



The Suburb of Galata from Stamboul. To the right the Bridge of the Validé flanked by the landing piers of the Bosphorus steamers

Outdoor Life in Stamboul

By L. M. J. Garnett

STRETCHING across the mouth of the Golden Horn, the long floating bridge of the Validé, which unites Galata and Stamboul, forms a highway unsurpassed, if not unequalled, for interest by any other of the world's thoroughfares, traversed as it is all day long by a double current of varied humanity made up of racial types, national costumes, and social classes the most diverse. Here it is not difficult to realise that Constantinople is not only the metropolis of Turkey, European and Asiatic, and of Western Asia generally, but the capital also of all Islamiyeh. For in addition to the twelve or more nationalities that constitute the normal population of this cosmopolitan city, one may meet on the bridge of the Validé Christians of every shade of

orthodoxy and heterodoxy, Jews both subject to, and emancipated from, "the yoke of the *Thora*," and representatives of every race, Asian and African, professing the faith of Mohammed.

Paying our toll to one of the white-coated collectors, we join the human stream rolling across the bridge in the direction of Stamboul, whose domes and minarets, veiled in the shifting mists of an autumn morning, appear and vanish like the towers of some enchanted city. To our right is the inland curve of the Golden Horn, its rippling waters alive with craft of every description, native and foreign; to our left, on the extreme point of the peninsula on which Stamboul has replaced Byzantium, extend the battlemented and tower-girt walls of the "Serai of the Gardens,"

the hereditary abode of the Sultans during four centuries, and the scene of so much oriental luxury and so many imperial tragedies; while immediately before us as we reach the shore rises, dome above dome, the stately mosque of the Validé, still traditionally termed by the Turks *Yeni Djami*—the “New Mosque,” though some centuries have elapsed since its foundation.

This mosque forms the centre of one of the busiest quarters of Stamboul, surrounded as it is by bazaars, markets, and khans. Even the spacious plane-tree-shaded *harem*, or courtyard, which gives access to the mosque on its southern side is invaded by the itinerant vendors of fruits, sweets, cool drinks, and small wares of all kinds, who here set up their tripods and trays under large white umbrella-shaped awnings. This enclosure is, however, comparatively quiet and

restful after the bustle of the public thoroughfares through which we have just passed; and the price of a glass of lemonade supplies us with a rush-bottomed stool a-piece by the side of one of the bird-haunted ablutionary fountains whence we can survey at our ease the characteristically oriental scene. Within the precincts of the mosque are the usual charitable foundations, almshouses, baths, schools, &c., and the *turbé* or mausoleum of its pious foundress the Validé, or Dowager Sultana Tarkhan, mother of Mohammed IV. and regent of the Empire during the long minority of her son.

Very numerous, indeed, as we observe in the course of our stroll, are the charitable institutions of all kinds which, as the inscriptions they bear testify, owe their origin to the pious munificence not only of Sultanas, but of women of every rank. Female names



Softas and their children in the precincts of the mosque of Shah Zadi, of which they are the keepers. The Softas belong to the lowest grade of theological students

are, however, found in preference on mosques, baths, and fountains, perhaps because praying and bathing are two favourite female occupations, and also, perhaps, because women have in the East few opportunities of meeting in public save in the mosques and at the baths. The elegant fountains decorated with delicate sculptures and gilded arabesques, "lacework of marble and embroidery in stone," so numerous throughout the city, whence water is carried by the *Sakas* and distributed gratis to the thirsty toilers under an Eastern sun, are, as their name *Sebil* testifies, closely connected with the piety of Moslem women. *Sebil*, an Arabic word, signifies "The Way," or "The Road," and a traveller is hence called *Ibn-es-Sebil*, "The Son of the Road." The term is, however, generally used to symbolise the path of piety and good works which leads to Paradise. Whatever meritorious work a Moslem performs is done *Fi Sebil Allah*, "In the Way of God," and his most meritorious act is to fight for what he believes to be the true faith. But since women cannot take part in this contest, the care and refreshment of the wounded and weary combatants is held to be for them equally meritorious. Pilgrimage to the Holy Cities and shrines of the Saints of Islam is the second stage of "the path," and after the support of the warrior that of the pilgrim is accounted the highest virtue in women. Hence the distribution of water to the caravans and the making of wells and aqueducts, especially on the way to Mecca, have ever been favourite "good works" with Mohammedan princesses from Zobeide the wife of Haroun-al-Rashid down to the Ottoman Sultanas of the present century.

Leaving the mosque, we pass on to the Khan of the Validé, a vast caravanserai capable of accommodating a considerable proportion of the motley throng of strangers, pilgrims, and traders, who find their way hither from Central Asia, Persia, Arabia, Syria, and Northern Africa. The architecture of this edifice, which is considered a sort of model for this species of hostelry, is quite conventual in character. Through a great arched gateway we enter a quadrangle with tree-shaded fountains surrounded by stables and storehouses, above which extend



A hawker of fruit sharing his loaf with a family of pariah dogs

three superimposed cloistered galleries on which all the cell-like apartments open. These lodgings, for the use of which a very trifling charge is made, contain no furniture, as all oriental travellers carry with them their own bedding, rugs, and cooking utensils.

Turning a corner we come upon a group of pariah dogs grouped round a Turk of the labouring class, who is charitably sharing his frugal lunch of dry bread and fruit with his four-footed friends. A *djihirdji*, the Turkish "cats'-meat man," is passing at the moment, bearing over his shoulder a long pole garnished with pieces of offal meat, and uttering his monotonous cry of "*Djihir Djehir!*" Shall we be outdone in charity by this Moslem working man? A handful of coppers is quickly collected, which buys up the stock-in-trade of the *djihirdji*, and a royal feast, accompanied by a great wagging of tails, is soon in progress. "Your hearts are as the

hearts of Moslems," observes the gratified cats'-meat man, as he carefully places the coins in his girdle. "May your ends be happy!"

The kindness of Moslems towards these four-footed pariahs of their streets is the more astonishing when it is considered that the dog, being held to be an unclean animal, is never admitted into their houses. Concern for the welfare of this animal has, indeed, occasionally induced pious Turks to add to

or in the roadway. A driver may occasionally hurry them from under his wheels with a touch of his whip, but the pedestrian invariably walks round, or steps over their prostrate bodies, and disturbs not their slumbers. Here and there, too, one may see a temporary kennel built under a house-wall for the accommodation of a litter of puppies, regularly fed and cared for by the good folk of the neighbourhood.

But we have now reached the *Balouk*



A street outside the Bazaars. Shoemakers', furriers', and turnery shops, closed at night by the overhanging shutters

their good works testamentary bequests in favour of the dogs of their quarter of the city of which the "dean and chapter" of the mosques—or their Moslem equivalents—are constituted the permanent trustees and administrators. Some recent writers on Constantinople have asserted that the number of these canine *lazzaroni* of its streets have greatly diminished of late years. One can, however, at the present day hardly walk a dozen yards, even in the European quarter of Pera, and still less in Stamboul, without being impeded by half a dozen or more dogs curled up in a row on the narrow pavement,

Bazar, or fish-market, famous from Byzantine days for the variety of fish brought hither for sale. Here the epicure may have his choice of piscatory delicacies, and carry away, if he pleases, strung on a rush—like the Turkish infantry captain in front of us—mullet grey and red, turbot and mackerel, pilchards and tunny, *ulufur*, taken by moonlight, and a hundred other species that lurk among the rocks or dart through and between "the two seas," followed under water by dolphins and sword-fish, and pursued on the surface by halcyons and kingfishers.

Another and quite different scene, how-

ever, presently claims our attention as we pass through the old arched gateway leading into the *Mis'r Teharshi*, the Cairene, or Drug Bazaar, and instead of the "ancient and fish-like smell" of the Balouk Bazaar, our nostrils are at once assailed by a penetrating aroma made up of compounds the most diverse. On either hand are small shops or stalls, in which are exposed for sale, displayed in piled-up heaps and in open sacks, or carefully guarded in curiously shaped and decorated jars and flasks, henna and antimony, mastic and ambergris, frankincense and myrrh—in a word, all the *materia medica* and all the spices and perfumes of the East. To our right in front of one of the shops stands an old woman, her corpse-like face, half hidden by a white kerchief, bargaining volubly for the materials she has just selected for the concoction of cosmetics, while the venerable-looking Turkish shopkeeper, seated cross-legged on the carpet covering the raised floor, which serves at the same time as counter, reiterates impassively at intervals, "*On groosh*," "ten piastres!" To our left an Armenian cook is laying in a store of spices for his master's kitchen. And presently we pass an old *ébé*, or Turkish "wise woman," in search of special ingredients—dried violets, mallows, and lime-blossoms—from which she will brew soothing, and not unsavoury *tisanes* for her lady patients.

Leaving the *Mis'r Teharshi*, our way lies along a narrow, ill-paved street, the projecting upper stories of whose houses almost meet overhead, while in the little, low, dark shops below is sold the commodity, termed in the figurative language of the East, the "Fourth Column of the Canopy of Voluptuousness," or the "Fourth Cushion of the Divan of Enjoyment"—tobacco. This thoroughfare leads us to the Grand Bazaar, a city within a city, containing arcaded streets, lanes, and alleys, squares and fountains, all enclosed within high protecting walls, and covered by a vaulted roof, studded with hundreds of cupolas, through which penetrates a subdued light more favourable to the vendor than to the purchaser. Here, as elsewhere in Stamboul, each commodity has its special *habitat*. In one quarter of the bazaar we find boots and shoes of every size, shape, and material,

from the coarse, heavy *baboush*, affected by the sturdy porters of Galata, to the dainty, pearl-and-spangle-bedecked satin slipper destined for some pasha's petted daughter; in another are embroideries in gold and silver, brocades and damasks, with gauzes of silk, cotton, and linen from the looms of Anatolia; in a third are displayed specimens of all the rugs and carpets woven in nomad tent, in village hut, and in town factory between Smyrna and Samarcand; while in a fourth the jewellers and dealers in pearls and precious stones conceal, rather than display, in diminutive shops their valuable stock-in-trade.

Resisting all the solicitations addressed to us in almost every European language by the numerous touts who haunt the entrances to the *Teharshi*, we take our way leisurely through the labyrinthian thoroughfares, and presently reach what is, for many, its most interesting section, namely, that devoted to the sale of arms and antiquities generally.



Mohammedan Pilgrims from the interior begging at the Marble Gate of the Suleimanieh Mosque

Here, side by side with *bric-à-brac* of every description, lie jewel-hilted Damascus scimitars with which Saladin might have performed his famous feat of cutting in twain a suspended down pillow; *khandjars* and poniards of blue steel so perfectly tempered as to pierce a coat of mail as easily as a sheet of paper; and ancient trumpet-muzzled firearms decorated in silver on ivory with inlaid tracteries of exquisite design; briefly,

way to the various shrines in European Turkey venerated by these mystics. Into the mosque we do not propose to follow them, nor does apparently the Kalender from Bokhara clad in a patched coat of many colours from whom we purchase a rosary of brown beads; but we take our way in company with a large drove of turkeys along the broad straight street lined on either hand with shops which leads to the Bayazi-



An Ox-cart excursion to the shores of the Bosphorus, opposite the Giant's Mountain

the whole picturesquely barbaric arsenal of bygone Turkey.

As we pass, on leaving the bazaar, through the great courtyard of the Suliemaniyeh mosque, the *muezzin's* cry rings out from one of its four minarets: "There is no God but God, and Mohammed is the Prophet of God;" and in obedience to this summons the majority of the loiterers on the steps of the vast façade rise and pass into the interior to perform their accustomed noontide devotions. Among them are a number of pilgrims and strangers, dark-skinned fakirs from India, and dervishes from Central Asia on their

dieh mosque. Presently the turkeys get into difficulties with a file of *hamals* bearing piles of bedding and curiously decorated chests and coffers on their atlas-like shoulders who form a sort of procession, led by a man on horseback, and attended by various persons on foot carrying long wands. It is the wedding trousseau and "plenishing" of a Turkish bride on its way to the home of the bridegroom with whom she has never yet exchanged a word, and who is supposed to behold her face for the first time on the bridal day. And the turkeys have no sooner been marshalled into marching order by the

long sticks of their baggy-breeched conductors than they are again dispersed in every direction by a smart brougham and pair, which is closely followed by a mounted servant holding in one hand a basket tied up in pink gauze, and decorated with flowers and ribbons—evidently a party of ladies on their way to a *djemiet*, or birth-reception, when such offerings from guests are customary. And now a sound of chanting falls on our ears, and a long procession approaches headed by a small boy bedecked in jewels and ornaments, mounted on a gaily caparisoned led horse, in front of which grave turbaned and long-robed *hodjas* are walking backwards. It is the first day at school of some little Selim or Achmet, and followed by all his future school-fellows—one bearing on a silken cushion the Koran, another the folding book-rest and a third a gold-embroidered writing-case, he is thus announcing the important fact to all the neighbourhood.

At last we, and the turkeys, find ourselves on the *meidan* of the Bayazidieh, the vast tree-planted space which skirts two sides of the mosque. On the eve of the *Kourban Bairam*, or Feast of Sacrifice, this great market-place resounds with the bleating of thousands of victims tended by a motley assemblage of nomad shepherds, Vlachs from the mountains of Macedonia, and Tartars, Turcomans, and Yuruks from the plains of Asia Minor. And in preparation for this greatest of Moslem festivals every householder who can afford the expense sacrifices a sheep or lamb, one-third of its flesh being invariably reserved for the poor. To-day, however, turkeys, ducks, and geese are the only live stock exposed for sale, though sellers of sweetmeats and small craftsmen are, as usual, not only encamped under the shade of every tree and under every wall on the *meidan*, but also in the outer court of the mosque, as we find on passing through one of its elegant ogival arched gateways. The whir of a myriad iridescent wings greets our entry as an innumerable flight of pigeons suddenly descends, literally covering the pavement two or three deep in their attempt to secure some grains of the millet which has just been scattered for their benefit. These

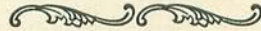
birds are said to be the progeny of a couple of pairs purchased some four centuries ago from a beggar by Sultan Bayazid and presented to the mosque together with an endowment for their maintenance and that of the pariah dogs of the neighbourhood who assemble every Friday at the door of the "Pigeon Mosque" to receive the imperial dole.

Crossing the cypress-shaded inner court with its graceful cloisters of variegated marble and its cupola-covered ablutionary fountain, we pass through a beautiful doorway, the shell-shaped lintel of which is decorated with drooping stalactite-like ornaments, into the sanctuary itself. According to Moslem tradition, this mosque was orientated in the direction of Mecca by a miraculous inspiration, and, therefore, to quote a seventeenth century Turkish chronicler, "all sea-captains regulate their compasses by it; and all the infidel astronomers of Firengistan (Europe), as is universally known, correct their watches and compasses by the mosque of Sultan Bayazid. . . . When the foundations of this noble mosque were laid, the Mimár Bashi (architect) having asked the Sultan where he should place the *mihráb* was desired by his Majesty to tread upon his foot, having done which he immediately had a vision of the noble Ka'bah, and knew consequently where to place the *mihráb*." The interior is extremely simple, with the exception of the royal gallery which is supported on pillars of verd-antique and jasper. "Sultan Ibrahim," says the same quaint writer, "enclosed three sides of the gallery with gilt gratings, so that it resembles a beautiful cage, or network, or rather a palace of the immortals. . . . This mosque is always illuminated by flashes of light, and before the window of the *mihráb* there is a garden like that of Irem, adorned with various fruits and flowers." Here, beneath a monument of white marble, rest the remains of its founder, Bayazid the Second (1481-1512), surnamed "The Mystic," son of the Conqueror of Constantinople, and brother of the gifted but unfortunate Prince Djem, who, after an unsuccessful struggle for the throne, died a prisoner in Italy, poisoned, it was believed, by Pope Alexander Borgia.

Recrossing the inner and outer courts with

their multitudinous feathered denizens, and making a purchase here and there at the stalls of a few of "the thousands of people who gain a livelihood by selling all sorts of things," we sally forth from the shady precincts of the mosque with their many historical associa-

tions into the noontide glare of the meidan. A carriage awaits us at the gate, and as its Turkish driver dexterously pilots the pair of strong horses down the steep incline leading to the bridge, we are already planning for the morrow another stroll in Stamboul.



Spring

NURSED 'mid the terrors of the angry storm
 With song and bloom now comes the joyous Spring :
 Northward the roaring Winter flies, while warm
 The zephyr blows, and forests chant and sing.
 Rocked by the blasts of want, how oft are found
 Hearts tender as the new-blown rose at morn !
 Deep, prisoned in the dark and lonesome ground,
 Gleam precious gems that yet may crowns adorn.
 The boughs and brakes are silver'd o'er, and Spring
 Reigns blossom-sceptred with enchanting sway ;
 Beneath the cold seal of the wrathful king,
 What leafy realms, what festal beauty lay !
 O'er verdant slopes, o'er smiling vales and hills,
 The sun, all-glorious, spreads his genial beams ;
 The lonely heath is warm with quickening thrills,
 And love unlocks the gate of golden dreams.
 Who has not felt the heart's quickrapture-beat,
 The wondrous witchery of bud and bloom
 And jubilant song, when Spring so gently-sweet
 In glad array wakes from the wintry tomb?
 The happy birds sing 'mong the amorous bowers,
 With adoration trembles every spray ;
 Hope, rosy-pinioned, speeds the jocund hours,
 And flowerets strew the bridal paths of May.

Even to the bleak and dagger'd whin is given
 A shower of gold, glinted with tender green ;
 Enchanted by the sunny beams of heaven,
 The joyous rills attune the vernal scene.
 When breaks the glad morn in the purpling East
 With loud acclaim the groves and valleys ring ;
 The full heart revels in the rapturous feast,
 The earth is jewelled to greet her glorious King.
 And when the wonders of the day unfold
 'Neath sovereign smiles, when glade and steep so fair,
 Wreathes fumes of incense to the heavens, behold
 Melodious warblings fill the tremulous air.
 But lo ! when fairy fingers close each flower,
 And through the wood night's eerie rustlings stray,
 With flute of gold, within a twilight bower,
 The blackbird pipes the vesper hymn of day.
 Though armed with javelins, Winter smite the land
 And shroud it o'er, though tempest, ice and hail,
 With pitiless sweep make mute the minstrel band,
 And ghostly trees all shivering rend and wail,
 The vernal airs again shall softly blow,
 And Nature smile in green ; the wilds shall sing :
 Joy shall exult where brooded Winter's woe,
 And garlands wreath the sweet-apparelled Spring.

ANDREW CLARK.