CONSTANTINOPLE

[VOLUME I]

BY

EDWIN A. GROSVENOR

(*Professor of European History at Amherst College)*

First Edition, August 1895,
Reprinted 1900

ILLUSTRATED &

PUBLISHED BY

E-KİTAP PROJESİ & CHEAPEST BOOKS

www.cheapestboooks.com

Istanbul

ISBN:

978-625-6004-08-5

CONSTANTINOPLE

BY

EDWIN A. GROSVENOR

PROFESSOR OF EUROPEAN HISTORY AT AMHERST COLLEGE

FORMERLY PROFESSOR OF HISTORY AT ROBERT COLLEGE, CONSTANTINOPLE; MEMBER OF THE HELLENIC PHILOLOGIC SYLLOGOS OF CONSTANTINOPLE; OF THE SOCIETY OF MEDIÆVAL RESEARCHES, CONSTANTINOPLE; OF THE SYLLOGOS PARNASSOS OF ATHENS, GREECE

With an Introduction by

GENERAL LEW. WALLACE

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. I

ILLUSTRATED

BOSTON

LITTLE, BROWN, AND COMPANY

1900

To

MY WIFE

THE reception accorded to "Constantinople," both in this country and Europe, exceeded my most sanguine expectations. A book which had for its theme a capital at once so famous, so fascinating, and yet so little known, was doubtless sure of finding a place. None the less am I grateful to the press and the public for their cordial welcome.

Though this is a carefully revised edition, as few changes as possible in the original have been made, and the work is substantially the same as when first published.

The next score of years will transform Constantinople. Much that is described in these pages will soon vanish, and the tourist seek it in vain. But as long as this book lasts, it will preserve the careful panorama of the capital as it was in the last year of the nineteenth century.

EDWIN A. GROSVENOR.

March 15, 1900.

PREFACE

TO the Western eye there seems to be always hanging before Constantinople a veil of mystery and separation. Its remoteness from Great Britain and America in territorial distance and antiquity of history is intensified manyfold by that other remoteness, caused by variety of races, languages, customs, and creeds. It is difficult for the foreign resident to know it well, and for the passing stranger or tourist, utterly impossible.

It has been my precious privilege to enjoy unusual opportunities for learning the story and entering into the life of the kaleidoscopic city. The preparation of this book has been a labor of delight, but it has occupied many years. No man could have a more fascinating theme. Even as Constantinople has a charm for all classes of mankind, I have sought to make this not a volume for any one narrow range of readers, but a book for all.

As now the bark, so long in building, is launched upon the great sea, I recall the many who have aided in its construction. The mere enumeration of their names would resemble a cosmopolitan romance; for I am proud to reckon among my friends representatives of every na-

tionality and religion and social rank in Constantinople. To each one of them all I stretch my hand across the ocean and the continent in a warm grasp of friendship and gratitude. One has told me a legend; one identified a rock; one pointed out an inscription; one given a medallion or picture; and each has contributed his stone, or his many stones, to the general mosaic of information. Each face stands out distinct in my grateful memory.

The contracted space of a preface allows scant room; but special acknowledgments must be tendered to their Excellencies, Sir Henry Austin Layard and Sir William Arthur White, former British Ambassadors to the Sublime Porte; William Henry Wrench, Esquire, British Consul at Constantinople, and the Reverend Canon Curtis, Rector of the British Memorial Church; His Eminence the Very Reverend Philotheos Bryennios, Metropolitan of Nicomedia; His Excellency Aristarchis Bey, Senator of the Ottoman Empire and Grand Logothete of the Greek Nation; Mr Manuel I. Gedeon, the brilliant mediævalist; the members of the Hellenic Philologic Syllogos; His Excellency Hamdi Bey, Director of the Imperial Ottoman Museum of Antiquities; President George Washburn, D. D., the Reverend Professor Hagopos Djedjizian, and Professor Louisos Eliou, of Robert College; the Reverend George A. Ford, D. D., Arabic scholar, and missionary of the Presbyterian Board at Sidon, Syria; the Reverend Henry O. Dwight, Turkish scholar, and missionary of the American Board at Constantinople; the Honorable Charles K. Tuckerman, former American Minister to Greece; the Honor-

able Eugene Schuyler, former American Minister to Roumania, Servia, and Greece; the Honorable Zachariah T. Sweeney, former American Consul-General at Constantinople; Alexander A. Gargiulo, Esquire, First Dragoman, polyglot linguist, and adviser of the American Legation at Constantinople; the Honorable Samuel Sullivan Cox, the Honorable Oscar S. Straus of New York City, and the Honorable Solomon Hirsch of Portland, Oregon, former American Ministers to the Sublime Porte.

This is no mere recapitulation of glittering names. To each of these distinguished gentlemen I am personally indebted. I realize sadly that the dull, cold ear of death renders some of them insensible to any word of thanks.

Yet there are two to whom I owe more than to all the rest: Alexander G. Paspatis, graduate and doctor of laws of my own Alma Mater, my teacher and early friend, the most modest, the most patient, the most learned of all those who have striven to probe the mysteries of the classic and the Byzantine city; General Lew. Wallace, companionship with whom through years of study and research, and whose always constant friendship have been and are an inspiration.

EDWIN A. GROSVENOR.

AMHERST, MASSACHUSETTS, U. S. A.,
October the twenty-third, 1895.

HE reading world, both of Europe and America, has long needed a history of Constantinople which will enable one wandering through the modernities of the city to identify its hills and sites, and at least measurably reconstruct it. So only can it be redeemed, not merely from unsentimental guide-books, but more particularly from the Agopes, Leandros, and Dimitries, and the guild of couriers, hungry, insolent, insistent, and marvellously ignorant, whom the landlords of Pera permit to lie around their halls and doors in lurk for unprotected travellers.

Such a book would be a surprise to visitors who, having been led down through Galata, and across the beggar-haunted bridge over the Golden Horn, to the Hippodrome, the Janissary Museum, the Treasury, and Sancta Sophia, are solemnly told they have seen all there is worth seeing.

But of the components of the reading world within the meaning of the opening reference, no class would be so greatly profited by such a history as students of the East, who know that under the superficies of Stamboul lie the remains of Byzantium, Queen of the Propontis, for whose

siren splendors the Greeks forgot their more glorious Athens, and the Latins, in the following of Constantine, actually abandoned Rome, leaving it a mouldy bone to be contended for by the hordes first from the North. In the light of that volume, an inquirer delighting in comparison will be astonished to find that the present Constantinople, overlying Byzantium, as the dead often overlie each other in Turkish cemeteries, is yet clothed with attractions rivalled only by Rome and Cairo. It were hard rendering the philosophy of the influence of history in the enhancement of interest in localities; nevertheless, the influence exists, and has for its most remarkable feature the fact that it is generally derived from the struggles of men and nations, illustrated by sufferings and extraordinary triumphs, or what we commonly term heroisms. It is largely by virtue of such an influence that we have the three cities probably the most interesting of the earth, — Rome, Constantinople, and Cairo. This remark is certainly very broad, and exceptions might be demanded in behalf of Jerusalem, and Mecca, and farther still, according to the impulses of pious veneration; but the interest in those places, it is to be observed, is obviously referable to sacred incidents of one kind or another, on account of which they are above the comparison.

Rome has first place in the mention; but it is as a concession to scholars whose reading and education are permeated with Latinity, and to that other section of the world yet more numerous, — tourists who, at the foot of the Capitoline Hill, or in the moon-lit area of the mighty

murder-mill of Vespasian and Titus, forget that there is an East awaiting them with attractions in endless programme. None the less there are delvers, inscription-hunters, and *savants* of undoubted judgment, familiar with the regions along the morning shores of the Mediterranean, who boldly declare themselves unconditional partisans of Constantinople. And, to say truth, if the comparison, which will be perfectly possible through the history spoken of, is pursued to its end by a student really impartial, he will be amazed by the discovery that all the elements which enter into his veneration for the old Rome belong not less distinctly to the later Rome, — antiquity, history, ruins, tragedies, comedies, and all manner of composite pictures of people, — in a word, everything in the least definitive of hero and harlequin.

These points tend to equality of interest; so if, in the consideration, the person finds himself hesitant, and looks about in search of a transcendent advantage on which to rest a judgment, one will presently appear.

To the Western-born, Asia is more than a continent: it is a world remote and isolated, moving, it is difficult to say whether forward or back, in a vast and shadowy antiquity, and possessed by tribes and races so dissimilar in habits, socialities, conditions, and genius, that familiarity with them is as impossible to-day as it was a thousand years ago. The intercourse between European nationalities has brought about a brotherhood in which diversities have been happily reduced to trifles, if not refined away. Unfortunately failure or marginal success must be

written under every attempt at establishing so much as comity among Asiatics; their boundaries have been everlastingly changing, and when changed instantly sown with swords. The result has been a taint of uncertainty running through our best information, leaving us to impressions rather than knowledge, from which we have evolved what is magniloquently called the Orient, — a realm girt round about with filmy romance and extravaganzas distilled from the "Arabian Nights," imaginary, yet gorgeous as auroras; a realm in the parts next us all horizon, in the parts stretching thitherward all depth. And then, as a capping to the description, it also happens that on the edge of this Orient nearest us lie Constantinople and Cairo, their mosques and bazars but so many stereopticon lenses permitting glimpses of Egypt, Persia, and India, and all there is and was of them, curtaining the further mysteries of China the Separated and Japan the Grotesque. With such an advantage in their favor, it would seem that Rome ought to be proudly content to wait on her rivals candle in hand.

The foregoing, it is now proper to say, is prefatory. Its motive is the announcement of a History of Constantinople which will not merely serve every want of the tourist, student, and general reader, but be indispensable to every library for referential purposes. The author is Edwin A. Grosvenor, Professor of European History at Amherst College. And lest it be summarily concluded that his work is a compilation merely, composed at elegant leisure, in a study well lighted and bountifully

supplied with authorities in blue and gold, we beg to interpose some particulars.

As far back as 1831, Amherst College graduated a young Sciote, named Alexander G. Paspatis, who became a man of vast erudition. His whole life succeeding graduation was given to Constantinople and Greece. He was, in fact, the chief Greek archeologist of his time, and knew more of Byzantium than any other scholar, however devoted to that conglomeration of antiquities. Professor Grosvenor accepted a chair in Robert College on the western bank of the Bosphorus, six miles above Stamboul, and while in that position made the acquaintance of Dr Paspatis. Sons of the same Alma Mater, it was natural that they should be drawn together. Ere long they became intimates; and when Professor Grosvenor developed a facility for the acquirement of languages — Paspatis spoke fifteen — and a taste for the antique in and about the old capital of the Komnenoi, Paspatis took him to his heart and became his master and guide.

The days they went roaming through the lost quarters and over the diminished hills, digging into tumuli in search of data for this and that, deciphering inscriptions, and fixing the relations of points, were to the younger professor what the illuminated letters are at the beginning of chapters in the Koran.[1] Paspatis suggested to his

[1] The writer had afterwards the benefit of the experience thus acquired; only in his wanderings and researches through the obscure quarters of the city, Professor Grosvenor was his mentor and guide. Each of the prospectors had then a book in mind.

friend the writing of a book, and from that moment the latter betook himself to preparation, greatly assisted by a thorough mastery of many languages, modern and classic. He collected authorities, and with the learned Doctor personally tested them on the ground. Old churches were thus resurrected, and palaces restored. Greek sites and remains were rescued from confusion with those of the Turks. In short, the reader, whether student or traveller, will thank Professor Grosvenor for his book; for besides its clear reading, it is profusely enriched by pictures and photographs never before published.

LEW. WALLACE.

CONTENTS

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

1

CONSTANTINOPLE

VOLUME I

I

CONSTANTINOPLE

FAMOUS orator in a panegyric upon his native country utters its name, and then exclaims with emotion, "There is magic in the sound!" In the word "Constantinople" there is the blended magic of mythologic romance, history, and poetry. It is the synonym of the fusion of races and the clash of creeds. More than any other capital of mankind it is cosmopolitan in its present and its past. From the natural advantages of its site it is the queen city of the earth, seated upon a throne.

After the treaty of Tilsit, Napoleon bade his secretary, M. de Meneval, bring him the largest possible map of Europe. In anxious and protracted interviews the Emperor Alexander had insisted upon the absolute necessity to Russia of the possession of Constantinople. There was no price so great, no condition so hard, that it would not have been gratefully accorded by the Russian czar for the city's acquisition. Napoleon gazed in silence earnestly and long at the map wherein that continent was outlined, of which he, then

at the zenith of his power, was the autocratic arbiter. At last he exclaimed with earnestness, "Constantinople ! Constantinople ! Never ! it is the empire of the world ! "

Constantinople embraces the entire group of cities and villages on and immediately adjacent to the Thracian Bosphorus. Its heart or centre is the mediæval town between the Marmora and the Golden Horn. But a common municipal government includes as well all the districts on the farther side of the Golden Horn, all the long, wide fringe of dwellings on the European and Asiatic shores of the Bosphorus from the Marmora to the Black Sea, and also a strip on the northern shore of the Marmora and the tiny archipelago of the Princes' Islands. Though stretching so far in each direction, the entire land area comprised is comparatively small. The three sheets of water, — the harbor, the strait, and the sea, — on which it lies, occupy the larger part of the superficial extent, and afford spacious thoroughfares for intercommunication.

The quarters along these varied and winding shores combine in the perfection of ideal terrestrial beauty. As presented from the Marmora in early morning when the rising sun paints the domes and minarets of the capital, or at early evening when every wave and every roof seems almost tremulous in a flood of sunset glory, or beheld at any time from the hills of the Bosphorus, — itself a changing lake of infinite variety, — it embodies a panorama such as one who has never beheld it cannot conceive, and such as those who have seen it oftenest find impossible to adequately describe. Moreover, all this vision of scenic loveliness is pervaded and enhanced by its halo of romantic and historic memories, which transform

every rock and cliff, and touch every inlet and ravine and inch of ground till the most sluggish and phlegmatic gazer vibrates with the thrill of ever-present associations.[1]

It is my ambition in these pages to describe the wonderful city. Nor do I conceive how one can undertake such a task without something of that enthusiasm which the very name "Constantinople" instinctively excites.

Three main routes and only three conduct one thither from Western Europe. The most direct, monotonous, and least interesting of all is by the railway from Vienna which follows the Maritza, the ancient Hebrus, and traverses the great Thracian plain. It crosses Bulgaria, that principality of an ancient people, now animated with the high ambitions and the noble activity of youth. It passes through those level tracts where in mythologic days Bacchus, with the help of vine-branches and of the immortal gods, blinded and drove to madness the King Lycurgus; where Orpheus, faithful to his forever lost Eurydice, was torn in pieces by the Thracian women, who were frenzied at his indifference to their charms. It winds through shapeless mouldering mounds, the prostrate remnants of the walls reared from the Euxine to the Marmora by the Emperor Arcadius; skirts for a score of miles the flat shores of the Marmora; and creeps into the city humbly at its southwest corner, affording hardly a glimpse of the metropolis one has come to see.

The second route descends southward from some one of

[1] This entire territory is administered in the ten Circles, or Municipalities, of Sultan Bayezid, Sultan Mohammed, Djerrah Pasha, Beshicktash, Pera, Yenikeui, Buyoukdereh, Anadoli Hissar, Scutari, and Kadikeui.

the rapidly growing harbor-cities on the Black Sea. Invisible in the distance lie the endless sandy coasts of the Colossus of the North. The steamer cuts its track in waters sometimes calm as those of a summer lake, sometimes majestic and resistless as ocean waves. Between the Cyanean Rocks of Jason and the Argonauts it penetrates the Bosphorus. Each time the helm is shifted, a new beauty is revealed. As the ship advances, the wonder of the landscape grows. The converging, palace-studded shores seem made to border on either side a mighty aisle till the voyage is ended with one ethereal burst of splendor in the vision of Seraglio Point and of seven-hilled Stamboul.

The third route far transcends the other two. In richness of association there is not its equal upon earth. From whatever point in Europe it begins, at last its course leads eastward among the enchanted Isles of Greece. Between Tenedos, of which Virgil wrote, and Lemnos, on which Vulcan fell, it enters the Dardanelles, the ancient Hellespont, or sea of the maiden Helle. A ship's length distant on the left spreads the long, low, yellow strip of sand, overtopped by hills, the Thracian Chersonese, ruled before the Persian wars by the tyrant Miltiades, the savior of Marathon, "Freedom's best and bravest friend." On the right the Sigæan promontory guards the marshy bed of the Simois, the tumuli, and the plain of Troy, and beyond soar the arrowy peaks of many-fountained Ida. Half a score of miles to the south is Alexandria Troas, within whose now dismantled walls St. Paul caught his mysterious vision of the man of Macedonia: thence he sailed to the spiritual emancipation of the European continent; and from the same spot thirteen centuries later the heir of Orkhan

departed for the first Ottoman attack against the Byzantine Empire.

The on-rushing steamer cleaves the waves which Xerxes spanned with his bridge of boats, and into which he cast his impotent iron chain, — waves which threw the lifeless forms of Leander and Hero upon the beach, and across which Byron swam. At Lapsaki, the Lampsacus of Themistocles, the channel widens. Then, becoming wider still, it leaves southward the Granicus, on whose banks Alexander gained his first Asiatic victory, and northward the Ægos Potamos, at whose mouth the Athenians in the Peloponnesian War received their final and irretrievable defeat. The broader Marmora no less than the Hellespont is an eternally haunted sea. As the ship steams on, the traveller lives anew the school-day romances of his youth in the breezes blowing upon him from storied shores. Aristides, Pausanias and Phocion, Mithridates and Antiochus, Cicero, Pompey, Cæsar, and Pliny have ploughed these waters, and on the adjacent solid land commingled their exploits and disasters.

When the voyage is nearly done, from the prow of the advancing ship may be seen the rounded hill of Guebiseh, on whose cypress-shaded top — in death as in life an exile from his beloved Carthage, but persecuted no longer — Hannibal sleeps. A little farther on, and all other thoughts give way to one overmastering emotion. There, in its setting of islands and of Asiatic and European hills, Constantinople absorbs the horizon. I shall make no effort to describe the scene. I have gazed upon the fairest spectacles of earth, and I have beheld nothing else comparable with this. Eastward, northward, westward it stretches: —

"The City of the Constantines,
The rising city of the billow-side,
The City of the Cross — great ocean's bride,
Crowned with her birth she sprung! Long ages past,
And still she looked in glory o'er the tide
Which at her feet barbaric riches cast,
Pour'd by the burning East, all joyously and fast."

The dome of Sancta Sophia is 41° north of the equator, and 28° 59′ east of Greenwich. It is remarkable that so many cities of first importance are situated on the same great parallel. That narrow belt, hardly more than ninety miles in breadth, which encircles the globe between 40° 20′ and 41° 50′ in north latitude, includes Constantinople, Rome, the Eternal City, Madrid, the political and literary capital of Spain, and, on this side the ocean, the two metropoleis, unrivalled in the western hemisphere, New York and Chicago. A person proceeding directly east from the Court House Square in Chicago would ascend the slopes of the Palatine Hill in Rome. One travelling directly east from New York City Hall for a distance of five thousand six hundred and twenty-two miles would pass through the southern suburbs of Constantinople.

The number of human beings inhabiting the city has been till the last decade a theme for the wildest conjecture. Dr Pococke, usually so judicious and discreet, a century and a half ago estimated the population as consisting of 3,340,000 Mussulmans, 60,000 Christians, and 100,000 Jews; or 3,600,000 altogether. Count Andréossy half a century later supposed there were 633,000. So there was the slight discrepancy of 3,000,000 souls between these respective figures. The official census or guess of the government in 1885 found 873,565. The

houses were declared with equal accuracy in 1877 to number 62,262. The resident population to-day can be but little less than one million. Like the audience that listened to St. Peter on the day of Pentecost, they are "out of every nation under heaven."

To say that there are 450,000 Mussulmans, 225,000 Greeks, 165,000 Armenians, 50,000 Jews, and 60,000 members of less numerous subject or foreign nationalities is to give only an approximate and faint idea of the motley host who sleep each night in the capital of the Sultan. The endless variety of facial type, of personal attire and of individual demeanor, and the jargon of languages in some gesticulating crowd afford more distinct and more exact details than any table of statistics, however elaborate and dry. In the polyglot multitude, he who speaks but a couple of languages is considered ignorant, and is often helpless. The common handbills and notices are usually printed in four. The sign over a cobbler's shop may be painted in the languages of six different nations, and the cobbler on his stool inside may in his daily talk violate the rules of grammar in a dozen or more. Still, the resident who is possessed of four languages will almost always be comfortable and at ease. First in importance is his own vernacular; then French, for intercourse with the high Ottoman officials and for general society; then Turkish, for dealing with the humbler classes; and Greek, as an open sesame among the native Christian population. Howsoever many additional languages one can speak, — Italian, Russian, English, German, Arabic, Armenian, Persian, or a dozen besides, — they are not superfluous, and on occasion each will be of advantage and use.

The only disappointing thing at Constantinople is the

climate. Only rarely does it correspond to the city's natural loveliness. Constantly it contradicts those conceptions wherein imagination pictures the East: —

> "The land of the cedar and vine,
> Where the flowers ever blossom, the beams ever shine;
> Where the citron and olive are fairest of fruit,
> And the voice of the nightingale never is mute;
> Where the tints of the earth and the hues of the sky,
> In color though varied, in beauty may vie,"

is, as to the deliciousness of its climate, only the fond creation of a poet's brain. Some days in April or May or June seem absolute perfection, and leave nothing for full satiety to dream of or wish. October or November or December is sometimes beautiful, and scattered through the year are many pleasant days. But, taking the twelve months through, few localities possess a climate more capricious and unkind. The variations in temperature are frequent, sudden, excessive, and dangerous. The experience of one year forms small basis for calculation of the next. The heat of summer is often maintained for months at a high temperature; meanwhile no rain moistens the baked and cracking ground, and the night is hardly less parching than the day. Snow sometimes falls in winter, but the ground rarely freezes, becoming instead a mass of adhesive mud which is rendered still more disagreeable by incessant rains. The damp and clammy winter never invigorates like the sharper season of New England. Topographical position between the Black Sea, the Marmora, and the Ægean largely affects the climate. The swift Bosphorus, bounded by sharply descending banks, becomes a tunnel for shifting currents of air. Old habit lingers, and the American resi-

dent speaks of the four seasons; nevertheless the remark of Turner is literally true: "There are two climates at Constantinople, that of the north, and that of the south wind."

All the vicinity of Constantinople is subject to earthquake. Hardly a year passes without several shocks. These have generally been slight and of brief duration. The most violent in the present century occurred July 11, 1894, and destroyed nearly a hundred lives. In ancient times they were often long continued and frightfully disastrous.

Of the cities which compose the capital, three are of special prominence. These are Stamboul, Galata-Pera, and Scutari.

The first is by far the largest, most populous, interesting, and important. Its name is always pronounced Istamboul by the Ottomans, from their inability to articulate an initial *s* followed by a consonant. Stamboul is many times larger than classic Byzantium, the site of which is included in the headland at its northeast extremity. It comprehends the Nova Roma, or Constantinoupolis of Constantine, and an additional territory of equal extent. It exactly corresponds with thirteen of the fourteen Regions, or Climata, which made up the Constantinople of Theodosius II and of the subsequent Byzantine emperors.

This was the splendid mediæval city wherein were grouped almost all the edifices of Byzantine Church and State, and where the sovereign, his court, and people pre-eminently acted their respective parts. It is the arena wherein, more than in all other places, was wrought out the succession of Byzantine history. Here the Ottomans enthroned themselves under their mighty

leader, Mohammed II. Till the nineteenth century, they regarded all the adjacent quarters as but suburbs or inferior dependencies of Stamboul. In the following pages we shall be forced, almost against our will, to seemingly follow their example. As we seek to trace the worn paths of the past in quest of surviving monuments, or to contemplate in its fullest phases the life of the present, it is to this section of the metropolis that our thought and our eyes will be constantly turning.

Stamboul is a triangular peninsula nearly eleven miles in circuit. On its northern side the Golden Horn curves its crescent bay; on the south rolls the Marmora; its blunt eastern apex is beaten by the Bosphorus; on the west, outside the towering Theodosian walls, spread graveyards of prodigious extent; still farther west, villages, unconnected with Constantinople, crown the verdant highlands whose water-springs during the Middle Ages fed the fountains and cisterns of the city.

The seven hills, which were to Constantine and the cohorts the admired reminder of the older Rome, may still be distinctly traced. Though the topography has been vastly modified since 330, though frightfully devastating fires have caused the city to be rebuilt from its foundations on an average of once every fifty years, — that is, more than thirty times since it became an imperial capital, — though the valleys have been partially filled, and the crests, never more than three hundred feet in height, have been worn away, yet the seven proud hills are there. They are at once distinct elevations and great ridges which blend at their tops. It is not everywhere easy to distinguish the valleys

between the first, second, and third hills, since there man has most modified nature. A ravine, forming the half-dry bed of the river Lycus, intersects Stamboul at a point one-third the distance from the Golden Horn to the Marmora: proceeding gradually parallel to the former, it divides Stamboul into two unequal sections. In the northern section, which is an irregular rectangle, are six hills or long ridges. The valleys between run roughly parallel to each other and perpendicular to the Golden Horn. The southern section, triangular in shape, constitutes the seventh eminence, and was anciently called Xerolophos, or Dry Hill. It contains nearly a third of the territory of Stamboul.[1]

[1] The first and most eastern hill is occupied by the Seraglio, Sancta Sophia, the Mosque of Sultan Achmet I, and the Atmeïdan, or Hippodrome. The first valley, directly west of the Seraglio, contains the buildings of the Sublime Porte, the Roumelian Railway Station, and the Royal Cistern (Yeri Batan Seraï). On the second hill are the Mosque Nouri Osmanieh, the Cistern of the Thousand and One Columns (Bin Bir Derek), the Tomb of Mahmoud II, and the Column of Constantine. In the second valley, which ascends from the lower bridge, are the Mosque Yeni Valideh Djami, the Egyptian Bazar, the American Bible House, and the Grand Bazar, which also occupies the slopes of the second and third hills. On the third hill are the Mosque of Souleiman I and the grounds and buildings of the War Department, with the lofty Tower of the Seraskier, occupying the site of Eski Seraï. On the blended crest of the second and third hills stands the Mosque of Bayezid II. The third valley extends entirely across the city, from the Golden Horn to the Marmora. It is spanned by the Aqueduct of Valens, and contains the residence of the Sheik-ul-Islam, the ancient Church of Saint Theodore of Tyrone, Shahzadeh Djami, and Laleli Djami. The crest of the fourth hill is crowned by the Mosque of Mohammed II, standing on the site of the Church of the Holy Apostles. On the same hill are the Column of Marcian and many ancient churches now mosques. On the fifth hill are the Mosque of Selim I, the ancient Church of Pammakaristos, and the Cisterns of Arcadius and Petrion. In the fifth valley are Phanar and the Orthodox, or Greek, Patriarchate. The sixth hill has two summits · on one are the Cistern of Bonos, Mihrimah Djami, and the ancient Church of Chora; on the other, the ancient Palace of the Hebdomon. In the valley of the Lycus, which separates the

REFERENCES TO MAP OF STAMBOUL

1 The Marble Tower
2 Golden Gate
3 Seven Towers
4 Armenian Hospital
5 Mir Achor Djami
6 Belgrade Kapou
7 Silivri Kapou
8 Grave of Ali Pasha
9 Khodja Moustapha Pasha Djami
10 Soulou Monastir
11 Church of Saint George
12 Sandjakdar Mesdjid
13 Yesa Kapou Mesdjid
14 Daoud Pasha Djami
15 Hasseki Djami
16 Column of Arcadius
17 Mohammed Djerrah Pasha Djami
18 Daoud Pasha Kapou
19 Mourad Pasha Djami
20 Tchochour Bostan
21 Mevlevi Khaneh Kapou
22 Top Kapou
23 The Lycus
24 Mihrima Djami
25 Edirneh Kapou
26 Tchochour Bostan
27 Kachrieh Djami
28 Palace of the Hebdomon
29 Egri Kapou
30 Prison of Anemas
31 Aïvan Seraï Kapou
32 Phetihieh Djami
33 Hirkaï Sherif Djami
34 Phanari Yesa Mesdjid
35 Column of Marcian
36 Mosque of Sultan Mohammed II
37 Tchochour Bostan
38 Cistern of Arcadius
39 Mosque of Sultan Selim I
40 Greek Patriarchate
41 Petri Kapou
42 Yeni Kapou
43 Aya Kapou
44 Giul Djami
45 Djoubali Kapou
46 Oun Kapan
47 Zeïrek Djami
48 Aqueduct of Valens
49 Shahzadeh Djami
50 Yeni Valideh Djami
51 Laleli Djami
52 Boudroum Djami
53 Yeni Kapou
54 Armenian Patriarchate
55 Mosque of Sultan Bayezid II
56 Tower of Seraskier
57 Seraskierat
58 Barracks
59 Mosque of Sultan Souleïman I
60 Upper Bridge
61 Military Prison
62 Odoun Kapou
63 Roustem Pasha Djami
64 American Bible House
65 Yeni Valideh Djami
66 Balouk Bazar
67 Lower Bridge
68 Custom House
69 R.R. Station
70 Custom House
71 Greek Hospitals
72 Tower of Galata
73 Kilidj Ali Pasha Djami
74 Mosque of Sultan Mahmoud II
75 Nouri Osmanieh
76 Mahmoud Pasha Djami
77 Atik Ali Pasha Djami
78 Turbeh of Sultan Mahmoud II
79 Column of Constantine
80 Bin Bir Derek
81 Yeri Batan Seraï
82 Sublime Porte
83 Atmeïdan
84 Mosque of Sultan Achmet I
85 Mehmet Sokolli Pasha Djami
86 Kutchouk Aya Sophia
87 Palace of Justinian
88 Lighthouse
89 Achor Kapou
90 Sancta Sophia
91 Medical School of Giul Khaneh
92 Bab-i-Humayoun
93 Saint Irene
94 Planetree of the Janissaries
95 Ayasma of the Savior
96 Indjili Kiosk
97 Giul Khaneh Kiosk
98 Museum
99 Column of Theodosius
100 Hospital and Medical School
101 Mermer Kiosk
102 Top Kapou

Second to Stamboul in importance, directly opposite on the north side of the Golden Horn, are the interwoven cities of Galata and Pera. On that bald plateau which rises between the valley of Khiat Khaneh and the Bosphorus, they occupy the extreme southern point, and thus project between the Bosphorus and the Golden Horn at the junction of the two. Galata corresponds in the main with the thirteenth Region, or Clima, of Theodosius II. Its closely packed edifices lean against each other and are built along the shore and up the terraced sides of a sharply ascending hill. Its highest elevation is marked by its enormous Tower, the most prominent object on the west bank of the Bosphorus. Rapidly expanding and aggressive Pera bounds Galata on the north, and stretches ambitiously in all directions on the summit of the plateau.

East of Stamboul, across the Bosphorus on the Asiatic shore, is Scutari, called by the Ottomans Uscudar. This is the third among those three chief factors which constitute so large a portion of Constantinople. On a triangular promontory which forces its way into the strait, its buildings climb the slopes and cover part of the site of ancient Chrysopolis, the City of Chryses, or the Golden City.

These three principal sections have many features in common, and yet each bears its own character, individual and distinct. Scutari remains fixed in Oriental quiet, almost undisturbed by the rush of the nineteenth cen-

fourth, fifth, and sixth hills from the seventh, are the Etmeïdan, or Meat Market, Yeni Valideh Djami of Ak Seraï, and the ancient Church of Panachrantos. On the seventh hill are the Column of Arcadius, Daoud Pasha Djami, Hasseki Djami, and the Cistern of Mokios, and on the southern slope many ancient Christian churches now mosques.

tury. It is distinctively Moslem and Ottoman, presenting the dreamy repose and apathetic immobility which characterize an Asiatic city. Its cemetery, "a wilderness of tombs," perhaps the vastest Mussulman cemetery in the world, covers with its thousands of high, motionless, funereal trees the loftiest elevation in Scutari, and is the most appalling feature in the landscape.

> "The cypresses of Scutari
> In stern magnificence look down
> On the bright lake and stream of sea,
> And glittering theatre of town:
> Above the throng of rich kiosks,
> Above the towers in triple tire,
> Above the domes of loftiest mosques,
> These pinnacles of death aspire."

In sharp contrast stand out Galata and Pera, the residence of the Franks. Galata, a mediæval Italian colonial settlement, still shows many marks of her origin, but has become the vast modern counting-house, the European commercial centre, of the capital. Pera, the home of the European ambassadors, where diplomacy is ever knotting the tangled skein of the Eastern Question, is a European city of to-day in the recent structure of her houses and the regularity of her streets.

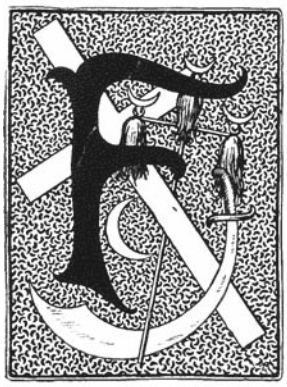
Stamboul appears a reluctant compromise between the two extremes. Ancient and modern, European and Asiatic, Christian and Moslem, Stamboul is a Janus among the cities, facing in every direction, and yet, by the relentless march of events, forced to feel the breath of western enterprise, and slowly transformed by its influence.

Nor do the less populous and widely scattered sections of the capital lack each a marked individuality of its

own. Some are inhabited only by a single nationality, and avoided by all the rest. In some, representatives of a dozen peoples dwell side by side, and churches of different Christian faiths, and synagogues, and mosques rise together fraternally toward the sky. Some of the villages on the Bosphorus are separated from each other by only a few furlongs in territorial distance, and yet are centuries apart. I recall one hamlet which seems stranded, "left by the stream whose waves are years." Apparently the last news which broke in on its slumberous quiet was the tidings that Constantinople had fallen, that supreme tragedy of four hundred years ago. I recall another whose inhabitants are agitated by a change in the German ministry or by a breath from Paris. In this diversity of life and thought one of the most subtle fascinations of Constantinople is to be found.

II

HISTORY OF CONSTANTINOPLE



EW cities have equalled Constantinople in importance. None in ancient or modern times have exceeded it in dramatic interest. During centuries of the Middle Ages it was the foremost city of the world, surpassing every other in populousness, strength, and beauty, and in the high development of its civilization. To the Mussulman it ranks next to Mecca, Medina, and Jerusalem. The Christian must regard it with still greater reverence. It was the first city distinctively Christian, erected by the first Christian Emperor on the ruins of vanquished paganism.

Here, almost in sight of the dome of Sancta Sophia, was wrought out the theology of the undivided Church by her Ecumenical Councils. Here, in the fourth and fifth centuries, preached that galaxy of pulpit orators, the Chrysostoms and Gregorys, who in biblical and pious eloquence have never been surpassed. Here, ever since its foundation, is the chief seat of that venerable communion which, alone of Christian Churches, uses no mere translation, crude and imperfect, of the Gospels in its worship, but the vernacular of whose ritual is even now daily chanted in the very language in which the New Testament was inspired. Here

were developed the first principles of Byzantine art, which, as handmaid of the Christian faith, "has had more influence than any other in the church architecture of Western Europe." Here was framed that marvellous Justinian Code, digest and compendium of all the laws known before, which, however modified, still survives and sways in all subsequent legislation. Here, in cloisters and libraries, while Europe was buried in barbarism, were preserved the precious volumes, and among her sons were being nursed the world-famous teachers, to whom in their subsequent dispersion is commonly attributed the intellectual revival, the Renaissance.

At the same time the history of no city has been more disfigured and obscured by hostile prejudice and passion. The struggle between the Sees of Rome and Constantinople — on the part of the former for supremacy, and on that of the latter for equality — is perhaps the most envenomed and longest continued of any in church history, all the bitterer because of differences in ecclesiastical practice and creed. The people of Western Europe and America, whether within or without the pale of the Roman communion, have inherited and believed whatever was taught by the Crusaders and Latin priests concerning Constantinople, the Eastern Empire, and the Eastern Church. Too often some stranger, careless of the truth, or unquestioning inheritor of Papal prejudice, has written that the history of this city "presents only deeds without grandeur, struggles without glory, and emperors known above all by their crimes and follies."

Yet the fact remains that during more than eleven hundred years after her consecration by Constantine, Constantinople yielded but once to foreign attack, when in the thirteenth century she was sacked by the Latin Crusaders.

Many times assaulted by Persia, which, resurrected under her Sassanide kings, had reached a height of prosperity and power ancient Persia hardly attained; by the Arabs, in all the fiery glow of a new and till then triumphant faith; by innumerable hosts constantly renewed, of Goths, Avars, Bulgarians, and Slavonians, — enemies as powerful and relentless as ever thundered at the gates of Rome, — Constantinople vanquished them all, surrendering only at last to Sultan Mohammed II and the Ottomans. No other capital presents so sublime a spectacle during the Middle Ages. Alone of all the cities of Europe, she towered erect, unsubmerged amid the wild torrents of invasion. This record is the highest tribute both to the pre-eminent superiority of her position and to the skill and heroism of her sons.

The History of Constantinople divides itself into three distinct epochs. The transition from one to the other is not gradual, with its boundary line indefinite, but sudden and complete. Even the day, almost the hour, of the transition may be noted. In each epoch the city has borne a different name, been enclosed by different boundaries, been administered by a radically different system of government, and been dominated by a different faith. Each transition has been made by a people of blood, customs, and language different from the preceding proprietors.

The First Epoch extends from the earliest times to May 11, 330. This may be called Classic, or Greek. Mythology blends with its earliest traditions; yet this epoch embraces in addition a duration of over eight hundred years after the dawn of authentic history.

The Second Epoch extends from May 11, 330, to May 29, 1453, two springtimes eleven hundred and twenty-

three years apart, indicating its beginning and its end. Though at first Roman, it is more appropriately called Byzantine. This period almost exactly coincides with the duration of the Middle Ages, it and the Middle Ages terminating together.

The Third Epoch extends from May 29, 1453, to the present time. This is the Ottoman period. It ushers in and is synchronous with modern times.

THE FIRST EPOCH

BYZANTIUM was founded in that misty age when the swarming, adventurous sons of Greece were dotting the shores of the Mediterranean and its tributary waters with their colonies. The person of the Founder, dimly discerned on that border-land of time where mythology and history encroach upon each other, appears of colossal proportions and sprung from divine origin. His parents are the sea-god Poseidon and Keroessa, daughter of tormented Io and of omnipotent Zeus. His name is derived from the nymph Byzia, who nursed him at his birth. He wins Phidalia, the fair daughter of Barbyses, King of the Hellespont, as his bride. The maiden had already begun the erection of the city, but associates her husband in her undertaking, and confers on the nascent town her husband's name. Poseidon and Apollo share with mortals the labors of the foundation; and the Erythrean Sibyl reveals that its walls are the masonry of the gods. Hæmus, King of the Scythians, descends from his mountains to contend with Byzas, and is killed by him in single fight. No better fares Odryses, another Scythian king, who attacks Byzantium while Byzas and the men are absent, but whom Phidalia and the women defeat, — the only

weapon of the female garrison being the innumerable serpents which they hurl.

History, more definite in statement, is perhaps no more exact. In the seventh century before Christ, Byzas, King of Megaris, led a company of his countrymen to Lygos, on the Thracian Bosphorus, and there built Byzantium. In after years Argos, Athens, and Miletos disputed with Megaris the honor of its foundation. The early colonists spoke the Doric dialect, and some of the original settlers may have been Dorians. Nothing is known of the people they found on their arrival. The site was a marvellously wise selection, unsurpassed in natural beauty, easy of defence against the neighboring barbarians, and commanding the only water route between the Black and Mediterranean seas. On the death of Byzas, Dinos, a noble of Chalcedon, was chosen king. During the struggle against Scythian and Thracian foes he had been the city's constant friend. A generation later a second colony of Megarians arrived, led by Xeuxippos.

BYZAS

When Darius Hystaspes crossed the Bosphorus against the Scythians, and the long, glorious struggle between Persia and Greece began, Byzantium, on the eastern verge of the continent, was the first European city to fall into Persian hands. Henceforward, in all the vicissitudes of the kindred Grecian cities during the next eight centuries, she had her share. Joining in the Ionian revolt, she was burned to the ground on the triumph of Persia, and her surviving inhabitants sought a refuge at Mesembria, on the inhospitable shores of the Black Sea.