our visit there was no patient in the church, but one was expected this evening, and the priest's wife was airing a mattress for him. At the gate of the church some itinerant traders had set up a temporary bazaar, where they were selling cotton stuffs, and stockings, and small Brusa silk handkerchiefs, and where some people of the town were vending bread, small salted-fish, and raki. We needed not the last scent from them, for the priest carried it with him wherever he went. In a court-yard behind the church about a dozen of Greeks were making holiday with music and drink. Two of them played upon cracked fiddles, and the rest—bating only when the raki-cup was at their lips—were singing a loud nasal chorus. This music and the chaffering of the people at the door were audible in all parts of the church.

The Greek and Armenian clergy may in one sense be called *marchands de lumières* (dealers in light); they are eternally selling wax-candles and long wax-tapers: a principal part of the revenue of every church is derived from this trade. Our priest's boy brought

in an armful of tapers, hoping that we would light a few before some one of the pictures of the saints, assuring us that it would bring us good luck and give us a safe journey back to Moudania. The tchelebee, who had been almost roaring with laughter—without the least offence to the priest—said that we had better conform to the custom of the place, and that a few piastres for the tapers would do for the backshish. "Which shall be the saint?" said John. "St. George for Old England!" The picture of St. George in the act of slaying the dragon was right before us, and our nimble companion began to light the tapers at a lantern which the boy held, and to fasten them to some small iron spikes that formed a semicircle round a pole in front of the picture. As we were expected to be munificent, he continued his operations until he had filled that semicircle and one below it, and another above it; and we left that dark part of the church in a blaze of light: but, before we finished our survey, the boy puffed out all the lights one by one, and popped the tapers into a basket. They would do again, or, rather, the wax being re-melted, would be made up into new tapers to be sold to other visitors. I thought of my old Neapolitan friend the late Duke of R——, who estimated the merits of a church ceremony in exact proportion to the quantity of wax that was burnt. When he said "*c' è stato un consumo di cera magnifico!*"—(there has been a magnificent consumption of wax)—it meant everything.

The pictures of virgins and saints in this church of Sychee were rather numerous, but small, painted upon panel, and exceedingly barbarous. This was the case in all the Greek churches we visited. I believe they were all very old pictures, but one cannot decide by style, as the modern limners merely copy and repeat the lines and colours of their predecessors.* A large, modern, marble tablet, on the right-hand side on entering, commemorated that the church had been built by one Greek emperor, A. D. 780, repaired and beautified under another Greek emperor in 1248, and finally repaired and embellished under that "great and just" sovereign Sultan Mahmoud in the year 1818. I deplored to see so ancient a Christian edifice degraded by such gross superstition and such indecent practices. So soon as we took our leave the priest who had been our guide went and joined the fiddling-singing-and-drinking party in the court-yard at the back of the church.

The ignorance and venality of this priesthood are producing the most pernicious effects upon the Greek people. Generally I found that the most ignorant man in a Greek party was pretty sure to be the priest; and I should say that, almost invariably, the greatest dram-drinkers and wine-bibbers *were* the priests. These men are

* On this subject see Mr. Curzon's recently published and exceedingly interesting tour among the Greek monasteries of the Levant.

daily bringing into disrepute the religion they profess. In the great towns the better educated of the Greeks (particularly if they could read French) were all becoming freethinkers. Even in the smaller towns and villages of Asia Minor the faith of the people is shaken. Seven years before our tour a clergyman of the Church of England came to the conclusion "that in a few years the great evil of Greece in regard to religion will be not superstition, but infidelity."* The same is certainly the tendency of the Greeks in Turkey. In Constantinople the infidelity was already widely spread among all the young men who had been educated *alla Franka*. The secularization of the schools, upon which the Greeks seemed everywhere setting their hearts—declaring that the priests were so ignorant that they were not fit to be schoolmasters—will assuredly be a deadly blow to the Greek church.

We were told that Sychee contained above 200 houses. The people had been cutting down their fruit-trees, for the reasons I have mentioned at Moudania.

Our calm and sensible host had been an attentive observer of the working of the reform system of government, and his long residence in the country and experience in actual business gave weight to his opinions. He said that nothing really had been changed for the better, except as regarded sanguinary executions. The Turks did not behead or hang men half so frequently as in former times; but the people were more oppressed and more a prey to fiscal extortion than when he came into the country, more than twenty years ago. Under the old system, when the pashas collected the revenues, the government never knew what it would get. The ushurjees, or farmers of the revenue, had given a very desirable certainty to the Porte, and had raised the annual income of the state. He believed that the money was not only paid to the Porte with more regularity, but was also considerably greater in total amount. These opinions were also entertained by the English and French consuls at Brusa. But Signor Gallè did not believe that the revenue could long be kept up to its present high standard; and every year the government was requiring more and more money, and the Fermiers Généraux, who were all *in reality* Armenian seraffs, were absolutely crushing energy and life out of the people in their efforts to satisfy the Porte and make a surplus of profit for themselves. There was no justice or moderation in the proceedings of these fiscal tyrants, who, whenever they chose, could command the strong arm of the Turk. Properly speaking there was no *contabilità*, no system of accounts. The most false and fraudulent entry made by an ushurjee, or by a collector of

* "Report of a Journey to the Levant, addressed to His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury," &c., by the Rev. George Tomlinson, M. A., London, 1841.

the salianè, or by a Turkish mudir, was held to be decisive of the justice of every claim for money that might be set up. None of the Turkish peasants could read or write, and scarcely a Greek of any class could read Turkish. When receipts were given to them, they could not tell what sum was set down. When the Greeks in a town or large village were united among themselves, and really allowed to elect their own tchorbajees, and when these lay primates were honest men, and not in partnership with the Turkish governor or heads of police, or revenue collectors, the Greeks could now and then make a successful stand against injustice. But so happy a combination of circumstances is most rare. The Mussulman part of the population (more helpless and indolent) is suffering more than the Rayahs. To my mournful list of deserted Turkish villages he added many more. In Moudania the decline of the Mussulman population, in his time, had been rapid. As a medical practitioner his means of observation had been extensive; and he more than confirmed the horrible fact of the prevalence of forced abortion. "*Grave virus munditias pepulit!*" He held it to be utterly impossible for the Turks to continue to meet the demands made upon them. Nothing was done to stimulate their industry. The industry of the Rayahs was discouraged, for so soon as they showed any symptoms of prosperity the fiscal screw was applied to them. The Greeks were a vain people, fond of show, and very fond of having their wives and children finely dressed. Except where they had foreign protection they were afraid of showing their finery out of doors. If a cocona exhibited a smart new dress in public, the Hadji, her husband, might expect a visit from the tax-gatherers a day or two after. The present Aghà of Moudania was a rogue without conscience or bowels; he carried on a little private trade of his own, and he was always ready to back the other extortioners. Complaints had been made to Reshid Pasha, but the Aghà was strongly supported at Constantinople, and the Armenian seraffs described him as an excellent officer for raising the revenue. Our host did not attach much importance to his removal. "I have seen many of those gentry here," said he, "and they are all alike! In becoming the governor of a town or of a province, a Turk, however different he may have been before in private life, becomes precisely the same public man as his predecessor. He has none but corrupt instruments wherewith to work. Some have more urbanity and less fanaticism than others, but in essentials they are all alike. I have known some of the new-schoolmen, and I think, if there is a distinction to be made, they are *the worst of all.* They are more greedy of money, and more entirely in the hands of the Armenian seraffs. They are nearly all low-born men, brought out of sordid poverty, and promoted either through an intrigue or on account of their indifferentism in religion and their readiness to adapt them-

selves to any change which may come into the Vizier's head. But, in ceasing to be Mussulmans, these men have not become Christians, but materialists and atheists. Some of them are putting on European manners as well as the Frank dress—*ma il lupo canyia il pelo, e non il vizio.*"

The weight of interest lay like an enormous incubus upon the people. Here, at Moudania, where every enterprize was stopped through want of capital, money was not to be procured under 25 per cent.: and Moudania was next door to the capital.

On Tuesday, the 14th of December, we rode slowly back to Brusa. We made a short detour to visit the slight remains of the ancient Apamea, which lie to the east, between Moudania and a village called Nicor. The ruins are inconsiderable, and nearly all under water; the crust of earth must have sunk, or the level of the sea must have risen since they were built, or they must have been basements of marine villas and other edifices, laid, like those of Baiæ in the bay of Naples, under the level of the water. In the house of a Greek named Costi Vlacudi, in the village of Nicor, there was this broken inscription—

.....VXXV. DIVO. AVG. SACRO. GIMN.....

and this was the only piece of antiquity that was left. Columns, statues, coins, all had disappeared long since. We could only say that we stood upon the site of a beautiful Greek city, one of the fairest of Bithynia, and by the help of imagination draw a contrast between it and its miserable successor, Moudania.

Quitting the sea-shore, we soon regained the track by which we had travelled from Brusa. The snow was lying low down on Olympus, the weather was overcast and cold, and towards sunset, just as we were under the suburb of Brusa, it began to rain and sleet.

On the evening of the 18th of December we left Brusa for the *last* time. We rode to Hadji Haivat. We had passed many pleasant hours in the lonely spot. Without being a Sage I could see many charms in the face of this solitude. With my children and books, and one or two friends, and the conviction or hope that I might be in some measure the means of doing good to the country, I could willingly have spent the remnant of my days here, in the shadow of Olympus. We, however, had made our preparations to take our departure in the course of the next day.

The 19th of December was a mild balmy day. In the morning we had quite a levee at the farm, for brave Ibrahim, with his stepson, young Mahmoud, and merry Halil, and old Suleiman, the muktar of the hamlet, and Aslan, the gigantic Greek, and Yorghi, and all our friends, gathered round us to take leave, and wish us a happy journey. I believe they were sincerely sorry that we were going; we were certainly sorry that we should see them no more.

CHAPTER XVIII.

We mounted at noon on the 19th of December, the weather being then warm like an English summer day. At 1.45 P.M. we entered Kelessen, the village of poor Yorvacki. It contained ninety houses, of which only *six* were now occupied by Turks. When Monsieur C——— first came into the country, thirty-two years ago, the Turks were more numerous here than the Greeks. Several proofs of this fact remained. Nearly all the houses were built in the Turkish manner, with grated windows, and separate apartments for the women; and all the villagers spoke Turkish, and not Greek. It is scrrcely necessary to add that most of these houses were falling to pieces, and that a broad cesspool was in the midst of the main street. We alighted at the coffee-house where Yorvacki had been put to the torture, and heard the whole of that story again from men who were present, but who were afraid to appear as witnesses. We went to Yorvacki's house, and saw his old father and mother. The father was very aged and infirm, and the approaches of second childhood seemed to render him almost insensible to the troubles which had fallen upon his son. The mother wept bitterly, and told us she felt sure that Yorvacki would be ruined, if not murdered, by the malice of Khodjà Arab and the tchorbajees. This very morning he had been told by the tchorbajees, that they would have their revenge, and that he must now pay the full kharatch, or poll-tax, of 60 piastres for his youngest brother, who was not yet of age to pay the lowest rate of that tax, or 15 piastres. By law, old age and infirmity gave an exemption; but they had been making him pay 60 piastres a-year for the head of his poor old father. One of the tchorbajees had driven his buffaloes into the best of his bean-fields, where the young beans were just coming up.

These villagers grow vast quantities of beans, which are generally sold to be eaten green. We comforted the afflicted family as well as we could. I had Yorvacki's petition to Reshid Pasha in my portmanteau; and I was still credulous enough to believe that justice and protection might be obtained for him at head-quarters.

We remounted at 3.15 P.M.; and after riding for about twenty minutes we alighted in the large village of Demirdesh, at the door of one of our tchelebee's countless friends. His arrival was hailed with a transport of joy. He had not been to Demirdesh for more than two months. What had he been doing? His friends had missed him much. The partridges on the hill-sides, and up the Katerlee mountains, were all waiting for him!

Our present quarters were most comfortable. There was filth enough in the street without, but all within was scrupulously clean

and neat. There was also an abundance both in larder and in cellar, and a spirit of hospitality which rejoiced in dispensing it. It was high fast. The Greeks were in the very midst of the forty days' fast with which they precede the feasting of their Christmas; but as we were not of their church, nor bound to their rules, our host would kill poultry for us, and cook us some partridges; and it was all in vain that we protested that we could do very well without. I believe, however, that very few religious prejudices were shocked by our feast in fast-time. The men of Demirdesh were rapidly emancipating themselves from priestly rule. I have said that they can make good wine at Demirdesh. Our host produced, in three large earthen boccals, each of which held about half a gallon, some which had the bouquet and the flavour of the finest Burgundy—of the incomparable *Vin de Nuit*, when drunk on the spot, without its having suffered either land or sea carriage. The dame of the house "waited courteous upon all." This disturbed our European gallantry; but it was Asiatic usage, it was the custom of the country, and it was useless to say anything about it. With her kindred she would sit down to eat; she would not mind an old friend like the tchelebee, but she could not be seated at table with strangers; so she moved quickly and quietly about, and kept filling our glasses to the brim whenever she saw daylight in them. Not long ago she was a widow, her husband having been killed, by mistake in the dark, by another Greek, as he was coming out of the door of the house on the opposite side of the street, where he had been spending a merry evening. The assassin was so penitent, that he forgave the enemy he had intended to kill. No malice against his unfortunate victim had ever existed; on the contrary, the two had been good friends; it was a mistake, and that was all! He mourned for the deed, he put himself forward as the friend and protector of the widow, he did penance, he made a donation to the church and to the village school, and the whole matter was hushed up. Where would have been the good of bringing Khodjà Arab and his tufekjees into the village? What could Turkish justice do in such a case? They would only make it a means of extorting money. Unless the widow or some of the near blood relations put themselves forward as accusers, no inquiries would be made; and we were assured that none ever had been made! The buxom and well-looking, and by no means *poor* widow, got another husband at the end of the year of mourning, and an active handsome husband too. He was some few years younger than herself, but they lived very happily together. Out of deference to her religious scruples, he abstained from the good things set before us while she was present; but when her back was turned, or whenever she went out of the room, "on hospitable cares intent," he ate of the fowls and partridges without any remorse of conscience, whispering in our

ears that the Greeks were great fools to spoil their stomachs and health by such long fasts, and that the priests were rogues for enjoining them to do so.

It seemed curious and contradictory that the Greeks should choose this high fast as the best season for marrying, but so it was. There were no fewer than five weddings now in course of celebration in this village of Demirdesh. The ceremonies had commenced yesterday morning, and would continue, with no interruption except for a few hours' sleep, until to-morrow at midnight, or mayhap, a few hours longer. A deputation, headed by two tchorbajees, came to invite us to *all* the marriages. After dinner, and coffee and tchibouques, we went to one of them. The house was full of company. Down stairs were the poorer, and up stairs the richer sort; but, whether down or up, they all seemed to be well provided with crassi and raki. Two priests were very busy in pouring out the drink—by no means neglecting to partake of it. In the principal room up stairs the bride stood in a corner, with her back to a wall, her feet on the divan or broad sofa, and her face and a good part of her person completely concealed under a thick glittering veil of clinquant and gold tinsel cut into long shreds. She stood motionless like a statue. We could not make out how she breathed, or how she could stand so long in that crowded and heated room, in that one posture, without moving so much as her hands, and even without speaking. The nearer a bride brings herself to the condition of a statue, the more chaste and perfect is her performance considered. The bridegroom sat at the opposite side of the room in great state and solemnity, being waited upon by his *comparos* or bridesman, and receiving the compliments and felicitations of his friends, and of all the men of the village, and of not a few who came from the neighbouring Greek villages. All his male friends kissed him on the cheeks, first on one side and then on the other. None of the men approached the bride: it would have been a breach of decency to do so. The happy man, who wore a very decorous and innocently serious face, was a sturdy, handsome, Turkish-looking fellow, with very long and thick mustachios, wearing a very bright white turban with blue stripes, interlaced with narrow shreds of clinquant. All the members of either family, as well as the comparos, sported tinsel in their head-gear. As they glided about the room, the tinsel streamed in the air like the tails of comets. Three hired musicians were squatted on their heels at the lower end of the room near the doorway, one tom-tomming upon a small double drum or kettle-drum, which rested upon the floor, and the two others blowing pipes, which in shape resembled small clarionets, but which in sound were far more shrill and ear-piercing. They thumped and they blew with astonishing vigour. When they paused for a minute,

new spirit was put into them by small glasses of raki, donations of half-piastre pieces from the company assembled, hugs and kisses, and enthusiastic commendations of their strength and skill. The music seemed to us to be all Turkish, or no music at all—a mere continuity of noise. There was no making out anything like an air: it squeaked and screamed, rattled and thumped on, for long periods of time, without a break or a variation; yet all the company, elated by raki, seemed to enjoy the music exceedingly—enthusiastically. They were all very merry, very happy and friendly, and to us very polite; but an easy natural politeness is as common to Greeks of all classes as it is unknown to the Armenians. The bride was as yet a *nymphe*, but by to-morrow she would be a wife, and then she would show her face, which had been concealed ever since yesterday morning. After staying for about an hour, and partaking of roast-chesnuts, parched peas, raisins and sugar-plums, and drinking joy to the house and prosperity to this union, and giving a few piastres to the indefatigable musicians, we returned to our quiet luxurious quarters.

That night the rain came down in a deluge. The next day it was cold, with heavy rain and sleet. Over at Brusa it was snowing gloriously! The high-priest Olympus had covered all his broad shoulders and majestic trunk with a white mantle. But had the weather been ever so fine, our host and hostess and our other Demirdesh friends would not have heard of our departure to-day. We must stay and see more of their marriages. The weddings would not be lucky if tchelebee John went away before the festivities were all over. He did not require pressing.

Yesterday evening I had put a few questions to two of the tchorbajees who seemed to be sensible men, and rather *statistical*, notwithstanding their having spent the whole day and the day before in tippling. This morning five of the tchorbajees, *à testa fresca*,—with cool heads,—came to wait upon us, to pay their respects and to explain in a quiet manner the oppressions under which they laboured. They were introduced by an old friend, a right merry and jovial Demirdeshote, by name Apostolos, but called for shortness Stolio, an accomplished pupil of our tchelebee, a determined and expert sportsman.

The five tchorbajees or primates were elderly men, and very calm and rational. There were twelve tchorbajees in this village; and they had been freely elected; for the large village was entirely Greek; the people for Greeks were wonderfully united; and they had often shown a spirit before which even Khodjà Arab had stood rebuked. Demirdesh counted 400 houses, and not one Turk. This year they had paid for kharatch alone 24,540 piastres: and of this money 19,860 piastres were furnished by the first class of contributionists, who pay 60 piastres; 3600 by the second class, who pay 30 piastres

each; and 1080 by the third class, including youths from the age of fourteen to eighteen, who pay 15 piastres each. Of salianè the village had this year paid 32,300 piastres. The moncatà paid made a total of more than 5000 piastres. (This moncatà goes into the pockets of those who collect the salianè: it seemed to be irregularly levied.) A stipulated sum of 3500 piastres had been taken from the people who had made wine this year. (This belongs to the mirì, and goes direct to government.) If the people carried any of their wine for sale to Brusa, they had to pay a heavy octroi duty; if they sold their wine in Ghemlik or any other sea-port, they had to pay an *ad valorem* duty of 6 per cent. Then there was the *Intisàbie*, or transit-duty of 2½ per cent.; and then again (unless they would submit to delay and a great loss of time) they had to give backshish to three functionaries before they could sell their wine at Brusa, and to six before they could get it through a sea-port.

When they did not compound for the mirì, as they had been allowed to do this year, they had to pay a tax on the grapes when they were gathered, and a second when the fruit was carried to the wine-press. In this way scarcely any profit was to be got by making wine for sale. Our jovial friend Stolio, the sportsman, said that he always held it a rule to drink all the wine he made; for why take it into Brusa, or sell it, to give more than half the money to the Turks? Their sale of the grapes as fruit was rendered unprofitable by the Pasha's fixed maximum of price. They had a great extent of the very best lands for vineyards—gentle slopes, facing the south, and with the very soil the vine most loves—and they might have extended their range far on either side of the village. But there was great discouragement and no encouragement: the wine commonly made was trash; the good wine we procured was made for private consumption.

The vineyards, however, had never entered so largely into the economy of the village as the mulberry-gardens. The grand product of Demirdesh was silk; its comparative prosperity was all owing to silk; all those who were rich or comfortably off had made their money by silk. If the silk had been left free, they would have cared little about the taxes laid on the vineyards, or about the duties levied on the wine. Our consul had told us that all the duties on silk amounted to 22 per cent.: the tchorbajees showed us that they exceed 25 per cent.! With this crushing weight the Brusa silks will not be able to compete with the silks of other countries. Several of the villagers were talking seriously of abandoning their mulberry-gardens, or of turning them into corn-fields or into fields for the cultivation of maize. To the discouragement of heavy taxation, was this year added the discouragement of a bad and languishing trade. They say if they grew grain, it was so much more easy to settle with

the ushurjees: the corn, after harvest-time and when trodden out, was measured—the Demirdeshotes were too strong and united to allow of false measurements—and the Sultan's tenth was taken in kind. But in other commodities it was difficult to weigh or measure, and the ushur was demanded in cash, and the ushurjees were constantly overcharging. The other day poor Stolio was charged 150 piastres for extra ushur. He went over to Brusa, lost five days in dancing attendance, which were to him worth at the very least 25 piastres, gave ten partridges and some hares to the ushurjees, and was then let off for 50 piastres. But there are times when a man loses two or three weeks in settling his accounts with the blood-suckers; and very often as much time is sacrificed at Brusa in removing some ridiculous or unfounded imputation, raised by Khodjà Arab for the sake of fees, or by some personal enemy out of sheer spite. There were enormous prison-dues to be paid by debtors before they could obtain their release: the Khodjà usually demanded 10 per cent. on the total amount of the debt: and then there was a heavy payment exacted in the Mehkemeh, or court of justice, from the creditor on the liquidation of the debt; so that between debtor and creditor, if the sum in question amounted to 1000 piastres, the Turks commonly got from 400 to 500 piastres of it. Taxes were imposed on marriages and even on the wedding-drums. The Greeks did not pay these taxes, but they had to pay heavily for their licences to their own bishops and priests. Khodjà Arab held the wedding-drum monopoly, and was said to make a good penny by it. Every poor Arab or Syrian that led a dancing bear about the streets had to pay an annual tax for leave to exercise his profession. This is the practice every where: a bear ward at Constantinople or Adrianople must pay as at Brusa. The Khodjà drew a considerable revenue from the public Turkish women at Brusa, and raised a still more execrable tax upon the kutcheks, or dancing boys.* In the strict letter of the Mussulman law, and in the expositions of fanciful travellers like Mr. David Urquhart, the taxes in Turkey are few and simple; but in practice they are countless and complicated. We could scarcely discover any thing wholly free from the fiscal grip. Oil-mills were a government monopoly, corn-mills were taxed, wool was taxed, &c., &c. The duty on successions to landed property, &c., was taken

* A street at the east end of the town of Brusa (through which we had always to pass on our way to Hadji Haivat) was filled with public women. They affected neither concealment nor decency. *Only* at the approach of the holy month of Ramazan Khodjà-Arab seized them all, and threw them into an old prison for females which existed in the Hissar or on the old Acropolis of Brusa. When the fast was over, they were let out to ply their trade as before. The annual incarceration gave the Khodjà great facilities for collecting his tribute. In a coffee-house at the end of the street of women the dancing boys, who were not molested at Ramazan, or at any other season, kept their infamous rendezvous. Morning and evening, they were always to be seen there.

from the Greeks at the rate of 10 per cent., and when they had paid this to the Turks, they had usually to pay something more to their bishop, who always bought his place, giving part of the purchase-money to the Turks.

The Demirdeshotes could generally keep their own; but in the smaller villages in the plain, where the Greeks were mixed with the Turks, there was very often a scramble for lands and fields, vineyards, and mulberry-gardens when a Greek died. An Osmanlee would say "This field is mine, for every body knows it belonged to my grandfather." Another would say that this garden was his because his father had cultivated it; and where title-deeds were in Turkish, or non-existent, and where Turkish law was to decide upon Turkish evidence, one may imagine that the course of justice did not run very smooth. "But," said one of our company, "we shall not be long troubled in this way, for the Turks are disappearing from among us." "Ay!" rejoined our jovial sportsman Stolio, "we have more than four hundred houses here in Demirdesh, and, thank God! there is not a Turk among us!"

The Tanzimaut prohibited *corvees*, but forced labour was often extorted from the villagers of the plain, as well as from those of Musal. Their money-orders, made payable at Brusa, were hardly ever paid at all; and when any payment was made Cabackji Oglou and the Kehayah Bey took an enormous *per centage*.

If the peasants murmured they received abuse and got into trouble—very likely into prison. Hardly any of the poor people (whether Osmanlees or Rayahs) who had toiled hard at the time of Abdul Medjid's visit to smoothen the road between Moudania and Brusa, had ever been paid for the tickets which had been given them.

By the Tanzimaut an end was to be put to all *djeremiehs*, or arbitrary fines. These djeremiehs had been the cause of many Jeremiads. On a false accusation which the men in authority frequently did not even condescend to explain, respectable men were fined, and often tortured, until they paid the amount of the mulct; whole villages were fined for the transgressions of any one of the community who was too poor to pay himself, and very often for the merest accident, or for an occurrence in which no one in the village had any thing to do. Some young men belonging to a village near Demirdish were amusing themselves by firing at a mark with small-shot: some of their shot happened to strike a piece of the Sultan's ship-timber, which was lying on the road-side, waiting for oxen to drag it on: as the tree had all its thick bark on it, not the slightest injury could have been done to the wood; but here was a fine opportunity for a *djeremieh*, and the village to which the young men belonged was fined to the tune of 12,000 piastres; and as the tchor-

bajees could not pay the money at once, an enormous interest was clapped upon it, and they were commanded to pay by instalments. It was added to other village debts, the settlement of which being left to the tchorbajees, seemed never to be decreased, although the people were always paying something. Of late there had been none of these djeremiehs; but the people had not been relieved from the burthens imposed by the old ones, however unjust they might have been.

Our five tchorbajees assured us that even this village of Demirdesh, which has long been considered the most industrious and most prosperous one in the Brusa plain, was falling head and ears into debt; that, except eight or nine families, all the people were deep in debt already; that there had been a rapidly ascending taxation; and that twenty years ago the village did not pay much more than one-third of what it was now paying! The most crushing woe of all was the enormous rate of interest. On the best security, with the joint guarantee of the twelve tchorbajees, money was not to be had under 25 per cent. The paying time—the blackest day in the Greek calendar—is the 15th of August, O. S. If they cannot pay then, 2½ per cent. per month, is added to the original interest.

They pointed out three remedies for their evils.—1. That the villagers should be allowed to contract or compound by themselves with government for their own ushurs, without being subjected to the farmers of the revenue. 2. That important reductions should be made on the silk duties, and on one or two of the taxes. 3. That by a national or imperial bank, or by some other means, money should be made procurable at a more moderate interest.—Their eyes glistened at a hint I threw out that it might be possible to bring down the rate of interest to 10 per cent. per annum. "With that," said one of the primates, "and with reduction on the single article of silk, we might rally. What with presents to this man and that, and what with the time lost in raising a little money, our interest even here is really at the rate of 30 per cent. With capital our people could extend their cultivation. You see the plenty of land that lies all round us untouched. Our Demirdeshotes are not lazy men. Nor are they turbulent men. They want no revolutions or great changes. If justice were fairly administered between them, they could live very well with their Turkish neighbours, for, generally, the Turks here who are not connected in any way with the government, or with the Pasha of Brusa, are not bad people to live with. Our men would work with a heart if they were not overtaxed, and eaten up by the ushurjees and the Armenian seraffs; and if these evils were removed, the Demirdeshotes would, in a few years, be able to pay twice over that which they now pay to the Sultan, and without feeling it. But if things run on in their present course,

not a man of us but will be glad to see any revolution, or change, or foreign conquest." The whole tone of these men was moderate, and towards the young Sultan sufficiently respectful.

Until one of our companions led them to the point, they did not tell a little story which is a pretty illustration of Mr. Urquhart's positions, taken up on the ground of the independence and dignity of the "Amphictyonic Councils," or the strength and independence of municipal institutions in Turkey. Only the other day six of the tchorbajees of Demirdesh were summoned to Brusa, were there put under arrest, and kept four-and-twenty hours in confinement, on account of some alleged deficiency in the capitation-tax of the village!

We paid a few visits with our tchelebee to some of his old friends in Demirdesh. These houses were all comfortable within. Hadji Maria, a fair dame, who had made the pilgrimage to Jerusalem, had a residence which would have been quite charming but for the open *cloaca maxima* in the street. A villager, who ought to have been married last Saturday with the other five, came into the house with rather a rueful countenance. Had he been at the weddings? No. He had thought to be at his own, and was sad of heart! He wanted money to buy a permission to be married. He was very poor; his affianced was an orphan, and as poor as himself—which was saying a great deal. All things had been arranged; but the hungry Greek Bishop over at Brusa had discovered that the contracting parties were, in some sort or other, cousins. The degree of consanguinity was *very* remote; others had married who were much more nearly related; but the Bishop had become very scrupulous, and would not give the license or necessary permission for less than 1000 piastres, the usual marriage-fee being only 18 piastres. Sotiri pleaded his poverty, the poor and orphan state of his affianced, the length of time that they had been attached to each other, without the slightest notion that they were loving within the prohibited degrees. The Bishop was so far moved by these representations, that he consented to take 500 piastres. But he could not square accounts with Heaven for *less*. Sotiri must bring *him* the 500 piastres, or must *not* marry. Hadji Maria and our hostess thought that the Despotos would take 250 if it were offered in ready money. Stolio thought that the old klepthe would give the license for 50 piastres, and ought on no account to have more. The transaction had set the impatient Sotiri thinking. He asked what Turkish money, or any other coin, could have to do with religious canons?—whether, if his marriage were wrong in the sight of Heaven, his paying money to the Bishop could make it right? Whether, if he committed a murder, or other deadly sin, the Bishop could really secure his pardon in Heaven by taking piastres from him on earth? All the men of our party treated the character of the Bishop with very little respect, saying that he never thought of anything but how to eat the grushes; and that

their priests, in a little way, were as bad as the Bishop! This, in Greek peasants of Asia Minor, looked like intellectual emancipation and progress. But, when they cease to respect their clergy, whom will they respect? When the superstition is gone, what religion will remain? Everywhere I saw some symptoms of the contempt into which the Greek priesthood was falling. In many instances contempt was allied with hatred. This struck most of my friends who had resided any length of time in Turkey and had travelled about the country with open eyes and open ears. The Greeks complained that when they had paid all their taxes to the Turks, they had constantly to pay some tax or other to their church; that the priests were always putting their hands in their pockets.

A Greek said to Bishop Southgate, "Why should I go to church? the priest rob me of my money. I can get nothing from them without a fee." "He was a poor and ignorant man," adds the Bishop, "but he had learned to look upon the whole business of public worship as a mercenary system, supported by the clergy for no better end than to sustain their own influence, and extort money from the people."*

After our visits in the village, we went to the Greek church and school. The church, built only a few years ago, is spacious and (within) not inelegant, although the columns, and nearly all the other portions of it, are merely of wood, painted, grained, and varnished. It is dedicated to the Panagia, or Virgin Mary. Its predecessor was dedicated to St. George, but being burned down it was deemed prudent to choose more powerful protection. The school, which had also been built quite recently, stood close by the church. The school-room was large, airy, and altogether good; and there were convenient lodgings attached for the schoolmaster and his family. The schoolmaster was *not* a priest. He was regularly, and even liberally paid; and I believe he had a mulberry-garden, which was cultivated for him by his pupils and the young men of the village. On account of the wedding-feasts the school was thinly attended, and discipline was relaxed to day: about twenty little urchins, boys and girls, were playing and making a noise. When full the school *counts* about a hundred pupils of both sexes. The school-books we examined were chiefly extracts from the New Testament, in modern Greek, which varied very little from the ancient. The poorest of these Greeks were anxious to have their children taught reading and writing.

We passed by a house where there was music within, and were invited and pressed to enter. It was one of the houses of the five weddings, and of the better sort. Many people were sitting eating and drinking on the first floor. Up stairs, in a well-carpeted, neatly

* "Visit to the Syrian Church," &c., p. 18.

furnished room—the best of a suite of apartments—we found the bride and bridegroom, the busy *comparos*, and rather a numerous party, consisting of the best or most prosperous families of the village. There were no priests up stairs; the priests were below, where the *raki was!* They were scarcely considered society good enough for the élite. The bride, whose face was now uncovered, and who served us with coffee and sweetmeats, was not very pretty, but her dress was. She wore a short jacket or bodice of the very finest turquoise-blue Cashmere, and a silk skirt of a bright fawn colour with silver stripes, very full, rich, and beautiful. She was young, very modest, and seemed very good-natured. The long gold tinsel veil which hung over her face and bust yesterday, was now hanging down her back: her sister, a little girl about twelve years old, was dancing and gliding about the room with a long and very full tail of *silver* tinsel. The happy man did not look so happy as he might have done; he was indeed very sober, demure, and stupid: but his comparos, who did all the duties of hospitality for him, was right merry, and jolly, and radiant; and, though so early in the day, he was already far gone in wine and raki, for one of his duties consisted in tippling with every visitor. This is indeed imperative on every comparos; so that to be a good bridesman among these Greeks one ought to have a strong head and a strong and capacious stomach. We were warmly pressed by all present to return to the scene of festivity in the evening.

After dinner we went first of all to the poorer wedding we had attended last night, and found the same feasting and drinking, drumming and piping. The sposa was now unveiled, showing what was rather a pretty face. She kissed our hands, and took from each of us a present of ten piastres: she had been receiving presents all the day. On the third day this is the common practice in "houses where things are so-so." The donations pay for the expenses of the feast, and sometimes leave a good surplus to give the poor young people a start in life. We drank healths to husband and wife and all the company, gave a little more bacshish to the two musicians, and then went to the "marriage in fashionable life." Here we found *la crême de la crême* seated at supper.

We smoked tchibouques in an outer room until the company had finished their repast. When the company had all come forth from the supper-room there followed health-drinking, coffee-drinking, a very loud singing in chorus, and then dancing. The ladies were *comme il faut*, but the men were all powerfully refreshed, or all except the husband. The comparos was now very far gone indeed, but he was still active and alert with limbs and tongue, and capable of supporting a great deal more drink. He was a fine strong fellow, with a handsome, manly, open countenance; he was no habitual

drunkard, but an industrious, intelligent, cheerful, well-conducted young man: he was as he was only because he was *comparos*—he was drunk in the way of duty. The bridesman that should go to bed sober would be held in scorn, and bring bad luck upon the marriage. His heart was overflowing with kindness to all; to us he vowed an eternal friendship good twenty times over.

In addition to the drums and the shrill pipe there were here a Greek guitar and a fiddle. The musicians sat on their heels at the lower end of the room; the music was not materially different from that we had suffered last night, but the melody of some of the songs was plaintiff and pretty, and a few of the loud choruses were rather spirit-stirring. There is not a Turk among us! Who is afraid of the Turks now? Not we Demirdeshotes who are singing the Greek Marseillaise and laughing at the Turks' beards! Well supplied with drink, and nuts and apples, and black olives and bread, the poorer sort below were as high in spirit as we were, and quite as merry. The *Serto*, or Ringdance, was danced many times, and though it seemed to us the very perfection of monotony, it evidently gave great pleasure to the performers, most of whom sang the slow air as they danced to it. We kept it up to the small hours, and when we withdrew the comparos accompanied us as far as the street door, and thence we went on to our quarters, preceded by four immense paper lanterns. It was not that lanterns were needed here, for there was no Turkish police, and there was a full bright moon; but the villagers would show us respect and honour.

In justice, and in honour to these poor Greeks, it must be confessed that we saw nothing revolting or very coarse among them. The men, being all more or less inebriated, could have worn no mask; we saw them in their natural undisguised state. *In vino veritas.* And there is truth also in raki. They showed a gentleness and deference to the women, which is about the best sign of civilization. Except in the tippling, the ladies had the principal part in the amusements of the evening, and were allowed to direct them all. They were merry and modest. The becoming bashfulness of the bride was tenderly respected. Whoever has had the misfortune to witness the festivities of a Turkish marriage will feel the wide difference! There the women are all separated from the men, if not shut up in the harem: the chief amusement consists in the indecent, revolting exhibition of hired posture-making women and dancing boys. The porch of Hymen is foul and horrible with the associations of the Seven Cities of the Plain.

The following morning, December the 21st, the rains were over, the sky was blue and bright, and the weather quite mild; but Olympus had more snow on his side than we had yet seen. Our friends would have had us stay yet another day; but, after a good

breakfast and an affectionate leave-taking, we mounted our horses for Ghemlik at 11.30 P.M. The road was of course the same we had travelled in coming from Constantinople to Brusa, but the late rains had reduced it to a most wretched condition; it was slippery, rotten, broken and muddy; in many places the thick, stiff mud reached to the knees of our horses, and in several hollows we nearly stuck fast. But winter had only just commenced; the road would be a great deal worse in a week or two; and in February and March it would be altogether impassable. People then take a track over the Katerlee Mountains, which leads them far round about, and is rough and rocky, and often covered with deep snow. We rode into Ghemlik at the hour of evening prayer. Kir-Yani was no longer at his silk-farm, where he had lodged us before; he had finished the repairs of his consular mansion, and was installed there. It was quite a splendid residence, with glazed window-frames for every window, doors painted sky-blue and varnished, deal floors that did not shake and were well furnished—at least in the principal rooms—with thick, soft Turkey carpets, divans (of a Pasha-like breadth) with cushions covered with stuffs of brightest colours, and with various other elegancies and luxuries which it would be tedious to name. A flag-staff rose above the roof, and his wife had made a dazzling Union Jack to hang to it on high days and holidays and critical occasions. But what Kir-Yani most prided himself upon were the royal arms of England which he had got painted in his vestibule close to the street-door, on the right-hand side as you entered. As he was not a *full* vice-consul, but only a consular agent (without any very formal appointment), he had not thought fit to exhibit his arms outside in the street over his gateway; but as his doors were always open in the daytime, the arms were very conspicuous on the whitewashed wall where they stood, and they had made quite a sensation in town. They had been painted by a native genius, the same Ghemlik house-painter who had laid on the sky-blues up stairs. At a respectful distance from the crown, and at a very considerable distance from each other, lion and unicorn stood with their paws in the air, like poodles when they beg: they were clearly well-mannered beasts and pacific.

Poor Kir-Yani! Triumph sat upon his crest; he was getting up in the world; his joy was so great that it drove all his Italian vocables out of his head; he could only tell us in Greek that we had come at the right moment, that he had a friend of ours in his house, and that his honour and happiness were complete. The friend was Mr. Longworth, whom we never met without feeling the happier and better for the meeting. He had arrived from Constantinople, in the afternoon, with the Turkish steamboat, on his way to pass the Christmas with our consul at Brusa. We dined altogether,

in ease, comfort, and dignity, at a European-fashioned dining-table, with a bright French lamp, and metal spoons and iron forks, and other accessories of civilization. I fancy it was the first time our host had been able to show off with *éclat*, for his house was only just finished. A number of his Ghemlik friends came to see the sight, two or three entering the *salle à manger*, and the rest peeping at us through a half-open door, and muttering Greek superlatives of admiration. Kir-Yani's head touched the stars. We were all very comfortable that evening, and he, with his little vanities and importances, was very amusing. "My way of arguing with the Aghà," said our fragment of a consul, "is this: I tell him, 'If you do not respect the majesty of Great Britain, why then I do the dirty thing by the Ottoman Empire, and upon your beard.' The fellow was a common fisherman not long ago, and he can neither write nor read. When he bullies me, I bully him. If you try any other course with Turks like him, you fail, and get your own beard laughed at."

The next morning, the 22d of December, our friend L——— rode off for Brusa, and we went to visit some villages and the so-called "English farm" at Tuzlar. Crossing the river which flows from Lake Nicæa to this gulf, and then the dreadful marshes, we kept near the sea-side, and came in about an hour to the grounds where Mr. H———, the English merchant of Constantinople, had been playing Triptolemus.

If it had been measured—which it *never was*—the farm might have been found to consist of 1800 acres, or perhaps more. But nearly all this land was a dead flat between the sea-beach and the mountains. It was the sink of a ridge of hills which formed a sort of semi-circle, enclosing nearly the whole of the estate, except its face, which lay open to the sea. Under these hills the land was a bog, and in many places the swamps advanced far into the plain towards the sea and the farm-buildings. One stream, at this season rather copious, found its way across the plain to the gulf; but it was choked at the mouth by a sand-bank, and its bed was incapable of carrying off or receiving a tithe of the water that came down from the hills in rainy seasons. Our English Triptolemus had gone to work like a veritable Turk, beginning at the wrong end, and doing nothing to drain off the stagnant waters, which poison the air in the summer and autumn; and render the place almost uninhabitable to man. The mouth of the stream might easily have been opened, and have been kept constantly open at a trifling expense; and if this watercourse—this *main* had been deepened three or four feet, and trenches cut to carry the waters to it, the ground might have been dried, and those causes of malaria removed. But nothing of the sort was done or thought of by Mr. H———, who was all

for throwing away capital (at first) in planting and decorating—in making frills before he had got a shirt. But it was an unhappy choice of locality. If Mr. H——— had hunted all round the Sea of Marmora for an unfavourable spot whereon to try an experiment, and for an atmosphere the most likely to kill his people, he could not have selected a better place than this Tuzlar. The very name would have warned a person who knew anything. The word means the "salts" (or salt-pans); and salt is produced here, as in many parts of Italy and Spain, by collecting broad expanses of sea-water on the beach, and leaving the water to evaporate in the heat of the sun. This evaporation from one pan alone suffices to poison the air over a square mile. On the Italian coasts the effect is so well known, that nobody will sleep near a *Salina* that can possibly avoid it. But here, at Tuzlar, as if there were not sufficient causes of malaria in the rear and on the two flanks, there were salt-works in front—close under the noses of the house and outhouses and lodgings for the labourers, and not one *Salina* or salt-pan, but *nine*, all of a row and close together! Thus, blow which way the wind would, from the sea or from the hills, malaria blew over the chiftlik. Then there were the swamps lying in the hollow between Tuzlar and the town of Ghemlik: and everybody, except this Triptolemus, knew that very few strangers could pass a week at Ghemlik in July, August, or September without catching the malaria fever. There was nothing tempting in the place except its low price and its vicinity to Constantinople. I forget the sum paid for it; but, low as it was, it was more than double what a Turk or Greek would have given; and as, according to Turkish law, Mr. H——— could not hold landed property, the purchase was made in the name of a Perote (a rayah), and in the name of this Perote such deeds as existed, ran. I forget how many managers quitted the place in despair and with shattered constitutions before our tchelebee, for his ill luck, became Kehayah. An Englishman, who had been regularly trained as a farmer, gave up in utter despair; and I think one if not two other Englishmen subsequently made music to their own retreat by the clattering of their teeth in the cold fits of the intermittent. The Greek labourers fled the place; even the Turks would not stay: none would remain except a few Bulgarians; and the number of that hardy, unsusceptible race was diminished by death. Under John's administration a few Greeks, chiefly out of affection to him, tried their fortune—and died, or went away desperately sick. The only things that grew and thrived on the farm were tombstones—or those rough bits of rock with which the survivors marked the graves of the deceased. There was just one tree on that dead flat.

This merchant, who long ere this must have been a threefold bankrupt if he had not known more about bales, and pigs of lead, and

bars of iron, and rates of exchange than he knew of climate and agriculture, would not hear a word about the unhealthiness of the air: he said that the people fell sick and died only because they had a very bad diet, and he improved the dietary by sending some provisions from Stamboul. But the men died, or sickened, or ran away, as before. A sudden thought struck him. The Armenian porters at Constantinople—rough, uncouth fellows, chiefly from Lake Van and those remote parts of the empire—have great strength and power of endurance: he had often seen them carry his heavy bales on their shoulders; he knew how much they could bear as porters, and therefore he concluded that they could bear life at Tuzlar, and make excellent farm-servants. He sent over about a dozen. They were as strong as bears and quite as rough when they arrived; but in a very brief space of time they were all laid prostrate, weak as rabbits, by the malaria demons that kept head-quarters in the salt-pans in front and in the swamps and marshes behind. I think three or four of them died; I remember perfectly well that the sick would not stay, and that they were carried to a boat to be embarked for Stamboul upon men's shoulders—were carried as they had been accustomed to carry bales—so reduced and helpless they were.

Our tchelebee remained with none but wild Bulgarians around him; and these were too few to attend to a tenth part of the land. They did not falsify their common reputation. They were sullen, and brutal, and at times bloody-minded. There was an old Armenian sent over from Stamboul to manage the financial department. The Bulgarians said that he cheated them—which was not at all unlikely—and after sundry quarrels they took up a mortal enmity against the Armenian. In this juncture our friend R. T—— came to pass a day or two at the chiftlik. He was sitting one evening on a divan, with his back to a broad open window, very pleasantly employed in reading one of Walter Scott's novels, when he was startled by the loud, near report of a pistol behind him, which was instantaneously followed by a cracking of the ceiling in the room, over his head. He quitted the window too rapidly to do more than to notice that two Bulgarians were running away. He had afterwards the satisfaction to learn that when the Bulgarians were seated by themselves at supper, one of them was overheard to say—"We mistook the English gentleman for that old Armenian rogue. What a pity!"

Mr. H—— imported foreign seeds, which would not grow in that unreclaimed soil, and English agricultural instruments, which the rude Bulgarians could not or would not use. Ashamed of his one tree, he sent over a great many fruit-trees and ornamental trees; and (planning great avenues) he instructed J. Z—— to plant about ten thousand forest-trees. John collected and planted about two thousand; but there followed an unusually dry season, there was no water at

hand to moisten the roots, and no labourers to perform that office, so all the young trees died at once, except a few which were broken off short to be turned into buffalo-goads. There was a small fountain by the farm buildings, but in the hot weather it was dry, and when it flowed the water was so foul and fetid that not even a buffalo or a Bulgarian could drink it. The water for use had to be brought on arubas from a distance of nearly two miles. In the summer time the land, saturated with water, shrunk and cracked in the drying. The wettest land of course cracked and yawned the most during the drought of summer. The roots of plants were in consequence compressed and parched; vegetation was burned up. John however managed to grow two fine crops of wheat; but when the harvest time came, he had only a few Bulgarians to reap them, and the greater part of the crops perished on the ground. The tchelebee, though deficient in order, knew what ought to be done, but he never had a sufficient number of workmen at the proper time. I dwell upon these particulars because the utter failure of this miserably managed experiment, on the worst site that could have been chosen, was commonly quoted as a convincing proof that a European could do nothing in agriculture in this country; and because the failure encouraged the country people to persevere in their own bad system. The English chiftlik at Tuzlar became the laughing-stock of the whole country.

After his first injudicious outlays, Mr. H—— was for spending nothing, and he wanted to derive enormous profits all at once. John had to deal with a most lawless and turbulent set of people,* and with some rogues who took advantage of his easy temper to defraud him of much money. John, whose interests were committed, who had nearly his little all at stake (for he had brought his own cattle and implements from Hadji-Haivat,) remained until his wife and children fell sick, and struggled on *alone* some months after their departure, and long after all heart of hope had quitted him. But one night he threw up every thing in despair, mounted his horse and rode away to Hadji-Haivat, there to find that his new house had been sadly injured, and that nearly every thing had gone to wrack and ruin during his absence. He was reproached for deserting a post which no other man would have kept so long. In one short year he had buried *thirty* of his labourers. The old Armenian who remained behind, was thought to be fever-proof, but at the time of our visit

* A Frenchman came to the farm, an industrious fellow, with all the smartness and intelligence of his nation. He was a treasure, a god-send, but the Tchlebee soon found out from his own frank confession that he had deserted from the army of Algiers after murdering his serjeant; and one evening the man went raving mad and began to run a-muck at all on the farm. John disarmed him and locked him up all night in the dairy. On the following morning, his frenzy having abated, he was let loose, and recommended to decamp. He went his way, and no more was heard of him at Tuzlar.

he had gone away desperately sick, and a few weeks afterwards he died.

Kir-Yani, who had been managing some of the farm concerns, seldom slept at the chiftlik; but he too had had the malaria fevers, and though apparently strong and hearty, was suffering a derangement of liver in consequence of repeated attacks. The farm was for sale; it had been offered to several Europeans, *and Mr. H—— and his people in Galata were disposed to be very angry with those who represented the place as a pestilential bog.* The house, the outhouses, and all the buildings, which had been erected by some Turkish Aghà, were now falling to decay. The only living creatures we saw upon the farm were three stupid Bulgarian youths, about a dozen mongrel dogs, and a small flock of sickly sheep. Except one enclosure, made by J. Z—— six years ago, and tolerably well hedged and ditched, there was not an enclosure or a single sign of improvement on the whole property. They were growing a few small patches of corn and flax. We had nowhere seen, even among the Turks, lands so badly tilled.

From the romantic village or small town of Kurchumli, we rode slowly back to Ghemlik. It was a bright and glorious sunset—the last we saw in Asia Minor; and it was a long while before we saw such another in Europe. We fared sumptuously at Kir-Yani's, and sat talking with our host and a few Greeks of the place until ten o'clock at night, when a gun, fired from the Turkish steamer, gave notice that it was time to embark. Knowing the Turks were never true to time, we did not hurry ourselves. When we got on board at 10.30, we found that the boat was very far from being ready, and still farther from being clean and orderly. At 11.30 the steam was up; and then Tchelebee John, and his brother-in-law, that excellent sportsman and courageous young man, Monsieur L. V ——, and poor Yorvacki, who had safely brought our baggage from Hadji-Haivat, reluctantly took their leaves and went ashore. We could not part with *one* of them without emotion; but to part with the tchelebee was an effort and a pang. For three months and a half we had been inseparable, and in all that time we never saw the smoothness of his beautiful temper ruffled; we had rambled together over a great many miles, and had slept on the same hard floor in many strange places; I had received from him the most valuable services, and all the kindness and attention which, twenty years before (when he was a schoolboy in England), I had received from his dear old father, Constantine Zohrab; we had grumbled together over the forlorn state of the country and the stupidity and corruption of the government, and we had speculated together, on the rough road, on mountain tops, and in bogs and marshes, on the means of improving agriculture and the condition of the unhappy people.

We had parted with Kir-Yani on the beach. Poor fellow! He was hearty, and seemed full of life; he was indeed *glorioso e trionfante!* He was so happy in his new house, he had so many promising little speculations, he was so sure that, with his British protection and the advantageous position he occupied, he should make a decent fortune, and be enabled to go to some civilized country in Europe to have his children educated,

> "O sommo Dio! come i giudizj umani
> Spesso offuscati son da un nembo oscuro."*

Within two short months Kir-Yani, who grasped my hand so heartily on that beach, was dead and buried. He died of the effects of malaria fevers, and bad, ignorant doctoring.

Our friends might have stayed longer with us, for though the steam was up, the anchor was not. The Turks waited another half-hour and more for two dilatory passengers, Osmanlees of some consequence, as one was a sheik among the Dancing Dervishes, and the other was a mir allai, or colonel, in the Sultan's regular army. They arrived at last, each with his man-servant, and somewhere between the midnight hour and one in the morning our anchor was up, and our paddle-wheels began to revolve. The colonel was not quite a new acquaintance; we had seen him the day before yesterday at Demirdesh, stretched out on a bench in the Greek coffee-house, and suffering from a most distressing asthma. He had there called us to him, and asked me for medicine and advice. The little that was left of our drugs was in the rear of our baggage; and his case was far beyond my skill. I could only recommend him to sit upright, instead of lying with his head on a level with his heels. He was a coarse, vulgar man, and excessively fat. So soon as he saw me in the cabin, he called me to him with that concise and rude *ghel!* (come!) which ill-bred Turks are so much in the habit of using towards their slaves and Christians. If he had not been sick and suffering, he might have *ghelled* a long time ere I had attended his summons. He asked me to feel his pulse. It was now dreadfully full and feverish. He told me that he had suffered a martyrdom on the rough journey from Demirdesh.

A goggle-eyed Armenian served as our drogoman, behaving with all humiliation and reverence to the colonel, and prefacing my plain straight-forward Italian with flourishes and compliments of his own. The colonel asked me whether his complaint was very dangerous. I told him that I believed it to be one requiring great care. Upon this he looked very dismal, and not at all like a Mussulman resigned to his *kismet*. After a pause he said very eagerly, "But is this an evil that kills man?" Believing his chief complaint to be

* Ariosto.

asthma, I told him that I had known many men to live to a good old age with it. He brightened up a bit, and then asked me the names of the best English hekims to consult at Stamboul. I gave him the names in writing; he gave me no thanks, and I left him. These are certainly not the manners of a Turkish gentleman, but gentlemen, as I have repeatedly hinted, are becoming scarce in the Sultan's dominions. The rest of the cabin passengers were a gentlemanly young Frenchman, three *Levantine*-Frank ladies of Pera, and four Armenian traders besides the one I have mentioned. The cabin was hot and almost suffocating, for they had kindled a coal fire in the iron stove. How the asthmatic colonel bore it I could not understand. We went upon deck to breathe fresh air, but as we approached Break-Nose Point at the head of the gulf, which is exposed to the atmospheric influences of the stormy Black Sea, the rain began to fall in torrents, and we were driven below again. The wet deck was crowded, fore and aft with poor deck-passengers, who remained out all night exposed to the pitiless, pelting storm. There were two individuals up there who were far less easy in their minds than the snoring dervish below.

Hadji Costì, the other night, carried his raki to excess in a public tippling-shop in his native town of Moudania; and being exceedingly drunk, and provoked by some Christians, he swore that he would turn Turk—nay, that he was already a Mussulman. Next morning the poor Hadji forgot all about this freak: not so the Turks and their Mollah; they waited upon him "just to insinuate" that he had made public profession of Islam; that he must go through with that business and complete the ceremonies; and that a Turk he must be all the rest of his life. Hadji Costì demurred, said that he was very drunk last night, and in a fit of anger had said he knew not what; swore that he was a baptized Christian, as all men in Moudania well knew; that he was a recognised Hadji, or pilgrim to Jerusalem, and that he would remain a Christian. There were witnesses to prove that he had quarrelled in his cups with some other Greeks, and that anger and inebriety had been the causes of his very indiscreet and improper exclamations in the shop of raki. All this availed not; the Turks fell upon the Hadji, beat him, bound him, and, with the order of the Aghà and Mollah, carried him away prisoner to Brusa. Our friend Mustapha Nouree Pasha, instead of dismissing the prisoner, who had been sufficiently punished already, put handcuffs on the poor Hadji, bound his arms behind him with ropes, and sent him off for Constantinople, under the care of one of his or Khodjà Arab's tufekjees. Hadji Costì had been cruelly ill-treated on his way from Brusa to Ghemlik, and he was now on the deck in sad plight, with the tufekjee and his pistols and yataghan on one side of him, and his poor despairing old mother and her affections on the other. She had

been kissing our hands and our feet, and imploring me to intercede for her son. Both of them solemnly protested that the amount of the Hadji's offence was as above stated, and no more; nor did the tufekjee pretend to deny that the young man's trouble proceeded from a mere extravagance of drink. The mother had once been *paramana* or nurse in the family of the French consul at Brusa, and Monsieur C —— was sending (by this same steamboat) a report of the whole matter to his ambassador at Constantinople, as also letters to his brothers in that city, requesting their interference in favour of the imprudent Greek. Thus much we learned while tchelebee John was yet with us. The Turk, who was captain of the steamer, and who, though a great coward, did not appear to be a bad fellow, understood our appeals, and as we were getting out of the gulf insisted that the tufekjee should remove the handcuffs from the prisoner, who had no longer any chance of escaping.

We never ventured into a steamboat managed by Turks without being very thankful when the voyage was over. I can scarcely tell now how this crowded, dirty, greasy, oil-besprinkled boat escaped being set on fire, for, below deck and above, fore and aft, sailors, engineers, passengers, were all smoking pipes and knocking the *atesh* hither and thither without the least attention to the ignited charcoal.

At about 7 A. M. on the 23rd of December, in foggy, drizzling, cold, wretched weather, we came to anchor in the Golden Horn, at the New Bridge. I had been disgusted at the perfect indifference which the Armenian Christians on board had shown to the sufferings of the Greek and his poor old mother. As the passengers began to land, the tufekjee again handcuffed his prisoner. The mother came crying to me. I wanted a drogoman to speak with the tufekjee; and as he was standing close to me, I politely asked the Armenian who had so willingly interpreted for the colonel, to render me and the poor Greek this little service. He flatly refused, saying that it was no business of his, that he had nothing to do with Greeks, that he was a Rayah subject, and that the Mussulmans might take offence. I believe that there was not an Armenian on board but would have seen the Hadji bastinadoed, there on the deck, with calm indifference, if not with real pleasure. Such is the love which these Christians bear towards one another! So likely are they to *amalgamate!*

A very dirty dark man, wearing a sort of Frank dress, and a thoroughly roguish countenance, came up and offered his services for the landing and passing of our baggage. He spoke pretty good Italian, and was not at all afraid of acting as my drogoman. By his means I comforted the distressed mother, and soothed (that is, backshished) the tufekjee, who was to carry the Hadji to the

Seraskier's prison in Constantinople. I told the poor woman to go at once to the counting-house of the Messieurs C—— in Galata, and to lose no time in showing herself at the French embassy; and I gave her a little money, being quite sure that they would need *piastres* before they got out of this scrape, even if the business should take the most favourable turn. At the very first opportunity I mentioned the matter to Lord Cowley, who found, upon inquiry, that the French legation had succeeded in procuring the liberation of the Greek.

The Frank whose services we had retained, cleared our portmanteau and bags by *backshishing* two old Turks at the head of the bridge. Having deposited our effects in good old Stampa's shop in Galata (I have said before that there was no doing anything without Stampa), we knocked up our friend J. R——, who lived in this part of the Christian suburbs. Here we learned that the bad weather of which we were complaining—having been soaked to the skin on our way from the bridge—had been prevailing at Constantinople for many weeks, and that they had scarcely had three fine days in succession since we took our departure for Asia Minor on the 7th of September. The season had been unusually wet and cold. While we had been enjoying such uninterrupted fine weather, they had been shivering here. September, which is usually a fine month at Stamboul, had this time been a month of rains, mists, and fogs. In a straight line, the Brusa plain is scarcely more than sixty-five miles off, and our difference in latitude and longitude had never been considerable; but we had been sheltered by mountains from the clouds and winds of the Black Sea, which rush through the narrow straits of the Bosphorus as through a funnel, and sweep across the neighbouring low-lying promontory of Thrace with unmitigated fury. I still shudder at the recollection of the north-easters we endured, and had to endure, with very little intermission, until the close of April! The cholera was now *very* prevalent, and had been so ever since the middle of September. Doctors did not agree whether it was the *real* Asiatic cholera or not; but if it was a pseudo-cholera, it *killed*, and that quickly. More than six hours did not often intervene between the first seizure and cramp and death. It had been most destructive in the lowest quarters lying along the Port, and amongst the poorest of the Turks, and the very poor Greeks and Armenians, whose ordinary food is scanty, and of very bad quality. The disease had gained great strength since the commencement of the long, long Christmas fast, when the Greeks and Armenians eat neither fish nor flesh, but live upon bad vegetable messes, and trash of the very worst kind, keeping up the flickering flame of life by drinking a more than common quantity of ardent spirits. Of the well-living Franks, not a man, woman, or child had as yet died of the complaint.

We climbed up to Pera through rain and sleet, slush and indescribable filth, and re-occupied our old quarters near the dancing dervishes, which were as cold and damp as they were hot and suffocating in summer time. Except in the semi-subterranean kitchen, there was not a fireplace in the whole house. The deficiency was badly supplied by iron-plate Dutch stoves, and an occasional pan of charcoal, neither of which ever failed to give me the most distressing headaches, with pains in the eyes.

In quitting Asia we had taken leave of fine weather, and of all approach to comfort.

CHAPTER XIX.

I NOW saw some of the *reforming* ministers and a good many of the *great* men who had been brought into office by Reshid Pasha, the present head of the reform school. Although there was no Ramazan or Bairam to interfere, access to these magnates was not so very easy, for they nearly all lived across the water in Constantinople Proper, and the only time you could see them in their houses was between the hours of eight and ten in the morning. It was therefore necessary to rise very early and turn out in the cold, damp, raw air, and wade through the mud in a pair of mud-boots, or ride a miserable hack-horse at the risk of breaking your legs. The distances were often very considerable; the road was always detestable and dangerously slippery. One morning the snow lay so deep behind the Seraskier's Tower that it came over my knees. Then every great man had his regular and crowded levee; and one was sometimes kept to wait and shiver, among a strange motley crowd, in a cold saloon or ante-chamber. That I was never kept waiting long was, I believe, principally because the hungry attendants, who live upon such donations, always expected good backshish from Englishmen, and were seldom disappointed. Nor were these visits a light tax upon the purse. Wherever I went a dozen or so of servants followed me to the head of the stairs or to the foot of the stairs, enunciating the dissyllables "*backshish.*" From a *very* great man's house I could seldom get free under 50 piastres. Every time Lord Cowley went to visit Reshid Pasha, the Grand Vizier, it cost him 500 piastres. His Lordship was only Minister Plenipotentiary. From Sir Stratford Canning, who had the full rank of Ambassador, a higher *backshish* was expected.* One payment did not make you

* At the Courban Bairam, when the heads of the Rayah Christian churches paid

free of the house; at least I used to be followed to the stairs at a second and even at a third visit; and whenever I failed to pay the tax I found sulky looks at my return, and a very general disinclination to announce my arrival to the great man. Nor did the payments end up stairs or on the stairs: down below, by the gateway, there was always some old Turk who took charge of the mud-boots which are kicked off before you ascend, and this functionary always looks for a contribution; and when you have done with him there is very generally a *concierge*, or gate-porter, to hold out his palm. It was bad economy to use stint with this part of the household. Dr. Lawrence Smith, an American geologist in the service of the Porte, growing weary of these taxes, levied upon him when he was going about the business of the Government, drew tight the strings of his purse—and lost three pair of mud-boots in the course of as many weeks. Now, a proper pair of these boots—a strong, water-proof, snow-proof pair, with which you could fearlessly stride through muck and mire—cost 200 piastres. Our geological friend found it cheaper to give five piastres to these functionaries. His last and best pair was lost, or rather stolen, at the konack of the Seraskier Pasha, or commander-in-chief of the army, where he had left them under the eyes of a couple of sentinels, who were at their post all the time he was up stairs, and who very much enjoyed the spectacle of his having to walk off through the mud and slush in a pair of thin under-boots. These thefts—of which we heard many other instances—were undeniably perpetrated by Turks, by Constantinopolitan Osmanlees, who were showing their advances in European civilization by picking and stealing. *Many* persons engaged in business and keeping houses of their own assured us that they could no longer put that trust in Turkish honesty which they had been accustomed to do ten or twelve years ago. My old friend Mr. B—— attributed all this decay of morality to the changes which had been forced upon the Mussulman people, and which had upset or confused all their old notions. "You would have them Frankified, and now they steal like Franks. You would alter their old religious precepts, now they are fast getting

their annual visits of ceremony and congratulation to the chiefs of the Turkish government, the Armenian Patriarch, on quitting the house of little Ali the Minister for foreign Affairs, gave 1000 piastres as backshish; the Minister's major-domo put on a sulky countenance, and told him that this was too little; and the Patriarch thought himself obliged to increase the sum, and did increase it on the staircase. This fact was communicated to me by an Englishman, who was an eye and ear witness.

As a still greater sum would be expected at the Grand Vizier's, and as the Patriarch was bound to visit many other pashas, this annual tax must have been a very heavy one. The chief of the Catholic Armenian church, the Greek Patriarch, and the head Rabbi of the Jews were equally bound to pay these annual visits. The "Journal de Constantinople," inserted accounts of the visits as striking proofs of the cordiality which existed between Mussulmans, Christians, and Israelites.

into no religion." I believe that the universal spread of poverty had a good deal to do with this new habit of pilfering. But to return from stealing to *backshishing*—it is idle for the Turkish dignitaries or their friends to pretend that they are ignorant of the evil practice, for they cannot but know that men must eat and drink to live, and that they pay their hosts of servants hardly any wages. More: in the *greatest* houses, where the highest backshishes are paid, to avoid the violent quarrels which are constantly occurring about the division of the spoils, the Pashas had ordered and ordained that all the money received should be put into one box, and divided in fair proportions at the end of every month by the head servant of all, or steward of the household. I *know* these facts for a *certainty;* I know them as well as I can be said to know anything not tested by the evidence of my own senses; I had my information from parties *immediately* concerned in the monthly distribution—parties from whom I learned many other particulars (known to very few foreigners) of the *interieur* of these households. The practice obtained and was regularly established at the Grand Vizier's, and at the Reis Effendi's, the first of these Magnates having, as I have before stated, more than 300 idle servants and retainers, and the second having about half that number, and both being men who had no private fortune, and who had made their way from low stations. And these men had seen the simple domestic arrangements of Prime Ministers and Secretaries of State in England and France, two of the greatest and richest countries of Europe; and all these idle, unproductive, vicious retainers were kept on foot in the capital—not merely in the two houses I have named, but in fifty other houses—when the provinces were going to perdition through default of inhabitants and agriculturists! Sultan Mahmoud once employed the whip to drive the faithful to the mosque; a scourge ought to be used to drive these useless vagabonds into the country or unto some profitable occupation. The morality which prevailed among them was of a sort not to be described by any English pen. What else could be expected from such a system, or from the heaping together of such crowds of men, for the most part young, and for the greater part of the day having no earthly business to do? I heard stories—well authenticated accounts—which I believe are not to be paralleled on earth, unless it be in Persia. Some things I saw with my own eyes. I could never go through the halls and ante-rooms of one of these little men great in office without a loathing and sickening at the stomach. It came to this—I could not take my son with me—and I was more than once advised not to do so. I asseverate all this with the solemnity I would attach to an oath upon the gospel. I was not prepared for this awful state of things—it broke upon me by degrees. My former intercourse with the Turks (in 1827–8)

had indeed convinced me of the existence of the most degrading of vices, but I had then no notion of the extent of the turpitude; I had now been led to believe that there was an improvement on the past, and I had grasped at the idea that the rights of nature were vindicated. I take the existent and (as I believe) augmented abomination against all the treaties of alliance and defence, against all the political combinations of Western Europe, against all the schemes that ever were, or ever will be, entertained for the preservation and integrity of the Ottoman Empire, and I boldly say that that Empire cannot be maintained—that the opprobrium of man and the curse of God will sink it into a pit as deep as the Dead Sea.

My first visit, on the 26th of December, 1847, was to the second person in the Cabinet. I am not aware that I need conceal the name:—it was to the Minister for Foreign Affairs, who had been a short time previously so well known in London as Ali Effendi and the Sultan's Minister Plenipotentiary, and who, for writing some of the most wearisome state papers that ever were penned about the Greek Mussurus quarrel, was about to be advanced to the dignity of a Pasha. He had begun life in poverty and obscurity; he had been taken into the service of the Porte, as a little clerk, and had had greatness thrust upon him by Reshid Pasha, whose right-hand man he was. I had met him in London; I was the friend of some who had been his closest friends, and I was the bearer to him of a very particular letter of introduction from Prince Callimaki, who had succeeded him at the court of St. James's. Since the days of the witty Neapolitan Abbé Galiani, who called himself the *èchantillon* of a diplomatist, there has never been so tiny a man employed in diplomacy as this Reis Effendi: he was a pigmy in height, and marvellously thin—he was what the Italians call a *comma* (*una virgula*); there was not substance enough in him to beat out into a semicolon. He spoke French with ease and even with accuracy, so that our *tête-à-tête* was not disturbed by the necessity of employing the distressing machinery of a drogoman. He understood every word I said to him as well as I understood all that came from his lips; there was no mistake or possibility of mistaking. I pin him to his own words. He received me very courteously in a wretchedly cold and miserable room, he wearing a warm furred mantle, and I having cast off my top-coat in the ante-room; but he was far more pompous than I could by any possibility have anticipated—the coming tails of a Pasha had turned his head, and although his big house was but an awkward, dirty barrack, the state and circumstance by which he was surrounded had visibly affected him. He was no more like the poor, humble katib or scribe of the Porte, or like what I had seen and heard of him in England, than Sanco Panza, in his government of Barataria, was like Sancho when in his native village or following

Don Quixote on his own dapple donkey. *Tempora mutantur, et nos!*.....He knew that I was a literary man, that I had written a work upon Turkey which had made some noise at the time; and he expressed a hope that I could now write another and a *much more favourable* one, seeing that civilization had made such progress in the Sultan's dominions since I was last here. I told him, with all suavity, that I should be too happy to report any real progress, that I had come from England with the hope of being able to do so, and that I had the greatest respect for Sir Stratford Canning, who had proved himself so good a friend to Turkey. He had heard that I had been residing and travelling more than three months in the great Pashalik of Brusa, and he wanted to know what I thought of the state of that country. "*Avec moi vous pouvez parler, Monsieur, sans gêné—sans ménagement.*" I was certainly not *gêné;* but I told him the truth with as much politeness as was compatible with frankness and honesty. I was not yet quite sure that the truth would not be acceptable to him. If it proved otherwise, I could have nothing more to do with him. To an honest Minister I might suggest that which would be of use to the country, particularly as such great men had great difficulty in getting at the truth. I felt that as an Englishman, as a member (however obscure) of a nation which had made great sacrifices to support this tottering Empire, and which had contracted a treaty and obligations that might call for still greater sacrifices, and even involve her in a war, I had a good right to deliver my sentiments freely. This Minister had asked me for them. I was not diplomatizing, but if I had been so engaged I should certainly have acted upon the principle that "truth-telling is the very acmé of diplomacy."* My mind, too, was full of the wrongs and sufferings I had witnessed over in Asia, and I had not quite dismissed the thought that an honest statement might lead to some measure of redress, more especially as the greater part of these wrongs might be set right without pecuniary or other injury to the ruling powers. Wherever I could bestow praise, I gave it warmly; but I put no softening varnish upon the pictures of woe and horror. I told him of the miserable state of the peasantry, of the iniquitous proceedings of the Farmers of the Revenue, of the effects produced by the enormous rate of interest; of the torturing of the poor Greek at Bilijik, and of the outrages offered to the industrious Christians of that town; I related the whole of poor Yorvacki's story, sparing neither Mustapha Nouree Pasha nor Khodjà Arab. As he was to see the Vizier this morning at the Porte, I put Yorvacki's petition

* "Well, Dunsford, you are very candid, and would make a complete diplomatist: truth-telling being now pronounced (rather late in the day) the very acmé of diplomacy."—FRIENDS IN COUNCIL: a Series of Readings and Discourse thereon. London, 1847.

in his hands. He listened with an appearance of attention, and made some remarks which induced me to believe that he was sincere and in earnest. He rather frequently exclaimed, "That is bad!" "that is very unjust!" "that is contrary to the *Tanzimaut* and our existing laws!" "that must be remedied!" He said he thanked me for my information, and felt assured that I gave it as a friend to the government. He did not show any vulgar ill-humour, like the Pasha of Brusa; if he felt any, he for the time concealed it perfectly. His remarks proved that he was no administrator. He said that, as to the Farmer-General system, it brought a higher and steadier revenue to the Porte than the old system had done. As to the distresses of the cultivators of the soil, he said that in some parts of the Empire they were *rather* overtaxed; but that there was going to be a government commission to revise taxation, upon the principle that the poorer districts should pay *less* and the richer *more* than they were now doing. As for the rate of interest, he thought that at some time or other government would establish a National Bank, with branches in the different pashaliks; but this was a matter to be approached with great caution, as, according to the Koran, *Mussulmans could not take any interest on money lent.* He felt that the resources of Turkey lay in her agriculture; he knew that this was in a most backward state, but the government had created a Board of Agriculture, and was paying handsome salaries to its members, and although these gentlemen had not *yet* done anything, it was to be hoped that they soon *would* do something. He was quite sensible of the value of roads and railways; he had seen what wonders were done in that way in England; he was fully aware that nothing could be done for the inland countries without roads; and he thought it a great pity that the Sultan had spent so many millions of piastres in trying to set up manufactures, instead of employing that money in making roads, and in promoting agricultural improvements; but then the Sultan was very fond of seeing things manufactured in his own dominions, and the Armenian Dadians, who had great influence with the sovereign, were all for manufactures, and were promising to be very soon able to make everything at home that Turkey wanted. He excused the Pasha of Brusa's heart at the expense of his head: he said that he was a man of very limited intellect, and far in the rear of his epoch—*très borné, et excessivement arriéré*—but then he was *strongly supported* at Constantinople; and, though he had no genius, he had so much talent for intrigue, that it was much better for the present government that he should be at Brusa than that he should be near the Court! I very naturally concluded from this that there was but slight chance of getting redress for Yorvacki or any one else, and not the slightest of Musta-

pha Nouree being removed from the Pashalik that he was ruining.* At my leave-taking the Minister for Foreign Affairs showed no lack of courtesy, inviting me to return to his house, telling me that he would introduce me to the Vizier whenever I chose. I never saw the little man's face again: he had seen quite enough of me! The next time I called he was engaged—was very busy—was just going to the Porte; and as I had the means of knowing to a *certainty* that all this was untrue, I never returned. I did not need his introduction to Reshid Pasha; I might have been introduced through our Embassy, but even that was not necessary, for the Vizier's house was always open (at the usual early and uncomfortable hours) to Frank travellers, for whose compliments and praises Reshid had a voracious appetite. But seeing that nothing at all came of Yorvacki's petition, hearing every day some fresh account of the corrupt and wretched manner in which the affairs of government were managed, and finally getting evidence (which I will relate hereafter) in the highest degree unfavourable to the Vizier's private character, I kept away from his Konack. I never saw him but once, when he was returning through the filthy streets of Tophana from a conference with the Sultan at Dolma-Baghchê. He appeared to be a very different man from what he was when in London; he had grown obese, and his complexion had become muddy. He looked gloomy, uneasy, sulky; but this may have proceeded from the fact that he was then on the point of being thrust from place and power.

Wherever I expected most attention, I met with the least; and wherever a Turk had been the object of unusual hospitality and kindness on the banks of the Thames, he was pretty sure not to make the least return to an Englishman on the banks of the Bosphorus. I was forewarned by old English residents that this would be the case, and so I certainly found it, without one exception worth mentioning. If these Turks had risen rapidly in the world, they did not like to be reminded of their former humble stations; and if their *kismet* had not been favourable, they did not like to exhibit their present humiliation. Those who treated me with the most politeness and gave me most of the information I wanted, were Turks I had

* Mustapha Nouree was, however, recalled some sixteen months after this conversation.

In a letter dated Brusa, 14th May, 1849, one of my friends says—"I think you will be glad to hear that our Pasha has at last been replaced. He was recalled about a week ago, and is replaced by Riza Pasha, the rival of Reshid, and the once noted Seraskier! Mustapha Nouree goes to Constantinople, but he will there retain his enormous pay of 75,000 piastres per month! This is like hush-money: they are afraid of him over at the Porte. Every one is making a holiday now, and rejoicing at the prospect of being so soon quit of this Pasha. I am glad we get rid of him, as the country was suffering so cruelly by his extortions. Whoever comes cannot govern worse; but I have no great opinion of Riza Pasha. Riza and his people will no doubt proceed to eat up the little that Mustapha Nouree has left us."

never seen before, to whom I brought no letters, and to whom I introduced myself as an English traveller. But the exercise of hospitality—beyond the giving of a cup of coffee with the pipes—seemed to be utterly unknown to all of them except two or three. Once or twice in the course of the year the Grand Vizier and the Minister for Foreign Affairs gave a grand dinner, and drank champagne and toasts with their Frank guests; but these were public, *diplomatic* dinners, and although they might show to what a degree the Ministers of the Commander of the Faithful were emancipated from Mussulman prejudices, they were described to us as most awkward, comfortless affairs. Reshid Pasha gave a banquet to the American Minister, Mr. Carr, and Dr. Davis, some time after the Doctor's arrival in the country to take charge of the Sultan's Model Farm; and toasts were there drunk to the health of the Doctor, the success of the enterprise, and the prosperity of agriculture by the great reforming Minister, who allowed the Doctor's health to be destroyed by anxieties and disappointments and the contrarieties put in his way by a gang of Armenian plunderers. And in the month of February (1848), when Monsignore Ferrieri arrived at Stamboul, as the *first* Nuncio from a Pope to a Sultan, Ali-Pasha, the Reis-Effendi, gave him one diplomatic dinner, at which wine was drunk in profusion and a great hollow show made of *religious toleration*. But these men never had (for Christians or Franks) private friendly dinners, or anything like what we understand by the word society. On their return from the Porte in the afternoon they shut themselves up with their creatures, dependents, and flatterers; with them they dined, and with them they passed their evenings, until it was time to withdraw into their *harems*, where they remained until levée-hour next morning. After their levées they went to the Porte, and from the Porte they came home to do as they had done yesterday. This was their habitual life. You could never see them in their houses except early in the morning. You might indeed see them at the Porte, where their principal occupation appeared to be smoking. I believe that neither Reshid nor his man Ali indulged much in that sort of amusement, but other great Pashas enlivened the after-dinner hours by calling in professional buffoons, and filthy old dervishes who could tell the most smutty stories. In the detached government offices it was not rare for some of the Pashas to take this solace in the day-time, and in what are considered business-hours. The Mint and the Treasury, which are both situated within the second gate of the old imperial (and now deserted) palace, the Serraglio, was haunted at all times of the day and nearly every day of the week by an old dwarf of a dervish of the peripatetic order, who was excessively filthy in his person, and still filthier in his conversation. Both were so insupportable to English senses, that our

friend J. R ——, who was employed in the Mint, used to bar the door of his rooms whenever he saw him approaching. Yet this concrete of filth and obscenity was almost constantly to be seen in the Treasury, seated on the same divan with Sarim Pasha, the Minister of Finances, who had been for a considerable time the Sultan's Minister Plenipotentiary in London: or if the dervish dwarf was not with the Minister of Finances, he was pretty sure to be found seated at the elbow of old Tahir-Pasha, the director-general of the Mint, of whom mention has been made in the second chapter of the present work. However important the business to be transacted might be, or whatever might be the quality of the persons repairing to the offices of these two great government officers, if the dervish chanced to be with either, he kept his seat of honour with perfect ease and confidence. It has often been noticed by travellers in the East that these vagabond dervishes can unite a reputation for sanctity with the profession and practice of the most open and revolting profligacy, and that a fellow can be a saint and buffoon all in one. If he has a touch of insanity, or acts as if he were a lunatic, he is only the more respected and cherished by your true Turk. If to the wild legends of Mahometan superstition and the dogmas of intolerance he can unite a varied collection of dirty stories and all the gossip of the day, he is a companion for a prince, and one of the best mediums of obtaining favours from, or exercising influence over, the great men with whom he associates so familiarly. This fellow who monopolised the Mint and Finance departments was very fat, being about as broad as he was long; he had a hideous countenance, and the complexion and carbuncles of a long-confirmed drunkard.

With such sociable tastes as these, with their harem system, and their other thoroughly barbarous arrangements (*a system and arrangements departed from by none of them*), it may be fancied that these members of Reshid Pasha's reforming government were not at all disposed to cultivate European society, or to give access to their houses to men like me. I might possibly have extended the number to *three*, but it was only from *one* Turk in the service of government that I had friendly invitations, such as are given in civilized countries —and even this good and clever man, superior as he was to all the Mussulmans I knew, did not dare infringe the established usage of women or the laws of the harem (which, in reality, are not strictly *laws of the Prophet*). We were at his house rather frequently; we dined there and we slept there—for to return from Constantinople Proper to Pera after a late dinner and in the night was an enterprise attended not by much positive danger, but by a very positive toil and discomfort—we heard the voice of his wife, we saw and played with her child, but we never saw her even under the yashmac; we never so much as caught a glimpse of the skirt of her feridjee: and this

was in the house of one who was decidedly the most enlightened, most Europeanized, and *witty* Osmanlee I ever encountered. In his sitting-room were Shakespeare and Milton, Bacon and Locke; and the Effendi read with ease these works in their original English, and took in the spirit of them—and his one wife (he was too wise to have more than one) was shut up in the harem! Even the Turks who had long ago set at defiance the rules of the Prophet, who publicly drank the prohibited juice of the grape, *and to excess*, and who laughed at the Koran as "a creed outworn," had not willed or had not dared to change their harem system.

As general conclusions, I fancy that the opinions of a Perote who had been behind the scenes, and had lived much with great Turks (as well of the new school as of the old,) were reliable and substantially correct. "Take my word for it," said he, "these Turks have a natural aversion to civilized society. They may get on pretty well with Franks born and bred in the country like myself; but with English travellers or any other European strangers they are *gênés*, constrained, and uncomfortable. Their habits of life are so different from yours; they have no taste for your amusements! They are frequently obliged to act a part all day, but when the evening comes they leave off acting and become natural. They now wear clothes like your own, because so it has been commanded by the reforming governments. But do you think they like these tight frock-coats and pantaloons? Not they! They long for the evening hour when they can throw them off and put on their old loose Turkish garments, and cross their legs under them on their own divans. So with the European manners they may have acquired in London, or Paris, or Vienna, or here in Pera by associating with Franks. Your manners no more suit them than your clothes; both are *génantes*. Then they like buffoonery, which to you would be unintelligible or insupportable; and they like servility and flattery, which they are not likely to get from you. They are also conscious that you regard their harem system and their seclusion of women with disgust, and as things giving the lie to their pretensions to civilization. In the houses of the Ambassadors and in the other Frank houses which some of them frequent, they see your ladies and the manner in which they are treated. It is my opinion that until these great Turks unveil their own women and allow you to see them when you visit them, they ought not to be permitted to see, and sit and talk with *your* ladies. When they enter a Christian house the ladies ought all to retire. For the common cause of their sex they ought to do this; and, for their own accounts, they would do it, if they did but know how these great Turks talk about them. Those who are not powerful are very timid; and those who have been educated in England or France, or who have travelled much in Christian countries, know full well that they are suspected

Mussulmans and that sharp eyes are watching them. Depend upon it, those you may have known in London are afraid of being seen very often with you at Constantinople."

Admitting the rationale, the facts were still rather unpalatable. There was, in particular, one Turk I had to see, who had lived *long* in England, and who had received extraordinary attention and hospitality, and in a great measure from literary men, and on account of a promise of ability that was in him. When in England he was what a Frenchman might call *un pauvre diable*—he was recommended neither by money nor by birth—he was a nobody when he arrived. At Cambridge, where he showed some mathematical talent, he was much noticed and patronized; and he received a gratuitous instruction, as also many acts of kindness. He had left England a few years ago, professing the warmest gratitude. Since his return to Constantinople he had gone through a great variety of grades in the civil departments, and through some grades that would not in other countries be occupied by civilians. He had been shifted about from place to place in the true Turkish fashion, and this fashion always involves what we should consider anomalies and contradictions, notwithstanding our own strange usages of appointing men to be Lords of the Admiralty who know nothing about a ship, and Secretaries of War that know not the composition of a coporal's guard. By kismet, or by intrigue, he had always changed places for the better, as far as his own interests were concerned. He had been superintendent of a Mussulman university, which had not yet been created; superintendent of military schools; and, if I remember right, he was, when we first arrived at Constantinople, president of what was called the Council of War—he being a man as warlike, or as well versed in military matters, as our Right Hon. Thomas Babington Macaulay. But of a sudden this unmartial man had passed from the grade of a bey to that of a full-blown pasha; and, a few days before our return from Asia, had been appointed Seraskier of Roumelia. At our return from Brusa, the ex-Effendi, or Bey, was, of course, a very high potentate, yet it took me and those who were my guides a vast deal of trouble to find out where he lived. On the Pera side of the Golden Horn nobody could tell us; and in Constantinople Proper, as far as information went, we were not much nearer the mark. At last, after a long hunt through the thinly peopled Turkish quarters of Constantinople, and two serious combats with the unowned dogs, I found out the way to this great Emin Pasha. He lived in a big, tumble-down, wooden-house, in the rear of the Serraglio, in a most desolate quarter, where the dogs were more than usually numerous and noisy. It is a common saying that these mangy curs know a Frank by his dress and walk, and cannot help barking when they see a hat. Hats or Franks of any kind are

very rarely seen in this distant part of the city, and fearful was the barking and yelling of the dogs when Tonco and I entered it. Two soldiers of the imperial guard highly enjoyed the music, or the sight of the annoyance it gave to me; and they hounded the curs upon us by making certain sounds between their teeth. We were on foot, when a pack of forty or fifty of the brutes charged down a steep and dirty lane upon us. I knew by long experience, obtained now and in former years, that these mongrels will never bite unless you turn to run away; but their noise was most distressing, and there was one big, tawny dog among them, bold and forward, that showed formidable teeth, and that seemed to have the intention of using them on the calf of my off-leg. No sensible man ever ventures out in Constantinople without a big stick or a hunting-whip: I had a good, hard, heavy staff in my hand, and I applied it with such happy effect on the impudent brute's nose, that he turned tail and fled up the hill. He returned no more to the charge, but the rest of the pack, encouraged by the two soldiers, followed our steps, yelling and threatening, until we came to the ruins of a house or two which had been burned down in some recent conflagration. "Now," said Tonco, stooping down and picking up some stones and pieces of brick, "we have munitions of war!" I furnished myself in the like manner, and, after a hot fire of some two minutes, we beat off the foul-tongued Lemures. By the time the combat was over we looked something like a couple of bricklayers' labourers. In this plight we reached the dingy abode of the grand dignitary of the Ottoman Empire. Son Excellence was not at home. We were received by his tefterdar, or locum tenens, who was sitting smoking in a dirty, rickety room, with about twenty other Turks, all belonging to the Pasha's household. In a corner of the room, near a window, there sat an old Armenian counting over money, and he was the only man that was doing any thing but smoking. It was a bitterly cold day. An immense pan of burning charcoal was in the room; all the Turks had on fur pelisses and their inseparable scarlet fezzes; and as they sat round the tripod, solemn and silent, and every man with his tchibouque, they might have been taken for priests of some unknown worship engaged in their mysterious rites. The Lieutenant was stately, but sufficiently courteous; and there was a secretary, a young Osmanlee, who had been educated at Paris, and who spoke French very well. They gave us tchibouques and unusually large cups of coffee. The coffee was so wonderfully fine, that I believe that it must have been real Mocha, which one rarely tastes now-a-days in any part of Turkey. The French China coffee-cups were strongly perfumed with some Turkish scents, of the nature of which I am unacquainted. This perfume, and the excessive strength of the coffee, had a very pernicious effect upon my nerves and empty

stomach, for on going on these pasha-seeking expeditions it was necessary to start from Pera long before our breakfast time. After some little conversation, which on the part of the Turks consisted of little more than a series of stereotyped phrases, which they keep in reserve for all Christian travellers, and which mean absolutely nothing, I left a particular letter (of which I was the bearer from England to the Pasha,) said I would call again in a day or two, and took my departure, leaving the Osmanlees all smoking, and the Armenian still counting his money. In the hall there was a crowd of menial servants waiting to be *backshished*. I was glad when I recovered my mud-boots and got out into the streets and the cold reviving air, for what with the essence of coffee, and the perfume, and the fumes of the charcoal, and the smoke of a score of pipes, all going at once, my nerves were all ajar, and my head was swimming.

When I returned I found his Excellency at home and visible. He received me with great pomp and ceremony, in a spacious and very cold saloon covered with splendid Turkey or Persian carpets, and exhibiting French time-pieces in or-molu frames, and other luxuries, which the great Turks most affect, and a large bookcase full of English and French books, richly bound, a sight I never saw in the house of any other *great* Turk. But greatness had come too suddenly upon the once humble and modest Emin: his rapid rising in the world had turned his head, and appeared to have had the effect of obliterating all recollections of the past. He did not seem to remember that he had ever been in England, that he had ever been a poor student, that he had ever received acts of kindness from men whose slighted attention was an honour. He was seated on a broad divan covered with the richest damask silk of a turquoise blue: he was dressed most effeminately in loose shalvars and flowing robes, wearing over all a costly mantle, all skin and fur within, and bright pink-coloured Cashmere cloth without: he had diamond rings on his fingers, his Nishan, or Order, was all blazing with big diamonds, and the amber mouth-piece of the tchibouque he was smoking (as well as of that which was handed to me) was richly mounted with diamonds. Perhaps he intended to dazzle my weak mind; *certainly* his Armenian seraff must have been determined to give him a splendid outfit! He was fast forgetting his English. He was growing very fat—as nearly every Turk does when he becomes a pasha—and there was an air of languor and listlessness about him that was exceedingly disgusting. He, too, gave me the unmeaning stereotyped phrases. When I turned the conversation out of the regions of compliment he had very little to say, and he did not say that little like a man of talent. He dwelt in generals: he saw, or pretended to see, all things *couleur de rose*, bright as his own vestments, shining like his own diamonds: the Ottoman Empire was civilizing itself,

the regular army was increasing in number and efficiency, a good many Turks were now studying mathematics, Sultan Abdul Medjid was the best of sultans, Reshid Pasha was the greatest of viziers, and so on. To every question I put to him he either gave me an evasive answer, or he told me that which *was not true*. Thus he gave a false account of the number of regular troops in Roumelia, and exaggerated other items in a way which almost provoked me into an incredulous smile. I saw it was useless to offer any remarks about the state of the country in this quarter, and my discouragement was made perfect when he spoke of *statistics and political economy*, and told me, with a solemn face, that the science of public economy was now well known at Constantinople, and that the Porte acted according to its principles! He was going to take his departure for Monastir, his head-quarters in Roumelia, in the course of a few days (he did not go for a fortnight); his house was in disorder, but if I should take Monastir in my travels he would be glad to see me in his konack. This, with the pipes and the coffee (served again in scented cups) was the extent of Emin Pasha's hospitality. But nothing remained of what he was; he was now a most Turkish Turk, puffed up with his own importance, gravitating to the old Mussulman ways, and living in all respects like a "three-tailed Bashaw." A fat, oily, Armenian seraff, who had furnished him with money for his outfit, and who, no doubt, had aided him in getting his very high appointment, came into the saloon, and humiliated himself most vilely before this man of yesterday—this gaudy creature of his own making. First he was announced by a fellow in a gold-laced jacket; when told he might enter, he prostrated himself at the threshold of the door; when in the middle of the room he knelt again, and brought his forehead to a level with the carpet; when near the edge of the divan where we were seated, he made another prostration, and actually kissed the skirts of the Pasha's mantle; and when he sat down on his heels upon the carpet, his aspect and demeanour were most abject. In this way do the very greatest of the Armenians always behave before Turks high in office. The French-talking secretary, who had told me he was always longing after the pleasures of the *Palais-Royal*, brought in a scrap of paper, a despatch of not more than six lines. Emin glanced his eye over it, said it was full of errors, and called for pen and ink that he might correct it. He soon gave up the task in despair, threw the paper on the ground, and told the secretary that it must be re-written. In the excitement of the moment he told me what I take to be the *only* truths I heard from his lips. He said that the Arabic character was perplexing, and very ill suited to the Turkish language; that there was hardly a Turk in the Empire that could write his own language correctly, and that serious misunderstandings were constantly occur-

ring in government correspondence. I afterwards heard that another very great pasha always sent some trusty servant to explain *vivâ voce* the contents of the letter or despatch of which he was the bearer. I have seen Turks of literary reputation spend half an hour in making out the meaning of two or three lines of MS. The seraffs write Turkish in the old Armenian characters, which are capable of conveying every Turkish sound, and are clear and simple.* But these Armenians cannot write Armenian; and the Turks will persist in using the ill-adapted Arabic characters, because the Koran and all its commentaries are written in them. I believe that Emin, Seraskier Pasha of Roumelia, and I, the author of these volumes, like Cowper's hasty pair of birds—

> "Parted without the least regret,
> Except that we had ever met"

here in Stamboul. Although the story has been told before, I will repeat an anecdote which places in a strong light the domestic arrangements prevalent among these reform-and-new-school Turks. A few years ago Emin and his friend Dervish Effendi (now also a pasha) married two sisters, and being both very poor at the time, they lived in the same house: yet Emin never saw the face of the wife of Dervish, nor Dervish the face of the wife of Emin.*

My friend ——— Pasha, who had promised us so much of his company when the Ramazan should be over, never came or sent to us at all. We saw him two or three times at his office, and received from him a cold civility and pipes and coffee. The only service he ever rendered me was stepping across a courtyard to facilitate my introduction to Achmet Fethi Pasha, Grand Master of the Artillery, and one of the Sultan's brothers-in-law, to whom I had a letter. Achmet Fethi—called by some of the English "Fatty,"—was very fat and heavy: I believe he was not more than forty-five years old, but he looked much older; he had been thin and low enough at one time, but he had begun to fatten on attaining to office; he had swelled in proportion with his political greatness. He had been married some seven or eight years to a Sultana, one of the daughters of the late Sultan Mahmoud. His origin was *very* obscure; but I believe he was *not* an emancipated Georgian slave, like Halil Pasha, who had the honour of marrying another of Sultan Abdul Medjid's

* I am informed—though only by English and foreign journals and public report—that both Rayahs and Turks were dissatisfied with this Emin Pasha's administration in Roumelia, and that during his residence at Monastir serious insurrections broke out among the Bosniaks and Bulgarians.

It appears that Emin has recently been removed from Monastir to Damascus, "in order to reform administrative abuses there, and to introduce and establish throughout Syria the benefits and blessing of the Tanzimaut."

Very probably, while I am writing this note, he may have been removed to some other place, or to some wholly different office.

sisters, or *half*-sisters, for Mahmoud, it was said, never had two children by one and the same woman. Although very much inflated, as well morally as physically, he appeared to me to be an easy, good-tempered, and well-meaning man. He was said to be generous to his friends and dependents, very fond of luxury and expense, and awfully deep in debt to the Armenian seraffs. He, too, had travelled and he could speak a little French. I found him at the usual occupation of pipe-smoking. He gave me the usual compliment of tchibouque and coffee, and instructed one of the officers of his staff to give his orders that we were to be admitted into the grand artillery-barracks above Pera. He seemed to take some interest in agriculture, and *to understand nothing about it.*

He spoke of manufactures as the true means of enriching the empire. He had sundry manufactories of his own. "If Mussulmans could make all things for themselves, why *then* they need not buy," &c., &c. His few other remarks betokened no knowledge or ability of any sort, and he preferred keeping to the stereotyped phrases. His reception however, was kind, and I was induced to repeat my visit after a few weeks, in the hope of being of some service to the Sultan's model-farm, and to my friend Dr. Davis. The doctor, driven to despair for want of labourers, had conceived the project of importing some emancipated negroes from South Carolina, to add to his four industrious and intelligent blacks. I went to Achmet Fethi to explain this scheme, and the advantages derivable from it. Forty or fifty free negroes, trained to the cultivation of cotton, would render the model-farm immediately profitable, and would show the people of the country how to work; their pay and maintenance would cost comparatively nothing. The Grand Master of the Artillery seemed to listen so attentively, and to assent so readily, that I thought I had made a perfect convert of him; that he would lay the case before his brother-in-law the Sultan, and that my friend's mind would be set at ease by having a good supply of efficient controllable labour. A short time after this, my second visit, the great Achmet Fethi Pasha drove down to the village of San Stefano. Though within a mile and a half of the Sultan's model-farm, he did not give himself the trouble of going to it. He sent for Dr. Davis, and was very kind and courteous to him. When the doctor was expecting that he would say something about the free black labourers, he told the Doctor that he had been assured by some Franks, that in America they had a race of people that were *quite red*, and had *square heads*. The Doctor said that there were wild tribes called "Red Indians," and that some of those tribes flattened and squared the heads of their infants by applying pieces of wood to the skulls. "*Pekè*—Well!" said the Grand Master of Artillery; "could you not bring over one of those red men? The sight would afford much amusement to the Sultan. It

would be a surprise to him! I should like the Padishah to have a *red man.*" The poor Doctor was taken all aback. He told the brother-in-law of the Commander of the Faithful that these red men were rather difficult to catch, but that if the Ottoman government would arrange for the importation and employment of free negroes, he had no doubt that he should be able to bring over a Red Indian, with a squared head, in the same ship with them. "But blacks are not rarities in Stamboul," said Achmet Fethi; "we have plenty of Blacks; the Padishah has plenty of them in his own house. But a *red* mam! Ah! that would be a surprise and pleasure to him!" All this scene, which lasted about half-an-hour, was as dramatic and droll as an act in the "*Bourgeois Gentilhomme.*" My worthy American friend spoke no French at all, and if he could have commanded all the terms of agriculture and natural history, I much doubt whether the Pasha could have understood *ten* of them. The Doctor had with him a very competent drogoman, but this man was not allowed to speak because Boghos had a lout of a son, one Arikel, who had been some time in England, and who murdered Queen Victoria's English, and all the Dadians were anxious that this youth should show off before this very great Pasha. Therefore Arikel was drogoman. Dr. Davis spoke of the great benefits to be derived from growing (on the model-farm) artificial grasses, trefoil, lucerne, clover, etc. "*Pekè,*" said the Pasha, "but what is the use of clover? What does that give? The Doctor said, among other things, that the cows which fed upon it gave an increased quantity of milk. The Armenian lout left out the cows in his translation, and told the Pasha that that particular grass gave a wonderful deal of milk. "Mashallah!" said the Grand Master of the Artillery, "but this is wonderful! Docteur Dāvees grow much of that grass! Milk from grass! it is most wonderful!"

I had a letter to another of the illustrious brothers-in-law of the Sultan, which I never presented. I tore it in pieces and threw it into the fire when I became fully acquainted with the atrocities of the man to whom it was addressed. This was Mehemet Ali Pasha, reputed one of the handsomest men in the Ottoman empire, and at the time of our arrival Capitan Pasha. He stood convicted of two foul and horrible murders, and of murders perpetrated by his own bloody hand. He gave his adhesion to the reform school and Reshid Pasha, and then intrigued against him; he revelled in the vice which is as repugnant to the Koran as to the Gospel, and yet he affected to be a zealous Mussulman, and turned his house into a Propaganda Fidei for his own purposes. I throw his antecedent atrocities into a foot-note.*

* This Mehemet Ali Pasha had a young and beautiful Circassian slave who was found one day talking with a handsome Georgian youth, who was also his slave. His jealousy was roused; he watched the Circassian; he detected her conversing

A very short time after our arrival at Constantinople, in the beginning of August, 1847, this beau-frère of the Sultan was suddenly dismissed from his post of Capitan Pasha, or Lord High Admiral and Minister of Marine; but he was as suddenly restored in the spring of 1848, and when we left Constantinople in the month of July of that year, he was still Capitan Pasha. These sudden and capricious-looking changes and restitutions, could hardly ever be understood, except by those who lived within the walls of the palace or had confidential relations with some of the Sultan's chamberlains or black eunuchs. I once asked a native Perote, who knew a great deal, why Mehemet Ali had been turned out of office in August. He shrugged his shoulders and said, "*Eh! Mon Dieu qui le sait? Quelque intrigue de Palais!*" I asked him why he had been restored to office in April. His answer was still, "*Eh! Mon Dieu qui le sait! Quelque intrigue de Palais!*" Mehemet Ali could never go to sea without suffering dreadfully from sea-sickness: except at a distance, he hated the sight of a ship, and he was altogether about as well qualified to be Chief Admiral as was his ill-favoured and ill-tempered wife the Sultana. Two or three years ago, when the Sultan was to make a short cruize in the Black Sea, the Capitan Pasha grew sick as soon as the ship got through the Bosphorus, and fell into a most unmanly panic as soon as she began to feel the waves and wind of the Euxine: the Sultan fell sick; all the great men lay sprawling; the Court astrologer said they were mad to expose the Commander of the Faithful to such sufferings and perils; and so, when they had advanced about two leagues above the Giant's Grave, it was "about ship," and all the grandees came back to one of the imperial palaces on the Bosphorus rather more dead than alive. Before being Lord High Admiral this depraved man, Mehemet Ali, had been Grand Master of the Artillery, and, as I was assured by some of his own officers, he knew as much about artillery as he did of ships. He was a man of the lowest extraction, the son of a small, miserable shopkeeper in Galata. The beauty of his person attracted

through a latticed window with the Georgian, who was in the garden beneath: he rushed upon her, stabbed her, and nearly cut her body in two with his sharp yataghan. The Georgian, hearing the screams in the harem, and conjecturing the cause, sprung over the garden-wall, and fled for his life. He repaired to Riza Pasha, who was then in power, and who had been the great protecter of his master, Mehemet Ali. He told his story; he vowed that nothing but a few words had ever passed between him and the unhappy Circassian, and he implored protection. Whether the rogue Riza was sincere or not was very doubtful, but in a few days he solemnly assured the Georgian that he had interceded with Mehemet Ali, that his master had forgiven him, and that he might now return safely to his house. The youth returned, and was kindly received by his master; but, a few evenings after his return, as he was working in the garden, his head was cut off. Some said that Mehemet Ali only gave the sign to two of his cavasses, and stood by while the deed was done; but it was more generally believed that he gratified his vengeance by being himself the executioner.

the notice of the late Sultan Mahmoud himself, or of some of those execrable, unmanned men who purveyed for him. The ragged boy was taken into the palace and *educated* among the *itch oghlans* or pages. Such creatures are nearly always provided for in the highest offices of the state. This was the beginning of the greatness of Mustapha Nouree, our Brusa friend; such, with slight variations, was and *is* the history of half the Magnates of the *reformed* Ottoman Empire. The Grand Master of the Artillery is, by right of his office, Governor of Tophana, where the great trade is driven in Circassian slaves, and where much money is to be derived by "occult means," or by connivance in crime and participation in corrupt jobbery. By these means Mehemet Ali had amassed a considerable sum of money; his household and his establishments were among the most numerous and most sumptuous in the city before he became brother-in-law to Sultan Abdul Medjid.* I was told, however, that before such alliance was brought on the tapis he was in debt with the seraffs, and that before the alliance was completed and the marriage presents made and the three days' marriage feast paid for, this debt was swollen to an enormous amount. The choice of husbands for the four daughters left by Sultan Mahmoud, (all of them the offspring of purchased Circassian slaves,) was directed by money and liberality and beauty of person. The four husbands selected were all handsome men, and reputed at the time to be wealthy: I believe in one, if not in two cases, the greatness was thrust upon them against the grain. A Turk must submit to many privations before he can marry royalty, and when he is married, he is, within doors, little better than the slave of the Sultana; but no man could safely refuse the mighty honour when proposed to him—he must take it and pay enormously for it; the women of the Serraglio and all their guardians, whether black or white, must have their presents; all the *mabainjees* or courtiers must have theirs, the pages must be gratified, some of the ulema must be propitiated, and *backshish* must be distributed among the two thousand and odd hundreds of beings that form the standing household of Abdul Medjid. Here, as a matter of necessity, the Armenian seraffs come into play. These usurers, as I have said before, have their hands in everything: from the purchase of a cargo of Newcastle coals for the use of the Arsenal, to the marrying of a Sultana—nothing can be done without the Armenian

* From Lord High Admiral this very incompetent and depraved man has been turned into Commander-in-Chief of the Forces. At least I conclude that the Mehemet Ali Pasha, lately named Seraskier, can be none other than this precious brother-in-law of the Sultan. It may be conceived how such a man would conduct a war against the Russians, and how valuable a co-operator he would be with English and French generals and admirals, were we ever to plunge into so mad a scheme as a war against Russia, Austria, &c., for the support of the Turks, *and in alliance with the French.*

seraffs! These alliances flatter pride, and, by giving a close Court connexion, increase the means of State intrigue. But the honoured Pasha must discard all other wives and concubines, and if the sister of the Sultan bear him *male* children, *they must all die the death!* Mehemet Ali had a beautiful wife, and one that was said to be fondly attached to him; but he put her away to marry the puny, sickly daughter (the youngest) of Sultan Mahmoud. Of all the four brothers-in-law of the Padishah, he was the man to feel it least; but one abomination and horror has been spared him—his imperial wife has had no children—he has not had to connive in a damnable infanticide, in the destruction of his own offspring. The man was twice a murderer, he was notorious for other guilt, and the history of his early life was such as has been intimated rather than described, when he became the husband of Abdul Medjid's half-sister. Previously to this grand alliance, our Ambassador, Sir S. Canning, filled with disgust and horror by his double murder, had ceased to invite him to his house on those occasions when (as I conceive by a monstrous mistake) the heads of government and leading Pashas are brought into the society of Frank, and even of English ladies, and treated as civilized men. This exclusion was a moral lesson; the impressions derivable from it might not extend very far; Mehemet Ali might have been rather pleased than otherwise at not having to wear a mask for a few hours at the British Embassy; but still it was a moral lesson, and it grieves me much to add that, after the imperial marriage, it was considered a point of etiquette or policy to invite Mehemet Ali to the house of the representative of Queen Victoria. I should think that this necessity (considered as such in diplomacy, though not by me, nor by other men, whose opinions are worth much more than mine,) must be the most painful ordeal through which an English ambassador or minister can be driven: to a man of the purest life and the highest principle—to a man of acute sensibility, like Sir Stratford, I should fancy that it must be a downright torture. And can an unsophisticated Englishman conceive such a tableau as the upright and worthy representative of his virtuous Queen, being, at his own table, balanced on one side by a man like Mehemet Ali Pasha, and on the other by some great Turk not much better?

Mehemet Ali I would not see. I saw two or three other Pashas of the highest rank, and found them as fat and dull as Achmet Fethi, without a tithe of his good-nature. The Grand Master of Artillery made no great pretensions to science or knowledge of any kind; but I found some who had the conceit of the Minister for Foreign Affairs without any of his ability, and who, like Emin, told me that the Porte now well knew the principles of political economy and acted up to them. "*Nous connaissons les principes de l'économie*

publique," etc. I could not help saying to one of them, that I saw no proofs of this knowledge or this action; that I could not take as proof their laying heavy export duties on their silk and other produce, in their fixing maximum prices, or in their vain efforts to force on and establish manufactures before they had got their agriculture out of its primitive, rudest state, and *before they had made a single road.* The great man said that it was to be expected that I, as an Englishman, should feel some jealousy at the progress Turkey was making in manufactures, and should not approve of establishments which would soon render the country independent of England for her supplies. His political economy evidently resolved itself into the short dogma which was neatly expressed by an Italian friend:—

"*Vendere sempre e non comprare mai.*"

To one grandee, who spoke of the enormous expense of the army, I suggested the plan of a local militia, which I had discussed in England with Colonel Tulloch and some other military friends who were well acquainted with the East. The Pasha, who said he would take it into consideration, very probably forgot it by the morrow. The *insouciance* of these men was marvellous. So was their indolence. Whether in their houses or in their offices, I could never see them engaged in anything that looked like work or real business. During their office hours they sat in state, cross-legged on their divans, and smoked. If the people who came into them were of sufficient importance, they were helped to tchibouques, and they smoked. Few words passed between them. If a paper required the signature, or rather the seal of the Pasha, his seal-bearer dipped his seal in ink, prepared it for the impression, and held the paper to his hand. Few of these great men were learned enough to read that which they signed.

I had put together some notions as to the means of organising cheap Turkish schools for the poorer classes, but I saw it was useless to present them; and my countryman and friend, Mr. Sang, who had been five years in the service of the government, and who was admirably qualified to form and direct a system of education, had been thwarted at every step. In five years the only thing he had done for government had been to calculate the eclipse.

While travelling in Asia, and witnessing day by day the deplorable state of agriculture, and the ruinous effect of exorbitant interest, I had devised a scheme, and had thought of laying it before Reshid Pasha. I had not been three weeks back in Constantinople ere I was thoroughly convinced that this reforming vizier was no better than the rest of the pashas, and that it would be utterly useless to suggest any such means of improvement. If afterwards I spoke of the scheme to one or two men connected with the government, it

was to hear what they would say about it, and not with any hope of their adopting it. The project was simple and obvious. Upon certain conditions, and prudent arrangements, money might soon be procured from England at 10 per cent., and an impulse given to agriculture, and good examples set in road-making, and in European activity, order, and neatness. A company might be formed, to be called "The Anglo-Ottoman Agricultural and Agricultural-Loan Company." If the Porte would allow such a Company to buy and hold in its own name one extensive chiftlik or farm, if it would sanction the settlement on that farm of fifteen or twenty decent intelligent English families, and if it would permit the Company to take the same security for loans which were now given to the Rayah Armenians, I believed that such a Company might easily be formed in London, that it would confer inestimable benefits on Turkey, and that it would lead to the establishment of other such associations in France, Switzerland, etc. I disclaimed any exclusiveness, or jealousy, or monopolizing spirit. Let every advanced country in Europe, if it would, have its chiftlik and its little colony (too little to cause any umbrage), in some part or other of Turkey; and let it send such settlers as would do honour to itself and show a good example to the Turks, who have never properly seen what they ought to do, and who really do not know how to begin anything in agriculture, building, or road-making, in the right way. I would have an English model village, and a *real* model farm—say somewhere beyond the malaria range—in the magnificent plain between Mohalich and the gulf and port of Panderma. Besides English agriculturists I would have two or three English carpenters, one or two good English wheelwrights, two good smiths, and one or two other useful artizans. I would also have a man well acquainted with the science of breeding and improving horses and cattle. All these men should have their apprentices or pupils—Turks, Greeks, or Armenians. Twelve or more young men of the country—to be changed every two years—should be kept on the farm; and the farm and the view of the implements in use, and of the improvements effected, should be at all times open to the farmers of the country. To these last exclusively, and not to any other class, loans should be made. It would gladden their now breaking hearts, it would put a new life into them to have to pay only 10 per cent. for advances; and in process of time this interest might be brought down much lower. The Sultan's model farm at San Stefano was costing him enormous sums; his ill-considered manufactories were swallowing up many millions of piastres annually. My model farm would not cost the Sultan or the country a *para*, and it would soon be the means of pouring annual millions into his treasury. If other similar establishments were authorized, and properly conducted, if a few such model chiftliks

and small colonies were allowed to take root in different parts of the Sultan's Asiatic and European dominions, each district which had one of them might be expected to improve, and the improvement would gradually spread from one district to another; roads would be made, and the produce of the interior would find its way to the coast without being eaten up on the journey. Everywhere rich and beautiful lands were lying uncultivated. Everywhere the cultivated parts were mere patches. With money at easy interest, and with roads to a market, the people would assuredly extend their tillage. Crushed by the Armenian seraffs, checked by the want of roads, they could only languish in poverty, and become every year less and less capable of paying the contributions to the state. For only three years the Anglo-Ottoman chiftlik should be exempted from all taxes and imposts whatsoever, in order that a liberal development might be given to the making of roads, draining, planting of trees, erecting of neat and substantial buildings, and other improvements. But after such period the farm should pay the usher like any other chiftlik in the country, as also the salianè, etc., but upon a fixed, equitable principle. The Company should be free to sell its produce in the best market. For the police: the resident director, or two of them, should have some such authority over the colonists and native labourers, as is possessed by a county magistrate in England; and all serious disputes and litigations should be referred, not to the Pasha at Brusa, and the British consul there, but to the Porte and our Embassy at Constantinople. If willing, subjects of the Porte, Osmanlees or Rayahs, might have shares in the Company; and the Vizier and the Reis Effendi for the time being, or any two other ministers of the Porte, might, in right of office, be patrons or presidents of the Company, with the faculty of examining accounts and all proceedings. Details of the architecture of this castle in the air would be tedious: the above is a broad sketch of the fabric. The Turks knocked it down at once, by declaring that it was contrary to their religion and usages, and opposed not only to their laws, but to the laws of England, France, etc. Before a foreigner could purchase and hold land in England he must be naturalized; and without holding land he must be subject to English law so long as he lived in England. In Turkey, by the capitulations granted in former times to different nations of Christendom, Englishmen, Frenchmen, Germans, etc., could and did live in Turkey without being subjected to Turkish law; but it would be too much to expect the Porte to allow them to purchase and hold estates. A Christian Rayah might hold land as well as a Mussulman, but to be a landed proprietor a man must be the Sultan's own subject. No doubt such a Company as I contemplated might have an extensive chiftlik for a very little money if they chose, but they must hold it in the name

of a Rayah subject, as many houses and gardens at Constantinople and on the Bosphorus were held. I told one of these men that no Company of Englishmen or Frenchmen would invest capital on such a fiction. I endeavoured to explain to him that the advanced and over-peopled countries of Europe stood in a very different position from Turkey, that wanted people, capital, good example, and almost everything else except fertile soil and fine climate; that, in the circumstances, the Porte might safely make a few exceptional cases, in order to try an experiment which would cost them nothing, and which might be attended with vast benefits to the country. Franks could not be expected to give up their nationalities and become Rayah subjects of the Sultan. They could not even live under Mussulman law. Long ago the Turks had made one great and general concession; for more than two hundred years the Frank Christians settled in the country had been allowed to live under their own laws, as administered by their embassies and consulates. The total number of Christians so living, in the whole empire, was immense. Could not the Porte go a little further, and allow a few respectable men—for whose morality and uprightness of intention they might have the guarantee of the friendly British government—to hold a little land in their own names? Such men might come and live in the country, free of all its other laws: the exceptional cases might be strictly limited. "No!" said my Turk, "if Europeans were to come among us in that way, and to hold estates, they would soon drive us out of the country!" I told him that it was better to be driven out than to die out—as the Turks were now doing. I translated for his edification the fable of the dog in the manger. "You are doing nothing yourselves," said I, "and you will allow nobody to do anything for you. You have one of the finest countries in the world, and you leave it as a wilderness, making hardly any use of it yourselves and excluding all others. But you cannot continue your exclusion long. If you cultivate your soil, there is a market for your produce in Christendom; if you do not, others must have the country that will. There is a law of nature stronger than the law of nations. There are considerations before which European jealousies as to occupation, and treaties of guarantee, whether *bipartite*, or *tripartite*, or *quadripartite*, will evaporate like water in your burning sun. The old countries of Christendom are all getting over-peopled. We are annually throwing off shoals of colonists to the remotest regions of the earth, to the antipodes. England, France, Germany, Italy, Belgium, Holland, and nearly every country you can name, all want room; and they will and must have it! While your Mussulman population is decreasing, our peoples are increasing at an immense annual ratio. You are not at the antipodes. By steam-navigation we from England can reach some of your fairest

and most fertile provinces in thirteen days; from the southern coast of France, and from Italy, you can be reached in four or five days. Christendom will not be starved out, nor will emigrants long continue to seek room and homes in the distant corners of the earth, when Turkey is so near to them, so enticing, and *so defenceless.*" My Osmanlee said little more than that as *he* would not be allowed to hold an estate in England, so *I* had no right to complain of not being permitted to hold one in Turkey. The Turks are uncommonly fond of this *quid pro quo* style of argument. I have had some of the unsoundest principles, some of the grossest follies existing in the administrations of the old European countries, thrown into my teeth as triumphant justifications of Ottoman blundering and mismanagement.

I never talked to a Greek of the country or to an Armenian (unconnected with the seraffs), or even to a Mussulman if he were unconnected with the Porte and free of debt to the Armenians, but received with approbation every part of my project. *They all agreed that nothing could be done in agriculture unless the rate of interest were greatly reduced and good examples set to the people.*

The Armenian seraffs are leagued together; they have got nearly all the money of the country into their hands; they, and they only, really regulate the finances and all other business of the empire; they have over all the great Turks the power which the creditor has over the debtor; and they have most determinately but blindly made up their minds to keep up the enormous price of money. I will here quote the opinions of a very able Englishman, who had studied the subject on the spot during fourteen years. My friend Mr. L—— in his correspondence with a London journal, had repeatedly and severely criticised the seraff-system. An Armenian published in a Malta newspaper an apology for the seraffs. His letter—otherwise worthless—provoked the following rejoinder from my friend:—"The occupation of the seraffs is notorious:—they are neither more nor less than usurers,—*usurers in the worst and widest signification of the word.* The 'Barings of Turkey' lend out their money at the *moderate* rate of 8½ piastres per month on every Turkish purse, or 500 piastres, which amounts to 20 per cent. per annum! There is scarcely a servant of the Government that is not down for more or less in their books. But the 20 per cent. per annum on their advances forms the least part of their gains. The time comes when each of their clients is enabled, through their money and their intrigues, to purchase a place or a Pashalik in the interior, and necessarily in the absence of anything like hereditary riches among the Turks, none but such as have their support and are involved beyond redemption in their toils, can have the remotest chance of advancement. An honest and uncontaminated Turk never

for a moment dreams of such a thing. Well, with the day of appointment to a place, the long-expected harvest of the seraff begins—the hour of wholesale plunder is at hand. Not satisfied with charging the money he has actually spent in these secret negotiations, he puts down enormous items for imaginary presents of amber mouth-pieces, jewels, &c., to ministers, *mabainjees*, &c., and —on the imaginary not less than the *bonâ fide* disbursement—substantial and accumulated interest is, to the last para, required. Under these circumstances, he of course takes care not to lose sight of his debtor, so that every Turkish beast of prey that goes forth to the provinces is accompanied by his Armenian jackal! Now, perhaps, the amiable correspondent of the Malta Mail (his travels in this country having probably not extended further than from Stamboul to the Princes' Islands) may here inquire, what mischief can possibly arise from transactions so pleasant and so profitable as these? If he likes, I will explain it to him—I have with my own eyes seen the consequences of these usurious measures. I have seen (in the year 1846–7) villages ruined and depopulated by hundreds—nay, I have witnessed the progress of depopulation itself. I have seen families in the depth of winter, men, women, and children, half or wholly naked, shivering with cold and perishing with hunger, driven from their habitations in the Pashalik of Mosul, and seeking refuge from the tender mercies and *paternal* government of the Porte, even in the territory of the ruthless tyrant Bedr-Khan-Bey! The man who was chiefly instrumental in bringing Mosul to its present forlorn and desolate state, was Keritlu Oglou Mehemet Pasha. Would you wish to know what has become of him? His story is instructive, and I shall copy it verbatim from the correspondence of the "Morning Post," under date of the 4th of October:—

"'Denounced by the European consuls, and convicted before the Council of State of the most horrible crimes, he was degraded from his rank and title, stripped of his ill-gotten wealth, and sentenced to an ignominious death. But the Sultan's clemency was appealed to, his life was spared, and the sentence of death commuted into one of exile. In less than three years *that* also has been remitted—he has returned to Constantinople; nor is that all—his rank has been restored to him, and—will it be believed?—all this is but preparatory to his being invested with another Pashalik! Thus it is certain more villages will be ruined and their inhabitants set adrift, either to die in the woods, or to join the wandering and robber tribes of the desert. For heaven's sake let the Sultan keep some of his compassion for his unoffending subjects! Neither must it be supposed that the case of Keritlu Oglou is a singular or a solitary one. A great majority, not only of the provincial Pashas, but also of the Cabinet Ministers, have at one time or other been guilty of the

grossest malversation. By what means then, you will ask, do they contrive not only to escape punishment, but recover their lost rank and places? The whole secret of the matter is, that they are over head and ears in debt, and that which in every other country tends to overwhelm a man, here has the contrary effect of buoying him up. The Armenian seraffs or usurers, who are all powerful, must, in order to refund themselves, find places for their debtors, however criminal, and hence *the system of universal impunity.*' To the above-mentioned fact, there would be others innumerable of a similar nature to add—but I shall confine myself to the recent appointment to the Pashalik of Diarbekir of Askar-Ali Pasha, the monster in human shape, who, at the earnest remonstrances of Sir Stratford Canning, was ejected from Tripoli for the cold-blooded murder of his prisoners the Arab chiefs and their children—to the appointment of Izzet Pasha, who had been guilty of every species of rapacity and peculation in Roumelia. Both these men had accounts to settle with their seraffs, and it was necessary therefore, no matter with what danger or prejudice to the Sultan's subjects, that they should be replaced. The abominable nature of the system may be conceived when it is known that *almost every Turkish functionary is in the same predicament*—that few, very few can succeed in extricating themselves from the clutches of these usurers—and if some of them, such for instance as Negib Pasha of Bagdad, do, after a long career of spoliation, become eventually the creditors of their seraffs—the latter suffer scarcely any detriment thereby, as they continue to be their agents, and the whole traffic of corruption continues to pass through their hands. Vainly are Firmans issued almost monthly, prohibiting bribes and presents of every description. Through the secret channels, or the *cloaca* rather, of the seraffs, the tide of venality circulates unseen. Presents and bribes are no longer made openly—sums of money are secretly transferred from one functionary's account to another's—and a system of mutual connivance and accommodation prevails among the whole body of the seraffs—it is one vile mass of putrefaction, and at the head of it and the Armenian nation are the 'ancient and distinguished family of the Doos Oglous.' It is the sheerest nonsense to say that *they* have nothing to do with the system; without *their* support and co-operation it could not stand for a moment."*

This exposition proceeded from a gentleman who was better acquainted with the condition of the country than almost any Frank in it, who had recently returned from a most extensive tour in the Asiatic provinces, and who, as I have before intimated, was so friendly to the Ottoman Empire that he might almost be called a Philo-Turk.

* "Malta Times," November 30, 1847.

If the reader will attentively consider his straight-forward, uncontradicted, and undeniable statements, he will have a perfect clue to many mysteries otherwise inexplicable. The Armenian scribe who provoked this exposure must have sorely repented of his folly. In concluding his very long letter; my friend said:—"While this sort of combination lasts, there can be no hope of regeneration or prosperity for the Ottoman Empire. How is it possible that capital can flow into legitimate channels, while through polluted ones, like these! such enormous profits are secured? It is well known and it has long been felt that the great desideratum in this country, both for commercial and agricultural purposes, is a National Banking establishment. The Minister of Finances, Sarim Pasha, has, since his accession to office, most strenuously exerted himself to realize such a project, but in every instance have his endeavours been defeated by the sullen ill-will, and stubborn opposition of the seraffs. And indeed, if we take into consideration the circumstances I have explained, we can feel no surprise at their opposition. Their occupation would undoubtedly suffer from any thing in the shape of fair competition and reasonable profit. I know it to be the deliberate opinion of a gentleman employed by the Porte to introduce agricultural improvements here (Dr. Davis,) that no branch of industry can thrive, that the growth of cotton and farming in general, which, with the natural advantages of the soil, ought to be so lucrative in this country, can have no chance of development while capitalists are allowed to demand so ruinous an interest on their advances. Who can doubt therefore but that the continuance of this system will be tantamount to a sentence of perpetual sterility on the productive powers and the resources of an empire which, above all others, has been blessed by nature? It is time that the Armenian incubus should be shaken off. In former times there might have been some excuse for such a system. If the profits were great, the risks and danger were greater. If Sultan Mahmoud, 'of glorious memory,' occasionally condescended to smile upon the Dooz Oglous, they must remember that he could also frown. That frown was death! With the playfulness of the royal tiger, have they forgotten the deadliness of his spring! If so the tombstones of 'that ancient and distinguished family' will surely serve to refresh their memories. It is true that under the sway of the present merciful monarch the lesson they might derive from them has in great measure lost its force."

On one fine morning in the year 1824 Sultan Mahmoud beheaded two and hanged two other members of this great banking family of Dooz Oglou, his wrath having been kindled against them not less by the intrigues of their rivals of the Eutychean Armenian party than by the detection of sundry frauds and flaws in accounts. Seraffs are neither hanged nor beheaded now-a-days let them do what they will;

but it is striking and perhaps comforting to remark how very few of these rapacious men, who give their whole life and heart and soul to money-getting, acquire large fortunes or leave them in the end to their children. Their avarice is constantly over-reaching itself. After the Dooz Oglous, the Tinghir Oglous, and the Dadians or Baroutjee Bashis, I do not believe that there are at this moment above *six* Armenian families in Constantinople really and substantially wealthy. And the end of these men is not yet. Before we left the East the Dadians were in difficulties.

"As the partridge sitteth on *eggs*, and hatcheth *them* not; *so* he that getteth riches, and not by right, shall leave them in the midst of his days, and at his end shall be a fool."*

CHAPTER XX.

I SCARCELY think that the reader will have been dazzled by the pictures of greatness exhibited in the preceding chapter. It will, however, be a relief to me to proceed to humbler matters.

We found Pera still blackened by the smoke of the fire of September. In some places they had run up wooden houses on the sites of those which had been burned, in other places they were yet building; but great gaps remained as the fire had left them, having here and there a brick chimney, or a fragment of a brick wall, left standing. In the streets where the building was going on there was no passing without peril to eyes and limb, for what was narrow before was made more narrow with ladders and scaffolding; and careless fellows were carrying planks and poles on their backs, and others were sawing and chopping out in the street, and the fellows on the scaffoldings over-head worked in so slovenly and reckless a manner that some of their materials were frequently falling in the streets. Now and then a whole scaffolding came down. Long ago an imperial ordonnance had been issued to the effect that whenever a fire gave the opportunity, the streets were to be widened, and that, as a means of preventing the rapid spread of conflagrations, there should be a strong partition wall, built of brick or masonry, between every two or three houses. But the order was already a dead letter; they were building exactly where they had built before, and not one new partition wall could I discover. So long as they run their houses up with wood—chiefly with deal planks, which dry in the sun and become as combustible as tinder—partition walls, and even broader streets, will have little effect in checking fire: I have seen

* Jeremiah xvii. 11.

the flames spread like an arch from one side of a broad street (the only broad one in *all* Pera and Galata) to the other, and where they failed to set the opposite houses in a blaze, that work was done by showers of sparks and embers, and fragments of burning wood wafted by the strong wind. But, by increasing the breadth of the streets and letting in the fresh air, Pera might, no doubt, be rendered sweeter and more salubrious. The filth and the smells of the place were altogether indescribable. The Grande Rue de Pera, as it is ludicrously called, was scarcely passable without mud-boots. In creeping along over the rough pavement, close under the houses to avoid the pool in the midst, we were constantly stumbling or slipping. It was work to dislocate the ankles. Here and there there were holes in the pavement two or three feet deep, large enough to admit the feet even of an Armenian hamal, and admirably calculated to break legs. At night, with the most careful servant and the brightest lantern carried Pera fashion, close to the ground,* it was very difficult to avoid these traps, for they were filled with mud and slush, and the rest of the pavement was under the same materials: that which had been blinding, suffocating dust in summer, was now mud. I mentioned walking ankle-deep in dust on the fashionable promenade "Le Petit Champ des Morts;" that promenade was now three feet deep in mud—in some places much deeper—and, for more than three months, the only way of passing along it was by clinging to the walls of the houses on one side, or to the iron railing of the burying-ground on the other. And this was one of the great thoroughfares of Pera, and Frank merchants and mighty drogomans had houses abutting upon it, and the pleasant prospect and odour of the filth close under their front windows! Down in Galata and Tophana matters were still worse. The steep descent from the diplomatic to the commercial *Christian* suburb was really perilous; a part of it—below the Galata tower, built by the Genoese—was down a flight of shelving steps, steep, rugged, and irregular, with many of its stones loose and rolling. In one respect it was the *facilis descensus*, for if you had fallen you might have rolled down from the Catholic church (where they set up a triumphal arch for the Pope's Nuncio) down to Stampa's shop, which is not much above the level

* Before leaving London we had been assured that the greater part of Pera, as well as of Constantinople Proper, was well-lighted by gas. Except a wretched oil-lamp, hung out by a string, here and there, in the grand street of Pera, there was no night-lighting at all. True, they had brought out at good salaries, two English gas-fitters, and some pipes and some of the necessary machinery; but these men were never set to work, and the machinery was intended wholly and solely for the illumination of the Sultan's new stone palace on the Bosphorus. One of the gas-fitters took a fit of disgust, and went home to England without getting his arrears paid. The other, whom we left at Constantinople in July, would have charge of twenty-five lamps—*if* the gas-works should ever be set up at the palace.

of the Golden Horn. To get at this queer staircase we had to cross (by very muddy paths) part of the smaller cemetery and the fosse of the old Galata fortifications, wherein there was an accumulation of unnamable filth; and beyond this ditch there was a gateway and an old Circassian gate-keeper, who told fortunes, and carried on a pretty active trade in charms and spells: then you passed a guard, usually composed of raw recruits that were learning to shoulder arms, and below this Turkish guard you walked through an avenue of blind or maimed beggars, some being Greeks and some Turks; this avenue led you to the Catholic church before mentioned, where we never failed to find a collection of dead rats, dead dogs, or other abominations; and immediately beyond this commenced the *facilis descensus Averni*. In the long-lasting bad weather it was almost the business of a day to go cautiously down to Galata and get safely back to Pera, the distance either way being not above a mile. The native savages managed it with more ease than we could, but in spite of their practice the man that went down in the morning never thought of returning before evening, or until his business of the day was done. Except the poor masters of English vessels who had business at the consulate, and who were dragged up and down in hot weather and in cold—because the consular office is not where it ought to be—very few men made the journey up and down, or down and up, more than once in the twenty-four hours. There was another way down from Pera, but it was round-about, and ran through some of the narrowest and most pestilential of streets—streets, moreover, considerably infected by thieves and pickpockets. Our friend, Dr. L. S———, preferred that way until he was lightened of his watch one day, and exposed to more serious hazard on another. The weather continued to be deplorable. Heavy rains and thick, cold fogs! The atmosphere clung about one like a wet blanket that had recently been dipped in ice water. On the 5th of January, nearly the anniversary of the day on which Lady Mary Wortley Montagu wrote, or on which she afterwards pretended to have written, the glowing lines about the gentle, warm winter at Pera, we had the snow lying knee-deep, and as no care was taken to clear it away, and as no thaw came to our relief, the snow was not much diminished in depth for ten days. When it began to melt, the effect upon wayfarers was sad; no boots could resist the cold solution under foot, and over-head the dissolving snow came down on your hat or cap, and often found its way between the collar of your coat and your shirt. Here no man thinks of sweeping the snow from his housetop, and there are hardly any pipes or spouts to carry either rain or snow from the tiles to the street. Several times we were nearly knocked over by great lumps of dissolving snow, which fell from the eaves upon our heads. When all this snow melted and ran off towards

the Port the effect was most miserable, for the melting snow ran like a mill-stream under foot, and the liquids came down from the house-tops like miniature cataracts—and right upon you; the streets being far too narrow to allow of escape by running into the middle of them.

"Here summer reigns with one eternal smile!"

Fie! Lady Mary! Fibs! The climate of this place was in your time what it now is, and what it ever has been. You may have had one bright sunny day up in Pera on the 26th of December (Old Style), 1718, but you could not have had a succession of such days any time from the beginning of November to the beginning of April; and for weeks together you must have been as cold and shivering as your frail and sensitive poetical correspondent at Twickenham, without having, even in the Ambassadorial Palace, one-half of his comforts. The winter of 1847–8 was rather longer and more severe than usual; but a winter at Constantinople, exposed to the storms of the Euxine, has always been a season to be dreaded. Two lines in Ovid give a far more correct notion of it than the verses of my Lady Mary. *I* found the place as inhospitable (ἄξενος) as it was cold—

"Frigida me cohibent Euxini littora Ponti,
Dictus ab antiquis *Axenus* ille fuit."

Having to move about a good deal, and not having within doors a single comfort, it will easily be imagined that our sufferings and vexations were not trifling. That odious Dutch stove could not be lighted in our room without the certainty of a headache. On the coldest days we were obliged to take refuge under cotton quilts and bed-covering. The first winter our witty friend T—— spent at this city he received, on Christmas-day, a letter from some relations in England, who sent him the wishes of the season, and envied him the pleasure of passing it in a warm and sunny climate. "And here was I," said T——, "in a wretched wooden house, sitting with two great coats drawn one over the other, and two pair of cloth pantaloons, bending over a pan of charcoal, and shivering with cold; and there was deep snow in the streets and a fog from the Black Sea as thick as a London fog!" His friends had probably been reading Lady Mary W. Montagu; or perhaps they merely bore in mind the latitude of the place, and had never given attention to the other physical circumstances which affect climate.

Our Christmas and New Year were perfect in their wretchedness—cold, damp, foggy, and most noisy. Greeks went about the streets fiddling and singing the vilest ditties we ever heard. They did this to collect money from the Franks; and as they adhere to the O. S, and keep these festivals twelve days after us, we had a repetition of the noises when their Christmas and New Year arrived, and when

they played and sang on their own account. It was fearful to hear them! Their singing was like yawning set to music. A numerous band used to choose our dinner hour for their performance, and posting themselves close under our windows they fiddled and sang all the time we were at table. On Christmas-day we had an escape from this martyrdom of the ears, for we dined down in Galata with our friends J. R—— and E. G——, with a party of Englishmen which included one very joyous Turkish Effendi, who drank half a bottle of rum before dinner, considerably more than a bottle of champagne during dinner, and the rest of the bottle of rum with the dessert. He frankly told us that he was a Bektash, and had no religious scruples whatsoever. After dinner, when we as good Englishmen and in duty bound stood up, glass in hand, to drink health to Queen Victoria, he stood up with us and hipped and cheered with the best of us; and when that toast was drunk he filled a goblet to the brim with strong Port wine, proposed the health of his Padishah Abdul Medjid, and emptied his goblet before he resumed his seat. At a late hour, when the amusements began to flag, we had a spectacle of a grand conflagration, on our side of the water, at Beshiktash, near the Sultan's palace. We sat at the windows and enjoyed the sight, as people always do in this country if the fire be not in their own quarter.

We had this amusement frequently; a week never passed without a fire down at Tophana, or at some village up the Bosphorus, or over in Constantinople city, or across the strait in the Asiatic suburb of Scutari. At Tonco's the breaking out of a fire was always announced to us with great glee, as something to enliven the evening or night; and heaven knows how many houses we must have seen consumed from a look-out at the top of that dwelling, even before the dread Fire King came to Pera (in the month of June) and left a great part of it cinders and ashes. When the conflagration is at all considerable the great Pashas and Ministers of State turn out to it, to superintend operations, and to give their directions or misdirections. One morning the Minister for Foreign Affairs was not to be seen, *because* he had been up all night at a fire. Only imagine Viscount Palmerston thus engaged as a matter of official duty! Our noble Secretary of Foreign Affairs has lighted a good many fires in Christendom; I wish he could be sent among the Turks to help to extinguish a few.

The noises in our quarter of Pera were as distressing as in the summer time. We had the same incessant cries, and bawling, and squabbling in the streets and on the burying-ground by day, and the same yelping, yelling, and howling of unowned dogs by night. Indeed, the canine colony in our corner of the Turkish cemetery had considerably increased since the month of August; and about a dozen litters of pups were now boarding and lodging among the tur-

baned stones just under the windows of our sitting-room. Wearied and worn out by having sleep murdered by dogs and pups, our very chemical friend, Dr. L. S ——, resolved to murder some of them outright. By an ingenious distribution by night of strichnine, he reduced the number by about a dozen. But what was that among so many? Then the dead beasts were left to decompose close under our noses; and then the Turks, dwelling a little below us on the cemetery, began to grumble and curse at the Christian dogs for their barbarity. The American doctor was advised to desist. He, however, consoled himself by believing that his strichnine had silenced some of the biggest and loudest of our Lemures; and I also fancied that I missed some "sweet voices" in the nightly chorus.

It was not about dogs or strichnine, but we had one day a terrible fracas at our corner. The part of our ground-floor which faced to the burying-ground, and looked towards the tekè of the Dancing Dervishes, was occupied by M. Wick, a Swiss bookseller, a quiet and very respectable man, although he did sell his French books at enormous prices.* A drain or sewer, which passed under the house, instead of performing its office, had taken to depositing its filth in the bookseller's store-room, which was immediately underneath our sitting-room—and hence *some* of the odours with which we were infected. As his property was in danger, Monsieur W. resolved to get the drain mended. He applied to the Turkish police for the indispensable permission, and obtained it, though not quite "free, gratis, for nothing." One morning he proceeded to operations: two Turkish labourers and two Greek masons soon dug a broad deep hole out in the street, and got to the level of the sewer, a Turkish cavass or policeman being on the spot, and presiding over the interesting labours. Some Turkish women, living on the slope of the hill, near the lower end of this immense burying-ground, called "The Little," got scent of what was going on up above, and arming themselves with sticks and stones, they trooped up to the spot, yelling and making use of language fouler than the sewer. They said that the accursed ghiaours were going to empty their filth into the water-courses of the faithful—to contaminate and poison all the fountains of the true believers who lived down the hill. In vain were they told that the sewer had no communication with any water-courses whatsoever. They rushed like furies into Wick's shop, threatening the unlucky bookseller, and made him run away and hide himself; they fell upon the presiding cavass with their tongues and sticks, and and he ran away; they thrashed and pelted the two Turkish labourers,

* Once, when I remonstrated with him about his prices, he said, "If I did not put high prices on my books I could not live. I sell so very few. Did you ever see a Perote reading? They care nothing for books in this country. I live chiefly on travellers like yourself. If more do not come, I must go."

and the two Greek masons, and they ran away. There was then a suspension of hostilities and a retreat, but the Megæras only went down to Kassim Pasha and the other abominable purlieus of the Bagnio to bring up reinforcements. We had been out visiting the disgraceful British hospital, and were returning home and were near our own door, just as they returned to the burying-ground and the *causa belli*, the big hole. It was the 25th of March of that luckless year 1848; and we had had for twelve days the news of the February revolution of Paris, and all the people we met were talking and dreaming of nothing but revolutions and changes very perplexing to monarchs, and many pseudo-Frenchmen and a great many real Italians were in an ecstacy of delight, and incessantly predicting that revolutionism and republicanism were now most assuredly going to make, *à pas de charge, le tour du monde!* At the first glance I really thought that revolution had come to Constantinople, for the Turks, when disposed for mischief, always put their women in the van. Verily revolution and democracy were fitly represented by these she-devils. They crowded the narrow street, they covered the edge of the cemetery, which is there an elevated ridge with a street and a road running beneath it, and they stood up among the tombstones gaunt and ragged like spectres that had started out of the graves, and, against all theory and law of ghosts, had made themselves visible by broad daylight. There were at least twenty Meg Merrilies among them. Wild were their gesticulations, most obscene and beastly was their language. In their excitement they let their yashmacs or handkerchiefs fall from their faces. Some of them were young, and had infants in their arms. After watching them for a time in the street we went up stairs, and watched them from our windows, expecting that some police force would arrive and disperse them. They screamed, shrieked, and hooted; they capered among the tombstones and the cypresses; they became more and more furious; they threatened to break our windows; they threatened to do impossible things to our mothers and grandmothers, our wives and sisters; they would put us into the hole if we did not instantly fill it up. Such a continuous stream of abuse and of obscenity, with action suited to the words, I had not yet witnessed. And there was a large guard-house filled with Turkish soldiers close at hand, at the distance of only a few yards; and all the while a Turkish officer of that guard, instead of putting down this revolt of women, instead of checking their torrent of insult and beastliness, encouraged them by standing among them and laughing very heartily in our faces. Also a black officer, a hideous-looking Nubian, came up from the same guard-house and joined in the sport. The guard had not been changed for months; those officers knew right well that there were Englishmen and other Frank travellers living in this house; they

well knew us all by sight, and so did every one of their men, as we were constantly passing and re-passing their quarters; and they could not but know the ordonnances which so strictly forbade the use of opprobrious language towards Franks or any other Christians; yet there they stood approving it, and heard us called ghiaours, *kupeks*, *pezavenks*, and much worse. They were officers of the *Imperial Guard!* The Megseras gained a complete victory: a man from the Turkish police-office solemnly told them that the hole should be filled up, that the sewer should not be touched; and thereupon they took their departure, waving their bare arms in the air, shouting and screaming, and giving us more dirt to eat. The hole was closed while we were at dinner. How the poor Swiss engineered to save his books I know not; but I do know that from this day the atmosphere of our dwelling was fouler than before. No notice was taken of the disgraceful scene we had witnessed or of the insults to which we had been exposed. Lord Cowley had gone, and Sir Stratford Canning had not yet come; the other foreign Legations had too many Revolutions in their heads to be able to bestow a thought on this *émeute de femmes*. While the subject was fresh in our minds a good many stories were told of recent female rebellions.

Previously to the *affaire* Wick we ourselves witnessed a female commotion; but in the beginning it was not more than what is technically called a *demonstration*, and at the end it hardly amounted to an émeute. We had not been back in Pera much more than a week, when we found that there was a dearth of charcoal. All cooking operations are performed by means of charcoal; no fuel is consumed in kitchens except charcoal; and *even in civilized* Pera very few houses could be warmed except by the mangals or pans of charcoal; while in the Turkish, Greek, Armenian, and Jewish quarters, both on this side and over at Constantinople, and at Scutari, and all the way up the Bosphorus, charcoal was the only fuel that could be used either for cooking or warming. An immense quantity had been consumed at the circumcision fêtes; an unusual consumption had taken place through the early beginning and the great severity of the winter; and that which had tended in a far greater measure to our present scarcity, was the fixing, more than a year ago, a very low maximum price—a price so low that many of the woodcutters and charcoal-burners had given up the business as unprofitable. At short distances from Constantinople, there was wood and forest enough to make charcoal for the whole of the charcoal-burning portion of Europe; but it could not be made in wet and snowy weather; from many of these places it could not have been brought without a dreadful expense for carriage; and then these nearest places did not enjoy the rights of making charcoal at all, and no man in them could

have thought previously of making them for the *fixed* prices, even if he had had the necessary licence. The article rose to a terrible price in Pera and also over in Constantinople Proper: the *crescendo* movement continued until the price of charcoal per *oke* was nearly as dear as the bread we ate, and considerably dearer than the common bread; and until charcoal was not to be obtained for any price. In the streets of Pera and Galata, people went about from house to house begging for a little or offering extravagant prices for a little. Tonco was reduced to his last handful, which was not enough to cook the dinner for the day. "You can serve me in this emergency," said he; "you know Ali Pasha, the Minister for Foreign Affairs; if you speak to him, he will send us one of his cavasses, and with the aid of a Turk I shall be able *to find* charcoal somewhere." After laughing at the idea of applying to a Minister of State on such a subject, I declined the embassy; but as a young Englishman in Ali Pasha's service came over to see us, Tonco spoke to him, telling him of course there would be a backshish for the cavass. The young man assured him that his Excellency the Minister for Foreign Affairs, was as badly off for charcoal as we could be; that for three days his cavasses had been hunting about Constantinople for that fuel; that yesterday there was not enough in the house to light his Excellency's mangal, and that his dinner had been cooked at a fire made of sticks and brush-wood. As this dearth happened when the weather was coldest, the poor people suffered exceedingly. The day on which the deliberations took place up at Pera, it was sleeting, snowing, and blowing as in Siberia. Wood was scarce, and presently became enormously dear. The Turkish women over in Constantinople collected in great numbers, waylaid the Sultan as he was going to mosque, and told the representative of the Prophet that they and their children were perishing for want of charcoal.

At last, on the 7th of February, three steamboats were taken off other duty and sent down the Sea of Marmora and across to Asia, to tow to the Golden Horn a few charcoal-boats that were detained by contrary winds. On the following day, as I was crossing the New Bridge, I saw an immense crowd at the Constantinople end of it, and heard a terrible shouting and screaming. It was all about charcoal. Three small undecked vessels laden with the precious commodity had just arrived, and Turkish men, women, and children, were scrambling and fighting for the fuel, while poor Armenians, Greeks, and Jews, were looking on with envious eyes, not daring to join in the scramble. Even the women were rushing into the cold water in their exceeding great eagerness. It was to be noted, however, that no woman or man in this scramble was allowed to get more than a very small quantity. A Jew, standing shivering at our

side, looked at the charcoal just as a poor glutton in London streets might look at the viands of a cook-shop. "The Turks will get all the charcoal," said he, "and not a morsel for us Israelites!" I told him that there was Tanzimaut establishing an equality of rights, and that he had as much right to go with his paras and get some of the fuel as the Turks could have. "Misericordia!" said the Jew: "I should get beaten and have my clothes torn off my back if I were to go among those Mussulmans! Tanzimaut says one thing and Turks do another. What is Tanzimaut? Dirt!" In a house close at hand, in a wooden gallery overhanging the port, sat that *very* great man Izzet Pasha, the controller of *droits réunis*, who was charged with regulating the supplies and fixing the prices of wood, charcoal, &c. He watched the proceedings with an air of great dignity, smoking his tchibouque and giving his orders to a whole host of cavasses, who would allow nobody to carry away more than a very small basketful. Other boats came in, in the course of a few days, but the supplies were altogether inadequate to the demand, and in our quarter charcoal rose to 2 piastres the oke. There was a scarcity all through the winter, and indeed till the month of May, when the horrible roads or tracks of the country became passable. Over at Brusa there was an abundance; but how could it be carried down to the coast? Still nearer, in the thickly wooded country behind Selyvria, between the Propontis and the Euxine, there was or there might have been an immense quantity of charcoal; but then there was the same difficulty of conveyance, and the arbitrary proceedings of government and their insane maximum, had discouraged and checked production. At Kirk Klissia, or the Forty Churches, in the midst of these woodlands, there were many Turkish charcoal-burners, and a numerous and industrious Greek population, who had been accustomed to traffic a good deal with the port of Selyvria on the Sea of Marmora. Selyvria alone might have been made a depôt for the capital, from which it is distant only some thirty-six miles, or a common voyage by sea with the country vessels of some seven hours. A *carro* or *aruba* load of charcoal weighs 300 okes. For this quantity government last year had arbitrarily fixed the price at only 40 piastres for the market, taking all that it wanted for its own use at 36 piastres. Now, the poor people paid a rent to government for the privilege of cutting the wood in the forests; then they had the labour of converting the wood into charcoal, and then the toil and expense of a journey of two or three days, over the worst of roads, with a pair of oxen, to Selyvria. How then could they make any profit or live by such industry? In many instances that which was taken for the use of government was not paid for at all, or such deductions were made by the different men in authority concerned in the transaction, that the poor men, instead of getting 36 piastres,

did not receive 16; consequently the trade had been in good part abandoned: the same effect had been produced by the same measures in other places.

But for the unusual abundance of game, we should have been as badly off for food as for fuel. Beef was rarely to be procured at all, and mutton rose to a price that was quite fearful to the poor. In January and February, this meat, of the very worst quality, was nearly as dear as our very best mutton in London. It was four times the price at which it used to be sold in 1828; but, since my former residence, nearly every commodity or necessary of life had risen in price in about the same proportion. Such beef as we got was black and otherwise indescribable. The mutton, when raw, looked as if it had been cut or hacked from animals that had perished of disease or famine, and when cooked it was tough, coarse, stringy, and flavourless. The severe cold was at once a friend and an enemy, for it brought down an immense quantity of game, and especially of woodcocks and wild ducks. During three months our principal food was woodcock; pheasants, however, occasionally appeared upon table, and partridges rather frequently. But for the diabolical cookery of the place we should not have fared so very ill; but Tonco's cook, a dirty, obstinate, pig-headed Armenian from Diarbekir, would send every dish up swimming in that rancid, foul cart-grease which goes by the name of Odessa butter. Our bread was always sour and frequently very gritty: it is made with leaven which turns acid upon the stomach: when two days old it is so sour as not to be eatable. Some of the Perote families made better bread in their own houses, but the bakers form a powerful esnaff, and their corporate privileges and right of poisoning people are not to be interfered with. Many times representations had been made by medical men and other Europeans that sour leaven is a bad compound, very injurious to persons in delicate health, and that they would make far better bread if they would only use yeast, of which there was a plenty in the country. But this was contrary to their religion or to custom, which is now about the only religion left among them; Mussulmans had always made their bread with leaven, and ought always so to make it; it was their adet: in Frankistan they made their bread with yeast, that was their adet; but could the Franks pretend that Mussulmans were to make bread after their fashion? By reasoning like this Dr. Millengen, physician to the Sultana Validè, had often been defeated, not merely in this, but in his efforts at still more important improvements. This winter, however, that high and mighty dame, who *ab origine* was a bought Circassian slave, had a long, and alarming, and all but fatal sickness. In her convalescence her stomach rejected nearly all food. Seizing the favourable opportunity, Dr. Millengen recommended light, sweet bread made with yeast. Long and solemn

deliberations were held; astrologers were consulted; but it was finally agreed that the Doctor should himself and with his own hands make and compound some of his Frank bread with flour furnished to him out of the Sultana Validè own stores.* The loaves were presently made; the Doctor ate of them in the presence of the Sultana's eunuchs and chiefs of her household, to show that there was no poison in them. The chief eunuch and chamberlain also ate and pronounced the bread to be good, and after some other exorcisms or ceremonies, a fine white slice was presented to the Sultana, who ate and declared it to be most excellent. The bread sat lightly on her stomach and without any acidity. Dr. Mellengen was extolled to the skies, and by imperial rescript, pompously announced in the Sultana's own newspaper, he was authorized to have ovens of his own, and to sell bread made in his own fashion, without regard to the esnaff. The Doctor took premises in Pera, not far from the medical school at Galata Serai, put into them some intelligent Greeks, and left them to make the bread with yeast, and to sell it. It was the best bread in Turkey. I believe his bake-house was burned down in the great fire of June (of which more hereafter,) but he was free to build another; and when we left in July, Dr. Mellengen was, or had the right of being, Head Baker to the Sultana Validè, as well as Hekim Bashi to her Highness.

The cholera did not grow better. It was far worse about the middle of January than when we arrived on the 23rd of December. The cold did not stop it, nor did the heat of summer afterwards. As well as I could judge, it was a malady altogether independent of temperature. It was very destructive in January, and very destructive in July; but I am disposed to think that it was rather worse in the hot months (on account of the enormous quantity of big, raw cucumbers consumed by the common people, without vinegar, oil, salt, or any condiment whatsoever) than in the winter months. Long before the terrible disease began to kill Franks, I was made aware that it was committing ravages. My inquiries carried me down rather frequently to Kassim Pasha, the Arsenal, and the foul regions that surround it. I hardly ever went without meeting hurried Turkish

* Nothing can pass through the hands of Turkish placemen or courtiers without plunder. A certain quantity of flour was named to the Doctor, with which he was to make a given number of loaves; but before the Sultana Validè's flour reached his hands it was reduced by one-third.

In the same way, of rations for three horses allowed him by the Validè, the Doctor never got more than two. On the recovery of that august personage, her son, the grateful Sultan, ordered the Doctor a present of 100,000 piastres, but the sum paid to Dr. Millengen was 70,000 piastres. The rest of the money had stuck by the way in the hands of the chamberlains, &c.

Dr. Millengen was a great favourite at Court, a perfect master of the Turkish language, and well acquainted with the tricks of the country. Other men fared far worse than he.

funerals, or hearing some story of disease and death. The lower part of the cemetery was beginning to look like a ploughed field, so numerous were the recent graves. Attempts were made to conceal the truth. Two or three of the pashas employed in the Arsenal affected to treat the visitation as a trifle, and even denied that the deaths were numerous in that unhealthy hollow; but I learned upon better authority that the hospital was crowded, that ever since the month of October the deaths had been very frequent, and that a great number of the soldiers and marines quartered in the Arsenal barracks, and of young men dragged over from Asia to be trained as sailors for the Sultan's fleet, had perished, and were yet perishing. These victims were mostly buried between night and morning, when nobody was stirring. There was no doubt now of its being the real Asiatic spasmodic cholera; but it did not rage fiercely for a season and depart, as it has *generally* done in India. It lingered about the city and suburbs many months, being now active in one quarter and now in another, and often returning to the quarter which it had seemed to have deserted. When its fury abated in the Arsenal and the suburbs lying along the left bank of the Golden Horn, it raged terribly over in Constantinople, in the Greek quarter of Psammattia, on the shore of the Propontis, near the Seven Towers, at the distance of nearly four miles from the Arsenal. From Psommattia the disease took a leap across a ridge of hills, and fell upon the quarter of the poor Jews; but when the Greeks of Psammattia were flattering themselves with the hope that the cholera had left them for good, the monster was back again upon them. There were intervals when one might really have believed at Pera and Galata that the disorder had ceased; but as we moved about a good deal in other parts, we were convinced that it was actively at work, and thinning the poor ill-fed population at a fearful rate. Where medicines were administered in time by skilful Frank doctors, there were many recoveries; but no medical assistance was provided for the poor. The mendacious newspapers proclaimed to the world that a paternal care was taken of all classes; that government was unremitting in its efforts to succour the afflicted and check the disease; and that the enlightened Board of Health met in frequent consultation, and daily displayed the greatest zeal, activity, and skill. That enlightened Board was presided over by a young renegade Greek. I believe the "Board" did assemble some two or three times at the Galata Serai; but what good a set of careless, ignorant men could do by smoking their tchibouques together at the top of the Pera hill, was not easily discovered. The belief entertained by the Frank respectabilities that their bowels were safe, was shaken by the sudden seizure and death of a Swiss merchant, who was a fine, strong young man in the morning, and a corpse before night. He died down in Galata, where

he had resided; but cholera marched up the infidel hill, and into the most aristocratic quarter, and took in its grip sundry Franks, as if they had been but poor ill-fed Turks, Greeks, Armenians or Jews.

On the 14th of January, after a visit to the filthy Arsenal, I felt very unwell, but I had none of the well-known symptoms of cholera, and certainly neither I nor my son ever felt any alarm on our account; but the frequency with which funerals of Greeks and Armenians were now passing our corner, with the faces exposed, and the nasal chaunting of the attendant priests, had a saddening and depressing effect upon the spirits, and altogether our discomfort at Pera was great.

On the following day I resolved to go to San Stefano, on the Sea of Marmora, to visit our friend Dr. Davis. The stormy weather did not permit our going by sea. The sleet and rain, and a portmanteau to carry, did not square with a journey on horseback, so we hired a vile Turkish aruba. This vehicle was partly windowed up, but nearly all the glasses were broken; and it was partly closed by curtains, but the curtains were ragged and kept constantly flying out in the wind. Of all our miserable journeys, this was about the most miserable. We set off at 2 P. M., and did not reach the place of our destination until 5, the total distance being barely eight miles. The creeks were all swelled into great rivers; the extensive hollow between Macri-keui and the Model Farm was almost entirely under water, looking like a lake. In the open country, and along the cliffs which flank the Propontis, the wind and the rain assailed us most pitilessly. It blew a hurricane, and every gust came in upon us through the broken glasses and the spaces which the curtains ought to have secured. The sky of this region of "eternal summer" was as cloudy and black as any English sky; thick mists rolled over the plain and broad hills on our right, and the Propontis on our left was covered by a dense fog. We were on the storm-track: we were crossing the path of the north-easters that were charging down from the Black Sea.

> "In Corum atque Eurum solitus sævire flagellis
> Barbarus Æolis nunquam hoc in carcere passos."*

In the dusk of the evening—cramped, stiff, wet, and cold—we entered the village of San Stefano.

We had left alarm and sadness behind us, and we found fresh sadness here. Dr. Davis, who had been disappointed, and kept in a constant state of uneasiness and fret, had suffered a very severe illness, and had *lost the sight of an eye*. He was still suffering, but he and all his family were rejoiced to see us again. They gave us an hospitable reception, though put to it to procure the wherewithal,

* Juvenal, Sat. x.

there being quite a dearth here, and communication with Constantinople being almost cut off. Last autumn, Mr. N. Davis, the Doctor's brother, had been to Nicomedia, and had made a little tour in Asia Minor in search of trees to plant on the Model Farm. His notions as to the state of the country, the backwardness of all agriculture, the effects of oppressive and irregular taxation, and the crushing effects produced by the Armenian usurers and their enormous rates of interest, coincided with mine. We had not been in communication—we had made our observations in different parts of the country; but when we compared our notes they agreed *in toto*, as did also the conclusions to which each of us had separately come.

If we had run away from cholera, we were very soon convinced that so short a flight was useless. The evening after our arrival, as we were sitting down to dinner, Dr. Davis was hastily summoned to the house of a rich Armenian in the village. He soon returned, declaring that if he had ever seen a case of cholera he had seen one now. The patient, who lived just across the street, was a young girl who had come a few days before from Constantinople. The Doctor administered opium, which had been proved to be very effective in the earliest stage of the disease. The poor girl lingered two more days and then died. Mrs. Davis was greatly alarmed, not for herself, but for dear little children. No other attack was, however, heard of in the village for some weeks.

I went repeatedly to the dismal Model Farm, where hardly anything had been done in the right way, where all the plans of the Doctor had been upset or deranged by the cupidity, jealousy, and hatred of the Armenian, Boghos Dadian. The weather continued to be boisterous and cold. We had in-door resources: Bishop Southgate came in almost every evening with his rich stores of Turkish information; and the merry Minister of the United States, with his admirable stories of American life, was generally with us both morning and evening.

On Monday the 17th of January the Greeks celebrated their Epiphany. They began by times. At the second hour after midnight a fellow went through the streets of the village beating the rough pavement with a heavy club, like a "*Yangin var*" man of Constantinople when a fire breaks out. About half an hour later some men at the Greek church beat with sticks and mallets upon the suspended iron plate which serves in lieu of the Turk-prohibited bells. This monotonous clatter, at a very few paces from our bedroom, continued for some time. Next we heard a priest singing psalms through the nose in the street. Our sleep was pretty well murdered, but I did contrive to doze for two or three hours, and can give no account of what passed in that interval. At sunrise we

were started out of our beds by new and much louder noises. All the Greeks of the village, formed into loose processional order, were following their priests to the margin of the Sea of Marmora, which flowed close under one of the fronts of the Doctor's house. The priests were psalmodizing most nasally; the people were talking and laughing as if they had some good joke in hand. There was no solemnity or seriousness, but the very antithesis of solemnity. The priests appeared to be far gone in raki: we were assured by a closer observer that one of them was very drunk. They occasionally stopped the psalmody to take their share in the merriment and laughter. These priests advanced to the end of a short, rotten, wooden jetty, which projected into the Propontis. Some of the laymen got into a caïque and pulled it a few yards ahead of the jetty; then a burly priest, after saying a prayer and making some signs, threw a crucifix into the sea, and instantly three of the fellows who were in the boat plunged into the water head-foremost after it. It must have been a chilling immersion, for the morning was bitterly cold. Perhaps it was on this account that so few of the Greeks dived; but the smallness of their number was noted by some as a proof of the decay of orthodox devotion at San Stefano. The man who succeeded in finding the cross and fishing it up from the bottom of the sea was hailed with many shouts.

It was a tame business, the plungers being so few, and there being no struggle in the water or under it. When the performers used to be many, and the zeal and emulation very great, it was not unusual for one or two of the divers to get drowned. The recoverer of the cross was conducted to shore, and then to the church, in a sort of rude triumph, a priest supporting him on either side chanting through his nose, the rest of the men halloing, the women and children screaming, and all the dogs of the village barking. To-day the recoverer of the cross must drink raki with every Greek in the place, and receive the compliments of all, and until this day twelvemonth he will be styled and denominated Agios Hovannes, or St. John. This strange ceremony is called "Baptizing the Cross." It is performed, in precisely the same manner, at all the sea-ports and at every sea-side village. The place where it is done with most éclat is the very large village on the Bosphorus called Arnaout-keui. We were there ten days before this festival of the Epiphany, and saw a great number of Greek vessels lying at anchor, and waiting for the blessed day. They were bound for the Black Sea, but would not trip their anchors until after the Baptism of the Cross. It was, however, this year observed at Arnaout-keui that the plungers were neither so numerous nor so enthusiastic as in former times; and there, as at San Stefano, the falling off was attributed less to the cold weather than to a decay of religious fervour. There had been years

when the mariners of Arnaout-keui had gone mad with the excitement, had grappled with one another under the water, had fought and clawed and scratched for the possession of the cross, and the man who secured it, half-suffocated, had come to the surface of the waves with the emblem of salvation in his hand, with a blackened face and with blood streaming from face, body, and arms. A frightful and revolting picture. All the better educated Greeks were now ashamed of it, and indeed disgusted with the whole of the ceremony, however quietly it might be managed; but too many of these men in getting rid of superstition had avowedly got rid of nearly every religious belief. "*C'est que nous lisons le grand Voltaire et tous les philosophes Français*" said one of the Greek gentlemen to me.

On the morning of Friday, the 21st of January, we took boat and left San Stefano for the village of Macri-keui. This place the Armenian Dadians had promised the Sultan they would convert into a Birmingham, a Sheffield, or a Manchester, or rather all three in one; and they had brought about fourscore men from England to manage all these works. As we landed the heavy rains re-commenced, drenching us to the skin. Between the landing-place and the village, we had to walk through two or three hundred yards of the usual mud and filth. This brought us to a row of new houses entirely occupied by English workmen and their families. In the course of the many visits I afterwards paid to Macri-keui, I found that there were a *few* honourable exceptions—a few men who had brought with them, and preserved under very adverse circumstances, English neatness, comfort, and order—but it struck us very forcibly that these dwellers in the "English row" had done nothing to set an improving example to the people of the country. The lane in which they lived was as muddy and dirty, and as much strewed with abominations, as any part of the village; their houses—certainly roughly and badly built for them by the Armenians—were as dirty and disorderly as those of the natives. At last, covered with mud, and streaming with the rain, we found out old H———'s baraque, a comfortless, wooden, Turkish built house. The old woman was rather an alarming personage, with sharp, inquisitive eyes, and a very lupine expression of countenance. In a country where there are no inns one is often obliged to throw oneself on the hospitality of unknown people, without the formality of introduction or recommendation; but in this case we were furnished with a letter from Dr. Davis, and the people (whatever they might be besides) were *English*. Never, among poor Turks or Greeks, had we found so much vulgarity, selfishness, and inhospitality, as we met with under this roof. There was no going away through that pitiless and unceasing storm; having come, I did not like wholly to lose my time and trouble; and at the moment I knew not where to look for other

quarters. The old man was a few shades more civilized than the old woman. He was a respectable sort of master blacksmith, or working engineer, which had, I believe, been his original calling at home. He might even have been an able man in that way, but he was old when he came to the country, five years ago, and it now appeared to me that he was not very far from his dotage, and that he was perfectly indifferent to everything, except to his pay and other emoluments. Yet this was the man that the Sultan, at the instigation of the Armenians (to whom he was all submission,) had delighted to honour, while other Englishmen in his service, men really eminent in science and in their professions, like Mr. Sang and Mr. Frederick Taylor, had been left almost unnoticed, and with insufficient salaries that were *most irregularly paid*. Old H——'s salary alone was 1000*l.* a-year English money, and he had allowances for house-rent, for provisions, for keep of horses, etc., which did not fall short of 300*l.* a-year: and then he got more money by doing little jobs for the great pashas, and good commissions on traps and nicknaks he imported for them from England; and in addition to all this he had I know not how many sons and sons-in-law, idling about the place, or scampering about the country with horses, on snug salaries of from 200*l.* to 300*l.* a-year each. I scarcely know what I said to one of these worthies when he remarked to me that Turkey was "getting a sprinkling of manufactories!" Before he came to Turkey, old H—— received from Sultan Abdul Medjid the Nishan, or Ottoman decoration, richly set in diamonds, for having done some work for the Porte; and since his settling at Macri-keui he had received, from the same bountiful but blind prince, three gold snuff-boxes, richly set in diamonds. With great pride, the old woman showed us these imperial gifts, and told us how the Padishah had given one of the boxes with his own hand, in presence of all the great pashas, assembled for the occasion, and in order that they might see and understand what respect and honour were due to the director of these imperial fabrics.

This director-in-chief exercised no moral control over his men, the far greater part of whom much needed some such control and the force of a good example. As good English mechanics they could work with no heart when they knew that what they were about was ordered to be done in the wrong way, and must end in a ridiculous failure. A good many of them had been here for months, and had never been set to work at all, because their factories were not ready for them, or because the machinery had not yet arrived from England or from France, or because there was no coal to burn, or because there was no raw material wherewith to work. These men were loitering and drinking all day long in the punch-shop and Greek coffee-houses, or playing billiards at a table which a speculating

Greek had set up for the accommodation of the English colony. On our first arrival at Constantinople, in August, 1847, we had been struck by the superscription on some English newspapers—"To the British Mechanics' Institution at Macri-keui." Good old Stampa could tell us little more than that there had been an inauguration dinner in the preceding month of May, and that he sometimes received newspapers to be forwarded to the Institution. On inquiring about it on the spot, we found that the whole affair had gone to the dogs. Mrs. H—— said, "Our men likes billiards and punch in the evenings, much better than them sort of things;" and Mr. H—— laughed and nodded his head assentingly to the elegant proposition of his spouse. We had learned from Dr. Davis (and from others that were at it) that the inauguration dinner had been an affair of some éclat; that a good many Englishmen came down to it from Constantinople; that the company dined out in tents pitched in a field, there being no house open to them in the village capable of receiving them; that sundry speeches were made, and toasts drunk, to the success of the British Mechanics' Institution at Macri-keui. There was something in the idea and locality to hit the imagination, the attempt seemed honourable, and if it had been properly carried out, might have been productive of some good. But properly speaking there had never been an attempt made—there had been an inauguration without a beginning. This was Turkish fashion. The men had never had a room in which to meet or keep their books; they had only sixty volumes to commence with, and the number never rose to eighty. Mrs. H—— had them in her house, under lock and key, and sad tatter-demalions they were! It might have helped to keep the men out of the spirit-shops. Some of them were very industrious and quiet and steady mechanics when they left England (having testimonials to that effect from their employers), but they had nearly all been spoiled and disordered in this head-quarter of disorder. Even those who had been fairly set to work were often left in idleness for weeks at a time, and as for their pay it was always three, four, or five months in arrear, and whether they worked or played made no difference in their getting their salaries. There was an utter dearth of amusements and pastimes, and the only things that were cheap in the country were tobacco, bad wine, and ardent spirits. In their drunken freaks they often got into mischief. One night a small party of them thrashed an entire guard of the Sultan's regular troops. They all seemed to be abandoned, both by Embassy and Consulate, as lost sheep, or as fellows scarcely having a claim upon British protection. I knew myself of several complaints which were justly and reasonably founded, and for which they certainly ought to have obtained redress. During Sir Stratford Canning's long absence they never obtained any redress whatever.

No one took heed of them. The British chaplain, Dr. B——, had been dead some eighteen months or two years, and his place was not filled until within a week or two of our departure from Turkey. The English chapel at Pera had been burned down, like the English Palace or Ambassadorial residence. They were rebuilding the palace (at an *immense expense*,) but nothing was done to restore the place of worship. It was a long and comfortless journey from Macri-keui; but I believe that if there had been a chapel and a clergyman of the Church of England (as there ought to have been), many of these men would have attended regularly on the Sabbath mornings. Old Mrs. H—— had indeed taken charge of their spiritual welfare, for she belonged to some dissenting sect—I know not which or what—and had at one time been a sort of she-elder to a conventicle somewhere about Limehouse or Rotherhithe. There were three Scotch missionaries belonging to the radical and all but revolutionary Free Kirk party, settled in Constantinople, but their mission (in which I could discover no sign of success) was to convert the Jews of that city. One of them, however, came occasionally to Mrs. H——'s house, and held forth in "our drawing-room." The American missionaries at Constantinople, who were three times more numerous than the Scotch, sent down one of their body to Macri-keui rather more frequently, although their attention was absorbed by the conversion of the Armenians. Neither the Scotch nor the American missionaries could condescend to use the magnificent liturgy of the Anglican Church. Then Mrs. H—— had other and far less legitimate preachers and expounders of the Gospel, certain laymen, without education and without any definable sect or set of religious opinions—men pretending to have had "calls;" and when there was no missionary one of these self-appointed ministers harangued the mechanics. There was a recently imported Nottingham stocking-weaver, who was very soon discovered to be the greatest and cunningest reprobate of the whole colony. He was a perfect master of the shibboleth and farrago of the low conventicle: he explained, in a manner quite satisfactory to Mrs. H——, that he was a "chosen vessel," that he had had a "call," and Mrs. H—— had him up to preach and expound.

The American missionaries were men of very sober lives; some of them carried their abstinence to the uttermost pole of teetotalism. Sermons were delivered against the vice of drunkenness, and a total abstinence from all fermented liquors was earnestly recommended. The high priestess of this tabernacle declared herself a convert; but *then* she dealt largely in English bottled porter and ale, in rum and brandy likewise, and as one who had been of the congregation (at the hearing of proofs demonstrative that water was the best drink for man) was about leaving the house, Mrs. H—— took him aside

and told him that she had received a good supply of beer and brandy by the last steamer from England, and that she would be most happy to furnish him or any of his friends. And, in effect, the longest carouses, the most disgraceful excesses committed at Macri-keui, were upon beer and spirits sold to the men by the wife of the director of these imperial manufactories.

On Saturday, the 23d of January, we walked from Macri-keui to the iron-works at Barout-Khaneh, and to an iron-steamboat which was building on the bank of the creek not thirty yards beyond the walls of the great powder-works. The sparks from the tall chimney of old H——'s steam-engine were flying about on one side of the powder-mills, and here were the chimneys of one furnace and two forges! It was difficult to conceive how it happened that the whole of Barout-Khaneh was not blown up. There had been terrible explosions in former times, before the powder-mills had such inflammable neighbours. The iron boat looked like a reel in a bottle. They were building it in a place which had no exit to the sea except by a narrow mouth choked up by a sandbank.. "This boat," said Mr. Phillips, the builder, "will cost the Sultan five or six times the sum for which he might have bought a good iron boat in England. When she is finished—if that day ever comes—they will have to spend a large sum of money in clearing out the mouth of this choked creek so as to get her afloat in the sea of Marmora. And then I must send her out without her engines. She ought to have been built at the Arsenal on the Golden Horn. There are fifty good places for the purpose, without any impediments, where she might have been launched from the stocks into clear deep water without any expense. I told the Armenian Dadians that this was not a place for such building; they told me that that was not my affair, that my contract only bound me to build the boat, and that they would have it built here! Those men will never hear reason. I cannot understand them." I, however, understood why they had selected this *cul-de-sac*, this unsightly and perilous hole. It stood within their regions—it was within the kingdom of the Dadians, which extended from the land-walls of Constantinople to their other powder-works at St. George, on the lake called Ponte Piccolo, five miles beyond San Stefano. Over all this region the Dadians were lords paramount. This was also the reason of their fixing the Model Farm where they did, instead of allowing Dr. Davis to choose out of a hundred spots that were far preferable. If the iron boat had been built at the Arsenal, the work would not have been under the control of these grasping Armenians, and they would get no diamonds, or honours, or favours when she was launched. Forges, furnaces, buildings, outbuildings, ship-yard, everything had to be made for the building of this *one* boat, whereas at the Arsenal there was

everything ready made, with most abundant room. It is not at all likely that they will ever build another boat in this hole, and so many thousands of piastres will have been wasted. The iron of the boat was English, every inch of it; but the poor, deluded Sultan had been given to believe that it was made from Turkish ore and prepared here by old H—— under the auspices and scientific superintendence of Hohannes and Boghos Dadian and their sons and nephews. For showing a little iron which he had *really* made, old H—— had gotten diamonds. The master-builder, the workmen, and the materials upon which they worked, and the tools with which they worked, were all English. The keel, the ribs and knees, and all the parts requiring skilful blacksmithship had been brought from England, Mr. Phillips not being able to get them forged here. She was more than half a ready-made craft. Then where the honour and glory of building or putting her together here? And where the use? Neither Turks nor Armenians were learning how to do such work themselves. *Greeks were never employed by the thoroughly Armenian Dadians.* The Turks, who were to learn, found that it was hard work with very little pay, and decamped: the few Armenians who remained, worked as by *corvée*, standing in dread of the far-reaching power of the Dadians, and getting most miserable pay. Mr. Phillips had only four English workmen with him; and these poor fellows really did all the work. It was a laughable or a sighable sight to see the degree of assistance afforded to them by the Armenians. These four Englishmen had received no pay for the last four months, and some of them had wives and children in England to whom money ought to have been remitted. By their written agreements all these mechanics were to be paid monthly. They could get no redress at Pera, being told by the consul that, seeing that they had entered into the service of the *Turkish government*, he could not interfere on their behalf. But theirs was not military service. Turkey was not to be considered like any civilized Christian country; and surely by engaging to work for two, three or more years in these manufactories, the men had not forfeited their quality or their rights as British subjects. Moreover, their contracts, one and all, were signed by Hohannes Dadian; and it was competent to the British consul to remonstrate with that Armenian or his representatives. This irregularity of pay alone was enough to demoralize the colony. When, after long privations, the men got money in a lump, they rushed into excesses. Mr. Phillips bitterly regretted ever having come to the country. He was a most respectable man, very intelligent, and, in his own profession, *eminent:* he was a native of Hastings, but had long been employed at Cowes, in the Isle of Wight, and in other yards, where some of the most beautiful of modern vessels have been built. Like Dr. Davis he was kept in a

constant fret, and like the Doctor he had a serious attack of illness. When we left the country in July he had been suffering for nearly two months under a most violent attack of ophthalmia. At the time of this, our first visit, to the iron boat, he was lodged in a large, deserted, half-ruined kiosk, built by Sultan Mahmoud, which, together with a small mosque, stood on the other side of the creek. A more desolate and comfortless lodging can hardly be imagined. About a score of other British subjects were waiting for the completion of the manufactories at Zeitoun Bournu; and these were joined in the course of the month of February by two or three score of Frenchmen, Belgians, and Germans. The pay of all these men commenced from the day they signed their contracts in Christendom. The money thus wasted must have amounted to an enormous sum. But, whether the men worked or not, it may be said that every piastre spent on these imperial fabrics was thrown away! Had the government been rich and the country prosperous, this would still have been a deplorable waste; but the condition of the country was such as I have described, and with very little metaphor, it might be said that every piastre was squeezed from the blood of a beggared people.

While we stayed with Mr. P ——, there came in a Northumbrian mining engineer and a Cornwall man of the same profession. The first had been engaged by Hohannes Dadian to seek after and open coal-mines, and he had been three or four months in Turkey doing nothing: the second was to seek for and work copper-mines, and he had done just as much as the first. Neither of these very intelligent and practical men had ever (while we stayed in the country) the labourers, the machinery, or tools necessary to make a beginning. During ten months the most that they did was to make two or three assays of ore, and two or three short trips with young Arikel Dadian, who pretended to be a geologist and mineralogist, and who was always expecting to find *gold*-mines. It would be very difficult to calculate how much money the Sultan had been made to spend in discovering mines and coal-beds which were well known to European travellers before he was born, and for working mines which had never been worked at all. It was only recently that practical men —men like our Northumbrian and Cornwall friends, who had worked in mines in both hemispheres—had been imported: previously the Dadians had brought only *scientific* men. There was our friend Mr. Sang, the engineer, who was a good geologist, and who had been five years in the country without having had the opportunity of doing one useful thing to earn his considerable salary. He came out as a civil engineer; he came to make roads and drain pestilential marshes, and not to discover mines. But the very first thing to which the Armenians directed his attention was to a pretended discovery of

gold in a valley above the Lake of Ponte Piccolo. This gold-mine of Hohannes Dadian was worse than King Corney's, for his Milesian majesty's gold all turned out to be lead, whereas the Armenian's turned out to be nothing at all. There was our friend Dr. Laurence Smith, the American philosopher, who had been here these eighteen months doing nothing on a large salary, and whom we left six months later doing nothing; then there was a French geologist and mineralogist who went away about this time, after making a few excursions and pocketing much money; and now there remained this coal-mining engineer, this copper-mining engineer, and other practical working miners, all with good salaries and all with their hands tied! Over in Asia we had seen sure signs of mineral wealth almost everywhere, and good traces of coal in many places. Our Northumbrian acquaintance told us, that if he had been allowed and provided with the necessary means, he would have begun working a good coal-mine either in the island of Mitylene (Lesbos) or at Chatal-Tepè, about twenty-five miles from Lampsacus, and fifteen miles in a direct line from the Sea of Marmora. "I wanted," said he, "to begin by making *a road*; but the Armenians told me that this would cost a deal of money, and that the coal could very well be carried down to the sea *on the backs of mules and asses!*" This coal-field—of good bituminous coal—if not first discovered, was for the first time carefully examined, by Dr. Smith, on the 31st of December, 1846. In the course of a very short geological tour our American friend made several interesting discoveries. Between Kumalà and the Dardanelles, near the Scamander, close to the village of Karagialà, he found the substance meerschaum (exactly like that of Eski Shehr) in the midst of Basaltic rocks. He would have made many other excursions, but whenever he wished to go, the Armenians told him that his presence would be wanted at Constantinople. These unintelligible manœuvrers absolutely put it out of the power of any man to do anything for the country or for the government that was paying him. I used to think, at times, that the great object of the Dadians was to throw discredit, through some of its subjects, upon every civilized nation. Before importing Americans—to be condemned to inactivity and uselessness—they had imported men from well nigh every country and state in old Europe. One of their objects must certainly have been to gratify their bloated vanity by seeing gentlemen of education dancing attendance on them, and by having the opportunity of insulting and humiliating them. For some time they had treated Mr. Sang as if he had been but a menial servant, summoning him to their presence at all hours, to put the most ridiculous and frivolous questions, by means of a rude running footman of their own unmannerly race, who never did more than pronounce the coarse Turkish monosyllable "ghel"

(come). The manner in which they behaved towards the poor mechanics they had entrapped was to the last degree unfeeling. The poor Germans and Belgians and French had come at very low salaries to this now very dear country: they had been promised comfortable lodgings all ready for them; they were thrust into an immense unfinished barrack at Zeitoun Bournu, without windows to the rooms, without fire-places or fuel, with the wet streaming from the new walls, in which the stupid Armenians had worked with mortar mixed with sea-water, which would never properly dry. In a wretchedly cold and damp day in the month of February I saw many of these men thus lodged. They were sleeping on the bare boards; some were suffering from rheumatic attacks; all were cursing the hour on which they first saw the face of Hohannes Dadian, who had been man-hunting throughout Europe. Some of the Germans could not bear it; they got the little money that was due to them and took their departure for their own countries. By means of their guilds and close connexions with all their brother-artizans, and through their *wanderschafts*, these men would not fail of making their case well known in Germany. The Dadians would entrap no more Germans. As the English mechanics have no such close union and extensive correspondence, they ought to be publicly warned of what they have to expect in going to Turkey. Taking their number, the ratio of mortality among English workmen alone had been fearfully high.

This sad story and the preceding remarks have carried me a long way from our honest Hastings man and his cold lodging in the imperial Kiosk. Before we left that place a fresh storm commenced, and it was too late to think of returning to Pera. We were again unwilling guests of a very unwilling hostess. Old H —— was, however, in great glee. He had been up in Constantinople: he had seen Achmet Fethi Pasha, and another great Pasha, and he had been assured that the Sultan had made up his mind to have iron roofs and iron flooring for an entire apartment in the new stone palace that was building for him on the Bosphorus. The Sultan also wanted some iron toys to be cast immediately. "In short," said this enlightened improver and introducer of useful arts, "I must give up my iron-foundry entirely to fancy work for the new palace, for the Sultan. This will get me great favour." "And I should not wonder if it got you a new gold and diamond snuff-box," said Mrs. H ——. Dr. Davis had been waiting months for some castings for his farm machinery, and for the iron-work of his excellent little ploughs which the Sultan had ordered him to distribute. He had written and sent messages to Macri-keui until he was tired out, and now he had requested me to speak to H —— on the subject; but what chance was there that this old man, who sailed with the wind, and who was the vassal of Boghos Dadian (the Doctor's persecutor), would be moved by my represen-

tations? or how expect that the man who had to make iron-roofs and cast-iron curtain-pins for his Imperial Majesty the Sultan, would condescend to divert his attention to the forging of plough-shares? He said he would think about it.

We were told that the steamboat of this morning had brought out *seventeen* more English artizans, of whom six or seven were people from Nottingham, who wove stockings and elastic drawers; and that an Austrian steamer which had come in from Trieste two or three days ago, had brought *four* German cutlers, who were to make pen-knives and razors in the imperial fabric at Zeitoun Bournu! *Eh! vogue la galère!* If this does not save the Ottoman Empire, what will?

CHAPTER XXI.

ALTHOUGH such near neighbours to the dancing or twirling dervishes, we did not give them much of our company. The holy brotherhood, however, did not seem to lack society. They danced or twirled on Tuesdays and Fridays, and on those days we invariably saw a crowd of arubas and saddle-horses in waiting in the burying-ground and in the street of Pera. The Sultan came several times, and each time on a Tuesday. On Friday the 31st of December, we went in to see the performance, which struck me as being tame and dull, compared to what it used to be twenty years ago. The twirling of the dervishes barely lasted a quarter of an hour, and never reached that rapidity which turns the head of the spectator, and is considered by the devout as the state most favourable to holy inspiration. There were several austere old Turks, and some members of the Sultan's household, among the spectators; and all these individuals were known enemies to what is called reform. As usual, a great many Christian Armenians were assembled in the Tekè. We gave the old door-and-shoe-keeper a five-piastre piece, and he in return gave us a pressing invitation to repeat our visit frequently. On the following Tuesday, Abdul Medjid was at the Tekè with some of the greatest of his Pashas. He stayed a long time in close conference with the Sheik, or head of the house, a very aged little man, who was regarded by the devout portion of the Mussulmans as a living saint, and who was so quiet and good and kind to all men, that he was much respected even by Christians and Jews. From the Tekè the Sultan proceeded through the Grand Rue de Pera to visit the Medical School at Galata Serai. The two places were not much above half a mile apart, but *morally* they were wide asunder as the opposite poles!

At Galata Serai nearly everything was an innovation, and almost everything an attack on the prejudices of the people. There, against the law of the Prophet, they opened and dissected human bodies; and the place had acquired a reputation for irreligion which I afterwards found to be well merited. At the Tekè of the dervishes all was old and orthodox, and thoroughly Turkish. The Sultan was constantly balancing matters in this way—complimenting old prejudices before venturing to visit and applaud the new institutions. He would on no account have gone to the new School of Medicine without previously going to the old house of the dancing dervishes. The compromise may have passed with the unthinking mob of Turks, but it was severely criticised by men of higher condition—the Old-School Mussulmans much censuring him for going to Galata Serai, and the New School blaming him for visiting the Tekè. One of the latter said, "The Court is always involving itself in contradictions. Tekès and Colleges cannot exist and prosper together. Anatomy and twirling are opposites. Every visit the Sultan pays to these dervishes is an encouragement to the ancient superstition, and a discouragement of the sciences which we are trying to introduce. If the zealots who are constant attendants at the Tekè could have their way, they would burn Galata Serai and all its professors." We again saw Abdul Medjid as he came this Tuesday morning out of the Tekè. He looked very thin, sallow, and sickly; and it seemed to be with difficulty that he mounted a tall, heavy, under-bred horse.

On another Tuesday, in the month of February, it was announced that the Sultan was coming up to visit the dancing dervishes with unusual state. He was preceded by a regiment of the imperial guard, who formed in line on either side the narrow filthy street. Commander Lynch, of the United States' navy, who was then going to make his curious survey of the Dead Sea, which had never been surveyed before, had come up from Smyrna to obtain the necessary firman of the Sultan, and had brought five of his officers with him—good-natured, inquisitive young men, who were eager to get a glance of Constantinople and all its glories. As our windows commanded a view of the Tekè and its approaches, they assembled at Tonco's, and at the proper time we went together to the paved courtyard of the Teké, and there waited among the crowd. Some of the imperial guard, commanded by a black officer, were doing the duty of policemen in the court, and keeping back the crowd so as to allow a broad avenue for the Sultan and his courtiers. They did this duty very rudely and very awkwardly. They were constantly using their hands, which a soldier never ought to use. The American officers were all in uniform, and their neatness and smartness presented a striking contrast to the dusty, dirty, slovenly appearance not only of the officers of the Sultan's guards, but also of his great Pashas. One

of the Turkish clowns, bare-necked, slipshod, and absolutely filthy in his attire, laid his broad paw on the breast of one of Captain Lynch's officers to thrust him still farther back. The blood came to the young American's face. For a moment I thought we should have a scene, and that he would have knocked the fellow down. It was of no use speaking to the ugly Nubian officer, who had evidently no more manners than his man, and knew just as little the respect due to a uniform. Luckily, Abdul Medjid did not keep us long waiting. He was met at the gate as he alighted from his horse by the old green-robed Sheik. He walked up the avenue towards a staircase which leads to the Sheik's private apartment, preceded by some of his household, and followed by some of the greatest officers of the state, having on his left hand the Sheik, who carried a small silver *encensoir*, in which perfumes were burning. All the Americans were eager to see the great Eastern potentate. "Which is the Sultan? Which is the Sultan?" I could not *point*, but I explained by words. Captain Lynch was astonished. "That shabby-looking man in the skull-cap and plain blue mantle, the Sultan!" One of the Lieutenants said that he looked like a New York Jew in bad health. Another of the party, a handsome young midshipman, who had not understood my words, and who could not for his life conceive that any man in the procession which had passed us could possibly be the Ottoman Emperor, stood stretching his neck, and gazing towards the gate, in expectation of some splendid apparition of robes, turbans, ostrich plumes, and dazzling jewels, several seconds after the Padishah had disappeared within the apartment of the Sheik. When told that if he had watched the procession, he must have seen Abdul Medjid—that he who had walked at the right hand of the Sheik was the very Sultan—his surprise and exclamations were amusing; and, indeed, a more pitiful appearance could not have been made than by the Padishah and his suite. This morning he halted, and almost staggered, as he walked the few yards which intervened between the gate and the stairs. One of the officers said that he looked like a man who had taken "too much" last night.

There was a prevalent report that Abdul Medjid had addicted himself to the vice which had killed his father; but I was assured by some who knew the truth, if they chose to tell it, that he drank neither wine nor spirits. As to the *other* cause of debility and premature decay, I never heard a doubt expressed about that. Some said that he was subject to epileptic fits; and his whole appearance certainly went to confirm rather than shake this assertion. Still, however, his countenance was most gentle and prepossessing. I pitied him as I thought of the accursed system of Oriental life into which he had been initiated as a mere boy, and from which there was not the slightest hope that he ever would or could free himself.

Before he was twenty years old, the puny stripling was the father of *eight* children, borne to him by different women in the imperial harem, in the course of little more than *three* years! Of his younger brother, Abdul Haziz, who will be his successor, nothing was ever seen or heard. He was a mere state prisoner, closely shut up in a harem, like the princes of the blood in the old times, or before reform and Reshid Pasha were things known or spoken of. At first there were a few flourishes in the newspapers about this "excellent and enlightened" young prince, and of the affection which existed between him and his imperial brother; and the visits which the Sultan paid to his state prison were pompously inserted in the Court intelligence; but this had ceased long ago, and the name of the captive was now never mentioned. He might have been dead and buried, and yet not more completely forgotten. A very different line of conduct, in his regard, was recommended by some who believed in the practicability of reform, and in the sincerity of the intention. These advisers thought that the time had come for changing the whole serraglio system; and that the best pledge that could be given to the world of improvement and advancement in humanity and civilization, would be to adopt this change. Let there be no more imprisonments of the princes of the blood, no more barbarous murders of the male children of the sisters or of the brother of the Sultan, and the nations of Christendom would cease to regard the Ottoman court with an involuntary horror. The thinking part of Europe would not believe that Turkey was in the fair road of reform so long as this revolting system obtained. Destroy it, and you remove a most pernicious, demoralizing example at home; live like the royal families of Europe, and they will really admit your pretensions to be classed among civilized princes. You cannot quote the passage in the Koran that recommends the immuring of the Sultan's brother, or that enjoins the horrible infanticide you practise! You can make the change without infringing one single positive law of the Prophet! Language like this was held to several of the leading reformers, and to men in the highest offices. I believe that a distinguished diplomatist, a thoroughly right-hearted and high-minded gentleman, and the sincerest friend the Turks have ever had in diplomacy, had spoken in this strain to Reshid Pasha; and that to the Sultan's own ears he had given a gentle recommendation that his unoffending, unfortunate brother should be set at liberty, and allowed at least to live like other Mussulmans. It was not indispensable that this brother should hold any military rank or command; but he ought to live among men, and not among eunuchs and slaves and women. He might be sent to travel in Europe, which, besides producing other beneficial effects, would form and enlarge his mind, and fit him for the duties of government. If the Sultan were to die to

morrow, and were even to leave a dozen of male children, his poor brother would be brought from his state prison, and put upon the throne. How fit would the captive be to reign? What knowledge of the ways of men, what aptitude for reform, what energy would he bring out of that latticed harem?

I found that there existed in some quarters a vague idea of Abdul Haziz being a much handsomer and cleverer man than his brother Abdul Medjid; but people are always apt to praise the unknown at the expense of the known, and to give a blind expectant preference over the reigning prince to his untried presumptive heir. These people had no intercourse with the state prisoner; they had never seen him since the death of his father Mahmoud, when he was about thirteen years of age, and they had not seen him often during the lifetime of that Sultan.

Among the thousand mystifications which have been resorted to since the beginning of Reform, attempts have been made to conceal or deny the damnable fact that all male children of the Sultanas are destroyed. The barbarous, the execrable practice, which is altogether contrary to the Koran, is still carried into effect with merciless, unrelenting exactitude. This has been explained in a recent English work,* but superficial, careless readers do not seem to be aware of it. The atrocious details ought to be repeated, for the government and the people of England *ought* to know fully what system it is we are bolstering up in the East.

Some time before the death of the late Sultan Mahmoud all Constantinople rang with this horrible story.—His eldest and favourite daughter, the "Sun-and-Moon Sultana" (Mihr-ou-Mah Sultana), was married to the handsome Saïd Pasha, who had risen from the lowest to the highest rank. Aware that nothing could save her offspring, *if* a male, from the common doom, and thinking to please her father Mahmoud, the young princess, resolving to destroy her infant before it saw the light, placed herself in the hands of one of the many hell-dames who practise the art to which I have so repeatedly alluded. I have said that the health is often destroyed by these hags, but here life itself was destroyed—a twofold murder was committed. The constitution of the Sultana was too weak, or the potion too strong—Mihr-ou-Mah died in horrible convulsions. When the whole of the case was reported to him, Sultan Mahmoud, iron-hearted as he was, wept like a child, and for a long time he would not be comforted. It was said that in the first paroxysm of his grief he most solemnly swore that no more lives should be thus sacrificed; but he soon followed his daughter to the grave and no alteration was made —not of the law, for it was no law, but an abomination contrary to

* "Three years in Constantinople; or, Domestic Manners of the Turks in 1844," by Charles White, Esq.; vol. i. pp. 321—326.

all law—but in the *adet* or custom. This tragedy was the theme of conversation in every Christian embassy at Pera in the year 1839. In the year 1842, Ateya (the Pure) Sultana, another daughter of Mahmoud and half-sister of Abdul Medjid, who had become the wife of Halil Pasha, was declared *enceinte*. She had previously been delivered of a male child, *and the child had been murdered*. Then, the young mother had nearly gone mad; now, she hoped and prayed for female offspring—for a daughter whom she might nurse at her breast and rear and love. But, a second time, she gave birth to a son, a fine healthy child. Her husband Halil, high in office and in Court favour, borrowed large sums from the Armenian seraffs and distributed the money among those who were considered most influential in this strangely and infamously constituted Court; and Ateya was a favourite of her brother the Sultan Abdul Medjid, as also of his mother the Sultana Validè, whose influence has been paramount at Court ever since her son's accession. The strongest representations were made of the disgust and horror excited in Christendom by these infanticides. As the young Sultan's throne was tottering; as the Empire would have been wrested from him at the time of his father's death by the conquering Ibrahim Pasha if it had not been for the prompt succour of England; as there was now not a month's security for the integrity of that Empire except in the alliance and support of England, Austria, and Prussia, would it not be wise to put an end to a crying sin, and to conciliate the respect and affection of those great Christian powers?

The word went forth from the recesses of the imperial harem that the child of Ateya should live. For two days and nights the fond, happy mother suckled the babe at her breast, but upon her awaking on the third morning, and calling for her boy, her women burst into tears, and said that the babe had died in convulsions during the night. She saw and felt the cold corpse, she fell into a delirium, and then into a mortal languor; and on the seventy-fifth day her remains were deposited in the glittering white marble mausoleum of her father Sultan Mahmoud. The child had been murdered like its elder brother. But as the tale was still more horrible than that of Mihr-ou-Mah Sultana, extraordinary efforts were made to mystify the European embassies, and more especially to persuade the British Ambassador that the child had died a natural death. If Sir Stratford Canning was deceived, I have reason to believe that the deception did not last long. And does not Sir Stratford well know that the other brothers-in-law of the Sultan have no male children, and that not a single male infant born of any Sultana has survived its birth beyond a few hours? If in the case of the child of Ateya Sultana the hours were prolonged to two days, "was not the deep damnation of his taking off" the deeper? Was not the agony of

the babe's mother the greater? Can the human mind conceive a fate more terrible than that of the young and gentle Ateya?

The second time that I was with the burly Achmet Fethi Pasha these foul and most unnatural tragedies flashed across my mind. Here was I sitting close by the side of a father bound to murder his own offspring, or to be a tacitly consenting party to such horrors. The thought made me sick at heart, and I could not get rid of it until I was out of that room, and threading my way through the narrow, crooked, crowded, filthy streets of Tophana—an operation which always required my undivided attention.

The two murdered male infants of Ateya Sultana and Halil Pasha lie buried in a beautiful little Tourbè or mausoleum in the holy suburb of Eyoub, which now, as twenty years ago, I found to be the most picturesque, the most romantic, and by far the most interesting place in or about Constantinople. In the lower part, towards the head of the Golden Horn, and the valley of the Sweet Waters, the suburb consists of streets of tombs and burying places, intermixed with cypresses and roses and other flowers and flowering shrubs; it is all and always silent and solitary: turn which way you will, you see nothing but the memorials of the dead. On one of the very first fine days of spring we spent a whole morning among those tombs. Many which were new or most carefully kept in the summer of 1828 were now soiled and neglected; but there were very many which had been recently erected, and these were most carefully and scrupulously tended, the marble being as white and pure as when taken from the quarry, and the long gilded inscriptions shining out in the sun like waving lines of newly burnished gold. These had been erected by families now in favour and power. Let a few short years pass, and the greatness of these families will have vanished, and these fair tombs will be as much neglected as their neighbours. Nothing so transitory as family greatness in Turkey; and when a family decays, there is now no reliance on the Ulema and Vakouf. We found the mausoleum of the infants of Ateya in the longest of these streets of tombs, at the corner of another and much shorter street which descended to the bank of the Golden Horn. These tourbès have been very frequently described: every reader will remember that they are built like chapels, that they are rather cheerful than gloomy in their appearance, and that broad grated windows allow the passer-by a full and clear view of the interior. This particular tourbè is rather small, but being new, it was rather neat and pretty. A few China roses, bearing their earliest flowers, bloomed outside the marble walls. In the interior, the two murdered innocents lay side by side, under coffin-shaped sarcophagi of miniature dimensions; each sarcophagus was covered with a rich Cashmere shawl, and had at its head a tiny scarlet fez, with its

pendent tassel of blue silk. As we were looking at these objects through the grated windows, our Perote guide and servant told over again the horrible story of the murder of the infants and the death of their mother, adding, in true Perote fashion, many mysterious and undiscoverable details, with sundry circumstantial accounts of (by me) indescribable atrocities. As we turned down the shorter street, we saw, at the distance of only a few yards from the mausoleum, Haiil Pasha, the father of the two murdered infants. He crossed our path rather rapidly, being followed by a servant, and three or four dirty soldiers of the Sultan's marine. Halil, now Capitan Pasha, was going to visit a rope-walk and some very unhealthy marine barracks which lie on the edge of Eyoub. Returning thence, he passed by the graves of his infants. He stopped—he entered the mausoleum. Having made a circuit, we returned to the spot when he had been within for some minutes. The interior was no longer visible: the blinds had been let down behind the grated windows. What he did in that home of the dead we know not—we hurried on—but I hope he knelt and prayed. We had just entered our caïque, and had pulled a few yards from the shore, when Halil Pasha, looking grim and sad, came down to his twelve-oared barge to return to the Arsenal. His boat shot past us: he was sitting in the stern-sheets, and was looking more gloomy than death—far more gloomy than death ever looked among the cypresses and roses, the gilded tombstones, and the marble mausoleums of fair and holy Eyoub. He took no notice of our salutation. Although we were within a few feet of him, I fancy he did not see us; I believe he saw nothing of all the objects which were crowding that most glorious port. Among the things which I shall remember until my dying hour is the aspect of Halil Pasha, the widower of Ateya Sultana, after the visit to the tomb of his murdered infants at Eyoub.

While we were in the country, or between the month of August, 1847, and June, 1848, the Sultan had four children, whose births were announced to the world by tremendous and long-repeated discharges of artillery. The weakness and unhealthiness of the children of the imperial harem is notorious; three of these infants died before they were a month old: one of them died before the French editor of the Journal de Constantinople could set up in type the magnificent phrases he had written about its birth. I have noted in my diary, on Saturday the 22nd of April, 1848:—"Very early in the morning we are started out of our sleep by a tremendous firing of salutes. The Sultan has another son. Only last week he had another daughter! These salutes for the male child will be repeated five times a-day for seven days: for a female child they keep up the salutes only three days. Prodigious is the quantity of gunpowder thus consumed. Each salute is fired not by one but by a dozen batteries. Hark!

They are blazing away at the artillery-barracks above us, and at the Arsenal below us, down at Tophana and over at the Serraglio Point, across the Bosphorus at Scutari, and up the Bosphorus from the fleet, from the castles of Mahomet II., and from heaven knows how many batteries besides! All Pera shakes! The glass rattles in our window-frames. Crash! crash! One might think that Pera was bombarded." And for seven long days did this blazing and roaring continue. I was far from England when London rejoiced for Wellington's crowning glory of Waterloo; but I well remember our firing for the victories of Salamanca, Vittoria, and the Pyrenees. Firing! That was mere pop-gun and *pateraro* work compared with these prolonged explosions for the birth of the sickly infant of Abdul Medjid! The powder manufactured for the government by the Armenian Dadians is almost entirely consumed in this way, or in firing salutes on every Friday when the Sultan goes to mosque. The far greater part of it is good for no other purpose. The atmosphere was scarcely freed from the odour of the charcoal and villainous saltpetre ere the boy died. This was in April: as we were descending the Mediterranean to Italy in the month of july, we were told that two children (not twins) had been born unto the Sultan on one day and at nearly the same hour. I know not whether these two survive; but in all probability they do not. The puniness of this accelerated offspring is not likely to be remedied by care and affection: if females, they are but little considered; if males, they are apt to be regarded as an "inconvenient multiplication of legitimate heirs,"* for, whether the birth of one of the seven Kadinns or of one of the innumerable slaves of the harem, they are all held to be legitimate. The forced abortions, now so prevalent among the common people, were not unknown in former times in the imperial serraglio; and the infanticide of males was often resorted to when the reigning Sultan had two sons that were healthy and likely to live. The common calculation was that there ought to be an heir-apparent and an heir-presumptive, and that, if these two princes were hale and strong, all other male children were but a useless or a dangerous surplusage. *This is the calculation still!* The old courtiers, the eunuchs, the women, and all the indescribable elements

* Charles White, Esq., "Three Years in Constantinople."

This writer, who took unusual pains to obtain accurate information, says that the foul expedient of forced abortion is often resorted to as well in the *imperial harem* as in private families. After the statements I have made, few will believe that my account of the prevalence of the horrible practice requires any confirmation. It is, however, fully confirmed by Mr. White. That gentleman adds:—

"It is notorious that sundry women gain their livelihood by preparing drugs calculated to destroy life in the germ, while others enjoy a most unholy reputation for their skill in producing still births, even at the moment of travail."—See vol. iii. p. 19.

of this unreformed, unaltered, and uncountable household are constantly haunted by the traditional terror of disputed successions and intestine wars; and, in their apprehension, the chances of such catastrophes are best prevented by keeping down the living number of male children. Then, the mothers of the first-born princes entertain a dread and hatred against all the *post nati*. These causes have aforetime led to the darkest of Serraglio crimes; and they are as strong and as unrestrained now as they were at any time. The contemplation is horrible!

I have hinted more than once that the Sultana Validè or mother of Sultan Abdul Medjid had a powerful influence in the court and government. So great was her sway over her affectionate, gentle, and weak-minded son, that she could at any time defeat whatever project was displeasing to her or her friends, and change ministers and high functionaries as she chose. This woman was originally a purchased Circassian slave. Her harem education could scarcely have developed her intellect or raised her moral character. Yet the Validè had her good qualities; like her son, she was charitable and very generous; and her munificence was most advantageously displayed in the recent erection and endowment of a splendid hospital for the poor over in Constantinople. Many other outward acts betokened goodness of heart, if not soundness of judgment. But, by universal consent, most of the intrigues of the harem, the dismissal of one minister and the recall of another, the capricious-looking changes and rechanges in all the offices of government, and the vacillations between the new reform and the old fanaticism were attributed to her. That the rival of Reshid Pasha, the active Riza Pasha, a remarkably handsome man, was her paramour, and had been such ever since the death of Sultan Mahmoud, might be a scandal, but if so, it was certainly a scandal in which every body seemed to believe. Reshid Pasha's friends or admirers were constantly quoting this *liaison* as the source of difficulty and embarrassment to his government. The liberty allowed to the Sultana Validè was more than sufficient for affording her the opportunities of carrying on such an intrigue. She went and came as she chose; she had her separate establishment, her separate revenues, and her separate treasurer and administrator; few women, whether Turkish or unrestrained Christians, were so much abroad as she was; still proud of her faded beauty, she took little trouble to cover her face—I believe there was hardly a ghiaour dwelling in Galata or Pera but knew her face and person. Then, wherever there is an inclination so to use them, the yashmac and feridjee, invented by jealousy, are the best of all covers for intrigue and clandestine intercourse, for they may be so disposed over the face and person that a man may meet or follow in the streets his own wife without knowing her. Her income

was large, her household very numerous, and devoted to her on account of her exceeding liberality. Her neutralized black gentlemen in embroidered frock-coats were more frequently seen about Constantinople and in the Christian suburbs than almost any other class of officials. It had been found in innumerable cases that she thought and acted with Riza Pasha, making his cause her cause; and that no party combination was strong enough to stand against the influence she exercised over her son. Riza's proved iniquities could not sink him; he floated on the favour of the Validè. Sir S. Canning, after a long struggle, succeeded in driving Riza from power, and in putting Reshid in his place; but Sir Stratford was not strong enough to obtain the punishment and disgrace which Riza had well merited, or to stop his intrigues and commanding influence, or to prevent his being a constant thorn in the side of Reshid. During his long absence in Christendom, the cabinet, which he may be said to have made, was sadly weakened. It was in a shattered condition when we reached Constantinople in August, 1847. *Then*, every body told us that the influence of Riza Pasha, through the Sultana Validè, was daily on the increase, and that if Sir Stratford did not return very shortly, it would be impossible for Reshid to keep his ground. During the whole of Sir Stratford's absence our diplomacy was null. Except in obtaining the seal of the Porte to one or two measures (not of national import) which Sir Stratford had left all but completed, our legation did nothing and originated nothing—it was idle and without weight. We had plenty, or, rather, we had *too many* diplomatic and consular agents; but the Turks never look to men, but always to a man, or *the* man. "The man" to the Turks was Sir Stratford, who had been on so many missions to the country, who had lived so long in it, who had commenced his acquaintance with it thirty-six years ago, who had shrunk with a true old English horror from every thing that wore the appearance of an intrigue, and who, by his manly, dignified bearing, his straightforwardness in all things, and the purity and excellence of his character, had secured to himself an immense moral influence in this den of vice and corruption. Even if Lord Cowley had not been in constant expectation of a removal from his post, he could have done very little. His Lordship was kind to me, and I remember him with kindness and with the respect due to his *name* and rank. I mean no disrespect when I say that he was *not* "the man" for Turkey. Indeed, I feel confident that his Lordship himself would be one of the first to concur in this opinion. On our return from Asia Minor at the close of the year 1847 the Reshid Ministry was tottering to its fall. Financial difficulties came in to the aid of the Court intrigues of Riza and his party. The Treasury was exhausted by the Sultan's thoughtless generosity, by the enormous outlays for foreign machinery and foreign

workmen—(all unproductive, all useless)—by the building of palaces, kiosks, and *more* barracks, by the construction of war-ships which had no *sailors* to man them; and by the maintenance of a disproportionate army and a very unserviceable fleet; and yet Abdul Medjid's passion of liberality would not be rebuked—still the word with him was Give! Give! Give! The expenses of the circumcision-festival, though not yet all paid, had been a serious drain, having amounted to more than half a million sterling; the multiplicity of births in the imperial harem had cost immense sums, for not only are magazines of gunpowder emptied, but on such happy occasions an infinitude of presents must be made—for this is *adet*. Then again the Sultana Validè had a dangerous illness and a recovery considered as almost miraculous. On her restoration to health there were other and innumerable presents to be made: the physician-in-chief must have another Nishan set with diamonds, a new stone house, and 1000*l*. in money; the second physician must have 1000*l*.; the apothecary 500*l*.; the apothecary's assistant 200*l*.—not even the apothecary's boy who carried the medicines must be forgotten, he must have 50*l*.; and every woman that waited upon the Validè in her sickness, and every male or female of her household, must have something! We might have admired Abdul Medjid's filial piety and his open-handedness, if we had known a great deal less of the poverty of his people and of the foul means by which his revenues were chiefly raised. As it was, we could not help associating extortion and spoliation with munificence and profusion—we could not but think that if the kind-hearted Sultan could see with his own eyes and hear with his own ears what we had seen and heard in Asia Minor, he would have taken pity on his people and have saved their money. Sarim Pasha, the Minister of Finance, who had been for some time Minister Plenipotentiary in London, and who really knew something (though not much) of finances, or at least of accounts, took the alarm, as coffer after coffer became a vacuum; he remonstrated; he explained the necessity of conjugating the verb "to save" instead of the verb "to give," but it was of no avail—he only made himself enemies at Court. One rough day in the month of April, when the imperial Treasury was a perfect void, old Sarim came to a desperate resolution: he swore he would resign without permission obtained or asked for; he swore that he would no longer be Minister of Finance without any finances to administer; and, quitting his office in the Serraglio, he went home to his own house, and shut himself up in it, saying that the Sultan might do with him what he liked, but that to the Treasury he would never return! In the course of that afternoon and evening the report ran through all Stamboul and its adjacencies that there was no longer a Minister of Finance, that there were no longer any finances! The next day the

Sultan called into his own presence the Vizier Reshid Pasha, Sarim Pasha, and Rifat Pasha, then President of the Council. Abdul Medjid, though much embarrassed, showed no anger against Sarim, who, for a certainty, would have lost his head if Mahmoud had been Sultan. He proposed an arrangement *à l'aimable*; Sarim and Rifat must change places, and so the Cabinet would not be disturbed. Sarim gladly stepped into a post where there was no money to count and next to nothing to do; and Rifat, who had previously filled all manner of places requiring very different qualifications, who had been ex-officio "every thing by turns and nothing long" in the true, unvaried Turkish fashion, who thought that if *kismet* gave him any particular place, *kismet* would give him also the qualities necessary to fill it, and who was so bold and enterprising a man as not to be deterred even by the awful spectacle of "empty boxes," became Minister of Finance. Some money crept in from the provinces, and other sums were procured from the Armenian seraffs; but the crisis destroyed the Vizier's *prestige*; and in a very few days Reshid Pasha, with his man Friday Ali Pasha, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, was dismissed upon a pension. Then Riza Pasha, who had been for some time doing nothing as President of the Board of Trade, etc., was restored to his old post of Seraskier or Commander-in-Chief of the forces, and Sarim Pasha, to the astonishment of most people and to his own discontentment, was made *Grand Vizier!* These changes would not have taken place if Sir Stratford Canning had been at hand. His return had been so often announced and so strangely delayed that the Turks began to think he would not come at all. It was curious, it was very amusing to watch the effects produced by his gradual approach when it really took place. So soon as it was known that Sir Stratford was fairly on his journey, Reschid's house was filled with visitors, and the Journal de Constantinople dwelt with choice phrases upon his many excellent qualities and the respect and affection the Sultan bore him. When it became known that Sir Stratford was really at Athens, Reshid was reinstated in the Cabinet without a portfolio, and when Sir Stratford had been only a few weeks at Constantinople, Reshid was again made Grand Vizier, Ali Minister for Foreign Affairs, etc. In short, all that had been done in April was undone in June and July.

Before these sudden changes were effected, but not before I saw they were coming, I asked a man of the country, an experienced, sensible, acute old man, what he thought of them. "It is all one," said he; "whether Riza is up and Reshid down, or Riza down and Reshid up, it is all the same to the country. The one cannot govern worse than the other—or better! Neither of them can be more than a part of a bad and complicated machine. Neither of them can alter the system of government, or check the influence of

the Serraglio, or create honesty and good faith where none exist, or awaken conscience in men who have no conscience, or rouse a feeling of honour and patriotism in men who never knew the meaning of such words. Sir Stratford Canning will support Reshid because he believes him to be not only the better Minister of the two, but also a good and honest man. Sir Stratford will find out his mistake. There is a difference, though it is of no consequence to us; Reshid has more of what is called enlightenment than Riza; Reshid has travelled a good deal in Christendom, has resided long in London and Paris; Reshid sometimes reads French books. He is a man of quiet habits and decent life, and not a rake or debauchee like Riza. Then, while Riza is accused of a leaning to Russia, Reshid professes the utmost dread and hatred of that power. There has not been an hour of his public life in which Reshid has not stood in awe of the Tzar's Ambassador, and has not been nearly as compliant to the will of Russia as Riza his rival; but where he can safely parade his anti-Russianism, he has done it and will do it. If Sir S. Canning has a fault as British Ambassador in this place, it is his too lively jealousy of Russia. Some people call it his Russo-phobia. Reshid's professed anti-Russianism helped him far on in the good graces of Sir Stratford; but let the great crisis come, and it now sems to be coming*—your excellent Ambassador will find that Reshid has no more political principle than his rival."

Without believing a tenth part of the stories current in Para, I could not but come to the conclusion that intrigue and dissoluteness were greatly on the increase. The use of the bowstring and sack had been, if not entirely abolished, very much diminished; and no corrective had been introduced to supply its place. The Greek doctor Paleologus had his rivals in his own particular line. In many cases the atrocious and notorious vices of the husbands were pleaded as extenuations or even justifications of the frailties of these Turkish wives. The modern Parisian brothel literature had certainly contributed, and was most materially contributing, to the spread of these "pleasant vices." The women did not read French—none but a very few of the *very* highest condition could read Turkish, or tell one Arabic letter from another—but the young men who had been educated *alla Franca*, the protégés of Reshid Pasha, the pupils of the reform school, "the hopes of the country," all read French, while very few of them knew any other European language. I have

* This conversation took place after the revolutionary fire, kindled at Paris in February, 1848, had spread throughout Italy and Germany. We were all in consternation at the revolution of Vienna and the alarming reports received from Hungary, Wallachia, and Moldavia. There was not a man in Constantinople who had an opinion that was not fully persuaded that *the weakening of the Austrian empire would give great strength and preponderance to Russia—that one of the great safeguards of the Ottoman empire had been destroyed by the Vienna revolution.*

noticed in an early chapter the copious importations of this Parisian literature. Moreover, they had manufacturers of it on the spot, and in the pay of government. I remember few instances in which my disgust was more thoroughly excited than in reading the account which a Frenchman gave in the Journal de Constantinople of the adventures of Paleologus and his two frail Turkish ladies. It would have been better for all parties to have passed over the subject in silence; but as the great scandal had made a deal of noise, this very moral Frenchman was instructed to mystify the transactions, and *moralise* upon them. He dwelt upon the enormity of the guilt of the young Greek doctor, and upon the exceeding *rarity* of such offences in Turkey; whereas it is not the offences that are rare, but only the detection and punishment. He contrasted the conjugal virtues of the Turks with the laxity of most Christian nations; and after speaking of the universal horror and indignation of the Mussulmans at the almost unprecedented guilt of the wives of the two Effendis, he extolled the mercifulness of the government which had only condemned Paleologus to a perpetual exile. With the gravity of a Mufti, this salaried scribbler spoke of the necessity of upholding the high and strict domestic virtues of the Turks of Constantinople! And this very journal was in itself an incentive and a pander to vice. After the fashion of Paris, it published, in nearly every one of its numbers, a *feuilleton;* and these *feuilletons* consisted almost exclusively of tales of intrigue, seduction, adultery, or double adultery, not without now and then being seasoned with an effusion of the incestuous. How the bigoted Papists of Pera admitted, as they did, such a paper into their houses, or what effect was produced upon their wives and daughters by the perusal of these hebdomadary *feuilletons*, I will not pause to inquire. I am speaking of Mussulman and not Perote morality. The *feuilletons* were devoured by all the "hopes of the country," that could make out their sense. I have seen them in the hands of the young students of Galata Serai, of the young officers in barracks, of the young Turkish hospital-mates in the military hospitals; I have seen them in private Turkish houses; and I have heard one young Mussulman verbally translating them, with great glee and gusto, to his comrades, who were not so happy as to be masters of that only medium of instruction and civilization, the French language!

Better no books at all than bad ones;* but without the resource of books, without cultivation, without any mental resources whatsoever, it is difficult to imagine how the wifes of the great Turks get

* I am frankly and honestly stating my own convictions, but am not advancing opinions peculiar to myself. Bishop Southgate—like every one that had paid attention to the subject—was persuaded that this modern Parisian literature lay at the root of the prevalent irreligion and immorality.

through the four-and-twenty hours. In some harems, as *I knew* from candid and indisputable sources, they spent a great part of the day in eating and drinking, in making coffee and sherbets and sipping them, and scolding their slaves and smoking their pipes. In the house of —— Pasha, which affected to be considered as a model establishment, they had breakfast (a very substantial meal) at about 11 o'clock A. M., and dinner about half an hour after sunset. When the Pasha sat down to table in the male and public side of the house, the meal, in most abundant quantity, was sent into the harem, the inmates of which were far from being numerous. A young man, who himself had a very good appetite, much wondered how the woman could eat all that was thus sent them. But long before breakfast the coffee-pot was at work, and sweatmeats were masticated; and between breakfast and dinner there was a continuous draught made by the harem upon the larder. "No wonder," said my informant, "that they grow so fat: they are eating all day long!" When the harem received the visits of the ladies of other Pashas or Effendis, the larder was always invaded by clamorous and exorbitant demands for provend. These visits were rather frequent: at times there would be two or three of them a-day. Let what would go into the harem, nothing ever came out of it but clean plates and dishes. Though no male foot dared to cross the threshold of the harem, or even to enter its ante-room, the thin wooden walls and plank partitions of the house allowed the voices of the ladies to be heard in many parts of it. Now and then fragments of conversation were caught that did not sound like sermons or homilies, and very frequently the sharp tones of the voices gave assurance that the ladies were not all of one mind. The senior matron occasionally took exercise by belabouring a female slave with her slipper or pipe-stick, and by uttering objurgations quite as foul as her lord's when in anger. The pretty embroideries, the worked handkerchiefs, the elegant turbans, and the other specimens of needle skill which charmed Miss Pardoe and other English ladies, are nearly all purchased in the bazaars, and are the handiwork not of Turkish ladies, but of Armenian *men* and women. Such of the fair ones as have been purchased slaves—procured in their infancy and prepared, or, as it is called, "educated" for the harems of rich men—seldom know more than how to season a dish, mix a sherbet, prepare and present a pipe, and dance a lascivious dance. Nothing more helpless than the condition of these women, if, in the decline of life, their husbands fall into disgrace, or they are left in widowhood and poverty. A broken-down small-footed Chinese dame is not more helpless in the streets or by the roadside, than are these Turkish ladies in all the affairs of life. The vicissitudes of fortune, the instability of all family prosperity, has of late years afforded most abundant evidence

of this helplessness, by casting loose upon the world females who had enjoyed all the luxuries of the harems of the once great and rich. It was a remark made to me, not by one but by several Frank ladies, that not one of them knew how to do anything for herself; that they knew not how to fashion or even to sew the cloths and stuffs charitably given them for clothing; that hardly one of them knew how to use the needle, or to do any single thing that was useful or necessary.

I would repeat, again and again, that this seclusion, or rather *separation* of the sexes (for the women are anything rather than secluded), is incompatible with any real advance of civilization; and that until this accursed harem system be abolished (*of which there is not as yet the slightest sign*), there is not the shadow of a hope for that social regeneration without which Turkey must perish amidst the contempt and scorn of the rest of the world.* If you degrade woman, you degrade the mother and first teacher of the future man: the demoralization of the parent tells upon the child. The first lessons are the strongest and the most enduring of all: the child receives his first education in the harem, be he the son of a Sultan or the son of the poorest of Turks; and what are the lessons he gets there, from ignorant, indolent, and sensual women? We had many opportunities of judging, not only in the developed man, but also in the growing child. The ignorance of the women is very naturally allied with Turkish pride and Mussulman bigotry, and there is nothing new in a loose code of morality being a concomitant of fierce fanaticism. In Constantinople we often met some young Bey or Beyzidè coming out of his father's konack, or riding through the streets on his Mitylene pony, dressed in richly embroidered clothes, and attended by one or two male Nubian slaves running by his side on foot. I scarcely remember the instance in which one of these urchins passed us without muttering coarsely indecent language, and insulting us as Christians and Franks. One morning I was almost irritated by the behaviour of a great man's son, who could not have been more than *ten* or *eleven* years old. As he met us in a narrow street he spat on the ground right before me, as if to avert the effects of the evil eye or to express his disgust at the sight of a Christian dog; and, after spitting, he turned his face from us, muttering curses between his teeth, and rhetorically defiling our mothers and grandmothers, our

* It is also worthy of notice that the Turks do not shut up their female children in the harem until they are eleven or twelve years old. By nature precocious, they are at that age young women; and up to that age they are allowed to run about the house and mix with the men-servants. In the house of one of the greatest of the pashas there was a little girl—the pasha's only child—that was constantly talking and playing with one of those gangs of slaves and servants of whose morality I have given some notion. She was dressed like a boy, and for some time I took her for one. She was eleven years old, and a perfect adept in obscenity and in foul language.

wives and our sisters; at all which his two hideous Nubians grinned from ear to ear, and laughed aloud. One of my companions, who was acclimated to this insolence and obscenity, said that it was *only* a child; that it was useless to take any notice of him; that he was only repeating, like a parrot, what he had learned from the women in the harem; that all Turkish children fresh from their mothers were the same; and that female fanaticism was much stronger than *Tanzimaut*, which had prohibited the use of such foul language to any Christian. We were in a Turkish quarter, and had we attempted to chastise the insolent negroes, every Turk in it would have fallen upon us. The full-grown men, who have been beaten into civility, very rarely dared to outrage a Frank in this manner; but we almost universally found the women and the children disposed to be insolent and abusive, and it was very seldom indeed that they were checked by the men or even by the soldiers on guard, part of whose bounden duty it was to preserve the peace, and prevent such shameful exhibitions. I could multiply, *ad infinitum*, authentic cases that would show the hollowness of the pretensions to civilization and tolerance set up by the reformers of the day for the mouldering rotten capital of the Turkish Empire. As I have previously said, the old leaven of fanaticism lurks in many corners. I am, however, disposed to believe that the deep sense of poverty and misery has more to do with these occasional popular outbreaks than the spirit of fanaticism. The Turks hate the Christians, because the Christians, of whatsoever nation or grade—certainly without excepting the *Christian Rayah subjects*—are incomparably more prosperous than themselves.

Except for the Friday visits to the mosques, the Sultan, during our long stay at Constantinople, very rarely left his palace at Beshiktash. I will not pretend to know more than I really do know of those *penetralia*. Everybody knew that his harem was absolutely crowded with women, and that by far the greater part of his time was spent in it. *Most* of the *very* great Pashas spent their time as he did, and were keeping their black eunuchs, just as their predecessors used to do twenty years ago. The gentleness, the amiability of Abdul Medjid, was admitted by all. Some gave him credit for a very considerable share of quickness and natural ability (which his countenance did not denote), regretting at the same time his indolence, his distractions, and his premature exhaustion. A person had been retained more than ten years to teach the Sultan French, but his imperial Majesty could not as yet construct a French sentence. For music he had a perfect passion and a very good taste. His own Turkish band, trained by German and Italian masters, executed the best of modern compositions. The rude barbaric music of the Turks was seldom heard in the palace, or even indeed in the regimental bands. Whatever noted foreign player visited Constantinople—

whether pianist, flutist, or fiddler—he was sure to be invited to the palace to play for one or more evenings to the Sultan, and equally sure to get a good round sum of money, and a gold, diamond-set snuff-box. The most refined, or I should not be far wrong in saying the *only* refined amusements of the serraglio, began and ended in music. The most sensual of all the fine arts was the most spiritual of Abdul Medjid's pastimes. From these musical soirées his women were of course rigidly excluded. If the kadinns and odalisks heard the sweet strains, it must have been at a distance, and through screens and wooden partitions.

Nothing that I could hear from any reliable source was proper to raise my estimate of the character, or intellects, or tastes, of any of the great Turkish ladies. It would be a great mistake to treat them merely as the inmates of the harem, or as recluses, or caged birds. If the Sultan's own women were caged, none others were. His married sisters, as well as his mother, were constantly abroad. The women of the Pashas and other great employés, were more out of doors (in the day time), than our fashionable and most stirring ladies during the London season: they were to be seen every day, when the weather was fine, on the Bosphorus, in the Golden Horn, in the bazaars, on the great square near the Seraskier's tower, and in the streets; they were incessantly going and coming, shopping and paying visits; they were greater gadabouts than the belles of Paris in the old and gay time. If their graceless, cumbersome, out-of-door dresses spoiled or utterly concealed their figures, and if their loose, shapeless, yellow-morocco boots, and their awkward slippers, hid their feet and spoiled their gait, the younger and handsomer of them took good care that their yashmacs should not hide their faces. The gauze worn by these dames of highest fashion, was as transparent as the famed textile of old Cos, and it was drawn across only the chin and forehead. The bosom was exposed, as I have already mentioned. From some of the handsomest and greatest one not unfrequently heard language which a nymph or matron of Billingsgate would not use.

Mr. . . . the consul of . . . was walking one afternoon in that most lovely valley of the Bosphorus, called the "Sweet Waters of Asia." Near an imperial kiosk, in the midst of the valley, he saw, dancing or posture-making on the fresh greensward, some half-dozen of itinerant dancing-girls, of the lowest and most abandoned kind. Their performance was so revolting, so barbarously obscene, that he was about to quit the spot, when the Sultan's two married sisters drove or rumbled up in a *cochee*, (followed by numerous and well-known attendants,) and, alighting at the kiosk, joined some other ladies who had been witnessing the exhibition from the windows of that building. After this august arrival, and a short rest, the vile

posture-makers went to their work again. Shouts of laughter, and showers of small coin came out of the windows; the more indecent the movements or combination of movement, the louder was the laughter; and when the performance reached its utmost climax, the ladies in the kiosk applauded with voice and hand, and then threw out more money.

CHAPTER XXII.

Among my letters of introduction to men in office and heads of departments, I had one for Ismael Effendi, who had resided a considerable time, in very poor and humble circumstances, at Paris and at London, and who was now, through the favour of Reshid Pasha, advanced to the high dignities of Hekim-Bashi to the Sultan, and President of the Medical College at Galata Serai. This Ismael was a renegade Greek, a supple courtier, and an accomplished buffoon. I could never get sight of him; he was always engaged in paying court to the courtiers, or in buffooning for the amusement of the pashas. I called at least a dozen times at the Galata Serai, in the hope of finding him there; I walked twice, through snow and slush, to his private residence, at rather an early hour in the morning: he was invisible. I left my letter, and he took no notice of it or of me. At last I took that step which hardly ever failed me. I walked into the Medical College, spoke with some of the people employed in it, said I was an English traveller, and asked to be conducted over the establishment. The kehayah, or superintendent, though a very ignorant and a very rapacious man, was sufficiently civil, and a Turkish professor of clynica, a Stamboulee, who had never quitted his native city, but who yet spoke French fluently and correctly, was not only very polite, but attentive and communicative. I repeated my visit, and afterwards spent two whole mornings in examining these schools. I say nothing of the paltriness and perilousness of these wooden buildings, for they served only as a temporary lodging, and a spacious stone edifice, in the Grand Champ des Morts, was now almost finished, and *this* edifice was to be the Medical College. No harsh criticism could apply to the liberality of the young Sultan in providing the sums necessary for stocking the establishment with implements, museums, cabinets, and other means and facilities of study. All the last improved implements of Paris, London, and Vienna, were to be found in the Galata Serai. There was a small, but not bad botanical garden. There was a Natural History museum, with a

collection of geological specimens attached; there was a very sufficient medical library *the books being nearly every one French.* There was a good anatomical theatre, and an excellent "Gabinetto Fisico," stocked with electric-machines, galvanic batteries, hydraulic presses, and nearly every machine and adjunct necessary to teach, or to experimentalize in the physical sciences; and all these things were of the most perfect kind, having been purchased of the best makers in Christendom; and, thanks to the vigilant care and scrupulous neatness of some Germans employed in the establishment, they were all, as yet, in excellent order. I fear, however, that this apple-pie order denoted that they were very seldom used. I was told afterwards that except a big electrical-machine which the Turks were pretty constantly employing as a mere plaything, hardly any machine or apparatus in this cabinet was ever touched.

What first or most powerfully roused my reprobation, was the grossness of two attempts at deception. By the French journalists, and by other means, the world had been given to believe:—1. That the number of resident, fixed students, was nearly double that which I found it. 2. That young Greeks, Armenians, and even Jews were admitted, each on a number nearly equal to that of the young Turks. The mudir, or superintendent, had himself told me that there were more than 700 students. I now learned from some of the students and two of the professors, that there were not 400 inmates in all; that the Turkish students amounted to about 300; that of Greek students there were only 40, of the Armenians only 29, and of Jews no more than 15! The mudir, who was a great rogue and a dirty, had assured me that, collectively, the Rayah students were rather more numerous than the Mussulmans. It was not a Rayah, but a Mussulman, who told me that the number of students had been materially reduced since this mudir's accession to the office, and who gave me to understand that the Sultan was still paying for the larger number, and that the mudir and some of his confederates in cheating were every month putting the difference into their own pockets. Not long ago the expenditure and accounts of the College had been managed and kept by an honest, conscientious man; but such men can never long retain their posts in Turkey. This present mudir had previously been the superintendent of some mines near Salonica; and it was said that (among friends) he would boast how cleverly he had cheated the government in that capacity.

Not only did the students pay no fees, but they were paid for studying and living in the College. Among the Turks there were none that could have paid, and, in their regard, there was a strong religious prejudice to be overcome. To entice students the Sultan had granted monthly salaries, varying from 20 piastres for the youngest boys, to 300 piastres for the maturer students. Many of

them were mere children, who were doing nothing but learning French. The only really busy man in the establishment was the French master. "They must all wait for me," said he, "the rest of the professors can do nothing without me! Until these garçons shall have learned French they can learn no other science. French is the only language of science! Science cannot be taught in Turkish." In his last assertion he was not very wide of the truth. The students were lodged as well as boarded in the College. The money allowed by the Sultan was ample for good dietary, even if the numbers had been filled up; but the food dispensed by the old mudir was of very inferior quality. Clothes were also allowed by the Sultan. The students had a uniform, or a blue frock coat, with light green collar and facings, with the device of Æsculapius embroidered in silver. But this fine coat was worn only when out of doors: the students were, to the last degree, slovenly when within the College. They all seemed to be taken from very poor classes; I was told that the Turks were one and all of the lowest grades, the sons of boatmen, horse-keepers, petty dealers, bazaar porters, and the like; and that no Turk of the high or even middle class ever sent a son to the College. A very considerable portion of the whole gave up all thoughts of medicine as soon as they quitted the College; some being taken by Government, and employed in totally different services, and others, of themselves, renouncing a profession which was badly paid and led to no promotion. I was assured that scarcely one of these students, on quitting Galata Serai, was well grounded in his profession, or fit to be more than a dresser or hospital-mate. I certainly never found one, either in the barrack-hospitals or in any other hospital or establishment of Government, occupying a higher post than that of hospital-mate; and of those I heard of, who were acting as surgeons of regiments, *I heard no good.* The young men found that they could turn the advantages of their education to better account. By entering the service of pashas or other great men, as secretaries, drogomans, and factotums, they could at once get double the pay and more than double the chances of a poor hekim—they could get upon the crooked road of state business or state intrigue, with a fair or foul chance of becoming great pashas themselves. Of the *really* clever young men who had completed their term and were now out in the world, I could scarcely hear of more than two that were hekims. The Medical School of Galata Serai, therefore, does not make many doctors or surgeons. The Sultan's journalists, on every opportunity, presented a charming picture of the union and brotherly love which reigned in the College. And was it not beautiful to see Osmanlees and Rayahs, Turks, Greeks, Armenians, and Jews, living together in peace and amity within the same precincts, and all united by the same studies and by the same

love of science? The picture was charming, but it was not true: the students quarreled as much as George Colman's "Holy Friars." The Turks, being so much the more numerous, bullied all the Rayahs, ate and lived apart from them, and would not associate with them; the Greeks hated the Armenians, and the Armenians the Greeks, and both united in treating the very feeble minority of poor Jews with the greatest contumely.

If Reshid Pasha's idle theory of *amalgamation* could have been tried anywhere with success it was here, with boys and striplings, who were under government and collegiate regulations, whose prejudices had not gained the stubbornness of age, and whose religious scruples (whether Mahometan, or Christian, or Jewish) were pretty well obliterated by French books and philosophism. But there was no *amalgamation*, or even the slightest approach to it. The antipathy of casts and races was as strong and violent as ever. There was a negative, but no positive: Galata Serai had given—or was giving—them *one disbelief*, but it had done and was doing nothing that could give them *one belief* and blend them together, or make a one-hearted people of them. Yet delays, interruptions, and confusions arose out of the differences of religion: the Turks kept their Sabbath or holiday on Friday, the Jews on Saturday, the Christians on Sunday, &c.; and on these several days they left the College and went home to their families. The two French and two German professors found these three holidays in a week very inconvenient to their classes.

The professor of botany was a Turk, who had never quitted his own country or travelled in it; he was assisted by a German gardener. In a long, airy gallery we found a pretty good collection of botanical engravings, coloured, and very neatly executed at Paris and Vienna, and a few botanical drawings, which had been copied from French prints by some of the students. In the dissecting-room we found a dozen young Turks by themselves, cutting up the body of a negress. On a "side-board," close at hand, lay the uncovered and horrible-looking corpse of a negro; and in an ante-room were slovenlily scattered the head, arms, and legs, and all the *disjecta membra*, of another Nubian. As we entered, these Mussulman students were talking and laughing, were handling the black human flesh with as little scruple as if it had been mutton or lamb, and were working away with scalpels that were shorter than our silver fruit-knives. I asked one of them whether all this were not somewhat contrary to his religion.* He laughed in my face, and said, "*Eh! Monsieur, ce n'est pas au Galata Serai qu'il faut venir chercher la religion!*" One of the Greek students who was accompanying me enjoyed the

* The Prophet Mahomet says—"thou shalt not open a dead body, although it may have swallowed the most precious pearl belonging to another."

Turk's sally very much, and assured me that in this College they all became *philosophes à la Voltaire*. I had reason to believe that they went far beyond or *below* Voltaire. "You see," said one of the professors, "how we extirpate prejudices! Did you ever expect to see Turks opening and cutting up a human body?" I replied "No!" and, feeling rather sick, walked out of the room and into the garden. I there learned from those with me that the victory over prejudice was very far from being complete. The Mussulmans out-of-doors had a horror of dissection, and neither Christian nor Jewish Rayahs could bear the idea of the body of one of their own family or their own sect being given to the hospital. At the time of my visits the cholera was carrying off daily many Turkish soldiers, and particularly in the Arsenal barracks, just below Galata Serai, and very many of the poorest Rayahs, but they never got a body from either of these classes; they never got a *white subject*, except when some miserable, unfriended, unknown Christian or Jewish convict in the Bagnio gave up the ghost; they depended almost exclusively upon the mortality among the Nubian slaves, and now most rarely got any subject except a negro or negress. But of these there was a plenty. Usually the master of the dead slave got 20 or 25 piastres for the body, on delivery at the school.

The students of Galata Serai must have had abundant opportunities of learning the peculiarities of Nubian physiology. The authorities were afraid that the soldiers might revolt if the bodies of their comrades were sent to the hospital, instead of being buried in the earth, almost as soon as dead, as the Koran prescribes. As everything is variable here, and dependent on the character and energy of one or two individuals, it might have been different six or seven years ago, when Mr. White made his observations, but I can confidently affirm that such was the state of the supplies to the anatomical school in the spring of 1848.

Though but temporary, the room for public examinations was large and convenient, having a gilded fauteuil or a sort of throne for the Sultan, who had for several years attended regularly at the examinations. There were several good class and lecture rooms. There was also a tolerable chemical laboratory, with a fair supply of apparatus. It was amusing to be told in this last room that a good many of the Turkish and Armenian students preferred chemical to any other studies or experiments, *because* they hoped to find out the art of transmuting the baser metals into gold, or to discover the *elixir vitæ*. *Alchymia rediviva!* The human mind cannot be without belief, or without something beyond this positive world! One credulity takes the place of another. See the history of the first great French Revolution! The French had never so many credulities, wild beliefs, or aspirations, as when they had made an

abnegation of all religious faith. Never was there so much confidence that science might indefinitely prolong the existence of the frail body of man, as when they had voted the non-existence of a God and the mortality of the soul! Among the books in this medical library there were but too many of *that* period, or of the *philosophismizing* period which immediately preceded it, and which in fact created it. It was long since I had seen such a collection of downright materialism. A young Turk, seemingly about twenty years of age, was sitting cross-legged in a corner of the room, reading that manual of atheism, the "*Système de la Nature!*" Another of the students showed his proficiency in French and philosophy, by quoting passages from Diderot's "*Jacques le Fataliste,*" and from that compound of blasphemy and obscenity, "*Le Compère Mathieu.*" *Les Turques se civilisent.* Yes! with a vengeance! And quite *à la Française.* And when they are thus civilized, what next?

I saw a few works in German, and there appeared to be a few translations of English medical books, but the bulk was wholly French. Cabaneïs "*Rapport du Physique et du Morale de l'Homme*" occupied a conspicuous place on the shelves. I no longer wondered it should be commonly said that every student who came out of Galata Serai, after keeping the full term, came out always a materialist, and generally a libertine and rogue. Close by the library they had set up a German lithographic printing-press; and two Armenians were printing the skeleton forms of daily hospital returns, in Turkish. These returns, I was told, were duly filled up and sent every morning to our invisible friend Ismael Effendi, who hardly ever came near the place. Soon after our departure, this Hekim Bashi was suddenly turned into "Minister of Commerce;" and only those who are on the spot can tell how many different and opposite places the renegade Greek may have been put into since then. We were told that some elementary works, in Turkish, were in preparation, and would be printed at his lithographic-press. But precisely the same information was given years ago, and not one of these books has yet appeared. The Turks are so slow and indolent, the language is so cramped and confined, the work so difficult! To render scientific terms they are obliged to coin new words, or to introduce some Arabic word, moulding it into a new form or meaning. For scientific purposes they have indeed to make almost an entirely new language; and when this is made, it is found to be unintelligible to the students. I was told that a young man might learn French, so as to be able to read scientific books in the original, in a very little more time than was necessary to him for acquiring this new Turkish language of science. Then, again, people complained that this last language was neither complete nor fixed; that many ideas, and even simple things, could not be expressed in it; that very often the trans-

lators were obliged to retain French or Latin terms; that the new word-makers did not proceed upon any uniform system or principle, and that the terminology of one was not that of another. In mathematics, and, I believe, to a certain extent in chemistry, the learned katibs could get over the ground pretty well with the help of Arabic; but then the students had to learn this Arabic. In all other sciences the difficulty was exceedingly great.

The hospital attached to the Galata Serai was not very creditable, the rooms being small and crowded, and the patients' beds (sixty in all) abominably foul. But in the new College now building, they were to have a spacious, well-ventilated hospital, with a proper division of wards, with new beds and bedding, and all things proper. I here had additional evidence as to the prevalence of a certain disease which, twenty years ago, was almost unknown among the Turks. Under the superintendence of a Frank professor, some of the senior students had recently performed various surgical operations. Two young Greeks were pointed out as having uncommon quickness and address, and as being likely to make excellent operators.

This Galata Serai had very different occupants when I was at Constantinople twenty years ago. I doubt, however, whether it was more moral then than now. The building was erected by Achmet III. as a place of education for the imperial pages. The father of the present Sultan converted it into a medical school; and it is said that he was so pleased with the innovation, that he traced with his own hand the original inscription which is now copied in large letters of gold over the great entrance gate,—"All who look upon this edifice will exclaim, Aferin!" (Well done.) The school was originally intended as a nursery (exclusively) for military and naval surgeons; but these changing fitful administrations never adhere to any original plan.

We repeatedly visited the two Military Schools above Pera and the Galata Serai. I had brought a letter to Ibrahim Pasha, "Director-General of Military Schools;" but I could never find him, either at home or anywhere else. This was of less consequence, as he was removed to another office before the state of the weather allowed us to go out to the schools, and as I found in Dervish Pasha, one of the superintendents, to whom I introduced myself, a very gentlemanly and obliging officer. I find in my diary, under date of the 14th of March, 1848—"Hardly one pasha but has changed place and functions since we came to this country in August last. Nothing is fixed in office. Most of these changes appear to proceed from no intelligible motive, but from mere caprice. One has scarcely done wondering at a change when another is made. There never can be any official order in any one department of government." Dervish, who was now second in authority, and who ought to have been *first*, was regular and most punctual in his attendance at the senior Military

Academy: he spoke French even better than Ali Pasha, and English almost as well as French; he had spent three years in England; he had travelled a good deal on the continent of Europe, and had travelled with his eyes open; his scientific acquirements seemed to be considerable; his conversation was animated, frank, and unaffected; he had no pasha-bride or *morgue*, he was affable to all men and always glad to see a foreigner; I thought and still think better of him than of any other pasha I knew; he was the only one of them that did not deal in stereotyped phrases, or that returned honest direct answers to plain well-meant questions. I discovered but one fault in him: though a young man he took but little exercise, and was growing enormously fat, like all the rest of them. It could not well be otherwise, for he passed his days—as they all do—seated cross-legged, on a broad and soft divan. The first time we visited him we found, sitting on the opposite side of the room, a good-natured old Neapolitan officer who had been thirty-three years in the East, at Algiers, Tunis, Alexandria, Cairo, Smyrna, and other places, and who for the last four or five years, had been infantry instructor in this senior military school. He was the descendant of an Irish family settled in Naples, his name Mahony. He spoke of Dervish Pasha as the most enlightened, most honest, and by far the most assiduous public officer he had ever known in Turkey. Unluckily he was hampered by two other pashas, who were receiving high salaries for doing nothing, or for doing only what was mischievous. The salaries of these two pashas, and of certain other useless officials, nearly doubled the expense of the schools to the Sultan. *More Turco!* These people have a bold genius for the invention of sinecures. Every establishment was encumbered in the like manner.

The Senior Military School, on the right of the road which leads to Therapia and Buyukderè, is a long ugly building without, but it has far-extending, pleasant corridors, and good apartments and class-rooms within; and at the time of my visits, a most exemplary cleanliness and order prevailed throughout. The large refectory was not yet finished, but the students were taking their meals (of good quality) in clean and comfortable rooms. In a clean and spacious school-room we found at our first visit about thirty young men taking French lessons. The book in use Fenelon's Fables, which they read —for the most part with a good accent—and then rendered into Turkish, with parsing, &c. The French master was a smart young Turk, who had passed ten years of his life in Paris. In other rooms we saw some students drawing, and two of them reading and helping one another to understand Voltaire's Life of Charles XII. They had reached the part of that animated narrative where the Swedish monarch at Bender, with a handful men, defends his house against a whole army of Janizaries and Turkish irregulars. They seemed to

enjoy the incidents exceedingly. In every part of the establishment we noticed the same scrupulous neatness and order; but the students in their vile, loose, in-door, drab great-coats, looked like common soldiers, or rather like felons in gaol dresses. There was a very fair room set apart for the Sultan, with a gilded fauteuil, a European sofa covered with Genoa velvet richly embroidered in gold, French chairs, rather a splendid looking-glass, and a truly splendid Turkish or Persian carpet. The lecture-room was excellent. So was the "Gabinetto Fisico." This last large room was well provided with apparatus and instruments, English, French, and German: here we found Dr. Smith's American electro-telegraph, good electrical machines, and all manner of appliances and means for the study of the physical sciences, kept in dark mahogany glazed cases, which stood round the room. At the upper end of the room there was a small library, consisting almost entirely of elegantly bound French books. I noticed the "Moniteur Uinversel," the "Encyclopédie Méthodique," "Vauban," "Maximes de Turenne," "Foy," &c. There were a few German and a very few English works on the military science. In this cabinet there was a sort of throne for the Sultan to sit upon during the examinations. Seated by the side of it, we looked over a portfolio of drawings by the students—all mere copies from French or German engravings or lithographs, but neatly executed. Some mechanical drawings, sections of maps, and plans of fortifications, were as neat as could possibly be. Dervish Pasha frankly confessed that there had been much mismanagement, and that everything except the collection of instruments, were as yet in its infancy; but he hoped that, if time were allowed, the course of instruction would be improved. This school had been erected only some three or four years ago. There were now in it one hundred and one students. The majority of them were coarse and vulgar in their countenances and persons; some few had an intelligent expression, but not one had the appearance of a Turkish gentleman. They were very far from being well set up, although we were told that they were pretty regularly drilled at an early hour in the morning. Old Signor Marony said that they had very little taste for military exercises, or for any other exercise, and that the greater part of them hated the drill-ground. In age they seemed to vary from seventeen to twenty-one. Four Frenchmen were employed as military instructors; a Prussian conducted the artillery instruction. The drawing-master was a Spaniard, and very little of an artist.

Dervish Pasha very obligingly sent one of his officers with us to the Junior Military Academy, which lay about a mile to the northward, on the ridge of hills behind the Sultan's new stone palace of Dolma Baghchè. With this introduction we were free to return whenever we chose. The day of our first visit was one of the few

delightful spring days we had this year. We found the mudir and the professors making *keff*—that is, they were smoking their tchibouques under a few shady trees in front of the academy, with their faces turned to a bean-field on the southern slope of the hill, where the beans were already in flower and smelling sweetly. They were very courteous, and, immediately quitting their pipes, they conducted us into the school. Here there were no long, echoing corridors, as in the superior academy. The establishment consisted of several separate *corps de logis*, or old buildings in the Turkish style, which had nothing noticeable about them except their order and cleanliness. None of them were large. Some quadrangles were prettily laid out as gardens. There was a small mosque, *not built of late years*, attached to the school—at the Senior Academy there was none. The number of pupils was between two and three hundred. They are admitted at the age of twelve. They remain here five years, then pass to the upper school for four years, and then into the army or to some government employment with the rank of captain. Some become engineers; some artillery, some cavalry, and some infantry officers: but they all pursue the same line of study. From the day of their entrance they are lodged, fed, and clothed, at the expense of the Sultan, receiving also a small monthly gratuity, which is increased as they advance in age. In spite of all these encouragements a good many of them get heart-sick of study and confinement, and abscond. I was told the same thing at the Galata Serai. Here there is no mixture of races or of faiths; for, in this reformed and to be *amalgamated* empire, none but Mussulmans can be soldiers. A distinguished diplomatist, who was taken into council by the late Sultan Mahamoud when his affairs were very desperate, told that sovereign that his remedy would be to allow his Christian Rayah subjects to be soldiers as well as the Turks; and that from the day he raised and armed a Christian regiment his empire would be safe. Entertaining as I do the greatest respect for this adviser, I cannot agree with the advice; for I believe if the Rayahs were regimented, their inveterate antipathies would lead them to employ their arms against one another; and that, whatever the Armenians might do, the Greeks would not be long ere they fell upon their co-militants the Turks. Apart from the religious antagonism, there is a four-hundred-years'-old hatred to the Osmanlee on the part of the Greek, which no political schemes, no merely *mortal* means will ever eradicate. If in European Turkey the Greeks were trained and armed in anything like the same proportion as the Mussulmans, the Mussulmans would be speedily driven back into Asia, for the Greeks excel them as much in daring and activity as they do in wit and intelligence. But if only a few Greek regiments were raised, what would happen in the case of a Russian invasion?—a case the Turks are

always contemplating, and nearly all of them with misgivings and dread. The Greeks would fire into the Turks with whom they were brigaded, and, with shouts for the Cross and Holy Virgin, would pass over to their co-religionists the Russians. I feel as certain of this as of the physical, unalterable fact, that the river Danube flows downward from its sources in the Alps to its mouths on the Euxine. I never met with the man in the country that entertained a different opinion.

As at Galata Serai, the students were drawn from poor Tukish families: they were sons of boatmen, porters, papush-makers, &c. One of the schoolmasters, a Perote Frank, told me that in the whole number (here and in the upper school) there were not above six or seven that could be considered as the sons of gentlemen, and that these few were the children of effendis whose fortunes were at the lowest ebb. Others told me the reforming government preferred the rawest materials to any others, and found the children of the uninstructed, dependent poor, more submissive and ductile than the children of the superior classes. Their drawing-master, the son of a Frenchman, but a native of Pera, praised their docility, and, in general, their intelligence; but he complained that they were altogether insensible to the point of honour, or to punishment by shame. Here it was necessary to make use of the bastinado. As much might have been expected from the premises. This Frank added that they showed no inventive talent whatever, but a good deal of imitative talent, and considerable facility of execution, as well in music as in drawing. He said that whatever a Turk could do or learn cross-legged or sitting at his ease in a quiet room, he did or learned pretty well; but that there was no overcoming their natural indolence or dislike to active, stirring occupation. Pointing to the shady side of a quadrangle, where from twenty to thirty youths were sitting on their heels, doing nothing—not so much as talking—he said, "Those students have been there these three hours, and there they would sit three hours longer if they were allowed to follow their own inclinations. French boys, when out of school, must be running or jumping, or engaging in some active sport. Englishmen are quieter than we, but I believe English schoolboys are not very sedentary when released from their class-rooms: but few of these Turks ever seem young; like their old green-heads, they seem to think that the best of pastimes is to sit still and do nothing."

Regardless of the good rule that you can hardly begin the light drill too early, these boys were not drilled at all until they were drafted into the senior school. I asked some of the professors whence the pupils in these two schools were drawn; they told me almost entirely from Constantinople and its neighbourhood, *because* military schools had been erected in the provinces—at Brusa, Kuta-

yah, Konia, Damascus, Adrianople, Salonica, &c. Fudge! There was not one such school. Yet would I not accuse these gentlemen of intentional falsehood. Long since, Abdul Medjid had ordered that there should be such schools; and when the Sultan orders a thing *to be done*, the Turks consider that it *is finished*; and the French journalists of Pera confirm them in their illusion. By well-informed persons I was repeatedly asked whether the new military school at Brusa, or Kutayah, or Adrianople, were not in a flourishing condition? Here, above Dolma Baghchè, the favourite pursuit seemed to be drawing: I never saw the boys doing anything else. On our first visit we found, in two rooms, from fifty to sixty pupils copying French prints—fancy portraits of women as well as of men, landscapes, architectural pieces, ruins, ornaments, scrolls, flowers, fruit, wild beasts, &c. The correctness of some of these copies, and the neatness of execution, were commendable. Some of these poor fellows, who never saw any object of art until they came here, had been only six or eight months under tuition. A few of the elder pupils were working in *acquarella*, copying coloured prints with French water-colours; but most of them were drawing with charcoal, or black French chalk. Here a serious religious scruple had arisen. A Mussulman may not waste or throw away any bread —no, not the smallest mite. If a Turk of the old school sees a crumb of bread on the floor, or even in the street, he will stoop, pick it up, and devoutly deposit it in the sleeve of his garment. Now, crumbs of bread must be used to erase the mistakes in charcoal or chalk drawings. But as these crumbs must not be thrown away, what could be done with them? After serious deliberation it was concluded that neither charcoal nor chalk was poisonous; and the pupils undertook to swallow all the crumbs they dirtied while drawing. The rule was rigidly enforced. While watching them at work I saw two or three boys putting in their mouths pieces of bread as black as my hat. The drawing master thought that this necessity of eating their mistakes had the effect of making them more careful and correct. Other scruples, more fatal to art, interfered. The pupils were allowed to draw nothing from the round or the real, the Ulema having decided that the faithful must not draw from objects which cast shadows. The youths must thus remain mere mechanical copyists. Monsieur G———, the drawing master, did, however, entertain some hopes of being allowed to teach them to sketch landscapes after nature. But, surely, of all men in the world the lounging keff-making Ulema will be the first to tell him that trees do verily cast shadows; nor should I be astonished if they discovered that shades are projected by mountains, rocks, and buildings. With their scruples, a Peter Schlemel—a gentleman without a shadow—would be a great God-send for Turkish art. Yet is there not hollow-

ness and contradiction here? The commander of the faithful seems never to be happier than when sitting for his portrait to some Frank artist: it would be difficult to say how often he has been painted, or how many miniature pictures of himself, set in gold and diamonds, he has given away to foreign ambassadors and others: a full-length portrait of him has been done by a Frenchman in lithography, and a copy of this print is found in nearly every decent Turkish house in the capital. Reshid Pasha, and all his colleagues, had been painted and re-painted, and I never knew of a common Turk being at all unwilling to sit while you made a sketch of his person, face, and costume. In general, the poor Turks seemed to be delighted at the opportunity, and quite enchanted with the performance, however poor it might be. It had, however, been considered that the popular scruples on this head were very strong. The late Sultan Mahmoud had taken *energetic* measures to remove them.

Bishop Southgate says—

"The scene of the departing pilgrims seemed to me, at the moment, at least, a small proof of the remaining vigour of Islamism; but it was followed in a few days by another, which looked more like decay. On the 4th of August (1836) it was announced that a portrait of the Sultan was to be presented to the cavalry-barracks near Pera, and I thought the occasion worthy of attention. A similar honour had already been conferred on several public buildings, and it was intended that others still should share it. Before my final departure from Constantinople, in the summer of 1838, a woful misrepresentation of the royal features was to be seen in most, if not all, the barracks,—in several of the public offices, and in the cabins of some of the ships of war. Upon the day of which I speak, the Sultan himself was expected to be present, and the crowd collected to witness the ceremony was immense. There were pointed out to me representatives of twelve different nations, among whom were Turks, Arabs, Persians, Greeks, Armenians, Jews, and Circassians, distinguished by their different garbs and features. Then came the races of Europe, homogeneous, at least in their outward man, and here and there appeared a solitary American. I was astonished at the throngs of Turkish women, and to see them moving about at liberty, excepting some of those belonging to the harems of the great, who were seated in gaudy arubas drawn by gray oxen..... After the crowd had remained for hours in the most exemplary endurance of a hot sun and clouds of dust, the approach of the cavalcade was announced by the roar of cannon, and long trains of cavalry and infantry soon appeared, followed by the Seraskier Pasha, the commander-in-chief of the army. He was a short and stout personage, with an intelligent face and a silvery beard, the same that now holds the first place in the councils of the new Sultan. After him

came a beautiful carriage drawn by four horses, moving in solemn state in the van of the Sultan's body-guard. The crowd bent eagerly forward to catch a glimpse of the royal person. But he was not there. The interior was occupied only by the likeness of himself, the portrait for which all this stir and ceremony had been created, laid carefully upon luxurious cushions, and covered with a rich cloth. The procession entered beneath the arch that led to the interior court of the barracks, where the act of presentation was performed. It consisted simply of a prayer offered by an Imaum, at the close of which the multitude responded with a loud AMEN.

"I went away from the scene lost in reflection. 'Here,' said I to myself, 'is a palpable violation of the commands of the Koran, and a gross outrage upon the prejudices of Mussulmans, perpetrated by the acknowledged head of the religion, and the avowed successor of its founder. And it is just such as would most scandalize serious and devout Mahomedans. It is the representation of the human form, which is of all most offensive to them; and even that is not a work of fancy, which would be regarded with greater indulgence, but an actual resemblance of a living person; and to aggravate the insult to religion as much as possible, without commanding adoration, this painted resemblance is conveyed along the public ways, with military pomp and amidst the roar of cannon, consecrated by the sacred forms of religion, and set up before the eyes of all men. Even to the subjects of a Christian prince, such an act would appear like an aspiration to divine honours, but to a Mussulman it must seem downright idolatry.'"*

Like other men, the Ulema, after giving up vital principles of faith and practice, cling with a desperate grasp to the most contemptible trifles; and the reformers, who have ridden over them rough-shod, who have infringed the law of the Prophet in numberless important points, draw rein and bow the head at petty scruples like these. Some few of the boys here were wearing their uniform, which, though made of Fez-Khaneh cloth, was neat and becoming enough—blue frock coat, with red collar and cuffs, and blue pantaloons with the red stripe—but the rest were clad in villainous loose great-coats; and all were to the last degree slovenly about the feet. The dormitories were not bad, but far from being so airy and good as those at the upper school. The refectory was very neat and clean, the diet liberal. We saw the tables laid; there were clean tablecloths, clean pewter plates, neat knives and forks, decanters, drinking glasses, Frank benches, chairs, etc. Twenty years ago such things would certainly have appeared most marvellous and unorthodox. This academy was established by Sultan Mahmoud.

* Tour through Armenia, Persia, &c. New York, 1840. Vol. i. pp. 79–81.

On the left bank of the Golden Horn, considerably above the Arsenal, under the great Jewish cemetery, in a low, damp, close, and most unhealthy situation, there was another military school, erected by Mahmoud's cousin and predecessor, Sultan Selim, whose reforms and inroads on the Janizaries and Ulema cost him his life. Into this small, confined establishment I could never get access. I believe that hardly anything was done in it, and that the Turks were ashamed of its being seen. Some told me that there were about thirty young men studying in it for engineer officers; others assured me that there were only two old Turkish professors and five or six students, who were all obliged to run away from the unhealthy spot as soon as the hot weather commenced.

To the Naval School in the Arsenal we had free access at any time. The building, which had formerly been the Turkish Admiralty, was appropriately and beautifully situated on the spur of a hill overlooking the docks, the shipyards, the marine-barracks, the splendid port, and the Ottoman fleet then lying there at anchor. It was a tolerably good stone building, looking very well at a certain distance. But no school was open; no instruction had been given there for many months. Halil, the new Capitan Pasha, must needs signalize his accession to office by remodelling the establishment, and by enlarging the building, which, for all useful purposes, was quite large enough before.

The place was now in the possession of Armenian masons, carpenters, joiners, plasterers, and painters, and was not likely to be evacuated by them for months to come. The additions to the building were nearly entirely of wood—woodwork tacked to the original stonework. When the wood takes fire, as it it sure to do some day, the stone will hardly be safe.*

They were spending a deal of time and money in fitting out a reception-room for the Sultan, in which there was to be a splendid sofa, a gilded fauteuil and all that paraphernalia, of which every item is contrary to the law of the Prophet, Maps, books, instruments, were all locked up in closets to preserve them from the terrible dust the Armenians were making. Nominally there were 140 students; but we could never see more than about twenty dirty youths, who were doing absolutely nothing. They were keeping up all the while a numerous and expensive teaching staff, including one or two Frenchmen. All these learned professors were receiving their high monthly salaries, and doing—what their pupils were doing. The Capitan Pasha, who knew nothing of the sea, or of navigation or astronomy or of any other science, was in no hurry. He seemed to be contented with reflecting that he was making the building a good

* The average life of a house in Constantinople is calculated, I believe, at seven years.

deal bigger, and that some day or other the Sultan would come in state to see it finished and with its first varnish on. Oh this waste, this fearful waste of money extorted from a beggared people! Here again the Armenian hoof or paw is visible. The architects, the contractors, and the builders are almost invariably Armenians, who are supported by, and go shares with, the great seraffs. These bankers, who brought every establishment of government into their debt, were constantly urging the pashas to commit new acts of extravagance; and when the Armenian creditor vigorously pushed any plan, it was rarely that his Turkish debtor could offer any opposition. Tired out with doing nothing, and being anxious to earn honourably the salary which—though irregularly—he did receive, our friend Mr. Sang, at the end of February, volunteered to teach mathematics, geography, and astronomy to the pupils of the naval school. He spoke to the Capitan Pasha, who said that it would be a very good thing; that as Mr. Sang knew Turkish so well, it would be a great advantage; but he afterwards showed a lukewarmness in the business. Some other pashas employed about the Arsenal or the fleet took up the subject with more zeal. Among these was young Mustapha Pasha, who had been (for the sake of instruction) nine years on board of English men-of-war, and who, (although he never asked us to his house) was one of the very few Turks that seemed remindful of the kindnesses they had received in England.

Mustapha represented that Mr. Sang was the very man they most wanted in the naval school, that his facility in demonstration and explanation, his quickness in illustrating a subject, his patience and his calm amiable temper would endear him to his students and render him a perfect treasure. At last it was determined that Mr. Sang should be invited to the naval school. But when the Armenian Dadians, who for the space of five years had condemned this invaluable man to a condition of utter uselessness, heard of the intended move, they raised a moaning and an outcry, protesting that they could not spare him from the imperial manufactories at Zeitoun Bournu, vowing that they could not possibly do without Mr. Sang. Now, except in giving good scientific advice which had not in one single instance been followed by the Armenians, Mr. Sang had done nothing in those factories and had nothing to do, nor was there a chance or a likelihood of his having anything to do there for the Armenians. In Mr. Thorman, another British subject, they had a most competent and excellent director at Zeitoun Bournu. As I have said before, they had never given our friend the means of doing or even of beginning any one thing in the line of his profession. He waited upon Halil Pasha and assured him that the Dadians neither had made use of him nor ever intended to do so. Halil could only reply to Mr. Sang, that the Dadians now said that they wanted him, and that he must therefore remain with them.

In the end the matter was referred to Sultan Abdul Medjid himself. The young Sultan determined and decreed that Mr. Sang should go to the naval school. But even after this there was practically a yielding to the Armenians, and a ridiculous compromise. Mr. Sang was to divide himself or his time into two equal parts, one for the Sultan, and one for the Armenians; he was to attend three days in the week at the school, but the other three days he was to be at the manufactories, in case the Dadians might want him. Getting one room put into something like order, he commenced his tuition in the naval school about the beginning of May. He had only about twenty pupils, but they were docile and willing, and he thought that ten or twelve of the number would really make excellent mathematicians. Young Mustapha Pasha had not miscalculated the effect his character would produce on the young men: they treated him with the greatest respect, were always eager at his coming and sorry at his going. And it was in the genial nature of this quiet but warm-hearted Scotchman to take into affection all those whom he could teach and improve. Besides Emin Pasha, who had gained golden opinions even at Cambridge, several others who had been educated in Europe were said to have given proofs of a facility in acquiring mathematical knowledge. There are several Turkish books on these sciences. In the Arsenal young Mustapha Pasha showed us a *small* library that was almost entirely mathematical. We noticed the translation of an elementary French work, in one volume: a translation of a French work on arithmetic, algebra, and astronomy, in three volumes; a translation, from a French version, of Bonnycastle's "Algebra," and a translation of Euclid, with copious notes, by Hussein Effendi, who flourished at the beginning of the present century, and was much patronized by the unfortunate Sultan Selim. The preface to this last work states that the translator, Hussein Effendi, had been assisted by and greatly indebted to "an English officer and mathematician," who having been converted to the true Mussulman faith, took the name of Selim, and, on account of his science, was called Selim Effendi. Mr. Sang, who had a copy of it, described this as being a truly excellent work: the redundancies were thrown out, and the general arrangement was improved; the notes, which had evidently been all furnished by the Englishman, were admirably clear and neat, betokening extraordinary acquirements in the man who had written them. On the whole, Mr. Sang was inclined to think that this Turkish Euclid was the best Euclid he had ever met with. This was the book he used in the Naval Academy. It had been printed at Constantinople about the year 1806. None of us were able to ascertain the history, or the end, or even the English name of this accomplished English renegade. In all probability he died in some corner of this barbarous capital in poverty and obscu-

rity, such having been almost invariably the fate of Frank renegades. Or he might have perished in that slaughter of reformers and educationists which took place at the downfal of Sultan Selim. Our friend Achmet Effendi had an indistinct recollection of hearing his late father (himself a Turk of rare acquirements) speak of the English mathematician who had been disgraced in his own country, and driven from it; and in 1828, when I was making some inquiries about Selim Effendi, my old friend Constantine Zohrab told me that he remembered in his earlier days that there was an English renegade, reputed a man of great science, who was in high favour with Sultan Selim, but who was shunned by all his countrymen, and lived like a Turk in one of the most Turkish quarters of the city. No doubt the whole story was a dark one.

Somewhat more than a year before our arrival, Reshid Pasha had recommended and Abdul Medjid had decreed that a stately university should be erected near to the grand mosque of Santa Sophia, in an open square on the site of one of the barracks of the destroyed Janizaries; that this university should be provided with the most eminent professors, and endowed with funds for the maintenance of a vast number of students, and that the course of study should be assimilated to that of the best universities in Christendom. The stone was laid with great pomp and ceremony, and with a wonderful flourishing of trumpets by the Pera journalists. Before leaving England we had read in the "Journal de Constantinople" accounts of this splendid university of Djeb Khaneh, which had induced us to believe that we should find it, if not finished and furnished, at least approaching its completion. The stone was laid on the 1st of September, 1846: our first visit to the spot was in February, 1848. We found that the building was scarcely anywhere more than six feet above the level of the ground, and that the works had long been languishing for want of funds. A short time after receiving intelligence of the new French revolution, the Porte stopped the works altogether, and they were not resumed in July, when we took our departure. According to the original plan the edifice was to be built entirely of stone. The architect was an Italian from Lombardy, Signor Fossati by name, who was employed at the same time in repairing the interior of Santa Sophia. With their usual flattering precipitancy, the Armenian Dooz-Oglous who control the imperial Mint, had instructed the architect to make the design for a splendid medal commemorative of the creation of the university. Signor Fossati had made a very pretty drawing, in which were represented the university (*as it was to be*), the contiguous dome of Santa Sophia, a section of the Serraglio palace, a part of the port, and some of the mosques, barracks, and other buildings on the opposite side of the Golden Horn; and this design had been put into the hands of our

friend Mr. James Robertson, engraver to the Mint, in order that he might forthwith prepare a die.*

We were told of a new school over in Constantinople for the education of civil servants of Government, but we could discover neither the place where it existed nor any person who had seen it.

I could not discover or hear of any improvement in the common Mussulman schools in any place. Most of those attached to the mosques were shut up. In others little boys were merely learning to repeat the Koran by rote, under the tuition of drowsy old khodjàs who were most wretchedly paid. The funds which had supported the old schools were nearly all seized, wasted, gone. There was a grand new scheme of education upon paper, but it was only upon paper. There was a Board of Education, with pashas and effendis, who were receiving high salaries and doing nothing. "The truth is," said an intelligent Turk, who was himself a reformer with a European education, "we have no competent instructors to put into these new schools; and, just now, money is very scarce. Nothing can be done until we get competent Turkish masters, and these are not to be made in a day. In the Council there is a talk of establishing a few Normal schools for the training of teachers in the capital, whence, in three or four years, a portion of them may be drafted to the provinces to take charge of the schools that are erected or to be established there. The old khodjas, with nothing but their obsolete Mussulman learning, will not do for our purpose; and then there are so very few of them left! When we get a good stock of young teachers, all educated *alla Franca*, and without any old Mussulman *prejudices*, then we shall be able really to begin to educate the people. Now, we can only talk; we have no instruments with which to begin. This is the plain truth."

Meanwhile not only the more intellectual Greeks, but also the plodding Armenians of the capital are increasing and rather rapidly improving their schools.

There were many and very commendable improvements in the military and other hospitals. The first hospital we visited was that attached to the artillery barracks at Tophana. The building was mean and bad, and, in a sanitary point of view, the situation was not good; but the order and attendance were deserving of all praise. There was a proper division of wards. Those patients suffering from

* There was quite a rage for medals and decorations. The Sultan was giving nishans to all sorts of people, including the "illustrious obscure." One spring morning he conferred that decoration on the son of his Perote bootmaker—a rough uneducated boy, who could not even make boots. The officers and soldiers who had been engaged in Kurdistan against Bedr-Khan Bey had all medals, designed by Signor Fossati, and engraved by Mr. J. R. Here the design was very simple, being merely some mountain-tops, which were to be considered as the mountains of Kurdistan.

contagious disorders were now kept apart; all the maladies incident to poor humanity were not mixed and huddled together as in former times. The wards were clean, the sick had mattresses and bedding and iron bedsteads, the diet was good, and the physicians could order without stint that which they thought best for their patients. A Turk, of course, held the nominal rank and received the high pay, but the real medical chief of this establishment was a clever, well-informed Frank, the son or grandson of an Italian practitioner, a member of one of the very few Perote families that were distinguished by good taste and good principles. He had studied in the University of Pisa and at Florence; and besides being skilled in his profession, he was a good classical scholar. His assistants were all young Mussulmans who had studied in the Galata Serai. Some of these made tolerably good hospital mates. One of them spoke French very well, and had a decided turn for translation and literary composition. He had put into choice Turkish some of the most spicy passages of Voltaire's "*Dictionnaire Philosophique.*" A friend, who was with us, asked him what he was doing now. He was translating Voltaire's 'romans:' he had nearly done "*Candide,*" which he found very amusing and delightful.

The Marine Hospital behind the Arsenal, on one of the hills which overlook the valley of Piali Pasha, was not in such good order, but it was a model establishment compared with what Turkish hospitals had been in my time. The grand military hospital—across the Bosphorous in Asia, in the rear of the vast Scutari brrracks erected by Sultan Mahmoud—was the most spacious and finest establishment of the sort I ever visited in any country. It stands completely isolated, on a down-like, gentle elevation, having in front the beautiful expanse of the Sea of Marmora, and in the rear the grand cemetery of Scutari, with its forest of sad odorous cypresses—a scene immortalized in "Anastasius," and an imperishable part of the memory of every man of taste and feeling that has once beheld it. The edifice was solidly built of stone; it had no elevation, but its dimensions, in length and breadth, were imposing. This struck us, although we had just come from the vast barracks close by. The airy, open corridors were truly magnificent; and never was English drawing-room kept more pure and spotless. In the midst of the inner-court—a spacious, airy quadrangle—were a curious flower-garden, as yet in its infancy, a pretty fountain, and a pleasant kiosk, where some convalescent soldiers were inhaling the breeze which came down the Bosphorus, and basking in the genial sun of early spring. Throughout, the place looked more like a palace than an hospital for poor soldiers. The wards, which opened on the splendid corridors, were most comfortable and even elegant apartments, with excellent iron bedsteads, and the cleanest beds and bedding. The supply of clean linen was

unlimited; the rooms were airy and cheerful; and in every one of them there was a pretty vase or vases of artificial flowers to recreate the eyes of the sick and suffering. So delicate an attention to a poor rude soldiery I had never witnessed. There were vapour-baths lined with pure, white, bonâ fide marble, which a Sultan might have used. All the offices were spacious, well furnished and provided and scrupulously clean. There was a kitchen that made us blush for the kitchen at Greenwich Hospital. These were not mere show rooms that I saw: we did not leave unvisited one ward or apartment or room. There was the same neatness, good order, and cleanliness everywhere. The different disorders were nicely separated and warded. In every ward there hung against the wall a tablet, on which were registered the names of the patients there, the dates of their admission, the diagnostics of the disease, and the progress of the cure. Daily reports were made to the Hekim Bashi; and the attendance of the medical men at the bedsides of the patients seemed to be very regular and careful. We went with one of the chief doctors on his rounds. We were told that there were several suspicious cholera cases; but I had long since convinced myself that, whatever else it might be, this dreadful disease was *not* contagious.

Except two or three soldiers, who were labouring under acute disorders, suffering agonies, and crying "*Amaun! Amaun!*" all these poor Turks were sitting up in their beds, on their heels, and looking the very personifications of patience. I noticed in other hospitals that they were always sitting up in this fashion in the daytime. It is their habitual posture. A Turk has no taste for the horizontal position; no conception of the pleasure of lying at full length in bed: he never stretches himself out (if he can possibly sit upright on his heels,) until he is overcome by sleep or is touching on his dissolution. I was told that not unfrequently they died in their habitual position. There was a sufficient variety of diseases to remind one of the numerous ills which flesh is heir to. The most prevalent disorder was pulmonary consumption, with bronchitis. To the young recruits from the hot, low-lying regions of Asia Minor, the rude winter and changeable climate of Constantinople were very fatal. Often in my matutine excursions, when the snow was deep and the wind cruelly cold and cutting, I have heard these young Asiatics, on guard, most audibly coughing their own knells. The fearfully high mortality last winter in the Arsenal, had not all been attributable to cholera: diseases of the lungs had swelled it.

The loss among these Asiatics had been so serious, that the Porte had turned its attention to the subject. The great men had even adopted as wise principles, that the young recruits from the very hot parts of Asia Minor should be regimented at Smyrna, and sent to serve in the genial climate of Syria and Palestine; and that the

garrison of Constantinople, the garrisons on the Danube—where the winter is tremendous—and other corps exposed to inclement weather, should be reinforced from the European provinces, from the mountainous parts of Asia, the hardy regions on the Black Sea, &c. But all this remained purely theoretical or intentional; no order was taken, no such distinctions were drawn; recruits were dragged up to the capital from whatsoever district they could be found in; and the natives of the sunny Ionia and glowing Lydia were brought to shiver, to contract disease, and die. I was assured by several medical men that the ratio of mortality among these Asiatics, from *pulmonary complaints alone*, was quite fearful. In that spirit of compromise-making, to which I have so often been obliged to allude, the soldiers, who (bating the vile, pernicious, red skull-caps,) were otherwise dressed as Christian soldiers, were not allowed any stocks or cravats by the government. This deficiency of neck-covering, besides giving them a slovenly, ruffianly appearance, could not but be injurious to their health in such a climate. The men sometimes bought cotton handkerchiefs for themselves, and wore them round their necks like ropes.

After going the rounds with the doctor, we saw and tasted some of the dinners that were served up to the sick and the convalescent. The dishes were all good in their several kinds; the soup was admirable; so was the rice pilaff; some of the stewed meats and light savoury *dolmas* might shame our English domestic cookery. I had no difficulty in believing the Hekim, who told us that the cooks we had seen at work in the kitchen, were men that had been chosen with care and that knew their métier. The spacious pharmacy was so orderly, clean, sweetly savoured, and elegant, that even medicine looked relishable in it.

I believe that this rare hospital was then exclusively devoted to the soldiery of the imperial guards. The Sultan had the establishment much at heart, and was always making inquiries about it. His positive and reiterated commands were that his poor soldiers should want for nothing, that no comfort should be denied them that money could procure. He had paid several visits to the hospital. In the summer of 1847 he looked in quite unexpectedly, and went all over it. Unannounced visits like this might be of great benefit in many other establishments; they would enable the young sovereign to see things with his own eyes; they would keep his officers and employés on the alert and constantly up to their duty; they would do away with the impositions practised upon him by shows prepared beforehand; but Abdul Medjid is little given to locomotion, and, unfortunately, he fancies he can never go anywhere without making a display of royal generosity and lavishing large sums in backshish. If he went about more, this backshish alone would ruin him. At his

last unexpected visit he gave the amount of a full month's pay to every doctor, to every hospital mate, and to every employé in the place, and 50 piastres to every one of the sick soldiers. The hospital was capable of containing, without any crowding, about 600 men. In the winter months, and at the change of the season, it had lodged 400 patients. As spring advanced the number was reduced to 170. A good many had not gone back to their ranks, but had taken up the closest quarters in the crowded, interminable, and ever-increasing cemetery in the rear. In the month of June, as the cholera grew worse, we were told that the hospital was crowded. Here, too, the nominal head was a Turk, and the real acting Hekim Bashi was a Perote Frank. Signor de Castro was an Israelite, descended from one of the very many families of Spanish Jews that have at various times settled in the Ottoman dominions. He enjoyed British protection—he was an English *protected* subject; he had resided in the Ionian Islands, and had studied medicine and surgery in France; he was very polite, kind, and communicative, and he appeared to be not only well qualified for his office, but active in the discharge of all his duties.

I had, at last, in this military hospital at Scutari, found something in Turkey upon which I could bestow an almost unqualified praise. Yet I could not leave even this establishment without meeting with evidence of the rapid progress of Gallic philosophism.

We were invited into an elegant saloon, set apart for the use of the doctors and the young Turks their assistants. A book was lying open on the divan. I took it up. It was a copy of a recent Paris edition of the Atheist's manual, "*Systéme de la Nature*," with the name of the Baron d'Holbach on the title-page as the author.* The volume had evidently been much used; many of the striking passages had been marked, and especially those which mathematically demonstrated the absurdity of believing in the existence of a God and the impossibility of believing in the immortality of the soul. As I laid down the volume one of the Turks said to me, "*C'est un grand ouvrage! C'est un grand philosophe! Il a toujours raison.*"

The military hospitals in the interior of Constantinople were very far from being under such good management. There is no uniformity in any one department in this country. You find the good and the bad side by side, the quality depending on the honesty, intelligence, and activity, or the dishonesty and carelessness, of the several administrators. One improvement however was, I believe, general; this was the division of hospitals into wards.

Just where the narrow Bosphorus opens into the broad Propontis,

* It is quite certain that the Baron d'Holbach was not the *sole* author of this book.

close to the water-side, in a recess under the outer wall of the Serraglio, there is another military hospital, very small, but neat, retired, quiet, and apparently well ordered. We frequently passed close under it in the summer time in returning from San Stefano or Psammattia, and at that time the locality was charming and deliciously cool. An unintermitting breeze came down from the Bosphorus, and the rapid current of those waters plashing and rippling against the quay made music to soothe the ears of the sick and afflicted.

The old Turkish hospitals and almshouses, which were rather numerous in 1828, had almost entirely disappeared, together with the Vakouf funds which had supported them. No new and improved charities had been established to supply the places of the old ones, which, in my time, certainly much needed improvement. Bad, however, as the old hospitals were, they gave shelter and food to many poor, aged, and infirm Mussulmans. The government seems to have thought only of military hospitals.

The only new hospital for poor people not connected with army or navy that I could discover or hear of, had been built recently by Abdul Medjid's mother. On Friday the 3rd of March, I walked with my friend Mr. Sang, from his curious house in Psammattia to this new establishment. We issued from Constantinople by the gate of the Seven Towers, walked along by the broad deep ditch and the old ruinous walls, and re-entered the city (if city it can here be called) by the Top Kapou or Cannon Gate, near to which Mahomet II. made his decisive breach, and the last of the Greek emperors, the successor of a long train of cowards, met the glorious death of a soldier and patriot. We descended through some rough and rather steep streets, very thinly peopled by Turks; we passed sundry broad, void spaces, as still and solitary as if they had not been within the walls of a capital city, but in the heart of a desert, and at the distance of about a mile from the walls we came upon the new hospital. The buildings were spacious, of stone, solid, and as yet very neat. There was little attempt at decoration; but the architecture was better than that of the new English palace at Pera. The hospital was exceedingly well situated. The back of it, on a gentle green slope, looked down upon the Et Meidan, where the stupid Janizaries were knocked on the head by *Kara Djhehennum*, or "Black Hell," in June 1826. The great open space of the Et Meidan is only part of a valley which runs right through Constantinople, dividing it into two pretty equal parts, entering the city between the Top Gate and the gate of Adrianople, and terminating at Vlanga on the Sea of Marmora. This valley is to be traced three or four miles beyond the land-walls of the city. The Et Meidan was longer and wider than it was in 1828. Many houses which then stood upon it had disappeared, and the streets opening upon it had been materially

altered, and evidently thinned in their population. The oblong square was now covered all over with pleasant greensward, and at the time of our visit daisies and other gay spring flowers were growing on the spots which had been bespattered by the blood and brains of the Janizaries. On the scene of that awful destruction we saw only a few sheep with their frolicsome lambs. A pretty new mosque, also built and endowed by the Sultana, was attached to the hospital. The sick-wards were entered by passing through a very neat outer lodge, and crossing a large open quadrangle prettily laid out as a flower-garden. They refused us admittance. We must bring an order from the Greek renegade Ismael Effendi, that Hekim Bashi whom we could never find. We learned that a part of the hospital was devoted to female cases. As at Scutari, the cleanliness and order seemed to be quite exemplary. Of the skill of the doctors, who were all Turks, some doubts might be entertained. We were assured that the revenues attached to the hospital and mosque by the Sultana Validé were very liberal, that the wards were supplied with all necessary comforts, and that every possible attention was paid to the sick. I hope it is so: but when the Sultana dies, who will answer for the just administration of the revenue? The Vakouf no longer offers any security to such endowments. An inscription in large, finely gilded Arabic characters, placed over the outer gateway, informed us that the hospital was erected by the mother of Sultan Abdul Medjid, in the year of the Hegira 1261 (A. D. 1845).

Returning from this visit to the Sultana Validé's Hospital, we passed—in a melancholy lonely lane—the house of a great pasha who had fallen into disgrace. All his front windows were blinded and blocked up with coarse deal boards, nailed on the outside. This is still the common practice on the occurrence of such misfortunes. It intimates that the pasha is secluded from the world and receives no company. The hint is scarcely needed, for so soon as a great man falls, or at least so soon as it is well known that his disgrace is *real* and likely to be lasting, his dearest friends turn their heads from his residence, and he is abandoned and shunned by all his countless retainers, who hurry to some other konack or konacks where the sun is shining.

We were very confidently assured that the hospitals for the mad were vastly improved. The Stamboul Bedlam *par excellence*, was a horrible place in 1828. It stood near the Hippodrome and the menagerie of wild beasts: the maniacs were confined in cells, grated in front with massy iron grating; their lodgings were very much like the cages in which the lions and tigers were kept, and the patients were treated very much like wild beasts—nay, in some respects their treatment was harder, for the more dangerous of them were loaded with gyves and clanking chains. I have elsewhere recorded

my horror at the sight.* It was a sight then open to everybody that chose to give a few paras to the keepers; and these brutalized men, for the amusement of unfeeling spectators, would excite the poor maniacs as the showmen at our fairs "stir up" an old lion. In 1842 this Bedlam and two or three other old madhouses were shut up, the insane males were all concentrated in an hospital attached to the Suleimanieh Mosque, and all the females in an hospital adjoining the Khasseky Mosque. It was said that these two establishments were put upon a good footing—that a regular hygeic system was enforced—that the strait-waistcoat had been substituted for iron shackles—and that stripes and all cruel treatment were strictly forbidden.† I cannot testify to the truth of these statements; for although I tried to get admittance into the male hospital, I did not succeed. A Turkish acquaintance who might have rendered this service, showed so much aversion to it that I could not press him further. That Bedlam was as impenetrable as ever the Bastille at Paris could have been. According to a very general report, it was now turned rather frequently into Bastille purposes; and when men murmured at the innovations of government, or railed against the progress of reform, they were pretty sure to get a lodging at the Suleimanieh. It was one of the dogmas of Reshid Pasha's school that all Mussulman religious feeling was sheer fanaticism, and that all fanaticism was madness. In Sultan Mahmoud's days, and long before them, it was no uncommon practice for men to get rid of their enemies by hiring false witnesses to swear that they were mad. A medical examination is now, according to the letter of the law, declared to be indispensable. But what is the value of the letter of the law in this country? What so easy as to bribe two or three hungry Turkish hekims? I believe the examination is generally intrusted to *one* hekim. I can believe that the sane are still condemned to the hard fate of the insane. Where hardly a man has virtue enough to resist a bribe—where money is all prevalent—I can believe almost anything. It was a person far above the average topical respectability and morality who told me that he knew, of his own knowledge, that an effendi, as sane as any of his neighbours, had recently been sworn into the Suleimanieh by a dissolute younger brother, who was now spending and wasting his property. Where a place is so hermetically sealed, suspicion will penetrate the gates. If there were not state secrets, it may be suspected that the Suleimanieh would not be so impenetrable.

If *all* military hospitals were not in good order, it was not owing to any stint of money. They were annually costing the Sultan an enormous sum. When their improvements were first contemplated,

* See "Constantinople in 1828."

† See Mr. White's "Three Years in Constantinople." London, 1845.

applications were made to the British government for the advice and assistance of competent English medical officers. Dr. Dawson and Dr. Davy (brother to Sir Humphrey) were sent out to Constantinople in 1841, with the expectation of being permanently employed. These two officers had not been a month in the country ere they found themselves assailed by inexplicable intrigues—inexplicable to them, but perfectly well understood by the Turks of the country and by the Christians of Pera. Under every discouragement they drew up their reports and suggested their plans. Though never carried out to the full extent, these plans formed the principal basis of the improvements we witnessed. Dr. Davy would have also ameliorated their lazerettos and wretched quarantine system; but here also he was encountered by intrigue, ignorance, and obstinacy, and the Turkish quarantine remains a thing to be laughed at, or wept over, according to circumstances. It has had no more effect in checking the introduction of plague in Turkey than might be produced by drawing a chalk line across Trafalgar-square. That there has been no plague for some time is owing to totally different causes. Before any quarantine was thought of, the country was occasionally exempt from the visitations of the plague during a series of years—ten years or more. In the year 1836 the plague was rife in their Asiatic provinces.* In the same year it raged in Constantinople with almost unprecedented fury.† Let the destroyer again raise his head, and start from Egypt or Syria, or any neighbouring country, and he will find that the barriers raised against him have less strength and consistency than cobwebs. A few strides will bring him from Cairo or Alexandria to Smyrna, and from Smyrna to Constantinople.

After thwarting our two medical officers, the Turks drove them from the country with an insolent and arrogant ingratitude. In this particular their conduct has been consistent and uniform. Every British officer sent out by his Government at the request of the Porte—every enlightened, honest European, who has been engaged in their service, has been treated in the same manner as Dr. Davy, and has quitted the country with equal disgust, and with the innermost conviction that, through the incurable vices of the administration, the reformed Ottoman empire is every year approaching nearer to its ruin and final extinction.

The Greeks have an exceedingly good, and the Armenians a very bad hospital just outside the landward walls of Constantinople. I visited both repeatedly; and as the cholera was in them, and as I sat by the bedsides and came in contact with the disease, I am the

* "Researches in Asia Minor." By William J. Hamilton, Secretary to the Geological Society.

† Bishop Southgate: "Narrative of a Tour through Armenian Kurdistan," etc. New York, 1841.

more convinced that it is not all contagious. It is of the highest importance that this question should be ascertained and clearly settled. In England I have known people to be almost entirely abandoned, when prompt aid might have saved them, through the belief that the disorder was highly contagious.

The Greek hospital stands in a spacious airy inclosure, within good stone walls, and every part of it is solidly built of stone. Except at the grand Turkish hospital at Scutari, I never saw such exemplary cleanliness and neatness. The wards were well ventilated, well warmed in winter, and well supplied with pure water. All the physicians and surgeons were Greeks who had studied in France or Italy. The chief doctor, an accomplished young man, who spoke Italian like a Tuscan, had studied at Pisa and at Florence.* Between the male and female wards three hundred patients could be accommodated. Attached to the hospital were comfortable almshouses, in which sixty poor decayed people were lodged, fed, and clothed. This hospital, which in every way confers great honour on the Greeks, was built about eleven years ago. It was erected and is supported by church donations, voluntary contributions, legacies, &c. The management rests with a committee of twelve Greek notables, who, singly or in company, frequently visit the establishment. The Greek Patriarch also looks in from time to time.

The Armenian hospital, a little beyond the gate of the Seven Towers, is a large, rotten, wooden building, or collection of buildings, very dingy without and exceedingly filthy within. But for its size and abundant room it would be as bad as the English hospital at Pera. The medical staff was wholly inefficient—was most wretched; the accommodations for the sick were deplorable, and an insupportable stench pervaded the whole place. Neither the Patriarch nor any of their notables seemed ever to come near the establishment. As a community, the Armenians are far wealthier than the Greeks, and of late the Sultan had supplied the whole of this hospital with bread. In one angle there is a curious adjunct—a candle and taper manufactory. These candles and tapers are made of a mixture of wax and tallow; they are sold in the Armenian churches, where the consumption is great, and the proceeds are paid over to the hospital, save and except such portions as stick to the palms of the priests. In a good measure the wretched hospital is dependent on its foul-smelling candle-factory.

* With regard to cholera, this very able Greek was a decided anticontagionist. He assured me that they had always mixed the cholera patients with other patients, and that in no single case had the cholera been communicated. They had recently had between seventy and eighty cases of cholera; many were cured, some died, but no patient that was not brought into the hospital with the cholera upon him ever caught that disease there.

CHAPTER XXIII.

WHICHEVER way one turns the eye at Constantinople it is almost sure to rest upon a great barrack. These buildings are numerous, and, if not in their architecture, they are imposing in their size and spaciousness. Sultan Selim, when attempting for the first time to form a Turkish army disciplined in the European manner, erected several extensive buildings for the accommodation of the Nizam Djeditt or new troops; but when the Janizaries got the better of him they knocked down most of these buildings. The late Sultan Mahmoud was the great barrack-builder. In 1828, two years after his destruction of the Janizaries, I saw them very busily employed in erecting several of the vast edifices which are now finished. Abdul Medjid has, I believe, added only one or two to the number. Taking into account the vast barracks of Mahmoud at Daoud-Pasha outside the city, the immense barracks in the Asiatic suburb of Scutari, and the barracks and commodious guardhouses on either side of the Bosphorus, I should think that 100,000 men might be lodged there without much crowding. A Turkish officer told me that they could accommodate 200,000. In the spring of 1848 several of these great barracks were entirely empty, and there were others that had but few inmates. More than one, which had cost Mahmoud immense sums in 1828, were already neglected, and showing symptoms of decadence.

The first which we attentively examined were the artillery barracks just outside the Pera suburb. These were erected by Sultan Selim, and, if I do not err, upon plans and designs furnished by Count Sebastiani and General Andreossy. They are well situated; they are imposing in their extent, and seem to be in all respects well suited to their purpose. The Sultan's brother-in-law, Achmet Fethi Pasha, Grand Master of the Artillery, &c. (who wished to confine my examination to this *one* establishment), sent up orders from Tophana that we should be admitted and conducted all over the barracks. The Mudir put us off for two days, so that there was time for putting the house in order. The day on which we were admitted it was certainly in excellent order; but whenever time was taken for preparation I had my doubts as to the habitual, common status. The entire barracks could comfortably hold from 3000 to 4000 men. They were exceedingly well ventilated. The distribution of the apartments or wards seemed to me to be excellent. In each long room there were two double rows of mats, each row accommodating about 55 men. The mattresses and bed-covers were stowed away in the middle of the room, in an open wooden screen

which occupied very little space; they were sweet and clean, and very neatly arranged. At night the mattresses are spread over the matting on the floor. Bedsteads are dispensed with, except in hospitals. But hardly any Turks think as yet of using bedsteads, or of setting apart rooms merely as bedrooms. In the best houses they sleep on the broad divans or spread their mattresses on the floor. In the morning the servants come in, and walk away with the beds; and then the room where you have slept becomes a drawing-room or a dining-room, or both in one. During the day, bed and bedding are deposited in presses or cupboards. The artillerymen's mattresses were at least as good as those we generally slept upon. As usual, the most slovenly feature was in the shoeing. In the corridor, at the door of every barrack-room, there was a multitudinous array of muddy, filthy boots and shoes, through which it was not always easy to steer one's way without tripping. The soldiers must not enter the rooms with their shoes or boots on. These are thrown off at the door: if the men have slippers, they put them on; if they have not, they must walk on the soles of their socks. But the same rule obtains everywhere: there is no walking a hundred yards without being covered with mud in winter and dust in summer; and then the Mussulmans, with almost the strictness of a religious observance, consider their carpets and mattings as things to be trodden only by clean slippers or bare feet. At the foot of the main staircase of every much-frequented Turkish house we invariably found a confused heap of mud-boots, dirty boots and shoes. It was so at Ali Pasha's. When the staircase happened to be a dark one I never could help blundering among some such heap. The effect was very disagreeable to other nerves besides the olfactory. A very little care and arrangement would obviate it; but it is *adet*, old custom.

The officer in command at the artillery barracks—one of the many Achmet Pashas—was civil and rather communicative. He agreed that the whole appearance of the soldiers would be much improved if they were better shod, and would make use of brushes and a little blacking. Their present process of cleaning boots and shoes (when they clean them at all) is to rub them over with birch brooms, and then wash them in cold water. Shoe-leather neither washes nor *dries* well; and hence many bad colds and coughs. There was not a jacket nor a pair of trowsers in barracks but sadly needed beating and brushing. The best of the artillerymen looked dirty and negligent in their persons. A neat old English or Austrian soldier is far cleaner and more tidy in coming off a long and rough campaign than these Turks, who are hardly ever moved from their barracks. Achmet Pasha treated us to pipes and coffee, and to the sight of some horse artillery exercise and manœuvres. The guns were all brass; the

carriages were all painted with a very light green paint, which had a bad and very mean effect. Neither guns nor carriages were kept clean. The harness was abominably dirty. The horses were all white or very light greys: they told us that they were bred in Roumelia, in the country up above Phillipopoli; I was much deceived if they were not all Transylvanian or Hungarian horses—they bore a very close family resemblance to a breed I had often admired in the Emperor of Austria's army. They were what we should consider under-sized for that service; but they were compact and strong, and not at all deficient in spirit; they were well broke into their work—were admirably in hand—and the artillery drivers drove them in good style. About a dozen light field-pieces were very well handled in an inclosed field in front of the barracks. It was by far the best specimen of military exercise we saw in Turkey; but the Pasha showed us only his very best men. The instructing officer was a German, who had, I believe, been a sergeant of artillery in the Prussian service. A few young Turkish subalterns seemed both active and intelligent; but the superior officers were sitting down on stools, looking on, and smoking their tchibouques.

The Mahmoud barracks over at Scutari, though wanting elevation, are truly magnificent in length and breadth, and in situation. Take them altogether, they are the finest barracks I ever saw in any country. Unfortunately, while we were travelling in Asia Minor, a fire broke out and completely gutted half of the building. The conflagration was by night: it afforded what the Perotes called *un très beau spectacle*. We had been told at Brusa that 500 soldiers had been roasted alive, at Pera this number fell down to 50, and on the spot we were assured that only eight or ten men had been burned. Externally, the effects of the fire were scarcely visible, the stone walls remaining firm and erect; but in the interior there was truly a scene of desolation. In the portion unscathed by fire, we admired the broad, airy, interminable corridors, which were all as clean and as quiet as the cloisters of a Benedictine monastery. We introduced ourselves to the commandant, Osman Pasha, who was exceedingly polite and kind. He had studied at Vienna, and was said to be a good artillery officer. He was seated on a divan, in a spacious, elegant, and unusually well furnished saloon. If I were reformer in Turkey, I would burn all these fattening, indolence-promoting divans, and declare inexorable war against the *adet* which makes it etiquette for a man to be lazy and grow fat so soon as he attains to high rank. Osman seemed to be pleased with our visit: he gave us pipes twice. He spoke very modestly of the Sultan's army, acknowledging that it was still but in its infancy, and that officers and men have yet a great deal to learn. He dwelt with warm admiration upon the admirable qualities of the Austrian army, and the ex-

cellent military administration of that empire.* He was a modest man, and so much the more likely to be a brave one. He told me that the artillery was not better paid than the infantry, but that the cavalry was of late receiving some slight additional pay. Before the conflagration the barracks could lodge from 6000 to 7000 men. There were now in it two regiments of infantry, one regiment of artillery, and a few squadrons of cavalry. None of these men had been moved for very many months—during the winter they had hardly quitted their barracks. The cavalry were all lancers, and so indeed were all the horse-soldiers we saw of this new regular army. We heard of dragoons and of corps of heavy cavalry; but we never saw a single specimen of either. They had no horses in the country fit to mount a heavy regiment. The Pasha sent one of his officers to conduct us over the barracks. Here, where there had certainly been no preparation or previous notice, there were some few signs of slovenliness and negligence; but on the whole one might fairly say the barracks were in excellent order. The stables—like all the Turkish stables I ever saw—were decidedly bad. They would have thrown an English or an Austrian dragoon into a passion. Soldiers who will not beat and brush their own jackets are not likely to bestow much pains on the coats of their horses; we never saw a trooper's horse look as if it were groomed—I believe these lancers of the imperial guard were entirely innocent of the use of curry-combs and brushes. What with the natural slovenliness of the men and the rough and dirty appearance of the horses, a regiment of lancers when united presented but a shabby picture—a picture to excite derision on any parade or drill-ground in Christendom. Some of my Frank friends argued that this outward and visible show would not affect their fighting qualities. *J'en doute.* A good soldier is always a clean soldier; it is by cleanliness and the care of his groom, as well as by good food, that the trooper's horse really becomes a war-horse: the fellow who is so lazy that he will not clean his own boots is the very man to be negligent of more important duties.

In an excellent, open, extensive drill-ground, offering the most glorious views of Constantinople, the Propontis, the islands, the Asiatic coast, and the snow-covered summits of Olympus, we saw some infantry being drilled by Turkish officers, who, for the most part, seemed very much to stand in need of drill themselves. It was slow and slovenly work, but conducted with great calmness and good humour. The Sultan insists that there shall be no beating, no cruelty, or harshness. There certainly was none *here*, nor did I ever see any at Constantinople, except once, when a hideous-looking

* For this excellent administration Austria was greatly indebted to the lamented veteran Latour, who was so barbarously murdered by the revolutionary rabble in the month of October, 1848.

Nubian officer was drilling some white Turkish recruits in the broad Galata moat, and soundly thrashing the dull ones with a country riding-whip made of buffalo's hide.

Part of a regiment which had fulfilled its term of service, but which was kept together, and very incorrectly called *a militia regiment*, marched across the drill-ground, and went to perform some light infantry movements on the gently sloping hills between the barracks and the grand cemetery of Scutari. These men were neater and cleaner than the infantry in the barracks, from whom they were distinguished by wearing black cross-belts instead of white. They trod over the ground with a good light step, and their evolutions *en tirailleurs* were quick and good. But here again was the alloy, the canker of Turkish indolence: half of the officers, instead of marching at double quick time over the hills with their men, remained behind on the drill-ground to gossip and smoke pipes with the officers there.

It was with regret that I finished my short acquaintance with Osman. I was afterwards told that he was a gentleman by birth, the descendant of an old and respectable, though impoverished family. I should have guessed as much from his manners and behaviour. Reshid Pasha can no more make gentlemen in a day than he can make soldiers or administrators in a day. Under the unreformed system sudden promotions were common enough; the man who was a poor boatman or a maker or mender of papoushes in one year, might be Lord High Admiral or Master-General of the Ordnance a year or two afterwards; but then his personal coarseness and vulgarity were very materially concealed by the splendid flowing robes and the imposing turbans of the old costume; and then there were gentlemen of birth, grave and dignified effendis, upon whose manner and demeanour he could form his own. But Reform has swept away the flowing robes, the turbans, and the men of family; no good models remain about the government, and the pasha who would have looked imposing enough in the Oriental attire, shows off but poorly in tight pantaloons, close buttoned frock-coat, and plain scarlet skull-cap. The varnish, the framing and gilding of the picture are all gone!

Several of the smaller barracks we visited were deserving of all praise for order and cleanliness: this was particularly the case with those on the Bosphorus, at Arnaoutkeui, Bebek, and Roumeli Hissar.

To the spacious barracks in Constantinople Proper, which stand round the Seraskier's Tower, I was refused admittance. I believe that this refusal was owing to my having expressed a too eager wish to see the Seraskier's prison, which stands within the same great inclosure of lofty walls. Externally the barracks looked neat and

clean; they are very extensive and admirably situated on the summit of one of the seven hills of Constantinople. Nearly every recent writer of travels in Turkey has dwelt upon the magnificence of the views from the top of the lofty tower of the Seraskeriat. That elevated gallery ought indeed to be visited by every traveller, as well as the tower of Galata on the opposite side of the Golden Horn. There is no understanding the city of Constantinople without ascending the Seraskier's Tower. In looking from it we were very forcibly struck by the number and extent of unoccupied, void spaces within the walls, and by the miserable, desolate appearance of a great part of the city. We rather frequently passed the great inclosed square of the Seraskeriat; but although here were the headquarters of the army, we seldom saw the soldiers doing anything. But one afternoon, in the month of March, when the French Revolution had startled the Porte out of an easy slumber, we witnessed a great show of activity in this square. About 1500 men were exercising under the eye of a fat pasha (name unknown to us), and the great Seraskier himself was looking on from a distant window, with a tchibouque in one hand and an eye-glass in the other. The majority of these men were not young recruits, but soldiers of some standing; yet their performance was rather loose and slovenly. When they formed in line, their line was far from being a right one; their formations into squares, hollow and solid, were but poor exhibitions. The men all looked slip-shod, and dreadfully dirty about the feet. With such shoes as they wear it is scarcely possible for them to march well: they might as well try it in their old unheeled papoushes. Many of the men would have been, in better hands, excellent materials for soldiers, being broad chested and altogether well-made fellows.

From this time exercise and military evolution became rather frequent at the foot of the Tower of the Seraskier. At first the Turks chuckled over the troubles and disturbances of Christendom, but it was not long before they became apprehensive that these convulsions might bring about consequences and political changes that would be very fatal to their empire. If they rejoiced when the revolutionary principle reached Vienna, and when Kossuth and anarchy raised their heads in Hungary, it was but for a moment, and only out of the souvenir that the Austrians had been old enemies of the Osmanlees; and very soon they seemed to feel instinctively that any power lost by the Kaiser would be but so much more power gained by the Tzar, and that, should any very serious injury be inflicted on the Austrian Empire, the Ottoman Empire would loose one of the best props upon which it leaned. Some of them talked big; but misgiving and fear were in their hearts. In their ignorance or very insufficient information, they went on rather rapidly to the conclu-

sion that it was all up with Austria; that Russia would soon have the entire command of the Danube, and would thence recommence war upon Turkey. The panic was of course increased when insurrection broke out in their Danubian principalities of Moldavia and Wallachia, and when Russia, claiming her indisputable right to interfere—a right recognized in successive treaties—began to march troops towards Jassy and Bucharest.

In the months of May and June they had *exercise à feu* two or three times a week at the Seraskeriat. If not decidedly bad, the firing was certainly not good. The Dadians' powder was detestable; the muskets were very bad, with the old flint locks. Hardly any of the regiments had percussion locks. The bursting of musket-barrels, with the catastrophes attendant thereon, were alarmingly frequent. Before long it may be very important that England should have a correct notion of the value of this army. I would not underrate it, but I feel confident that, alone, it could never stand in the field against the veteran troops of Russia; and that unless Christian officers were put in the command (as we placed British officers over the Portuguese), they would be very inefficient and troublesome auxiliaries. A French officer who had studied them well, who had lived long in the East, and who was also perfectly well acquainted with the Russian army, said that it was the most idle of dreams to fancy that this imperfectly disciplined army of Abdul Medjid could meet the troops of the Emperor Nicholas in the field. He considered that the degree of discipline to which they had attained did not compensate for the loss of the fanaticism and enthusiasm which animated their undisciplined predecessors; that they might make a stand and fight pretty well behind stone walls; but that *en rase campagne* they would fall like corn before the reaper's sickle, or go off like chaff before the wind. "*Ils n'ont point d'officialité;*" they have hardly any competent officers. As you ascend the scale of rank, instead of finding more science and experience, you usually find more ignorance and inexperience. Generally the great pasha, placed by Court intrigue at the head of an army, has never been a soldier, and is in military affairs about the most ignorant man in that army. He takes some officer into his favour, and relies for some time on his judgment and advice; then he changes and takes another adviser, or if his difficulties become at all complicated he will seek advice of a dozen men, who may very probably entertain twelve different opinions and plans. Fancy then the jumble of every operation! In their intolerance or their pride, unless a Frank officer turn renegade they will not allow him to exercise any command—they will not even permit him to wear a sword—he can be only a despised instructor—little more than a good drill-sergeant—he may or may not be well paid, but he cannot take real

rank as an officer, or in fact be a part of the army. Here and there you may find a Polish, German, or Italian renegade, usually a deserter and a scoundrel. Hardly one of these fellows has ever been more than a non-commissioned officer in his own country. Here they suddenly become captains, majors, colonels. These are the men the great pashas prefer. Low born and low bred, they can submit to Turkish arrogance and to treatment which no gentleman can possibly tolerate. One may conceive how competent are these renegades to the conduct of an army in the field! Then who would answer a single hour for the honour or common honesty of such a *canaille?* They have deserted their colours; they have deserted their religion! Let Russia, or any other assailant of Turkey, tempt them with a good bribe, and they will desert the Sultan and sacrifice his troops.

Although a great bustling and cracking was kept up at the Seraskier's, and although now and then a battalion of the guards was marched over the long bridge, and up to Pera and back again, there were no reviews, no manœuvres outside the town. We were frequently told that there was to be a grand review; but it never came off. One morning, however, we were roused from our slumbers up at Pera by a loud drumming and trumpeting, and were told that troops were going out to manœuvre, and that there would be a grand display on the heights of Daoud Pasha. We hastily dressed, swallowed a cup of coffee, and took the road the troops had taken. They had only been toddled out to a ridge about a mile and a half from Pera; they had deployed there, near to a house in which some Germans brewed and sold very small beer; and as we reached the great cemetery we found that they were toddling back again. It could not be called marching, though here was one of the very few places that offered a tolerably smooth and good road. First came two very dirty trumpeters, then followed a corpulent pasha mounted on a heavy under-bred horse, and attended by a numerous and ridiculously disproportionate staff, all riding very sorry ungroomed beasts. This group was followed by a regiment of lancers of the imperial guard, riding in a most loose and slovenly manner, and being altogether in a mean dirty plight. The blades of their lances, their stirrups, their bits, were all rusty; the pennons under the heads of the lances were little better than dirty red rags: instead of wearing cross-belts the men wore single belts of white glazed leather, with sabres hanging from them, in all manner of directions: the horses were poor, wretched-looking creatures, untrained to the march, and scarcely in hand at all. One might have thought that they had been fed all through the winter upon nothing but chopped straw—the unnutritious food which is substituted for hay, in a country where good hay ought to be grown in immense quantities. Neither in men nor in

horses would these imperial guards, this part of the *élite* of the Turkish regular cavalry, be a match for a regiment of Cossacks. I much doubt whether in the field a regiment of old irregular Turkish cavalry, such as I saw in 1828, would not do better service than these lancers. *Then* there were good, compact, active, spirited horses, the type of which now appears to have been destroyed in the country. We were struck with the great number of hunchbacks among the lancers.

The cavalry was followed by three numerically strong regiments of infantry, also of the imperial guard. The foot did not shame the horse: they were wearing white cross-belts, dirty fezzes, and abominable shoes; they scarcely showed a sign of a shirt or any linen; they were carrying their muskets every way but the right way: to an eye accustomed to the sight of European armies they were "tag-rag and bob-tail all."* Another thing which struck us was the number of Nubian blacks employed as officers. Some of these men had, I believe, belonged to the disciplined Egyptian army of Ibrahim Pasha; others had been black slaves to pashas and other great people; and some, I was told, had undergone in their childhood the process which qualifies males for employment in serraglio and harem. But take the best of these emancipated black slaves, and say what spirit, what sense of honour, what patriotism can be expected from them? Yet Nubians are frequently found in the very highest posts of the army, and commanding and leading white men. Some of our American friends at Constantinople who came from slave-holding states, were at first much perplexed at finding that "niggers" could be majors, colonels, generals, great pashas; and I believe they never got quite reconciled to a very common sight—a jet-black, hideously-faced Nubian officer, with an embroidered coat and a diamond nishan, riding in great pride and stateliness through the streets, followed by two or more white servants running on foot. This seemed to them a turning of the world upside down.

As I extended my observations I became the more convinced that the Sultan was paying for a great many more men than were actually under arms, and that his so-called regular disciplined army did not

* I have mentioned how very stationary the Turkish troops are. A traveller who has been an English officer says:—"The garrison being concentrated in four or five great barracks, the above-mentioned distribution of whole battalions or regiments in koulooks (guard-houses) is found more convenient, and saves shoe-leather,—a desideratum in a service where the issues of shoes are irregular; and these, when issued, are forthwith converted into slippers, as no soldier can enter the guard-house without leaving his shoes under the porch. It results, however, from this system, that the men are scarcely ever drilled, even to company work, and that, with the exception of the common manual exercise, at which they are expert, they know nothing of a soldier's duty, and have nothing of a soldier's carriage or manly bearing. This remark is applicable to guards, line, and militia."—CHARLES WHITE, Esq., "Three years in Constantinople," vol. iii. p. 44.

come near to 150,000 men. By limiting the service to five years Abdul Medjid had greatly injured his chance of having well-trained, veteran soldiers. In many instances, however, the men were not discharged or allowed to return to their homes, being kept together under another name. They were called Redif or militia, but they were in fact troops of the line. The plan of a local militia which would leave the Turkish population to till the now abandoned soil, the plan of establishing militia corps of mounted rifles which might guard the frontiers without being dragged from their native fields, and other projects for uniting economy with defence, had, I found, been repeatedly proposed and as often rejected by the Porte.

Very few Turks had a notion of what we really mean by the term *militia*. Others were afraid of arming any portion of the population unless it was immediately under the eye of government and linked with the regular forces. "Were we to arm the people over in Asia Minor or up in the provinces of Roumelia, the people would not pay their taxes!" So said a member of Reshid Pasha's government; and my experience as to the state of the country scarcely encouraged me to contradict him.

Meanwhile the conscription, as I have repeatedly observed, is eating up the remnant of the Mussulman people and consuming the heart's core of the Empire. Twelve years before the time of my last tour, an intelligent English traveller, who took a much wider range, noted the lamentable effects produced by this system: he found villages and towns depopulated and for the greater part in ruins, uninhabited houses crumbling to dust, and immense tracts of the most fertile soil left utterly neglected through want of men to till them. Everywhere he saw the same destructive elements at work. "The new conscriptions and levies were everywhere described as most oppressive measures, the effect of which was to depopulate whole districts, in consequence of the young men being removed to the capital."* To whatsoever part he directed his steps he saw the deserted tenements of a reduced population, and ruins, ruins, and still ruins! He anticipated me in his account of the civil and inoffensive disposition of the Turkish villagers in Asia Minor; like ourselves he felt himself quite as safe in those wild mountain passes as in the streets of Constantinople; but, also like ourselves, he saw these poor people crushed to the earth, disheartened, despairing, dying out. The American, Bishop Southgate, who followed this English traveller, the enterprising Mr. Layard, who followed the Bishop, my esteemed friend Mr. Longworth, who followed Mr. Layard, all agreed in their accounts of the exhausting, fatal effects of the conscription and the over-taxation. I may state them strongly and decidedly, in my eagerness that the truth should be made known, but I neither enter-

* William J. Hamilton, Esq.

tain nor advance any new or peculiar opinions. Let him be of what country or political creed he might, I never met a European traveller in the country that did not entertain precisely the same notions as to its condition and the effects of the conscription, that I had formed myself. The government manages yet to spend and waste a vast deal of money, dust is still thrown in the eyes of European courts and fashionable circles; *on danse chez l'Ambassadeur Ottoman* in Bryanstone Square; but in Turkey there is weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth! The Ottoman civilization is scarcely skin deep, the administrative Reform is the vilest of all shams! The country is irretrievably ruined. I am not altogether ignorant of the hollowness, thoughtlessness, and indifference of the merely fashionable world; but I do believe there are many who, could they have only a glimpse at the means employed to extort money for the demands of Turkish folly and extravagance, would rush with disgust and horror out of that ambassador's house.

Since Mr. Hamilton's time the country has become more and more depopulated, through the extortions of the farmers of the revenue, the annual drain of the conscription, and the resort to unnatural forced abortion. In this present year 1849, the Porte having been rendered insanely jealous of the movements of the Russian troops in the protected Principalities, in Transylvania, and upon Hungary, and having, (I fear,) been impelled much more by English than by French diplomacy, have made costly and absurd military preparations which can only complete the exhaustion and precipitate the death of their Empire.

More than 50,000 men and boys were dragged from Asia Minor over to Constantinople, in the month of May last, to act as irregulars. If credit could be given to the Constantinople papers, more than 150,000 were thus caught and removed from their homes! I can scarcely conceive how they got 50,000, nor can they have done it without taking an extensive range and depriving many places of well nigh their entire male population. A friend writes to me from the plain of Brusa:—

"Mustapha Nouree Pasha is really recalled at last, and goes to Constantinople in a day or two. After all his villainies he is to retain his enormous pay of 75,000 piastres per month; and report adds, that he is to have the appointment of Seraskier. This is likely enough, as the Sultan has expressed his very great satisfaction at the manner in which the levy for these irregular troops was conducted by Mustapha Nouree in the pashalik. This levy was conducted quite *à la Turque*. Poor fellows were surprised, knocked down, and bound, and then told that they must go as *volunteers* to Stamboul, to help the Sultan to fight the Muscov ghiaours. Old and young, from fourteen to sixty years of age, were seized and sent

to Constantinople. In fact, almost every Turkish villager that could be found to hold a musket was packed off. Some 12,000 or 14,000 men were embarked from this neighbourhood at Moudania and Ghemlik. You know what was the state of the country before this; and you may well imagine the present distress and misery. Detachments of these poor miserable creatures were escorted by dragoons and forwarded to the capital by steamers. Some thousands, however, have already escaped and found their way back, and the dragoons are now employed in hunting them down as if they were game or wild beasts. Such of them as are caught are brought down to Brusa in chains, or tied together with ropes and cords. Fancy what splendid troops they will make! Fancy how valorously they will fight the Russians—should it ever come to that! Then imagine the fine sport and free quarters of these dragoons, let loose upon the villagers, and generally without any officers with them! The Yuz-Bashis, the Bim-Bashas, averse to fatigue and trouble, smoke their tchibouques in Brusa, or under the plane-trees among the fountains of Bournà Bashi, or up the cool Derè, which you so much affected, and the troopers go rampaging about, and doing whatever they like best to the people. It is a complete reign of terror. They say that a camp of 100,000 men is to be formed over in Europe at Daoud Pasha; that there is to be another camp of 50,000 men in Asia to watch the Russian frontier on this side, and that a great *corps de réserve* is to be collected at Trébizond. How they will be able to feed and give *any* pay to these hosts of irregulars, who have not left behind them hands to reap the crops, far surpasses my power of comprehension."

It requires no great power of mind to comprehend the utter uselessness of such levies, and the cruel blow diplomacy has inflicted on the country by urging the government to make them. In Europe they would only embarrass the regular semi-disciplined army; on the frontiers in Asia, where they would have the field almost entirely to themselves, they could not stand an hour against the veteran battalions and well practised artillery of the Russians—they would perish or run away, just as they did in 1828-29. I shrewdly suspect that this time they would not fight at all, and that the rural population in that quarter would receive the troops of the Emperor Nicholas with open arms. Several travellers, who had been recently among that population, had come to the decided conclusion that the great majority of it would offer no resistance to Russia; and that if their mosques and their women were respected, and a little of the Tzar's wealth made to flow among them, they would remain quiet, submissive, and contented subjects of the conqueror. The Christian Rayahs in those parts were all looking to the coming of the Russians as to a millennium.

The Kurds, the bravest and most active and best mounted of all the Sultan's Asiatic subjects, are decidedly and notoriously disaffected. They are enraged at the downfall of Bedr-Khan-Bey, and eager to retaliate on the Turks the chastisement they received at their hands in the campaign of 1847. Towards those frontiers the old fanaticism is fitful and uncertain in its operation, and limited in its range. You will find fanaticism *here*—indifferentism *there*. In some regions the population is Mussulman in little more than name. For example, at Sivas the people are furious Mahometans—at Mosul they are meek, most tolerant, and desirous of the society and friendship of Christians. These people from Mosul are descended from Chaldean Christians, who were forcibly converted to Mahometanism. They make no secret of saying among Christians, "Our forefathers became Mussulmans when the Turks were strong, and we and our children will become Christians when the Russians take this country and are strong in it." Even now these people frequently conform to Christian rites.

Nothing had been done to put that frontier in a state of defence. It is now as it was in 1836, when Mr. Hamilton travelled along it; and it was in 1836 as it had been in 1828, and during the whole of that losing and most humiliating war with Russia. "Not a place of arms, not a fort, not a blockhouse has been erected; nay, in the long space of twenty years they have not strengthened nor in any way repaired the old walls which the Tzar's artillery knocked about their ears in 1828, when Eyoub Pasha, with 50,000 irregulars, fled before a small vanguard of Russian horse. On the other side, the Russians have strengthened their works and erected new ones; and the neighbouring Turkish governors, as devoid of patriotism as of common honesty, have sold them timber and other materials. From the Turkish forests of Soghanli Dagh, the Russians were supplied with timber for the erection of their fortress at Gumri; *the Turkish peasants were compelled to cut the wood gratis, and the Pasha of Kara received* 70,000 *ducats from the professed enemies of his country for selling it.*"*

Vast are the sacrifices caused to the Turks by the progression of that "revolution principle" at which they were at first inclined to chuckle and rejoice, believing (their Christian subjects being all disarmed) that it could not find materials upon which to work in their country, and that it would cripple the strength of most of the nations of Christendom. The sacrifices have been as ridiculous as vast; they form but one prodigious mass of absurdity. Of what use are these raw recruits—these puny, sickly boys? What military service can be expected from the despairing, the heart-broken peasants, dragged

* William J. Hamilton: "Researches in Asia Minor," vol. i. p. 190.

from their homes in Asia Minor? The Porte may talk of putting the empire in an "imposing attitude;" but there is nobody at all acquainted with the state of the country and the quality of the army, and the worthlessness in war of these great levies of irregulars, but will laugh at her preparations and scorn her presumption.

And why accelerate your ruin by making these costly preparations, when Russia had no more idea of marching upon Constantinople than she had of invading England? Your reiterated treaties gave the Emperor Nicholas the full right of marching into the protected Principalities; far more quickly and effectually than you could have done it, he put down the revolutionists and anarchists in those provinces; you claimed a joint military occupation with the Tzar; the treaties gave you that right, Nicholas offered no objection, and you had last year a number of troops in the Principalities equal to that of the Russians. What right have you to oppose or to be jealous of the marching of a Russian army into Transylvania and Hungary to succour the excellent young Emperor of Austria? You might well regret that England, by abandoning Austria at a tremendous crisis and taking part with her worst enemies, has absolutely forced Austria to throw herself into the arms of Russia; but you cannot tell Austria that she is not to be succoured, or Russia that she is not to succour. Russia has a more unquestionable right to aid her imperial ally than England and Austria had to aid you in 1840, when, but for their armed interference, Ibrahim Pasha would, at the very least, have dismembered your expiring empire. Yet by a deplorable diplomacy the Porte has been made to display not merely a jealousy of Russia, but also a hostile feeling to Austria, the best protectress of Turkey. Reshid Pasha, the Vizier, and his satelite Alla Pasha, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, have been recently receiving envoys or emissaries from Kossuth, and at least listening to proposals for an alliance between the absolute despotic Ottoman empire and the anarchic mad republic of Hungary! Reshid has been following up what he considers his proper vocation, and for which he believes himself to have a genius and very peculiar qualifications—*il a été filer la politique haute et fine.*

The London journals which are believed to express the opinions of Lord Palmerston, and to be occasionally enlivened by his Lordship's own pen, have of late been recommending an alliance between the Sultan and the anarchist Kossuth, and a war in which these two very compatible allies should face the united powers of Austria and Russia! With a matchless reliance on the ignorance and gullibility of the world, they have been representing that Turkey and Hungary are "natural allies." Of all the monstrous absurdities which have proceeded from that political school, this is by far the most monstrous! Let it be acted upon, or let the Turks be agitated for any

such scheme, and then, indeed, in three months you will have a Russian army in Constantinople. Already a hostile humour has been exhibited, for which the two great imperial powers will not fail to call the Turks to account. *La vieille maison d'Autriche n'est pas encore morte.**

With her half-disciplined troops, Turkey may for a time keep down insurrection among her divided, hostile, unamalgamable populations, and even check the revolts of Kurds and Albanians; but she cannot by herself defend her frontiers, or any part of her territory, against a European army, and if she attempts to move beyond her frontiers —why then good night to the house of Osman, which, wherever established, has been a scourge and a curse! With perfect repose it may yet live on a few years; but so sure as it moves or attempts any violent action, it will fall to pieces like a body taken out of an old coffin and exposed to air and motion.

The Arsenal barracks, in which the marines and most of the sailors of the Sultan's fleet were lodged, were spacious enough, but excessively unhealthy. The long but rather narrow slip on the left bank of the Golden Horn, enclosed by walls, and serving as the arsenal,

* The passages in the text were written in the month of June, 1849, months before the great *fracas* caused by the demand of the Emperor of Russia for the extradition of Bem and his followers, who in all amounted to nearly 5000 desperate men,—a force and a leader which (even had there been no treatics of extradition) no power or powers would have left quietly so close upon the frontiers.

For good fifteen months—or from the end of June, 1848—Turkey had been provoking the hostility of Russia. The *affaire* Bem only brought the quarrel to a head. At every rumour of an Austrian or Russian defeat, Reshid Pasha's government displayed an irritating joy. Among the many Polish refugees in Turkey were some not quite so tranquil as the poor soldiers on the Asiatic farm. There was a certain Count, who had constant access to the Turkish government and grandees, and who was incessantly deluding them with wild political visions, and exciting them to imprudent and rash measures. *C'était un véritable boute-feu.* As early as the beginning of April, 1848, this Polish Count had made up his mind that revolution would make the tour of the world; that it was all up with Austria and with monarchical and aristocratical England; that Russia would soon be rent in pieces; that Poland would be re-established as the dominant power of the north; and that, in close alliance with her, Turkey would soon recover all and more than all that the Tzar and the Kaiser had ever taken from her. He was a man of astonishing activity; he seemed gifted with ubiquity; he was everywhere in no time; he could exhibit his *ombres Chinoises* to a dozen pashas in a day. And all this performance was perfectly well known at the Russian embassy.

In this Pole I saw some of the many proofs I have witnessed of Polish gratitude. To England he had been indebted for hospitality and for something more, and England was at that moment feeding a herd of his exiled countrymen. Yet he had not a good or a kind word to say for her. He was longing to see her institutions overturned, her power broken. In my presence, and in that of another Englishman, he said that England was the foe of freedom and decidedly retrograde; that England was not *à la hauteur des circonstances.*

"*Les Anglais n'ont rien à faire avec le continent! Ha bah! Qu'ils se tiennent à leurs comtoirs et leurs fabriques. Ils ne pensent jamais qu'à leurs profits commerciaux.*"

But such was the belief, or such the talk, of every expatriated Pole I encountered in the deplorable year of 1848.

dockyard, etc., etc., is a most insalubrious spot, being backed and flanked by Turkish burying-grounds, in which the dead bodies are scarcely more than covered with earth, by ridges of hills which prevent the free circulation of the air, or by close, thickly inhabited quarters, which tend to the same effect, and help to poison the atmosphere by their filth and refuse, not one of these quarters being drained. Within the long enclosure, and close under its walls, are foul stagnant ditches, sufficient to breed fever for the whole neighbourhood.

One broad black ditch traversed it in the middle, running right across the Arsenal from the hills to the port. The only bridge across it consisted of loose planks laid nearly level with the usual surface of the fetid pool. In the wet weather these planks were at times under the surface of the foul fluid, through which people had to stride in their mud-boots. As the weather grew hot, the stench, in passing, was enough to knock one over. Yet this was the only passage from one part of the Arsenal to the other; it was trodden every day by great pashas and reforming and civilising beys and effendis. Nothing so easy as to deepen the ditch (it was of no length,) to clear it, and give it a free course into the port, whence an ever-active current would sweep away the *immondices* into the open Sea of Marmora. Over and over again, and through a long series of years, by Frenchmen, Italians, Englishmen, and Americans, the simple operation had been recommended and urged upon the Turks, as a process which would cost very little, and tend most materially to cure the unhealthiness of the place; but the Turks had said "Baccalum," and had done nothing; and I found this horrible ditch just as I had left it in 1828. I see and smell it yet.

In some other particulars the Arsenal was materially improved. Compared with the chaotic disorder in which it used to be, one might almost say it was now in tolerable order. This change for the better had been produced by Captain (now Admiral Sir Baldwin) Walker, by two American ship-builders, and by Englishmen employed by the Porte. But as all these gentlemen had been dismissed, and only a few English mechanics retained, things were said to be again getting out of "ship-shape."

A certain number of Turks, Greeks, and Armenians had been instructed by these foreigners, and the two American builders had left behind them models, lines, and all manner of guides in marine architecture. These lines and guides the builders were now following mechanically, and without the slightest deviation. Were a fire to consume what the Americans left, they would be all at a stand-still.

They had recently repaired an old frigate and launched a new war-steamer. All that they had on the stocks were a steam-frigate and one smaller steamer, and these were getting on very slowly. I was frequently in the Arsenal, and never failed to watch their ship-

building proceedings. It was languid work; the only men who showed real activity, quickness, and intelligence, were the Greeks. They were mixing seasoned timber with timber that was absolutely green and proportionately heavy; they were uniting good wood with bad. Hence, no doubt, the cause of their being perplexed at nearly every launch by finding the vessel so much heavier than she ought to be. The assistants and common labourers were all galley-slaves—criminals or unlucky fellows condemned to imprisonment in the horrible Bagnio, which stands within this enclosure and is a dependency of the Arsenal. Such men are hardly to be expected to work with a will; and then here they are all made to work in heavy clanking fetters. We observed about seventy Albanians thus employed. They were some of the prisoners that had been taken at the suppression of the insurrection in Albania, in the preceding autumn. Since their arrival here their numbers had been thinned by malaria, cholera, and the worst of gaol fevers—the last being a distemper from which the Bagnio is rarely free. The survivors looked most wretched, as if they were feeling in its full and cruelest extent the difference between this pestilential atmosphere and their own sweet mountain air. While a gang was at work it was watched by three or four soldiers; when it had to move from one place to another it was attended by ten or a dozen marines or soldiers, with muskets on shoulder and bayonets fixed. Thus those who did very little work had to be watched by a number of men nearly equal to their own number. Counting soldiers and convicts, I have seen fifty fellows employed in bringing up a bit of timber which in our dockyards would have been put upon a truck and brought up by a couple of labourers.

Within the Arsenal, as well as beyond its walls, I had good evidence to prove that the old Turkish spirit of gaspillage, jobbery, and corruption had lost little of its vigour. I believe there were honest Turks there; I think I knew *two;* but these were not men in the highest authority—they were not administrators—they had nothing to do with buying or paying.

The pleasantest and best thing we ever found in the Arsenal was the marines' band. The young Turks who composed it played well, and rather frequently played good Italian or German music. But generally the bands may be said to be by far the best parts of the Sultan's army. Some of them might quite shame our ordinary regimental bands. Sultan Mahmoud devoted much attention to this branch of the service, and employed a number of Italians as instructors and band-masters. His son, passionately fond of music, has followed his example; more Italians and some Germans have been employed, and a good musical school has been formed by Signor Donizetti, a brother of the popular composer. An Italian professor assured me that the young Turks had naturally a very good ear,

that they were quick at this kind of learning, and in many cases very fond of the study and practice of music. The worst of it was that they still retained their fondness for the old Turkish wind instruments, which are cuttingly sharp and shrill—now a scream and now a wail. The Italian music they played had very seldom a bold martial character; it was not music to put mettle into a soldier. Their own native Turkish music all sounded like a lament or a death-song. I could never hear it wailing across the waters or along the desolate hill sides without fancying that it said, "Our glory is departed, our strength is gone, our hour is come, we are departing."

In the spring of 1848, between marines who were living in barracks, and shipmen (they could not be called sailors) who were doing nothing, and for the most part living on shore, Abdul Medjid had nearly 12,000 men for his navy. This caused a prodigious and, for the most part, a very unnecessary expense. The fleet for nine months in the year is in port in the Golden Horn, and dismantled. A good squadron of steamers is all the fleet that Turkey requires, and is more than all she can use without the aid of foreigners. The Turks never were, and never will be, a maritime people. The peasants that are seized in Asia Minor or up in the European provinces, and sent to the Arsenal to be turned into marines or sailors, dread the sea, and hate it with a more than Celtic hatred. The Greeks, who formed the strength of the crews of the Ottoman men-of-war before the Greek revolution, are by nature a maritime people, and become by practice excellent sailors—the best, perhaps, in all the Mediterranean. But these Greeks are now excluded from the service. It is said that they will not enter voluntarily, and that the Sultan and government do not like to impress them. I believe that they are *afraid* of having Greeks on board; the sympathies of these men are with the Hellenes of King Otho and their co-religionists the Russians. In a time of trouble or war Reshid's amalgamation theory would be but slight security should a Turkish man-of-war, half manned with Greeks, come alongside of a Russian ship in the Black, or an Hellenic ship in the White Sea. The Turks cannot trust the Greeks, and therefore they do not employ the only subjects they have that are capable of being made good sailors. The Armenians, a thoroughly Asiatic inland people, are as averse to the sea as the Turks, and have still less stomach for fighting than for sailing.

It will not be easy to forget the awkwardness displayed in a vice-admiral's barge on the Golden Horn. Our jovial, torund, and rubicund old friend, Osman Pasha (one of the very few among them that knew any thing of practical seamanship,) would take us off to the fleet which lay moored opposite to the Arsenal, in his own boat and in good style. At starting, one of the boatmen caught a crab, and another let his oar fall overboard. Old Osman became as red as a

turkey-cock. We had to cross some hawsers; the steersman sent us bang upon one of them, and if there had been any sea we might have been turned keel uppermost. The Pasha's objurgations only made the poor devils more confused and stupid, and if at last we got free of those hawsers without a wet jacket, it was more than I had expected. We went over the Capitan Pasha's ship and three other ships of the line, carrying from 80 to 120 guns each. As the masts were struck, and nearly all the rigging down, the points in which the Turks are so deficient were not observable. The decks were tolerably clean and orderly. Stores, arms, and all things below deck were kept in excellent order. There was a proper place for every thing, and every thing was in its place. This was a great improvement on the practice of former days, and I believe the Turks have been indebted for it to the strenuous, persevering efforts of Admiral Sir Baldwin Walker, while in the Sultan's service. The guns were good, and kept clean; many of them were English, and they had all good locks. The tomkins were coated with brass, which was kept bright and shining. These showy tomkins, and the practice of painting the ships' sides with broad, alternate stripes of white and black, much injured the warlike appearance of the fleet, destroying bold, massy simplicity, and giving the ships a theatrical, harlequin appearance. We visited a frigate with a very beautiful hull, and found it in much the same condition as the ships of the line, every thing below deck being in good order. We went over an enormously large brig, which was very solidly built, and said to be a first-rate sea-boat. Of course our friend Osman Pasha took us only to the ships that were in best condition. We next visited the war-steamer Medjidieh, which had been launched the preceding summer at the Arsenal. She was a roomy, splendid-looking vessel, but too heavily timbered. She was of 1600 tons, and with Maudslay's fine engines of 400 horse power she scarcely made more than five knots an hour in descending the Sea of Marmora with the current in her favour. What she would have made against wind and current may be conceived. An English engineer told me that she was next to useless, and that so she must remain unless engines of much higher power were put into her. Her cabin was most elegantly fitted up and decorated. There was a fire-place of pure white marble, ornamented with gold arabesques, that was as pretty a thing as could be seen. The whole cabin was like an elegant drawing-room; but not a thing in it had been done by Turkish hands, or by the hands of any of the country people. It was all the work of foreigners settled in Galata and Pera. Generally, the cabins of the ships we went over were exceedingly handsome. Near to this Medjidieh lay the Tahif, another war-steamer of about the same size and force. Her engines also were found of insufficient power. We saw no other war-steamers. The

Turks may have about a dozen common steamers of inconsiderable size employed as passage-boats, but these, except as tugs, would not be available in war. Our Vassitei Tidjaret, though a frigate in size, is too slightly built ever to be a war-ship. All the splendid steamers on the Black Sea, built by Pitcher on the London River for the Russians, are fit for war. Three small, English-built steamers have been added since our departure, and I believe one of the steamers on the stocks in the Arsenal has been finished and fitted out; but as yet the Sultan can scarcely be said to have the embryo of a steam navy. There were but few men afloat in the ships we visited, and these poor fellows looked quite out of their element. Instead of round jackets they all wore long, loose, gray great-coats, coming nearly down to their heels—an unseemly, slovenly garment, and the most inconvenient of all on board ship. They look rather like invalids in an hospital than mariners; they were docile and dull; there was no life or brio among them, although they were nearly all young fellows. We could tell, from their countenances, that many of them were peasants from the interior of Asia Minor. In every ship there was a forecastle, fitted out as an hospital, with iron post-bedsteads; but we saw no sick; the patients had been removed to the badly situated navy-hospital, where people were dying rapidly of cholera. Their chances of recovery would have been far greater on board. Osman Pasha thought so too; but the hekims did not like the trouble of going off to the ships in rough, cold, rainy weather, and the Capitan Pasha had ordered that they should all be sent to the hospital. The officers wore brown frock-coats, with a little gold embroidery on the collars—brown being the colour chosen for the uniform of the Sultan's navy. They were civil, very quiet men, but not one of them had the look or carriage of a sailor. Of all the young men who have been educated in England and France we scarcely saw one in the fleet. Their number, in *active* service in the army, seemed to be exceedingly small. Many of them had been entirely neglected after their return from Christendom to Constantinople—set aside as if they were *suspect*. Others had been put in very inferior places, where their acquirements were of no use. Some had rapidly forgotten all that they had learned, and were returning to the vegetable life of a mere Turk One of the smartest of the whole lot, a gentlemanly young man who had passed an apprenticeship in English men-of-war, and who as yet spoke our language like an Englishman, had never any higher employment than that of occasionally taking charge of the tub of a steamboat that ran between the capital and the Princes' Islands. The fortunate *few* who had been rapidly promoted had been put in all sorts of places, and linked themselves with the Armenian seraffs; had become pashas, and were growing fat, idle, corrupt, and useless. Such is a correct sketch of the history of the young Turks

that had been sent into Christendom for education. It may be suspected that few of them returned true Mussulmans, or brought back with them any religion whatever. I was, however, told of several of them who had gone strongly into the fanatical and anti-reform line. This may have proceeded in part from their wish to remove unfavourable suspicions, and in part from their disappointments in obtaining employment and promotion. All the *boudeurs*, however small their belief or however loose their practice, seemed to be taking to fanaticism.

Admitting that six of them were old, crazy, and worthless, Osman Pasha said that the Sultan had eighteen ships of the line. We could never count more than twelve, and of these, three seemed to be past all mending; and five others, I was assured, were in so bad case that were they to fire a broadside half of their sides would follow the fire. Of frigates and corvettes we did not see more than ten. There may have been a ship of the line and one or two frigates laid up in ordinary in the Gulf of Salonica, and a similar force in the nook opposite Gallipoli, at the entrance to the Dardanelles; but other force there certainly was none. A very competent English judge, who had long had his eye upon them, declared that not more than five ships of the line were fit for war or were even seaworthy. Our journalists of the movement party, who affect to be quite enchanted at the recent activity of the Turks, and at the prospect of their having a "brush" with Austria and Russia, not satisfied with affirming that the Sultan has under arms 300,000 men, of whom one half are *well* disciplined, are talking about the Sultan's splendid fleet of 40 sail of the line!! But even if they had such a number of big ships, of what service would they be with such crews? The Russians may not be the best, but they are prime sailors compared with the Turks. An American, one of Captain Lynch's officers, said that out at sea, in a fair sea-fight, with a wind to manœuvre and enough of it to make manœuvring necessary,* he thought that two heavy United States or English frigates ought to be able to give a good account of the whole Turkish fleet. This was said in no braggadocio spirit; it was merely a conclusion to which the American officer had come after examining the ships, the composition of the crews, their habits, and notorious want of seamanship.

I have spoken already of Turkish ingratitude. After they had applied to the British Government for that distinguished officer, after Admiral Sir Baldwin Walker had toiled in the fleet, and had led their ships into battle on the coast of Syria; after he had done all that man could do to improve both Arsenal and fleet, they put him

* It will be remembered that at Navarino the Turks and Egyptians were all moored in a close harbour, with the protection of land batteries, etc. They did not move; they were merely floating batteries.

on the shelf, they slighted him, and they finally, by a crowning insult, induced him to send in his resignation. The pashas would not, could not have him in the Arsenal; he stood between them and their nefarious profits; as a British officer he could not go shares in their plunder, but was always ready to expose their iniquity. They would not have him in the fleet, because he was always insisting that the poor men should be fairly and regularly paid, without aggio or any of those deductions which are constantly exacted by treasurers and seraffs. He was more hated by the Armenians than by the Turkish pashas, and when these two bodies are united together and allies in hostility, no honest man can hope to stand against them. If Sir Baldwin had known these things, he would never have gone to Constantinople; he has since found more fitting service and an honourable promotion under his own flag; but this does not affect the fact that in his person the Queen and Government of Great Britain were insulted and outraged as well as himself. Their conduct was no better to Colonel Williams and Lieutenant Dickson of the Royal Artillery, who, at their earnest request, were sent out to act as instructors and to put their artillery into order. They received these two officers with an ostentatious parade and volleys of stereotyped compliments, but when they had got them they never gave them anything to do; they left them in involuntary and irksome idleness, to draw, with more or less regularity, pretty good pay, which they felt they had not earned. They were not supple enough to be mingled with Turkish pashas and lordly and most ignorant Grand Masters of Artillery; they were far too honest to be active parts of a system where all was dishonesty. As far as the service was concerned, they might as well have been at the antipodes or in the moon. At the instance of Sir Stratford Canning, Colonel Williams was included in a commission to survey and settle the disputed frontier between Turkey and Persia; and he took his departure for Erzeroum and Lake Van; Lieutenant Dickson, tired of an idle, profitless life, and utterly disgusted with the governing Turks, threw up his appointment, and came home. The conduct was the same towards every *honourable* man, no matter what his country. They had treated French officers quite as badly as English. They really seemed to entertain a settled plan for humiliating and insulting, turn and turn about, all the nations of Christendom. Nothing more scurvy than their behaviour to the American ship-builders, who had rendered them such essential services, and who had constructed for them the only really good ships they have upon the waters. Mr. Eckford, who took out to them from New York a most beautiful corvette, attempted to organize their Arsenal and shipyards; he was very irregularly paid, was constantly thwarted, lost his health and spirits, and soon died of malaria fever, or—as some confidently

asserted—of poison. Mr. Rhodes, of Long Island, who succeeded him, was a light-hearted bustling man, full of rough energy, and he had the luck to become an especial favourite with Sultan Mahmoud, who at this time was taking great interest in his navy, and constantly coming unceremoniously and unannounced into the Arsenal, to see things with his own eyes and to put direct and searching questions to the *employés*. Mahmoud, as I have said, was as active as his son is inactive. He often pounced unexpectedly upon the American while hard at work (for he had to work himself to show the way to others), and pulling him by the shirt-sleeves he would trudge with him over the dock-yard, or go afloat with him to some ship under repair. Rhodes, who soon picked up a good deal of Turkish himself, had moreover the rare good fortune to find an honest drogoman with courage enough to translate faithfully, to any great man, whatever his employer said. Another vast advantage was that he had free access to the Sultan nearly at all times. He bullied the pashas as they had never been bullied before—and bullying is the only available process with these Turks. Whenever he caught them tripping he threatened them with exposure. One day he ordered the men to stop work, left the Arsenal in a towering passion, and leaped into his caïque. They asked him where he was going. "I am going to the Palace," said he, "to tell the Sultan that you are all thieves—*all!*" In spite of Armenian seraffs he brought down more than one great man with a run. In a dispute about accounts, the nazir, or superintendent, being hard pressed, and losing his temper, called Rhodes a *pezavenk*. Not satisfied with calling him another, and something worse, the American citizen broke his pipe-stick over the head of the Mussulman effendi. It was by energy like this that the Long Islander was enabled to complete his immense, truly splendid 70-gun frigate, and to do a great deal more of very useful work. But when Sultan Mahmoud died he lost his power and prestige; Abdul Medjid was then a mere boy; a new set of pashas came into office, and did as they liked: Rhodes presently sent in his resignation, which was eagerly accepted. His brother-in-law, Mr. Reeves, who had been his foreman, then took his place, but only to be scandalously treated. For three whole years he never received a farthing of pay! With an unsettled account he left in disgust. He returned to Constantinople while we were there, to press for payment of what the government owed him. He brought with him the model of a cheap, most convenient, excellent steam ferry-boat, which might be most usefully employed in carrying the people who are constantly passing and repassing between Constantinople and the Asiatic suburb of Scutari. He did not seem to me to have enough cunning, daring, and *sang froid* to deal with the Turks. They were keeping him in play, trotting him from pasha

to pasha, and tormenting him sadly. They told him that the model was *tchiok guizel*; but when he spoke of constructing the steam ferry-boat they put him off with baccalums. When we left he had not recovered the money due to him, but his Minister and our good friend Mr. Carr was certainly the man to obtain payment for him, as he used a bold logic which the Turks could never resist in the long run. This representative of the United States most conscientiously believed that the prime business of a diplomatist was to see justice done to his fellow-countrymen, and whenever called upon he acted up to this belief, never admitting that private interests are to be sacrificed or to give way for indefinite periods of time to public or state interests. This last principle has been but too often admitted by the very best of our English diplomatists.

It seems to me that this is an error everywhere, and in Turkey an enormous one, as here, without the interference of his Ambassador, no Englishman has a chance of obtaining justice where the government or its Armenian agents are concerned. And what are public or political interests but an aggregate of private interests? If the Turks are unjust towards the one, are they likely to deal honourably with the other? If you undertake their political tutorage, if you would lead them on in the paths of reform, ought you not on every occasion to instil into their minds that honesty is the best policy, that the scrupulous discharge of private contracts and obligations will secure faith and confidence in their public obligations? Because you wish to carry out some scheme which you believe will be advantageous to the Turks, are you, for the sake of keeping them in good humour and overcoming their obstinacy and stupidity, to sacrifice or to delay (until the hearts of the claimants become sick), the claims of ill-used Englishmen? This may be very generous to the Turks, but it is a generosity all at the cost of the English. I have no doubt that the American ship-builder got his money long ago, nor have I any doubt that if he were a British subject he would be waiting for it still.

I could multiply instances of Turkish ingratitude, but I will here relate only one more. Mr. Frederick Taylor, the able engineer and architect, the man of varied, useful acquirements and many excellent qualities, had been fifteen years in the country and had learned the Turkish language. He had erected for government the fine English machinery at Tophana for the boring and finishing of cannon; he had set the machinery at work, had taught a number of Turks how to manage it, and had otherwise made himself exceedingly useful to the Ordnance department. Some time after the completion of the works at Tophana, the Turkish government, having resolved to establish a proper Mint, like that of England, instead of the slow, clumsy, miserable manufactory of coins they had hitherto used, sent

Mr. Taylor to London to superintend the machinery there making, and to acquire a knowledge of all the details of coining. He had, in fact, to learn a new art and mystery. On the application of Reshid Pasha our Government very liberally threw the model Mint on Tower Hill open to him. Sir Jasper Atkinson, the Provost of the Moneyers, the son of a provost, the man whose whole life has been passed in this important establishment, and whose knowledge in this branch is complete and perhaps unique, afforded Mr. Taylor every facility, and imparted to him every needful instruction, for he liked his mission or its object (the setting up of a beautiful Mint in Constantinople) and he could not but like the man. After some eighteen months the choice English machinery and Mr. Taylor's instruction were completed. He returned to Turkey, he went diligently to work, he prepared the locality, he set up the machinery in most beautiful order, and he set it to work. This new Turkish Mint, or English Mint in Turkey, is the *one* perfect thing they have. Nearly every other new thing is a whim-wam or a wretched failure; this alone challenges an unqualified admiration. It stands within the second court of the Serraglio, and is the only thing really worth looking at within those vast and now nearly desolate inclosures. I doubt whether out of London and out of Paris (since the French Mint has been improved with the aid and personal superintendence of Sir Jasper Atkinson) there is such another Mint in the world. During all these useful labours they paid this valuable man a very inadequate salary—his emoluments were less than a third of those obtained by the blundering old Englishman at Macri-keui, who had done nothing right or well. At the coinage of the first new money, one of those gold and diamond snuff-boxes which the Sultan is eternally giving, was given to him; but very shortly after they turned him out of the Mint, and left him without any employment, appointment, or pay whatsoever.* In this state he remained nearly eighteen months. An iron-foundry being much wanted in Galata for foreign steamers and for numerous other objects, Mr. Taylor endeavoured to establish one. The monopolizing Armenians pretended that he had no right so to do; they threw every possible obstacle in his way, and as they were either the owners or the creditors and mortgagees of the owners of nearly all the houses and buildings, they shut him out from all the places best adapted for such an establishment. The wandering Glee Club did not wander half so long in search of a temple to the praise of glorious Apollo as Taylor wandered in search of a place for his foundry. He got one at last, but it was inconvenient and sadly cribbed and confined. He, however, went to work, and was teaching some people of the country to be

* Another diamond snuff-box was sent to Sir Jasper Atkinson. If I know Sir Jasper's disposition, I should say that he would have preferred, ten times over, the proper treatment of Mr. Taylor to this bauble.

very good casters and iron-founders. It is by individual enterprize like this that the country might really be improved, but individual enterprize is everywhere discouraged, and, in the end, almost invariably crushed. The "*laisser faire*," the "live and let live," are principles odious, heretical, damnable, in the eyes of the Armenians, who must do everything themselves or have it done under their immediate and absolute control. Several months before our departure some of the pashas in the Ordnance department either felt ashamed at the treatment which Mr. Taylor had received, or felt assured that he was the best man to do some work they wanted done; and they engaged him to construct a large building at Tophana for the making and putting together of gun-carriages. Although it was working only on copper and base alloys (gold and silver having become so scarce), we saw the beautiful Mint machinery at work under the care of three sober, steady, and very intelligent English engineers who had been trained by Mr. Taylor. These three useful men would have been sent adrift long ago if the Dooz Oglous could have found Armenians or Turks at all capable of performing their duties. Without being assured as to capability, the Armenians will probably be making such a change before long—and then, every thing will go to rack and ruin. In some additions made to the establishment since Mr. Taylor left it, blunder had been accumulated upon blunder, and money and labour had been thrown away as if they were things of no value at Constantinople. The English working engineers were not men of sufficient authority to be listened to by the arrogant Armenians, who have a school of engineering quite peculiar to themselves, and whose conceit is not to be beaten out of them by any amount of failure. Their formula is, "we can do the work better and cheaper ourselves." This is what they are incessantly repeating to the Turks so soon as they fancy they have got a clear insight into the processes of any of the Franks in the employment of the Porte.

The guns used on board the fleet are now all iron guns. The old brass ordnance is lying like useless rubbish in the Arsenal. We there saw the brass guns (many of them very handsome) lying in the midst of dirt, pile upon pile, and pile beyond pile. Merely as metal the value of them must have been great.

They kept making at Tophana, of metal brought from their own ill-worked mines or purchased from foreign merchants, a great many brass guns for the use of the army; and they were also casting there, clumsily and at an enormous expense, a few heavy iron ship-guns, under the superintendence of a certain Halil Pasha, who had passed seven years in England, and had been allowed to learn the art at Woolwich. They might have had iron guns from England at one-third of the expense; but now all things are to be made at home, cost what they may; Turkey must manufacture for herself, must

limit as far as possible her trade with foreign nations to the sale of her surplus produce; Turkey is every day practically entering a protest against the doctrines of Free Trade, and narrowing her market for foreign manufactures. The country least fitted for it in the world, is following the universal rule that people ought to manufacture at home, that which they formerly bought from Great Britain. This rule is made the more absolute in proportion as England becomes more and more Cobdenized. The "cooked" returns of our Board of Trade, and all that display of ciphered columns and statistics, are illusory: the sale of our manufactures within the proper Ottoman dominions has declined, is declining, and must continue to decline, (where there no other reason than the impoverishment of the country); a good part of our trade with Turkey is merely a transit trade; a very considerable portion of the value of our exports has recently lain in machinery, intended to make, under the instruction of English workmen, at Constantinople, Nicomedia, &c., the articles which were formerly made for this market in England. The experiment is failing, ridiculously failing, but it is important as showing the universal tendency and the oneness of *intention*. If the Manchester philosophy is met in the teeth by *Turkey*, in what country between the poles can it hope to be welcomed or to have a quiet reign?

Although we frequently passed the dismal gate of the Bagnio, we did not enter that prison: there was an evident reluctance to admit strangers to such establishments, and the cholera and fevers raging within, were rather repressive of curiosity. I was told that it was in the same frightful state in which I had seen it in 1828, and I can very well believe the statement. It seemed that the hand of Reform had not touched these abodes of vice and woe, and (not very unfrequently) of innocence and mere misfortune. All the prisons that we saw in Europe or in Asia were frightful, pestiferous dens. The prison at Tophana has been already alluded to. The care taken to exclude me from a sight of the great prison at Constantinople (the Seraskier's), and the ill humour shown at my application, inclined me to believe the worst that was said about it. A French traveller (M. Blanqui, Professor of Political Economy at Paris), despatched on a very strange mission by M. Guizot, was requested by M. Duchatel, Minister of the Interior of France, to study the "economical and disciplinary regimen of the Turkish prisons," and to report thereon, as his (M. Duchatel's) administration did not possess any document on the prisons of the Ottoman Empire, and as a report from "*un homme éclairé, grave et impartial*" would have great value in his eyes.* I gather from M. Blanqui himself, (who publishes in his book these sounding ministerial compliments), that he was not very *éclairé*, that he was neither *grave* nor *impar-*

* *This* M. Blanqui is not M. Blanqui the Socialist and Red Republican, but a brother or cousin of that turbulent personage.

tial, but a hasty, prejudiced, vapouring man; and I derive from his prison-report in particular, (a tissue of words and fine phrases), that he gave himself hardly any trouble in examining the prisons.

M. Blanqui, however, says that he visited the Seraskier prison, that he penetrated *jusqu'au fond de cet antre*, and that the sight filled him with horror. He adds that he was the only foreigner that had been allowed to make that perilous examination, *même depuis les réformes de Mahmoud*. His description, in this particular, agrees pretty closely with the accounts I received from some Franks of Pera, who had seen the interior of the famous prison more than once. M. Blanqui says that "it is the most perfect image of all Turkish prisons;" that it consists of five or six courts or inclosures, irregular and shockingly filthy, round which are placed dark, dirty, pestilential chambers, without beds, without mats, and even without straw for the prisoners to lie upon. The criminals guilty of capital crimes, are chained to the walls of their dungeon with heavy iron chains. All the others, whether condemned or only waiting to be tried, children and old men mixed, are lodged in the different courts, and sleep pell-mell on the ground. There is no separation of criminals and debtors; they are all huddled together and all as it were abandoned to themselves, the weak to the discretion of the strong, the youthful to the discretion of the adult. Dreading infection and the horrible vermin, the gaolers rarely entered the interior courts. We afterwards saw *one* exception, but every prison we had hitherto seen did certainly correspond very closely with this description by M. Blanqui. He says, that as for a disciplinary or an economic system, there is none. I should say that there is a system generally prevailing, and that it is this—for discipline the prisoners are beaten, ill treated, and tormented until they bribe their gaolers, and for the economical part, they are left to live on the charity of their relatives and friends if they have any, and to starve upon a prison allowance of bad bread and horse-beans if they have none. No firing is allowed, and this in the winter season at Constantinople, is a terribly cruel privation. No prison dresses are distributed, no night covering is provided; the prisoners wear the dresses in which they were arrested, and they try to keep themselves warm at night on the cold damp ground, by lying together in heaps. In Constantinople there are two or three separate prisons for females, and these were said to be in no degree better than the rest. With the neatness of a definition, M. Blanqui says, "A Turkish prison is an inclosure wherein Authority shuts up all those who fall under its hand in the days of its wrath, as well as in the days of its justice." But there is a third agent far more active than either wrath or justice, an agent that does not act like them by fits and starts, but is *always* in action. For one man that is sent to these horrible dungeons in anger or out of a

regard for the law, at least three men are committed for no other object than that of extorting money from them. This was the case at Brusa, at Smyrna, and in every town we visited. At Constantinople there was a constant ebb and flow of the tide at the prison gates, men coming out who had purchased their liberty, and men going in who would purchase theirs in a few days to escape the torments of the place, and the imminent risk of disease and death. These people were generally arrested on the most frivolous pretences, the police taking especial care to seize only such as were known to have money or friends. Where false witnesses are to be hired in every part of the town—men ready to swear, for the sake of a few piastres, whatever they may be told to swear, evidence, if called for, is never wanting; and where the oath of a Christian cannot be accepted against that of a Mussulman, the Christian Rayahs have no chance of escape except in paying money.

The standing dissensions between the Greeks and the Armenians afford opportunities which are not often neglected. One morning, at the end of March, our Perote laundress came to us in sore trouble. The other day her husband, a Greek, had a violent altercation with an Armenian, his next door neighbour, and a Rayah like himself. The Greek tore the Armenian's cloak. The Armenian ran away and called up the Turkish police; the cavasses, *More Turco*, cudgelled the Greek unmercifully, called his wife all manner of ill names, and then whisked him down to the dreaded prison in the Arsenal, without carrying him before any judge or magistrate, or legal authority whatsoever. In prison the unlucky Greek was still lying, and Tonco, who had much experience in these matters, thought it would cost his wife from 500 to 1000 piastres to get him out,—"Because," said our host, "the cavasses know that the laundress *has* grushes, and that the house she lives in is her *own* property. If she had been poor, they would only have beaten her husband!" The poor woman was almost in despair, for cholera was then in the prison, and malignant fevers and other infections were never out of it. "You see," said Tonco, knocking out the ashes of his last pipe and preparing to put her in the way to offer money in the proper quarter, "you see what a blessed thing it is to have Frank protection, and not to be a Rayah subject of the Sultan! If you were *protected* this would not have happened. Your husband would not have been beaten; and if they had carried him to prison, your consul would soon have got him out again without expense. You really ought to get protection. You cannot hope to make money and keep it without foreign protection. If you cannot be Russian, or French, or English, why not try and be Spanish or Swedish, or Sardinian or Neapolitan, or Tuscan or Roman, or Danish! Danish protection is very good, why not try and get that? You have money, you do washing for the Danish Legation, why not be a Dane?"