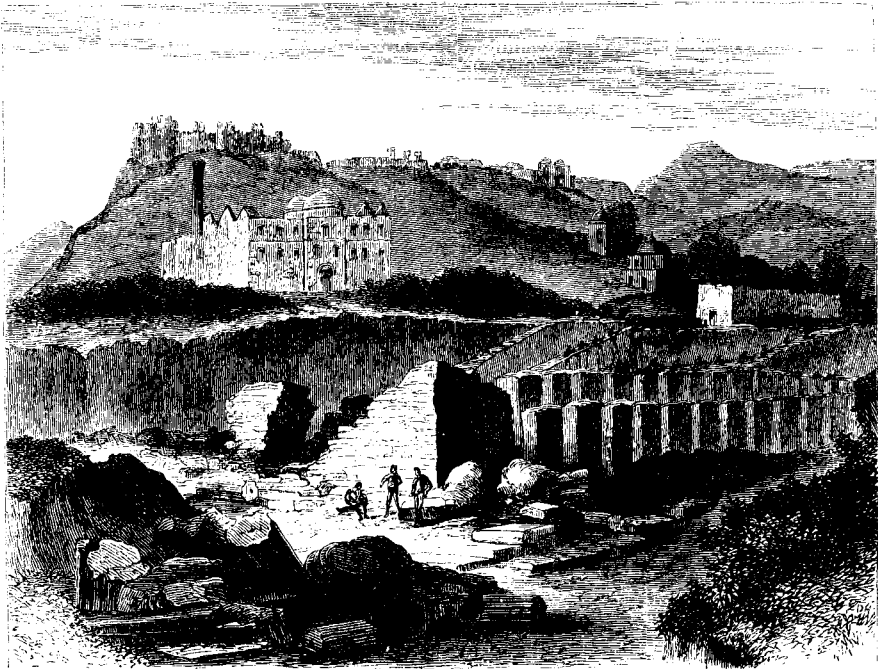


HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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GENERAL SHERMAN IN EUROPE AND THE EAST.

[Second Paper.]



EXCAVATIONS AT EPHESUS ON THE SITE OF THE TEMPLE OF DIANA.

THE morning after leaving Alexandria broke clear and pleasant. There were few cabin passengers, but there were many third class returning from the pilgrimage to Mecca and the shops of Cairo. These people—men, women, and children—carried their own edibles and bedding, the latter consisting in some cases of a species of mattress, with coverlets, in others simply of blankets, which were spread upon the deck, and upon which they lay night and day, black and white being very near neighbors. Upon one side of the vessel, in the interval between the cabins, which were on the upper deck, and the side of the ship, were collected most of the women, and reaching from the roof of the cabin was stretched an awning, which

in part protected them from the rain which fell as we approached the Dardanelles. Most of the time was taken up in sleeping, but occasionally some would wake up to sing (?) or gamble; the favorite game being one often seen about Rome, and consisted in throwing out the fingers on the part of one man, while the others would guess at the number. On the whole, they were a peaceable set, but very dirty. Among them was a character described by Mark Twain under the name of "Far-Away-Moses." The knowledge of his reputation in America had already reached him, and he carried his card, with "Far-Away-Moses" inscribed upon it, as well as the number of the page in the *Innocents Abroad* wherein his fame has been

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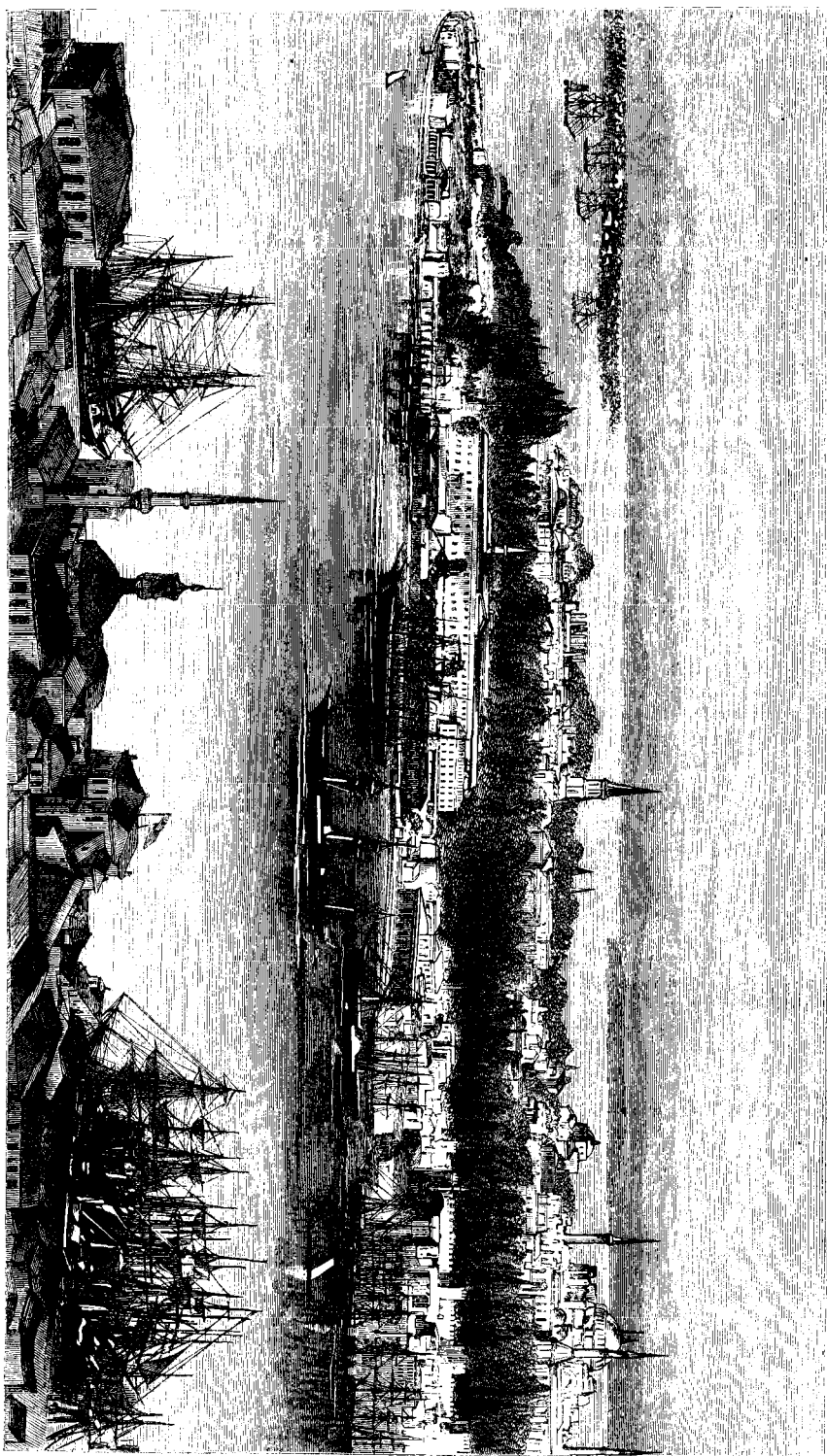
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noted. His honesty was about as high in standard as that of the rest of his people, and by the sale of shawls, blankets, and such small goods as are to be found in the bazars of Cairo and Constantinople he gained his daily bread. On Thursday morning the *Minerva* came abreast of the Isle of Rhodes, which was on the right hand, while on the left was Scarpanto. Patmos and Samos were also passed. These islands seemed treeless; their color was of a bright green, as it was early spring, and their general appearance much like that of the islands on the coast of California, reminding one of the passage in Santa Barbara Channel. All that day the vessel steamed along in view of various islands, and at about four o'clock in the evening anchor was cast in front of the island of Scio, which looked very pretty from the deck, as the steamer lay at a distance of three-fourths of a mile from the shore.

On Friday morning the *Minerva* anchored before the town of Smyrna. This city lies at the foot of a very deep bay inclosed by high hills. At their different anchorages were many vessels, but the only man-of-war was the Austrian iron-clad ship *Lissa*. Back of the town, upon a high hill, stand the ruins of an ancient fortification, and the view from there over the city—the bay with the vessels riding at anchor on the one side, and on the other the cultivated fields and fruit trees—is particularly beautiful. As the vessel was to remain there till about noon the next day, most of the passengers went ashore. General Sherman and party, taking a small boat, landed about sunrise, under the guidance of "Far-Away-Moses," who seemed to have the responsibility of the party's pleasure resting upon his shoulders. By him they were conducted through the narrow, badly paved streets, with houses of two and two and a half stories on each side, to the office of Mr. Smithers, the United States consul at that place. The consul lived six miles beyond Smyrna, and had not yet come in. The "cavass" in charge promised to telegraph to him, and the party in the mean while took up "the line of march" in search of a breakfast. Down a narrow passage-way the hotel was reached, and the order for the morning meal given. While awaiting its preparation a traveling acquaintance was made with four Englishmen just arrived from Greece, and from them it was learned that they were about starting on an excursion to Ephesus. Upon their invitation General Sherman and party joined them, and after breakfast they started for the railway station in the outskirts of the town. The party consisted of the general and his companions, four Englishmen, and two Russians. The railroad ran through a very pretty country of mountain and valley. The soil was not cultivated, but there were many flocks of goats and sheep grazing. We

saw also some camels, and, scattered about, the black tents of their Bedouin owners. Riding thus for forty miles we reached Yasalouk, where the horses were awaiting the arrival of the train. Their saddles and bridles would have added to the rustiness of an old junk shop. Near the station some parts of the aqueduct were still standing, and upon these, as upon the ancient tombs, many storks had built their nests, from which they flew as the party rode by, breaking the stillness with their shrill cries. An Englishman, who had a drinking saloon near the station, was engaged as guide. Near his shop were some pieces of marble boxed up and marked "British Museum, London." These were parts of the Temple of Ephesus. Mounting the horses, a ride was taken across the flat country toward an insular hill of about 1500 feet in height, around whose base lay the ruins of the ancient city. There was no sign of a road, and the horses followed, one behind the other, the bridle-path other excursionists had made. Reaching the hill, and ascending half-way through the growing hemlock, a place said to be the cave of the Seven Sleepers was pointed out by the guide. This cave was a kind of chapel, in which a lamp was burning. This, however, is not the real cave, the latter being close by—a mere hole filled with dirt and bushes. Leaving the valley and going around the base of the hill, we soon found masses of marble and huge stones, which had evidently formed structures of great size and beauty.

Passing around the hill, we came to the ruins of the great theatre in which St. Paul fought with wild beasts. It is semicircular in form; the marble is of good quality, and the stones that are still standing were very well laid, and at one time it must have shown a fine architectural appearance. The old port of Ephesus was plainly visible, but is now grown up with bulrushes. The river near by, once capable of floating a vessel drawing ten feet of water, could not now float one drawing more than four or five. The ruins of the Treasury were also visited. They stand out from the base of the hill; but no one can now tell why these particular ruins are so called, unless it be from the massive stones that compose them. Beyond these ruins is a high point, upon which stands the remains of a stone building, said to be once the prison of St. Paul. Most likely it was built as a look-out, for from it there is a magnificent view of the sea. The town was built about and in front of the hill which stands detached from the mountain chain. In front spreads the plain through which the stream meandered, and up which the vessels from the sea came to take refuge in the lake now filled up. Old columns of marble lay about in every direction, and their beauty showed how great the magnificence of Ephesus must once have been. Ruins of dwellings



SERAGLIO POINT, CONSTANTINOPLE.

were every where seen along the faces of the hill and on the plateau toward the ancient harbor, while the tombs and sarcophagi of marble encircle the base. From Ephesus, and crossing the plain, the party returned toward the railway station, near which and the village of Yasalouk they saw an excavation about twenty feet deep in the alluvial soil, where about a hundred Turks were at work under the charge of a sergeant of the English army, detailed to superintend the excavation of the Temple of Diana in the interest of the British Museum. They had got down to the base of one single pillar, whose proportions were really gigantic, and whose finish was very beautiful. It is supposed to be one of many that are left of the great Temple of Diana, one of the seven wonders of the world. From appearances \$100,000 must have been expended in these excavations. And later in our travels we saw some of these stones of Ephesus in the British Museum in London, which had been brought in an English frigate. Returning to Smyrna, we found the United States consul awaiting us at the station, with whom we spent the night at his country-seat.

The next day was a Greek holiday, and the streets of Smyrna were full of people, all of whom stared in great curiosity at the strangers. It was a pleasant sight to see white and uncovered faces, as well as children who looked like those at home. We made a formal visit to the governor, who had his guard under arms in our honor, and after a few minutes' conversation caused coffee and pipes to be handed about. These pipes had stems some four feet long, the mouth-piece being of large beads of amber. After this some preserves were passed around. Taking leave of the governor, the party returned to the consulate, where at 2 P.M. the governor returned the visit. At 4 P.M. we returned on board the *Minerva*, which soon got under way for Constantinople. Passing out of the harbor before the daylight had disappeared, we had a good opportunity to appreciate its remarkable beauty. During the night the ship touched at the island of Mitylene, which was on the right hand, and the next morning, Sunday, at eight o'clock, anchored in what is called Besika Bay. There is no bay to be seen, however, though the island of Tenedos is on one side, with a channel from four to five miles wide between it and the main-land. A ship may anchor there with perfect safety. It is the same point which the Greeks must have used in the old Trojan war, and recently was the rendezvous of the English and French in the Crimean war. The site of the ancient city of Troy is on the mainland abreast of the island of Tenedos. To the eye of General Sherman the country looked very much like that back of Benicia, in California, the hills having no trees

upon them, while the russet color of the vines is seen, but without any thing striking in the scenery. The island of Tenedos has a fort built of masonry, and appearing as though constructed within the last twenty-five years. After stopping about an hour, the voyage was continued toward the Hellespont. With a fair day both points at the entrance of the Hellespont are distinctly seen, on each of which appears a great tower, of very little use against modern artillery. The width of the Hellespont here is about five miles, and a strong current always runs from the Black Sea toward the Mediterranean. Several sailing ships were anchored in Besika Bay, waiting to go through, which can only be done with the aid of a strong leading wind. The course of the vessel was along the north shore, which still retained its general appearance, rising gradually to the height of some seven or eight hundred feet. Ascending the Dardanelles about twelve miles, the straits narrow to about one and a half miles. Here were the old "Sestos and Abydos," and here Xerxes passed on his bridge of boats. On the right-hand side of the narrowest part is the town of Dardanelles, and more life is seen here than at any other point in Turkey except at Constantinople. Within the town the streets are like those of other Mediterranean towns, very narrow and irregular.

All merchant vessels, according to existing treaties, can pass in and out freely, but no vessels of war. The Sultan was expecting the general and party to arrive in a war vessel of their own navy, and had arranged to receive them at Dardanelles. But as they came in a merchant vessel they continued in her right up to Constantinople. At the entrance to the Sea of Marmora is Gallipoli. At sundown of Sunday the *Minerva* entered this sea, and by daylight approached Constantinople. On a clear day the view of the city is beautiful, but unfortunately a heavy rain was falling. Running close by the Seven Towers, which is the left flank of the wall which covers the city on the land side, Seraglio Point was passed, and anchor cast in the Golden Horn, in the midst of about three hundred vessels, steamers and ships, of all nations. They were chiefly propellers, the Austrians, Italians, and English seeming to have control of the commerce of the Mediterranean. The Turks had many flags flying, and no doubt have much commerce, but for some reason do not seem to be a sea-loving people, while the Greeks, Austrians, Italians, and English take to the sea naturally. The Golden Horn is an inlet at the western end of the Bosphorus, which is the deep channel connecting the Black Sea with the Sea of Marmora. After passing the straits about a quarter of a mile there is a sudden turn to the left into the Golden Horn, when Stamboul is on the left hand

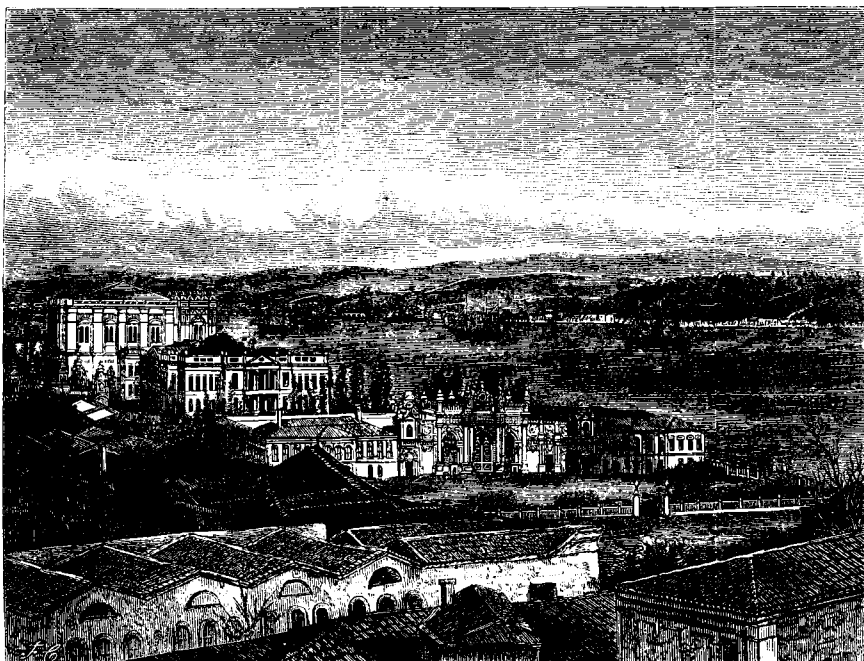
and Galata on the right. There is a good bridge about a mile ahead, which bounds the usual anchorage for merchant vessels. The Golden Horn is the harbor proper. From the Black Sea comes a strong current, everlasting, never flowing back, but stronger or weaker according to the pressure of the wind and the floods of the Don and other rivers that empty into it. It is of salt-water, though not so strong as the open ocean.

Pera is known as the European part of the city, and in it the streets are wider than in the other parts, and there the Europeans mostly dwell, having stores as one would find in any Christian city. Scutari is on the Asiatic side, while Stamboul is what was once old Constantinople. In it are the mosques, Sublime Porte, War-office, bazars, and old residence of the sultans, now deserted for the more modern palace in Pera. The streets are narrow, dirty, and badly paved. The houses vary in shape and size, and are mostly of wood, so that when a fire occurs much damage is done. Not long before General Sherman's arrival a fire had destroyed many of them. One or two more conflagrations would greatly improve the city. The principal living production after the people seems to be dogs, and these infest the streets in all sizes and shapes, and make night hideous with their fighting, barking, and growling.

Soon after the *Minerva* came to an anchorage Mr. Brown, the dragoman, or interpreter of the United States legation at Constantinople, came on board, accompanied by a Mr. Oscanyan, the Turkish consul at New York, who was then on leave of absence. They informed the general that the Sultan had sent one of his own boats to take him and his party to the shore. Passing down the steps, at the bottom were two handsomely gilded caïques (or boats), rowed by a dozen stalwart Turks each, whose livery consisted of silk jackets, bag trowsers, and the turban. Every one could easily recognize these boats as belonging to the Sultan. We were landed at the arsenal dock in Galata, a suburb of the city, founded by the Genoese, at the foot of the hill upon the summit of which Pera is built, in which port, as before mentioned, all the foreigners or Europeans usually reside. When the party reached the shore they found there a guard of some thirty Turkish soldiers, who presented arms. Outside the arsenal gates were two handsome carriages, with footmen and coachmen, from the Sultan's stables, into which the party got and were driven up the hill to the small hotel back of the English embassy, where apartments had been secured for them. The object which most attracted attention as the hill was ascended was the American street railway there in use. The cars were divided into two compartments, one for the use of women, the

other for men. After a good breakfast we went to the Byzantium Hotel to call upon the American minister, Mr. George H. Boker, who had arrived only a few weeks before, and who was very courteous, and offered us every facility. While conversing with him a servant came hurriedly in to announce the arrival of the Grand Vizier, who had come to return the call Mr. Boker had made a few days before. As this individual is a great personage in Turkey, every one immediately prepared for the event. The door was thrown open, and in walked a short, stout old gentleman, defective in one eye, and blowing like a porpoise, since he had climbed two flights of stairs. He did not remain many minutes; but notwithstanding this, coffee was of course served. The amount drank of this beverage during the days of calling must be great. After the Grand Vizier had taken his leave the party called on General Ignatief, the Russian minister, who, having been in the country some time, and being able to speak English, General Sherman wished to consult in regard to the best way of visiting the Caucasus. General Ignatief was very polite, introducing them all to his wife, who had been a Princess Gallitzen.

Tuesday was a clear and pleasant day, and about noon three carriages, fine open English barouches, drawn by two fine horses each, and belonging to the Sultan's stables, came for the party. Upon the box sat coachmen and footmen attired in the royal livery, which consisted of flowing trowsers to the knee (where they were met by top-boots), gold-embroidered jackets and vests. Upon the head was the red fez, and wrapped around the waist were long sashes embroidered with gold-thread. Besides these, there were also several outriders, all wearing the same livery. In advance of the arrival of the carriages came a major of the Turkish army, who reported to the general for duty. The party being in full uniform, seated themselves in the carriages, and preceded by the outriders, who cleared the narrow streets, started for the Byzantium Hotel, where they took up Mr. Boker and his son, and then continued on toward the palace at which the presentation was to be held, crowds of Turks, foreigners, and others lining the sides of the streets through curiosity to see the "great Americans." Following along the top of the hill, the road then descended to the water-side. At a point above where the party had landed on their arrival in Constantinople was situated the chief palace of the Sultan, called Dolma Bagkté. This is a very beautiful building, and is inclosed on the main front and land side by a high wall, the entrance through which is by a very elaborate and handsome gateway. The water side is inclosed by a light and elegant iron railing, and occasionally there are flights of



DOLMA BAGTÉ PALACE.

steps, by means of which there is an easy access to the caïques. Once inside the gateway, one finds himself in quite a large garden or court-yard. The palace is divided into two parts, the front, the part with the turret roof, as seen in the illustration, being occupied by the Sultan, the other, or back part, being devoted to his harem; and in order to thwart the eyes of the curious, the windows of this part are inclosed by a lattice-work. Indeed, it is very common to see this inclosure in the meanest-looking houses in the city. Upon the beautiful marble steps which gave access to the first floor stood the Minister of Foreign Affairs for Turkey, Servia Pasha, surrounded by several ushers, among them Hamdy Bey, whom the party frequently saw during their visit to Constantinople. Mounting the steps, we entered the palace, where there was a long hall or corridor, quite wide, and upon both sides of which were stationed the officers of the royal household, all being in full uniform.

When the party had once entered the hall the order of precedence was announced to them by Servia Pasha through Mr. Brown, the dragoman. Only at that moment was it discovered that Lieutenant Grant was to go first, and, as the son of the President of the United States, be received as a prince royal. It was too late to do any thing by way of explanation, and though "Fred" went forward very reluctantly, he accepted the situation, and, followed in order by General

Sherman, Mr. Boker, and the rest of the party, approached the staircase, where, on the landing at which it divided, was standing Abdul Assiz, Sultan of Turkey, who, shaking Lieutenant Grant by the hand, turned, motioned him to continue up the stairway, and walked by his side, without paying any attention to the rest of the party. The Sultan conducted them into a very handsome room, which looked out upon a most beautiful scene, embracing the Bosphorus, Golden Horn, and city of Stamboul. After entering the room the Sultan received General Sherman very courteously, and seating himself, motioned the party to do likewise. After a short pause he began the conversation in Turkish, which was translated by Mr. Brown. Mr. Boker made a short speech recounting the history of the visitors. The interview lasted about fifteen minutes, and at its termination the Sultan accompanied the party to the head of the staircase, where he shook hands with Lieutenant Grant and the general, simply inclining his head to the rest. Abdul Assiz is rather stout, about five feet eight inches in height, has large dark eyes, grayish hair and beard. He was dressed in loose snuff-colored pantaloons, black coat, cut like that of an Episcopal minister, and patent-leather shoes. Under his coat he wore a white flannel shirt, on his head the fez, and on the little finger of his right hand an immense ruby ring. He assured the general and party that they should have access to every object of interest. Having regained

their carriages, the party was driven across the pontoon-bridge to Stamboul to call upon the Grand Vizier, who received them cordially, and after a few minutes' conversation in Turkish, caused pipes and coffee to be passed about. There was nothing in his appearance to fill one with awe. From there they called upon the President of the Council, who is the head of the Legislative Council, or civil branch of the government, where coffee was again drunk out of small cups, and tobacco smoked from pipes with long stems and large amber mouth-pieces. The next call was upon Servia Pasha, Minister of Foreign Affairs, who had been with them at the palace. This man spoke French fluently, had been educated in France, and was very agreeable—without doubt the most agreeable they met, since he laid aside the rigid formalities that surrounded each of the authorities of the court, and chatted away like any European. Here cigars gave place to pipes, and coffee was not handed about. For all that, when the Minister of Foreign Affairs came into the presence of the Sultan, he was a very insignificant person, who sat with his arms folded across his breast and his head cast down. This finished the formal visits, and a drive was taken, where practicable, through the old city. The Church of St. Sophia, once a Christian church, but now converted into a mosque, was visited, and to enter its sacred portals the feet had to be covered with slippers.

The palmy days of Seraglio Point have passed away since the Sultan has fixed his residence across the harbor, on the Pera side, and with one or two exceptions the foreign legations are also established there. What was once the ancient palace is now converted into a museum, called the Treasury, in which are placed the jewels belonging to the Sultan. The display is a magnificent one, and the eyes are dilated in wonder examining the diamonds, emeralds, rubies, and pearls there exposed to view. Some of these are very large and beautiful. There are swords whose hilts are thickly inlaid with diamonds; exquisite decorations for the turban, composed of diamonds, emeralds, and pearls; saddle-cloths, martingales, and bridles, inlaid with pearls, turquoises, and other jewels; drinking cups, vases, silver pitchers for wine, all rich in their embellishments; while a throne of one of the early sultans is almost one mass of inlaid ivory, pearls, and other jewels. The collection must be one of very great value. A sharp eye was kept upon the party, notwithstanding the high auspices under which they came. Before entering the building a seal which was upon the lock was broken and carried to a place of deposit, where it is kept as a voucher for the occasion which caused the door to be unlocked. After the

visit was over this lock was again sealed up. In the same inclosure are the buildings in which are the throne-rooms, library, and arsenal, in the latter of which are stored away a large number of muskets of American manufacture. On the floor above are a number of effigies, representing the various phases in Turkish costume, and among these are those of the janizaries. Near this building is a small museum, containing some curiosities from Egypt. Leaving the Seraglio, and passing out of the gate, near which is the spot at which many unfortunates have lost their heads, we visited one of the sultans' tombs, and then went to the place once used as a reservoir. Descending many steps into the ground, one comes to a large cavern in which water was once kept. The ceilings are very lofty, and the whole is supported by about one thousand columns. This place was, at the time of the visit, greatly dilapidated, and used by cordwainers, who were busily engaged at work.

Old Stamboul must be thoroughly visited in order to be understood. The streets are narrow, wretchedly paved, and very dirty. The old wall still incloses it, and runs from the Bosphorus on one side around to the Golden Horn on the other. The usual manner of wending one's way through these streets is by horseback, and the animals used are very fine, and stand at the street corners for hire, as the hacks do in the cities of the United States. The day being hot, however, General Sherman and companions went in the carriages they had hired in Pera, and they had a rough ride. Reaching the wall by the fortification called the "Seven Towers," they passed through the gateway, and followed along outside toward the Golden Horn. This wall is very thick, and at intervals of about every one hundred and fifty yards has a tower. Its preservation shows how well it was built. The road was heavy with mud, and along the left-hand side was one continuous cemetery, through the broken-down tombstones and cypress-trees of which the wind howled mournfully. The country was desolate in the extreme. No cultivation, no roads, nothing but a long extent of unproductive land, looking as though it might never have been visited by civilized man. Surrounding the three towns which constitute Constantinople the same condition of things exists, and to travel over the country, which is rolling and picturesque, one must go on horseback, and follow the paths made by the goats. There are a few exceptions as to roads, one being in favor of that to the "Sweet Waters of Europe," the other of that from Pera to Therapia, the summer resort on the Bosphorus. Every thing about a visit to this city is different from what one experiences in any other part of Europe. The houses of Pera are, in the new quarter,



CENETERY, OLD STAMBOUL.

of stone, but the rest, and in Stamboul, of wood; and the stores in this last-named place are bazars, which are simply covered streets. Here are met the Christian, the Jew, and the Moham-medan, and the goods exposed for sale are as varied and curious as are the persons who expose them. People of almost all nations pretending to any civilization here meet. Each portion has its particular articles, and the entire thing is an immense curiosity shop. The stores, six or eight feet by twelve, do not seem large enough to contain much goods; but this one finds is not the case when the shop-keeper begins to unload his shelves. The jewels

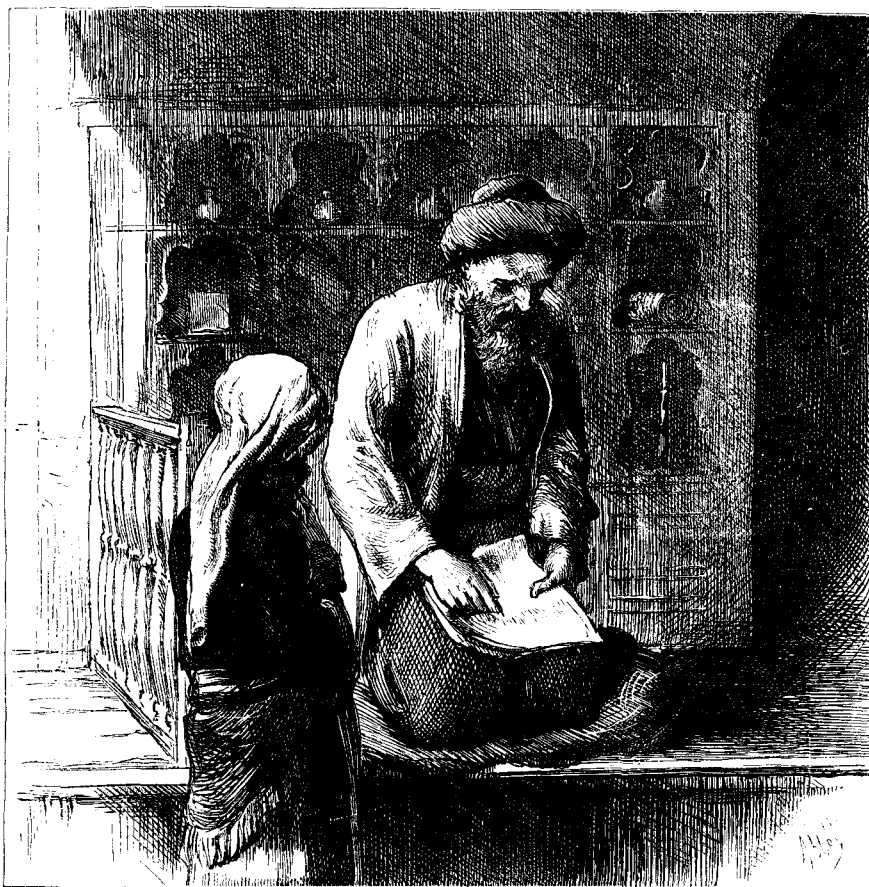
are tempting, and are sold in various forms. From underneath the garment of some greasy-looking Arab may come some of the finest diamonds. The women come here to sell the jewels probably received in their first years of harem life. Walking through these streets one may be accosted by an



BAZAR, CONSTANTINOPLE.

Arab, who will offer for sale a diamond ring or breastpin. He has offered this same article to others, and stores away in his memory the price each one has bid. His mind has been made up as to how much he will take, and the highest bidder generally carries off the jewel. To many of the shops are little box-rooms in which one can sit while bargaining, and often the shop-keeper offers his customer coffee. Such things as are fancied are placed to one side, and when the selection is complete, the process of securing the lowest price is gone through with, which often ends in getting the article for about one-half what was first asked.

In Stamboul is the Post-office, and by the side of this sit the scribes, reminding one of the early Christian characters. With paper all ready, they wait the customer, and whether it be a love-letter or one on business, to them it is all the same, for each is a living "ready letter-writer." In the mean time buying and selling go on about them. In the midst of the noise and confusion of these crowded streets a voice will be heard from the minaret of some neighboring mosque, when the shop-keeper will cease his sales, the scribe will drop his pen, and upon their knees they fall. This is not a universal custom, but a very general one.



A SCRIBE.

The day after the presentation to the Sultan the party called on the Minister of War, whose office was in Stamboul. The War-office is an old palace, having in its front a large parade ground for manœuvring troops, and which ground, as well as the palace, is inclosed by a very high iron railing, the entrance to which is had by a very handsome gateway. The same carriages used the day before were sent to the general, though the coachmen and footmen wore a more quiet livery. In full uniform, the party started, and crossing to Stamboul by the pontoon-bridge, reached the gateway to the palace ground, and passing through, saw about 3500 troops waiting to receive them. These consisted of six battalions of infantry on the right hand, in two lines of battle; on the left hand were two batteries of artillery, two battalions of cavalry, and two battalions of lancers. As the carriages passed along the front of these lines to the palace the troops presented arms, and there was music. Passing into the porte cochère, they were received by the Secretary of War, a large old

man, very kindly in his manner, who had passed some years in Germany, and could speak German. He was surrounded by his officials, general officers, and others, all in full uniform. Taking Lieutenant Grant by the hand, he led him up a wide staircase, the rest of the party following, and conducted us into a large and very handsome room, the floor of which was covered with a heavy Turkey carpet, and in which the furniture was gilded, the seats and backs being covered with red embroidered satin.

Pipes were handed about with long stems and amber mouth-pieces. Each mouth-piece was encircled with a ring set in diamonds, not one ring of which could have been of less value than four or five thousand dollars. The "pipe of peace" having been smoked, the party were conducted down stairs to the front of the palace. At that moment a carriage drawn by four horses and surrounded by outriders came dashing up, and, having halted, from it descended a youth of about fourteen years of age, small and delicate-looking. This was the eldest son of the

Sultan, but not the heir to the throne, since to this the oldest male in the royal family succeeds, which in this case is a cousin. The Sultan is very anxious, however, to break this law of succession. This prince is a major-general in the army, and during the visit of General Sherman to Turkey was placed in command of the household troops, and on the completion of his fifteenth year was presented by his grandmother, according to the papers, with a beautiful female slave. To him the party were presented, and the troops were then marched by in review. Their appearance was very creditable. The infantry were strong-looking men, wearing a Zouave jacket, pantaloons very baggy in the seat and gathered at the knee, shoes of russet leather laced up the side, and for arms carried Enfield muskets, changed by the Schneider system. The cavalry had small but strong horses, and carried revolvers, Winchester carbines, and sabres. The horses of the artillery were European, the guns of steel, six to each battery, one battery being composed of Armstrong guns.

After the review we breakfasted in the palace, after which General Sherman and his companions visited the iron-clad fleet of his majesty, consisting of thirteen vessels. We went on board the flag-ship, named *Abdul Asis*, where we were courteously received by the admiral, who spoke very good English. The moment the party stepped on board the ships were dressed with flags and the rig-

ging was manned. The day was bright, and the sight was very beautiful. The admiral conducted us over the ship, and had the crew called to quarters and exercised at the guns. The discipline and drill displayed were exceedingly good. After coffee, leave was taken of the admiral, and the party, resuming their caiques, left the vessel's side, from which directly afterward came a salute of twenty-one guns. Crossing the Bosphorus to the Galata side, they landed at the new palace of the Sultan, Tcherigan, which was just being finished. The style is a combination of the Moorish and Turkish, and the whole building is exquisitely beautiful. Standing at one end, there is a long vista through the rooms to the other. The walls and ceilings are in stucco-work, beautifully painted. The part devoted to the harem contains a large hall on the first floor, from which open various little parlors. By ascending an elegant wide staircase one comes to a very handsome large hall or room, which is that of the mother Sultana. On the same floor is another larger hall, which is the assembling-room of the ladies of the harem, and that is furnished in lounges covered with very elaborately worked satin covers, while four pure silver candelabra, some twelve feet high, give light to the apartment. The windows are of heavy plate-glass, and covered on the outside by a lattice-work of wood. There were separate bath-rooms for the Sultana mother—who is



GRAND REVIEW IN TURKEY.



THE SULTAN AT THE MOSQUE.

a woman of much influence—and for the ladies of the harem.

At the other end of the palace were the apartments of the Sultan, which were even more beautifully arranged than those of the harem. In the centre of the audience-chamber was a fountain. The bath-room was quite large, and divided into two compartments, the ceiling, walls, and floor being of handsome milk-white marble. The heating apparatus was under the floor. Along the water front is a beautiful esplanade, with fountains, and at one end of the garden is a little gem of a summer-house. On the hillside is quite an extensive park, in which are many peacocks, and twelve very large tigers, in cages. This palace being unoccupied, a very good opportunity was afforded for seeing the harem arrangements. The Sultan never marries, but has slaves. The first seven which bear him children become his wives, and it may be that the mother of the heir to the throne was once a peasant woman of Georgia or Circassia. The slave-marts have been abolished, and this is not at

all agreeable to those people who once disposed of their daughters, who, in many cases, became the wives and mothers of persons high in authority, which enabled them to improve the conditions of the homes from which they came.

The Sultan seems to be very fond of building palaces, and there is a story that he believes that if he should stop building he would die.

Friday is the Turkish Sabbath, and upon that day the Sultan goes to some one of the numerous mosques to say his prayers. This is a ceremony attended with much pomp. The mosque selected during one of the Fridays of General Sherman's visit was on the Bosphorus, on the Pera side. Hearing that General Sherman and party were desirous of witnessing this ceremony, his majesty caused to be placed at their disposal his kiosk, which was near the mosque he proposed visiting, a small house, beautifully furnished, from which he usually witnessed manoeuvres of the troops on the parade ground near by. When the party reached the kiosk



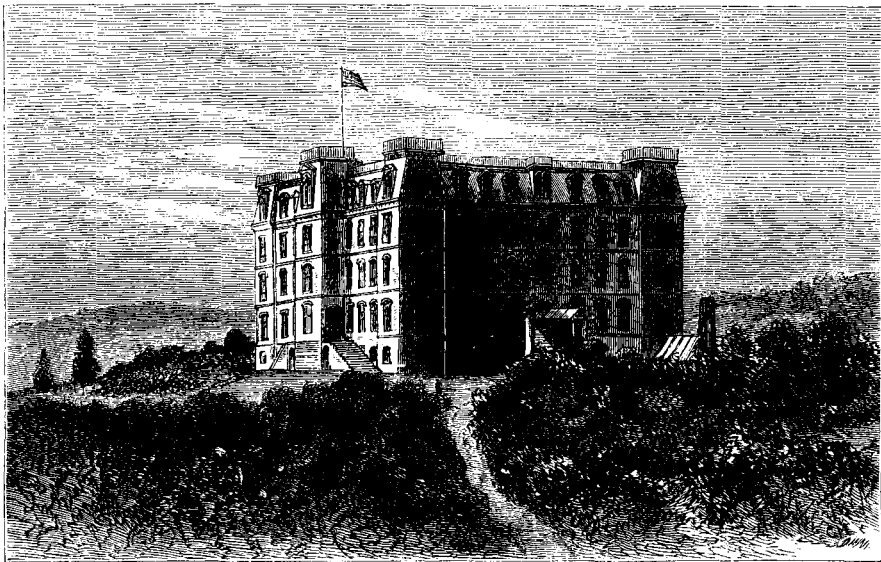
"SWEET WATERS OF EUROPE."

they found drawn up in two lines, facing inward, about two thousand infantry and the officers of the imperial household, all in full uniform, awaiting the Sultan's arrival, who was to come from his palace in one of his *caïques*. The steps of the mosque were covered with carpet, as was also the landing by the water. At noon a gun gave the signal of the Sultan's departure from the palace, and as the procession approached the ships of war in the harbor they fired salutes, so that the noise of the artillery became deafening, and echoed and re-echoed along the hills of the Bosphorus. First appeared around the turn a *caïque* rowed by about twenty oarsmen, in which sat an official, who jumped quickly from the *caïque* on the landing, and the boat then passed on. This was followed by another in like order, and then came the Sultan, who sat under a handsomely embroidered velvet canopy surmounted by the crescent. His *caïque* was rowed by about thirty oarsmen, who were dressed in white clothing, made out of a very pretty material seen at Constantinople. Their arms were bare from the elbows, as were their legs from the knees. In rowing they rose from their seats in reaching to the stroke, took one step forward, and at the moment of pulling bowed very low, settling into their seats as the stroke became exhausted. The *caïques* were white, with gilt ornamentation.

As soon as the Sultan's *caïque* appeared the troops presented arms, and remained in that position. As he landed the officers of

the household all stooped, placing the right hand to the ground, then on their lips, then on the top of their heads—thus indicating that they picked up the dirt. The Sultan was in uniform, and on his breast wore his orders. As he passed by the troops they cheered, and while holding the musket at a present in the left hand, saluted with the right. As the Sultan came near the kiosk he looked up at the windows where were the general and party, and after he had entered the mosque, sent his Lord Chancellor to inquire if they were comfortable. Passing into the mosque, the troops and the attendants awaited him outside. Some of these attendants wore green gold-embroidered liveries, others purple.

The second Friday of our visit was a very lovely day, and an excursion was made to the "Sweet Waters of Europe." Coming from the hills beyond Constantinople is a small stream which gradually swells to greater proportions, and finally empties into the Bosphorus through the curve which is called the Golden Horn. The water is fresh, hence, compared to that of the Bosphorus, is sweet. Into the Bosphorus comes from the Asiatic hills another stream, which has along its banks beautiful shade trees like those of its mate on the European shore. To distinguish these streams the one from the other, the one is called the "Sweet Waters of Europe," the other the "Sweet Waters of Asia." From Pera to the first-named, by water, is about four miles, and this distance is passed over in *caïques*. There is a good



THE ROBERT COLLEGE, CONSTANTINOPLE.

carriage-road over the hills, the distance being about the same. The party made the excursion on horseback, and on reaching the "Sweet Waters," found a great crowd collected. Caiques and one-horse carriages appeared in the greatest numbers. The ladies from the harems come there with their luncheons, and spreading upon the ground near the stream such rugs as they have brought, sit there during most of the afternoon, chattering away like magpies. Turks, Armenians, and Christians are there, and the different costumes displayed make a scene seldom rivaled. The eunuch marches up and down near his charge, and resents the too near approach of the curious stranger. The women, compared to the natives, are pretty. The white "yashmak" or veil they wear is so arranged as to permit the eyes to be seen, and these are generally dark and large. The veil is just thin enough to admit of the contour of the face being seen, and as the complexion of the women is very good by reason of the in-door life they lead, many of them, as seen in their carriages, are very pretty. When they walk, however, one loses somewhat of his admiration, for they are stout and generally clumsy. Dressed in loose pantaloons, Zouave jacket, etc., they wear around this when out of the house a silk cloak, which covers the entire dress. These cloaks are of one color, but each wearer chooses the color most to her fancy, and when many of them are together, as of a Friday afternoon, the effect is very beautiful. They do not object to flirting, and the pocket-handkerchief is as readily used for this purpose in Constantinople as in Paris.

At this Sabbath (Turkish) resort is a palace

of the Sultan, round which are beautiful grounds. The stream has been dammed by blocks of marble, cut into the form of shells with scalloped edges, down which the water pours in a beautiful cascade.

During the general's visit an excursion was made to a farm of the Sultan's, where there is a beautiful small palace, handsomely painted and furnished. The farm kiosk is a little gem of a house. The stables are built about a court, and in them were some sixty or seventy Egyptian cows, very pretty to look at, but not very good milch cows. There is a pleasant summer-house built on the border of a small lake. By a very picturesque drive we reached the "Sweet Waters," and then returned to town. Another trip was made to the Military School, which was commanded by Selim Pasha. The school is established in an old building, once used as a hospital, and is all under one roof. The cadets have but one dormitory, where they each have an iron bedstead, mattress, blanket, sheet, and coverlet. A chest of drawers stands by each bed. The cadets lack "setting up." Their shoes and boots—for there seemed to be no uniformity—were covered with mud; and while some wore check shirts, others had on white. In the higher or finishing school—for there is a preparatory one in Constantinople as well as one to each *corps d'armée*—there were five hundred cadets, the minimum age being fourteen years. The course of instruction occupies five years, and the graduates enter particular arms of the service, the most proficient being appointed to the staff corps. Those only are taught riding who are intended for the cavalry and artillery, while French,

Persian, and Arabic are equally taught to all. From this school the preparatory one was visited; here, also, were five hundred cadets, whose term of instruction is five years. Some of these cadets were not more than eight years old. Those who pass the final examination enter the main school; those who fail remain one year longer, at the end of which time they must either pass successfully, refund the money expended by the government in their education, or enter the army as privates.

On the Bosphorus, about six miles from the city, is situated an American college, which was founded by a Mr. Christopher Robert, of New York, and is known as the Robert College. The building is a very handsome one, and situated on a beautiful site. In a heavy rain-storm, and along roads which could almost take the prize for badness, this institution was visited. Boys of all religious sects are admitted, who for their education pay £40 a year. There were two hundred boys at the time of the visit who spoke English.

Sunday morning was beautifully clear, and by eleven o'clock, by means of the carriages and caïques of the royal household, the party reached the favorite yacht of the Sultan, called the *Sultanieh*, which had been presented to him by the Viceroy of Egypt. At noon this yacht, which was to convey General Sherman to Odessa, was loosened from her moorings, and began steaming up the Bosphorus toward the Black Sea. The Sultan stood at one of the windows of his palace watching the departure of his American guests, while they in turn, from the top of the wheel-house, waved him their final adieux. As the yacht passed the iron-clad fleet their rigging was manned and the vessels dressed with flags. The day was lovely, and minaret and tower reflected back from their polished tops the rays of the sun. As the flag-ship, *Abdul Assiz*, was passed, from its sides a salute of twenty-one guns thundered forth, and ere the echoes had ceased resounding among the hills of the Bosphorus the *Sultanieh* was under full steam, bound for Sebastopol.

THE NIGHT-SONG.

Known only, only to God, and the night, and the stars, and me:

Prophetic, jubilant song,
Smiting the rock-bound hours till the waters of life flow free,
And a soul, on pinion strong,
Flieth afar, and hovers over the infinite sea
Of Love and of Melody;
While the blind fates weave their nets,
And the world in sleep forgets.

Known only, only to me, and the night, and the stars, and God:

Song, from a burning breast,
Of a land of perfected delights, which the foot of man ne'er trod,
Like a foaming wine expressed
From passionate fruits that glowed 'mid the boughs of the Eden lost,
Ere sin was born, and frost;
Song wild with desires and regrets,
While the world in sleep forgets.

Known only, only to God, and me, and the night, and the stars:

The beacon-fire of song,
Flaming for guidance and hope while the storm-winds wage their wars;
Balm for the ancient wrong,
Dropping from healing wings on the wounds of the heart and the brain,
Quenching their ancient pain;
Love-star that rises and sets,
While the world in sleep forgets.

Known only, only to me, and God, and the stars, and the night:

Dove that returns to my ark,
Murmuring of grief-flood falling, of light beyond all light;
Voice that cleaveth the dark,
Singing of earth growing heaven, of distant hands that bless,
Though they may not caress;
And, blessing, pay love's old debts,
While the world in sleep forgets.

ALFRED H. LOUIS.