

causes for its name. Formed like a stag's horn—some say that the Golden referred to the color of the fish which at one time filled it; while others attribute it to the rich revenue which its fisheries yielded from time immemorial. These fish, rushing down from the Sea of Azov and the Black Sea, early showed a predilection for these quiet waters, shooting straight into the Horn, but never enriching the rival city of the coast of Asia—Chalcedon, the City of the Blind.

In this splendid harbor, beneath my window, is the Port of War, in which, idly rocking and rotting, lie all the Turkish men-of-war, save the few apologies that have timidly ventured to Crete and the Dardanelles. Great black, unseaworthy hulks, for nearly twenty years as idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean, today they are unwontedly gay, tricked out in scarlet flags and pennons in honor of the Turk's great sacrificial feast of Courban Bairam. Across the Horn, to the south, stretches the triangular promontory of Stamboul—the ancient capital of Byzantium, founded 658 B. C. This is today the purely Mohammedan part of the city, holding within its walls the Seraglio—the principal mosques, the tombs or turbehs of the Sultans, the baths and enormous underground cisterns, the khans, the bazars, the public offices of the government and all the existing remains of the ancient city of Constantine. From the water, it rises in gradual ascent, its swelling domes and slender minarets outlined against the sky; while from the tender green of budding May peep the dark roofs of stately palaces and humbler dwellings that follow with fantastic outline the narrow, ancient streets. Few factories or chimneys belching smoke proclaim utilitarian activities, for Constantinople is not a manufacturing city, despite her wondrous water privileges. And here is food for meditation. During the past thirty years foreign capitalists realizing that Turkey was by nature one of the finest grain producing countries in the world, have tried to establish flour mills. At one time ten or twelve were in operation, giving employment to many hundred men; but so harassed were they by the Turkish government, regarding machinery, labor and management, that one by one they failed, and today only three or four are left to a precarious existence, and the most of the flour used is imported from Russia.

Across the Golden Horn, I see one of these factories—the story of whose vicissitudes could scarcely be believed by one unacquainted with Turkish methods. There is also near here a fez factory, a glass, porcelain and paper factory, and that is all. Beyond, just before the Golden Horn curves out of sight, nestles the beautiful and picturesque Turkish village Eyoub, whose mosque, built by Mohammed II., is held so sacred that no Christian is allowed to cross its threshold or take residence near it. In this the Osmanli sultans are girded the sword of Osman, the founder of the dynasty; this ceremony being performed by the chief of the Mevlevi Dervishes. Near the mosque are the tombs of Sheikh-ul-Islam, grand viziers and chief eunuchs, the Valideh Sultan, mother of Selim III., and her two daughters; a son and a daughter of Sultan Abdul Mejid, and the two children of Adileh Sultan, sister of Abdul Aziz.

The biers are covered with richly embroidered shawls and velvet, and beneath the fez which crowns one of the tombs is the following inscription, that touches an answering chord in many another mother's heart: "A flower that had scarcely bloomed was prematurely torn from its stem. It has been removed to those bowers where roses never languish. Its parents' tears will supply refreshing moisture. Say a fabia for its beatitude. 1259" (1843). On the high hill overlooking Eyoub, and closing the landscape to the west, stand immense yellow buildings outlined against the sky; the Hamidieh barracks, where the Kurdish regiment from the interior, those Hamidieh enrolled and armed by the sultan, and who had been the terror of the Armenians in the provinces ever after the first awful massacre at Sassoun, were brought and quartered just before the Constantinople massacres of last fall. Many were the conjectures at the time as to why the sultan had sent for these soldiers; but speculations soon found their answer. Farthest to the west, on the north side of the Horn, I see the hills of Kaskieui, where, on the night of Wednesday, August 26th of last year, began the frightful slaughter that, continuing for forty-eight hours, left the Armenian quarter of that pretty village an awful, blood-stained monument of "man's inhumanity to man." Here, led by the Jews, systematically from house to house, rushed a frenzied, cursing, howling mob of Kurdish ruffians and Turkish soldiers, until 600 Armenian men lay dead; the comfortable, nicely furnished houses were stripped—absolutely everything—even to their doorsteps, which the thieving Jews carried off; and the women and children, with only the garments they had on, had fled like hunted deer for their lives. Here it was that our American flag over the mission school was torn down and trampled with curses in the dust, and the mission school looted of everything—even the children's desks and books and maps being carried off bodily. A visit a few days ago to that desolated spot, where street after street of gaping, windowless houses, on whose white walls dark blood stains still cry to heaven for vengeance on the murderers, was a gruesome experience never to be forgotten. Looking nearer, still on the north of the Horn, come the dockwards and the Naval arsenal, with whose enclosure are the yellow buildings of the Naval hospital and school, the convict prison, depots for naval stores, the great square building of the admiralty, and the dry docks and barracks. Here in one place lie the state barges of the sultans who have occupied the throne for a century past, and the hulls of a number of old ships of war, preserved as store ships. A line of rafts, each holding a guard-house, are anchored at a little distance from the shore to prevent boats from passing inside. Leaving the Horn, and its myriads of caiques and puffing steamers that dart in and out among the war vessels riding at anchor, we come to the joy of my heart—an old Turkish cemetery directly underneath the window. Planted with the dark-green cypresses that mark all Turkish cemeteries, it is still the centre of all the gay outdoor life of the neighborhood. Not one of the marble stones stands on its original legs. Helter skelter they lie, serving every purpose that could possi-

bly be expected of a stone. Does any one in the neighborhood need a new doorstep? He comes gaily in with hammer and chisel, selects his monument and cuts one off to suit the exigencies of his threshold. This has been going on this morning. Here the Greek and Turkish women sit while superintending the drying of their clothes, which they hang on lines stretched from cypress to cypress. Here, too, all the rugs of the neighborhood are lustily beaten by stalwart Turks with baggy breeches and voluminous scarlet sashes; while there is not an hour in the day but that one or more Turks stretch themselves flat on the grass or the tombstones to enjoy a siesta, undisturbed by thoughts of the moldering companions below. Here the wandering calegi stops to sell his cups of cheering coffee to those who wish; and here the vegetable men, on their way to market, pause to arrange their wares to the best advantage. Here the hand-organ men love to congregate, one walking behind the other and grinding as they go, until a convenient tombstone is reached, and here the blue turbaned, red-sashed Roumanians, with their bears, give their clumsy dances to the music of the tambourine. All the flocks of goats or sheep in the vicinity are brought here in turn by their respective shepherds, where with lowered heads they engage in mortal combat, or, if sportively inclined, vault lightly back and forth over the graven emblems of mortality. The humble liver vender, who carries his wares suspended in ghastly array from a long pole balanced on his shoulders, stops for a noonday siesta; and the bearers of Sedan chairs, set down their burden, with its pink-veiled occupant, to recuperate a little, until her shrilly reiterated commands to go on, at length prevail over their inclinations. Very early in the morning does my shifting panorama begin, for the Orientals are early risers. With the first blush of dawn, the dogs take on new joy in being; and on whatever legs remaining to them, amble up and down, frisking as vivaciously as their disabled condition permits. Then a chorus of bugles from the barracks below, strike merrily up in the familiar reveille: "Can't get 'em up, can't get 'em up," etc. And the marines in their blue uniforms with red trimmings begin to wind in and out among the buildings, quickening their steps as the rat-tat-tat, rat-tat-tat of a vociferous drum catches up the refrain. Officers dash by on prancing steeds; solemn old Turks in fur-lined coats amble along, bent so far forward that they look as if doing continual obeisance, and lines of little horses and donkeys, fastened together by a long rope, each laden with panniers run by with much jangling of bells. At seven o'clock the old Muezzin in the mosque below, comes out on his balcony and lifts up his voice in a long-drawn-out adjuration to prayer. Soon the business men pass along the road in my cemetery on their way to their shops and stores in Galata or Stamboul; and then the school children, with their osier baskets of lunch and bags of books, come frisking by. A vendor of tinware, with a load on his back that permits of only two slender legs to become visible, staggers along, scintillating in the bright sun like some basilisk; flocks of pigeons settle and walk demurely about, objects of rapt contemplation to the yellow cats who sit on the lichen-covered walls, just