

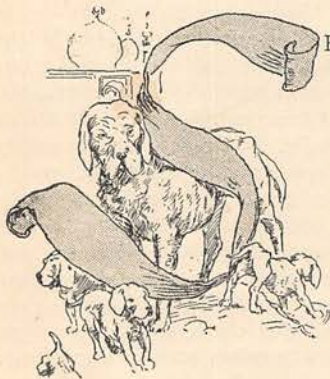
an eternal union for the protection of the realm and the care of the welfare of the German people."

The B \ddot{u} ndesrath, or Federal Council, consists of fifty-eight members appointed by the Governments of the individual states, and allotted proportionately among them, according to population. Its members, who are unpaid but are allowed travelling expenses, may take a seat in the Reichstag and claim to speak in support of the views of their Government; and while the Reichstag cannot be convoked without the B \ddot{u} ndesrath, the latter can assemble while the former is out of session. It is presided over by the Reichskanzler or Imperial Chancellor, formerly Prince Bismarck, and now Count Caprivi; and it has special powers of its own, clearly laid down in the Constitution of the Empire. The Reichstag has 397 members, whose personal privileges are the same as in the B \ddot{u} ndesrath, and who are elected by universal suffrage for five years, unless there intervenes a dissolution, which can be voted by the B \ddot{u} ndesrath, with the consent of its President.

The Reichstag meets at present in a temporary Reichstags-Gebäude or Hall of the Imperial Diet, hastily erected in 1871 on the site of an old porcelain manufactory; but it is not in its own home that it is addressed by the Emperor at the opening of each session. Then the members proceed to the White Saloon of the Royal Palace in which the old United Diet of Prussia

used to hold its debates; and it is in this noblest of all rooms in the palace, and surrounded by the marble statues of the twelve Prince-Electors of Brandenburg and eight colossal figures representing the provinces of the Prussian monarchy, that the representative embodiment of Germany yearly assembles to greet its Emperor. The permanent home of the Reichstag, which has been in course of erection for some years on a site formerly occupied by the Reczynski Palace, promises to be the most striking building in Berlin. Its splendid main entrance facing the Königs Platz will be surmounted by a colossal equestrian group, representing Germania, from the chisel of Professor Begas, the nation's foremost sculptor and a great favourite with the Emperor. The legislative chamber is to be arranged on the French semicircular plan, each member being provided with a seat, while the representatives of the Press will be placed immediately under the President's chair, a splendid position for both seeing and hearing. The external effect, however, is not likely to be at all as imposing as had been hoped. The building stands low; it has for neighbours some ugly tenements, and the patriotic German will admire it the less because it has already earned the unconcealed dislike of the Emperor. It is, however, as a symbol of the national unity that the new German Parliament-house will chiefly be remarked.

HANOUM : A MONGREL OF STAMBOUL.



HE lay in the middle of the Galata Road, surrounded by half-a-dozen sprawling, mousing, blind things, which had come to light an hour previously. It was dusk, and I stumbled over her, giving her huge body an acute shock, and causing her to raise herself feebly

on her haunches, as if to ward off further ill-usage. She was about the size of a mastiff, and belonged to the multitudinous Constantinople dog-waifs that live out their strange life in her streets and waste places, away from the human protection and love their fellows know so well how to win and appreciate. She was sandy-coloured, but her upturned face was pure white, and reminded me in the twilight of the visages of the women of the harem I had just quitted. The Sultana and her companions would have no lamps lit in the enshrined and carpeted hall. They declared that

they preferred chatting in the penumbra with their European visitor, and I was obliged to be content with a very unsatisfactory glimpse of their charms. The Turkish colloquialism for a mistress of the house is "hanoum," and I straightway adopted the name for the pale-muzzled down-trodden creature whom I had stepped upon unthinkingly. The dog did not seem particularly shy, but rolled her head in my skirt, as if to assure me that she was fully aware of any kindly sentiments I might entertain towards her, and would be glad of some practical proof of this good feeling. My house happened to be situated very near to the spot, and I was able to wheedle my new acquaintance into squatting on the grass-plot at the back, together with her brood of speckled pups. For about a fortnight Hanoum did me the honour of remaining within sight of the house. The young dogs thrived on succulent beef-bones and kitchen scraps, and were soon as vigorous as their mother.

But one morning I was very disappointed not to see the big fawn-hued shape, with its "awkward squad" of pups, on my grass-plot. I walked all round Galata, but though I met very many dogs, I saw nothing of my tawny friend or her family. She came back, however, three days later in a deplorable

condition, limping and whimpering, her poor back covered with bites and her tail raw at the tip. She was followed by only two of the puppies, and I never knew what had happened to the others. We nursed the three dogs back to life, but after they were well they disappeared again as suddenly as they came.

The nomad instinct, hereditary in the Constantinople four-footed scavenger, drives him forth into her thoroughfares, and will not let him rest for long under the civilised roof-tree.

This time, however, I came upon Hanoum an hour or so after her departure from the house. She was surrounded by two or three of her species, who were attacking her tooth-and-nail, and would certainly have been torn to pieces had she not managed to dodge through the legs of her tormentors into the open door of a mosque. At this I closed the door from the outside, regardless of the double row of Turkish worshippers I displaced in the process, so that the dogs, seeing pursuit unavailable, slunk off, and soon vanished from view.

Hardly a single worshipper looked up as I entered the outer court of the mosque, so absorbed were they in thoughts of Allah; but Hanoum crawled to me, wagging her head apologetically, as if asking to be taken back into favour, in spite of her gipsy-like departure from my house.

"Where are your puppies?" I muttered. "Bad dog! Ah! where, indeed?"

Hanoum did not seem in the least disconcerted by my question, but squatted down on a strip of brightly coloured prayer-carpet, long ago worn to stringiness by the knees of the faithful, and I, seeing that nobody troubled to look at us, seated myself beside her, and was soon lost in thought.

The mosque was old, shadowy, and iridescent with pearly lights from the inlaid and mosaic woodwork suspended from the wall. It had been built in the reign of Irene, and had known the archaic grandeur of the early Church. To-day, in place of the strange seraphim with folded wings, the Byzantine pendentives, above which soared the conical dome, hung great shield-like pieces of wood, limned with verses from the Koran. Silver lamps, blackened with smoke, dangled from the dome. They had held the office since those distant days when the pious empress hurled defiance at Haroun al Raschid, Caliph and Conqueror, and convoked the Council of Nice to maintain the supremacy of that orthodoxy which had received the Eucharist direct from the hands of the fishers of Galilee. But Hanoum would not have been permitted to enter the sanctuary in those days; now, however, no worshipper may take on himself to thrust her out of the door.

How long I should have remained in one position I do not know, had not Hanoum begun to get impatient for the open air and freedom to which she was accustomed. She began sniffing the garments of sundry cross-legged Turks whose faces were set Mecca-wards, and fearing that there must be a limit even to Moslem patience, I made my way out, Hanoum following placidly.

"Where are your puppies?" I said again, half

soliloquisingly; but when I turned to look for my canine companion, I saw her not. She had turned into one of the narrow streets which start from the Galata Mosque to the lip of the Horn, and I did not attempt to follow her. When she turned up again, it



"ROLLED HER HEAD IN MY SKIRT" (p. 850).

was in the company of two ugly yellow pups, sole survivors of the brood. One of them seemed very rickety on its legs, and its mother left it with me when she next started on a voyage of discovery. For a long time I was puzzled, because she invariably returned maimed and miserable from these peregrinations, but at last I recollected that the Constantinople street dogs possess a wonderful organising faculty. Each parish owns its canine contingent, and if a dog from another quarter enters its precincts, it is attacked and often killed by the natives. These dogs are for local government and the rights of Jack-in-office; and who shall say that they understand less of the science of government than certain politicians?

A member of their tribe, too, who has slept under a roof-tree for a few consecutive weeks loses caste and becomes a pariah, and its life is often forfeited to its temporary revolt from the free habits and instincts of its kin.

This was the case with poor Hanoum, for the sole of whose foot there was whilom no rest outside of my back garden. Vested interests and canine red-tapeism had spoilt all her chances of converting even the least unappropriated gutter corner at Galata into a kennel. "The place which had known her knew her no more."

Both puppies went off on their own account shortly after the sickly one recovered strength, but they made

me periodical visits, though never in each other's company or with their mother.

I had been very successful in teaching clever tricks to dogs of different species, but I utterly failed in instilling the most elementary accomplishments into the thick heads of these youthful mongrels. Atavism has much to answer for, and in all probability the absence of assimilative intelligence and mimicry in these dogs was due to the non-development in their forbears of virtues and qualities usually fostered by the congenial atmosphere of hearth and home and the contiguity of their human fellow-creatures.

This was all well and good, but Hanoum's pups disappointed me by their stupidity; and although I was willing to make allowances for educational and hereditary disadvantages, I did expect Karaddah and Shabit to do me a little credit, after I had taken infinite trouble to teach them to beg, sleep to order, and other of the evergreen accomplishments usually imparted to their kind.

Karaddah was the fiercer and stronger of the two; he was also more astute. Perhaps, were it not that madness is almost unknown among the Stamboul street dogs, I should have concluded he had a tendency that way, for if he met with the slightest opposition, he would foam at the mouth and act otherwise

strangely. Shabit, on the other hand, was apathetic and unsociable. He stayed rarely more than a couple of hours at a stretch in my company, while his visits were few and far between. Strangely enough, neither of these young animals seemed to be at variance with their canine comrades at Galata. Probably the latter knew better than to visit the sins of the fathers upon the children, or else they had forgotten their relationship to Hanoum.

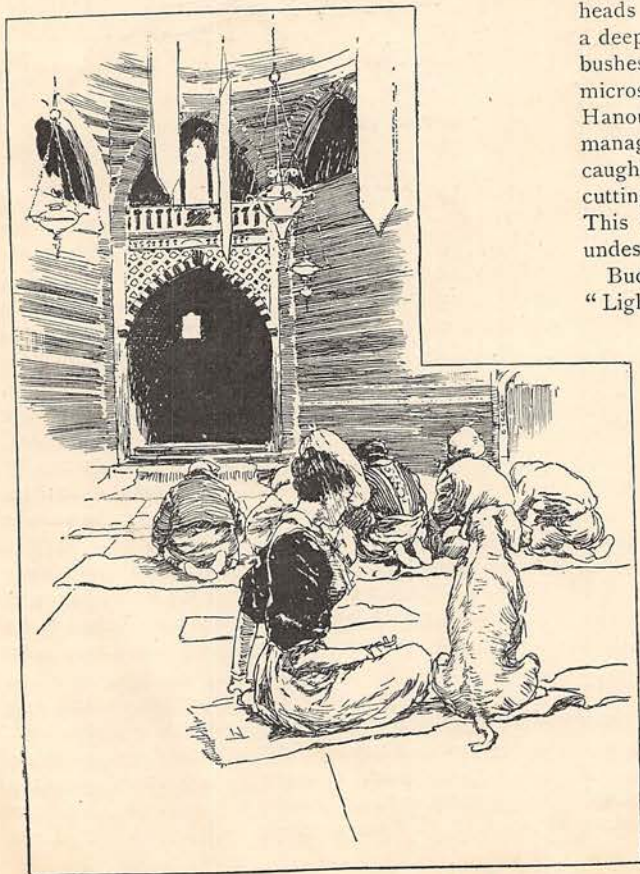
She, poor forsaken beast, was my most constant visitor of the three. She would devour a lump of bleeding offal upon my doorstep, and then come and deposit a friendly lick on my wrist. I remonstrated occasionally, though I knew long ago that Hanoum and manners were at daggers drawn, and it was useless to talk to her as to a home-bred dog. The whip as an agent of warning remained, but I rarely cared to take it into my hand. The hounded look that arose in the poor brute's eyes, and the evident recollection of kicks from Christian heels—for no pious Mussulman ever misuses an animal—deterred me from even a threat of castigation, and my queer Turkish vagabond continued to make depredations in my back garden, as she had done in the early days of our acquaintanceship.

Nothing in the floral or vegetable line ever consented to grow there since Hanoum had grubbed up a hole in the mould as big as a trough, had bitten off the heads of the peonies and southern poppies, and dug a deep moat with her huge fore-paws round the rose-bushes. I bethought me at last to entrench the microscopic garden with a strong palisade which even Hanoum would not attempt to throw over, but she managed to squeeze herself through the bars, and I caught her unearthing my newly-planted bulbs and cuttings with all her old industry and adroitness. This time she received a sound whipping, and not undeservedly.

Buddha is reported by Sir Edwin Arnold, in the "Light of Asia," to have allowed a famished tiger to feast upon his flesh. This act of renunciation has been immemorially admired by his followers. I, however, in spite of my partiality for Hanoum, did not care to emulate his example, and sacrifice my plot of bloom for her convenience.

She did not desert me, though, but with much ingenuity set about preparing a straw couch in the big disused drain-pipe which ran parallel with the gutter in the road. She would squat therein in a cramped position every evening, her legs tucked under her, and her yellow breast and white human-like countenance projecting above the rim of her impromptu sleeping-place.

During the daytime, too, she would take to accompanying me in my rambles more and more, until finally I began to feel as if I really had a dog of my own. Curiously enough, the scavenger mongrels of her own parish, and even those of the others,



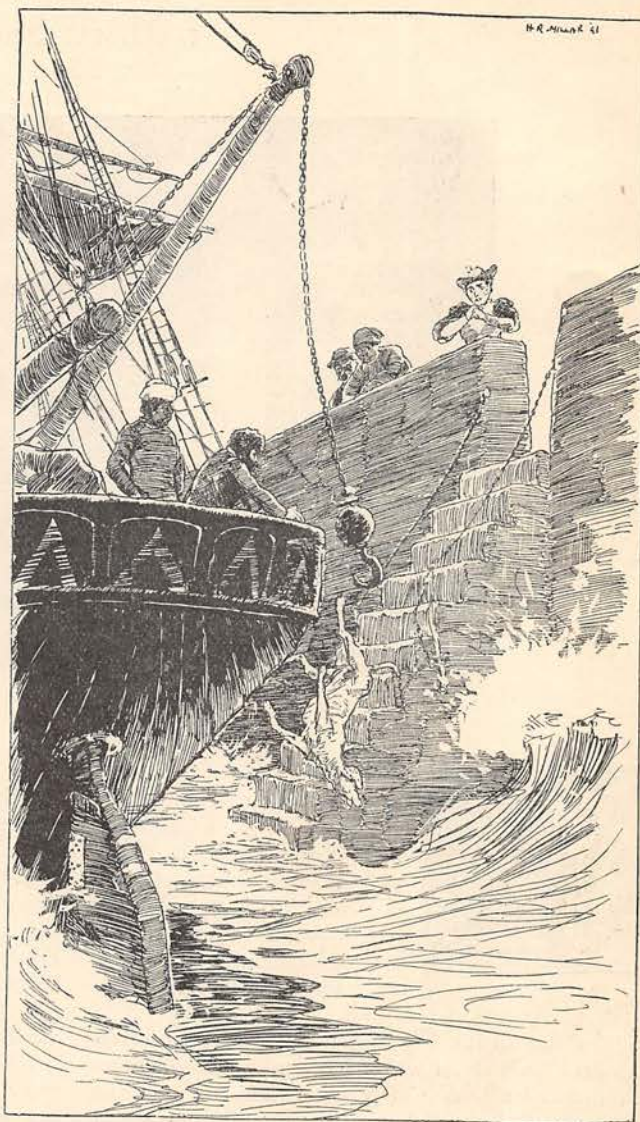
"I SEATED MYSELF BESIDE HER" (p. 851).

recognising her as a pariah by some marvellous instinct of freemasonry, did not seek to molest her in any way. She had passed out from among them : that was all.

At the top of the Galata faubourg stood an ancient convent, inhabited by dancing dervishes. I would often sit under the grey walls during summer evenings, and listen to the discordant shrieks and pitter-patter of the unquiet feet of these fanatics. Hanoum would listen too, with ears pendent and brown muzzle upon the ground ; only when a louder scream than usual broke the stillness, and the sudden thud of a heavy body betokened the fall of a wearied dervish, she would rise, sniff anxiously the masonry of the ramparts, and give vent to a series of plaintive and excruciating howls, as if she too felt and dimly understood the climbing impulse which prompted the mingled despair and religious enthusiasm of these men.

Another of our walks was in quite a different direction. With Hanoum in tow, I would take the quays from the Fana to the Sea of Marmora. Before us spread the vast panorama of the Golden Horn, with its moving pageantry of ships and feluccas ; behind us, out of the chaos of *serails*, cupolas, and minarets in miniature, and isolated clumps of cypress growth which go to make Constantinople, arose the seven-towered structure, Yedi Koulé, which was built by John Zimesces, the Citeria Basilia, with its myriad granite columns, and the great parti-coloured mosque wherein the standard of the Prophet reposes, upheld by crossed scimitars and sacred scarf-knots, and which the Sultan visits tremblingly prior to his accession to the troubles of a throne.

One morning we had wandered to the point of the Seraglio at the entrance of the Sublime Porte. A Russian brigantine, deeply laden with red winter wheat, rocked fitfully at anchor on the waters, and an old-fashioned crane, poised above her deck, was hoisting a straw-enclosed wheatsheaf—one of the principal Turkish imports—on to an enormous dray which stood close to the sea-wall for the reception of the cargo. Just at this point there was a break in the continuity of the wall ; steps, weed-grown and slippery, led down into the dirty water, and rusty chains with well-worn grapnels dangled therefrom. The great crane descended slowly, perilously grazing my head as I stooped over the wall in my examination of the cargo. Lower and lower it crept, and as it swung for the final dip into the hold of the vessel, knocked Hanoum with a sudden



"KNOCKED HANOUM WITH A SUDDEN SHARP SHOCK OVER THE STEPS INTO THE WATER."

sharp shock over the steps into the water. Two of the Odessa sailors leant from the stern of the brigantine and tried to save her ; I myself, holding frantically by the chains, strove to catch the poor dog as the current swept her out into the sea, but our efforts were in vain. She must have been stunned by the bulky machine, for she lay like a log on the water before she sank altogether. As I mounted the steps, my face streaming with tears, an old ragged Mussulman priest, or imaum, who had witnessed the catastrophe, whispered to me consolingly, "There is a place for beasts in Paradise : thus hath Allah decreed, whose name is the Eternal !"

