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that told of peace, of content, of rest, of joy beyond all telling.

She did not try to talk again until the striking of the clock aroused her, when she raised her eyes, lifted her arms above her head, and, "Horace!" she cried, joyfully; "oh, Horace, my husband!" The poor arms sank to her side, and with her lips still shaping the blessed word the

dear eyes closed in sleep that would never waken here, and Horace and Margery were together.

And who came to the wedding? I answer, unhesitatingly, Horace. I don't understand it—I don't *pretend* to. It's enough for *me* to know he was *there*—that I saw them married—that he kept his tryst in death. And that? That's my boy—my little Horace.

WOMAN'S LIFE IN TURKEY.

BY OLIVE HARPER.

THERE is a veil of reserve and secrecy thrown around real Turkish home life that is almost impossible to penetrate, and it requires not only a long residence in Turkey, but the kind offices of some lady who has spent many years in that country, and who has by slow degrees won the respect of the Turkish families, before the newcomer can be permitted to enter the homes of these secluded ladies under the guidance of their old friend. They dislike foreigners—with too much reason—and their naturally refined natures revolt against the coarse curiosity of some, and the no less disagreeable preaching of others against their mode of life and peculiar marriage institutions. It is a case of prisoners hugging the very chains they ought to abhor. Few real Turkish women would wish to change them if they could; but there are others whose every moment of existence is a torture almost too great to bear. The laws governing marriage in Turkey appear to be just to both parties. Marriage is entirely a civil contract, and divorce is very easy. If a man is angry, or wearied of his wife, he simply lifts his hands over her head and says, "I divorce you," and it is done. The woman must return to her father's home, and the husband must give back to her all the dowry he received with her; or, in case there was no dowry, he must give her a sum of money sufficient to maintain her decently. No stigma attaches to a divorced wife, as divorce is generally due to a fit of anger on the husband's part, and so friends soon patch up a peace, and the wife is taken back once, and twice; but if the husband sends her away a third time, the ulema, or priest, is called in, and then, if the husband wants her back again, she must, to fulfill the law, be married to another man, and pass twenty-four hours with him, and be divorced by him, before she can return to her original husband; and if she likes the husband imposed by law upon her better than the first one, she is at liberty to remain with him as his wife. This restrains a man's bad temper when he loses his collar button or steps on a tack.

Girls become "of age" at nine years, and very often marry at ten, but it is usual to wait till they are fifteen. A girl of twenty is very old. Girls are taught a little music, by ear; a very few of them learn to read and write. They learn to embroider in gold thread and silks. They are shown carefully all the little arts and devices by which to appear seductive in the eyes of their future spouse, such as different graceful attitudes, certain expressions of the eyes, and all the possible manners of rendering themselves favorites by pandering to the lowest motives.

Each young girl has more or less female slaves, usually about her own age, with the exception of her nurse, who performed the functions of mother to her in her infancy, and who lives with her always after, and is her "dada." And this reminds me that the young wife, or old one, can get a divorce from her husband if he should take for odalisque a daughter of her foster mother, her aunt, or her cousin, or her sister, against her consent. The tie of foster mother is considered a very strong one in Turkey.

When a young girl has reached a marriageable age in Turkey word is passed around among all the old women "go-betweens," or professional matchmakers, and then they set about looking for a suitable husband for her, and finally some young man is singled out, and his mother approached. Young men are early married in Turkey, they rarely reaching the age of twenty before being thus settled. When the affair has progressed far enough, the young girl is invited to go to the bath in a party, and she, generally ignorant of the occasion, goes, and with perhaps a hundred other young girls and their mothers and slaves, and lies about on the slabs, or sits nude with them, all eating and drinking, or splashing in the fountain. The prospective mother-in-law then decides as to whether the girl possesses all the physical charms she thinks her son deserves.

If the marriage is finally decided upon, the mothers meet, and later the fathers; the young

couple never. Nor do the four parents ever come together. But, at last, the civil contract is made out, the three days' feast for the young man at his father's selamlik is provided, and the young girl's three days' feast in her mother's home is given. The first day it is to all her female friends a sort of continual reception; the second, exclusively to her young girl friends; and the third, called the "leg-of-mutton" feast, to her young married friends. This last one signifies that she renounces her girlhood and takes on the more sedate duties of wifehood.

The last afternoon the young man comes to the haremluk of his father-in-law, and finds there the ulema, who stands in the doorway that separates the selamlik, or men's part of the house, from the haremluk, or women's part, and there calls out a few questions at the top of his voice, addressed to the bride on one side, and groom on the other, and then, without waiting to make sure whether they answer or not, mutters a few words of blessing and goes home to his pious meditations.

At sunset the bride is put into a sedan chair, and carried by two men; and all her wedding presents are placed on round metal trays, generally brass, and tied up with colored tarlatan, and carried on the heads of slaves to her future abode. She is veiled with a much thicker veil than is usual, and this veil is retained after her arrival, when she is at once taken to her suite of rooms in her father-in-law's home, for very rarely does the young man set up housekeeping on his marriage, and still more rarely does he live with his father-in-law.

The bride is placed by her female slaves, who form part of her dowry, upon a chair arranged as nearly like a throne as circumstances will permit, and there she remains until her husband can

escape from his friends, who try to retain him. When he does reach his bride, whom he has never yet seen, he is to kneel humbly, and offering his wedding present, which is usually a piece of jewelry, beg her to drop her veil, that "he may be struck blind by the effulgence of her beauty." Sometimes he is struck dumb by her ugliness.

The man can never marry another woman with a ceremony, and thus the first wife is always the head wife, or Bas-cadine hanum, or first lady. He may, and generally does, take all his wife's young

slaves as odalisques, and if anyone of them bears him a child, that one immediately becomes a legitimate wife, with the right to have her suite of rooms and exactly the same amount of jewels and other comforts that the wedded wife has. If, as is nearly always the case with these undisciplined and ignorant women, they have beaten or otherwise ill treated the slaves during the time past, they are going to be revenged, now that motherhood has made them equal. If the legitimate wife has no child, or the slave becomes the favorite, then, indeed, the wife's lot is hard. It matters little to her, then, that the law allows her to walk at the head of the procession when the females go out, or that she alone is al-



MOORISH GIRL.

lowed to order the second cup of coffee when guests come to visit the harem, and thus cut the visit short, for she knows that she is not first nor alone in her husband's heart.

Often the wife sees her child neglected and set aside for that of a negro slave, for a harem is not made up entirely of Turkish women. There are Circassians, Georgians, Moors, occasionally a Greek girl, and in some few instances French and one or two English, and very often Egyptians, Copts, Arabs, and particularly Abyssinians as black as ink. These latter are tall, beautifully

formed, and on the same footing as the native wives. They go to the baths with them, and veil their faces as jealously as do the white wives.

The Koran permits a man to have four wives, but practice now is to have one wife and as many

The high officials have large city houses, mostly of wood, and country homes called *konaks*, and the number of women—we will call them wives—is only limited by their wealth. Each of these wives has her own *coupé*, and in this she and all



THE YASHMAK.

slaves as he wishes or can support. This he must do, for no Turkish woman would know how to work for her living, except the poor peasants in the interior, where life is much simpler; and few men have even one slave aside from their wives.

her children and her nurse, and perhaps her favorite slave, crowd, the first lady invariably ahead, and the rest following. All are veiled, and all guarded by the eunuchs, who, with their *tarboushes*, are always ready to punish offenders.

Each woman in a harem is at liberty to dress as suits herself, but in the street she must wear the trousers, the feridjee and the *yashmak*, or veil. The veil, as worn by the Turkish women, enhances their beauty a hundredfold. It consists of two pieces of *crépe lisse* folded bias, one piece thrown over the brilliant, jeweled headdress, and brought down over the forehead to the eyebrows, which are generally made jet black with burnt almonds, and the other part placed over the face and up to the eyes, which have the lids thickly penciled with *kohol*. The face is painted in the most brilliant red and white, and this, faintly seen through the misty haze of the veil, is entrancing from its mystery and beautiful in its delicate coloring.

Each particular tribe of Georgian, Circassian, Coptic or Egyptian women has some peculiar style in dress by which one familiar with the country can distinguish them. The Georgians make their eyebrows appear to meet by the heavy layer of burnt almond, and usually braid their hair in from two to twenty braids, and wear a sort of diadem of jewels and common artificial flowers in the most brilliant colors, and all have a passionate fondness for showy trinkets; and one will often be seen with a priceless necklace of jewels and five or six tawdry necklaces of the most palpable pinchbeck all on at once. The Copts and all the nomadic races of Mohammedans wear imitation or real coins as ornaments, and their heads, necks and arms will be entirely covered with them, and more be twined in their hair, which is usually thin and long, and nearly always left loose.

The Turkish women's garments are all of the most brilliant and showy pattern, and they wear trousers of gayly flowered chintz which reach to their ankles, and are never of gauze, as some seem to believe. Above the trousers they wear a *shalvar*, or petticoat, made of four breadths of material not sewn together, and each a yard and a half to two yards long. In the street these are tucked up, but left to train in the house. Next comes a chemise of Broussa *crépe* with long sleeves and V-shaped neck. No corsets are worn. A jacket made of silk or velvet, and richly embroidered in gold thread, pearls, turquoise and coral beads. This is very low in the neck, and buttons around the waist with three small buttons, leaving the entire bust exposed, with the exception of the doubtful protection of the transparent *crépe* chemise and the rows of brilliantly colored necklaces. A shawl is folded on the bias, and wound around the waist tightly, which holds up the trousers and *shalvar*, but makes a clumsy-looking wad.

This is the national house dress. When going

out, a long, shapeless cloak with wide sleeves and a wide flap hanging down the back; and the veil, with a brilliant-hued parasol, completes the street attire. At night, summer and winter, a wadded nightgown is worn, generally outside the clothes worn during the day.

Only a few families have bedsteads, preferring to sleep on the pile of twenty or thirty quilts on the floor. Each wife has her suite of three rooms, and sleeps there with her children and personal servants; and no matter how hot the night, the windows are tightly closed.

The Turkish women are sensitive and full of a rather exaggerated sensibility, which causes them to shed tears and faint on the slightest provocation. "Nerves" as we have them, they don't seem to know, but they are ready to keel over in a faint for almost nothing. Whether this is natural to them, or induced by their lack of exercise and constant bathing in such boiling hot water, I cannot tell. They sit or lie about all day unwashed and most slovenly, unless they expect visitors, or are going out, until six o'clock, when their husband may possibly pay them a visit, and so toward evening they let their slaves brush them up and decorate them.

Once in a while there will be a desperate quarrel in the harem, and then the eunuch has the authority to whip the offenders. Imagine fifteen or twenty women shut in one house—one room almost—all having an equal claim upon the master; give them nothing useful to do; stuff them all day long with sweets, nuts, fruit and rich food; oblige them to huddle close around the little brasier, or *mangal*, in winter, to keep from freezing, with half a dozen or more different broods of children to make mischief, and we have one reason why the peace-loving Turk goes into his harem so seldom. The law of the Koran allows no woman to make a sign of her existence to her husband between the hours of sunrise and sunset, so he is at peace to attend to his business in his own part of the house; but it is pretty hard on the women. How weary they get, how their hearts chafe under this unnatural condition, none outside can know.

The Turkish women in well-to-do families—not the peasants who have heavy loads to bear—are not allowed to do any kind of useful work. They cannot even sew their husband's or children's clothes, or make anything for domestic use other than embroidering, or making a little lace. One or two have developed a fancy for drawing, and recently one has attempted poetry and other literature, writing in French, and publishing her matter under the name of Adelaïda. But this is a rare exception. The women are so fond of music that

they might excel in that if they had the opportunity. They have none unless they make it.

Socially the Turkish woman has no position. The husband can go to state dinners, to balls and receptions given by foreigners, but the Turk can give no dinners nor invite anyone to visit his home. It is so sacred a subject that no one ever dreams of asking him how his family is. Not even a father-in-law or brother-in-law can ask after a daughter or sister who has entered his harem. The nearest they dare approach the question is, "How is your house?"

A group of Turkish wives and children may be seated on the grass at the Sweet Waters, or some one of the other places where Turkish families picnic in the summer, and the husband passes them by with a group of men friends, or even alone, as if they were utter strangers, and not even the children must salute or speak to him; just so far are family ties divided in Turkey.

The houses have all the windows which front on the street latticed so strongly and so closely that no outsider can see inside, and all the rooms of the harem are invariably in the upper stories, so that it would not be a possible thing for a strange person to reach there, even if they were not otherwise guarded. This is done, the Turks say, to show their extreme respect for their womenkind, a sort of pleasing fiction—pleasing to themselves.

While women have no real social position, they do have a kind of social standing, which comes from the financial or political importance of the husband—the only kind of prominence there is in Turkey, as there is no hereditary nobility except the Sultan's own family. Wives of men high in government employ are greatly courted by the wives of men who wish to better their condition, and nearly all government positions, as well as rank in the army or navy, are gained through the influence of women. It is a well-known fact that the caprice of a woman can overthrow the ministry in an hour, and therefore the men who wish advancement send their wives to the wives of the men in power. They carry a gift of as great value as possible, as a Turkish woman is always pleased with a bauble, only so it is new, and loves to show her power with her husband, so she promises aid. When her turn comes to enjoy her husband's society, she has a right to ask a favor, and it must be granted—most positively so when in delicate health, when nothing is ever refused her; and so the bootblack, or what not, becomes a colonel or a pasha, to be sent to some one of the outlying pashalics, there to extort the very last cent of the non-Mussulman population that he can get. It makes no differ-

ence how unlearned or unfit a man is for a position in Turkey, he gets it if women will it.

Turks make good soldiers and officers, but miserable sailors and naval commanders; and so, when some feminine intrigue gets a man appointed captain on a ship, he is very much out of his element. As long as the weather is fair all goes well enough, but as soon as it gets rough the captain generally goes below, whence he issues his orders. The mate will hang on to a stanchion somewhere and tell a sailor what to do, but he flops down on his knees and says: "Selim, you hear what the chillibee says. Haul in the main braces, in the name of the Prophet!" and then he bows down, as well as the pitching of the vessel will let him, and continues his prayers, while Selim will call out, "Abdullah, you hear the order; haul in the main braces," etc.; and he goes on with his prayers, after passing the order on to Mahomet, who tells Rassim, and so on. There is no discipline whatever, and if the ship is by any good fortune spared from destruction, Allah is thanked; if not, the survivors, if any, say "Kismet."

Wherever a Turk may be, or whatever his occupation, when the hour of prayer arrives, down he goes on his knees on his carpet, if he has one with him; if not, on his handkerchief, which he generally reserves for this purpose. Placing his thumbs behind his ears with the palms outward, he listens for divine words, and then he spits right and left to show his contempt for the evil demon who is supposed to perch on one of his shoulders. As he does not know on which side his evil genius is, he spits both sides, sure that his good spirit will not be offended. Then he folds his hands on his breast, and kneels in prayer, with his face to the east. Five times a day this is repeated, and when not absolutely engaged in battle the Turkish soldiers bow in simple and earnest prayer. Cleanliness of body and purity of mind, and constant prayer, reflection and charity, are enjoined and almost enforced by the Koran, which is to them as our Bible is to us. While women are not considered altogether soulless, it is not necessary for them to pray as do the men. They will have a future in accordance with their obedience and chastity in this world.

As mothers, the Turkish women have absolutely no responsibility, as far as their religious education is concerned. If the child is a girl, she may learn a few verses of the Koran, and embroider them upon a white silk necktie, but that is quite enough. A boy receives no religious instruction from his mother, as when he is six years old he is taken to the men's apartments and put into



A TURKISH LADY'S BEDCHAMBER.

the hands of a tutor, who finally turns him over to the school, where he is instructed in the Koran.

Schools are now established in all the principal cities of Turkey, where children of both sexes can

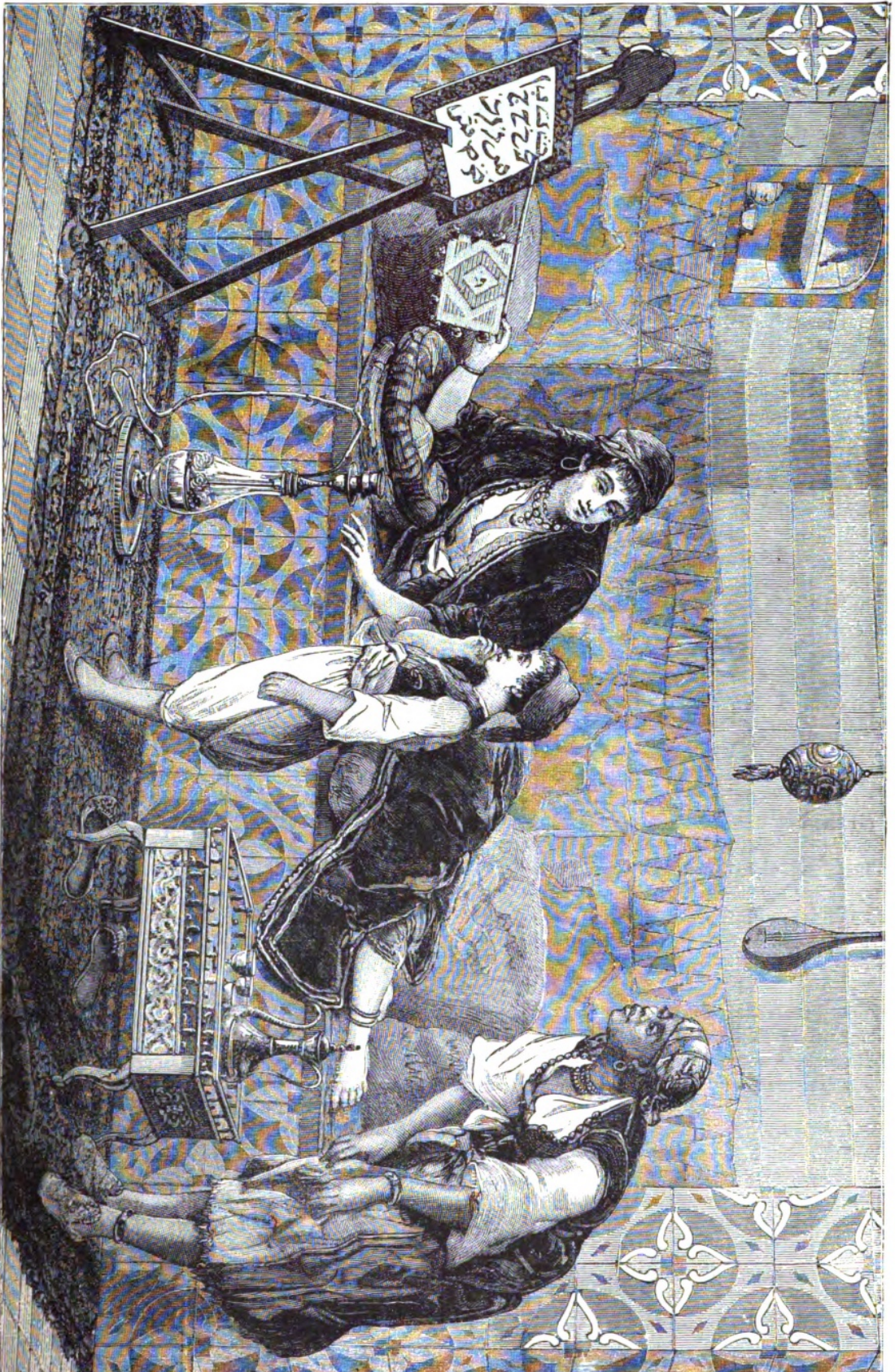
receive instruction; but if a child shows a distaste for learning it is not obliged to go. Turks are most kind to their children, and yet the obedience of a Turkish child is worthy of sincere admiration. But Turkish mothers are like passionate and undisciplined children themselves, and they indulge their offspring injuriously one moment, and then rush to the extreme and beat and slap them unreasonably another, just as their own mood happens to be ill or good.

A Turkish woman has no responsibility whatever. She buys nothing for the house, has no voice in its management. She must eat what the master of the house provides for her through his

chief eunuch. Until very recently even the Sultan's wives were not allowed one cent of money, so that when they wished to reward a service or show a kindness they were obliged to bestow a



SHOPPING IN A STAMBOUL BAZAAR.



A TURKISH HOME INTERIOR.

jewel, which finally resulted in giving the ladies of the royal harem a small allowance for pin money.

When Turkish women go out to ride or walk, or to a picnic at the Sweet Waters, or to one or the other of the cemeteries, the eunuch carries the purse and buys what they want, or bestows alms as they request. He also buys their clothes, their tobacco and their gold thread, a certain amount of which is stipulated for in a marriage contract, and afterward allowed by tacit consent to the odalisques. All that is required of a Turkish woman is to be peaceable and look pretty.

They are allowed to walk out with their servants and their children, and often may be seen slipshod and awkwardly hobbling along the wretched streets, stopping with their children to buy *rahallekoum* of the small tradesmen. The son can have his few *paras* to pay for them, but very rarely the mother. They do flirt; and who can blame them? They have not the slightest idea of a moral obligation to do otherwise—they are only afraid. But they do join forces often to outwit the eunuch, and do it, too.

The Turks have been noted for their genuine hospitality for many generations, and it is still true of them. A stranger may at any time enter the door of the men's apartments, and sit down on a divan, be served first with coffee, then with pipe and tobacco, and afterward with dinner, and rise and go on his way. The master of a house even feels honored when a wayfarer thus drops in. At the palace of the Sultan hundreds of persons eat daily of the same food that is provided for all the household, without question or scarcely notice.

There are three meals proper in a Turkish house daily, but there is a constant nibbling of sweets, nuts and fruit, and drinking of coffee, sherbets and serkys, or Circassian tea, all through the day. Pumpkin seeds, sliced cucumbers and salt, and pistachio nuts are great delicacies. Though bedsteads and looking glasses are now often seen in Turkish homes, chairs and tables are almost unknown, and meals are served in the same primitive fashion of olden days. Each one consists of many courses, some of them quite savory and pleasant, and others fairly swimming in mutton fat, or so sweet as to be sickening. Each course is served separate in the kettle in which it was cooked. The men sit on the divans usually, though sometimes they squat around a little low inlaid stand on which is placed a large round metal tray. Bread and a kind of pancake is laid for each person on it, and a spoon. But the true Turk prefers to take his meals with his fingers. The meat is always cooked so that it is

ready to fall apart, therefore it is not difficult to tear off a good mouthful. Each person takes one or two spoonfuls out of each kettle as it is served by being stood for a few minutes on the tray; no plates are used by individuals, bread and pancake filling their places. Then the kettle is taken off and served to the ladies of the harem, who are seated on the floor, impatiently waiting. As soon as each kettle has been served to the master, it goes to the women, and after them to the personal servants and children. Little babies even are allowed to eat the rich food of the elders; and I have seen little ones, with scarcely more than two teeth, nibbling cucumbers. The boys eat with the father after they are six years old. The women generally prefer fingers to forks, and yet they use them so daintily that the sight of them eating is not very unpleasant.

When a lady guest—in fact, no other can ever enter a harem not his own, with the sole exception of the Sultan, who can go anywhere he chooses—when a guest, then, enters the home of a Turkish lady, all the inmates rise and bow, whether they know her or not, and she is seated between the *Bas-cadine* hanum and the one she has come to visit, and the first lady clasps her hands very slightly, and in an instant almost, it seems, servants come in to serve refreshments. One presents a tray on which are three glasses of jelly and one glass with beautiful gold-filigree spoons, and one empty glass. The proper thing to do is to take a spoonful of whatever kind of jelly you prefer, and put the spoon in the empty glass. Then another servant offers a tray with glasses of sherbet, serkys tea, with a slice of lemon floating in it, and one of clear water. As soon as you have drunk this, coffee is handed in little egg-shell cups of the finest porcelain, held in filigree-gold holders. At first one finds this coffee unpleasant, as there is no cream in it, but soon it becomes indispensable, and at last the most delightful beverage in the world. After coffee come cigarettes. Now, if the *Bas-cadine* hanum wants to vex a later comer, she orders a second cup of coffee to be served immediately, and the visitor is obliged to go. But this does not always mean a discourtesy, for, if there is any particular reason why a visit should not be prolonged, it is thus delicately signified, and it is all right—no one's feelings are hurt; but the guest may be sure she is welcome as long as the second cup of coffee is not offered.

The Turkish character is grave and reflective and very gentle, and politeness seems to be inborn with them, and unless there is war, when their whole nature is changed, they are a most amiable people to know, and their many good qualities

command respect even while their superstitions cause one to smile, and their slowness in all business matters and blind stupidity make one rage.

Their superstitious beliefs are legion, and they are positive as to the baneful influences of the evil eye, particularly on their children or their possessions. Children are rubbed with garlic soon after birth, and a blue bead is hung around the little neck to ward off the evil eye. The father, on the third day after the birth of the child, goes behind a door, and calls out the name of the baby as loud as he can howl it. It is wrapped in regular swaddling clothes, and bandaged up so it can only move its miserable little head.

If a baby cries much without apparent reason a wise woman is sent for, and she undresses the child, and with a razor makes dozens of slight incisions all over its body, just enough to let out three or four drops of blood from each. This they call "giving it something to cry for." All their doctoring is about as sensible as this, and taking the medical treatment and the unwholesome diet of children into consideration, it is not wonderful that the race is dying out. It is useless to try to introduce reforms, as the Turks are averse to change, most particularly the women.

A Turkish funeral is a singular sight. Hardly has the breath gone out of a body before preparations are set about for the burial, and a shallow grave is scooped out in one of the cemeteries. Still, the dead are sincerely mourned, and very tender and pathetic inscriptions are often put on the headstones. I remember one which was translated for me which read, "Here lies the last hope of his mother," and which is full of a significance which almost reached the tragic.

Many writers have spoken of the heartless way the Turkish people junketed in the cemeteries, but it is far from being that; on the contrary, it is their way of showing tender reverence to the memory of their lost ones.

The Government of Turkey centres in the Sultan, Kalif, Padisha and Commander of the Faithful, as he is variously called. He lives a most secluded life, never leaving his palace except to go to the Mosque of St. Sophia every Friday, and to go to one or another of his country seats, or to take a ride on the Bosphorus in one of his royal caïques. The present Sultan, Abdul-Hamid, is in such great fear of his life that he has left the beautiful Palace of Dolma-Bagtche, which is on the very shore, and shuts himself in the kiosk or small palace of Yildiz, which is so situated that he can see in every direction, and so defend himself from outward enemies. Here he lives with his harem of almost seven hundred women, who

are wives, odalisques and slaves. In spite of all this number of wives, he has only four children, for, though many children are born, they die young. They give the new-born babes a pair of scissors, so that they can commit suicide as did the Sultan Abdul-Aziz, or—so some say—for the sake of avoiding future questions about the succession. Abdul-Hamid may not have known that conspirators were about to put his uncle to death so that Murad Effendî should reign, but he did know that his own brother Murad was to be declared insane and shut up in an iron *kafass* in Tcherigan Palace, where it is supposed he still is; and he has no confidence in the people, and is eternally on the rack for fear vengeance shall overtake him.

The feast and fast of Ramazan is so interesting a spectacle that thousands of foreigners flock to Turkey during that month. For forty days no true Mussulman will eat, drink or smoke from sunrise to sunset; but to offset this they eat all night if they wish. Those who have no work to do sleep nearly all day, and sit up at night, and so pass through it without visible ill effects. But it is very hard upon those who toil for their livelihood. At the end of the fast is a season of great rejoicing—flags fly, the military parade, and for three days there is a continual carnival, only that the wonderful array of curious and beautiful costumes are not masquerade, but the national dress of the different nationalities who live in Constantinople, yet retain their distinctive style of dress. The Albanians in their white fustanelles and gold-embroidered coats and leggings, the Circassians, the Wallachs, the Persians, the Arabs, the Bulgarians, the different tribes and races of mountaineers, and the Turks and Turkish women, the Jews, the sailors from every clime, all crowding through the narrow streets among the Turkish officers covered with gold lace, and the astonishing kavasses of the different embassies, make it like a moving dream of the wildest carnival that was ever seen, even in a dream.

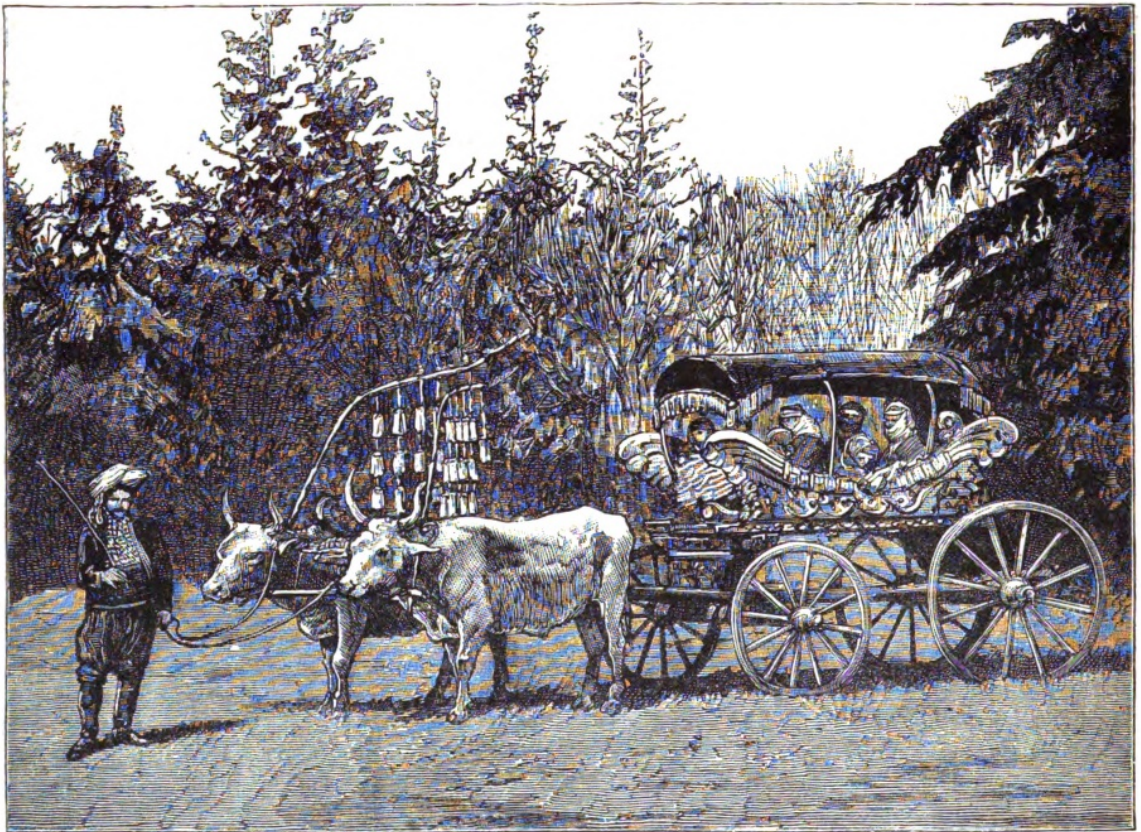
At the end of Ramazan, every year, the Sultan receives a new wife from his mother. This wife has been chosen in her early youth for her promise of beauty, and carefully reared, and finally put through a period of steaming and soaking and smoking, in various perfumes, for the occasion. This wife ranks as legitimate wife at once; but there is no marriage ceremony when the Sultan takes a wife, or raises a slave to the ranks. Ulemas would have less time for meditation and prayer in that case.

The Sultan is the saddest-looking man in his empire. His health is poor and his lungs are weak, and he fears assassination so much that it

weighs upon his spirits, and even the consolations of all his wives do not lift the cloud.

Of the outward beauty of Constantinople and its surroundings one might fill volumes. There is no part of it from whence the most exquisite and fairylike views cannot be obtained. Standing on the Pera side of the Pontoon Bridge which crosses the Golden Horn, old Stamboul lies in sight, with Seraglio Point reaching out into the noble Sea of Marmora. The ancient walls yet standing inclose the ruins and still remaining buildings that formed the glory of

innumerable headstones of the old Turkish cemetery, and the hospital where Florence Nightingale left the remembrance of her sweet ministrations; and back of all this the dark and dim range of mountains, while in the foreground stands, surrounded by water, the legendary Leander's Tower. At your feet the swift Bosphorus flows, which has hidden so many dark and mysterious deeds, to say nothing of how many fonts of type from "suppressed" newspapers. As far as the eye can see stand little villages along the green indented shores of the strait, each with its cypress



OUT FOR A DRIVE.

Islam when the former warlike Sultans reigned with such despotic strength. The great wonder of St. Sophia shows her domes and spires; and other mosques, each with its tragic story of blood and fire, rear their slender points heavenward from among a wilderness of red-tiled roofs and dark-green cypresses. All speak of a long-gone time, even the clear open space of At-Meidan, where Justinian and his Empress held their circus revels, and where the red obelisk which was despoiled from Egypt stands solemn and alone.

On the other side is Scutari, half hidden in the dark-green cypresses through which one sees the

sentinels, its red roofs and its gilded domes and minarets; and around you and on to the left a row of royal palaces, each more beautiful than the last; and below you Galata, with its teeming commerce and its ships from the uttermost parts of the world, and directly around you the most diversified legion of human beings ever gathered together; and over all the glamour of the Orient, with its curious homes, its deep mysteries, its veiled women, its dirt, disorder, its latticed windows, and its beautiful blue sky, pierced by lofty minarets, from which floats musically down, "Is-mir Allah"—(It is time for prayer).