

The World's Story

Austria-Hungary, The Balkan States, Turkey

VOLUME EIGHTEEN

EVA MARCH TAPPAN

The World's Story

A History of the World in Story, Song and Art

Volume 18
Austria-Hungary
The Balkan States
Turkey

Edited by Eva March Tappan

Libraries of Hope

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A History of the World
In Story, Song and Art

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AUSTRIA-HUNGARY

I

FROM THE TARTAR INVASION TO THE REFORMATION

HISTORICAL NOTE

In the southwestern part of what is now Austria lies the land that was the foundation of the Austrian Empire. Over it swept one wild race after another, — Vandals, Goths, Huns, Avars, and others. The Hungarians, or Magyars, came in the ninth century from the Eastern Carpathians with Arpad as their leader, and seized upon what is now Hungary. They burned, pillaged, and slaughtered, but were finally subdued and obliged to give up their wandering life. Thereupon they embraced Christianity, and progressed rapidly in commerce and industry. In 1241, the Tartars invaded Hungary and swept over the land with terrible destruction and slaughter; but on a second invasion, a year or two later, they were driven back to Asia by the valor of King Bela I and his little army.

In the thirteenth century, an emperor of Germany was to be elected. No one cared to have too powerful an emperor, and therefore Rudolf of Hapsburg was chosen, chiefly because his possessions were so small that there was no fear of his becoming too strong. He proved, however, so bold and resolute that his power increased rapidly, and when Ottocar, the powerful Duke of Austria, refused to recognize his authority, Rudolf wrested his duchy from him and added it to his own domains. Thereafter the power of Austria and of the House of Hapsburg grew side by side, and before the sixteenth century was half over, this powerful family had become, either by marriage, by warfare, or by diplomacy, ruler of Austria, Tyrol, Corinthia, Franche-Comté, Flanders and the Low Countries, Spain, Naples, Sicily, Sardinia, Bohemia, and Hungary. Furthermore the Emperor of Germany was always selected from among its members.

THE COMING OF THE TARTARS

[1240]

BY LOUIS FELBERMANN

[IT is interesting to know what the people of the thirteenth century thought of these savage visitors. One monkish chronicler wrote of them as follows: "Anno Domini, 1240, the detestable people of Satan, to wit, an infinite number of Tartars, broke forth like grasshoppers covering the face of the earth, spoiling the eastern confines with fire and sword, ruining cities, cutting up woods, rooting up vineyards, killing the people both of city and country. They are rather monsters than men; clothed with ox-hides, armed with iron plates, in stature thick and short, well-set, strong in body, in war invincible, in labor indefatigable, drinking the blood of their beasts for dainties."

The Editor.]

THE Tartars, not being content with their enormous territory in Asia, resolved to conquer the whole world. They crossed the Caucasus Mountains, under Batu Khan, with a million and a half of men, conquered Russia and Poland, and burned down all the places that came in their way. They eventually invaded Hungary. At the time perfect disorder prevailed in that country, the magnates fighting against each other, and the king was left desolate, without an army or men; but on the approach of the dangerous enemy, of whose terrorism and barbarism King Bela III had been already told by those rulers who had lost their crowns and taken refuge in Hungary, the king summoned his nobles to an assembly

outside Pesth, sent envoys to his various neighbors for assistance, and in the mean time dispatched a small force to meet the enemy at the frontier. The king, when appearing at the assembly, found to his horror that the envoys had returned without any promise of assistance from the neighboring states. Only a few of the magnates that he summoned appeared, and those who did come would not promise any support and only abused him. The king was quite in despair and implored the assembly to assist him, when all of a sudden Hédervváry, the palatine, appeared and said, "Sire, you and our country are lost. The Tartars have defeated our forces and are quickly approaching." The assembly, on hearing this, got alarmed and were in great terror, excepting the king, who called his friend Vanisa Mihály, and gave him the crown of St. Stephen and asked him to take it, together with the national treasures, out of the country, and pulling out his sword said, "The fate of the nation is in the hands of God, but its honor is in mine. Those who wish to die with glory for their country, let them follow me — but those who wish to live in disgrace can remain at home!"

At this moment thousands of people who previously were against the king, pulled out their swords, saying, "We will follow you wherever you may lead us. Long live the king! Hail to the country!" The people poured in from all parts of the country to the assistance of the king; but, alas! it was too late. The Tartars approached with the greatest speed, took one fort after another, and the flames of the burning towns and villages were already to be seen in Pesth, while the cries of the people whom the Tartars were slaughtering were loudly heard.

A short time afterwards a million Mongols faced the small Hungarian army of six thousand men, and tried to cross the river Sajó, but the Hungarians strongly opposed them.

The Magyars fought very bravely, and the king was always to be seen in the midst of the greatest danger. His generals fell one after another. The king, seeing that he could not resist the overwhelming number of the Mongols, retreated, taking refuge with his soldiers in a cave, which the enemy, who were hunting for him all over the country, failed to discover.

In the mean time the Mongols were devastating the land, killing everybody who came in their way and setting fire to the places of worship and the nunneries where the women had taken refuge. Only those were saved who escaped to the Snow Alps, or who hid in some unknown caves. The Tartars were running over Hungary, Servia, and Bulgaria, but they did not find anything more that they could destroy, or any more people to kill, as the country was like a desert. It was then that the news reached Batu Khan that Octai Khan had died. He ordered at once his troops back to Asia, and so Hungary was saved from further destruction.

It was in the autumn, the corn was ripening, but there was nobody to gather it; the cattle were running about with no one to look after them, and for miles and miles, nothing could be seen but the ruins of what had been before towns and villages. The people, hiding in the mountains, lived on grass and the flesh of their dead brethren. Bela, as soon as he heard that the Tartars had gone, left his hiding-place and appeared on the soil. He went about for many days with a few of his

followers trying to find traces of the villages, and collected together all the people that were left, whom he asked to rebuild their houses. He invited German settlers to his country, and a year or so after, when the country had almost resumed its usual appearance, the Tartars were again approaching. He at once directed his troops to move towards the Carpathian Mountains, where he defeated them, they losing 52,000 men, whilst the remainder fled back to Asia.

HOW RUDOLF THE FIRST BECAME EMPEROR

[1273]

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT

In the small canton of Aargau, in Switzerland, on a rocky bluff of the Wulpelsburg, there still remains an old baronial castle, called Hapsburg, or Hawk's Castle. It was reared in the eleventh century, and was occupied by a succession of warlike barons, who have left nothing to distinguish themselves from the feudal lords whose castles, at that period, frowned upon almost every eminence of Europe. In the year 1232, this castle was occupied by Albert, fourth Count of Hapsburg. He had acquired some little reputation for military prowess, the only reputation any one could acquire in that dark age, and became ambitious of winning new laurels in the war with the infidels in the Holy Land. Religious fanaticism and military ambition were then the two great powers which ruled the human soul.

With the usual display of semi-barbaric pomp, Albert made arrangements to leave his castle to engage in the perilous holy war against the Saracens, from which few ever returned. A few years were employed in the necessary preparations. At the sound of the bugle the portcullis was raised, the drawbridge spanned the moat, and Albert, at the head of thirty steel-clad warriors, with nodding plumes, and banners unfurled, emerged from the castle, and proceeded to the neighboring convent of Mari. His wife, Hedwige, and their three sons, Ru-

dolf, Albert, and Hartman, accompanied him to the chapel where the ecclesiastics awaited his arrival. A multitude of vassals crowded around to witness the imposing ceremonies of the Church, as the banners were blessed, and the knights, after having received the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, were commended to the protection of God. Albert felt the solemnity of the hour, and in solemn tones gave his farewell address to his children.

"My sons," said the steel-clad warrior, "cultivate truth and piety; give no ear to evil counselors, never engage in unnecessary war, but when you are involved in war, be strong and brave. Love peace better than your own personal interests. Remember that the Counts of Hapsburg did not attain their heights of reputation and glory by fraud, insolence, or selfishness, but by courage and devotion to the public weal. As long as you follow their footsteps, you will not only retain, but augment, the possessions and dignities of your illustrious ancestors."

The tears and sobs of his wife and family interrupted him while he uttered these parting words. The bugles then sounded. The knights mounted their horses; the clatter of hoofs was heard, and the glittering cavalcade soon disappeared in the forest. Albert had left his ancestral castle, never to return. He had but just arrived in Palestine, when he was taken sick at Askalon, and died in the year 1240.

Rudolf, his eldest son, was twenty-two years of age at the time of his father's death. Frederic II, one of the most renowned monarchs of the Middle Ages, was then emperor of that conglomeration of heterogeneous states

called Germany. Each of these states had its own independent ruler and laws, but they were all held together by a common bond for mutual protection, and some one illustrious sovereign was chosen as Emperor of Germany, to preside over their common affairs. The Emperor of Germany having influence over all these states, was consequently, in position, the great man of the age.

Albert, Count of Hapsburg, had been one of the favorite captains of Frederic II in the numerous wars which desolated Europe in that dark age. He was often at court, and the Emperor even condescended to present his son Rudolf at the font for baptism. As the child grew, he was trained to all athletic feats, riding ungovernable horses, throwing the javelin, wrestling, running, and fencing. He early gave indications of surprising mental and bodily vigor, and, at an age when most lads are considered merely children, he accompanied his father to the camp and to the court. Upon the death of his father, Rudolf inherited the ancestral castle, and the moderate possessions of a Swiss baron. He was surrounded by barons of far greater wealth and power than himself, and his proud spirit was roused, in disregard of his father's counsels, to aggrandize his fortunes by force of arms, the only way then by which wealth and power could be attained. He exhausted his revenues by maintaining a princely establishment, organized a well-selected band of his vassals into a military corps, which he drilled to a state of perfect discipline, and then commenced a series of incursions upon his neighbors. From some feeble barons he won territory, thus extending his domains; from others he extorted money, thus enabling him to reward his troops, and to add to their

number by engaging fearless spirits in his service wherever he could find them.

In the year 1245, Rudolf strengthened himself still more by an advantageous marriage with Gertrude, the beautiful daughter of the Count of Hohenberg. With his bride he received as her dowry the castle of Oeltingen, and very considerable territorial possessions. Thus in five years Rudolf, by that species of robbery which was then called heroic adventure, and by a fortunate marriage, had more than doubled his hereditary inheritance. The charms of his bride and the care of his estates seem for a few years to have arrested the progress of his ambition; for we can find no further notice of him among the ancient chronicles for eight years. But, with almost all men, love is an ephemeral passion, which is eventually vanquished by other powers of the soul. Ambition slumbered for a little time, but was soon roused anew, invigorated by repose.

In 1253, we find Rudolf heading a foray of steel-clad knights, with their banded followers, in a midnight attack upon the city of Basle. They break over the defenses, sweep all opposition before them, and in the fury of the fight, either by accident or as a necessity of war, sacrilegiously set fire to a nunnery. For this crime Rudolf was excommunicated by the Pope. Excommunication was then no farce. There were few who dared to serve a prince upon whom the denunciations of the Church had fallen. It was a stunning blow, from which few men could recover. Rudolf, instead of sinking in despair, endeavored, by new acts of obedience and devotion to the Church, to obtain the revocation of the sentence.

RUDOLF THE FIRST BECOMES EMPEROR

In the region now called Prussia, there was then a barbaric pagan race, against whom the Pope had published a crusade. Into this war the excommunicated Rudolf plunged with all the impetuosity of his nature; he resolved to work out absolution, by converting, with all the potency of fire and sword, the barbarians to the Church. His penitence and zeal seem to have been accepted, for we soon find him on good terms again with the Pope. He now sought to have a hand in every quarrel, far and near. Wherever the sounds of war are raised, the shout of Rudolf is heard urging to the strife. In every hot and fiery foray, the steed of Rudolf is rearing and plunging, and his saber-strokes fall in ringing blows upon cuirass and helmet. He efficiently aided the citizens of Strasburg in their war against their bishop, and received from them in gratitude extensive territories, while at the same time they reared a monument to his name, portions of which still exist. His younger brother died, leaving an only daughter, Anne, with a large inheritance. Rudolf, as her guardian, came into possession of the counties of Kyburg, Lentzburg, and Baden, and other scattered domains.

This rapidly increasing wealth and power did but increase his energy and his spirit of encroachment. And yet he adopted principles of honor which were far from common in that age of barbaric violence. He would never stoop to ordinary robbery, or harass peasants and helpless travelers, as was constantly done by the turbulent barons around him. His warfare was against the castle, never against the cottage. He met in arms the panoplied knight, never the timid and crouching peasant. He swept the roads of the banditti by whom they

were infested, and often espoused the cause of citizens and freemen against the turbulent barons and haughty prelates. He thus gained a widespread reputation for justice, as well as for prowess, and the name of Rudolf of Hapsburg was ascending fast into renown. Every post of authority then required the agency of a military man. The feeble cantons would seek the protection of a powerful chief; the citizens of a wealthy town, ever liable to be robbed by bishop or baron, looked around for some warrior who had invincible troops at his command for their protection. Thus Rudolf of Hapsburg was chosen chief of the mountaineers of Uri, Schweitz, and Underwalden; and all their trained bands were ready, when his bugle note echoed through their defiles, to follow him unquestioningly and to do his bidding. The citizens of Zürich chose Rudolf of Hapsburg as their prefect or mayor; and whenever his banner was unfurled in their streets, all the troops of the city were at his command.

The neighboring barons, alarmed at this rapid aggrandizement of Rudolf, formed an alliance to crush him. The mountaineers heard his bugle call and rushed to his aid. Zürich opened her gates, and her marshaled troops hastened to his banner. From Hapsburg, and Rheinfelden, and Suabia, and Brisgau, and we know not how many other of the territorial possessions of the count, the vassals rushed to the aid of their lord. They met in one of the valleys of Zürich. The battle was short, and the confederated barons were put to utter flight. Some took refuge in the strong castle of Balder, upon a rocky cliff washed by the Albis. Rudolf selected thirty horsemen and thirty footmen.

"Will you follow me," said he, "in an enterprise where the honor will be equal to the peril?"

A universal shout of assent was the response. Concealing the footmen in a thicket, he, at the head of thirty horsemen, rode boldly to the gates of the castle, bidding defiance, with all the utterances and gesticulations of contempt, to the whole garrison. Those on the ramparts, stung by the insult, rushed out to chastise so impudent a challenge. The footmen rose from their ambush, and assailants and assailed rushed pell-mell in at the open gates of the castle. The garrisons were cut down or taken captive, and the fortress demolished. Another party had fled to the castle of Uttleberg. By an ingenious stratagem, this castle was also taken. Success succeeded success with such rapidity that the confederate barons, struck with consternation, exclaimed,—

"All opposition is fruitless. Rudolf of Hapsburg is invincible."

They consequently dissolved the alliance, and sought peace on terms which vastly augmented the power of the conqueror.

Basle now incurred the displeasure of Rudolf. He led his armies to the gates of the city, and extorted satisfaction. The Bishop of Basle, a haughty prelate of great military power, who could summon many barons to his aid, ventured to make arrogant demands of this warrior flushed with victory. The palace and vast possessions of the bishop were upon the other side of the unbridged Rhine, and the bishop imagined that he could easily prevent the passage of the river. But Rudolf speedily constructed a bridge of boats, put to flight the troops that opposed his passage, drove the peasants of

the bishop everywhere before him, and burned their cottages and their fields of grain. The bishop, appalled, sued for a truce, that they might negotiate terms of peace. Rudolf consented, and encamped his followers.

He was asleep in his tent when a messenger entered at midnight, awoke him, and informed him that he was elected Emperor of Germany. The previous Emperor, Richard, had died two years before, and after an interregnum of two years of almost unparalleled anarchy, the electors had just met, and, almost to their own surprise, through the fluctuations and combinations of political intrigue, had chosen Rudolf of Hapsburg as his successor. Rudolf himself was so much astonished at the announcement that for some time he could not be persuaded that the intelligence was correct.

To wage war against the Emperor of Germany, who could lead almost countless thousands into the field, was a very different affair from measuring strength with the comparatively feeble Count of Hapsburg. The news of his election flew rapidly. Basle threw open her gates, and the citizens, with illuminations, shouts, and the ringing of bells, greeted the new Emperor. The bishop was so chagrined at the elevation of his foe that he smote his forehead, and, looking up to heaven, profanely said,

"Great God, take care of your throne, or Rudolf of Hapsburg will take it from you!"

STORIES OF RUDOLF, FOUNDER OF THE HOUSE OF HAPSBURG

[Thirteenth century]

BY WILLIAM COXE

RUDOLF was above the ordinary stature, being more than six feet in height, but extremely slender; his head was small and almost bald, his complexion pale, his nose large and aquiline. His natural aspect was grave and composed; but he no sooner began to speak than his countenance brightened into animation. His manners were so captivating, and he possessed the art of persuasion in so eminent a degree, that, to use the expression of Dornavius, one of his panegyrists, "he fascinated persons of all ranks, as if with a love lotion." He was plain, unaffected, and simple in his dress, and was accustomed to say that he considered the majesty of a sovereign as consisting rather in princely virtue than in magnificence of apparel.

In an age of superstition, the piety of Rudolf was pure and ardent; and he was punctual and devout in attending the services of the Church. He esteemed and honored the humble minister of religion, but chastised the insolence of the haughty prelates, who forgot the meekness of the Gospel, in the splendor and exercise of temporal dominion. Although he recovered estates and advocacies which the hierarchy had usurped from the Empire, and resisted all claims of exemption from the public charges, which religious establishments arrogated

to themselves, yet he supported the dignity and privileges of the sacerdotal order, and enforced, by his own example, respect and deference for every member of the Church. The contemporary chronicles, among numerous anecdotes, record an instance of his courteous demeanor towards the inferior clergy, and of his unfeigned respect for the forms of religion. Being engaged in hunting, he met between Fahr and Baden a priest on foot, carrying the Host to a sick person; and as the road was extremely dirty and the torrents swollen with rain, he alighted, and gave his horse to the priest, saying, it ill became him to ride while the bearer of Christ's body walked on foot; at the same time he expressed his gratitude and veneration of the Supreme Being, who had raised him from the huts of his ancestors to the throne of the Empire.

Of his magnanimity several instances are recorded. At the conclusion of the victory in the March field, the nobleman who had killed his horse and dismounted him, being taken prisoner, was brought before him, in order to be executed. Rudolf instantly restored him to liberty, adding, "I have been a witness to his intrepidity, and should never forgive myself if so courageous a knight should be put to death." Being casually wounded by an arrow at a tournament, the man who shot the arrow was seized and condemned to lose his right hand. Rudolf forbade the execution of the sentence by saying, "If he had before lost his right hand, he would not have wounded me; but what advantage can I now derive from the infliction of the punishment?"

After he was Emperor, being at Mainz in the midst of his officers, he saw Müller, the citizen of Zürich who

had rescued him in the battle against the Count of Regensberg. He instantly rose up to meet him, received him with the warmest demonstrations of friendship and regard, and conferred on him the honor of knighthood. Being asked why he lavished such favors on a person of no rank, he replied, "When I was Count of Hapsburg, and fell into the hands of my enemies, this man rescued me, and mounted me on his own horse; and by his assistance I was delivered from almost inevitable destruction. It is my duty, therefore, to pay him every mark of distinction in my power, to whom, next to God, I owe the preservation of my life."

During the Bohemian War, when his troops were suffering from the scarcity of water, a flagon was presented to him, which he declined. "I cannot," he said, "drink alone, nor can I divide so small a quantity among all; I do not thirst for myself, but for my whole army." But at the same time that he was kindly attentive to the wants of his soldiers, he was not the less exact in enforcing discipline, and in mortifying those who would not practice that abstinence and self-denial of which he was the first to set an example. Having secretly collected a body of troops to make an irruption into the enemy's territory, he invited them to partake of some refreshment, and laid before them coarse rye bread and indifferent wine. Some of the soldiers, discontented with the meanness of their fare, purchased whiter bread and more palatable wine, with which they began to regale themselves. Rudolf, observing their fastidiousness, rose from table, and dismissed them from his service, declaring that he would retain none who could not content themselves with such fare as satisfied their superiors.

He was by nature warm and choleric; but as he advanced in years he corrected this defect. Some of his friends expressing their wonder that since his elevation to the imperial dignity he had restrained the vehemence of his temper, he replied, "I have often repented of being passionate, but never of being mild and humane." His heart was neither steeled nor corrupted by power, and the goodness of his disposition rose superior to the paltry considerations of his own private interest. To the tax-gatherers he said, "The cry of distress has reached my ears; you compel travelers to pay duties which they ought not to pay, and to bear burdens which they cannot support. Do not unjustly seize what belongs to others, but take only your due. It is my duty to employ vigilance, and to promote justice and tranquillity, which I consider as the greatest blessings under heaven." He was also easy of access, even to persons of the lowest condition. To his soldiers, who endeavored to prevent the approach of some poor men, he observed, "For God's sake, let them alone; I was not elected Emperor to be secluded from mankind."

Bred up in war and educated in camps, Rudolf found no leisure to cultivate letters; yet he always testified respect for the arts and sciences and patronized men of learning. Being presented by a citizen of Strasburg with a manuscript, describing the wars of the Romans against the Germans, and the virtues of a general, he bestowed on the author a gold medal and chain, which he was accustomed to wear round his neck. One of his relations expressing his dissatisfaction at the gift, because money was wanting to pay the troops, Rudolf mildly answered, "My good friend, be contented that

men of learning praise our actions, and thereby inspire us with additional courage in war. Would to God I could employ more time in reading, and could expend some of that money on learned men which I must throw away on so many illiterate knights!"

He seems to have been no less distinguished for playful wit and pleasantry. Being at Mainz in 1288, he walked out early in the morning, dressed as usual in the plainest manner, and as the weather was cold, entered a baker's shop to warm himself. The mistress, unacquainted with his person, peevishly exclaimed, "Soldiers ought not to come into poor women's houses." — "Do not be angry, good woman," returned the King of the Romans with great complacency, "I am an old soldier, who has spent all his fortune in the service of that rascal, Rudolf, and he suffers me to want, notwithstanding all his fine promises." — "As you serve," rejoined the woman, "that fellow who has laid waste the whole earth and devoured the poor, you have deservedly incurred all your misfortunes." She then virulently abused the King of the Romans, adding with great bitterness, that she and all the bakers in the town, except two, were ruined by his means; and compelled him to depart, by throwing a pail of water on the fire, which filled the room with smoke and vapor.

Rudolf, on sitting down to dinner, ordered his hostess to convey a boar's head and a bottle of wine to her neighbor, the baker's wife, as a present from the old soldier who had warmed himself in the morning by her fire, and then related the anecdote with much humor. When thus apprised of her mistake, the woman was greatly terrified, and, approaching the table, entreated forgive-

ness in the most suppliant manner. Rudolf consented on condition that she would repeat her abusive expressions, with which the woman faithfully complied, to the amusement and laughter of all who were present.



HOW NAUMBURG WAS SAVED

BY JAROSLAV CERMAK

(*Bohemian artist,* –1878)

AFTER the burning of Huss, his Bohemian followers took a terrible revenge upon the Catholics, and for fifteen years the kingdom was in a state of bloody anarchy. The inflexible general Procopius ravaged Austria, Hungary, Silesia, Saxony, and Franconia. The picture represents a scene in his warfare. He had besieged Naumburg, and it was about to surrender in despair, when a gentle old man, the schoolmaster, came to its rescue. He brought together the little children of the place and sent them to the stern commander. They were so gentle, so fearless, so beautiful, that the wrath of the fierce soldier was overcome; and as the little ones held up their arms to him and begged him not to destroy their homes, the unyielding Procopius yielded for once, and so the town was saved.

THE DELIVERANCE OF PRAGUE

BY E. H. GILLETT

[WYCLIF, an English religious reformer, preached doctrines which were much like the later teachings of Luther. These were eagerly embraced and preached by the Bohemian John Huss. In 1414, he was ordered to appear before the Council of Constance, an important council of the Church. Sigismund, Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire, granted him a safe-conduct to the council; but in spite of this he was arrested and burned at the stake as a heretic. Immediately after his death, his followers formed an organization which was not only religious but also political, and from 1419 to 1434 a most furious civil war was waged. Zisca was the chief of the Hussite leaders.

The Editor.]

ALL eyes were now directed anxiously toward Prague. As the capital of the kingdom, its possession was of the greatest importance to each party. On the 12th of June the news arrived that the Emperor was on his march, accompanied with an overwhelming force of more than 100,000 men. The citizens pressed the siege of the Vissehrad, and endeavored to increase the number of their allies. Among these came Hinko Krussina, with his Horebites. These were the most fierce and cruel of all the Hussite force. They breathed vengeance against all priests and monks, and seemed to find no satisfaction equal to that of torturing, mangling, insulting, and murdering them. Merciless as they were desperate, Prague

needed them, with all their fanatic thirst of blood, to defend her against the hosts of the crusading army. They were received with congratulations and shouts of welcome. Krussina was made one of the chief commanders of the city.

The Emperor had sent forward a body of 11,000 men to the relief of his party in Prague. He stopped himself for a short time at Königgrätz, where he had met a friendly reception, and sent an embassy to Prague, reminding the city of its promise of fealty, and requiring it to keep its word. He demanded that the citizens should give up their arms, and deposit them in the Vissehrad.

This message was delivered on the 24th of June, the Emperor meanwhile resuming his march, and advancing toward Prague. His conduct was marked by a vindictive cruelty. Under pretense of retaliation, he drowned twenty-four Hussites in the Elbe. The monasteries fared little better in his hands than in those of Zisca. He plundered them to pay his troops. Some of them were immensely wealthy, and invited spoliation. The Hussites might rob them as enemies, but it was hard that they should experience the same fate from the hands of one who came as their avenger. Yet the pillage of churches and convents was the resource of both parties, and the immense wealth of the Church furnished fuel for the fire that consumed it.

The number of monasteries destroyed by Zisca has been reckoned by historians at more than five hundred. None had manifested a more bigoted hostility to reform and to the communion of the cup, no class had become more corrupt, and none could be more properly regarded as implicated in compassing the death of Huss, by in-

vective and false accusation, than the monks; and Zisca's memory treasured the affront that had been offered to his own sister — an affront to be expiated by blood alone. His vengeance was terrible. By flying marches he swept the country, and spread on every side the terror of his name. Convents and monasteries were sacked and burned, sometimes with all who resided within the walls. Krussina, with his Horebites, did not yield to Zisca in the promptitude and energy of a cruel vengeance. The Cistercian monastery of Graditz fell into their hands, and was utterly destroyed. The monastery of Cromau was possessed of such wealth and splendor as to be an object of attractive curiosity to travelers. They turned aside to behold it. The Taborites paid it a visit — curious also in their way to see what it contained — and only its ruins were left to invite the curiosity of the pilgrim. At Prague, the Cistercian monastery of the royal court was doomed to a similar fate. One of its inmates, James, a scholastic of wonderful eloquence, and former rector of the university, was spared by Zisca only at the earnest intercession of the senate. Truly it might be still said, as it had been months before, that "the cart drew the horse." Laws were silent in the midst of arms. Zisca was the dictator of Prague.

The Emperor's army in all recklessness and cruelty was fully equal to that of Zisca. It was only inferior in strong religious conviction, fanatic feeling, and desperate courage. It was a conglomerate of all the refuse of Christendom, though led by kings, margraves, dukes, barons, princes, and knights, and accompanied by archbishops, bishops, doctors, prelates, and a host of ecclesiastics. Some twenty years before, Cardinal d'Ailly had

expressed his wish that the Pope would proclaim a crusade as a means of drawing off the festering masses of corruption, and relieving the Church by the *Sangrado* prescription of letting of blood. His wish was now realized. With all the splendor of the Empire, the scum of the nations accompanied and mainly composed the imperial armies. Almost every tribe and nation of Europe was represented in the motley host. Bohemians and Moravians in arms against their countrymen, Hungarians and Croatians, Dalmatians and Bulgarians, Wallachians and Servians, Sclavonians and Thuringians, Bavarians and Austrians, met in the same host with the men of England, France, Brabant, Westphalia, Switzerland, Aragon, Spain, Portugal, Poland, and Italy. The East and West joined hands for the plunder and vengeance of a crusade. There was a Babel of nations and of tongues. If the Council of Constance could claim to be œcumenical, much more might Sigismund's army. Such was the host which had been marshaled to maintain the cause of the Papacy, and put down a cause that vainly had challenged the council to confute it from Scripture. How well it performed its task, the sequel will show.

Bohemia presented, certainly, between the two contending parties, a strange picture of anarchy, rapine, cruelty, and sacrilege. Here we shall find the tombs of kings profaned, their dust no longer protected by coffins, the golden plates of which could pay the wages of a ruffian soldiery. There the fragments of marble altars, and pavements on which the knees of devout pilgrims had rested, are used to charge the catapults of the invading host. The carcasses of the slain putrefy and poison

the air, or are flung piecemeal into besieged towns, till pestilence helps famine to do its work. Indiscriminate massacre involves the innocent and guilty, friend and foe, in one common doom. Retaliation and vengeance, sometimes, though rarely, conducted under legal forms, supply each party with its hosts of martyrs. "Dreadful traditions have perpetuated the memory of so many frightful scenes: near Toplitz, it was said, might be seen a pear tree, which blossomed every year, and never yielded fruit — a tree accursed from the streams of blood that had saturated its roots. At Commotau, near a church where thousands of victims perished, slaughtered by Zisca, it was asserted that the soil was formed of the remains of bones, and that at whatever depth search was made, nothing could be found but human teeth."

Sigismund himself acted as if he considered Bohemia a land doomed and accursed. The progress of his march was signalized by new atrocities, and deeds of reckless cruelty. He, as well as Zisca, would inspire terror. But in his case the project failed. There was alarm, but there was resentment and desperation also. The soldiers of Zisca were ready to be martyrs. The soldiers of Sigismund showed but a feeble faith, and a weak desire for that eternal glory awarded to those that fell, by the bull of the Pope. The heterogeneous mass of plunderers and robbers lacked the spirit that animated the terrible soldiers who took the cup for a banner.

It was on the 30th of June, that the Emperor with the body of his army approached the neighborhood of Prague. He was fortunate in finding any part of the city still retaining its allegiance. Czenko, by a double

treason, — or perhaps, and more probably, by stratagem, — had preserved for him the castle of Wenzel. He had pretended to surrender it to the demands of the citizens who closely besieged it, and who offered him his choice, to proclaim the freedom of the communion of the cup, or withdraw from the castle. He assumed to yield to the last demand, and, it was said, withdrew with a large treasure to his own château. He had, however, secretly informed the Emperor of the step which he had taken, urging his speedy advance, and by his connivance or treachery the castle was still held; or, if it had been surrendered, was regained for the Emperor. The first step, therefore, of the latter was, if possible, to raise the siege of the Vissehrad. A single day only remained for the term of its surrender to expire. The approach of the imperial army to its relief was announced by drums and trumpets and bells, while strains of martial music mingled with the hymns and songs of the clergy, as they accompanied the Emperor in grand procession to the royal castle. The army itself encamped on the wide plain about Bruska and Owenecz, ready to commence the siege of the city. Its numbers, if not its strength, received continually new accessions, till the pride of superiority, and the taunts of bigotry, found vent in insults that would more wisely have been reserved for a vanquished foe.

From day to day the soldiers of the imperial army, from a height on the bank of the river overlooking the city, and over against the Monastery of the Holy Cross and the Church of St. Valentine, uttered their howls and barkings like dogs, accompanied by sneers and taunting words, and cries of "Huss, Huss! Heretic, Heretic!" If

a Bohemian fell into their hands, unless speedily rescued by parties of his friends who still maintained themselves in roving about the precincts of the imperial army, he was mercilessly burned, without regard to the fact of his favoring the doctrine of the communion of the cup. His nationality was accounted a sufficient crime. Skirmishes were of frequent occurrence. Small bands of Taborites, issuing from the city, would sometimes rout great numbers of the foe. With their favorite weapon, an iron flail, they threshed down the invaders, armed in all the pride and pomp of war. The enemy attempted to take or burn the machines by which the citizens hurled masses of stone upon those who approached the walls, but all their attempts were vain. They were repulsed with loss upon all occasions.

Sigismund soon perceived that in order to reduce the city, the only method which promised success was to starve it to surrender. For this purpose it was necessary for him to occupy some position which would command the Moldau, by which provisions were still brought into the city. He determined, therefore, to take possession with a strong force of the high steep hill Witkow, or Galgenberg (Gibbet Hill), as it is called. Zisca had either had some intimation of his purpose, or discerned the danger to which the city was evidently exposed. Sigismund in possession of Witkow would, moreover, be able to invest Prague upon three sides at once.

Anticipating his movements, the Hussite general promptly seized upon the height, and fortified it, by wooden intrenchments, a fosse, and walls of stone and earth. The extreme promptitude with which Zisca acted, prevented any measures of opposition from the imperial

forces being taken till his intrenchments were nearly complete. An assault was made upon the city (July 13), in which the citizens, although they repulsed the enemy, suffered some loss. But on the next day (July 14), preparations were made for an attack upon the Galgenberg, which it was determined to carry by storm. The city, moreover, was to be assaulted at the same time from three different directions, mainly with the purpose of rendering any measure of sending aid from the city to Zisca impracticable. From the castle it was ordered that there should be a sortie against the palace of the Duke of Saxony, which the citizens had strongly fortified, and 16,000 men were detailed for this purpose. From the Vissehrad a like sortie was to be made against the new city, while from the plain on which the army lay encamped, a force was to march to the assault of the old city.

While these arrangements were taking effect, 8000 cavalry of Misnia, led by their margrave, and strengthened by a large force from the imperial army, marched to storm the Galgenberg. They ascended the hill at a quickstep and with sound of trumpets, and took possession of some of the advanced works. A defensive roofed tower was taken, which was abandoned by all but twenty-six men and three women, who emulated one another in the courage and energy with which for a time they repelled the assailants. They defended themselves with stones and pikes. One of the women, though herself destitute of defensive armor, encouraged her associates by refusing to fly, and exhorting them not to yield. "A Christian believer," she said, "ought not to give ground to Antichrist." She fell fighting at her post. Zisca him-

self was at one time in great danger. He had lost his footing and had fallen to the ground, when his friends with their flails rushed to his rescue, and saved him from being captured by the enemy.

The city itself was meanwhile full of alarm. All human help seemed vain, and the greatest apprehension was felt lest the combined assault should prove successful. At this moment a strange sight presented itself. The citizens gathered with the women and children in sad groups, and with tears and groans supplicated aid from Heaven. While fathers and brothers stood by the walls or marched to the terrible encounter, those who were left behind commended them to the God of armies. The voice of prayer mingled with the clash of arms, and at the critical moment a priest, filled with enthusiastic courage, and bearing with him the holy sacrament, rushed forth from the gates, followed by only fifty bowmen and a crowd of peasants armed with flails. The bells rang, and the shouts of the people echoed far beyond the walls, as the little band issued from the gate of the city to face thousands of the invading host. A sudden panic seized the imperialists, who probably imagined that the whole force of the city was marching out against them. Zisca and his soldiers were inspirited by this opportune aid. The enemy were driven back from the intrenchments, and hurled headlong down the steep rocks. Horse and rider perished alike by the fall, and in a single hour several hundred were slain, beside many fatally wounded, or carried off as captives. The rout was complete. The Emperor, from a high point on the banks of the Moldau, witnessed the defeat of his most cherished hopes. Overwhelmed with grief, indignation, and shame, he with-

drew from the field, and led the army back to the camp.

The citizens regarded their success as a deliverance wrought out for them by the hand of God. They knelt down upon the field of battle, and sang their *Te Deum* with grateful joy. In long processions they marched through the streets of the city, ascribing their success to the interposition of Heaven. It was not by their own strength, but by the wonderful power of God (*miraculose*), that a small band had won such a victory over a numerous host. Hymns and songs filled the air with the music of triumph. Grief was turned into joy, and the whole city echoed with exultant praise. The little children sang hymns which were composed on the occasion, and which breathed the spirit of the song of Moses over the defeat of the Egyptian host. The scene of the battle was made memorable by the name of the great general whose skill and courage had foiled the power and designs of the Emperor. The hill, formerly known as Galgenberg or Witkow, was now known as Ziscaberg.

A FUNERAL MENU OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY

[1509]

FROM THE OLD CHRONICLES

[THE following is a copy of the bill of fare at the funeral of Albert IV, Duke of Bavaria. This dinner was served to the princes, royal envoys, and counselors. Other guests were entertained according to their rank, at the different inns.

The Editor.]

First

The first age of the world, namely, Adam and Eve in the garden, and between them a green tree; around it, the serpent with an apple in its fangs, which it held out to Eve, and mushrooms and toadstools made of sugar and almonds.

Second

A boar's head stewed and then browned on a spit.

Third

Stewed meat with capon, and chicken and meat in a gravy.

Fourth

An image of the second age, namely, Noah's Ark with wafers baked of sugar.

Fifth

Hot dishes of fish like salmon-trout, umber, and other good varieties.

Sixth

A sauerkraut and what goes with it.

Seventh

The third age, namely, the figure of Abraham about to offer up his son, and therewith a tower of sugar and almonds.

Eighth

A high transparent jelly with fish in it.

Ninth

Fresh and salted venison with peppers.

Tenth

The fourth age, namely, the little king David standing against Goliath, the giant, with his sling in his hand and sweet crumpets of sugar and almonds.

Eleventh

A vegetable.

Twelfth

A stewed or pickled sturgeon.

Thirteenth

The fifth age, namely, the Tower of Babel, standing with some other buildings in a vegetable.

Fourteenth

A pie with stewed birds in it.

Fifteenth

A roast of venison with cold chicken in vinegar.

Sixteenth

The sixth age, namely, the birth of Christ. Mary and the Child and Joseph and the asses, oxen, and manger made of white almond paste.

Seventeenth

A pie of pears and other vegetables.

Eighteenth

Stewed birds.

Nineteenth

The seventh and last age, namely, the Last Judgment, with the Saviour sitting under a rainbow. The Virgin, as suppliant, on his right, and St. John kneeling at his left, and marzipan of sugar and almonds.

Twentieth

Carp and waller fish.

Twenty-first

Roast pheasant, grouse, partridge, birds, and other good game.

Twenty-second

The gravestone of our gracious lord, Duke Albrecht of blessed memory, with all the flags and banners of the land and kingdom, just as it stood in Unser Frauen. Upon the stone, a man in full armor lay, holding a banner in his right hand and a naked sword in his left, and two shields were at his feet, one painted with Bavarian (coat of arms), the other with the eastern countries. Thereby filled wafers.

That was the dinner of ceremony on the funeral day. There had been one, the day before, and there was another, the day after, at which it is explicitly stated, "A pastry in the form of tiles of a stove was served, out of which living birds flew."



THE EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN RECEIVING THE VENETIAN EMBASSY

BY KARL LUDWIG FRIEDRICH BECKER

(*German artist*, 1820–1900)

In 1508, an alliance called the League of Cambrai was formed between Louis XII of France, the Emperor Maximilian I of Austria, and Pope Julius II. Its object was the partition of the Venetian territories. The Venetians made ready to hold the line of the Mincio River, but at the first discouragement they lost heart. Verona especially knew not what to do. No orders had come from Venice, and the Veronese hesitated whether to defend their city or to abandon it. King Louis with seventy thousand men was at hand; and at length the terrified Veronese sent an embassy to offer him the city. The League had agreed that, in the projected division of the Venetian territory, all land east of the Mincio should go to Maximilian; therefore, Louis bade the ambassadors go to him. This they willingly did, for they greatly preferred having as a ruler the weak Maximilian to the powerful Louis. So it was that Verona passed into the hands of the Emperor.

When peace was made, in 1516, the Emperor presented Verona to his nephew, Charles of Spain. Six weeks later, Charles gave it to Francis I of France, and he for a consideration of some 36,000 florins, gave it to the Venetians. All this was done in order to save the pride of the Emperor. Maximilian did much for the universities of his country, and encouraged art, literature, and science. One specially wise act of his was having copies made of ancient chronicles. He was so frank and generous and possessed so many accomplishments that he has been called "The Last of the Knights."

II

THE RELIGIOUS WARS OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

HISTORICAL NOTE

In 1618, the Thirty Years' War broke out in Bohemia between Protestants and Catholics. At first the Protestants were successful and a Bohemian army threatened Vienna, but the vigor and adroitness of the Emperor, Ferdinand II, saved the Catholic party; Frederick V, the Bohemian King, was driven from the country, and the Protestant states of Germany that had allied themselves with him were invaded. As the field of war broadened, it became less a religious contest than a struggle for territory. Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden at length took the lead of the Protestant forces, and Wallenstein of those of the Emperor. One country after another was brought into this war, and all Europe rejoiced when, in 1648, it was ended by the Peace of Westphalia. The Emperor still held on to his title, but he had lost authority over Protestant northern Germany, and indeed over all lands except those belonging to the House of Austria.

Not many years after the close of this war, the Hungarians rebelled against the severity of the Emperor, Leopold I. The Turks assisted them, and in 1683 they besieged Vienna. Then John Sobieski, King of Poland, came to the aid of the inefficient Emperor and rescued the city. As a result of this war, the Hungarians were forced to make their kingdom hereditary in the Hapsburg family.

THE DEVASTATION OF ST. VITUS'S CHURCH

[1619–1620]

BY MARIE HAY

[FREDERICK V, elector or ruler of the Palatinate, a former German state, married Elizabeth of England, daughter of James I. In 1619, Frederick accepted the crown of Bohemia at the hands of the Protestants. He was thus forced to battle with the Catholic League of Germany, and in 1620 was routed in the decisive battle of the White Mountains. Bohemia then lay in the power of Ferdinand II of Austria, who gave it over into the hands of the Jesuits. Frederick was supported during the rest of his life by the charity of his friends. He was derisively called "the Winter King."

The Editor.]

ONE chill December morning Master Scultetus and a crowd of black-cloaked men, followed by a gang of workmen, entered the ancient Church of St. Vitus, which adjoins the Hradcány Palace. The church lay in gloom, no light glimmered before the high altar, no lamps shed their radiance before the shrines of St. Vitus and of St. John Nepomuk. For three hundred years these lights had burned before the relics of those holy martyrs; for three hundred years the Czechish people had prayed God to hear their petitions through the intercession of these his chosen ones. Even when the Bohemians had broken away from their ancient cult, in pious memory they had still venerated these shrines, and Lutheran and Papist alike had seen in the honoring of Bohemia's great dead a

sacred national custom. A few days before the new king, the hero who was to deliver Bohemia, came to Prague, the Cathedral of St. Vitus had been taken from the priests, and since then the church had been deserted; the flowers had withered upon the altars, and in the untended lamps the little flames had flickered and sunk to death. There were many among the populace who had bitterly resented this harsh dealing. Had not Frederick promised religious freedom to Bohemia? Not alone the Papists were moved to anger; the Lutherans, too, resented this act of Calvinistic tyranny. It was a dangerous thing to affront the revered "Domherren," the priests of the Church of St. Vitus; and though each priest was paid a few thalers a week, this scanty pension could not appease their anger nor assuage their horror at the injustice of Freedom's champion dispossessing them of their church. Quietly the well-known "Domherren" glided through the streets of Prague, whispering their bitterness into the ears of Lutheran and Catholic alike. These priests had been in the crowd which had stood round the doors of the Vitus Church during the coronation; and though the feasting populace, in the excitement of the rejoicings, had scarce noticed the whispers, some of the poison had slipped into their thoughts, and afterwards, when the merrymaking was past, they had remembered the priests' words, and a pulse of sullen resentment, a quaver of suspicion, had lived in the people's hearts against their Calvinistic ruler.

Master Scultetus and his followers stood gazing into the dark church. High over the rood-screen the stone crucifix seemed an appeal so potent that it was almost a menace, and on the many altars in the aisles the carven

figures of the saints loomed like quiet watchers. All around, a majestic company of silent witnesses to their country's vanished greatness, lay Bohemia's mighty dead — keeping watch they, too, in the desolate church: emperors and kings and dukes of Bohemia, their names recording dynasties long dead; and beside them lay the proud nobles of the land: Lobkowitz and Duba, Wlaschin and Rozmital, Pardubitz and Wratislaw von Pernstein, knights and princes of the Church. Verily, it was a sumptuous court gathered round the King of Pain and Humility upon the cross.

The deserted church was a sanctuary of stillness and of memory, and even Scultetus paused on the threshold. Then, with a fierce gesture, like a cruel hunter setting his hounds at a fallen prey, he flung out his arm.

"See! The accursed dolls, the hideous idols!" he cried. "See the graven images before which the people are wont to offer sacrilegious prayer! Away with these sham gods! We are come to cleanse God's church! Down with these wanton effigies!"

The black-cloaked company rushed into the church. Like madmen they broke open the wrought-iron railings before the tombs of Bohemia's nobles, and with fury they attacked the altars, trampling under foot the silken hangings, strewing the withered flowers upon the ground, and hurling down the golden altar vases. Half a hundred German masons and artisans, and a band of mercenary soldiers whom Scultetus had summoned to perform this foul task, set to work upon the stone figures of the saints, dealing blow after blow with their hammers upon the serene faces of the sacred statues. A flood of ribaldry broke loose as the madness of destruc-

tion rose in the hearts of these rough men, half-drunken already from the raw spirits which the Calvinist had caused to be served to them ere they followed him into the church.

"Come, here's Peter with his key-bunch! I would it could open the priests' cellar," shouted another, while he hacked with his heavy axe into the gilded statue of St. Peter.

"See, comrades! I've found a blessed saint's pate," roared a drunken Saxon, lurching from a side-chapel. "Here! catch it, then! I'll warrant 't will make a good ball!" He flung the skull into a group of workers who toiled to shatter the delicate stone tracery of the chancel gate.

The ravagers warmed to their work. Scultetus stood with folded arms gazing on the ghastly sight with a smile of exultation. He laid no touch upon the wrecked church, but he gloated over each blow dealt to those accursed popish images. The church was like some mad dream of a devastated feasting-hall; the ground was strewn with silken hangings, with velvets, with embroideries of gold and silver thread; golden vases rolled on the stone floor; waxen limbs from the lesser shrines lay grotesque and horrible, in the folds of the altar-cloths; gilt and silver candlesticks, bent and twisted, lay about; and jeweled reliquaries, despoiled of their precious stones, were mixed into the gorgeous refuse of spoiled beauty; and everywhere, like symbols of death, lay the withered flowers from the altars. The thunderous noise of hammers upon the stone rang out unceasingly, while ever and anon a deafening crash told that another statue had been felled. A knot of men made it

their especial task to empty the reliquaries, and with obscene jests the sacred dust was flung about, and the brittle bones of the long dead were broken and thrown into the air with lewd shouts for their last requiem mass.

Still, over all, the crucified King remained inviolate, high above the wrecked rood-screen. Only two things had been spared by the destroyers — the crucifix and the royal oratory, that quaint fifteenth-century gallery which clung to the church wall like a swallow's nest, high above the ravagers' reach. But it was not for this reason that the oratory had been spared; Scultetus, the low-born preacher, had commanded his men to lay no touch upon this sacred place of royal prayer; and thus, although the aureoled figures of saints were mingled with the emblems of monarchy in the ornaments of the oratory, they had remained scathless.

The crimson curtain in the royal gallery was thrust aside, and Frederick, King of Bohemia, looked down and saw how his new country's beloved cathedral was turned into the shambles of beauty and a fearful picture of outraged reverence. Scultetus saw him and pointed at the destruction.

"As the Lord purged the Temple, so have I cleansed this church of the dross of idolatry," he said sternly. The wreckers, seeing King Frederick, paused in their abominable work.

"On, my friends!" cried Scultetus. "Pull down the last vestige of the heathen's worship!" His glance rested on the crucifix. "Ah! here is work for you!" he cried. "Break me that profane thing of the image-worshipers! Down! Down!"

Among the gentry who had accompanied Scultetus, indeed, those who had led the work of destruction, were six Bohemians of the lesser nobility; these were Bushuslav, Berkha, Budowitz, young Michaelowitz, Berbistorf, and Daniel Secreta. Calvinists and sworn enemies of the priests, they had joyed in the havoc, but even they hung back before the wrecking of the crucifix. It was Bohemia's most venerated shrine, this great crucifix of St. Vitus, and a most beauteous work of the twelfth century.

"It is pity to break that, master," muttered Berkha hesitatingly. "It cannot harm to leave that."

"You are not earnest for the Faith, sir! Root and branch shall this church be cleansed of the defilement of filthy idols," cried Scultetus, and to the masons he shouted: "On to your task! I will pay a double wage to those who break down yonder heathen image." His words renewed the workmen's ardor, and in an instant they had roped the head of Christ, and sixteen men dragged at the cords, while a score hewed and hammered at the base of the cross.

With a thunderous crash the mass of stone fell to the ground, and for a moment the wreckers drew back in superstitious awe, for the whole church rocked, as if the mighty edifice shuddered at the sacrilege. The fall had broken the stone cross, and, among the crimson velvets of a heap of altar-cloths, the Figure of the Crucified lay prone, strangely real and piteous like a newly slain victim. The awestruck workmen stood huddled together, but Berbistorf, recovering from his momentary fear, sprang forward and touched the prone Figure with his foot.

"Ha!" he exclaimed, laughing gruffly. "Ha! Thou who hast claimed to save sinners, prove now Thy power, save Thyself! Ho, ho! He cannot! See, comrades, the idol is broken down!" Scornfully the blasphemer spurned the fallen Christ. "Wretched doll whom fools have worshiped!" he cried, and spat into the tranquil Face beneath the crown of thorns. It is well known how wit is sharpened by approval, and the workmen's rough laughter again inspired Berbistorf.

"Bring me that image of John," he called; and two-score of eager hands obeyed him. The statue of the beloved Apostle was dragged from its resting-place against the shattered gates of the royal tomb of Bohemia.

"Here! lay the thing beside the woman Mary," cried Berbistorf; and as the willing, well-paid hirelings laid the statue next to that of the blessed Virgin, Berbistorf rolled the sculptured saint against Our Lady's statue, and laughing aloud, cried out: —

"Ye loved each other upon earth; there, I've put you together again so that ye may be free to love once more!"

There was a moment's silence wherein the clink of the metal rings which held the velvet hangings of the royal oratory window was clearly heard. Frederick, King of Bohemia, had closed the curtain, and had disappeared from the sight of his supporters, who were doing such glorious work for Bohemia and the Faith in the name of God.

Seeing that the king had fled before this insult to womanhood in the person of God's Blessed Mother, Scultetus smiled. Really, His Majesty was too faint-hearted; but it mattered not, he, Scultetus, was at hand

to battle for the pure Faith of Calvin; and he, at least, would never waver, never recoil before God's service.

The king left the royal oratory, and hurried through the long corridors of the rambling palace to the queen's apartments. In the antechamber he met Count Schlick and Bernard Thurn. Both men were in the grip of strong emotion, and Schlick poured forth a stream of soft, swift Czech when he saw the king.

"Sire!" cried Thurn, silencing his voluble companion, for he remembered that Frederick understood no word of Czech, "there is terrible work afoot in the Vitus Church! You cannot know what your preacher is doing, but, for God's sake, stop this sacrilege! It will turn the heart of every Bohemian against you. I implore you—"

Frederick stopped him with a haughty wave of the hand. "My young Lord of Thurn," he said coldly, "you are forever trying to teach me my duty. You forget who I am, and also that I am an older man than you; you should learn respect for my riper experience!"

"You may be a hundred years older than I, sire," cried Thurn hotly, "but I know the Bohemian people as you cannot know them yet. The experience of one country is useless in another, and your German experience cannot aid you in Bohemia. There is no time to be lost, sire, I pray you — I pray you, stop this ruthless man, who will wreck your kingdom —"

"Silence, sir! You speak of your superior in age and knowledge!" answered the king pompously.

Thurn spoke to Schlick in Bohemian. The old man caught the king's arm, and addressed him in a choking

voice. Frederick looked at him. In spite of himself he was impressed by Schlick's manner.

"Translate what the count says," he ordered Thurn.

"Andreas Schlick tells Your Majesty what each Bohemian will say in his heart to-day when he hears that our country is in the hands of a man who knows no reverence for Bohemia! Count Schlick says thus: 'The die is cast!'" Thurn replied sternly.

"You are traitors," began the king furiously.

"Nay, sire, we are no traitors; but we know that he who wounds the trust of Bohemians will receive but half-hearted service from them in his dire need," young Thurn said.

"Arrest this gentleman!" called the king to a guard, who stood at the door of the antechamber. Thurn unfastened his sword-belt, and, kneeling, presented his sword to Frederick.

With one of those quick changes of mood to which the undecided are liable, the king pushed aside the proffered sword-hilt.

"Nay; you meant well. Keep your sword, and learn that you cannot browbeat a king," he said grandiloquently, and passed into the queen's apartments.

"Alas for Bohemia!" exclaimed Schlick. "We have chosen a pretty boy who can play at being king in a masquerade; but we wanted either a strong man to rule us, or a puppet to obey us. King Frederick is neither of these, and Bohemia is doomed."

In the town of Prague the news of the wrecking of St. Vitus was received with strange indifference. It seemed as though Schlick and Thurn had miscalculated the people's love for their ancient church, and Frederick,

seeing this, felt himself the more secure, more than ever the master of his people. They had made no murmur against the enforcement of his will in this most vital thing. How should they? he argued, since, having chosen a Calvinist for their king, they must have always understood that, though as champion of religious freedom he would permit the Lutherans, the Bohemian Brethren, and even the few remaining Taborites to worship as they listed, no such leniency could be shown to Papists.

How could Frederick know that he owed his people's calmness to the Domherren? He did not dream that the priests, gliding through the narrow streets, whispered patience to the people. Patience! for had not the Holy Father, the Pope himself, said that Frederick was but a king of snows? Like to the snow-men that children built in winter, he and his dominion would melt away and vanish in a little time. The priests wished for no premature revolt, ending in bloodshed and ultimate submission. They waited, knowing that the imperial army was still too far away to aid them; knowing right well, too, that Maximilian of Bavaria's disciplined troops would brush away like dust the feeble resistance of the ill-paid, under-fed, half-hearted Bohemian army. But the time was not yet, and the priests bade the people to wait quietly, and they were obeyed; for though many to whom they spoke were Lutherans, from early youth they had known the priests, whereas the Calvinists were strangers to them. Also, the priests spoke to them in their own tongue — that soft, well-beloved language, of which, as the priests reminded the people, neither Frederick, Elizabeth, nor their court knew a single word.

WALLENSTEIN, THE DEPOSED GENERAL

[1630]

BY JOHANN CHRISTOPH FRIEDRICH VON SCHILLER

[WALLENSTEIN was a rich man who offered to raise an army of 20,000 men for the Emperor at the time of the Thirty Years' War, and to provide for their support. He succeeded in doing this, but by most dishonest means, for he led his troops to wealthy parts of the country, and then harassed and threatened until the people were forced to give him immense sums of money. It was nothing to him whether these people were Protestants or Catholics, and finally the Catholics insisted that the Emperor should dismiss him. This was done. In the following extract Schiller has described Wallenstein's dismissal, and his mode of life immediately following that event.

The Editor.]

WALLENSTEIN was at the head of an army of nearly a hundred thousand men who adored him, when the sentence of his dismissal arrived. Most of the officers were his creatures — with the common soldiers his hint was law. His ambition was boundless, his pride indomitable, his imperious spirit could not brook an injury unavenged. One moment would now precipitate him from the height of grandeur into the obscurity of a private station. To execute such a sentence upon such a delinquent seemed to require more address than it cost to obtain it from the judge. Accordingly, two of Wallenstein's most intimate friends were selected as heralds of these evil tidings, and instructed to soften them as much as possible, by

flattering assurances of the continuance of the Emperor's favor.

Wallenstein had ascertained the purport of their message before the imperial ambassadors arrived. He had time to collect himself, and his countenance exhibited an external calmness, while grief and rage were storming in his bosom. He had made up his mind to obey. The Emperor's decision had taken him by surprise before circumstances were ripe, or his preparations complete, for the bold measures he had contemplated. His extensive estates were scattered over Bohemia and Moravia; and, by their confiscation, the Emperor might at once destroy the sinews of his power. He looked, therefore, to the future for revenge; and in this hope he was encouraged by the predictions of an Italian astrologer, who led his imperious spirit like a child in leading-strings. Seni had read in the stars that his master's brilliant career was not yet ended; and that bright and glorious prospects still awaited him. It was, indeed, unnecessary to consult the stars to foretell that an enemy, Gustavus Adolphus, would ere long render indispensable the services of such a general as Wallenstein.

"The Emperor is betrayed," said Wallenstein to the messengers: "I pity, but I forgive him. It is plain that the grasping spirit of the Bavarian dictates to him. I grieve that, with so much weakness, he has sacrificed me, but I will obey." He dismissed the emissaries with princely presents; and in a humble letter besought the continuance of the Emperor's favor, and of the dignities he had bestowed upon him.

The murmurs of the army were universal, on hearing

of the dismissal of their general; and the greater part of his officers immediately quitted the imperial service. Many followed him to his estates in Bohemia and Moravia; others he attached to his interests by pensions, in order to command their services when the opportunity should offer.

But repose was the last thing that Wallenstein contemplated when he returned to private life. In his retreat he surrounded himself with a regal pomp, which seemed to mock the sentence of degradation. Six gates led to the palace he inhabited in Prague, and a hundred houses were pulled down to make way for his courtyard. Similar palaces were built on his other numerous estates. Gentlemen of the noblest houses contended for the honor of serving him, and even imperial chamberlains resigned the golden key to the Emperor, to fill a similar office under Wallenstein. He maintained sixty pages, who were instructed by the ablest masters. His antechamber was protected by fifty life-guards. His table never consisted of less than one hundred covers, and his seneschal was a person of distinction. When he traveled, his baggage and suite accompanied him in a hundred wagons, drawn by six or four horses; his court followed in sixty carriages, attended by fifty led horses. The pomp of his liveries, the splendor of his equipages, and the decorations of his apartments, were in keeping with all the rest. Six barons and as many knights were in constant attendance about his person, and ready to execute his slightest order. Twelve patrols went their rounds about the palace, to prevent any disturbance. His busy genius required silence. The noise of coaches was to be kept away from his residence, and the streets leading to it were fre-

quently blocked up with chains. His own circle was as silent as the approaches to his palace: dark, reserved, and impenetrable, he was more sparing of his words than of his gifts; while the little that he spoke was harsh and imperious. He never smiled, and the coldness of his temperament was proof against sensual seductions. Ever occupied with grand schemes, he despised all those idle amusements in which so many wasted their lives. The correspondence he kept up with the whole of Europe was chiefly managed by himself, and, that as little as possible might be trusted to the silence of others, most of the letters were written by his own hand. He was a man of large stature, thin, of a sallow complexion, with short, red hair, and small, sparkling eyes. A gloomy and forbidding seriousness sat upon his brow; and his magnificent presents alone retained the trembling crowd of his dependents.

In this stately obscurity did Wallenstein silently, but not inactively, await the hour of revenge. The victorious career of Gustavus Adolphus soon gave him a presentiment of its approach. Not one of his lofty schemes had been abandoned; and the Emperor's ingratitude had loosened the curb of his ambition. The dazzling splendor of his private life bespoke high-soaring projects; and, lavish as a king, he seemed already to reckon among his certain possessions those which he contemplated with hope.

WALLENSTEIN AND THE CUIRASSIERS

[1634]

BY JOHANN CHRISTOPH FRIEDRICH VON SCHILLER

[AFTER the dismissal of Wallenstein, Tilly was put in command of the Emperor's forces. He was slain, Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden, leader of the Protestant armies, was pressing forward upon the Austrian dominions, and in his necessity the Emperor recalled Wallenstein. Two years later, Wallenstein entered into negotiations with the enemies of the Emperor, namely, Sweden, Saxony, and France, whether traitorously or in an attempt to deceive them is not certain. The following scene from Schiller's drama, "The Death of Wallenstein," is laid at this time. The Emperor has charged him with being a traitor, and ten cuirassiers, representatives of a regiment, have come before him, determined to stand by him if he can convince them of his faithfulness.

The Editor.]

SCENE XIV

WALLENSTEIN, ILLO, TERZKY

(*To them enters* NEUMANN, *who leads* TERZKY *aside, and talks with him*)

TERZKY

What do they want?

WALLENSTEIN

What now?

TERZKY

Ten cuirassiers

From Pappenheim request leave to address you
In the name of the regiment.

WALLENSTEIN (*hastily to* NEUMANN)

Let them enter.

[*Exit* NEUMANN.

This
May end in something. Mark you. They are still
Doubtful, and may be won.

SCENE XV

WALLENSTEIN, TERZKY, ILLO

(*Ten cuirassiers, led by an anspessade,*[1] *march up and arrange themselves, after the word of command, in one front before the Duke, and make their obeisance. He takes his hat off, and immediately covers himself again*)

ANSPESSADE

Halt! Front! Present!

WALLENSTEIN (*after he has run through them with his eye, to the anspessade*)

I know thee well. Thou art out of Brüggen in Flanders:
Thy name is Mercy.

ANSPESSADE

Henry Mercy.

WALLENSTEIN

Thou wert cut off on the march, surrounded by the

[1] A soldier inferior to a corporal, but above the sentinels.

Hessians, and didst fight thy way with an hundred and eighty men through their thousand.

ANSPESSADE

'T was even so, General!

WALLENSTEIN

What reward hadst thou for this gallant exploit?

ANSPESSADE

That which I asked for: the honor to serve in this corps.

WALLENSTEIN (*turning to a second*)

Thou wert among the volunteers that seized and made booty of the Swedish battery at Altenburg.

SECOND CUIRASSIER

Yes, General!

WALLENSTEIN

I forget no one with whom I have exchanged words. (*A pause.*) Who sends you?

ANSPESSADE

Your noble regiment, the Cuirassiers of Piccolomini.

WALLENSTEIN

Why does not your colonel deliver in your request, according to the custom of service?

ANSPESSADE

Because we would first know *whom* we serve.

WALLENSTEIN

Begin your address.

ANSPESSADE (*giving the word of command*)

Shoulder your arms!

WALLENSTEIN (*turning to a third*)

Thy name is Risbeck; Cologne is thy birthplace.

THIRD CUIRASSIER

Risbeck of Cologne.

WALLENSTEIN

It was thou that broughtest in the Swedish colonel, Dübald, prisoner in the camp at Nüremberg.

THIRD CUIRASSIER

It was not I, General.

WALLENSTEIN

Perfectly right! It was thy elder brother: thou hadst a younger brother, too: where did he stay?

THIRD CUIRASSIER

He is stationed at Olmütz, with the imperial army.

WALLENSTEIN (*to the anspessade*)

Now then — begin.

ANSPESSADE

There came to us a letter from the Emperor
Commanding us —

WALLENSTEIN (*interrupting him*)
Who chose you?

ANSPESSADE
Every company
Drew its own man by lot.

WALLENSTEIN
Now! to the business.

ANSPESSADE
There came to hand a letter from the Emperor
Commanding us collectively, from thee
All duties of obedience to withdraw,
Because thou wert an enemy and traitor.

WALLENSTEIN
And what did you determine?

ANSPESSADE
All our comrades
At Braunau, Budweiss, Prague, and Olmütz have
Obey'd already; and the regiments here,
Tiefenbach and Toscano, instantly
Did follow their example. But — but we
Do not believe that thou art an enemy
And traitor to thy country, hold it merely
For lie and trick, and a trumped-up Spanish story!
[*With warmth.*
Thyself shalt tell us what thy purpose is,
For we have found thee still sincere and true:

No mouth shall interpose itself betwixt
The gallant General and the gallant troops.

WALLENSTEIN

Therein I recognize my Pappenheimers.

ANSPESSADE

And this proposal makes thy regiment to thee:
Is it thy purpose merely to preserve
In thine own hands this military scepter,
Which so becomes thee, which the Emperor
Made over to thee by a covenant!
Is it thy purpose merely to remain
Supreme commander of the Austrian armies? —
We will stand by thee, General! and guarantee
Thy honest rights against all opposition.
And should it chance that all the other regiments
Turn from thee, by ourselves will we stand forth
Thy faithful soldiers, and, as is our duty,
Far rather let ourselves be cut to pieces.
Than suffer thee to fall. But if it be
As the Emperor's letter says, if it be true,
That thou in traitorous wise wilt lead us over
To the enemy, which God in heaven forbid!
Then we too will forsake thee, and obey
That letter —

WALLENSTEIN

Hear me, children!

ANSPESSADE

Yes, or no!
There needs no other answer.

WALLENSTEIN AND THE CUIRASSIERS

WALLENSTEIN

Yield attention.
You're men of sense, examine for yourselves;
Ye think, and do not follow with the herd:
And therefore have I always shown you honor
Above all others, suffer'd you to reason;
Have treated you as free men, and my orders
Were but the echoes of your prior suffrage. —

ANSPESSADE

Most fair and noble has thy conduct been
To us, my General! With thy confidence
Thou hast honor'd us, and shown us grace and favor
Beyond all other regiments; and thou seest
We follow not the common herd. We will
Stand by thee faithfully. Speak but one word —
Thy word shall satisfy us, that it is not
A treason which thou meditatest — that
Thou meanest not to lead the army over
To the enemy; nor e'er betray thy country.

WALLENSTEIN

Me, me are they betraying. The Emperor
Hath sacrificed me to my enemies,
And I must fall, unless my gallant troops
Will rescue me. See! I confide in you.
And be your hearts my stronghold! At this breast
The aim is taken, at this hoary head.
This is your Spanish gratitude, this is our
Requital for that murderous fight at Lützen!
For this we threw the naked breast against
The halbert, made for this the frozen earth

Our bed, and the hard stone our pillow! never stream
Too rapid for us, nor wood too impervious;
With cheerful spirit we pursued that Mansfeldt
Through all the turns and windings of his flight:
Yea, our whole life was but one restless march:
And homeless, as the stirring wind, we travel'd
O'er the war-wasted earth. And now, even now,
That we have well-nigh finish'd the hard toil,
The unthankful, the curse-laden toil of weapons,
With faithful, indefatigable arm
Have roll'd the weary war-load up the hill,
Behold! this boy of the Emperor's bears away
The honors of the peace, an easy prize!
He'll weave, forsooth, into his flaxen locks
The olive branch, the hard-earn'd ornament
Of this gray head, grown gray beneath the helmet.

ANSPESSADE

That shall not be, while we can hinder it!
No one but thou who hast conducted it
With fame shall end this war, this frightful war.
Thou ledd'st us out to the bloody field
Of death; thou and no other shalt conduct us home,
Rejoicing, to the lovely plains of peace —
Shalt share with us the fruits of the long toil —

WALLENSTEIN

What! Think you then at length in late old age
To enjoy the fruits of toil? Believe it not.
Never, no, never, will you see the end
Of the contest! you and me, and all of us,

This war will swallow up! War, war, not peace,
Is Austria's wish; and therefore, because I
Endeavor'd after peace, therefore I fall.
For what cares Austria how long the war
Wears out the armies and lays waste the world!
She will but wax and grow amid the ruin
And still win new domains.

[*The cuirassiers express agitation by their gestures.*

Ye're moved — I see
A noble rage flash from your eyes, ye warriors!
Oh that my spirit might possess you now
Daring as once it led you to the battle!
Ye would stand by me with your veteran arms,
Protect me in my rights; and this is noble!
But think not that *you* can accomplish it,
Your scanty number! to no purpose will you
Have sacrificed you for your General.

[*Confidentially.*

No! let us tread securely, seek for friends;
The Swedes have proffer'd us assistance, let us
Wear for a while the appearance of good will,
And use them for your profit, till we both
Carry the fate of Europe in our hands,
And from our camp to the glad jubilant world
Lead Peace forth with the garland on her head!

ANSPESSADE

'T is then but mere appearances which thou
Dost put on with the Swede! Thou 'lt not betray
The Emperor? Wilt not turn us into Swedes?
This is the only thing which we desire
To learn from thee.

WALLENSTEIN

What care I for the Swedes?
I hate them as I hate the pit of hell,
And under Providence I trust right soon
To chase them to their homes across their Baltic.
My cares are only for the whole: I have
A heart — it bleeds within me for the miseries
And piteous groanings of my fellow-Germans.
Ye are but common men, but yet ye think
With minds not common; ye appear to me
Worthy before all others, that I whisper ye
A little word or two in confidence!
See now! already for full fifteen years,
The war-torch has continued burning, yet
No rest, no pause of conflict. Swede and German,
Papist and Lutheran, neither will give way
To the other, every hand's against the other.
Each one is party and no one a judge.
Where shall this end? Where's he that will unravel
This tangle, ever tangling more and more.
It must be cut asunder.
I feel that I am the man of destiny,
And trust, with your assistance, to accomplish it.

SCENE XVI

To these enter BUTLER

BUTLER (*passionately*)

General! This is not right!

WALLENSTEIN

What is not right?

BUTLER

It must needs injure us with all honest men.

WALLENSTEIN

But what?

BUTLER

It is an open proclamation
Of insurrection.

WALLENSTEIN

Well, well — but what is it?

BUTLER

Count Terzky's regiments tear the Imperial Eagle
From off the banners, and instead of it
Have rear'd aloft their arms.

ANSPESSADE (*abruptly to the cuirassiers*)

Right about! March!

WALLENSTEIN

Cursed be this counsel, and accursed who gave it!
[*To the cuirassiers, who are retiring.*
Halt, children, halt! There's some mistake in this;
Hark! — I will punish it severely. Stop!
They do not hear. (*To* ILLO.) Go after them, assure
them,
And bring them back to me, cost what it may.
[ILLO *hurries out.*
This hurls us headlong. Butler! Butler!
You are my evil genius: wherefore must you
Announce it in their presence? It was all
In a fair way. They were half won! those madmen

With their improvident over-readiness —
A cruel game is Fortune playing with me.
The zeal of friends it is that razes me,
And not the hate of enemies.

HOW JOHN SOBIESKI SAVED VIENNA FROM THE TURKS

[1683]

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT

[TOWARD the end of the seventeenth century, the Hungarians asked aid from the Turks against the despotism of Leopold, Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire. The Duke of Lorraine, who commanded Leopold's forces, was at length shut up in Vienna, and the Emperor was in despair, when Sobieski came to the rescue.

The Editor.]

THE banners of the advance guard of the Turkish army were seen from the walls of Vienna. Soon the whole mighty host, like an inundation, came surging on, and, surrounding the city, invested it on all sides. The terrific assault from innumerable batteries immediately commenced. The besieged were soon reduced to the last extremity for want of provisions, and famine and pestilence, rioting within the walls, destroyed more than the shot of the enemy. The suburbs were destroyed, the principal outworks taken, several breaches were battered in the walls, and the terrified inhabitants were hourly in expectation that the city would be taken by storm. There cannot be, this side of the world of woe, anything more terrible than such an event.

The Emperor, in his terror, had dispatched envoys all over Germany to rally troops for the defense of

Vienna and the Empire. He himself had hastened to Poland, where, with frantic entreaties, he pressed the king, the renowned John Sobieski, whose very name was a terror, to rush to his relief. Sobieski left orders for a powerful army immediately to commence their march. But, without waiting for their comparatively slow movements, he placed himself at the head of three thousand Polish horsemen, and, without encumbering himself with luggage, like the sweep of the whirlwind traversed Silesia and Moravia, and reached Tulen, on the banks of the Danube, about twenty miles above Vienna. He had been told by the Emperor that here he would find an army awaiting him, and a bridge constructed by which he could cross the stream. But, to his bitter disappointment, he found no army, and the bridge unfinished. Indignantly he exclaimed, —

"What does the Emperor mean? Does he think me a mere adventurer? I left my own army that I might take command of his. It is not for myself that I fight, but for him."

Notwithstanding this disappointment, he called into requisition all his energies to meet the crisis. The bridge was pushed forward to its completion. The loitering German troops were hurried on to the rendezvous. After a few days the Polish troops, by forced marches, arrived, and Sobieski found himself at the head of sixty thousand men, experienced soldiers, and well supplied with all the munitions of war. On the 11th of September the inhabitants of the city were overjoyed, in descrying from the towers of the city, in the distance, the approaching banners of the Polish and German army. Sobieski ascended an elevation, and long and carefully

scrutinized the position of the besieging host. He then calmly remarked, —

"The grand vizier has selected a bad position. I understand him. He is ignorant of the arts of war, and yet thinks that he has military genius. It will be so easy to conquer him that we shall obtain no honor from the victory."

Early the next morning, the 12th of September, the Polish and German troops rushed to the assault, with such amazing impetuosity, and guided by such military skill, that the Turks were swept before them as by a torrent. The army of the grand vizier, seized by a panic, fled so precipitately that they left baggage, tents, ammunition, and provisions behind. The garrison emerged from the city, and coöperated with the victors, and booty of indescribable value fell into their hands. As Sobieski took possession of the abandoned camp, stored with all the wealth and luxuries of the East, he wrote, in a tone of pleasantry, to his wife, —

"The grand vizier has left me his heir, and I inherit millions of ducats. When I return home, I shall not be met with the reproach of the Tartar wives, 'You are not a man, because you have come back without booty.'"

The inhabitants of Vienna flocked out from the city to greet the king as an angel deliverer sent from heaven. The next morning the gates of the city were thrown open, the streets were garlanded with flowers, and the King of Poland had a triumphal reception in the streets of the metropolis. The enthusiasm and gratitude of the people passed all ordinary bounds. The bells rang their merriest peals; files of maidens lined his path, and acclamations, bursting from the heart, greeted him every

step of his way. They called him their father and deliverer. They struggled to kiss his feet and even to touch his garments. With difficulty he pressed through the grateful crowd to the cathedral, where he prostrated himself before the altar, and returned thanks to God for the signal victory. As he returned, after a public dinner, to his camp, he said, "This is the happiest day of my life."

Two days after this, Leopold returned, trembling and humiliated, to his capital. He was received in silence, and with undisguised contempt. His mortification was intense, and he could not endure to hear the praises which were everywhere lavished upon Sobieski. Jealousy rankled in his heart, and he vented his spite upon all around him. It was necessary that he should have an interview with the heroic king who had so nobly come to his rescue. But instead of meeting him with a warm and grateful heart, he began to study the punctilios of etiquette, that the dreaded interview might be rendered as cold and formal as possible.

Sobieski was merely an elective monarch. Leopold was a hereditary king and an emperor. Leopold even expressed some doubt whether it were consistent with his exalted dignity to grant the Polish king the honor of an audience. He inquired whether an *elected monarch* had ever been admitted to the presence of an *Emperor;* and if so, with what forms, in the present case, the king should be received. The Duke of Lorraine, of whom he made the inquiry, disgusted with the mean spirit of the Emperor, nobly replied, "With open arms."

But the soulless Leopold had every movement punctiliously arranged according to the dictates of his ignoble

spirit. The Polish and Austrian armies were drawn up in opposite lines upon the plain before the city. At concerted signal the Emperor and the king emerged from their respective ranks, and rode out upon the open plain to meet each other. Sobieski, a man of splendid bearing magnificently mounted, and dressed in the brilliant uniform of a Polish warrior, attracted all eyes and the admiration of all hearts. His war-steed pranced proudly as if conscious of the royal burden he bore, and of the victories he had achieved. Leopold was an ungainly man at the best. Conscious of his inability to vie with the hero in his personal presence, he affected the utmost simplicity of dress and equipage. Humiliated also by the cold reception he had met and by the consciousness of extreme unpopularity in both armies, he was embarrassed and dejected. The contrast was very striking, adding to the renown of Sobieski, and sinking Leopold still deeper in contempt.

The two sovereigns advanced, formally saluted each other with bows, dismounted and embraced. A few cold words were exchanged, when they again embraced and remounted to review the troops. But Sobieski, frank, cordial, impulsive, was so disgusted with this reception, so different from what he had a right to expect, that he excused himself, and rode to his tent, leaving his chancellor Zaluski to accompany the Emperor on the review. As Leopold rode along the lines, he was received in contemptuous silence, and he returned to his palace in Vienna, tortured by wounded pride and chagrin.

III

FROM MARIA THERESA TO THE DOWNFALL OF NAPOLEON

HISTORICAL NOTE

THE Emperor Charles V, last of the male line of the Hapsburgs, was determined that his daughter Maria Theresa should succeed him. Before he died in 1740 he secured the consent of the European Powers to this arrangement, but Frederic the Great of Prussia violated this agreement, and his example was followed by other nations. In the War of the Austrian Succession that followed, Maria Theresa, firmly supported by the nation, showed herself a match for her opponents, but was forced to cede Silesia to the adroit Frederic. This rankled in the proud queen's heart, and in 1756 she induced France, Russia, Saxony, and Sweden to join with her in crushing the ambitious Prussian monarch. For seven years this powerful alliance contended in vain against the little state of Prussia and thousands of lives were sacrificed before the Austrian queen would acknowledge that Silesia was lost forever. It was during the reign of Maria Theresa that the first partition of Poland took place, and Austria managed to obtain a share of the spoils.

In the time of the French Revolution, Austria joined with Prussia against the Republic. Then it was that the battles of Marengo and Hohenlinden were fought. In 1804, Napoleon became Emperor of France, but with England, Austria, Russia, and Sweden leagued against him. He overthrew the Austrians at Ulm, and both Austrians and Russians at Austerlitz. Austria was then forced to give up to Italy large districts about the head of the Adriatic Sea. Sixteen German states now formed themselves into a league called the Confederation of the Rhine, and chose Napoleon as Protector. The great stretch of country which Charlemagne had given to his son Lewis was no longer a kingdom. Francis II, who had borne the title of Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire, held after 1806 only that of Emperor of Austria. In 1813, Austria assisted in the overthrow of Napoleon, and at the Congress of Vienna, held in the following year to restore the equilibrium of Europe, much of the territory which she had lost in her recent wars with France was returned to her.

HOW MARIA THERESA OF AUSTRIA BECAME *KING*

[1740]

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT

[NEVER was a sovereign in more pressing difficulties. As has been said: —

"Seldom has a kingdom been in a more deplorable condition than was Austria on the morning when the scepter passed into the hands of Maria Theresa. There were not forty thousand dollars in the treasury; the state was enormously in debt; the whole army did not amount to more than thirty thousand men, widely dispersed, clamoring for want of pay, and almost entirely destitute of the materials for war. The vintage had been cut off by the frost, producing great distress in the country. There was a famine in Vienna, and many were starving for want of food. The peasants, in the neighborhood of the metropolis, were rising in insurrection, ravaging the fields in search of game; while rumors were industriously circulated that the Government was dissolved, that the succession was disputed, and that the Duke of Bavaria was on the march, with an army, to claim the crown. The distant provinces were anxious to shake off the Austrian yoke. Bohemia was agitated; and the restless barons of Hungary were upon the point of grasping their arms, and, under the protection of Turkey, of claiming their ancestral hereditary rights. Notwithstanding the untiring efforts of the Emperor to obtain the assent of Europe to the Pragmatic Sanction,[1] many influential courts refused to recognize the

[1] The "Pragmatic Sanction" was a decree of Charles VI that, as he was the last of the Hapsburg males, the crown should now pass to the female line, that is, to Maria Theresa. In some countries of Europe only a male could be the "legitimate heir"; in others it might be either a male or a female; in Austria, the custom varied.

right of Maria Theresa to the crown. The ministers were desponding, irresolute, and incapable. Maria Theresa was young, quite inexperienced, and in delicate health."

Besides these troubles, Frederic of Prussia demanded a large slice of the Austrian domain, and had taken steps to enforce his demand with his sword.

The Editor.]

THE cause of Maria Theresa was now, to human vision, desperate. Immense armies were invading her realms. Prague was invested; Vienna threatened with immediate siege; her treasury was empty; her little army defeated and scattered; she was abandoned by her allies, and nothing seemed to remain for her but to submit to her conquerors. Hungary still clung firmly to the queen, and she had been crowned at Presburg with boundless enthusiasm. An eyewitness has thus described this scene: —

"The coronation was magnificent. The queen was all charm. She rode gallantly up the Royal Mount, a hillock in the vicinity of Presburg, which the new sovereign ascends on horseback, and waving a drawn sword, defied the four corners of the world, in a manner to show that she had no occasion for that weapon to conquer all who saw her. The antiquated crown received new graces from her head; and the old tattered robe of St. Stephen became her as well as her own rich habit, if diamonds, pearls, and all sorts of precious stones can be called clothes."

She had but recently risen from the bed of confinement, and the delicacy of her appearance added to her attractions. A table was spread for a public entertainment, around which all the dignitaries of the realm were

assembled — dukes who could lead thousands of troops into the field, bold barons with their bronzed followers, whose iron sinews had been toughened in innumerable wars. It was a warm summer day, and the cheeks of the youthful queen glowed with the warmth and with the excitement of the hour. Her beautiful hair fell in ringlets upon her shoulders and over her full bosom. She sat at the head of the table all queenly in loveliness, and imperial in character. The bold, high-spirited nobles who surrounded her could appreciate her position, assailed by half the monarchies of Europe, and left alone to combat them all. Their chivalrous enthusiasm was thus aroused.

The statesmen of Vienna had endeavored to dissuade the queen from making any appeal to the Hungarians. When Charles VI made an effort to secure their assent to the Pragmatic Sanction, the war-worn barons replied haughtily, "We are accustomed to be governed by men, not by women." The ministers at Vienna feared, therefore, that the very sight of the queen, youthful, frail, and powerless, would stir these barons to immediate insurrection, and that they would scorn such a sovereign to guide them in the fierce wars which her crown involved. But Maria Theresa better understood human nature. She believed that the same barons who would resist the demands of the Emperor Charles VI would rally with enthusiasm around a defenseless woman, appealing to them for aid. The cordiality and ever-increasing glow of ardor with which she was greeted at the coronation and at the dinner encouraged her hopes.

She summoned all the nobles to meet her in the great hall of the castle. The hall was crowded with as bril-

liant an assemblage of rank and power as Hungary could furnish. The queen entered, accompanied by her retinue. She was dressed in deep mourning, in the Hungarian costume, with the crown of St. Stephen upon her brow, and the regal scimitar at her side. With a majestic step she traversed the apartment, and ascended the platform or tribune from whence the Kings of Hungary were accustomed to address their congregated lords. All eyes were fixed upon her, and the most solemn silence pervaded the assemblage.

The Latin language was then, in Hungary, the language of diplomacy and of the court. All the records of the kingdom were preserved in that language, and no one spoke, in the deliberations of the Diet, but in the majestic tongue of ancient Rome. The queen, after a pause, of a few moments, addressing them in Latin, said: —

"The disastrous situation of our affairs has moved us to lay before our dear and faithful states of Hungary, the recent invasion of Austria, the danger now impending over this kingdom, and a proposal for the consideration of a remedy. The very existence of the kingdom of Hungary, of our own person, of our children and our crown, is now at stake. Forsaken by all, we place our sole resource in the fidelity, arms, and long-tried valor of the Hungarians; exhorting you, the states and orders, to deliberate without delay in this extreme danger, on the most effectual measures for the security of our person, of our children and of our crown, and to carry them into immediate execution. In regard to ourself, the faithful states and orders of Hungary shall experience our hearty coöperation in all things which may promote

the pristine happiness of this ancient kingdom, and the honor of the people."

The response was instantaneous and emphatic. A thousand warriors drew their sabers half out of their scabbards, and then thrust them back to the hilt with a clangor like the clash of swords on the field of battle. Then with one voice they shouted, "Moriamur pro nostra rege, Maria Theresa," — *We will die for our sovereign* [*king*], *Maria Theresa.*

The queen, until now, had preserved a perfectly calm and composed demeanor. But this outburst of enthusiasm overpowered her, and, forgetting the queen, she pressed her handkerchief to her eyes and burst into a flood of tears. No manly heart could stand this unmoved. Every eye was moistened, every heart throbbed with admiration and devotion, and a scene of indescribable enthusiasm ensued. Hungary was now effectually roused, and Maria Theresa was queen of all hearts. Every noble was ready to march his vassals and to open his purse at her bidding. All through the wide extended realm, the enthusiasm rolled like an innundation. The remote tribes on the banks of the Save, the Theiss, the Drave, and the lower Danube flocked to her standards. They came, semi-savage bands, in uncouth garb, and speaking unintelligible tongues — Croats, Pandours, Slavonians, Warusdinians, and Tolpaches. Germany was astounded at the spectacle of these wild, fierce men, apparently as tameless and as fearless as wolves. The enthusiasm spread rapidly all over the states of Austria. The young men, and especially the students in the universities, espoused the cause of the queen with deathless fervor. Vienna was strongly fortified, all hands engag-

ing in the work. So wonderful was this movement that the allies were alarmed. They had already become involved in quarrels about the division of the anticipated booty.

Frederic of Prussia was the first to implore peace. The Elector of Bavaria was a rival sovereign, and Frederic preferred seeing Austria in the hands of the queen rather than in the hands of the elector. He was, therefore, anxious to withdraw from the confederacy, and to oppose the allies. The queen, as anxious as Frederic to come to an accommodation, sent an ambassador to ascertain his terms. In laconic phrase, characteristic of this singular man, he returned the following answer: —

"All lower Silesia; the river Neiss for the boundary. The town of Neiss as well as Glatz. Beyond the Oder the ancient limits to continue between the duchies of Brieg and Oppelon. Breslau for us. The affairs of religion *in statu quo*. No dependence on Bohemia; a cession forever. In return we will proceed no further. We will besiege Neiss for form. The commandant shall surrender and depart. We will pass quietly into winter quarters, and the Austrian army may go where they will. Let the whole be concluded in twelve days."

These terms were assented to. The king promised never to ask any further territory from the queen, and not to act offensively against the queen or any of her allies. Though the queen placed not the slightest confidence in the integrity of the Prussian monarch, she rejoiced in this treaty, which enabled her to turn all her attention to her other foes.

THE COMMAND OF MARIA THERESA

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT

[THE chief sovereigns of Europe had agreed to the Pragmatic Sanction, and at her father's death Maria Theresa assumed the throne; but owing to counter-claimants the War of the Austrian Succession broke out. During this war, Marshal Belleisle of France captured Prague. Finding that he could not hold the city, he retreated to Eger. In 1743, all Bohemia except Eger was in the hands of Maria Theresa.

The Editor.]

MARSHAL BELLEISLE was in command of the French and Bavarian troops, which were besieged in Prague. The force rapidly gathering around him was such as to render retreat impossible. The city was unprepared for a siege, and famine soon began to stare the citizens and garrison in the face. The marshal, reduced to the last extremity, offered to evacuate the city and march out of Bohemia, if he could be permitted to retire unmolested, with arms, artillery, and baggage. The Duke of Lorraine, husband of Maria Theresa, to avoid a battle which would be rendered sanguinary through despair, was ready and even anxious to assent to these terms. His leading generals were of the same opinion, as they wished to avoid a needless effusion of blood.

The offered terms of capitulation were sent to Maria Theresa. She rejected them with disdain. She displayed a revengeful spirit, natural, perhaps, under the circumstances, but which reflects but little honor upon her character.

"I will not," she replied, in the presence of the whole court; "I will not grant any capitulation to the French army. I will listen to no terms, to no proposition from Cardinal Fleury. I am astonished that he should come to *me* now with proposals for peace; *he* who endeavored to excite all the princes of Germany to crush me. I have acted with too much condescension to the court of France. Compelled by the necessities of my situation I debased my royal dignity by writing to the cardinal in terms which would have softened the most obdurate rock. He insolently rejected my entreaties; and the only answer I obtained was that his most Christian majesty had contracted engagements which he could not violate. I can prove, by documents now in my possession, that the French endeavored to excite sedition even in the heart of my dominions; that they attempted to overturn the fundamental laws of the Empire, and to set all Germany in a flame. I will transmit these proofs to posterity as a warning to the Empire."

The ambition of Maria Theresa was now greatly roused. She resolved to retain the whole of Bavaria which she had taken from the elector. The duchy of Lorraine, which had been wrested from her husband, was immediately to be invaded and restored to the Empire. The dominions which had been torn from her father in Italy were to be reannexed to the Austrian Crown, and Alsace upon the Rhine was to be reclaimed. Thus, far from being now satisfied with the possessions she had inherited from her father, her whole soul was roused, in these hours of triumph, to conquer vast accessions for her domains. She dreamed only of conquest, and in her elation parceled out the dominions of

France and Bavaria as liberally and as unscrupulously as they had divided among themselves the domain of the House of Austria.

The French, alarmed, made a great effort to relieve Prague. An army, which on its march was increased to 60,000 men, was sent 600 miles to cross rivers, to penetrate defiles of mountains crowded with hostile troops that they might rescue Prague and its garrison from the besiegers. With consummate skill and energy this critical movement was directed by General Mallebois. The garrison of the city were in a state of great distress. The trenches were open and the siege was pushed with great vigilance. All within the walls of the beleaguered city were reduced to extreme suffering. Horseflesh was considered a delicacy which was reserved for the sick. The French made sally after sally to spike the guns which were battering down the walls. As Mallebois, with his powerful reinforcement, drew near, their courage rose. The Duke of Lorraine became increasingly anxious to secure the capitulation before the arrival of the army of relief, and proposed a conference to decide upon terms, which should be transmitted for approval to the courts of Vienna and of Paris. But the imperious Austrian queen, as soon as she heard of this movement, quite regardless of the feelings of her husband, whom she censured as severely as she would any corporal in the army, issued orders prohibiting, peremptorily, any such conference.

"I will not suffer," she said, "any council to be held in the army. From Vienna alone are orders to be received. I disavow and forbid all such proceedings, *let the blame fall where it may.*"

She knew full well that it was her husband who had proposed this plan; and he knew, and all Austria knew, that it was the Duke of Lorraine who was thus severely and publicly reprimanded. But the husband of Maria Theresa was often reminded that he was but the subject of the queen. So peremptory a mandate admitted of no compromise. The Austrians plied their batteries with new vigor, the wan and skeleton soldiers fought perseveringly at their embrasures; and the battalions of Mallebois, by forced marches, pressed on through the mountains of Bohemia, to the eventful arena. A division of the Austrian army was dispatched to the passes of Satz and Caden, which it would be necessary for the French to thread, in approaching Prague. The troops of Mallebois, when they arrived at these defiles, were so exhausted by their long and forced marches, that they were incapable of forcing their way against the opposition they encountered in the passes of the mountains. After a severe struggle, Mallebois was compelled to relinquish the design of relieving Prague, and storms of snow beginning to encumber his path, he retired across the Danube, and throwing up an intrenched camp, established himself in winter quarters. The Austrian division, thus successful, returned to Prague, and the blockade was resumed. There seemed to be now no hope for the French, and their unconditional surrender was hourly expected. Affairs were in this state, when Europe was astounded by the report that the French general, Belleisle, with a force of 11,000 foot and 3000 horse, had effected his escape from the battered walls of the city and was in successful retreat.

It was the depth of winter. The ground was covered

with snow, and freezing blasts swept the fields. The besiegers were compelled to retreat to the protection of their huts. Taking advantage of a cold and stormy night, Belleisle formed his whole force into a single column, and, leaving behind him his sick and wounded, and every unnecessary encumbrance, marched noiselessly but rapidly from one of the gates of the city. He took with him but thirty cannon and provisions for twelve days. It was a heroic but an awful retreat. The army, already exhausted and emaciated by famine, toiled on over morasses, through forests, over mountains, facing frost and wind and snow, and occasionally fighting their way against their foes, until on the twelfth day they reached Eger, on the frontiers of Bavaria, about 120 miles east from Prague.

Their sufferings were fearful. They had nothing to eat but frozen bread, and at night they sought repose, tentless, and upon the drifted snow. The whole distance was strewn with the bodies of the dead. Each morning mounds of frozen corpses indicated the places of the night's bivouac. Twelve hundred perished during this dreadful march. Of those who survived, many, at Eger, were obliged to undergo the amputation of their frozen limbs. General Belleisle himself, during the whole retreat, was suffering from such a severe attack of rheumatism, that he was unable either to walk or ride. His mind, however, was full of vigor and his energies unabated. Carried in a sedan chair he reconnoitered the way, pointed out the roads, visited every part of the extended line of march, encouraged the fainting troops, and superintended all the minutest details of the retreat. "Notwithstanding the losses of his army," it is recorded,

"he had the satisfaction of preserving the flower of the French forces, of saving every cannon which bore the arms of his master, and of not leaving the smallest trophy to grace the triumph of the enemy."

In the citadel of Prague, Belleisle had left 6000 troops, to prevent the eager pursuit of the Austrians. The Prince Sobcuitz, now in command of the besieging force, mortified and irritated by the escape, sent a summons to the garrison demanding its immediate and unconditional surrender. Chevert, the gallant commander, replied to the officer who brought the summons, —

"Tell the prince that if he will not grant me the honors of war, I will set fire to the four corners of Prague, and bury myself under its ruins."

The destruction of Prague, with all its treasures of architecture and art, was too serious a calamity to be hazarded. Chevert was permitted to retire with the honors of war, and with his division he soon rejoined the army at Eger. Maria Theresa was exceedingly chagrined by the escape of the French, and in the seclusion of her palace she gave vent to the bitterness of her anguish. In public, however, she assumed an attitude of triumph and great exultation in view of the recovery of Prague. She celebrated the event by magnificent entertainments. In imitation of the Olympic games, she established chariot races, in which ladies alone were the competitors, and even condescended herself, with her sister, to enter the lists.

All Bohemia, excepting Eger, was now reclaimed. Early in the spring Maria Theresa visited Prague, where, on the 12th of May, 1743, with great splendor she was crowned Queen of Bohemia. General Belleisle, leaving

a small garrison at Eger, with the remnant of his force crossed the Rhine and returned to France. He had entered Germany a few months before, a conqueror at the head of 40,000 men. He retired a fugitive with 8000 men in his train, ragged, emaciated, and mutilated.

HOHENLINDEN

[1800]

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL

[AFTER the execution of King Louis XVI of France, coalitions were formed by other nations of Europe in the determination to restore the monarchy and repress the plans of Napoleon. During what was known as the Second Coalition, the Austrians were defeated at Marengo by Napoleon, then at Hohenlinden by Moreau. This brought about a treaty of peace with Austria and Germany in 1801.

The Editor.]

ON Linden when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight
When the drum beat, at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
Each horseman drew his battle blade,
And furious each charger neighed,
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
Then rushed the steed to battle driven,
And louder than the bolts of heaven
Far flashed the red artillery.

HOHENLINDEN

But redder yet that light shall glow
On Linden's hills of stainèd snow,
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'T is morn, but scarce yon lurid sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave!
Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave!
And charge with all thy chivalry!

Ah! few shall part where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulcher.

THE BATTLE OF AUSTERLITZ

[1805]

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT

[THE peace that followed Hohenlinden was of short duration. England, Austria, Russia, Sweden, and afterwards Prussia, united against Napoleon in the Third Coalition. Napoleon won one great victory at Ulm and another at Austerlitz. This brought about the Peace of Presburg in 1805.

The Editor.]

THE night was cold and clear. A dense fog, however, settled upon the lower grounds, enveloping friend and foe in an impenetrable sea of obscurity. The horizon was illumined for leagues around with the bivouac fires of the antagonistic hosts. Gradually the unreplenished piles burned out, and silence and darkness brooded over the sleeping armies. At four o'clock Napoleon was on horseback. A confused murmur, piercing the dense fog, revealed to his experienced ear that the Russian columns were in full march to surprise him, by the attack he had anticipated upon his flank. By this movement the Allies weakened their center, and exposed it to the concentrated attack which Napoleon was prepared to make. The bugles sounded. The French soldiers sprang from the frozen ground, and, as by magic, formed themselves in battle array. Every officer knew the part he was to perform. Every soldier was impatient for the conflict. The stars still shone brightly in the wintry sky, and not a ray of light dawned in the east.

Gradually the stars disappeared. A ruddy glow illumined the horizon, and the sun rose unclouded and brilliant, gilding the hill-tops and penetrating the ocean of vapor which rolled in the valleys. It was the "Sun of Austerlitz." Its gorgeous rising produced a deep impression upon the imagination of Napoleon. Often in after years he apostrophized the sun as his guiding star. The marshals surrounding the emperor were burning with impatience as they awaited the signal of attack.

"How long," said Napoleon to Marshal Soult, "would it take you, from hence, to reach the heights of Prutzen?" This was one of the heights in the center of the allied army which the enemy were deserting in their flank march.

"Less than twenty minutes," replied the marshal. "My troops are in the bottom of the valley, covered with mist and with the smoke of their bivouacs. The enemy cannot see them."

"In that case," said Napoleon, "let us wait twenty minutes. When the enemy is making a false movement, we must take good care not to interrupt him."

Soon the heavy booming of artillery announced that the Russians had commenced a furious attack upon the right. "Now, then," said Napoleon, "is the moment." The marshals instantly galloped in all directions to head their respective corps. Napoleon, plunging his spurs into his steed, galloped to the front ranks of the foremost columns. As he rode along the line, he exclaimed, "Soldiers! the enemy has imprudently exposed himself to your blows. We shall finish this war with a clap of thunder."

With resistless impetuosity, the solid columns of the

French pierced the weakened center of the Allies. The conflict was desperate and most sanguinary. But nothing could resist the headlong valor of the assailants. The allied army was pierced and cut entirely in twain. Horsemen and footmen were trampled beneath the tread of the proud victors. The field was filled with a rabble of fugitives flying in wild dismay, as the cavalry of the Imperial Guard rode over them and sabered them mercilessly. Napoleon, leaving a few battalions to prevent the right wing from coming to the rescue of the left, turned with nearly his whole force upon the left, and destroyed it. He then directed the terrible onset upon the right wing of the Allies, and it was no more.

A division of the ruined army, consisting of many thousand men and horse, sought to escape by crossing, with artillery and cavalry, a frozen lake which adjoined their line of march. The surface began to yield beneath the enormous load, when a few balls and shells from the French batteries broke the ice, and the whole mass was plunged into the freezing waves. A fearful cry, resounding above the roar of battle, ascended from the lake, as the frantic host struggled for a few moments in the agonies of death. But soon the icy waves closed silently over them all, and those unhappy victims were sepulchered forever. From a neighboring eminence the Emperors of Russia and Austria witnessed the entire discomfiture of their armies. Accompanied by a few followers, in the deepest dejection they joined the fugitives and the stragglers, and fled from the field of disaster. In the profound darkness of the ensuing night, they retreated precipitately and almost alone over the plains of Moravia. Thus terminated the battle of Austerlitz.

HOW THE FRENCH HONORED JOSEPH HAYDN

[1805]

BY "LOUISA MÜHLBACH" (KLARA M. MUNDT)

[JOSEPH HAYDN, the Austrian composer, was born in 1737. At the time of the novel from which the following selection is taken he had reached the height of his fame after a long struggle with adverse circumstances, and was known and loved by all the people of Vienna. At the moment the selection opens the inhabitants of Vienna are anxiously awaiting news of the outcome of a battle that has just been fought between the Austrians and the invading army of Napoleon.

The Editor.]

WHILE thousands had gathered around the embassy building, other thousands strolled out toward Möhringen, and stared breathlessly down the road, hoping to behold the longed-for messenger who would announce to them at length the great victory that had been won.

All at once something in the distance commenced stirring on the road; at times glittering objects, resembling twinkling stars, were to be seen, and then motley colors were discerned; it came nearer and nearer. No doubt it must be a column of soldiers; perhaps some of the heroic regiments which had defeated the French army were already on their homeward march.

Ah, the proud and sanguine people of Vienna regretted now exceedingly that there were no longer any French regiments in the capital, and that they had left their city

only a week ago and rejoined Napoleon's army. Now there would have been an opportunity for them to take revenge for the hospitality which they had been compelled for the last two weeks to extend to the French. Now they would have chased the French soliders in the most ignominious manner through the same streets through which they had marched hitherto with so proud and confident a step.

The soldiers drew nearer and nearer; the people hastened to meet them like a huge boa constrictor with thousands and thousands of movable rings and thousands and thousands of flashing eyes.

But all at once these eyes became fixed and dismayed; the joyful hum, which hitherto had filled the air as though it were a vast multitude of gnats playing in the sun, died away.

Those were not the uniforms of the Austrians, nor of the Russians either! Those were the odious colors of France. The soldiers marching toward Vienna were French regiments!

And couriers appeared, too, the longed-for couriers! But they were no Austrian couriers; the tricolored sash was wrapped around their waists; they did not greet the people with German words and with fraternal German salutations. They galloped past them and shouted, "*Victoire! victoire! Vive l'Empereur Napoléon!*"

The people were thunderstruck; they did not stir, but stared wildly and pale with horror at the regiments that now approached to the jubilant music of their bands, and treated the Viennese to the notes of the "Marseillaise" and the air of "Va-t-en-guerre"; they stared at the sullen, ragged men, who marched in the midst of the soldiers,

like the Roman slaves before the car of the *Triumphator*. These poor, pale men wore no French uniforms, and the tricolored sash was not wrapped around their waists, nor did they bear arms; their hands were empty, and their eyes were fixed on the ground. They were prisoners, prisoners of the French, and they wore Russian uniforms.

The people saw it with dismay. The good Viennese had suddenly been hurled from their proud hopes of victory into an abyss of despair, and they were stunned by the sudden fall, and unable to speak and to collect their thoughts. They stood on the road, pale and breathless, and witnessed the spectacle of the return of the victorious columns with silent despondency.

All at once the brilliant column, which had filed through the ranks of the people, halted, and the band ceased playing. An officer galloped up and exchanged a few words with the colonel in command. The colonel made a sign and uttered a few hurried words, whereupon four soldiers stepped from the ranks, and forcing a passage through the staring crowd, walked directly toward a small house situated solitary and alone on the road, in the middle of a garden.

Every inhabitant of Vienna knew this house and the man living in it, for it was the residence of Joseph Haydn.

When the four soldiers approached the door of the popular and well-known *maestro*, the people seemed to awake from their stupefaction, a unanimous cry of rage and horror resounded, and thousands and thousands of voices shouted and screamed, "Father Haydn! They want to arrest Father Haydn!"

But, no. The four soldiers stopped at the door, and remained there as a guard of honor.

And the band of the next regiment, which had just come up, halted on the road, too, and, in stirring notes, the French musicians began to play a melody which was well known to everybody, the melody of the great hymn from the "Creation," "In verdure clad."

It sounded to the poor Viennese like a cruel mockery to hear a band of the victorious French army play this melody composed by a German *maestro*, and tears of heartfelt shame, of inward rage, filled many an eye which had never wept before, and a bitter pang seized every breast.

The French musicians had not yet finished the tune, when a window in the upper story of the house was opened, and Joseph Haydn's venerable white-haired head appeared. His cheeks were pale, and his lips trembled, for his footman, who had just returned home, had brought him the news that the French had been victorious again, and that Napoleon had defeated the two emperors at Austerlitz.

Joseph Haydn, the *old man*, was pale and trembling, but Joseph Haydn, the *genius*, was courageous, joyful, and defiant, and he was filled with noble anger when he heard that the trumpeters of the French conqueror dared to play his German music.

This anger of the eternally-young and eternally-bold genius now burst forth from Haydn's eyes, and restored to his whole bearing the vigor and elasticity of youth.

Leaning far out of the window, he beckoned the people with both arms, while they were looking up to him and waving their hats to salute him.

"Sing, people of Vienna!" he shouted, "oh, sing our favorite hymn!"

The music had just ceased, and Joseph Haydn now commenced singing in a loud, ringing voice, —

"Gott erhalte Franz den Kaiser,
Unsern guten Kaiser Franz!"

And thousands of voices sang and shouted all at once, —

"Gott erhalte Franz den Kaiser,
Unsern guten Kaiser Franz!"

Joseph Haydn stood at the window, and moved his arm as though he were standing before his orchestra and leading his choir.

The people sang their favorite hymn louder and more jubilantly, and to the notes of this prayer of a whole people, of this jubilant hymn, by which the Viennese honored their unfortunate, vanquished emperor in the face of the conquering army, the French marched up the road toward the interior of the city.

Joseph Haydn was still at the window; he led the choir no longer; he sang no more. He had folded his hands and listened to the majestic anthem of the people, and the tears, filling his eyes, glistened like diamonds.

The people continued shouting and singing, in spite of the French, the hymn of

"Gott erhalte Franz den Kaiser,
Unsern guten Kaiser Franz!"

And the victorious French marched silently through the opened ranks of the people.



ANDREAS HOFER RALLYING THE TYROLEAN MOUNTAINEERS

BY FRANZ VON DEFREGGER

(*Austrian painter*, 1835–

The Peace of Pressburg, in 1805, ended the war between France and Austria. By the terms of this peace, the Tyrol, which had formerly belonged to Austria, passed into the hands of Bavaria. The Tyrol had no love for Bavaria; and in 1808 Andreas Hofer was sent as a deputy to discuss the Tyrolean grievances with the Archduke John of Vienna. By his advice the Tyrolese armed themselves against Bavaria under the lead of Hofer. As the Bavarian troops were marching through narrow valleys, Hofer and his men fell upon them, and within a week the land was free, and some 10,000 troops of France and Bavaria had been destroyed. Napoleon sent a greater army to subdue the revolt, but Hofer, nothing daunted, rallied the mountaineers, defeated the French and Bavarian forces at Mount Isel (1809) and forced them to evacuate the country. The Tyrol then declared itself independent, and made Hofer its ruler.

When the Peace of Vienna left Napoleon's hands free, he sent an overwhelming force against the Tyroleans. Hofer was defeated after a heroic struggle and retired to the mountain fastnesses. His hiding place was betrayed to the French, by whom he was captured and conveyed to Mantua, where, after a summary trial, he was shot by order of Napoleon.

In 1814 the Tyrol was restored to Austria, and a few years later the emperor indemnified the great patriot's family for its losses and ennobled his son.

IV
THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

HISTORICAL NOTE

It came to pass that in the sixteenth century the sovereign of Austria, a member of the Hapsburg family, was chosen ruler of Hungary. This united the two countries under one government; but Hungary was not happy in the union. In the nineteenth century, the Hungarians determined to restore a separate monarchy. Their leader was a brilliant orator named Kossuth. The Austrian Emperor finally agreed to their demands; but he soon abdicated in favor of his nephew Francis Joseph, and the promises were not kept. Russia now came into the field. Poland was trying to free herself from Russia; and if Hungary became independent, it was probable that Poland, too, would win her freedom. Therefore Russia hastened to the aid of Austria; by the treachery of a trusted commander, the Hungarians were betrayed, the revolt was crushed, and many of the noblest of the nation were put to death.

Since the downfall of Napoleon, Austria had been at the head of the Confederation of German States, but under the able guidance of Bismarck, Prussia's strength had increased until she was no longer content to remain in a subordinate position. In 1866, the rivalry of these two states led to the Seven Weeks' War. The Austrian army was completely defeated at the battle of Sadowa, and Austria was compelled to turn over the leadership of the German states to Prussia and to cede Venice to Italy. To gain the support of Hungary in this crisis her demands of 1848–49 were conceded. In Austria-Hungary, since 1867, neither country has been subordinate to the other, and their relation is "the permanent union of two nations for certain international purposes."

AFTER THE BATTLE OF SZOLNOK

[1849]

BY MAURUS JOKAI

[THE battle of Szolnok took place during the revolt of 1848–49. The Austrian troops were led by Karger; the Hungarian by Damjanics and Vecsey.

In the story from which the following extract is taken, the two sisters, Aniko and Ilka, are betrothed to two noble youths who have ranged themselves on opposite sides. Victory for one means defeat for the other. The hopeful Aniko prepares a dress of white for the home-coming; but Ilka, with many forebodings, makes ready one of black.

The Editor.]

IT was the night before the battle of Szolnok.

"Singular!" muttered the general, as he paced up and down his tent; "my spirits were wont to rise before a battle, and now I feel as anxious as if the thought of to-morrow were unwelcome!" And he strove to solve in his own mind the cause of such unusual gloom.

Sometime after, an *officer de corps* remarked within the general's hearing that to-morrow they should have the famous harangue.

"The Tartar take it!" exclaimed the general; "it was that made me feel as if I could creep out of my skin. But never fear — they shall have it, and the enemy shall pay for it!"

The general had finished his plans of battle in a quarter of an hour — the speech was not ready late in the morning.

Having arranged his troops in order, he rode out before them. They all knew that he was to harangue them that day, and they knew that it was as great a sacrifice on his part as if he were to deliver up his battery to a parliamentary tribunal for half a day.

Halting before the standard of the Ninth Battalion, he lifted his shako, grew very pale, and began: —

"Comrades!"

At that instant, the guns thundered across the Theiss.

The general's countenance suddenly brightened — diction and phraseology were forgotten; and drawing his sword, he cried in a voice of thunder — "There is the enemy! Follow me!" which was answered by a tremendous cheer, while the whole army dashed after their gallant leader towards the cannon's roar.

Meanwhile, Vecsey's *corps d'armée* stormed the ramparts on the opposite side of the Theiss.

The attack, however, was only apparent: the maneuver of either party frustrated the other.

The imperial troops endeavored to entice the enemy within their cross-fire by charges of cavalry and feint retreats; while the hussars, seeing the cuirassiers turn in good order, gave the command, "Right about!" and quietly returned to their stations.

And now the Hungarians prepared to storm the intrenchments; and when the battalions were almost within gunshot, they advanced their cannon, and without any impediment poured a vigorous fire on the ramparts — appearing to expend their whole strength before the enemy, while their real aim was totally different.

They were only answered here and there by a gun

from the ramparts; but the battery concealed in the wood did not give the slightest intimation of its existence, it being expected that the enemy would make an attack, as the place was apparently feebly defended, and the imperialists engaged on all sides, and, purposely, giving them every advantage.

But the attack was not made. This continued till about noon. The distant spectator could observe nothing but the continual motion of regular masses. One or two troops of heavy cavalry marched quietly up to the field of action, their helmets gleaming in the bright sun of a cloudless day. A division of hussars galloped by with drawn swords: long lines of infantry suddenly formed into squares, and fired on the passing cavalry. At another point, the treacherous gleam of bayonets in the moat betrayed the stealthy approach of troops, upon which the adjacent battery suddenly galloped to a little eminence, from whence they began to fire. But no regular engagement had taken place; the "On, Magyar! on!" and the hussars' "Ha! on!" were not yet heard. The whole was a mere animated play of arms. Trumpets sounded, drums beat, cannon fired; but they were unaccompanied by battle-cries or dying groans — death still greedily awaited the onset.

Suddenly the great guns thundered across the Theiss.

Swift and unexpected, like the descent of lightning from heaven, was Damjanics' appearance at Szolnok, and it was hailed by a tremendous cheer from the besieging party — life announcing death! Again the cannon roared.

The besiegers did not find the imperial army unpre-

pared, although this attack was unexpected; but there were not many troops on that side of the ramparts, which was principally protected by cannon.

The Hungarians advanced in a semicircle, the Szeged battalion in the center, composed chiefly of recruits armed with scythes, on the right the red-caps, and the hussars on the left.

The enemy's guns opened a deadly fire from every side, and yet they advanced like the tempest-cloud through which the lightning passes, changing its form without impeding its course. The balls made fearful inroads among them — they fell right and left, covering the place with the dead and wounded; and many a dying soldier, raising his head for the last time, gazed long and earnestly after his standard, till it disappeared amidst the fire of the enemy — when, cheering yet again, he sank to rise no more.

The Szeged battalion came up first with the foe, rushing impetuously on — for their arms were useless till face to face with their enemy. They stormed the battery of the terminus, from which the cannon fired incessantly — one ball sweeping off fourteen at a time; but they only hastened the more furiously over the dead bodies of their comrades. One moment more — several guns opened at once, and a hundred mangled bodies and headless trunks rolled in the dust and smoke. The next instant, the troops which guarded the battery were scattered on every side: the artillery stood valiantly by their guns to the last man. As the besiegers advanced they were assailed by a hot fire from the windows of the houses, and from behind the barricades. The conflict was long and desperate. At last, the tricolored banner

waving from the windows announced that the besiegers were victorious.

This was the first action in which the Szeged battalion had been engaged, and for numbers among them it was the last.

Meanwhile the red-caps marched steadily on to the flying bastions. Unlike the young corps, these troops knew how to give place to the enemy's balls, and never fired in vain; nor did they cover their eyes from the fearful carnage around them, as most of the young troops did, for death was familiar to them in all its forms. This was their seventeenth engagement, and in each they had been foremost in the attack.

The intrenchments were guarded by a body of *chasseurs*, who kept up a constant harassing fire on the advancing troops.

The latter quickly thinned their lines, and forming into chain, rushed on the intrenchments, heedless of the musket fire — their standard-bearer foremost in the attack. A musket ball cut the staff of the standard in two, and the soldier, placing the colors on his sword, rushed on as before — another ball, and the standard-bearer fell mortally wounded, holding up the colors with his last strength, till a comrade received it on the point of his bayonet.

They reached the bulwarks, and, climbing on each other's shoulders, their bayonets soon clashed with those of the enemy. An hour later, they were in possession of the ramparts. The *chasseurs*, repulsed by their desperate attack, retreated to the bridge, where they rallied, under cover of some troops which had come to their assistance. The red-caps were soon engaged with these fresh

troops, and their battle-cry was heard on the opposite side.

Meanwhile Vecsey's troops advanced impetuously to the redoubt, part of the garrison of which had hurried towards Szolnok, where the action had begun; but the most desperate engagement was below the chapel. A regiment of *chasseurs* were drawn up in a square on the plain, and were twice charged by the hussars, and twice repulsed; the third time they succeeded in breaking the square, the horses dashing in among the bayonets, and in an instant all was confusion. The *chasseurs* retreated to the chapel bulwarks, where they endeavored to rally, but were pursued by the artillery, and, cut off from all possible retreat to the town, they fled in disorder, and were pursued to the Zagyva; there, although the most desperate once more made a stand, the rest were driven into the stream, and many an empty shako was borne down the blood-stained water.

Suddenly a cuirassier regiment was seen galloping from the opposite side, towards the scene of action, their helmets and swords gleaming through clouds of dust. The hussars quickly formed to receive the new enemy, and, without waiting for their attack, dashed forward to the encounter.

It was like the meeting of two hurricanes: one a mighty, moving bastion advancing in such exact order, it seemed as if the thousand men and steed had but one pulse; the other troops, light and swift as the wind, as if each wished to be first in the encounter; the various colored pelisses and plumes of their riders tossed about in the wind, and their swords flashing over their heads.

"Hurrah! hurrah! — Rajta! rajta!"

The mutual collision broke the order at once. The troops on either side divided into parties, fighting man to man; here a cuirassier was surrounded by the hussars, and there a hussar in the midst of cuirassiers, the attacking party now advancing, now retreating, as the antagonists on either side gained strength.

For some time only the two standards waved high above, and here and there a soldier's face, and the gleam of straight and curved swords, were seen through the smoke and dust; and now the wind blew the dust aside, and exposed the bright helmets, the excited countenances, the maddened horses, many of which galloped about with empty saddles, while their riders lay trodden on the field.

The clash of swords resounded on all sides, mingled with cries of victory and the groans of death.

A tall and powerful cuirassier galloped about like the genius of battle — death seemed in each flash of his sword; he rode his third horse, two having already been shot under him.

Clouds of dust and smoke again veiled the combatants, and nothing could be seen but the two banners — now pressing forward, now retarded, but slowly approaching, and cutting a deadly passage towards each other.

Old Gergo was engaged with two cuirassiers, his ardor unmingled with the impetuosity of youth; and even in the midst of the fray he found time to instruct the young recruit, illustrating his theory by many a prompt example.

A troop of hussars now dashed forward and were met by an equal number of cuirassiers; their leaders, being

on the right of their troops, had not yet met face to face, but, foremost to the charge, they showed a good example, while each man fought as if he alone were responsible for the honor of his party. The right flank on either side pressing back the foe's left, they both turned round the center like a stiff axle — the hussars occupying the place of the cuirassiers, and the latter that of the hussars.

In the heat of the action, their leaders recognized each other — Laszlo and Gejza! But the discovery produced no wavering — both were determined to conquer or to die.

Meanwhile another troop came up to the assistance of the cuirassiers, and the hussar captain was obliged to cut his way out from between two fires, and thus came face to face with his antagonist.

"Surrender, comrade!" cried Laszlo.

"Never!" cried the hussar, as he galloped to the charge.

The sword of death was raised in either hand, their glances darted fire; for a moment they remained motionless, as if spellbound, their swords still raised — the next both turned with one accord upon the nearest foes. Laszlo's sword pierced the heart of a hussar, while Gejza dealt such a blow on a cuirassier's helmet that he fell without a groan, and then, without turning, he cut his way through the enemy's ranks — "Hurrah! hurrah! — rajta!" And the battle-cry mingled with the clash of swords and the groans of the dying.

Meanwhile a division of cuirassiers marched rapidly through Szolnok to take the hussars in the rear.

Suddenly, at the turn of a street, two hundred red-

caps stood before them. Both parties were taken by surprise at the unexpected encounter. It was but a moment. The next, an engagement took place of which we find few instances in history, namely, infantry attacking cavalry. The two hundred red-caps suddenly fired on the cuirassiers, and then, shouting wildly, rushed upon them with their bayonets; and the veteran troops, who had stood so many fires, whose valor alone had turned the day at Mor, were obliged to retreat before the fearful attack.

This circumstance occurred but twice during the whole campaign.

Görgei was the first who attempted it, with the Inczed battalion, at the time of his first retreat; that same battalion (eleventh) which so gallantly defended the bridge of Piski, where more than half their number fell.

An old Polish soldier who witnessed the combat, made the following remark: "I have seen the battles of the Old Guard, and fought with the Polish legion, but I never saw men fight like the red-caps!"

By this attack the cuirassiers were cut off from their head forces; and, pressed by Vecsey on the opposite side, they retreated hastily, without having time to save their cannon or destroy the bridge after them.

The imperial forces, thus pressed between two fires, were obliged to evacuate Szolnok, and retreat among the Zagyva morasses.

After their desperate conflict with the red-caps, the cuirassiers were again routed by a fresh regiment of hussars, and driven into the Zagyva; but few of the weary horses had strength to struggle through the water, and

their heavy armor prevented the men from swimming: thus many sank in the stream.

It was evening when the battle was over. Horses without riders were galloping about the plain, while here and there a wounded steed neighed mournfully, as if searching for his master. Powder-wagons and cannon lay overturned on the field, which was strewed with the dead and dying.

The trumpet sounded the retreat, and the hussars assembled from every side, their horses rearing and prancing as if they had come out for the first time that day.

An hour afterwards, the sound of music was heard in every *guinguette*, and the hussars' spurs clinked to the gay cymbal and clarionet. The battle was forgotten; it was now the time for mirth.

Old Gergo treated his comrades. He was rich enough — for he had killed an officer of rank; and though his pupil the recruit could scarcely keep his feet, he continued to treat him in spite of his resistance.

"But if we drink it all now, corporal, we shall have nothing left for to-morrow."

"Don't argue with me, but drink; that's the order now, and to-morrow will take care of itself." And the soldiers drank on, while their companions danced and shouted to the gay sounds. All was feasting and revelry within the town.

But without, upon the battle-field, what painful sounds hailed the fall of evening? — it was the fearful groans of the dying! What sad thoughts called forth those sighs from the parting spirit! Home, glory,

mother, and beloved ones, — never to meet again! The evening breeze bears them away: whither?

An officer of hussars went over the field with a military surgeon, while his soldiers bore the wounded away on their arms.

The young officer turned mournfully from one sad spectacle to another. Here lay a young soldier in the bloom of youth, the point of a sword had pierced through his cuirass and come out behind; and from whose hand had that thrust come? A little farther lay another, whose face was so cut, and disfigured by the dust, that none could have recognized it! and now his eye rested on a young hussar who lay on his back, his outstretched arm still grasping his sword, over which the fingers were closed so stiffly that it was impossible to release it; near him an old soldier had died, with his arm around the neck of his horse, which had been killed along with him, like two old comrades whom death could not part.

The young officer carefully surveyed the field, and his quick eye passed none over. He had reached a little knoll, where, half concealed among some bushes, a white form seemed to move. It was a young cuirassier officer, who lay with his face buried in the long grass.

The hussar knelt down to raise his head, and called for assistance.

"Thanks, comrade!" said the dying youth faintly, as he turned his face towards him.

The last rays of the setting sun shone on the handsome, pale countenance, the closing eyes, and the deep wound just below the heart.

"Laszlo!" groaned the hussar, "is it thus we meet?"

"Lay me on the grass, brother; I am dying," said

the cuirassier faintly. "Alas! my bride will wait in vain!"

The surgeon examined the wound, and pronounced it mortal; he had but a few moments to live.

"Tell my bride," said the young man, in scarcely audible accents, "that my last thought was of her — and bury me where she may come and —"

The young hussar sobbed bitterly beside his dying friend. "Alas! that we must part — that one of us must die!"

"God bless you, brother — be happy!" murmured Laszlo, convulsively grasping Gejza's hand; "poor Aniko!" — and his head sank on his comrade's breast.

The sun's last rays had set, and the pale moon rose, shedding her quiet beams on the closed eyes and silent lips!

The long-looked-for day had come and gone; that day so full of hope and fear for the young sisters.

It had brought grief and joy; but the joy was not for the hopeful, nor the tear for the trembling heart, though one stood at the altar, and the other at the lonely grave; and one, indeed, wore the white and the other the black dress, but neither wore that which she had prepared.

THE UNLUCKY WEATHERCOCK

[1849]

BY MAURUS JÓKAI

[At the close of 1848 and early in 1849, the Hungarians were fighting against the Austrians, and their war-cry was constitutional liberty. Before the close of the first imprisonment of the poor Viennese, in March, 1849, the ancient Hungarian constitution had been abolished, and the imperial armies of Austria were in power. But when June had come, the Hungarians were making a last decisive struggle for freedom and a republic. Before September, the struggle had come to an end, and the captured leaders had been severely punished.

The Editor.]

It seems as if Fortune delighted in extending her hand favorably towards some individuals, while to others she only puts it forth to deceive and buffet them through life. Her caprices have furnished us with a lively example in both manners of dealing. We relate the simple facts as we heard them, without adding a word.

Towards the close of 1848, war was the only theme in vogue. In Pesth, especially, the word *peace* was quite out of fashion. The hotels were filled with guests who met for the purpose of discussing the favorite topic; martial music was heard from morning till night: the European war was preparing.

Two personages were sitting together before a small table at the hotel "Nagy Pipa" (great pipe), to whom

the German saying might have been applied, "Der eine schweigt, der andere hört zu,"[1] for one of these two personages seemed attentively considering the probable or possible cause of his companion's silence, casting, from time to time, a scrutinizing glance on his countenance, intended to penetrate whatever dark project might be passing within.

This observant individual was no other than the humane Master Janos, police-corporal, and vice-jailer of the noble city of Pesth; and when we inform our readers that he occupied this post during Metternich's time, and that, notwithstanding that minister's overthrow, he still retained his position, unlike the usual fate of the adherents of a fallen ministry, they will surely admit that the favorite of Fortune could not be better personified than by the same Master Janos; nor can it be denied that the individual opposite was no less persecuted by the fickle goddess, not only because he was the object of honest Master Janos's suspicious glances; but more especially because a nailsmith's apprentice from Vienna could think of coming to Hungary of all places on earth — a country where the craft is carried on wholesale at the corner of every village, by the Wallachian gypsies.

Master Janos had not studied Lavater, but long experience had led him to conclude, after minute examination of the man's countenance, that some counter-revolutionary scheme was turning in his head.

Consequently he drew his chair nearer, and determined to break the silence.

"Where do you come from, sir, if I may presume to ask?" he inquired, with a wily glance at his companion.

[1] One is silent, the other listens to him.

"*Hyay!* from Vienna," sighed the stranger, looking into the bottom of his glass.

"And what news from that city?"

"*Hyay!* nothing good."

"Eh, what? Nothing good! — what bad, then?"

"*Hyay!* war is much feared."

"Feared! what audacity! — how dare they fear?"

"*Hyay!* sir, I do not fear either at thirty leagues' distance; but once I heard from the cellar how they were bombarding the streets, and I found nothing agreeable in it."

Master Janos found still greater reason for suspicion. He resolved to make him drink, and he would probably come on the traces of some dangerous plot.

How much does a nailsmith's stomach require? At the second pitcher his head sank slowly back, and his tongue moved with difficulty.

"Now for it!" thought Master Janos, filling his glass. "*Eljen!* liberty!" he exclaimed, waiting for the nailsmith to strike glasses.

The latter was not long in responding to the invitation, and echoed the "*Eljen!*" as far as his thickening tongue permitted.

"Now it is your turn to give a toast," said the vice-jailer, slyly eying his victim.

"Indeed, I am not used to give toasts, sir; I only drink them."

"Come, don't play the egotist, but drink to whomever you consider the greatest man in the world!"

"In the whole world?" replied the nailsmith, reflecting that the world was very large, and that he knew very little about it.

"Yes, in the whole world! — the whole round earth!" pursued Master Janos confidently.

The nailsmith hesitated, scratched his nose, scratched his ear, scratched his whole head, and, finally, cried out, "Success to Master Slimak!"

The vice-jailer shuddered at this public demonstration. It was quite clear that this Master Slimak was some gunpowder-sworn commander-in-chief — there was no doubt of it, and, without any further ado, he seized the nailsmith by the collar, and, *brevi manu*, escorted him to the town-hall, where he dragged him into a narrow, ominous-looking chamber, before a stout, red-faced gentleman.

"This man is a suspicious character," he exclaimed. "In the first place, he has the audacity to fear war; in the next place, he sat from seven o'clock until half-past nine, two whole hours and a half, without opening his lips; and finally, he was impious enough to give a public toast to a certain Master Slimak, who is probably quite as suspicious a character as himself."

"Who is this Master Slimak?" asked the stout, red-faced gentleman sternly.

"Nobody, indeed," replied the trembling Viennese, "but my former master, an honest nailsmith, whom I served four years, and would be serving still, had his wife not beaten me."

"Impossible!" ejaculated the fat, red-faced gentleman. "It is not customary to give public toasts to such personages."

"But I don't know what the custom is here."

"If you wished to give a toast, why did you not drink to constitutional liberty, to the upper and lower

Danube armies, or to freedom of the press, and such toasts?"

"*Hyay*, sir! I could not learn that in a month!"

"But in three months I dare say you will be able to learn it well enough. Master Janos, take that man into custody."

The humane Master Janos again seized the delinquent by the collar, *ut supra*, and escorted him to the place appropriated to such malefactors, where he had time to consider why he was put there.

The three months passed slowly enough to the nailsmith. It was now the middle of March.

Master Janos punctually released his prisoner, and the honest man, in order to prove the reform in his sentiments, and thereby rise in Master Janos's opinion, greeted him with, "Success to liberty, and the Hungarian arms!"

Master Janos stumbled against the wall in speechless horror, and as soon as he had regained his equilibrium, he seized the astonished nailsmith, who, when he had recovered his terrified senses, found himself again in the narrow, ominous chamber; but now, instead of the stout, red-faced gentleman, he stood before a lean, black gentleman, who, when he understood the charge against the prisoner, without permitting any explanation, condemned him to three months' imprisonment, informing him that henceforth, unless he wished to fare worse, he would exclaim, "Success to the imperial armies, the great constitution, and the one and powerful Austria!"

And the nailsmith, having made three steps beyond

his prison door, was brought back to renew his captivity, and ponder over his strange fate.

The three months had again passed over. It was some time in June.

The humane Master Janos did not fail to release his captive. The poor man began at his prison door to declaim the redeeming words of "Long live Prince Windischgrätz! success to glorious Austria!"

Master Janos laid his hand upon his sword, as if to protect himself from this incorrigible man.

"What! was it not enough to imprison you twice? Have you not yet learned what you should say? Have the goodness to step in here."

And for the third time they entered the narrow chamber.

Instead of the meager, black gentleman, it was again the fat, red-faced gentleman before whom our victim was called in question for his repeated crime.

"Obstinate traitor!" he exclaimed; "are you aware of the extent of your offense, and that if I did not condemn you to an imprisonment of three months on my own responsibility, instead of giving you up to justice, you would be cut into four quarters, as you deserve?"

The unhappy nailsmith must needs rejoice, in his extreme terror, at the mildness of the punishment.

"But what should I have said?" he asked his lenient judge, in a voice of despair.

"What should you have said? Why, 'Success to the republic! Success to democracy! Success to revolution!'"

The poor man repeated the three injunctions, and

promising faithfully to attend to them, he resigned himself patiently to a new lease of his dark abode.

During the ensuing three months, everything had changed except the good fortune of Master Janos. Neither time nor chance could succeed in displacing him, as they had so many others. He was still vice-jailer of the noble city of Pesth, as he had formerly been.

It was now September. The nailsmith's penalty was out, and Master Janos called him forth.

The prisoner's countenance expressed something unusually important, and no sooner did the vice-jailer approach than, seizing his hand, he exclaimed between his sobs, "Oh, Master Janos, tell the black gentleman that I humbly kiss his hand, and wish him from the bottom of my heart, 'Success to the Republic!' "

As the hungry wolf pounces upon the lamb, Master Janos once more seized the nailsmith by his ill-used collar; and indeed, so shocked was the worthy jailer that, having brought his prisoner into the narrow chamber, it was some time before he could recover himself sufficiently to explain the circumstance to the lean, black gentleman, who once more occupied the place of the fat, red-faced one; and great was his vexation when this individual, instead of sentencing the delinquent to be broken on the wheel, merely awarded him three months' more imprisonment!

On the 3d of November, 1849, all who had been imprisoned for slight political offenses were released from their confinement, and among others, the nailsmith.

As Master Janos opened the door, the unfortunate

man stopped his mouth with his pocket-handkerchief, giving the humane jailer by this pantomime to understand that he would henceforth keep his demonstrations to himself.

It might have been some consolation to him to know that he was not the only one who cried out at the wrong time!

KOSSUTH'S FAREWELL

[1849]

[At the close of the Hungarian struggle of 1848–49, Kossuth fled to Turkey. Both Russia and Austria tried their best to get possession of him, but the sultan refused to give him up. Kossuth was invited to come to America as the guest of the nation. He was received with the greatest enthusiasm, but he did not succeed in winning what he wanted, namely, the support of the United States in a second effort to gain the freedom of his country.

When he was about to leave his beloved land forever, he knelt upon the soil which was so dear to him, kissed the sod, and then bade his fatherland a thrilling farewell. The following were his closing words.

The Editor.]

Thou art fallen, truest of nations! Thou art thrust down under thine own blow! not the weapon of a foreign enemy, which has dug thy grave; not the cannon of the many nations, brought up against thee — they have tottered back at thy Love to thy Fatherland! not the Muscovites, who crawled over the Carpathians, have compelled thee to lay down thine arms. O no! sold, thou wast, dear Fatherland. Thy sentence of death, beloved Fatherland, was written by him whose love for his country I never questioned for a single moment. In the bold flight of my thoughts, I would rather have doubted the existence of a good man than I should have thought he could have become the traitor to his Fatherland.

And thou hast been betrayed by him, in whose hands a few days ago I laid the Government of our country,

sworn to defend thee with the last drop of his blood. He became a traitor to his country because the color of gold was dearer to him than that of blood, which was shed for the independence of the Fatherland. The profane metal had in his eyes more value than the Holy God of his land, who forsook him, when he entered into a covenant with the associates of the Devil!

Magyars! my dear fellow-sons of the same country! Do not accuse me, because I was compelled to cast my eye on this man and to vacate my place for him. I was compelled to do so, because the people confided in him, because the army loved him, and he had already attained to a position in which he could have proved his fidelity! and yet this man abused the confidence of the nation, and in return for the love of his nation treated them with contempt.

Curse him, people of the Magyars! curse the heart which did not dry up when it attempted to nourish him with the moisture of life!

I love thee, Europe's truest nation! as I love the freedom for which thou fought so bravely! The God of liberty will never blot you out from His memory. Be blessed for evermore! My principles were those of Washington, though my deeds were not those of William Tell! I wished for a free nation — free as God only can create man — and thou art dead, because thy winter has arrived; but this will not last so long as thy fellow-sufferer, languishing under the icy sky of Siberia. No, fifteen nations have dug thy grave, the thousands of the sixteenth will arrive to save thee!

Be faithful as hitherto, keep to the holy sentences of the Bible, pray for thy liberation, and then chant thy na-

tional hymns when thy mountains reëcho the thunder of the cannons of thy liberators! God be with you, dear comrades and fellow-sufferers! The angels of God and of liberty be with you. You may still be proud, for the lion of Europe had to be aroused to conquer the rebels! The whole civilized world has admired you as heroes, and the cause of the heroic nations will be supported by the freest of the free nations on earth!

God be with thee, sacred soil! drenched with the blood of so many of thy noble sons! Preserve these sacred spots, that they may give evidence before the world for you, before the people that will come to your succor! God be with thee, young King of the Magyars, forget not that thy nation has *not elected thee!* There lives in me still the hope that a day will come on which you will see the confirmation of the word — if it even be on the Ruins of Buda!

The blessing of the Almighty, my dear nation, rest upon thee. BELIEVE — LOVE — and HOPE!

THE SALT MINES OF WIELICZKA

[1850]

BY BAYARD TAYLOR

In company with a professor from St. Petersburg, we left Cracow in the morning, crossed the Vistula, and drove eastward through a low, undulating country, covered with fields of rye, oats, and potatoes. The village of Wieliczka occupies a charming situation on the northern slope of a long, wood-crowned hill. The large storehouses for the salt, the government offices, and the residences of the superintendents, on a slight eminence near the foot, first strike the eye. After procuring a permit from the proper official, we presented ourselves at the office, over the mouth of the mine, in company with five Prussian travelers, two of them ladies, and a wandering German mechanic, who had tramped out from Cracow in the hope of seeing the place. We were all enveloped in long, coarse blouses of white linen, and having bespoken a supply of Bengal lights, a door was opened, and we commenced descending into the bowels of the earth by an easy staircase, in a square shaft. Six boys, carrying flaming lamps were distributed among our party, and one of the superintendents assumed the office of conductor.

After descending 210 feet, we saw the first veins of rock salt, in a bed of clay and crumbled sandstone. Thirty feet more, and we were in a world of salt. Level galleries branched off from the foot of the staircase; overhead, ceiling of solid salt, under foot a floor of salt,

and on either side dark gray walls of salt, sparkling here and there with minute crystals. Lights glimmered ahead, and on turning a corner we came upon a gang of workmen, some hacking away at the solid floor, others trundling wheelbarrows full of the precious cubes. Here was the chapel of St. Anthony, the oldest in the mines — a Byzantine excavation, supported by columns with altar, crucifix, and life-size statues of saints, apparently in black marble, but all as salt as Lot's wife, as I discovered by putting my tongue to the nose of John the Baptist. The humid air of this upper story of the mines has damaged some of the saints: Francis, especially, is running away like a dip candle, and all of his head is gone except his chin. The limbs of Joseph are dropping off as if he had the Norwegian leprosy, and Lawrence has deeper scars than his gridiron could have made, running up and down his back. A Bengal light, burnt at the altar, brought into sudden life this strange temple, which presently vanished into utter darkness, as if it had never been.

I cannot follow, step by step, our journey of two hours through the labyrinths of this wonderful mine. It is a bewildering maze of galleries, grand halls, staircases, and vaulted chambers, where one soon loses all sense of distance or direction, and drifts along blindly in the wake of his conductor. Everything was solid salt, except where great piers of hewn logs had been built up to support some threatening roof, or vast chasm, left in quarrying, had been bridged across. As we descended to lower regions, the air became more dry and agreeable, and the saline wall more pure and brilliant. One hall, 108 feet in height, resembled a Grecian theater, the

traces of blocks taken out in regular layers representing the seats for the spectators. Out of this single hall 1,000,000 hundredweight of salt had been taken, or enough to supply the 40,000,000 inhabitants of Austria for one year.

Two obelisks of salt commemorated the visit of Francis I and his empress in another spacious, irregular vault, through which we passed by means of a wooden bridge resting on piers of the crystalline rock. After we had descended to the bottom of this chamber, a boy ran along the bridge above with a burning Bengal light, throwing flashes of blue luster on the obelisks, on the scarred walls, vast arches, the entrances to deeper halls, and the far roof fretted with the picks of the workmen. The effect was magical, wonderful. Even the old Prussian, who had the face of an exchange broker, exclaimed, as he pointed upward: "It is like a sky full of cloud-lambkins." Presently we entered another and loftier chamber, yawning downwards like the mouth of hell, with cavernous tunnels opening out of the farther end. In these tunnels the workmen, half-naked, with torches in their hands, wild cries, fireworks, and the firing of guns (which here so reverberates in the imprisoned air that one can feel every wave of sound), give a rough representation of the infernal regions, for the benefit of the crowned heads who visit the mines. The effect must be, indeed, diabolical. Even we, unexceptionable characters as we were, looked truly uncanny in our ghostly garments, amid the livid glare of the fireworks.

A little farther we struck upon a lake four fathoms deep, upon which we embarked in a heavy square boat and entered a gloomy tunnel, over the entrance of which

was inscribed (in salt letters), "Good luck to you!" In such a place the motto seemed ironical. "Abandon hope, all ye who enter here," would have been more appropriate. Midway in the tunnel, the halls at either end were suddenly illuminated, and a crash, as of a hundred cannon, bellowing through the hollow vaults, shook the air and water in such wise that our boat had not ceased trembling when we landed in the farther hall. Read Tasso, —

> "Treman le spaziose atre caverne,
> *E'l aer cieco in quel rumor rimbomba,*" —

if you want to hear the sound of it. A tablet inscribed "Heartily welcome!" saluted us in landing. Finally, at the depth of 450 feet, our journey ceased, although we were but halfway to the bottom. The remainder is a wilderness of shafts, galleries, and smaller chambers, the extent of which we could only conjecture. We then returned through scores of tortuous passages to some vaults where a lot of gnomes, naked to the hips, were busy with pick, mallet, and wedge, blocking out and separating the solid pavement. The process is quite primitive, scarcely differing from that of the ancient Egyptians in quarrying granite. The blocks are first marked out on the surface by a series of grooves. One side is then deepened to the required thickness, and wedges being inserted under the block, it is soon split off. It is then split transversely into pieces of one hundredweight each, in which form it is ready for sale. Those intended for Russia are rounded on the edges and corners until they acquire the shape of large cocoons, for the convenience of transportation into the interior of the country.

The number of workmen employed in the mines is 1500, all of whom belong to the "upper crust" — that is, they live on the outside of the world. They are divided into gangs, and relieve each other every six hours. Each gang quarries out, on an average, a little more than 1000 hundredweight of salt in that space of time, making the annual yield 1,500,000 hundredweight! The men we saw were fine, muscular, healthy-looking fellows, and the officer, in answer to my questions, stated that their sanitary condition was quite equal to that of field laborers. Scurvy does not occur among them, and the equality of the temperature of the mines — which stands at 54° of Fahrenheit all the year round — has a favorable effect upon such as are predisposed to diseases of the lungs. He was not aware of any peculiar form of disease induced by the substance in which they work, notwithstanding where the air is humid salt-crystals form upon the woodwork. The wood, I may here remark, never rots, and where untouched, retains its quality for centuries. The officer explicitly denied the story of men having been born in these mines, and having gone through life without ever mounting to the upper world. So there goes another interesting fiction of our youth.

It requires a stretch of imagination to conceive the extent of this salt bed. As far as explored, its length is two and a half English miles, its breadth a little over half a mile, and its solid depth 690 feet! It commences about 200 feet below the surface, and is then uninterrupted to the bottom, where it rests on a bed of compact sandstone, such as forms the peaks of the Carpathian Mountains. Below this, there is no probability

that it again reappears. The general direction is east and west, dipping rapidly at its western extremity, so that it may no doubt be pushed much farther in that direction. Notwithstanding the immense amount already quarried, — and it will be better understood when I state that the aggregate length of the shafts and galleries amounts to 420 miles, — it is estimated that, at the present rate of exploitation, the known supply cannot be exhausted under 300 years. The tripartite treaty, on the partition of Poland, limits Austria to the production of the present amount, — 1,500,000 hundredweight annually, — of which she is bound to furnish 300,000 hundredweight to Prussia, and 800,000 to Russia, leaving 400,000 for herself. This sum yields her a net revenue from the mines of two millions of florins ($1,000,000) annually.

It is not known how this wonderful deposit — more precious than gold itself — was originally discovered. We know that it was worked in the twelfth century, and perhaps much earlier. The popular faith has invented several miracles to account for it, giving the merit to favorite saints. One, which is gravely published in "The History of Cracow," states that a Polish king, who wooed a Princess Elizabeth of Hungary (not the saint of the Wartburg) in the tenth century, asked what she would choose as a bridal gift from him. To which she replied: Something that would most benefit his people. The marriage ceremony was performed in a chapel in one of the salt-mines of Transylvania. Soon after being transferred to Cracow, Elizabeth went out to Wieliczka, surveyed the ground, and, after choosing a spot, commanded the people to dig. In the course of a few

days they found a salt-crystal, which the queen caused to be set in her wedding ring, and wore until the day of her death. She must have been a wonderful geologist for those days. The bed actually follows the Carpathians, appearing at intervals in small deposits, into Transylvania, where there are extensive mines. It is believed, also, that it stretches northward into Russian Poland. Some years ago the Bank of Warsaw expended large sums in boring for salt near the Austrian frontier. There was much excitement and speculation for a time; but, although the mineral was found, the cost of quarrying it was too great, and the enterprise was dropped.

On our return we visited Francis Joseph's hall, a large salt ballroom, with well-executed statues of Vulcan and Neptune. Six large chandeliers, apparently of cut-glass, but really of salt, illuminate it on festive occasions, and hundreds of dancers perspire themselves into a pretty pickle. When we had reached the upper galleries, we decided to ascend to daylight by means of the windlass. The Prussian party went first, and the ladies were not a little alarmed at finding themselves seated in rope slings, only supported by a band under the arms. All five swung together in a heap; the ladies screamed and would have loosened themselves, but that moment the windlass began to move, and up they went, dangling, towards the little star of daylight, two hundred feet above. Under them hung one of the boys, to steady the whirling mass, and the little scamp amused himself by swinging his lamp, cracking his heels together, and rattling his stick along the sides of the shaft. When our turn came, I found, in spite of myself, that such pastime was not calculated to steady my nerves. The sound of

the stick was very much like that of snapping ropes, and my brain swam a little at finding my feet dangling over what seemed a bottomless abyss of darkness.

The arrival at the top was like a douche of lightning. It was just noon, and the hot, white, blinding day poured full upon us, stinging our eyes like needles, and almost taking away our breath. We were at once beset with a crowd of beggars and salt-venders. The latter proffered a multitude of small articles, — crosses, stars, images, books, cups, dishes, etc., — cut from the native crystal, and not distinguishable from glass in appearance. I purchased a salt-cellar, which has the property of furnishing salt when it is empty. But it seemed to me that I should not need to use it for some days. I felt myself so thoroughly impregnated with salt, that I conceived the idea of seasoning my soup by stirring it with my fingers, and half-expected that the fresh roast would turn to corned beef in my mouth.

V

STORIES AND POEMS OF BOHEMIA, HUNGARY, AND THE TYROL

HISTORICAL NOTE

THE people of Austria-Hungary are an amazing mixture of races. There are Germans, Wallachs, and Magyars, or descendants of the people who entered the land with Arpad; there are gypsies and Italians and Armenians. Nearly half the population are Slavs; but they are divided into many nationalities, and these differ so greatly in language and manners that they might almost be regarded as of different races.

Austria-Hungary consists of two separate countries, independent in constitution, and in legislative and executive powers, but with a close political connection and ruled by the same sovereign. This sovereign is Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary. Matters affecting both lands are settled in an annual meeting of sixty delegates from each country, assembling alternately at Vienna and at Budapest. Fortunately for those who are satisfied with the union, it is in many ways to the advantage of the two countries to maintain it; moreover, the popularity of the Emperor-King Francis Joseph has been a strong argument for its continuance.

THE DOG AND THE WOLF

A BOHEMIAN FOLK-TALE

RETOLD BY THEODOR VERNALEKEN

THERE was once a peasant family, and, among other domestic animals, they had a house-dog named Sultan. When the dog had grown old, the peasant drove him away, thinking that he could no longer properly attend to his duty. Quite downcast, with drooping head, the dog left the village, and complained to himself: "This is the way I am rewarded for my faithful and hard service; after having spent my years of youth and strength in toil, I am driven away in my weak old age, and no rest is allowed me." Sadly he went on, and wandered about for many days without finding a tolerable shelter.

At last, lean and weak after his long wandering, he came to a forest.

There came a wolf out of the forest, ran up to the poor dog, and cried, "Stop, old fellow, now thou art in my power, so get ready."

When Sultan heard the wolf speak thus, he was in terror, and said, "Dear friend, do but give a good look at me first, and then you will certainly lose all appetite for me; in me you will find the worst meat that you ever tasted, for I am nothing but skin and bones. However, I can give you some good advice." The wolf said, "I want no advice from you, wretched creature! Without your telling me, I know how it would run, namely, that I

should spare your life. No! 't is the old story, short and sweet, down my throat you go!"

Then the dog replied, "I have no thought of the kind, for I would not live longer. Use your jaws so long as you enjoy yourself, but I only advise you for the best. Would it not be the best plan to feed me first, and after I have been fattened, you might then gobble me up? The food would not be lost in this way, because you would find it all at one meal in me. There would be a fine dish of meat. What thinkest thou, brother wolf?"

The wolf said, "Agreed, provided the feeding does not last long; follow me into my hut."

The dog did this, and both now went deeper into the forest. Arrived at the hut, Sultan crept in, but the wolf went on to get some game for the poor weak dog.

When he came back, he threw his bag before Sultan, and Sultan made a good supper.

The next day the wolf came and said to the dog, "Yesterday you ate, to-day I will eat." The dog replied, "But what have you taken into your head, dear wolf? Why, as to yesterday's food, I scarce know that I had it." The wolf was very cross; but he had to put up with it, and go into the forest a second time to hunt down some fresh game for the dog. In this way Sultan contrived to put off the wolf so long that at last he felt strong enough to take up the cudgels with him. The wolf kept on hunting, and brought his prey to the dog; but himself ate little or nothing, that Sultan might get enough. And so it came to pass that the dog gained in flesh and strength, while the wolf equally fell off.

On the sixth day the wolf came up to the dog and said, "Now, I think you are ripe!" Sultan replied, "Oh,

yes; in fact I feel myself so well that I will fight it out with you if you won't let me go." Said the wolf, "You jest! Consider I have fed you for six whole days, yes, and eaten nothing myself, and now you want me to go away empty? No, no, that will never do!"

Then Sultan replied, "In one respect you are right, but how do you think you can be justified in eating me up?"

"'T is the right of the strong over the weak," said the wolf.

"Good!" said the dog, "you have given judgment against yourself." With these words he made a bold dash, and before the wolf knew where he was, he lay on the ground overcome by Sultan.

"Because you spared my life, I will not now destroy you, but give you a chance for your own. So choose two comrades; I will do the same; and to-morrow meet me with them in the forest, and we will decide our dispute."

They separated to seek their seconds. The wolf went wrathfully deeper into the forest; the dog hastened to the nearest village. After a long talk with the growling bear and the sly fox, the wolf found two comrades.

Sultan ran first to the parsonage, and got the great gray cat to go along with him. Thence he turned his steps to the court of the local magistrate, and found in the brave cock his second comrade.

It was hardly daybreak when the dog was with his companions on the way. He all but surprised his enemies in a deep sleep.

The wolf opened his eyes first, awoke his companions, and said to the bear, "You can climb trees, can't you? Be so good as to get up this tall fir tree, and look out and

see whether our enemies are coming on." Up went the bear, and as soon as he had got to the top, he called down, "Run, our enemies are here, close at hand, and what mighty enemies! One rides proudly along, and carries many sharp sabers with him that glisten brightly in the morning sun; behind him there soberly advances another, dragging a long iron bar after him. O dear! O dear!" At these words the fox was so frightened that he thought it most advisable to take to his heels. The bear hastily scrambled down out of the tree, and crept into a dense thicket, so that only just the end of his tail peeped out.

The foes came on. The wolf, seeing himself deserted by his companions, was about also to take to his heels, when Sultan confronted him. One spring, and the dog held the wolf by the throat, and put an end to him. Meanwhile the cat observed in the bushes the point of the bear's tail as it moved, and snapped at it, thinking to catch a mouse. In terror the bear came out of his hiding-place, and fled in all haste up a tree, thinking that there he would be safe from foes. But he was deceived, for there was the cock before him.

When the cock saw the bear on the tree, he sprang to the next bough, and to the next, and so on. The bear was beside himself, and in terror he fell down and lay dead as a doornail. So ended the battle.

The news of Sultan's heroic deeds and those of his comrades spread far and wide, even to that village where Sultan had formerly served. The consequence was that the peasant family took back again their faithful house-dog and lovingly cared for him.

THE POOR MAN AND THE KING OF THE CROWS[1]

A MAGYAR FOLK-TALE, RETOLD BY JEREMIAH CURTIN

THERE was once a very poor man; and he had two lean cows. The two cows were to the poor man as their mother's breast to children; for not only did they give milk and butter, for which he got a few coppers to buy salt, but he tilled his patch of land with them.

Now, he was ploughing one day at the edge of the woods with the two cows, when, from wherever it came, a six-horse coach stood before him, and in it sat no other than the King of the Crows, who found this to say to the poor man, —

"Listen, poor man; I will tell thee one thing, and two will come of it. Sell me those lean cows; I'll give thee good money for them. I'll pay double price. My army has n't tasted a morsel for three days, and the soldiers will die of hunger and thirst unless thou wilt save them."

"In that case," said the poor man to the King of the Crows, "if it be that Thy Highness's army has n't eaten anything for three days, I don't mind the difficulty. I'll let thee have the cows, not for money; let Thy Highness return a cow for a cow."

"Very good, poor man, let it be as thou sayest. I will give thee a cow for a cow; more than that, for two thou

[1] From *Myths and Folk-Tales of the Russians, Western Slavs, and Magyars*. Copyright (U.S.A.), 1890, by Jeremiah Curtin.

wilt get four cows. For that purpose find me in my kingdom, for I am the King of the Crows. Thou hast but to look in the north for the black castle; thou'lt be sure to find it."

With that the King of the Crows vanished as if he had never been there, — as if the earth had swallowed him. The poor man kept on ploughing with the two lean cows, till, all at once, the army of the King of the Crows appeared like a black cloud approaching through the air, with mighty cawing, and seizing the two cows tore them bit from bit. When they had finished, the dark legions with tumultuous cawing moved on their way like a cloud. The poor man watched the direction in which they flew, so that he might know the way.

Now he strolled home in great sadness, took leave of his two handsome sons and his dear wife, in the midst of bitter tears, and set out into the world to find the black castle. He traveled and journeyed over forty-nine kingdoms, beyond the Operentsia Sea and the glass mountains, and beyond that, where the little short-tailed pig roots, and beyond that, and still farther on, till he came to an ocean-great sand-plain.

Nowhere for gold was a town, a village, or a cabin to be seen where he might recline his head for a night's rest, or beg a morsel of bread or a cup of water. Food had long since left his bag, and he might have struck fire in the gourd which hung at his side. What was he to do? Where could he save his life? Here he must perish of hunger and thirst in the midst of this ocean-great desert, and then at home let them wait for him till the Day of Judgment. Here the poor man's power of walking decreased, and he floundered about like a dazed fish, like

a man struck on the head. While stumbling along, he sees on a sudden a shepherd's fire.

He moves towards the light, creeping on all fours. At last he arrives there with great difficulty, and sees that three or four men are lying around the fire, boiling *kasha* in a pot. He salutes them with, "God give you a good evening."

"God receive thee, poor man; how is it that thou art journeying in this strange land where even a bird does not go?"

"I am looking for the black castle in the north. Have ye heard nothing of it in your world-beautiful lives?"

"How not? Of course we have. Are we not the shepherds of that king who rigorously and mercilessly enjoined that, if such and such a man, who sold him two lean cows for his army, should find us, to treat him well with meat and drink, and then to show him the right road? Maybe thou art the man!"

"I am, indeed."

"Is it possible?"

"I am no one else."

"In that case, sit here on the sheepskin; eat, drink, and enjoy thyself, for the *kasha* will be ready this minute."

As they said, he did. The poor man sat by the fire, ate, drank, and satisfied himself, then lay down and fell asleep. When he rose in the morning, they gave him a round cheese, and drove the air out of his bottle; then they let him go his way, showing him the right road.

The poor man traveled and journeyed along the right road; and now, when he was hungry and dry, he had his bag, and his bottle too. Towards evening, he sees again

a shepherd's fire. He draws near the great fire, and sees the horseherds of the King of the Crows sitting around it cooking a meat stew. He wishes them, "God give you a good-day, my lords, the horseherds."

"God guard thee, poor man," said the chief herdsman; "where art thou going here in this strange land?"

"I am looking for the black castle of the King of the Crows. Hast thou never heard of it, brother, in thy world-beautiful life?"

"How not heard of it? Of course I have. Are we not the servants of him who commanded rigorously and unflinchingly that if such and such a poor man, who sold him two lean cows for his army, should wander along, to receive him kindly? Therefore, this is my word and speech to thee. Art thou, perchance, that man?"

"Of course I am."

"Is it possible?"

"I 'm no one else."

"In that case, sit down here by the fire, drink, and be filled."

The poor man sat down by the fire, ate, drank, and satisfied himself; then lying on the sheepskin, he fell asleep. When he rose in the morning the horseherds entertained the poor man again, wished him happiness, and showing the right road, let him go his way; but they left neither his bag nor his bottle empty. Then he went along the right road. But why multiply words? — for there is an end even to a hundred words; it is enough to know that towards evening he came to the ground of the swineherds of the King of the Crows. He saluted them with, "God give you a good evening."

"God guard thee," said the reckoning swineherd.[1] "How is it thou art journeying in this strange land, where even a bird does not go?"

"I am looking for the black castle of the King of the Crows. Has my lord elder brother never heard of it in his world-beautiful life?"

"Haho, poor man! How not heard of it? Are we not the servants of the lord of that castle? But art thou not the poor man who sold His Highness the two lean cows?"

"Well, what's the use in delay or denial? I am, indeed, he."

"Art thou in truth?"

"I am no one else."

"But how wilt thou enter the black castle, since it is covered all around with a stone wall, and whirls unceasingly on a golden cock's foot? But make no account of that. Here is a shining axe. Just strike the wall with it so sparks will fly, and thou wilt come upon the door, which will spring open. Then jump in. Have a care, though; for if thou slip and fall, no man can save thee. When thou art once inside, the King of the Crows will come forward and receive thee kindly. He won't put his soul on the palm of his hand at once; but when His Highness inquires what thy wish is, ask for nothing else but the salt-mill which stands in the corner."

Well, the talk ended there. In the morning the poor man moved on towards the black castle. When he arrived there, he saw that it whirled of itself on a golden cock's foot, like some infernal spindle; and nowhere could he see either window or door upon it, — nothing but the naked wall. He took the swineherd's axe and struck the wall,

[1] He who counts the pigs.

and sparks flew from the axe in such style that it could not be better. After a time he came upon the door; it flew open, and he jumped in. If he had delayed but one flash of an eye, the stone wall door would have crushed him; as it was, the edge of his trousers was carried off.

As soon as the poor man got in, he saw that the castle turned only on the outside. At this moment the King of the Crows was standing by the window, and saw the poor man coming for the price of the cows. He went to meet him, shook his hand, treated him as tenderly as an egg; then he led him into the most beautiful chamber, and seated him at his side on a golden couch. The poor man saw not a soul anywhere, although it was midday, the time of eating. All at once the table began to spread, and was soon bending under its load, so much food was on it. The poor man shook his head; for, I say, though no one was to be seen anywhere, neither cook nor kitchen-boy nor servant, still, was n't the table spread? It was surely witchcraft, surely some infernal art, but not the work of a good spirit, — maybe the salt-mill had something to do with it. That, however, did not come into the poor man's mind, though the mill stood there in the corner.

He was there three days, the guest of the King of the Crows, who received him with every kindness he could offer, so that no man's son could raise a complaint against His Highness. Morning, noon, and night the poor man's food appeared in proper form, but the roast and the wine had no taste for him; for it came to his mind that while he was feasting there, most likely his wife and children had not bread enough. I say it came into his

mind; he began to be restless and uneasy. The King of the Crows noticed this, and said to him: "Well, poor man, I see that thou dost not wish to stay longer with me, because thy heart is at home, therefore I ask what dost thou wish for the two lean cows? — believe me, brother, thou didst save me from great trouble that time; if thou hadst not taken pity on me, I should have lost my whole army from famine."

"I want nothing else," said the poor man, "but that salt-mill standing there in the corner."

"Oh, poor man, hast thou lost thy wits? Tell me, what good couldst thou get of the mill?"

"Oh, I could grind corn or a little wheat from time to time; if I did not, some one else might; so there would be something to take to the kitchen."

"Ask for something else; ask for all the cattle which in coming hither thou didst see."

"What should I do with such a tremendous lot of cattle? If I should drive them home, people would think evil of me; besides, I have neither stable nor pasture."

"But I'll give thee money. How much dost thou wish? Wouldst be content with three bags of it?"

"What could I do with such an ocean-great lot of money? My evil fate would use it to kill me; people would think that I stole the coin, or murdered some man for it; besides, I might be stopped with it on the road."

"But I'll give thee a soldier as a guard."

"What good is one of Thy Highness's soldiers?" asked the poor man, smiling; "a hen, I think, would drive him away."

"What! one of my soldiers?"

Here the King of the Crows blew a small whistle; straightway a crow appeared which shook itself, and became such a gallant young fellow that he was not only so, but just so. "That's the kind of soldiers I have," said the king, and commanded the young man out of the room. The soldier shook himself, became a crow, and flew away.

"It 's all the same to me what kind of soldiers Thy Highness has. Thy Highness promised to give me what I want, and I ask for nothing else but the salt-mill."

"I will not give it. Ask for all my herds, but not for that."

"I need not herds; all I want is the mill."

"Well, poor man, I have refused thee three times, and three times thou hast asked for the mill; now, whether I will or not, I must give it. But know that thou art not to grind corn or wheat with the mill, for it has this virtue, — that it accomplishes all wishes. Here it is, take it, though my heart bleeds after it. Thou didst me a good deed, therefore let it be thine."

The poor man put the mill on his back, took farewell of the King of the Crows, thanking him for his hospitality, and trudged home at his leisure. On the way back he entertained the horseherds and the swineherds. All he did was to say, "Grind, my dear mill," and what food was dear to the eye, the mouth, and the taste appeared of itself; and if he said, "Draw up, my dear mill," all the food was as if the ground had swallowed it, — it vanished. Then he took leave of the good herdsmen and continued his way.

As he traveled and journeyed, he came to a great wild wood; and having grown hungry, he said, "Grind, my

dear mill." Straightway the table was spread, not for one, but for two persons. The mill knew at once that the poor man would have a guest; for that moment, wherever he came from, a great fat man appeared, who, without saying a word, took his seat at the table. When they had enjoyed God's blessing, the great fat man spoke and said: —

"Listen, poor man. Give me that mill for this knotty club; for if thy mill has the power of accomplishing all thy desires [the fat man knew this already], my knotty club has this power, that thou hast need but to say, 'Strike, my club,' and the man thou hast in mind is the son of Death."

What was the poor man to do? Thinking if he did not give it of his free will, the fat man would take it by force, he exchanged the mill for the knotty club; but when he had it once in his hand, he said in a low voice, for he was commanding the knotty club, "Strike, my dear club." And it so struck the fat man behind the ears that he gave forth not a sound; he did n't move his little finger. Then the poor man continued his journey homeward at his ease; and when seven years had passed, he was able to say, "Here we are!"

His wife, who was weeping by the hearth, mourning over her dear lost lord and the two lean cows, scarcely knew the poor man, but still she knew him. His two sons had become large, and had grown out of their long clothes. When the poor man put his foot into his own house, he set the mill down in the chimney-corner, loosed his mantle from his neck, hung it up on a nail, and only then did they know him.

"Well, father," said his wife, "thou hast come; God

knows 't is time. I never expected to see thee again; but what didst thou get for Bimbo and Csako?"

"This mill," answered he with many "See heres" and "See theres."

"If that's the case, the palsy strike thy work," cried the woman; "better for thee to have stayed at home these seven years, and swung thy feet around here, than to have dragged that good-for-nothing mill from such a distant land, just as if thou hadst eaten the crazy-weed!"

"Oh, my sweet wife, something is better than nothing; if we have no grain to grind for ourselves, we can grind for other people, if not in streams, at least in drops."

"May a cancer eat thy mill! I haven't a thing to put between my teeth, and still —"

"Well, my sweet wife, if thou hast nothing to put between thy teeth, thou'lt soon have. Grind, my dear mill."

At these words, so much meat and drink appeared on the poor man's table that half of it would have been enough. It was only then that the woman regretted her tongue-rattling. But a woman is a woman; beat her with a stone, only let her talk.

The poor man, his wife, and two sons sat down at the table, looking at the food like an army of locusts. They ate and drank to their hearts' content. Whether from wine or some other cause, a desire to dance came to the two sons; and they jumped up and danced, so it was pure delight to look at them. "Oh," said the elder one, "if we only had a gypsy!" That moment a band of gypsies by the chimney struck up their music, and played away with such variations that the poor man, too, wished to dance, and so whirled his wife around that better could not be

asked for. The neighbors knew not what to think of the affair. How was it that music was sounding in the poor man's house?

"What is this?" said one to another, coming nearer and nearer, till they came up to the door and the windows. Only then did they see that a band of gypsies were fiddling away with might and main, and the old man, his wife, and their two sons were dancing, while the table was bending under loads of rich meat and drink.

"Come in, cousin! Come in, friend! Come in, brother-in-law, bring thy wife! Come in, brother!" — and there was no end to the invitations of the poor man. Guests collected unceasingly, and still the table was spread. "'Pon my soul," said the poor man, "it's a pity my house is n't larger; for all these guests could scarcely find room in a palace." At these words, instead of the poor man's cabin, such a magnificent palace appeared, with chambers twelve in a row, that the king himself had n't the like of it.

A multitude of grand people with the king in the midst of them were out walking just at that time. "What's this? what's this?" asked they of one another. "There has always been a poor man's cabin here, now there's a king's palace, and besides, music is sounding, and gypsies are fiddling. Let's go and have a look."

The king went in front, and after him all the grand people, — counts, dukes, barons, and so on. The poor man came out and received the king with the great personages very kindly, and conducted them all to the head of the table as their fitting place. They ate, drank, and caroused, so that it was like a small wedding.

While they were thus enjoying themselves at the best,

a great sealed letter came to the king. When he read it, he turned yellow and blue, because it was written therein that the Turk-Tartar was nearing his kingdom with a great army, destroying everything with fire and sword, and sparing not the property of innocent, weeping people, whom he puts to the point of the sword; that the earth is drinking their blood, their flesh is devoured by dogs.

From great joy there was great sorrow.

Then the poor man stood forth and asked the king: "If 't is no offense, may I ask a question?"

"What may it be, poor man?"

"Would Thy Highness tell me the contents of that great letter received just now?"

"Why ask, poor man? Thou couldst not mend the affair."

"But if I can?"

"Well, know then, and let the whole kingdom know, that the Turk-Tartar is moving on our country with a great army, with cruel intent; that he spares not the property of innocent, weeping people, puts them to the sword, so that the earth drinks their blood, and their flesh is devoured by dogs."

"And what will be the reward of him who drives the enemy out of the country?" asked the poor man.

"In truth," said the king, "great reward and honor await him; for if he should have two sons, I would give them my two daughters in marriage, with half the kingdom. After my death they would inherit the whole kingdom."

"Well, I'll drive out the enemy all alone."

But the king did not place much confidence in the poor man's promise; he hurried together all his soldiers,

and marched with them against the enemy. The two armies were looking at each other with wolves' eyes, when the poor man went between the camps and commanded the club! "Strike, my dear club." And the club pommeled the Turk-Tartar army so that only one man was left to carry home the tidings.

The poor man gained half the kingdom and the two beautiful princesses, whom he married to his two stalwart sons. They celebrated a wedding which spoke to the seven worlds; and they are living now if they are not dead.

ST. KÜMMERNISS

A LEGEND OF THE TYROL

THERE was once a heathen king who had a daughter named Kümmerniss, who was fair and beautiful beyond compare. A neighboring king, also a heathen, sought her in marriage, and her father gave his consent to the union; but Kümmerniss was distressed beyond measure, for she had vowed in her own heart to be the bride of heaven. Of course her father could not understand her motives, and to force her to marry put her into a hard prison.

From the depths of the dungeon Kümmerniss prayed that she might be so transformed that no man should wish to marry her; and in conformity with her devoted petition, when they came to take her out of the prison, they found that all her beauty was gone, and her face overgrown with long hair like a man's beard. When her father saw the change in her, he was indignant, and asked what had befallen her. She replied that He whom she adored had changed her so to save her from marrying the heathen king after she had vowed to be His bride alone. "Then shall you die, like Him you adore," was her father's answer. She meekly replied that she had no greater desire than to die, that she might be united with Him. And thus her pure life was taken a sweet sacrifice; and whoso would, like her, be altogether devoted to God and like her obtain their petition from heaven, let them honor her, and cause her effigy to be painted in the church.

So many believed they found the efficacy of her intercession, that they set up memorial images of her everywhere, and in one place they set one up all in pure gold. A poor minstrel once came by that way with his violin; and because he had earned nothing, and was near starving, he stood before St. Kümmerniss and played his prayer on his violin. Plaintive and more plaintive still grew his beseeching notes, till at last the saint, who never sent any away empty, shook off one of her golden shoes, and bid him take it for an alms.

The minstrel carried the golden shoe to a goldsmith, and asked him to buy it of him for money; but the goldsmith, recognizing whence it came, refused to have anything to do with sacrilegious traffic, and accused him of stealing it. The minstrel loudly protested his innocence, and the goldsmith as loudly vociferated his accusation, till their clamor raised the whole village; and all were full of fury and indignation at the supposed crime of the minstrel. As their anger grew, they were near tearing him in pieces, when a grave hermit came by, and they asked him to judge the case. "If it be true that the man obtained one shoe by his minstrelsy, let him play till he obtain the other in our sight," was his sentence; and all the people were so pleased with it that they dragged the minstrel back to the shrine of St. Kümmerniss.

The minstrel, who had been as much astonished as any one else at his first success, scarcely dared hope for a second, but it was death to shrink from the test; so he rested his instrument on his shoulder, and drew the bow across it with trembling hand. Sweet and plaintive were the shuddering, voice-like tones he sent forth before the shrine; but yet the second shoe fell not. The people be-

gan to murmur; horror heightened his distress. Cadence after cadence, moan upon moan, wail upon wail, faltered through the air, and entranced every ear and palsied every hand that would have seized him; till, at last, overcome with the intensity of his own passionate appeal, the minstrel sank unconscious on the ground. When they went to raise him up, they found that the second golden shoe was no longer on the saint's foot, but that she had cast it towards him. When they saw that, each vied with the other to make amends for the unjust suspicions of the past. The golden shoes were restored to the saint; but the minstrel never wanted for good entertainment for the rest of his life.



THE LEGEND OF ST. KÜMMERNISS

BY FRANÇOIS JOSEPH HEIM

(*French artist*, 1787–1865)

THE story of this picture is given fully in the selection following. The saint sits in the tiny chapel with the crucifix on the wall beside her. She has a gentle, kindly face, and evidently the artist had no idea of representing her as she appeared before her transformation. The barefooted minstrel kneels before her, and she seems to be listening to his plaintive music. Around him are soldiers or guards, citizens with their working aprons, mothers with their little children, workmen in rough carts, nobles, and, pressing closely up to the chapel, a little group of priests and monks.

STORIES OF THE GYPSIES

[THE gypsies are thought to be descendants of some Hindu tribe. They have roamed over the countries of the world, but have never lost their peculiar customs and characteristics. These wanderers made their way into Hungary as early as 1417, and form an important and picturesque part of the population. The Hungarian gypsies are famous for their music, which possesses a wild and winning charm that is all its own.

The Editor.]

HOW THE GYPSIES SAVED THE ARCHDUKE

BY W. B. FORSTER-BOVILL

THE art of fortune-telling has not yet been given up by the Hungarian gypsies for crystal-gazing. On one occasion the late Archduke Joseph, when visiting the gypsies on his mission of reform, asked several women to tell him his fortune. When, however, he addressed them in their own language, they refused to proceed, and on being asked the reason, declared they would not "cheat one of their own." Asked by the archduke whether they sincerely believed in fortune-telling, the women laughingly replied, "No, that is good enough for the non-gypsies." On another occasion the archduke was really warned by a gypsy. It was just before the battle of Sadowa, in 1866, and he was sleeping in a peasant's cottage, when in the middle of the night he was awakened by a gypsy. On the man being brought to the bedside of the archduke, he burst out into rapid Romany, declaring that the

enemy were approaching with the intention of surprising the Austrians.

"The outposts have not heard anything suspicious," the archduke remarked.

"No," replied the Zingari, "because the enemy is still a long way off."

"How do you know this?"

"Come to the window," exclaimed the gypsy, leading the archduke forward to the narrow opening in the rough wall and directing his gaze to the dark sky illumined by the silver rays of the moon. "You see those birds flying over the wood toward the south?"

"Yes," replied the archduke, "I see them. What of it?"

"What of it?" retorted the gypsy. "Do not birds sleep as well as men? They would certainly not fly about at night-time thus had they not been disturbed. The enemy is marching through the woods southward, and has frightened and driven the birds before it."

Immediately orders were given for the outposts to be doubled, and the entire camp to be awakened. In less than two hours after the visit of the gypsy, fierce fighting was indulged in, and the greatest friend the gypsies ever had was able to realize that his camp and division, together with his military prestige, were all saved by the sagacity of a gypsy. Gypsies and their life became almost a mania with the late Archduke Joseph. He did his utmost to induce them to settle down and devote their energies and skill to the art of metal-working, which he discovered they possessed. Near Pozsony a number of villages were laid out, and gypsy settlements organized. But the scheme was a failure. The gypsies abandoned

the comfortable cottages and the flower-stocked gardens and the rich fields, and simply refused to do anything seriously. Old habits had too much power over them, and poaching and stealing were in the blood. To the old life and haunts they went, and disappointed the most generous heart that ever beat for them.

THE GYPSY BANDS

BY W. B. FORSTER-BOVILL

Returning to the csardas, one must see the peasants dance this. It is a curious dance, for the men only seem to use the legs from the knees downwards, the rest of the body being upright and rigid. They place their hands lightly upon the shoulders of the women, who in turn rest their hands upon the shoulders of the men. The women only appear to dance with the shoulders. The men wear tight-fitting *attilas*, which are a sort of vest, with an embroidered dolman hanging from the left shoulder, and whilst dancing they delight in clattering the spurs attached to their boot-tops. In their embroidered corsets and short petticoats and top-boots the women look very gay. But these gypsies—they are wonders. In quality their bands vary considerably. It is largely a question of conductor. Every coffee-house in Budapest has its famous conductor. Berkes, Radics, Racz, and Farkas. These are names to be remembered. The band at the New York Hotel, Kolozsvar, is the best I heard in Hungary. An amusing story of this band was told me the last time I visited Kolozsvar. All these bands are allowed, even in the best hotels, to go and collect from the guests present. Sometimes the conductor himself deigns to go

round. Or the second-fiddle, being easily spared, collects the coins which you place upon a plate, which on his return is emptied into some large receptacle for the sharing-time. In order to prevent any petty pilfering during his perambulations, the gypsy is presented with a live fly, which he must return alive in the same hand to the conductor when he has finished his round. Not an easy task. The alertness and cleverness of these musicians was demonstrated one day to the waltz-king, Strauss. He was practicing a new composition, which was still in manuscript, with his famous orchestra, when a gypsy leader happened to be present at the rehearsal. Apparently unconcerned, the man took in everything, and that very evening, when Strauss was sitting with some friends at one of the famous Viennese restaurants, to his surprise he heard his new creation played to perfection by this gypsy band. It was a perfect marvel to him, and revealed the amazing power of rapid absorption these men possess. I remember being asked to sing — for some reason or other — away in the north of Hungary, and having no music with me, and wishful to oblige, I just hummed the air of "Father O'Flynn" to the gypsy leader, and in less than five minutes we had the whole thing going at fine speed.

GYPSY MUSIC

BY MARGARET FLETCHER

The Tziganes [gypsies] have the dusky skins and the long, lithe limbs of the Indian, but they are too often terribly thin and emaciated. Very great beauty is to be found among both men and women, and such a thing as

a plain gypsy child I never saw. It would be hard to imagine anything more utterly fascinating than these small imps of darkness, with their black curls, roguish eyes, and indifference to clothing. An old hat or a necklace sufficiently represents civilization to many. The gypsy eyes have something quite special about them — a thrill and flicker of fire somewhere in their depths that has the power of making all other dark eyes seem tame and insipid, mere patches of color. A Hungarian youth once said to me as he distractedly struck his forehead — and I sympathized with his emotion — "The eyes of the gypsy women! ah! they drive you mad."

How are we to explain the way in which these dirty, thriftless vagabonds, these poetic, emotional children of nature, have gained such a hold on the affections of the Magyar? For a hold they undoubtedly have, though perhaps their place is somewhat that of the favorite dog, whose faults must be smiled at, since he knows no better. The answer is to be found in music. It is through music the Tzigane has crept into the Hungarian heart, through music that he has rendered a real service to the country. Whether the Hungarian gypsy has a special musical gift above his brothers in other lands, or whether, as I have heard it stated, in whatever country the gypsy finds himself his artistic nature responds to the peculiar tastes of its people, would be an interesting subject for inquiry. Be that as it may, the Hungarian has found in the Tzigane the perfect interpreter of his wild, passionate music. The violin in the hands of the Tzigane is no longer a musical instrument; it is a living, sensitive, palpitating creature. He has made it one with himself. Playing without notes, absolutely independ-

ent of any musical tradition, moving about the whole while with the gestures his feeling prompts, he triumphs over material, and pours straight from his inmost being a torrent of sound, that now wails in slow agony, now riots in a frenzy of joy, now pants in weariness, and is always intense, never for an instant monotonous or even restful.

On their arrival in the country the gypsies found fragments of songs and of dances scattered throughout the length and breadth of the land, fragments that had been thrown out almost unconsciously in moments of intense feeling by an instinctively musical peasantry. These fragments they gathered up, and roving from village to village found constant additions and variations to the original idea, till in time the csardas was developed and a vast number of love songs were stored in their memories. In very rare instances only have the gypsies been composers, but they have been the preservers of the national music which has come down the centuries entirely by tradition, constantly receiving fresh impulse from each new artist. The words of these songs are of the simplest, and tell, usually in the symbolic language, of birds, insects, and flowers, of some broken heart or some lost love. Sadness is the predominating idea in the love story. It seems true of these people too, in spite of their capacity for joy, that it is misery that has unlocked the poetry within them.

"Our sweetest songs are those
That tell of saddest thought."

The authorship of even the most famous airs is thus always obscure, and probably a very complex one.

The bands of musicians, who make a profession of their

art and live in towns, very nearly attain to a civilized state. But, in spite of dress suits, of comfortable lodgings, and of a recognized position, the gypsy blood comes out. All the money they make slips through their fingers; they have no energy for practical life, only an infinite capacity for emotion and romance. And strange fortunes befall the more distinguished among them. Many tales are told of princesses and noble ladies who have fallen victims to their eyes and their violins, and on the strength of an intoxicating musical courtship have married them, to discover, perhaps, that music is not the best foundation for daily life. While the Tzigane plays, the Magyar is wax in his hands, and will empty his pockets for his benefit. The dependence is in a measure mutual, for the Tzigane must feel a response, must see the sympathy in the eyes of his listeners, before he can give full expression to his music. That is why it must remain forever impossible to hear Hungarian music to advantage out of Hungary. The bands which visit foreign capitals — supposing, which is rarely the case, they were entirely composed of gypsies — would be powerless in the atmosphere of indifference or curiosity to do themselves justice. If they play their national music, which they are a little sensitive about producing to foreigners, they feel no response, no sympathy, and worse still, no comprehension, and their performance is paralyzed. It is only among Hungarians that the gypsies can attain to their wonderful height of musical inspiration.



A CSIKOS RACE

BY ALEXANDER WAGNER

(*Hungarian artist*, 1838)

AN old proverb declares that "the Magyar was created on a horse." However that may be, the fondness of the Magyar for his horse can hardly be exaggerated. The Government pays close attention to preserving the purity of the Hungarian breed, and cultivates a horse rather small, but a favorite in the markets of Europe because of its endurance and swiftness. The horse-herders of Debreczen, in central Hungary, are especially noted for their skill in lassoing and taming the wild horse.

The illustration shows a favorite sport of these herders — a Csikos (cowboy) race, a go-as-you-please contest in which the cowboys first catch their horses and then race for the goal. Everything is in motion — horses, riders, and banners. Lassos are flying through the air, and even the distant spectators on the farther side of the race-course are by no means quiet. In contrast with all this action is the line of stiff, half-conventional trees that forms the background of the picture.

TWO MAGYAR POEMS

[MUCH of the Magyar poetry is thrilled with a burning love of country. Even the poems that have nothing to do with patriotism are marked by a certain intensity of feeling. No matter how light the subject or how graceful the touch of the author, it seems impossible for him to lay down his pen without adding some line that changes a pleasant little rhyme into an expression of earnest thought.

The Editor.]

THE NATIONAL SONG OF HUNGARY

BY ALEXANDER PETOFI

RISE, Magyar! is the country's call!
The time has come, say one and all:
Shall we be slaves, shall we be free?
This is the question, now agree!
For by the Magyar's God above
    We truly swear,
We truly swear the tyrant's yoke
    No more to bear!

Alas! till now we were but slaves;
Our fathers resting in their graves
Sleep not in freedom's soil. In vain
They fought and died free homes to gain.
But by the Magyar's God above
    We truly swear,
We truly swear the tyrant's yoke
    No more to bear!

A miserable wretch is he
Who fears to die, my land, for thee!
His worthless life who thinks to be
Worth more than thou, sweet liberty!
Now by the Magyar's God above
We truly swear,
We truly swear the tyrant's yoke
No more to bear!

The sword is brighter than the chain,
Men cannot nobler gems attain;
And yet the chain we wore, oh, shame!
Unsheath the sword of ancient fame!
For by the Magyar's God above
We truly swear,
We truly swear the tyrant's yoke
No more to bear!

The Magyar's name will soon once more
Be honored as it was before!
The shame and dust of ages past
Our valor shall wipe out at last.
For by the Magyar's God above
We truly swear,
We truly swear the tyrant's yoke
No more to bear!

And where our graves in verdure rise,
Our children's children to the skies
Shall speak the grateful joy they feel,
And bless our names the while they kneel.

For by the Magyar's God above
We truly swear,
We truly swear the tyrant's yoke
No more to bear!

THE PILGRIM

BY JOHN GARAY

He went into the Holy Land,
A friar, to atone;
Clad in a cowl, with ashes crowned,
He wandered far alone.

He cast away his shoes that, while
He wanders in the heat,
The stones and thorns upon the road
May freely pierce his feet.

He mortified himself with fasts,
And thirst's most burning pain;
To wrongs he bowed, and yet to wrong
Others he did disdain.

Throughout his weary pilgrimage
Devoutly still he prayed,
Yet from his soul he could not lift
The weight sin there had laid.

From Palestine to Rome he went,
His anguish naught could ease.
Before His Holiness, the Pope,
He fell upon his knees.

"O Holy Father, tell me, pray" —
His tears did freely flow —
"Will Heaven on me for my dark crime
Forgiveness yet bestow?"

Then, tremblingly, he did confess
His crime. The Pope arose,
Stricken with awe; his kindly face
Did anger stern disclose.

His eyes, which ever gleamed with grace,
Then burned with wrath and fire,
And like the thunder of the sky
He spake in deepest ire: —

"Almighty God alone forgives,
Mercy is in His hand!
But not e'en He will overlook
Treason to fatherland!"

THE BALKAN STATES

HISTORICAL NOTE

In ancient times the greater part of the Balkan territory was known as Thrace and Illyrica. As the power of Rome weakened, these provinces were overrun by bands of Huns, Goths, Lombards, and Slavs. Christianity was introduced about the ninth century, and soon after Servia and Bulgaria emerged as independent states, alternately at war with the Eastern Roman Empire and aiding it in its struggles against the barbarians. In the fourteenth century the Turks swept over the Balkan Peninsula, and in 1389, by the battle of Kossovo, Servia was placed at their mercy. Bulgaria was conquered at the same time. Under the terrible severity of Turkish oppression, the nobility became extinct, the national spirit waned, and for more than four centuries these countries had no history of their own.

With the weakening of Turkish power, the hopes of the vassal states revived. In 1804, in 1815, and in 1828, Servia rose against Turkish misrule, the last time with partial success, although complete independence was not won until 1878. Since then Servia has been the scene of a bitter struggle for the throne between two powerful families, a struggle that culminated in 1903 in the assassination of King Alexander and Queen Draga. In the mean time the practical independence of Bulgaria had been recognized by Turkey in 1877, and Roumania had been formed by the union of the provinces of Moldavia and Wallachia.

In 1912, an alliance was formed by Bulgaria, Servia, Greece, and Montenegro "to free the men of their religion and race from Turkish rule and to press on to the overthrow and dismemberment of Turkey in Europe." The allies were successful, and nine tenths of Turkey in Europe was freed from the misrule of the Turks. Jealousy among the Balkan States in regard to the division of the conquered territory led to a war of Greece and Servia against Bulgaria that far exceeded in ferocity the one against the Turks, and Turkey took advantage of this struggle to regain a part of her lost territory, including the city of Adrianople. In August, 1913, a treaty of peace was at last signed.

MARKO AND THE TURKS

[Fifteenth century]

AN OLD SERVIAN BALLAD

[MARKO KRALEVICH is the half-mythical hero of the Servians, and they delight in the old ballads composed about his victories over Turks and Magyars. After he was slain in battle, his people still believed that some time he would appear and would rescue them from oppression.

The Editor.]

VIZIER AMURATH is gone a-hunting;
Hunting in the leafy mountain-forest:
With him hunt twelve warriors, Turkish heroes:
With the heroes hunts the noble Marko:
White days three they hunted in the mountain;
Nothing found they in the mountain-forest.
But, behold! while in the forest hunting,
They a lake, a green-faced lake, discover,
Where a flock of gold-wing'd ducks are swimming.

There the proud vizier lets loose his falcon,
Bids him pounce upon a gold-wing'd swimmer;
But the falcon turned his glances upwards,
And he mounted to the clouds of heaven.
To the proud vizier said princely Marko:
"Vizier Amurath! is it allow'd me
To let loose my own, my favorite falcon?
He a gold-wing'd duck shall doubtless bring thee."
And the Moslem swiftly answer'd Marko:

"'T is allow'd thee, Marko! I allow thee."
Then the princely Marko loosed his falcon;
To the clouds of heaven aloft he mounted;
Then he sprang upon the gold-wing'd swimmer —
Seized him — rose — and down they fell together.
When the bird of Amurath sees the struggle,
He becomes indignant with vexation:
'T was of old his custom to play falsely —
For himself alone to grip his booty:
So he pounces down on Marko's falcon,
To deprive him of his well-earn'd trophy.
But the bird was valiant as his master;
Marko's falcon has the mind of Marko;
And his gold-wing'd prey he will not yield him.
Sharply turns he round on Amurath's falcon,
And he tears away his proudest feathers.

Soon as the vizier observes the contest,
He is fill'd with sorrow and with anger;
Rushes on the falcon of Prince Marko,
Flings him fiercely 'gainst a verdant fir tree,
And he breaks the falcon's dexter pinion.
Marko's golden falcon groans in suffering,
As the serpent hisses from the cavern.
Marko flies to help his favorite falcon,
Binds with tenderness the wounded pinion,
And with stifled rage the bird addresses:
"Woe for thee, and woe for me, my falcon!
I have left my Servians, — I have hunted
With the Turks, — and all these wrongs have suffer'd."
Then the hunters in their course pass'd by him —
Pass'd him by, and left him sad and lonely.

There his falcon's wounds to heal he tarried —
Tarried long amidst the mountain-forests.
When the wounds were heal'd, he sprung on Sharaz,
Spurr'd his steed, and gallop'd o'er the mountain;
Sped as swiftly as the mountain Vila.
Soon he leaves the mountain far behind him:
Reaching then the gloomy mountain borders;
On the plain beneath him, with his heroes —
Turkish heroes twelve, the princely Marko
The vizier descries, who looks around him,
Sees the princely Marko in the distance,
And thus calls upon his twelve companions:
"Ye, my children! ye, twelve Turkish heroes!
See ye yonder mountain mist approaching,
From the darksome mountain traveling hither?
In that mountain-mist is princely Marko;
Lo! how fiercely urges he his courser!
God defend us now from every evil!"

Soon the princely Marko reached the Moslems,
From the sheath he drew his trusty saber,
Drove that arm'd vizier, and all his warriors —
Drove them from him — o'er the desert scatters,
As the vulture drives a flock of sparrows.
Marko soon o'ertakes the flying warriors,
From his neck their chieftain's head he sever'd;
And the dozen youths his trusty saber
Into four-and-twenty halves divided.

Then he stood awhile in doubtful musing;
Should he go to Jedren [Adrianople] to the sultan —
Should he rather seek his home at Prilip?

After all his musings he determined: —
"Better is it that I seek the sultan;
And let Marko tell the deeds of Marko —
Not the foes of Marko — not the Moslems!"

So the hero Marko sped to Jedren.
To the sultan in divan he enter'd;
And his fiery eyes look'd fiercely round him,
As the hungry wolves around the forest;
Look'd as fiercely as if charged with lightnings.
And the sultan ask'd the hero Marko,
"Tell me what hath vexed thee, princely Marko?
Say in what the sultan hath annoy'd thee?
Tell me what misfortune hath disturb'd thee?"
Then the princely Marko tells the sultan
What with Amurath Vizier had happened;
And the sultan feigned a merry laughter:
And with agitated brow responded,
"Blessings be upon thee, princely Marko!
Hadst thou not behaved thee thus, my Marko,
Son of mine I would no longer call thee.
Any Turk may get a vizier's title,
But there is no hero like my Marko."

From his silken vestments then the sultan
From his purse drew out a thousand ducats,
Threw the golden ducats to the hero:
"Take these ducats from thy master, Marko,
Drink to my prosperity, thou hero!"

Marko took the purse of gold in silence,
Walk'd away in silence from the palace;

'T was no love of Marko — no intention
That the hero's lips should pledge the sultan:
'T was that he should quit the monarch's presence,
For his fearful wrath had been awaken'd.

MONTENEGRO

BY ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

[In the Middle Ages, Montenegro was under the control of Servia; but when the battle of Kossovo laid Servia at the mercy of the Turks, in 1389, Montenegro became independent; and independent it has remained. It is a country of warriors, who were well prepared to play their part in the late Balkan War.

The Editor.]

They rose to where their sovereign eagle sails,
They kept their faith, their freedom, on the height,
Chaste, frugal, savage, arm'd by day and night
Against the Turk; whose inroad nowhere scales
Their headlong passes, but his footstep fails,
And red with blood the Crescent reels from fight
Before their dauntless hundreds, in prone flight
By thousands down the crags and thro' the vales.
O smallest among peoples! rough rock-throne
Of Freedom! warriors beating back the swarm
Of Turkish Islam for five hundred years,
Great Tsernogora! never since thine own
Black ridges drew the cloud and brake the storm
Has breathed a race of mightier mountaineers.

AN ATTACK ON THE BASHI-BAZOUKS

[1907]

BY ARTHUR D. HOWDEN SMITH

WE slipped into the courtyard and stood in a group about Mileff, while he whispered his instructions for the night to the several sub-chiefs. The small inclosure was packed with men in long cloaks, which were blown aside by the wind now and then, revealing glistening rifles and belts of serried cartridges. But they were quiet — unnaturally quiet. None spoke above a whisper, and the sandals made no noise on the stones.

I noticed that perfect comradeship prevailed. The *chetniks* crowded up to the knot of chiefs and craned over their shoulders like children, eager to hear what was being discussed. They readily made way for me, and the militiamen whispered among themselves, pointing at my smooth face, — considered an affliction in Macedonia; — "Americansky," they muttered. Others crowded up to see the strange being from another land, and soon I found myself in the heart of the *cheta* — which was what I wanted.

Mileff turned and introduced me briefly to the chief of the militiamen, a big, lusty fellow, who gripped my hand in his sinewy fingers, and muttered, "*Nos dravey*," a phrase that means something like "Your good health, sir." The sub-chiefs of the *cheta*, Nicola and Andrea, grinned at me joyfully. They were more like children than ever. In chuckling murmurs, they tried to describe

to me what was going to happen to the Bashi-bazouks. Mileff laughed at them and pulled me aside.

"We march at once," he explained. "Until we reach Osikovo, we shall keep together. At Osikovo, we shall divide. Andrea, with ten men, will circle the village and come down on it from the hills in the rear. The rest of us will attack from the front."

He turned to the *chetniks*.

"It is time. Where is the guide?"

A tall youth pushed his way through the throng, tossing a Männlicher over his shoulder.

"I am the guide, *voivode*," he said, saluting respectfully. I could not help observing that while the *chetniks* were as familiar with their chief as with each other, to the militiamen he was a superior person, one who had not only attained fame and dignity, by the blows he had dealt the Turks, but who had been across the mountains to the Frank towns, where he had learned much wisdom out of books. It is strange how a people with whom books are rare look up to the possessors of them. I have seen villagers sit for hours, listening to Mileff reading from one of the Russian authors. But all this is far from the courtyard of the house in Kovatchavishta.

Mileff spoke a sharp word of command to the *chetniks* and militiamen, and they fell into single file behind him, the *chetniks* being scattered at intervals among the more numerous militiamen. Gurgeff took down the great wooden bar which held the gate, and the guide glided out. Giving him five seconds' lead, Mileff followed and the rest of the long line behind him. There was no moon in the sky, so we had to absolutely feel our way along the village street. If one had a sharp ear, it

was possible to keep out of the brook-sewer that occupied the middle of the road; otherwise, the result was unpleasant.

There was never a noise in the sleeping village. This time the dogs had been securely muzzled. Looking back along the line, one could only realize the presence of the *cheta* by occasional vague sounds and moving dots, that appeared and disappeared in the darkness. I could not see the guide at all, but Mileff, just ahead of me, with his cat's eyes, had no difficulty in following him.

Soon we had left the village behind, and began the ascent of the rocky hills that rose abruptly above the house-tops. It was the same road we had descended previously, and if it had been hard to climb down, it was twice as difficult to climb up. Many times we stopped for necessary rest, and each time I marveled that the Bashi-bazouks had possessed the courage to dare such a journey for a few trivial cattle. Near the head of the trail, we were challenged sharply by a squad of figures that rose suddenly from the shelter of a boulder.

By the light of a star or two in the gloomy black heavens, we could see their rifle-barrels thrown athwart the stones, and we halted. They were the militia patrol, who mounted guard at the head of the mountain-road day and night, to ward against the coming of the *askars*. The Bashi-bazouks who had come the week before had been allowed to pass because their small numbers were a guaranty that they could not do much harm. Against a larger force, the village would have risen to the last man.

At a word from the guide, supplemented by an exclamation from Mileff, the patrol lowered their rifles and

stood forth in the murk while we passed. To each one of us they spoke a hasty word of greeting, and then they sank back into the oblivion of the rocks, and we toiled on over a wide moor, covered with long grass that concealed the hollows, into which one's feet slipped unawares.

Sometimes the moors broke into sudden declivities, down which we half climbed, half slid. Stretches of sandy soil intervened, through which we ploughed heavily. The pace was a rapid one, for Mileff wished to get into position before midnight. Once, standing on a sort of tor that rose above the moor, I glanced backward at the line of figures that undulated as far as I could see, each one shrouded in its long sheepskin cloak, from which projected a rifle-barrel. It was marvelous how quiet and swift they were, moving over that rough, wild country, with not even a trail to guide them. Light-footed and sure of their movements as goats, they made no difficulty out of what required all my nerve and watchfulness.

Several times we stopped for a few minutes, while the guide went ahead to reconnoiter the way. Again, on a couple of occasions it was necessary to make détours around villages. Another time, we marched straight through a collection of huts — a small outlying Christian village. We made no noise and did not waken any one, however. We had been marching for perhaps three hours, when we came to a rude stone wall, sure sign that a village lay just beyond.

Mileff called softly to the guide and held a brief consultation with the sub-chiefs, after which we proceeded more slowly. It was plain that we were entering a valley. The hills began to shut in on either side, and in

front of us they narrowed so as to become a defile. Mileff detached a couple of men on the flanks to act as scouts, and we cautiously approached the portals of the valley, marching over a wagon-road, deserving of the name because deep ruts could be felt in its surface.

Presently loomed up in the distance a roof. Other roofs came into view, and yet others. I leaped upon a boulder and, looking down the valley, saw a long succession of roofs sloping up the hillside to the right of the road. We continued along the road, keeping just outside of the village. Dogs barked at intervals, but otherwise the silence was absolute. At a point opposite the center of the village we halted, and Andrea passed down the line, picking out ten men whom he motioned to follow him. Without a word of farewell, they marched off into the night.

The rest of us lay down behind the wall and waited. I pulled my watch out and borrowed Mileff's electric hand-lamp. It was five minutes past midnight. The *chetniks* arranged their knapsacks under their heads, wrapped themselves in their cloaks, taking care to protect the breeches of their rifles from the moisture, and dozed off. But the militiamen did not sleep. They leaned on elbows and murmured to each other. You could see in their shining eyes the excitement that the prospect of the fight brought. With the *chetniks* it was too old a story to deprive a man of a nap.

For a long time, it seemed, nothing happened. The dogs barked infrequently, not at anything in particular, but just to make a noise. A wind sprang up that rustled the grass, and the leaves of the trees beside the road rattled against each other, drearily. In the distance, a

nightbird croaked. Gradually, without knowing it, I dropped off to sleep, even as I had when we were waiting at the frontier line for the Turkish patrol to pass.

I could not have closed more than one eye, for almost at once, I was awakened by the glare of Mileff's search-light, inside his cloak. He was looking at his watch. I looked at mine. It was nearly one. Mileff rolled over and prodded me; taking the signal, I prodded the man next to me. So it passed down the line. We all rose to our knees and reslung our knapsacks. Still, there was not a sound.

The trees across the way seemed to be moaning louder. Could the wind have so increased in force? I noticed that Mileff was holding one hand to his ear. He drew a whistle from his pocket and blew gently on it. There came, from right beside me, the low whining note of the wind blowing through the tree-boughs. From beyond the trees it was answered. And I understood. Andrea and his men were signaling to us from the mountain-side.

Mileff merely raised one hand, and our line swung over the stone wall into the road. Bending double, the men ran across it to the wall that lined the opposite side, surmounted it, and broke through an orchard at a run. In five minutes we were speeding along the main street of Osikovo. It was fairly sandy, and so we made little noise. The guide kept ahead, but otherwise there was no attempt at formation. Behind Mileff and me, the rest huddled together like fox-hounds in full cry. We dodged around a corner and pulled up in a little square where three streets intersected.

At each corner was a house. They were all massive

structures, built of stone, with slate roofs, and stood in courtyards, of which they formed one wall. One house was slightly larger than the other two, and it was immediately in front of us. There was something sinister about the blank surface of its lower walls, and the small barred windows of the two upper stories. The gateway was high, broad, and arched. The gate, itself, appeared to be substantially built of wooden beams, bolted together with iron. A huge iron lock fastened it to the side of the arch.

Our line huddled in the shadows cast by the two other houses, and the guide stepped across the roadway to the gate. Lifting his carbine, he pounded vigorously for a minute upon the beams. In the stillness of the village, the blows were as distinct as the reports of a Gatling. They seemed to echo and reëcho from the archway. I fancied that in the house behind me I could already hear people waking up and moving around. A second time the guide pounded the gate. Just why, I could not say, but I was certain that I could now hear, all around me, the sounds made by people roused from sleep. Osikovo was awakening.

From the other side of the gate came a shuffling of feet, and a voice demanded hoarsely what the caller wanted.

"We are friends," answered the guide, his rifle at his shoulder. "We are Pomaks from Libyaho. Let us enter. We have passed *chetniks* in the hills."

He spoke hurriedly, in the Turkish dialect. The Bashi-bazouk in the yard seemed to hesitate.

"I must see your face," he said, at last. "I must see you — you and your friends — before you may enter,

for it is seldom that friends come to their friends' houses after dark, and if you be friends, you will not mind the wait."

Breathlessly, we waited to see what would happen. There was a creaking noise and a wicket, a hand's-breadth in size, swung open midway up the gate. Through it was stuck a rifle-barrel. The guide had shrunk to the ground, out of the range of fire. Of the Bashi-bazouk we could see nothing, because the wicket was small, and the yard beyond, dark.

"Stand forth," said the voice. "Stand forth, now, you and your friends, that I may see you."

As luck had it, Dodor moved beside me, uneasily, and a wandering star-gleam caught, for an instant, on the steel of his bayonet. The watchful eye of the Bashi-bazouk at the wicket saw, and his rifle settled rigidly into line, while Dodor collapsed noiselessly to one side.

"You are armed," spoke the Bashi-bazouk. "Who are you that come armed? Are you friends, as you say, or foes? Speak, quickly, for I do not wait long."

"It is useless," breathed Mileff. "They are too suspicious. We will charge, openly."

He placed the whistle at his lips, and the quivering, penetrating sigh pierced the night. The Bashi-bazouk's rifle jerked upward, and he shouted hasty words in Turkish, which I did not understand. A door crashed shut in the house above him, and feet sounded on the stairs.

"Charge!" cried Mileff, leaping to his feet. "Viva Makedonia!"

We bunched across the road at a run, firing our rifles at the gate. I had a glimpse of the guide shooting through the wicket at the Bashi-bazouk warder, and the

next thing I knew, I was in a mass of pushing, shoving men, jabbing the tough wood with bayonets, hammering on it, and even using their bare hands. Then Mileff's voice rose from the ruck.

"Stand back, stand back!" he called. "Fire at the lock! Aim at the lock, every man!"

Ten or a dozen rifles were concentrated at the lock, and in a trice it was blown to atoms, the gate swinging slightly ajar. For a second we paused, hesitating. A young militiaman leaped forward, put his shoulder to the timbers, and sent the portal to one side. We cheered confusedly, and ran across the yard at the doorway that showed in the irregular stone wall. From a line of windows in the upper story came a spattering fire, accompanied by sheets of flame. The *chetniks* fired back, crouching behind whatever cover was available. I saw one man put a bullet into a bullock, and use the carcass as a shield.

Mileff and several others were in front of the house-door, shooting into the lock. It was a matter of less than a minute to smash it in, but stout bars of wood held the framework in place. In the mean time, the fight was going rather against us. One of the militiamen crawled out of the gateway, dragging a limp leg behind him, and we could not see that our fire was making any impression. Quick to see the need for some new action, Mileff seized a huge balk of timber lying by the doorstep, and with Nicola and a couple of others, backed off a pace or two. Taking a short run, they brought it against the door with a mighty swing. The timbers groaned. Again they battered it, with short, fierce strokes, and because of their height from the ground, and consequent inability to see

what was going on directly beneath them, the Bashi-bazouks could not effectively interrupt the maneuver.

With every blow, the door tottered more helplessly. We saw that it must come down. But where were Andrea and his men? We needed them badly at this time. The *voivode* blew his whistle, as the battering-ram was swung the last time, and the door fell inward, opening up a cavernous hollow of blackness. Our own men were on hand, crouched against the house-wall, out of the Bashi-bazouk's line of fire. So we stayed, for what seemed several minutes, though it must really have been less.

A cheer, the pattering of sandaled feet on the road outside, and a renewal of firing by the *askars* overhead, heralded the approach of Andrea's force. They descended upon the rear of the Bashi-bazouks' fortalice. This was our chance. Not a man waited for orders. They did not need them. They sprang at the steep stairs, hardly more than a ladder, that led up to the second floor, like a gang of wolves. It did not seem as if anything could stop them. A couple of the more cautious ones, crowded out in the intensity of the first stampede, waited behind, pumping bullets up through the trapdoor, over the heads of the leaders. It was lucky they did stay back.

The first man through the trap was the chief of the militiamen. He bounded lightly up the stairs and disappeared from view. A revolver cracked, and as Mileff, behind him, reached the trap, his body fell backward, sweeping his comrades from the stairs as effectually as a broom. The head of a Bashi-bazouk showed for an instant, but Kortser took aim and the Turk came down on top of the pile of *chetniks*. It was a mess, indeed.

Outside, Andrea's men were occupying the attention of the Bashi-bazouks by a steady fire at the windows, and the couple of us who had stayed below fired up the stairs as fast as we could work the ejectors. Our fire stopped the first rush, and the scanty numbers of the Bashi-bazouks did not allow them to take full advantage of the situation, so that by the time Mileff had leaped from under the pile of *chetniks* at the stair foot, a semblance of order had been restored.

I don't know how it happened, but something had been set afire in the pent-houses by the courtyard walls that served as stables, and they were blazing vividly, lighting up the entire village. Frightened sheep, cattle, goats, and horses ran about the yard, and the corpse of the Bashi-bazouk warder lay in a twisted heap by the gate, not far from a *chetnik*, whose body was simply drilled with bullet-holes. Certainly, it was a mad scene. And all about us was the village, blank and apparently tenantless, save for a prolonged wailing that rose from the scores of waiting women and children, who wept in fear of their fate.

Gazing at the confusion that filled the courtyard, and deafened by the constant popping of rifles upstairs and out of doors, I did not at once hear Mileff's voice when he spoke to me. His face was black with powder, and his beard, partly singed off, was flecked with blood. He pressed his mouth close to my ear.

"This is no use," he shouted. "We must retire."

He beckoned to the men, and crouching close to the ground, we ran across the courtyard, in the blinding glare. Bullets spat in the dust on every side, but no one was hurt. The dancing of the flames, constantly tossing

back and forth, filled the yard with conflicting lights and shadows that made good shooting impossible.

Beyond the gate we halted, and the men dropped down, exhausted. Dodging a crazy horse which ran screaming through the street, I hastened to the group that had swiftly formed about the *voivode*. Andrea and his men, in line, carrying their rifles at the ready, swung around the neighboring corner, as I joined the council. They were comparatively fresh, for all they had done was to lie in the shelter of houses, and pot at the windows in the fortalice. Mileff called for a list of casualties. We had lost two men killed, including the handsome young chief of the militia detachment, and two wounded. So far as we knew, two of the enemy were dead.

"There must be no more of this," said Mileff, decisively. "I cannot afford to waste good men on a nest of rats. They must be smoked out."

He explained his plan. His detachment would form a covering force for Andrea's party, who would carry inflammable materials into the lower floor of the house. When a sufficient quantity had been collected, they would be set alight. After that, it would only be necessary to shoot any Turks who tried to escape. Without any unnecessary talk, the sub-chiefs ran to their detachments, and told off men for the work. Andrea's party broke into near-by yards, and seized all the lumber, hay, and straw they could find. One man discovered a large can of oil, which was received with joy. Fagots were made, and a dozen of us deployed along the street in positions which commanded the house windows.

Finally, when all the fagots were ready, our fire was

stopped completely. Almost immediately, the Bashi-bazouks ceased shooting. It was as if they realized that a new development might be expected, and had stopped firing to listen — to strain their ears, that they might detect their enemy's next purpose.

There sounded the sighing murmur of the *voivode's* whistle, and Andrea's squad ran forward into the yard; the rest of us, outside, kept a steady stream of lead pouring into the windows. Andrea's men were cheering as they ran; they had their rifles slung over their shoulders, and they meant to be in at the death. The Bashi-bazouks managed to fire back at us, but they were given no time to aim, and Andrea reached the house in safety. The fagots were hurled in through the doorway, and as each man threw down his load, he doubled back across the yard, out of the gate where Mileff and I were huddled, in the shelter of the posts. Andrea was the last to leave. He emptied the oil over the pile that bulged from the doorway; and stuck the lighted torch he carried into the mass. Then he, too, ran for the gate. A burst of cheering greeted him from the *chetniks'* line, and, as if in a frenzy of despair, the Bashi-bazouks redoubled their fire, the spurts of flame squirting from the upper windows in never ceasing streams.

Looking back, coldly, it seems a monstrous cruel thing to do — this roasting alive of half a dozen men. It is difficult to believe that it could have happened in this so-called enlightened twentieth century. For some reason, it seems to smack more of the bigoted cruelty of the days of the Inquisition, or when a mere matter of kings' names was sufficient to cause the beheading of honest men. But, after all, it could not have been helped. It

was the quickest and cheapest way to get rid of a nest of vermin that had been terrorizing the countryside, — thieves, murderers, and women-stealers, every one of them. They do not understand, and set squeamishness down as weakness.

The flames gained rapidly. They leaped to the stables that had escaped the first blaze and licked them up, mounting the outer walls of the house, and gaining footholds through the windows. It was not many minutes before the whole building was a single vast pillar of flames that towered to the sky, making the village, and the hills surrounding it, loom blackly against the unnatural glare. And from this house of flames came a shrill screaming, such as words cannot hope to describe and such as once heard it is beyond the power of man to forget. The *chetniks* leaned sternly on their rifles, watching the conflagration take its course, and the villagers, by this time certain of the identity of the marauders, stole from their homes to look also on the destruction of their oppressors.

For months they had groaned beneath the exactions of the little band of arrogant, well-armed Bashi-bazouks, and yet, now when their deliverance had come, they could not exult. They could only look on, awesomely, at the dreadful doom that had been meted out by the "Men of the Night." In little knots they thronged the housetops and the streets, watching the flames that swirled and roared, the women hugging their children to their breasts, and the men staring with a fixed concentration at the scene.

As the front wall of the house fell in amid a shower of coals, Mileff's signal blew, and the *chetniks* hastened to him from their positions in the rough circle they had cast

about the place, to prevent the possible escape of any of its inmates. Several had bandaged arms or heads. One was carried by a couple of comrades on a rude litter. The villagers watched them with even greater awe than they had the burning fortalice. But the magic of the night was upon them, and they said no word.

As silently as they came, the *chetniks* formed their line and departed through the dust of the road, the people who lined the way looking at them with curious drawn faces. A baby cried drearily, because it was tired, and a second wall fell in the house that had become the tomb of the Bashi-bazouks. On a crest the *cheta* halted for a minute, and I looked back at Osikovo, still showing red in the fire glare, and dotted with the groups of wonder-struck peasants. In the east, a beam of rosy light shot over the dark wall of the pines, and Mileff muttered "*Heidi!*" [forward] to the weary men who stumbled after him.



HERZEGOVINIANS RETURNING TO A VILLAGE SACKED BY THE BASHI-BAZOUKS

BY JAROSLAV CERMAK

(*Bohemian artist*, –1878)

THE Bashi-Bazouks are irregular Turkish troops, wild and ungovernable, loving to kill rather than to win victories, and to destroy rather than to capture. They load themselves down with a vast number of swords and knives of various sorts, and these they are ready to use at a moment's notice. They speak a language of their own, a demoralized sort of Turkish. Plunder and destruction and slaughter are their delight, and they are willing to follow any leader who can promise them these employments.

It is in part by men of this character that Turkey has carried on her long career of oppression and misrule in the Balkan States. The country has been harassed again and again by lawless bands, with the destruction of property, the flogging of chiefs, and the massacre of Christians. In Herzegovina, the Christians were so terribly oppressed by the Turks that an insurrection broke out. The iilustration represents people who had fled from the Bashi-Bazouks now first venturing to return to their homes, bringing with them the few household treasures that they have saved from the general ruin. They find only havoc and desolation. At the left is a skull on the stone wall, and farther back is a sight at which, through the broken arch, the women are peering with terror; for on stakes are gory heads, probably of their own friends who failed to make their escape. From beyond these a horribly suggestive flight of vultures is taking place.

THE SIEGE OF ADRIANOPLE

BY PHILIP GIBBS

[In February, 1912, Bulgaria, Servia, Greece, and Montenegro formed an alliance for the purpose of wresting from Turkey her European territory. War began in October. The Turks, fatally handicapped by the inefficiency and disorganization of their commissariat, were steadily driven back by the invading armies, and Scutari and Adrianople, their most important cities in Europe, were besieged.

The Editor.]

So the siege went on, tedious and interminable, and as often as possible I went out to the hills, dodging the vigilant officers, who had a quick eye for the red *brassard* of a correspondent, and riding or walking as far as possible from the main road until I had reached the last hill which looked down upon the city.

From afar the turrets and roofs and domes and minarets of Adrianople appeared like a mirage through a haze of sunshine and a thin veil of mist. The sky was very clear above it. Only a few fleecy clouds rested above the horizon. But suddenly, as I watched one day, a new cloud appeared like a great ball of snow, which unfolded and spread out in curly feathers, and then, after a few moments, disappeared. It was the bursting of a great shell, and the report of it came with a crash of thunder which seemed to shake the hills. Two, three, four shells burst together like bubbles, and then there followed long,

low rolls of thunderous sound like great drums beating a tattoo. The noise had a peculiar rhythm, like the Morse code, with long stroke and short, signaling death. It was made by the Bulgarian batteries on the hill forts, and it was answered by the Turkish batteries from neighboring hills. Presently, as the wreaths of smoke from the guns faded into the atmosphere, I saw that tall, straight columns of smoke were rising from the city of Adrianople and did not die down. They rose steadily and spread out at the top, and flung great wisps of black murkiness across the sky. It was the smoke of buildings set on fire by the shells. Other towers of black smoke rose from valleys which dipped between hills. The Turkish shells, far-flung from their fortifications, crashed into little villages once under Turkish rule and now abandoned by all inhabitants. Soon there would be nothing left of them but blackened stumps and heaps of ash.

As I stood watching one day I saw two scenes in this grim drama which made my pulses beat with a great excitement. A great bird flew across the sky towards the city, and as it flew it sang a droning song like the buzzing of an enormous bee. It was a monoplane, flown by a Bulgarian aviator, who had volunteered to reconnoiter the Turkish defenses. It disappeared swiftly into the smoke-wrack, and for some time I listened intently to a furious fusillade which seemed to meet this winged spy. After half an hour the aëroplane came back, flying swiftly away from the shot and shell which pursued it from the low-lying hills. Its wings were pierced, so that one could see the sky through them, but it flew steadily from the chase of death, and I heard its rhythmic heart-

beat overhead. Its escape was certain now. It had mocked at the pursuit of the shells, and the loud beat of its engine above me was a song of triumph. I watched it disappear again — to safety. So it seemed; but death has many ways of capture, and when I came back to Mustafa Pasha that day I heard that the unfortunate aviator, after his escape from the guns, had fallen from a great height within sight of home, and that the hero's body lay smashed to pieces in the wreckage of his machine.

Then on another day I saw another drama in the air. While my eyes watched the smoke-clouds from the siege-guns something twinkled and glittered to the left of the four tall minarets of the great mosque of Adrianople. It was the smooth silk of an airship which caught the rays of the sun; this cigar-shaped craft rose slowly and steadily to a fair height, though I think it was tethered at one end. It rose above peaceful ground into a great tranquillity, which lasted about ten minutes. Then suddenly there was a terrific clap of thunder and a shell burst to the left of the airship. I gave a great cry. It seemed to me that the frail craft had burst and disappeared into nothingness. But a few seconds later, when the smoke was wafted away, I saw the airship still poised steadily above the earth, untouched by that death machine. A second shell was flung skywards, far to the right; and for an hour I watched shells rise continually round that airship, trying to tear it down from its high observation, but never striking it. I do not know the names of the men who piloted that ship, but, whoever they were, they may boast of a courage which kept them at their post in the sky amid that storm of shells.

THE SIEGE OF ADRIANOPLE

It was at night that the bombardment of Adrianople reached the heights of a most infernal beauty. Then the sky quivered with flashes of light, and tongues of flame leaped out from the hillsides, and fire-balls danced between the stars. As I lay in bed after a day on the hills the noise of the bombardment chased sleep away, and every great gun shook the old Turkish farmhouse in which I lived as though heavy iron bedsteads were being dumped down upon the roof. Then there came a continued roll of great artillery. It was so loud and seemed so close that for a moment the wild idea came to me that the Turks had smashed their way out of the besieged city and that there was fighting in Mustafa Pasha. I rose and dressed hastily, lighted a lantern, and went out into the darkness. All around me was the barking and howling of dogs, hundreds of them, baying back an answer to the guns. I stumbled through quagmires of mud and pools of water until I came to the bridge of Mustafa overlooking the wide sweep of the Maritza.

I passed on through the village, and past many lines of sentries and men encamped round fires outside the mosques. Then in the shadow of a doorway I stood still and watched the sky, upon which was written the signs of death still seeking victims, and destruction away in the city below the hills. There was no moon, but the sky was thickly strewn with stars, and it seemed as though some flight of fallen angels were raging in the heavens. I saw a great shell burst below Orion's belt, and the pointers of the Great Bear were cut across by a sword of flame. The Milky Way throbbed with intermittent flashes like sheet lightning, and the pathway of the stars was illumined by the ruddy glare of burning houses and smoul-

dering villages. I had an irresistible desire to get closer to all this hellish beauty, to walk far across the hills to a place of vantage from which I had seen the bombardment by day. But when I raised my lantern and walked forward I was arrested by a Bulgarian officer—and this was the end of my night's vigil.

As all the world knows now, the city of Adrianople did not fall before the armistice arranged between the allies and Turkey; and its garrison, which had maintained such an heroic defense, deserved the fullest honors.

THE FLIGHT FROM LULE-BURGAS

[1912]

BY BERNARD GRANT

[AFTER the capture of Kirk-Kilisse by the Bulgarians, they pushed on to cut off the retreat of the Turks. Part of the Turkish forces were withdrawn to Lule-Burgas, and here a fierce battle took place, at the close of which the Turks were forced to make the retreat which is here described.

The Editor.]

I NOW come to the days of October 29 and 30.

Glorious weather continued, and tempted all of us to the open country, away from this filthy little village, where we were penned up like sheep. From afar I heard the music of the guns. It came in continuous shocks of sound, the crash of great artillery bursting out repeatedly into a terrific cannonade. It was obviously the noise of something greater than a skirmish of outposts or a fight between small bodies of men.

While the war correspondents were cooking food in their stewing-pots a big battle was in progress, deciding the fate of nations and ending the lives of many human beings. That thunder of guns made my pulses beat, throbbed into my brain. I could not rest inactive and in ignorance of the awful business that was being done beyond the hills. Ignoring the orders to remain in the village, I rode out towards the guns.

Although I did not know it at the time, as we were utterly without information, I was riding towards the

battle of Lule-Burgas, which destroyed the flower of the Turkish army and opened the way of the Bulgarians to Constantinople.

Of the actual battle itself I am unable to speak as an eyewitness. Indeed, there was no mortal eye who could see more than a small part of it, as it covered a front of something like fifty miles; and even to the commanders of the army corps engaged, it was a wild and terrible confusion of great forces hurling themselves upon other great bodies of men, sometimes pressing them back, sometimes retiring, swept by a terrific fire, losing immense numbers of men, and uncertain of the damage they were inflicting upon the opposing troops.

Only from those who took part in it have I been able to gather some of the grim details of that great tragedy to the Turks. Certain facts stand out in all their accounts.

The Turkish artillery was overmastered from the first. The Bulgarian guns were in greater numbers and better served, and they had an inexhaustible supply of ammunition.

Not so the Turks. In consternation, in rage, in despair, the Turkish artillery officers saw their ammunition dwindling and giving out at a time when they needed it most: when the enemy's shells were bursting continuously upon their positions, when the enemy's infantry were exposing themselves on the ridges, and when the Bulgarian soldiers made wild rushes, advancing from point to point, in spite of their heavy losses in dead and wounded.

There were Turkish officers and soldiers who stood with folded arms by the limber of guns that could no

longer return the enemy's fire, until to a man they were wiped out by the scattered shells. The frantic messages carried to the commander-in-chief notifying him of this lack of ammunition passed unheeded, because the supply was exhausted.

Abdullah Pasha was a sad man that day, when from one of the heights he looked down upon his scattered army corps and saw how gradually their fire was silenced. Now on his right wing and his left his legions were pressed back until they wavered and broke. And now, with an overwhelming power and irresistible spirit of attack, the Bulgarians cut the railway line, scattered his squadrons of cavalry, broke through his various units, and bore down upon his rear-guard holding the town of Lule-Burgas.

I do not believe the Turkish soldiers were guilty of cowardice during those hours of battle. It was only afterwards, when the fighting was finished and the retreat began, that panic made cowards of all of them and seemed to paralyze them.

But from all that I have heard the Turkish soldiers in the mass behaved as bravely during the battle as all the traditions of their fighting spirit have led us to believe. They fought resolutely and doggedly, although, as I know now, they had gone into the battle hungry and were starving at the end of it.

They died in sufficient numbers, God knows, to prove their valor. They died in heaps. Many of the battalions were almost annihilated, and the greatest honor is due to the men of the Second Corps, who, after they had been beaten back again and again, after the battle had really been lost irretrievably by the failure of Mukhtar Pasha

to repress the general attack of the Bulgarians with his Third Army Corps, which had come up from the direction of Viza, re-formed themselves and marched to an almost certain death.

For a little while they held their own, but the Bulgarians were now in an impregnable position on the heights, and in such places of vantage for their artillery that they could concentrate their fire in a really terrific manner. The men of the Second Corps found themselves in a zone of bursting shells, and in the face of a withering rifle fire which swept upon them like a hailstorm.

A great cry broke from the ranks of the living, in which already there were great gaps, as the dead and wounded fell in all directions. The ranks were broken. It was only a rabble of terror-stricken men, running away from that hunting-ground of death, who came back beyond the reach of the Bulgarian bullets.

The town of Lule-Burgas was already in the hands of the enemy. And in the great field of battle, extending over the wild countryside for many miles, divisions, regiments, and battalions were scattered and shattered, no longer disciplined bodies of men, but swarms of individuals, each seeking a way to save his own life, each taking to flight like a hunted animal, each bewildered and dazed by the tragic confusion in which he staggered forward.

This is a connected account of what happened. But in war events are not seen connectedly, but piecemeal, confusedly, and without any apparent coherence, by those who are units in a great scheme of fate. So, looking back upon those days, it seems to me that I lived in a muddling nightmare, when one experience merged into

another, and when one scene changed to another in a fantastic and disorderly way.

I first came in touch with bodies of retreating soldiers when, in my ride out from the village of Chorlu, I crossed the railway line and went on towards the guns.

Those men were in straggling groups or walking singly. They were the first fugitives, the first signs, on this day of Tuesday, 29th, that the battle which was raging with increasing fury was not going well for the Turks.

The men were coming away from the fight weary, dejected, hopeless. They had no idea as to the direction in which they wanted to go. They wandered along aimlessly, some this way, some that, all of them silent and sullen, as though brooding over the things they had seen and suffered, and as though resentful of the fate that had befallen them.

I did not grasp the full significance of these wandering soldiers. I thought they were just faint-hearted fellows who had deserted from their battalions. Soon I saw the real truth.

The pale dawn came grayly across the plain, and the shadows of night crept away, and in the hush of the early hour men were silent, wondering what would be the fortune of war that day.

So came the break of day on October 31st, a date which now belongs to history, remembered with bitterness by the Turks and with triumph by the Bulgarians. Before the sun had dispelled the white, hard frost on the grass there came to our ears once more the thunder of the guns, which had stopped at dark on the night before. We made a hasty breakfast, eager to get close to the bat-

tle, not only for professional reasons, but because no man may withstand the thrill which comes when men are fighting.

But our hopes were dashed to the ground, and we were thrown into consternation when Major Waffsy came to us and ordered an instant and hurried retreat. We were disposed to rebel, to protest against this order, which seemed ignominious, and absurd, and unreasonable. But very soon we saw that Waffsy Bey had reason on his side and that things were very serious.

Thousands of Turks were making their way in great disorder in the direction of Chorlu.

They were literally running from the distant guns. They were like great flocks of sheep scared by the wolf, and stumbling forward. Men fell as they ran, stumbling and staggering over the boulders and in the ruts. They seemed to be pursued by an invisible terror, so that they did not dare to stop, except to regain breath to amble forward with drooping heads.

They had no shame in this flight. These tall fellows of fine physique, except for their leanness and starvation looks, ran like whipped dogs, with eyes that glinted with the light of a great fear. It was a distressing and painful sight.

Major Waffsy seemed in just as much hurry. The sight of these fugitive soldiers seemed to shake his nerves terribly, and his face was very white and strained. I pitied the man, for he was a patriotic Turk and a courteous gentleman, although sometimes we hated him because he kept us so strictly in hand.

Now he started back on the line of the retreat with part of his charge, who seemed to think that this time

he would be a valuable companion; but none of the English went with him. We had decided to give him the slip.

So we tarried over our preparations and deliberately lengthened the time of our packing, and found many difficulties in the way of an early start. Major Waffsy set off without us, not suspecting our ruse, and when he was well out of harm's way we proceeded on our own line of route, which was forward to the battle-field.

I made my way to the river and there saw an astounding sight of panic in its most complete and furious form. It was, indeed, the very spirit of panic which had taken possession of the soldiers whom I now met on this spot.

Never before had I seen men so mad with fear. I hope that never again shall I see a great mass of humanity so lost to all reason, so impelled by the one terrible instinct of flight.

The bridge was absolutely blocked with retreating soldiers. It was a great stone bridge, with many archways and a broad roadway, with one part of its parapet broken; but, broad as it was, it was not wide enough to contain the rabble ranks which pressed across from the farther bank.

They struggled forward, trampling upon each other's heels, pushing and jostling like a crowd escaping through a narrow exit from a theater fire.

Most of the men were on foot, some still hugging their rifles, and using them to prod on their foremost fellows, but some of them were unarmed. They bent their heads down, drooped as though their strength was fast failing, breathed hard and panted like beasts hunted after a long chase, and came shambling across the bridge as though

on one side there was the peril of death and on the other side safety.

The horsemen in the crowd — rugged men swathed in drab cloths like mummies taken from their cases, on lean-ribbed and wretched horses — would not wait for the procession across the bridge, but, spurred on by panic, dashed into the water and forded their way across. All seemed quite regardless of the fact that the Bulgars were several miles away, and that the difference of a few miles would not count in the gap between life and death.

I almost expected to see a squadron of the Bulgarian cavalry charging down upon this mass of men, so abject was their terror. But the plain behind them showed no sign of an enemy. No guns played upon the fugitives. Instead came a force of Turkish cavalry with drawn swords, galloping hard and rounding up the fugitives.

Many officers did their best to stem the tide of panic, and beat the men back with the flats of their swords, and threatened them with their revolvers, shouting, and cursing, and imploring them. But all the effect they had was to check a few of the men, who waited until the officers were out of sight, and then pressed forward again.

With a young British officer who was out to see some fighting, I turned again towards the town of Lule-Burgas, where a great fight was now taking place, and rode against the incoming stream of wounded and retreating soldiers.

They seemed to come on in living waves round my horse, and I looked down upon their bent figures, and saw their lines staggering below me, and men dropping on all sides. I saw the final but fruitless struggle of many of them as they tried to keep their feet, and then fell. I

saw the pain which twisted the faces of those who were grievously wounded. I saw the last rigors of men as death came upon them.

When we got nearer to the roaring guns, breaking out into great volleys which seemed to shake the earth, and to set the air throbbing, the retreat was being carried out in a more orderly fashion. Men were marching in rank, with their rifles slung across their shoulders, and with officers pacing alongside. Those who had broken the ranks were stopped, and unless wounded were compelled to come into the ranks again. I saw many men being chased with whips and swords, while noncommissioned officers were set apart to cut off the stragglers. They were spent with fatigue, and suffering from hunger and thirst, and despondency was written on every face, but at least it was a relief to see an orderly formation and a body of men who had not lost all courage and self-respect. Evidently the best of the army was at the front.

As my companion and I were short of food and darkness was coming on, we decided to turn, especially as the fight could not last until the next morning. At dusk we reached the village of Karistaran and met Angus Hamilton and H. Baldwin, and together set out for a night ride to Chorlu.

This was far from pleasant. The army was in full retreat, and the roads and bridges were thronged, so that it was impossible to push one's way through the tramping men who, of course, would not open up for us, and whose rifles were like a moving hedge in front of us.

It was also difficult to ride at the side of the roads, on account of the exhausted and dying soldiers who lay about in the mud while their comrades passed. This was

a sickening thing, and I had a sensation of horror every time my horse halted before one of those prone bodies, or when I had to pull it out of the way of one of them.

Another difficulty that worried me was the absence of an interpreter. We should not know if we were challenged, and could not answer if we knew, so that we were in real danger.

As a measure of precaution we rode as near as possible together in a group of four, hoping, in the darkness, to be taken for a patrol. If we had been recognized as foreigners, we might have lost our horses; for these Turks, wounded or exhausted, would have coveted our mounts, for which they had a really desperate need.

Reading this in cold blood people may accuse us of selfishness. It would have been heroic, they might think, to dismount and, in Christian charity, yield up our horses to suffering men. But that idea would have seemed fantastic had it occurred to us for a moment. We had our duty to perform to our papers, and what, after all, would four horses have meant among so many? Such a sacrifice would merely have led to our own undoing.

Never shall I forget that ride in the dark night to Chorlu, the vague forms of the retreating army passing with us and around us like an army of ghosts, the strange, confused noise of stumbling feet, of voices crying to each other, of occasional groans, of clanking arms, of chinking bits and bridles, the sense of terror that seemed to walk with this army in flight, the acuteness of our own senses, highly strung, apprehensive of unknown dangers, oppressed by the gloom of this mass of tragic humanity.

At last we reached Chorlu in the early hours of the morning, utterly tired out in body and spirit and quite famished, as we had only had a few biscuits since our scanty breakfast on the previous day.

TURKEY

I

TO THE CAPTURE OF CONSTANTINOPLE

HISTORICAL NOTE

Six or seven hundred years before Christ, the city of Byzantium, now Constantinople, was founded by the Greeks. As the centuries went by, it passed from hand to hand, from Athens to Sparta, and from Sparta to Athens. Under Alexander the Great, it was independent. In 196 A.D., it was besieged by the Romans and reduced to ruins. Three hundred and thirty years after the birth of Christ the site was chosen by Constantine the Great as a new capital for the Roman world. The city was rebuilt with the utmost magnificence, christened Constantinople in honor of the Emperor, and for more than a thousand years was the capital of the Byzantine or Eastern Empire.

Just north of the Caspian Sea dwelt the Seljuk Turks. As the power of Rome weakened, that of the Seljuks grew stronger until they finally controlled all Western Asia. Their cruelty to the people who made pilgrimages to Jerusalem brought about the crusades; and these were what kept the Seljuks from pushing into Europe. In the middle of the thirteenth century a chief named Ertogrul came from the East with many followers into Asia Minor, and received land on condition of military service. His son was Othman or Osman, and it is from his name that the Turks call themselves Ottomans. Othman's son Orkhan won a footing in Europe by the capture of Gallipoli. He encouraged commerce and industry, and he originated the formation of the terrible corps of Janizaries. Amurath I (1359–1389) captured Adrianople and made it his capital, destroyed the power of Servia in the battle of Kossovo, and greatly extended his kingdom at the expense of the tottering Byzantine Empire. His son, Bajazet I, was taken prisoner by Tamerlane the Tartar and died in captivity, but the power of the Ottoman Empire grew unchecked. In 1453, Mohammed II captured Constantinople, and the Eastern Empire came to an end after having endured more than eleven centuries.

CONSTANTINOPLE, A CITY BUILT TO ORDER

[Fourth century]

BY EDWARD GIBBON

[BETWEEN three and four hundred years after Christ, in the days when Rome ruled the world, it occurred to the Roman Emperor, Constantine the Great, to build a new capital. One of the greatest dangers to the empire was the barbarians north of the Danube River; another was the Persians. For defense, then, the new capital must lie far to the east of Rome. It must be well situated for commerce. It must be more free than Rome from the worship of the old gods; for Constantine was a Christian, and meant to make Christianity the religion of the state. He meant, moreover, to be the absolute ruler of the empire; and it would be much easier to bring this about in the East, where the people were used to bowing down to a master, than in Rome, where the citizens never forgot that they were of the proud nation that ruled the world.

On the Straits of the Bosphorus was the ancient town of Byzantium, which had been founded by the Greeks about one thousand years earlier. The location was perfect for defense, commerce, and beauty; it was an ideal place for Constantine to free himself from the enmity of the priests of the gods and to found the absolute monarchy which he planned; and this he chose for his capital. Its name he changed to Constantinople, the "city of Constantine." Then he set to work to build his city.

The Editor.]

SOME estimate may be formed of the expense bestowed with imperial liberality on the foundation of Constan-

tinople, by the allowance of about $2,500,000 for the construction of the walls, the porticoes, and the aqueducts. The forests that overshadowed the shores of the Euxine, and the celebrated quarries of white marble in the little island of Proconnesus, supplied an inexhaustible stock of materials, ready to be conveyed, by the convenience of a short water-carriage, to the harbor of Byzantium. A multitude of laborers and artificers urged the conclusion of the work with incessant toil: but the impatience of Constantine soon discovered that, in the decline of the arts, the skill as well as the numbers of his architects bore a very unequal proportion to the greatness of his designs. The magistrates of the most distant provinces were therefore directed to institute schools, to appoint professors, and by the hopes of rewards and privileges, to engage in the study and practice of architecture a sufficient number of ingenious youths who had received a liberal education.

The buildings of the new city were executed by such artificers as the reign of Constantine could afford; but they were decorated by the hands of the most celebrated masters of the age of Pericles and Alexander. To revive the genius of Phidias and Lysippus surpassed, indeed, the power of a Roman emperor; but the immortal productions which they had bequeathed to posterity were exposed without defense to the rapacious vanity of a despot. By his commands the cities of Greece and Asia were despoiled of their most valuable ornaments. The trophies of memorable wars, the objects of religious veneration, the most finished statues of the gods and heroes, of the sages and poets of ancient times, contributed to the splendid triumph of Constantinople; and gave occa-

sion to the remark of the historian Cedrenus, who observes, with some enthusiasm, that nothing seemed wanting except the souls of the illustrious men whom these admirable monuments were intended to represent. But it is not in the city of Constantine, nor in the declining period of an empire, when the human mind was depressed by civil and religious slavery, that we should seek for the souls of Homer and of Demosthenes.

During the siege of Byzantium, the conqueror had pitched his tent on the commanding eminence of the second hill. To perpetuate the memory of his success, he chose the same advantageous position for the principal forum; which appears to have been of a circular, or rather, elliptical form. The two opposite entrances formed triumphal arches; the porticoes, which inclosed it on every side, were filled with columns, of which a mutilated fragment is now degraded by the appellation of the *burnt pillar*. This column was erected on a pedestal of white marble twenty feet high; and was composed of ten pieces of porphyry, each of which measured about ten feet in height, and about thirty-three in circumference. On the summit of the pillar, above one hundred and twenty feet from the ground, stood the colossal statue of Apollo. It was of bronze, had been transported either from Athens or from a town of Phrygia, and was supposed to be the work of Phidias. The artist had represented the god of day, or, as it was afterwards interpreted, the Emperor Constantine himself, with a scepter in his right hand, the globe of the world in his left, and a crown of rays glittering on his head. The Circus, or Hippodrome, was a stately building about four hundred paces in length, and one hundred in breadth. The space

between the two *metæ* or goals was filled with statues and obelisks; and we may still remark a very singular fragment of antiquity; the bodies of three serpents, twisted into one pillar of brass. Their triple heads had once supported the golden tripod which, after the defeat of Xerxes, was consecrated in the temple of Delphi by the victorious Greeks. The beauty of the Hippodrome has been long since defaced by the rude hands of the Turkish conquerors; but, under the similar appellation of Atmeidan, it still serves as a place of exercise for their horses. From the throne, whence the emperor viewed the Circensian games, a winding stairway descended to the palace; a magnificent edifice, which scarcely yielded to the residence of Rome itself, and which, together with the dependent courts, gardens, and porticoes, covered a considerable extent of ground upon the banks of the Propontis between the Hippodrome and the church of St. Sophia. We might likewise celebrate the baths, which still retained the name of Zeuxippus, after they had been enriched, by the munificence of Constantine, with lofty columns, various marbles, and above threescore statues of bronze. . . . A particular description, composed about a century after its foundation, enumerates a capitol or school of learning, a circus, two theaters, eight public, and one hundred and fifty-three private baths, fifty-two porticoes, five granaries, eight aqueducts or reservoirs of water, four spacious halls for the meetings of the senate or courts of justice, fourteen churches, fourteen palaces, and four thousand three hundred and eighty-eight houses, which, for their size or beauty, deserved to be distinguished from the multitude of plebeian habitations.

A CITY BUILT TO ORDER

As Constantine urged the progress of the work with the impatience of a lover, the walls, the porticoes, and the principal edifices were completed in a few years, or, according to another account, in a few months; but this extraordinary diligence should excite the less admiration, since many of the buildings were finished in so hasty and imperfect a manner that under the succeeding reign, they were preserved with difficulty from impending ruin. But while they displayed the vigor and freshness of youth, the founder prepared to celebrate the dedication of his city. The games and largesses which crowned the pomp of this memorable festival may easily be supposed; but there is one circumstance of a more singular and permanent nature, which ought not entirely to be overlooked. As often as the birthday of the city returned, the statue of Constantine, framed by his order, of gilt wood, and bearing in his right hand a small image of the genius of the place, was erected on a triumphal car. The guards, carrying white tapers, and clothed in their richest apparel, accompanied the solemn procession as it moved through the Hippodrome. When it was opposite to the throne of the reigning emperor, he rose from his seat, and with grateful reverence, adored the memory of his predecessor. At the festival of the dedication, an edict, engraved on a column of marble, bestowed the title of *Second* or *New Rome* on the city of Constantine. But the name of Constantinople had prevailed over that honorable epithet; and after the revolution of fourteen centuries, still perpetuates the fame of its author.

THE COMING OF THE COMET

[1402]

BY MAURUS JÓKAI

[TIMUR, or Tamerlane, was a Tartar conqueror of the fourteenth century. He was at first merely a minor chief, but he pushed on till he ruled from Delhi to Damascus, and from the Sea of Aral to the Persian Gulf. Bajazet, Sultan of the Turks, was also a conqueror, and was called the "lightning" from the rapidity of his movements. In 1402, the vast armies of the two warriors met near Angora to decide the fate of Western Asia.

The Editor.]

AN enormous comet appeared upon the horizon. The golden tint of this phenomenon of the heavens was observed for six months amongst the stars, and when it was closest to earth two fourths of the sky were covered by the dreaded specter. When the sun set and the gigantic marvel made its appearance, the pale phosphor head drawing its tail after it, everything was lit up by its wonderful light. Forests, mountains, people's faces, appeared ghastly by its illumination, and all around amongst the mountains was to be seen a glow which appeared like a distant fire lighting up the sky. Only the reflection of the light was not red, but green; and when the moon made her appearance, with her silver-tipped crescent, the two heavenly wanderers followed after one another with curious wonder. Once it happened that the moon went into the vaporous element of the comet, and astronomers then calculated how many

million miles it covered and how long it would take before it would touch the moon with its head in place of its tail. Then both would shoot down from heaven, and the Day of Judgment would arrive. Religious folk went on pilgrimages and awaited the *Dies iræ*, whose herald was this Lampadias, the name given it by Greek astronomers. Under the fearful glitter of this heavenly phenomenon, which wandered over the horizon and lit up the entire surface of the earth, compelling the inhabitants to breathe its deadly poison, the two most dreaded men in the Mussulman world prepared to fight against one another in a life-and-death struggle. Sultan Bajazet had 420,000 men; Timur Lenk had 780,000. One million two hundred thousand fighting men, therefore, had to seek a suitable place amidst the Asiatic wastes, which would afford sufficient space for the blood required to be shed.

The two conquerors of the world were not alarmed by the sign from Heaven. They not only divided between them the stars which led them, but they also cut the comet asunder! The head of the Lampadias bent towards the west, and the thinner end of its long mane hung to the east. Bajazet said it was a sword which the Prophet had sent to him, and that with its aid he should kill the heretic Shitaa. Tamerlane, however, gave out that this was the same club which the Prophet had given into his hands, and that the head was turned towards the heretic Szunnita. The stars at the end of the tail he held to be the head of the club, with which he would lay him low! And so, the two greatest generals of the period started in search of one another with two enormous forces, and as quickly as they neared one another, so

quickly did the dreaded star approach the earth! The two conquerors debated to themselves which of them would first grasp the comet by its tail!

Both Bajazet and Timur Lenk did what no conqueror of the world ever did before or after them. They each carried their favorite wives with them to view the decisive battle of the world! It was as though they were to witness a dramatic spectacle, in which one million armed men took part, and by which the government of a portion of the world would be decided either to the right or to the left. Such a spectacle was surely never before presented by a general to his wife!

Bajazet's wife was in the camp in an elevated tent made of muleskin. One thousand women riders went before, and one thousand after her, to keep from her gaze the face of every man. These were masculine women, accustomed to sword-handling, and to cutting off heads, women for whom men can feel but horror, and of whom it is difficult to form an idea. Bajazet headed this woman's camp with 10,000 veteran Janizaries and old soldiers scarred with wounds. They were picked out from amongst the Nicapol victors. Every one of them was a hero, and their attacks on the enemy were always made simultaneously. To the right of Maria were 15,000 Christians, mounted and mailed, and under the leadership of Stephen Lazaruvich, the Servian Waiwode. These were the most faithful adherents of the sultan. The remainder of the troops were led by the sultan's sons. Suleiman, the eldest, was in the center of the camp; whilst the two wings, consisting of Turcomans and Tartars, were commanded by Isá and Múza. Amongst

these troops were the people of the Khan of Aidin. Mustafa, another of the sons of the sultan, led the heroic Arab troops; and Mohammed, yet another, was in command of the reserve. Timur Lenk's sons, Mirán Shah, Chalit Shah, and Mirza Mohammed, were also in the camp. Fathers fought against fathers, sons against sons, and women against women! Mirza Mohammed Khan led his own troops, and each detachment was dressed in different colors — some, for instance, in red uniform and red bucklers, with red standards, red saddles, etc., others in blue or yellow, white or black. When they moved in squares, it seemed as though figures were moving on a chessboard!

The name of the place where the two opposing forces met was Csibuk Abad. It is an historic spot. Here Pompey and Mithridates fought a decisive battle! At the back stand the celebrated Stetta cedar forests, and facing it are the endless plains where the tall Oriental reeds grow in line, from which the people cut stalks to make the stems of pipes, calling them, from the place, Csibuk.

Towards the eastern horizon the towers of the citadels of Angora were to be seen, whence Timur might be observed approaching. He was engaged in bombarding this place against the Bey Yakab, when the approach of his opponent caused him to raise the siege.

Between the two forces was only one well (Miral) which supplied the district abundantly with water. The inhabitants were, therefore, right to call it the Sainted Well. Bajazet hastened to seize this before his enemy. He knew very well that he who secured it would have the advantage of tiring out his opponents, who would be forced out into the desert. Sheik Irzlan, an old dervish,

at one time an adherent of Timur Lenk, was the guardian of the well. As a follower of Shi he possessed magic power over the people.

Bajazet rode to this Sainted Well, and asked the dervish for a drink of water out of it. He filled the jug, and gave it over to the padishah with the usual blessing, "Glory be to Him who created clouds and wells!"

The sultan threw a golden piece to the dervish. Sheik Irzlan picked up the money and looked at the portrait. Then he returned it, saying, "Oh! my Lord, of what use is this money to me, when Timur Lenk's head is engraved here?"

The sultan dragged the coin out of the dervish's hand and threw it with horror into the air, wondering how his enemy's money could possibly have found its way into his camp. Then he took out another gold-piece, upon which he first looked earnestly; then, seeing his own likeness engraved upon the coin, he threw it to the dervish. Sheik Irzlan picked it up, and then, with marks of the greatest respect and reverence, he handed it back to him again.

"Why, here, my master, on this piece also is engraved Timur's portrait!"

And so, indeed, it was.

Bajazet, who was now furious, took out a third coin, which he threw to the sheik, who, on picking it up, showed him that again it bore the same superscription.

"You scoundrelly magician!" shouted Bajazet in despair, "it is your delusive magic!" And he slashed the dervish across the face and breast with his whip.

"Thank you for your gracious kindness, mighty lord,"

said the dervish, putting his blood-stained face into the dust.

Timur Lenk would not have acted like this. He allowed blood to flow in streams, but never in his life did he hurt a scholar or a dervish. Afterwards, when the infuriated sheik ran bleeding from the breast through the streets of Chorazan, Timur Lenk, looking at him, smiled, and said: "This is a sign that Chorazan itself, which is the breast of Asia, will fly to me voluntarily."

And so, indeed, it came to pass.

Bajazet was so certain of having possession of the Miral well, that the next day he organized a hunting expedition to the ancient forest of Stetta for Maria's amusement. Whilst half of his troops were pursuing the stag or shooting game, and he himself was shooting wild peacocks, the enemy, at a distance of trumpet-call, commenced to pull down the stakes of his camp. In the evening, when the party returned, tired out, from the chase, Bajazet's son, Suleiman, who had been left behind with the rest of the forces, came to him in a furious state, and said: —

"To-morrow we shall have to face the enemy."

"Why?" asked the sultan with surprise.

"Because we have no water!"

"Surely the well has not dried up in one night?"

"It has not dried up, but it is contaminated. The dervish whose face you struck yesterday hung heavy stones round his neck last night and jumped into the well, where this morning he was found drowned. You know that when a man has been found dead in a well no one will touch its waters until the new moon. So the camp has been parched with thirst throughout the whole day!"

"Oh! cursed dervish!"

"Ah! the dervishes were all devoted to Timur. Beware, for he who was capable of killing himself might yet kill you. And now you had best decide whether you will retreat or make an advance to-morrow, for in this place it is impossible for us to remain longer."

Bajazet angrily pointed to the watch-fires of Timur Lenk, and exclaimed, in hot fury, "Advance!"

The day was lost to Bajazet. The "lightning" was vanquished, and the iron sword prevailed; but Bajazet still could have escaped with the rest of his troops, and might have overcome his enemy from his European forts, could he have reconciled himself to the notion of flight. All round was heard the tumult of the tempestuous war. It was impossible to see, owing to the clouds of dust, and the women away yonder in the velvet tower no longer sang of victory, but trembling awaited the close of the day. Once during the afternoon a ray of hope sprang up, when Timur's force made an advance, and the Waiwode Lazaruvich cut his way through the Csibuk Abad reeds across Mohammed Mirza, and joined Bajazet in correct battle order. The sultan stood motionless amidst his unconquered veterans. Lazaruvich, with his fagged-out and wounded troops, who were blackened by dust and covered with the blood of the enemy, with broken pikes and torn standards, suddenly appeared before the sultan.

Lazaruvich hardly recognized him.

"Is it you, my faithful friend?" the sultan asked, with emotion.

"It is I, father. Escape; the battle is lost!"

"Then let me perish," replied the sultan. "You had best return. You have wife and children, and have yet a long life to live."

"God can alone bring help," answered Lazaruvich, and quitted the battle-field.

It was already twilight. The escaping forces were seen in all directions. Only 10,000 Janizaries stood steadfast round Bajazet. Since the morning they had been thirsting for water: now they thirsted for blood! They could have had plenty of time and opportunity for escape, for Timur did not attack them until later on. The night came on; the sun disappeared, and the comet — the dread of heaven and earth — shone out on the sky. By the aid of its demoniacal glitter Bajazet could see the opponent's army. He was not frightened, either by the star or by Timur's victory, and motionless he stood with his ten thousand men on the spot where half a million men had already perished. Then Timur raised his hand to heaven, as though he would grasp the flaming club, and with it strike his enemy.

"Well, so be it," he said, and with this he gave the signal to start his troops of mailed men, the Dzsagata horsemen, and the rows of fighting elephants, against Bajazet's Janizaries. Maria heard tremblingly from her tower the bellowing of the elephants. "Ah! the *Dzins*, the *Dzins!* But Bajazet will pursue them and rout them asunder, for he is the 'lightning.'"

The flying Greek fire opened the attack. From the elephants' towers the blinding sparks came in clouds, and created dazzling colors in this night battle, whilst arrows shot at the same instant from all sides. The Janizaries fought and died speechless, as though they were

not men, but specters. The two forces fought without a word. Only the clanking of their swords spoke. "Oh! the *Dzins*, the *Dzins!*"

Suddenly one of the flaming arrows cut its way through the ranks of the Janizaries and flew to the women's tower, igniting a velvet curtain, and so setting the whole place on fire. The women, terror-stricken, rushed down from the burning amphitheater, which, in a few moments, was as a burning torch in the midst of the camp, lighting up the spectacle of slaughter. As soon as Bajazet saw this his heart gave way, and he turned back with his suite of horsemen, and, leaving behind him the fighting Janizaries, he galloped towards the women. Maria was then lying on the earth, her face covered with dust.

Oh, the *Dzins* — the *Dzins!* "To horse quickly, by my side, away to the mountains!" exclaimed the defeated "lightning," lifting his wife from the dust, and with these words he escaped from the field. One thousand brave horsemen and two thousand fighting Amazons accompanied them. Mahmud Khan saw the sultan's flight, and rushed after him with four thousand Dzsagata horsemen. Until midnight he pursued him up to the foot of the mountain. The soldiers left behind fought with Timur's men whilst the sultan got away.

The Khan of Dzsagat did not relax his search after Bajazet, whose horsemen and horses fell to the right and left, and by daybreak only forty men remained. The sultan was, therefore, left almost alone with his women. He then stopped and awaited his pursuers. He was clad in impenetrable armor and held a good Damascus blade in his hand, for he had to defend his beloved harem. Ten of his pursuers fell before their swords could touch him,

but finally becoming dazzled by the frequent strokes of his sword, he fell down from his horse at Maria's feet, where he was captured. Maria had to see the face of her demigod become pale and besmirched with dust. His eyes were heavy, and from his lips issued impotent curses.

Timur Lenk was playing chess with his favorite son. The young prince was commonly known as Schach Roch ("castleing"). He had been called this because it was he who had invented the chess move where the king changes places with a castle. Just as the prince was saying "Schach Roch!" to Timur, the curtains of the tent were drawn back, and before them stood the captured Bajazet. "Schach Roch!" A king who had exchanged his throne for a tower, indeed; the tower of captivity!

Timur got up from his place, and held out his hand to his opponent, leading him to the divan, upon which he placed him beside him.

"Bajazet, fortune has turned against you. Not so my heart! Fate has made you a captive. I shall allow you to remain a sovereign. Your tent is ready. You will not be watched by any one. You will find there your wife and your son Múza, who have been taken prisoners, and they will remain with you. I only ask you one thing: that is, your solemn promise not to attempt to escape from me by trickery, whilst I remain fighting your sons. If we can conclude peace, then you can return quietly to your country, for Allah does not permit two faithful sultans to humiliate one another! Therefore, you had best give me your solemn word of honor."

Bajazet was moved by his opponent's generosity, so

he gave his solemn word, accompanied by a grasp of the hand, that he would not attempt to escape from Timur Lenk's camp. After this he was led to a pompous tent, where his wife and son awaited him. The tent was magnificent, and those whom he loved were there, yet it was a tower in place of a kingly throne. "Schach Roch!"

"So long as you keep your sovereign word to me you will be regarded as a sovereign in my camp." This was Timur Lenk's promise to his opponent. Whichever direction Bajazet took, he was received with the honors paid to a sovereign, and imperial pomp surrounded his tent. Overnight, whilst the captive sultan was walking in front of his camp, he found a screw of parchment lying before him, on which the following words were written: —

"My Sultan, — Your sons are coming with fresh forces against Tamerlane; Yakab Bey will break upon Angora. The Waiwode is returning with reinforcements. Be prepared. We are making a subterranean way from the bakery which will lead into your tent. To-night all will be ready. Be ready yourself also. At daybreak disguise yourselves as bakers, and you can escape with your wife and sons into the open, where you will find your horses awaiting you. Be ready!

"Your Friends!"

This letter was too tempting to Bajazet, and he eagerly seized the opportunity offered. It was, indeed, a fact that a subterranean way was made to his tent, but it was Tamerlane's workmen who constructed it! At

midnight the hammering of the subterranean poleaxes let the sultan know that his rescuing body of moles were coming! The earth gave way under his feet, and from a narrow passage human heads rose up from the earth before him. "Come!" whispered the head which ascended from the earth's depths. "Come!" And the sultan followed the enticer, taking with him Maria and his son Mūza. They could only proceed in bent form along the footpath, holding one another's hands. Finally the neck of the cavernous way became visible. The extreme end was the bakery oven. When Bajazet was going to step out from the low opening, some one put out a hand to assist him; and when he emerged, he who had given him a helping hand did not release his own. The sultan looked at him. Timur Lenk stood before him!

"What! Is this your sovereign word?" he softly demanded of the terrified Bajazet.

The sultan saw that he was trapped. Timur threw away his hand from him: —

"This is not the hand of a sovereign. It is the hand of a slave."

So saying, he turned away and left him to himself. Bajazet saw only the executioners before him, carrying chains and iron rods in their hands!

Timur Lenk arranged a pompous funeral for Bajazet. His entire troops came out to accompany the body. On his tombstone he caused to be engraved a recital of his glorious deeds, and he commanded the sultan's women to wail and mourn for him. As he returned from the funeral ceremony his historian, Shacheddin, came before him, to read out what he had written down concerning

the event, for the benefit of future generations. It was as follows: —

"When Timur Djeihangir defeated his enemy and captured him, he treated him as a brother. He placed him next to him at table, calling him friend, and treated him with the distinction due to a sovereign. When Bajazet, following fate's decree, departed to his ancestors, he had him buried like a king, and raised a royal mausoleum over his ashes. Glory be to Him who sees everything!"

The comet disappeared, and did not destroy the earth, after all!

SCANDERBEG

[About 1450]

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

[THE district called Albania lies just north of the Caucasus Mountains and along the Caspian Sea. In the fifteenth century it was half independent, but its chief, John Castriot, had been obliged to surrender his son George to the Turks as a hostage. The boy was then nine or ten years old, and so bright that the sultan, Amurath II, took a great fancy to him and had him brought up in the royal palace, and when he became a man, he was placed at the head of a division of the Turkish troops. But he learned that the sultan meant to annex Albania to the empire. The poem tells how he contrived to seize the Albanian town of Croia. His countrymen gladly joined him, and it is said that he overcame the Turks in twenty-two pitched battles. After his death, in 1468, the war continued, but without the leadership of Scanderbeg [Alexander the Prince], as he was called, it soon came to an end, and Albania became a part of the Turkish Empire.

The Editor.]

THE battle is fought and won
By King Ladislaus the Hun,
In fire of hell and death's frost,
On the day of Pentecost.
And in rout before his path
From the field of battle red
Flee all that are not dead
Of the army of Amurath.

In the darkness of the night,
Iskander, the pride and boast

Of that mighty Othman host,
With his routed Turks, takes flight
From the battle fought and lost
On the day of Pentecost;
Leaving behind him dead
The army of Amurath,
The vanguard as it led,
The rear-guard as it fled,
Mown down in the bloody swath
Of the battle's aftermath.

But he cared not for hospodars,
Nor for baron or voivode,
As on through the night he rode
And gazed at the fateful stars
That were shining overhead;
But smote his steed with his staff,
And smiled to himself, and said:
"This is the time to laugh."

In the middle of the night,
In a halt of the hurrying flight,
There came a scribe of the king
Wearing his signet ring,
And said in a voice severe:
"This is the first dark blot
On thy name, George Castriot!
Alas! why art thou here,
And the army of Amurath slain,
And left on the battle plain?"

And Iskander answered and said·
"They lie on the bloody sod

By the hoofs of horses trod;
But this was the decree
Of the watchers overhead;
For the war belongeth to God,
And in battle who are we,
Who are we, that shall withstand
The wind of his lifted hand?"

Then he bade them bind with chains
This man of books and brains;
And the scribe said: "What misdeed
Have I done, that, without need,
Thou doest to me this thing?"
And Iskander answering
Said unto him: "Not one
Misdeed to me hast thou done;
But for fear that thou shouldst run
And hide thyself from me,
Have I done this unto thee.

"Now write me a writing, O scribe,
And a blessing be on thy tribe!
A writing sealed with thy ring,
To King Amurath's pasha
In the city of Croia,
The city moated and walled,
That he surrender the same
In the name of my master, the king;
For what is writ in his name
Can never be recalled."

And the scribe bowed low in dread,
And unto Iskander said:

"Allah is great and just,
But we are as ashes and dust;
How shall I do this thing,
When I know that my guilty head
Will be forfeit to the king?"

Then swift as a shooting star
The curved and shining blade
Of Iskander's scimitar
From its sheath, with jewels bright,
Shot, as he thundered: "Write!"
And the trembling scribe obeyed,
And wrote in the fitful glare
Of the bivouac fire apart,
With the chill of the midnight air
On his forehead white and bare,
And the chill of death in his heart.

Then again Iskander cried:
"Now follow whither I ride,
For here thou must not stay.
Thou shalt be as my dearest friend,
And honors without end
Shall surround thee on every side,
And attend thee night and day."
But the sullen scribe replied:
"Our pathways here divide;
Mine leadeth not thy way."

And even as he spoke
Fell a sudden scimitar stroke,
When no one else was near;
And the scribe sank to the ground,

As a stone, pushed from the brink
Of a black pool, might sink
With a sob and disappear;
And no one saw the deed;
And in the stillness around
No sound was heard but the sound
Of the hoofs of Iskander's steed,
As forward he sprang with a bound.

Then onward he rode and afar,
With scarce three hundred men,
Through river and forest and fen,
O'er the mountains of Argentar;
And his heart was merry within,
When he crossed the river Drin,
And saw in the gleam of the morn
The White Castle Ak-Hissar,
The city Croia called,
The city moated and walled,
The city where he was born, —
And above it the morning star.

Then his trumpeters to the van
On their silver bugles blew,
And in crowds about him ran
Albanian and Turkoman,
That the sound together drew.
And he feasted with his friends,
And when they were warm with wine,
He said: "O friends of mine,
Behold what fortune sends,
And what the fates design!

King Amurath commands
That my father's wide domain
This city and all its lands,
Shall be given to me again."

Then to the Castle White
He rode in regal state,
And entered in at the gate
In all his arms bedight,
And gave to the pasha
Who rules in Croia
The writing of the king,
Sealed with his signet ring.
And the pasha bowed his head,
And after a silence said:
"Allah is just and great!
I yield to the will divine,
The city and lands are thine;
Who shall contend with fate?"

Anon from the castle walls
The crescent banner falls,
And the crowd beholds instead,
Like a portent in the sky,
Iskander's banner fly,
The Black Eagle with double head;
And a shout ascends on high,
For men's souls are tired of the Turks,
And their wicked ways and works
That have made of Ak-Hissar
A city of the plague;
And the loud, exultant cry

That echoes wide and far
Is, "Long live Scanderbeg!"

It was thus Iskander came
Once more unto his own;
And the tidings, like the flame
Of a conflagration blown
By the winds of summer, ran,
Till the land was in a blaze,
And the cities far and near,
Sayeth Ben Joshua Ben Meir
In his Book of the Words of the Days,
"Were taken as a man
Would take the tip of his ear."

THE FALL OF CONSTANTINOPLE

[1453]

BY EDWARD GIBBON

[THE story of Constantinople had been a stormy one. The city had been besieged by Greeks, Romans, Byzantines, Bulgarians, Persians, Avari, Russians, Latins, Arabs, and Turks — twenty-seven times in all. Seven times it had been conquered, but only to change rulers in the next overthrow. By the twenty-eighth siege, here described, it fell into the hands of the Ottoman Turks, who still remain its masters.

The emperor's body was buried by the Turks with all honors. A lamp was lighted at his grave. It is still kept burning, and at the charge of the Turkish Government. This was commanded by the Turkish ruler as a mark of respect and regard for Constantine Palæologus, the last Christian emperor in the Empire of the East.

The Editor.]

THE reduction of the city appeared to be hopeless, unless a double attack could be made from the harbor as well as from the land; but the harbor was inaccessible: an impenetrable chain was now defended by eight large ships, more than twenty of a smaller size, with several galleys and sloops; and instead of forcing this barrier, the Turks might apprehend a naval sally and a second encounter in the open sea. In this perplexity, the genius of Mahomet conceived and executed a plan of a bold and marvelous cast, of transporting by land his lighter vessels and military stores from the Bosphorus into the higher part of the harbor. The distance is about ten

miles; the ground is uneven, and was overspread with thickets; and, as the road must be opened behind the suburb of Galata, their free passage or total destruction must depend on the option of the Genoese. But these selfish merchants were ambitious of the favor of being the last devoured; and the deficiency of art was supplied by the strength of obedient myriads. A level way was covered with a board platform of strong and solid planks; and to render them more slippery and smooth, they were anointed with the fat of sheep and oxen. Fourscore light galleys and brigantines, of fifty and thirty oars, were disembarked on the Bosphorus shore; arranged successively on rollers; and drawn forwards by the power of men and pulleys. Two guides or pilots were stationed at the helm and the prow of each vessel: the sails were unfurled to the winds; and the labor was cheered with song and acclamation. In the course of a single night, this Turkish fleet painfully climbed the hill, steered over the plain, and was launched from the declivity into the shallow waters of the harbor, far above the molestation of the deeper vessels of the Greeks. The real importance of the operation was magnified by the consternation and confidence which it inspired: but the notorious, unquestionable fact was displayed before the eyes, and is recorded by the pens of the two nations. A similar stratagem had been repeatedly practiced by the ancients; the Ottoman galleys (I must again repeat) should be considered as large boats; and, if we compare the magnitude and the distance, the obstacles and the means, the boasted miracle has perhaps been equaled by the industry of our own times.

As soon as Mahomet had occupied the upper harbor

with a fleet and army, he constructed, in the narrowest part, a bridge, or rather mole, of fifty cubits in breadth, and one hundred in length: it was formed of casks and hogsheads; joined with rafters, linked with iron, and covered with a solid floor. On this floating battery he planted one of his largest cannon, while the fourscore galleys, with troops and scaling-ladders, approached the most accessible side, which had formerly been stormed by the Latin conquerors.

The indolence of the Christians has been accused for not destroying these unfinished works; but their fire by a superior fire was controlled and silenced; nor were they wanting in a nocturnal attempt to burn the vessels as well as the bridge of the sultan. His vigilance prevented their approach; their foremost galiots were sunk or taken; forty youths, the bravest of Italy and Greece, were inhumanly massacred at his command; nor could the emperor's grief be assuaged by the just though cruel retaliation, of exposing from the walls the heads of two hundred and sixty Mussulman captives. After a siege of forty days, the fate of Constantinople could no longer be averted. The diminutive garrison was exhausted by a double attack: the fortifications, which had stood for ages against hostile violence, were dismantled on all sides by the Ottoman cannon: many breaches were opened; and near the gate of St. Romanus, four towers had been leveled with the ground. For the payment of his feeble and mutinous troops, Constantine was compelled to despoil the churches with the promise of a fourfold restitution; and his sacrilege offered a new reproach to the enemies of the union. A spirit of discord impaired the remnant of the Christian strength; the Genoese and

Venetian auxiliaries asserted the preëminence of their respective service; and Justiniani and the great duke, whose ambition was not extinguished by the common danger, accused each other of treachery and cowardice.

[It became known to the Christians in the beleaguered city that the time for a general attack had been set. There was small hope of repelling their enemies. The emperor entered St. Sophia, confessed, received the Holy Sacrament, and begged that if he had wronged any, he might be granted their pardon. Then came the morning.]

The preceding night had been strenuously employed: the troops, the cannons, and the fascines were advanced to the edge of the ditch, which in many parts presented a smooth and level passage to the breach; and his fourscore galleys almost touched, with the prows and their scaling-ladders, the less defensible walls of the harbor. Under pain of death, silence was enjoined: but the physical laws of motion and sound are not obedient to discipline or fear; each individual might suppress his voice and measure his footsteps; but the march and labor of thousands must inevitably produce a strange confusion of dissonant clamors, which reached the ears of the watchmen of the towers.

At daybreak, without the customary signal of the morning gun, the Turks assaulted the city by sea and land; and the similitude of a twined or twisted thread has been applied to the closeness and continuity of their line of attack. The foremost ranks consisted of the refuse of the host, a voluntary crowd who fought without order or command; of the feebleness of age or childhood, of peasants and vagrants, and of all who had joined the camp in the blind hope of plunder and martyrdom. The com-

mon impulse drove them onwards to the wall; the most audacious to climb were instantly precipitated; and not a dart, not a bullet, of the Christians, was idly wasted on the accumulated throng. But their strength and ammunition were exhausted in this laborious defense: the ditch was filled with the bodies of the slain; they supported the footsteps of their companions; and of his devoted vanguard the death was more serviceable than the life. Under their respective bashaws and sanjaks, the troops of Anatolia and Romania were successively led to the charge: their progress was various and doubtful; but, after a conflict of two hours, the Greeks still maintained and improved their advantage; and the voice of the emperor was heard, encouraging his soldiers to achieve, by a last effort, the deliverance of their country.

In that fatal moment, the Janizaries arose, fresh, vigorous, and invincible. The sultan himself, on horseback, with an iron mace in his hand, was the spectator and judge of their valor: he was surrounded by ten thousand of his domestic troops, whom he reserved for the decisive occasion; and the tide of battle was directed and impelled by his voice and eye. His numerous ministers of justice were posted behind the line, to urge, to restrain, and to punish; and if danger was in the front, shame and inevitable death were in the rear, of the fugitives. The cries of fear and of pain were drowned in the martial music of drums, trumpets, and atabals; and experience has proved that the mechanical operation of sounds, by quickening the circulation of the blood and spirits, will act on the human machine more forcibly than the eloquence of reason and honor. From the lines, the galleys, and the bridge, the Ottoman artillery thun-

dered on all sides; and the camp and city, the Greeks and the Turks, were involved in a cloud of smoke which could only be dispelled by the final deliverance or destruction of the Roman Empire.

[The valor and wisdom of the Genoese commander, John Justiniani, had often been tried, and in him the confidence of the emperor had been placed; but now, in this critical moment, he was found wanting. He was wounded, and left his station in search of a physician. "But your wound is slight," pleaded the emperor, "and the danger is pressing. Your presence is necessary." Nevertheless, he fled, and was followed by most of the Latin troops. The Turks broke through the walls, the courageous emperor Palæologus was slain, and after a siege of fifty-three days, Constantinople was taken.]

The houses and convents were instantly deserted; and the trembling inhabitants flocked together in the streets, like a herd of timid animals, as if accumulated weakness could be productive of strength, or in the vain hope, that amid the crowd each individual might be safe and invisible. From every part of the capital they flowed into the church of St. Sophia: in the space of an hour, the sanctuary, the choir, the nave, the upper and lower galleries, were filled with the multitudes of fathers and husbands, of women and children, of priests, monks, and religious virgins: the doors were barred on the inside, and they sought protection from the sacred dome. Their confidence was founded on the prophecy of an enthusiast or impostor that one day the Turks would enter Constantinople, and pursue the Romans as far as the column of Constantine in the square before St. Sophia; but that this would be the term of their calamities; that an angel would descend from heaven, with a sword in his

hand, and would deliver the empire, with that celestial weapon, to a poor man seated at the foot of the column. "Take this sword," would he say, "and avenge the people of the Lord." At these animating words, the Turks would instantly fly, and the victorious Romans would drive them from the West, and from all Anatolia, as far as the frontiers of Persia.

While they expected the descent of the tardy angel, the doors were broken with axes; and as the Turks encountered no resistance, their bloodless hands were employed in selecting and securing the multitude of their prisoners. Youth, beauty, and the appearance of wealth attracted their choice, and the right of property was decided among themselves by a prior seizure, by personal strength, and by the authority of command. In the space of an hour, the male captives were bound with cords, the females with their veils and girdles. The senators were linked with their slaves; the prelates with the porters of the church; and young men of a plebeian class with noble maids, whose faces had been invisible to the sun and their nearest kindred. In this common captivity, the ranks of society were confounded; the ties of nature were cut asunder; and the inexorable soldier was careless of the father's groans, the tears of the mother, and the lamentations of the children. The loudest in their wailings were the nuns, who were torn from the altar with naked bosoms, outstretched hands, and disheveled hair. Of these unfortunate Greeks, of these domestic animals, whole strings were rudely driven through the streets; and as the conquerors were eager to return for more prey, their trembling pace was quickened with menaces and blows. At the same hour, a similar rapine

was exercised in all the churches and monasteries, in all the palaces and habitations, of the capital; nor could any place, however sacred or sequestered, protect the persons or the property of the Greeks. Above sixty thousand of this devoted people were transported from the city to the camp and fleet; exchanged or sold according to the caprice or interest of their masters, and dispersed in remote servitude through the provinces of the Ottoman Empire.

II

TURKEY AT THE HEIGHT OF HER POWER

HISTORICAL NOTE

THE Ottoman Empire reached the height of its power and splendor in the reign of Solyman the Magnificent (1520–1566). His predecessor, Selim I, had conquered Persia and Syria, annexed Egypt, and subdued the noted corsair Khan-ed-Din (Barbarossa), ruler of Algeria. With the accession of Solyman the Ottoman armies swept forward in their career of victory until all Europe was filled with alarm. Belgrade and the Island of Rhodes were captured, the greater part of Hungary was subjugated, and Vienna was besieged. On the sea the Turks were no less successful. Tripoli was annexed, Venice stripped of her oversea possessions, and Turkey left undisputed master of the Mediterranean. The irresistible armies of the Turks seemed destined to sweep across Europe to the shores of the Atlantic. The danger was so pressing that in the reign of Solyman's successor, Selim II, Spain, Venice, and the Papacy forgot their differences and united in equipping a mighty fleet with which to contest the Turkish supremacy. In 1571 the allied fleets under the command of Don John of Austria encountered the Turks in the Gulf of Lepanto, on the western coast of Greece, and after a long and desperate engagement completely vanquished them.

The battle of Lepanto marks the beginning of Turkish decline. During the next century she launched her armies against Persia, Russia, Venice, Poland, and Austria with varying success, but the crushing defeat inflicted by John Sobieski at the battle of Vienna (1683) put an end to her long and brilliant period of conquest.

THE TRIBUTE OF CHILDREN

ANONYMOUS

[ABOUT a century before the capture of Constantinople, when Amurath I was on the throne, his vizier suggested to him that he had a right not only to one fifth of the spoils of battle, but also to one fifth of the captives. "Let officers be stationed at Gallipoli," he said, "and as the Christians pass by, let them choose the fairest and strongest of the Christian boys to become your soldiers."

Thus was formed the famous corps of the Janizaries. To keep it up, the agents of the sultan went once in four years to all the Christian villages under Turkish control. Every boy between six and nine years of age must be brought before them, and the agents carried away one fifth of the number, carefully selecting the strongest and most intelligent.

The Editor.]

"THE advice of the vizier was followed; the edict was proclaimed; many thousands of the European captives were educated in the Mohammedan religion and arms, and the new militia was consecrated and named by a celebrated dervish. Standing in the front of their ranks, he stretched the sleeve of his gown over the head of the foremost soldier, and his blessing was delivered in the following words — 'Let them be called Janizaries (*yingi cheri*, or new soldiers); may their countenances be ever bright; their hand victorious; their swords keen; may their spear always hang over the heads of their enemies; and, wheresoever they go, may they return with a white face.' *White* and *black face* are common and proverbial expressions of praise and reproach in the Turkish lan-

guage. Such was the origin of these haughty troops, the terror of the nations, and sometimes of the sultans themselves." [1] They were kept up by continual additions from the sultan's share of the captives, and by recruits, raised every five years, from the children of the Christian subjects. Small parties of soldiers, each under a leader, and each provided with a particular firman, went from place to place. Wherever they came, the *protogeros* assembled the inhabitants with their sons. The leader of the soldiers had the right to take away all the youth who were distinguished by beauty or strength, activity or talent, above the age of seven. He carried them to the court of the grand seignior, a tithe, as it were, of the subjects. The captives taken in war by the pashas, and presented by them to the sultan, included Poles, Bohemians, Russians, Italians, and Germans.

These recruits were divided into two classes. Those who composed the one, especially in the earlier periods, were sent to Anatolia, where they were trained to agricultural labor, and instructed in the Mussulman faith; or they were retained about the seraglio, where they carried wood and water, and were employed in the gardens, in the boats, or upon the public buildings, always under the direction of an overseer, who with a stick compelled them to work. The others, in whom traces of a higher character were discernible, were placed in one of the four seraglios of Adrianople or Galata, or the old or new one at Constantinople. Here they were lightly clad in linen or in cloth of Saloniki, with caps of Prusa cloth. Teachers came every morning, who remained with them until evening, and taught them to read and write. Those who

[1] Gibbon.

had performed hard labor were made Janizaries. Those who were educated in the seraglios became spahis or higher officers of state. Both classes were kept under a strict discipline. The former especially were accustomed to privation of food, drink, and comfortable clothing, and to hard labor. They were exercised in shooting with the bow and arquebuse by day, and spent the night in a long, lighted hall, with an overseer, who walked up and down, and permitted no one to stir. When they were received into the corps of the Janizaries, they were placed in cloister-like barracks, in which the different *odas* or *ortas* lived so entirely in common that the military dignitaries were called from their soups and kitchens. Here not only the younger continued to obey the elders in silence and submission, but all were governed with such strictness that no one was permitted to spend the night abroad, and whoever was punished was compelled to kiss the hand of him who inflicted the punishment.

The younger portion, in the seraglios, were kept not less strictly, every ten being committed to the care of an inexorable attendant. They were employed in similar exercises, but likewise in study. The grand seignior permitted them to leave the seraglio every three years. Those who chose to remain, ascended, according to their age in the immediate service of their master, from chamber to chamber, and to constantly greater pay, till they attained, perhaps, to one of the four great posts of the innermost chamber, from which the way to the dignity of a *beglerbeg*, or a *capitan deiri* (that is, an admiral), or even of a vizier, was open. Those, on the contrary, who took advantage of this permission, entered, each one according to his previous rank, into the four first corps

of the paid spahis, who were in the immediate service of the sultan, and in whom he confided more than in his other bodyguards.

[These Janizaries were the strongest corps in the Turkish army, and many times it was their valor which saved the empire. The character of the corps gradually changed. Permission was given them to marry, then to bring their sons into the service. In 1676, the tribute of children ceased, and in 1826 the corps was broken up.

The Editor.]

THE LITTLE JANIZARY

[About 1453]

BY JAMES M. LUDLOW

[At a fox hunt arranged for the amusement of Prince Mahomet, the boys who were in training to become Janizaries were present by scores in bright-colored jackets and bearing wands wound with ribbons. They ran before the prince and acted the part of hounds. When the fox was about to escape, little Michael, one of the lads, forgetting that he was only to drive the animal back that the prince might capture it, seized it with his hands. The prince shot angrily, and wounded the boy, who dashed upon him, dragged him from his horse, and threw him to the ground.

The Editor.]

Michael learned his first lesson in subordination upon the return from the hunt. While the Janizary officers were not displeased with the prowess the little fellow had shown, even against the prince, it was foreseen that such an impetuous nature needed the curb. For three days he was confined to a room in solitude and silence. No one spoke or listened to him. His only attendant was an old man, both deaf and dumb, who evidently knew nothing and cared nothing for Michael's offense or its punishment.

During this time the lad's suspense was terrible. Was he to be killed for having assaulted the prince? Would they take him to the torture? Perhaps this old man had been guilty of some such offense, and they had cut his tongue and bored out his ears! He had heard of the sear-

ing iron passed before the eyes, and then the lifelong darkness. When he slept, his overwrought imagination fabricated horrid dreams in which he was the victim of every species of cruelty. He fancied that he was being eaten by a kennel of foxes, to whom he is given every day until their hunger shall be satisfied; then taken away and reserved for their next meal. He tried to compute how many days he would last. Sometimes he imagined that he was exposed naked in the cold, and made to stand day and night on the ice of the Marissa, until he should be frozen: but his heart is so hot with his rebel spirit that it will not freeze. Once he thought that Prince Mahomet came each day and stabbed him with that pearl-set dagger he drew on him at the hunt.

His dreams were too frightful to allow him to sleep long at a time; yet, when awake, his fears were such that he longed to get back again among the terrible creatures of his fancy. Oh, that some one would speak to him, and tell him his fate! He would welcome the worst torture, if only he could be allowed to talk to the torturer.

After a while rage took the place of, or at least began to alternate with, fear. He regretted that he had not killed the impudent prince.

"There stands his horse," he would say to himself — marking a line on the wall — "now I leap; seize his dagger; strike him to the heart; and, before they can stop me, plunge it into my own heart, so! Ah! when I am out of this place, I will kill him! I will! and go down to hell with him!" And the little frame would swell, and the eyes gleam with demoniacal light through the dusky chamber.

There are deep places even in a child's soul — aye, bottomless depths — which, when unfretted with temptation, are so tranquil and clear that the kindliness and joy of heaven are reflected in them, warranting the saying of the old Jewish rabbis, "Every child is a prophet of the pure and loving God." But when disturbed by a sense of wrong and injury, these depths in a child's heart may rage as a caldron hot with the fires of hell; as a geyser pouring out the wrath and hatred which we conceive to be born only in the nether world.

After a time Michael's fury died away. Another feeling took its place — the crushing sense of his impotence. His will seemed to be broken by the violence of its own spasm. He was stunned by his realization of weakness. He fell with his face to the cold stones of the floor, moaning at first, but soon passing into a waking stupor in which only consciousness remained: hopeless, purposeless, without energy to strive, and without strength to cry — a perfectly passive spirit. The centipede that crawled from the dusty crevice of the walls, and raised half his body to look at the strange figure lying there, might have commanded him. The spider might have captured him, and spun about his soul a web of destiny, if only he could have conveyed a thought of it from his tiny eyes. For, as the body faints, so also does the spirit under the pressure of woe.

The old mute brought in the meal on the third day, placed it beside him, and retired. An hour later he returned and found the bread untasted, the child in the same attitude, but not asleep. He touched him with his foot, but evoked no sign that his presence was recognized. He gazed for a few moments; then shook his

head like an artisan who, upon inspecting some piece of work he has been making, is not satisfied with it.

He summoned Selim. The old soldier, finding that his entrance did not arouse the lad, crossed his legs upon the floor beside him, and waited. The light from the high window of the room fell upon Selim's wrinkled face. But it seemed as if another light, one from within, blended with it. His harsh features were permeated by a glow and softness, as he gazed upon the exhausted child. His eyes filled with tears; but they were speedily dried by the stare with which he turned and looked first at the blank walls, and then, following back the ray of light, to the window and beyond; his soul transported far away over lands, through years, to a cottage on the banks of the Grau. He saw there a face so beautiful! was it really of one he once called "Mother"? — or a dim and hazy recollection of a painting of a Christian Madonna he had seen in his childhood? Happy groups of village children were playing down among the lilies by the water's edge, and over the hills gently sloping back from the river's bank. Their faces were as clear cut there against the blue sky beyond the window, as once — sixty years ago — they were against the green grass of the meadow. He heard again the sweet ring of the chapel bell echoing back from the jagged rocks of the opposite shore. And now the midnight alarm! A fight with strange-looking turbaned men! Flames bursting from the houses of the hamlet! Men shrieking with wounds, and women struggling in the arms of captors! And a little child, ah, so lonely and tired with a long march! and that child — himself! — His eyes rested as fondly upon Michael as did ever a father's upon his boy.

But as the wind extinguishes a candle, a movement of Michael sent all the gleams gathered out of former days from old Selim's features. Severity, almost savageness, took the place of kindliness among the wrinkles of his countenance, as naturally as the waters of a rivulet, held back for a moment by a child's hands, fill again their channels.

The boy raised his head. His face was pale; the eyes sunken; their natural brilliance deepened, but as that of the flashing waters is deepened when it is frozen into the glistening icicle. Or shall we say that the dancing flames of the child's eyes had become the steady glow of embered coals; — their life gone out, but the hot core left there, not to cheer, only to burn? Those three days of silence, with their successive dramas of mystery, terror, rage, and depression, had wrought more changes in him than many years of merely external discipline would have done.

The close, searching glance of Selim detected all this; and also that the child was in a critical condition. The will was broken, but it was not certain that this had not been accomplished by the breaking of the entire spirit; instead of curbing, destroying it: not taming the tiger's daring, but converting it into the sluggishness and timidity of the cat.

"Michael!" cried he.

There was no response except the slight inclination of the head indicating that the word had been heard.

"Follow me!"

The lad rose mechanically, showing no interest or attention beyond that required for bodily obedience.

Pausing at the doorway the old man put his hand upon

the boy's shoulder and said sternly, yet with a caution ready to change his tone —

"Do you know that we have power to punish you more severely?"

The words made no impression upon the child.

"The bastinado? The cage?" The boy raised his face, but upon it was no evidence of fear; perhaps of scorn. He had suffered so much that threats had no power over him.

Selim was alarmed at these symptoms. His experience with such cases taught him that this lethargic spell must be broken at whatever cost. Feeling must be excited; and if an appeal to the child's imagination failed, physical pain must be inflicted. Something must rouse him, or insanity might ensue.

A peculiar instrument of torture was a frame set with needles, point inwards. Into this sometimes a culprit was placed, and the frame screwed so close about the person that he could not move from a fixed position without forcing the needles into his flesh. This frame was put about the boy. He stared stupidly at the approaching points, but did not shrink. Selim pressed one of the needles quickly. Instantly the boy uttered a cry of pain. His face blanched with fright. The tears sprang to his eyes, and through them came an agonizing look of entreaty.

Selim's whole manner changed as suddenly. Schooled as he was to harshness; to strike one's head from his shoulders at the command of the aga without an instant's hesitation; to superintend the slow process of a "discipline" by torture, without a remorseful thought;— yet this was not his nature. And now that better, deeper,

truer nature, hitherto unexercised for years, asserted itself. His heart went out to Michael the instant there was no further necessity for its restraint.

"Bravo! my little hero," cried he, catching him to his arms. "You are of the metal of the invincibles, and henceforth only valiant deeds, bright honors, and endless pleasures are to be yours. You shall lodge with me to-night."

Selim's apartment was off from the common barracks of the Janizaries. It was luxuriantly furnished in its way. Elegant rugs lay upon the marble floor. A divan, with silken covering, filled one end of the room. The walls were hung with a variety of richly wrought weapons and armor: — short swords, long crescent-shaped scimitars, spears of polished wood headed with glistening steel, helmets, breastplates, greaves. Badges and honorary decorations shone among costly robes which had accumulated since the days when he had been a page to the Sultan Amurath I.

Upon a low table, reaching to the edge of the divan, had been placed salvers holding cups and open dishes of silver. A *woinak* entered with basins of scented water in which to wash the hands and bathe the face.

Selim placed his little guest by his side upon the divan. Mustapha also appeared, and, removing his shoes, made a profound and dignified salaam — quite in contrast with his usual rough and badgering manner when with Selim; then placed himself beside his comrade upon the cushions. An excellent repast was served. There was hare's flesh chopped and rolled with rice into balls, made more savory with curry sauce. Sweet cakes, pastry of figs and candied orange blossoms excited a thirst for the

sweetened water, which was so strongly flavored with the juices of fruits that the more scrupulous Moslems refused to drink it, lest they should disobey the command of the Koran prohibiting the use of wine.

The two old men vied with each other in telling thrilling stories of adventure in battle and on secret service; of the romance of castles and courts; of how they won their honors and got their scars; of the favors of princes and princesses; and of exploits in which, though the rules of their order forbade their marrying, they retaliated the captivity of the maiden's eye by capturing her person. The burden of every story was the praise of the Janizary organization, which alone enabled them to attain such glories and joys. The close brotherhood, which gave to each the help of all the ten thousand, was commended by incidents illustrating it. They told of their aga or chief, who was more powerful than the grand vizier — for sultans made these latter by a word, and unmade them with equal caprice. often with the stroke of the sword; but to touch a hair of the aga would be for the sultan to lose the favor of the entire band, whom he regarded as the main support of his throne, as their hands had won it for his fathers. Did not the word of Mustapha and Selim, at the fox hunt, cow the pride of Yusef, who was next to the Capee Aga or chief of the white eunuchs? Yet Selim and Mustapha were but captains in the Janizaries. No general in any other arm of the service would have dared to antagonize the eunuch as they did.

As Michael listened, his cheeks flushed and chilled by turns with the excitement of his martial ambition. The dreams he used to have in his mountain home, of being a

soldier and coming back covered with badges of honor to claim Morsinia as his bride, seemed to be dissolving into the reality. Nor was his ardor damped when he learned from Selim that the first step toward all this was the total surrender of himself to the service of the brotherhood, in pledging and keeping obedience to its rules; as a part of the body, like the hand, must never be severed from the rest, but keep the contact perfect in every muscle and nerve, in order to have the strength which only the health of the whole body can give to it. Selim explained to him how wrong it had been for him to seize the fox, no matter how excited he was, or how much daring it showed to do so, since he had not been ordered to seize, but only to turn the beast toward the prince. Besides, to raise a hand against the prince was treason — unless it were ordered by the chief of the Janizaries. Therefore he had been punished according to the Janizary discipline; though they would not have allowed any one else to touch him — no, not even the padishah himself.

Michael's spirit was fully healed with such words. His depression gave way to a hotter ambition and pride of expectation than he had ever felt before.

THE SURRENDER OF RHODES

[1522]

BY ALPHONSE MARIE LOUIS DE LAMARTINE

[SOLYMAN THE MAGNIFICENT was a most excellent ruler in that he improved the laws of his country, encouraged literature, and bettered the organization of the army. During his reign the war began with Hungary which did not come to an end for more than two hundred years. One of the most famous military exploits of Solyman was his siege of the Knights of St. John on the island of Rhodes, in 1522. For four months they made a most determined resistance, hoping for aid from some European power. None was given, however, and finally they made an honorable surrender and agreed to withdraw from the island. This the little band did, carrying with them what property could be moved.

The Editor.]

THE forty thousand peasant Greeks imprisoned for four months back within the walls of a city which was crumbling about them, and which was going to deliver them to the slavery or to the sword of the Turks, murmured against the pertinacity of the knights, and implored a capitulation which would save at least their lives and their liberty from the vengeance of Solyman. They conspired openly against the oppressors of the island, who gambled the blood of their Greek subjects against a vain corporate honor. They showed each other on the neighboring archipelago and on the coast of Cilicia the Greek cities subjected to the yoke of the Turks, and enjoying, under that tolerant dominion, their goods, their religion, their usages, their commerce. The Greek party

and the party of the knights were at drawn daggers within the walls, while the Turks were assaulting the fortifications.

Solyman, informed of all by his Greek spies, resolved to open at any cost a broad road to the heart of the city. He accumulated in a single battery forty pieces of the largest caliber, distributed hitherto on different bastions of the place. A continuous fire, vomiting blocks of marble and lead, pulverized, and at last leveled a breach inaccessible to the besieged. A torrent of balls and bombs rolled uninterruptedly through this breach from the heights of the city to the port. The city, traversed through and through, could not unite its fragments under this perpetual reign of death. Solyman, to join persuasion to terror, ordered to be hoisted, on the 10th December, a white standard upon his tent. The firing ceased: two Turkish parleyists approached, holding up in their hands a letter decorated with the cipher of the sultan. Conferences were opened, and on the 22d December, the muezzins called, in sign of conquest of Islamism, the believers to prayer from the lofty steeple of the cathedral of St. John, converted into a minaret, while the Turkish music executed fanfares on the summit of the tower of St. Nicholas.

Solyman, meanwhile, had drawn off the army to some distance from the city, to avoid pillage, and to leave the knights and the population of Rhodes time to evacuate honorably the city defended so heroically. The seraskier Ahmed Pasha came, in his name, to invite Villiers de L'Île-Adam to a conference in his tent. The grand master, confident in the word of the victor, attended, accompanied by a knight of each tongue to be his witness

before the entire order. The old warrior awaited long in the open air like a suppliant, exposed to the wind and snow before the tent of Solyman, till the divan, at the time in session, should have finished its deliberations. The sultan, informed of this lack of respect to age, to rank, and to misfortune, hastened to send him a caftan and a pelisse of honor, and to have him introduced into his presence with all the ceremony of sovereign to sovereign. He complimented him upon his courage and his virtue, worthy, he said, of the great warriors of whom he had read in history. He congratulated the Christians on having heroes such as he: "If I had servants as valiant as you," added he, "I should prize them higher than one of my kingdoms."

Villiers de L'Île-Adam wore upon his countenance the grief and humiliation of one vanquished. "Console thyself," said the sultan to him; "it is the lot of sovereigns and warriors like us to conquer and to lose by turns, at the whim of fortune, cities and provinces." He accorded the grand master and the knights all the conditions of surety and honor in their retreat, compatible with the victory. L'Île-Adam returned to the city, as admired by the vanquisher as by the vanquished. The day following, Solyman, dressed as a common *akinji* (irregular cavalryman), and attended only by two pages in the same costume, mounted horse and came to visit, under guaranty of truce, the city which he was going at last to possess. He entered at the hour of the repast of the knights the palace of the grand master, and the hall wherein these monk-warriors messed in common. He asked to see L'Île-Adam, through one of his pages who spoke Greek. L'Île-Adam, recognizing the sultan, received

him as guest and not as sovereign. The young man and the old man conversed a long time on the terrace of the palace, which commands a view of the city, of the sea, and of Asia Minor, encircled like a garden by the snow-capped mountains of Cilicia. The sultan, penetrated with esteem for the hero of Rhodes, proposed to him a longer delay, and easier conditions for the evacuation of the island. The grand master made him a present of four magnificent cups of gold enriched with topazes, which decorated the treasury of the order. Solyman was affected to tears on contemplating the preparations for eternal exile which the victory and the capitulation imposed upon these aged officers of Rhodes, of whom this island was become the country. "It is not without sorrow and shame," said he to his pages in remounting his horse, "that I force this venerable Christian to abandon in his gray hairs his home and his possessions."

L'Île-Adam, to hide from day the shame and tears of his departure, embarked in the night upon the galleys of the order, and on the Greek vessels lent by Solyman, with five thousand inhabitants of the island, knights or families of the island attached to the order, and who preferred to follow its fortunes, to residence in a country subjected thenceforth to the Mussulmans.

The vessels of L'Île-Adam, tossed about by the wintry waves, wandered from shoal to shoal across the archipelago for twenty-two days before attaining, one by one, the Venetian side of the island of Candia. Villiers de L'Île-Adam debarked here with his colony of exiles, and passing them in review upon the beach, wept with them their lost country. He passed the winter at Candia, in the jealous and cold hospitality of the Venetians. The kings

of Europe, indifferent to the decay of this sovereign monastery of warriors, which thenceforth embarrassed rather than served their policy, remained deaf to the complaints of the knights. The King of Spain, more docile to the influences of Rome, accorded them the island of Malta, then arid and unpeopled, as an advance post, not now against Asia, but against Africa. They carried thither the feudal, monastic, and aristocratic spirit, that obsolete genius of an institution born of other times, and which could have been preserved but in an island. L'Île-Adam, on landing on this barren rock, without other horizon than the waves between Africa and Spain, regretted bitterly the verdant hills, the glades, the purling waters, and the majestic prospects of Rhodes. The landed wealth of the order, still intact upon the Continent, rebuilt in a few years a city, ports, and powerful arsenals, on the rocks of Malta. But the remoteness from the coast of Asia, the idleness, the opulence, the decay of the religious spirit, the licentious morals of a military fraternity who had the rules without the faith of a monastic institution; in fine, ambition, intrigue, national rivalries, depraved rapidly this convent of nobles and soldiers, a posthumous vestige of the crusades, destined to perish by the Christians themselves.

The hero of Rhodes, L'Île-Adam, already a witness at Malta of this corruption of the institution of which he had illustrated the fall, died of grief rather than old age, in contemplating the vices, the disorders, and the insubordination of this military anarchy which fanaticism itself had ceased to sanctify. Bnt the fame and virtues of this great man prolonged the destinies of the order by the immortality of his name.

A VISIT TO THE WIFE OF SOLYMAN THE MAGNIFICENT

[Sixteenth century]

TRANSLATED FROM A GENOESE LETTER

WHEN I entered the kiosk in which she lives, I was received by many eunuchs in splendid costume blazing with jewels, and carrying scimitars in their hands. They led me to an inner vestibule, where I was divested of my cloak and shoes and regaled with refreshments. Presently an elderly woman, very richly dressed, accompanied by a number of young girls, approached me, and after the usual salutation, informed me that the Sultana Asseki was ready to see me. All the walls of the kiosk in which she lives are covered with the most beautiful Persian tiles and the floors are of cedar and sandalwood, which give out the most delicious odor. I advanced through an endless row of bending female slaves, who stood on either side of my path. At the entrance to the apartment in which the sultan's wife condescended to receive me, the elderly lady who had accompanied me all the time made me a profound reverence, and beckoned to two girls to give me their aid; so that I passed into the presence of the sultan's wife leaning upon their shoulders. The sultana, who is a stout but beautiful young woman, sat upon silk cushions striped with silver, near a latticed window overlooking the sea. Numerous slave women, blazing with jewels, attended upon her,

holding fans, pipes for smoking, and many objects of value.

When we had selected from these, the great lady, who rose to receive me, extended her hand and kissed me on the brow, and made me sit at the edge of the divan on which she reclined. She asked many questions concerning our country and our religion, of which she knew nothing whatever, and which I answered as modestly and discreetly as I could. I was surprised to notice, when I had finished my narrative, that the room was full of women, who, impelled by curiosity, had come to see me, and to hear what I had to say.

The sultana now entertained me with an exhibition of dancing girls and music, which was very delectable. When the dancing and music were over, refreshments were served upon trays of solid gold sparkling with jewels. As it was growing late, and I felt afraid to remain longer, lest I should vex Her Highness, I made a motion of rising to leave. She immediately clapped her hands, and several slaves came forward, in obedience to her whispered commands, carrying trays heaped up with beautiful stuffs, and some silver articles of fine workmanship, which the princess pressed me to accept. After the usual salutations the old woman who first escorted me into the imperial presence conducted me out, and I was led from the room in precisely the same manner in which I had entered it, down to the foot of the staircase, where my own attendants awaited me.

DINING WITH THE SULTANA

[1718]

BY LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU

I WAS led into a large room, with a sofa the whole length of it, adorned with white marble pillars like a *ruelle*, covered with pale-blue figured velvet on a silver ground, with cushions of the same, where I was desired to repose till the sultana appeared, who had contrived this manner of reception to avoid rising up at my entrance, though she made me an inclination of her head when I rose up to her. I was very glad to observe a lady that had been distinguished by the favor of an emperor, to whom beauties were every day presented from all parts of the world. But she did not seem to me to have ever been half so beautiful as the fair Fatima I saw at Adrianople; though she had the remains of a fine face, more decayed by sorrow than by time. But her dress was something so surprisingly rich, I cannot forbear describing it to you. She wore a vest called *donalma*, and which differs from a caftan by longer sleeves, and folding over at the bottom. It was of purple cloth, straight to her shape, and thick set, on each side, down to her feet, and round the sleeves, with pearls of the best water, of the same size as their buttons commonly are. You must not suppose I mean as large as those of my Lord ——, but about the bigness of a pea; and to these buttons large loops of diamonds, in the form of those gold loops so common upon birthday coats. This habit was tied at the waist with

two large tassels of smaller pearl, and round the arms embroidered with large diamonds: her shift fastened at the bottom with a great diamond, shaped like a lozenge; her girdle as broad as the broadest English ribbon, entirely covered with diamonds. Round her neck she wore three chains, which reached to her knees: one of large pearl, at the bottom of which hung a fine colored emerald, as big as a turkey-egg; another, consisting of two hundred emeralds, close joined together, of the most lively green, perfectly matched, every one as large as a half-crown piece, and as thick as three crown pieces; and another of small emeralds, perfectly round. But her earrings eclipsed all the rest. They were two diamonds, shaped exactly like pears, as large as a big hazelnut. Round her *talpoche* she had four strings of pearl, the whitest and most perfect in the world, at least enough to make four necklaces, every one as large as the Duchess of Marlborough's, and of the same size, fastened with two roses, consisting of a large ruby for the middle stone, and round them twenty drops of clean diamonds to each. Beside this, her headdress was covered with bodkins of emeralds and diamonds. She wore large diamond bracelets, and had five rings on her fingers, all single diamonds, (except Mr. Pitt's) the largest I ever saw in my life. It is for jewelers to compute the value of these things; but, according to the common estimation of jewels in our part of the world, her whole dress must be worth above a hundred thousand pounds sterling. This I am very sure of, that no European queen has half the quantity; and the empress's jewels, though very fine, would look very mean near hers.

She gave me a dinner of fifty dishes of meat, which (after their fashion) were placed on the table, but one at a time, and was extremely tedious. But the magnificence of her table answered very well to that of her dress. The knives were of gold, the hafts set with diamonds. But the piece of luxury that grieved my eyes was the table-cloth and napkins, which were all tiffany, embroidered with silks and gold, in the finest manner, in natural flowers. It was with the utmost regret that I made use of these costly napkins, as finely wrought as the finest handkerchiefs that ever came out of this country. You may be sure that they were entirely spoiled before dinner was over. The sherbet (which is the liquor they drink at meals) was served in china bowls; but the covers and salvers were massy gold. After dinner, water was brought in a gold basin, and towels of the same kind as the napkins, which I very unwillingly wiped my hands upon; and coffee was served in china, with gold *soucoupes*.

The sultana seemed in very good humor, and talked to me with the utmost civility. I did not omit this opportunity of learning all that I possibly could of the seraglio, which is so entirely unknown among us. She never mentioned the sultan without tears in her eyes, yet she seemed very fond of the discourse. "My past happiness," said she, "appears a dream to me. Yet I cannot forget that I was beloved by the greatest and most lovely of mankind. I was chosen from all the rest, to make all his campaigns with him; I would not survive him, if I was not passionately fond of the princess my daughter. Yet all my tenderness for her was hardly enough to make me preserve my life. When I lost him,

I passed a whole twelvemonth without seeing the light. Time has softened my despair; yet I now pass some days every week in tears, devoted to the memory of my sultan."

There was no affectation in these words. It was easy to see she was in a deep melancholy, though her good humor made her willing to divert me.

She asked me to walk in her garden, and one of her slaves immediately brought her a pellice of rich brocade lined with sables. I waited on her into the garden, which had nothing in it remarkable but the fountains; and from thence she showed me all her apartments. In her bedchamber her toilet was displayed, consisting of two looking-glasses, the frames covered with pearls, and her night *talpoche* set with bodkins of jewels, and near it three vests of fine sables, every one of which is, at least, worth a thousand dollars (two hundred pounds English money). I don't doubt these rich habits were purposely placed in sight, but they seemed negligently thrown on the sofa. When I took my leave of her, I was complimented with perfumes, as at the grand vizier's, and presented with a very fine embroidered handkerchief. Her slaves were to the number of thirty, besides ten little ones, the eldest not above seven years old. These were the most beautiful girls I ever saw, all richly dressed; and I observed that the sultana took a great deal of pleasure in these lovely children, which is a vast expense; for there is not a handsome girl of that age to be bought under a hundred pounds sterling. They wore little garlands of flowers, and their own hair, braided, which was all their headdress; but their habits all of gold stuffs. These served her coffee, kneeling; brought water

when she washed, etc. It is a great part of the business of the older slaves to take care of these girls, to teach them to embroider, and serve them as carefully as if they were children of the family.

III
THE SICK MAN OF EUROPE

HISTORICAL NOTE

In modern times the most determined enemy of the Ottoman Empire has been Russia. During the last two centuries that country has fought eight wars with Turkey and stripped her of much of her European territory. In the last two of these wars (1853 and 1877) the Turkish Empire was only saved by the intervention of the other European powers in her favor. Turkey had conquered and held her provinces by force, and by force they were wrested from her weakened grasp. In 1821, the Greeks rose against their oppressors and by the aid of European powers threw off the hated yoke. Egypt and Syria passed from Turkish control in 1840, and Servia, Roumania, and Bulgaria in 1878. The abuses of the Turkish Government were innumerable, and finally the Young Turk Party was formed by the more enlightened people of the country. With the first years of the twentieth century its activity increased. The sway of the Sultan Abd-ul-Hamid II had long been sustained by bribes, spies, and murders, until the unendurable point had been reached. In 1909, he was deposed and his brother placed upon the throne.

In 1912, the Balkan States combined in an attempt to extend their territories at the expense of Turkey. In the war that followed the allies were victorious, but the breakdown of the alliance at the close of the war gave Turkey an opportunity to regain a part of her European territory, including Adrianople, the ancient capital of the Ottoman Empire.

THE LAST OF THE JANIZARIES

[1826]

BY MAURUS JÓKAI

[THE Janizaries became more and more savage and lawless until they were hardly more than a ferocious band of assassins. Several sultans tried their best to reform them, but to no avail. Sultan Mahmoud II was determined to reorganize his army on the European plan; but the Janizaries were equally determined that this should not be. They revolted, they burned, and they slaughtered with the most horrible tortures any one who dared even to mention any change in the organization.

The Editor.]

THE sultan was standing on the roof of his palace, whence he could view far away the spreading scarlet glow of the conflagration which lit up the night with a terrifying glare, whose fiery columns were reflected in the black Bosphorus.

Panic-stricken fugitives spread the report that the seraglio itself was in flames, and, indeed, it looked in the distance as if the fiery waves had reached its cupolaed towers.

Mahmoud spent the whole night in prayer. Two hours after midnight a horseman arrived who had forced his way through Stamboul, his good steed collapsing as it reached the cypress grove of Bakshishtash. The horseman himself demanded an audience of the sultan, and was instantly admitted.

A bright momentary ray of hope was visible on the

face of Mahmoud as he recognized the horseman. It was Thomar, now the Akinji Feriki, the bravest warrior in the three continents of the Ottoman Empire.

When Mahmoud had quitted the seraglio he had picked out sixteen young horsemen from amongst his retinue, and left them behind in the palace, with the injunction that if a rebellion should break out in Stamboul, which was pretty certainly to be anticipated, they were to cut their way through the enemy and bring him word thereof. Thomar alone had arrived — the other fifteen had been killed by the rebels; he had cut out a road for himself and contrived to reach Bakshishtash.

"The dragon has raised all the twelve heads, my master," said he to the sultan; "now is the time to cut them all off, or it will devour thy empire."

The sultan, who greatly loved the youth, wiped the sweat from his face with his own handkerchief, and bade him await him below in the banqueting-chamber.

And with that he resumed his devotions.

Towards five o'clock, when the sun rose from behind the blue hills of Asia in all its glory, the sultan descended from the roof of his palace and commanded his servants and men-at-arms to form in rank in front of the palace. All the fighting men he had with him were a thousand *akinjis* (irregular cavalry) and about as many horsemen, *silchidars* (divisions of paid cavalry), and *bostanjis* (bodyguards).

Those who had seen his face but an hour ago were amazed at the change that had come over it. Its generally mild and peaceful expression had given place to a proud resentment and a death-defying audacity. He embraced his wife and the Sultana Asseki, and finally

his son, the heir to the throne. Not a tear was visible on his face as he embraced his beloved ones. They all noticed a new vigor flashing from his eyes; he looked as if he were inspired. He had no need now for any one to encourage him.

As he held one arm round his wife and the other round his child, he said to them, "And now I go. My path leads me into Stamboul; whether it will lead me back again, I know not. But I swear that if I do return it will be as the veritable ruler of my realm. What will ye do if I perish?"

The face of Milieva glowed at this question. She led Mahmoud aside into the back part of the room. There the sultan perceived a large heap of pillows and cushions.

"If Mahmoud perishes," said the Circassian girl enthusiastically, "those who love him will discover a way of following him; yea, thine enemies, when they look for us, will only find our ashes here."

Mahmoud kissed the girl on the forehead; she was, indeed, worthy to sit at the foot of the throne.

With that he descended into the courtyard, and they led his good steed in front of the arched door. The sultan beckoned to Thomar to hold the reins while he mounted, then he detached an agate from the heron plume that waved above his turban, and fastened it on the fez of the youth as he knelt before him.

"I name thee leader of the *akinjis;* and now, whoever has a sword, let him show that he is worthy of our ancestors!"

With these words the padishah drew his scimitar, and, galloping to the front of his horsemen, took the place of command. A moment later the little host was already

on its way to Stamboul. In front marched the *akinjis* with glittering bayonets; in the center was the sultan with his suite; the rear was brought up by the horsemen and the gardeners. Every one of them was resolved to die honorably and gloriously.

On reaching the city the bold band met at first with but little opposition, for they came unawares. The rebels were weary from the exertions of the previous night. After putting out the conflagration the mob had set to work plundering, and towards morning the greater part of it had dispersed amongst the coffee-houses and other places of amusement.

Mahmoud and his aggressive band met with no opposition right up to the seraglio. The streets, indeed, were thronged by a noisy mob, but it made way at once before the serried ranks of the *akinjis*. None insulted the sultan by so much as an offensive word; on the contrary, cries of admiration were audible here and there. Men were astounded when they beheld the padishah appear with a handful of armed men amidst the raging tempest, and permitted him to enter the gates of the seraglio in peace.

The shout bursting through all the doors, which resounded for some minutes from the inside of the palace, announced to those outside what courage the appearance of the sultan had instilled into the hearts of those of his warriors who were shut up in the seraglio.

Kara Makan, full of amazement, withdrew the bulk of the rebels from the grand signior's palace and massed the Janizaries near the Etmeidan, where banners were hoisted side by side with the subverted kettles. At the corners of the streets the wild priests of Beltash continued to incite the agitated mob with hoarse cries, and

from the summits of the minarets the horns of the rebels sounded continuously, only ceasing at such times as the imams summoned the people of Osman to glorify Allah, about the fifth hour of the day. At the sound of the *namazat*, even the furious popular tempest abated, only beginning again when the last notes of the call to prayer ceased to resound.

Stamboul was literally turned upside down, and the dregs were swimming on the surface. The confraternity of porters, the water-carriers, the boatmen, all stood by the Janizaries and swelled enormously the bulk of the rebels. Every mosque, every barrack, was in their power; even the towers of the Dardanelles had opened their gates to the Jamaki, who were in alliance with the Janizaries. The sultan was shut up in his own palace.

The Janizaries intended to carry the edifice of the Sublime Porte by assault, and had, therefore, sent forth criers to the *jebejis*, or camp blacksmiths, who were encamped with the heavy cannons on the grounds of the Mosque of Sophia, to invite them to begin the siege.

The emissaries of the Janizaries, in brief, savage harangues, called upon the *jebejis* to put their hands to the bloody work. The latter listened to them, but for a long time hesitated. Suddenly a shot fired from amongst the crowd struck one of the speakers, who fell down dead, whereupon the other *jebejis* rushed upon the envoys of the Janizaries, cut them down, and, flinging their severed heads into a heap, shouted, "Long live the sultan!" and with that they proceeded in front of it, and turned their guns against the rebels.

Towards midday, amidst strains of martial music, the Kapudan Pasha Ibrahim, whose nickname was "The

Infernal," arrived with four thousand marines and fourteen guns. A quarter of an hour later were to be seen in the proximity of the Jali Kiosk the overwhelming forces of the Grand Vizier Muhammad, who, under the protection of the night, had got together the hosts of Asia, which had always been opposed to the Janizaries. The Janizary aga was there, too, with the Komparajis from Tophana. The concentrating masses welcomed one another with bloodthirsty greeting. It was evident, from the faces of their leaders, that they were determined not to retreat a step on the path they had taken. The last hour of the Janizaries, or of the Ottoman Empire, had struck.

And now the gates of the seraglio were thrown open, and, escorted by the high officers of state and the ulemas, the sultan came forth.

The ulemas, the imams, and the officers of the army stood in a semicircle round the gate. The sultan remained standing on the highest step. There he stood in the full regalia of the padishahs, holding in one hand the banner of the Prophet and in the other a drawn sword.

"What do the rebels desire," exclaimed, with a loud, penetrating voice the Sheik-ul-Islam, "who rise up against Allah and against the Head of the Faith, the padishah?"

The chief mufti replied with unction: "It is written in the Koran, 'If the infidels rise against their brethren, let them die the death!'"

"Then swear by the banner of the Prophet that ye will root out them who have risen up against me!"

The viziers kissed the holy flag and took the oath to defend it to the last drop of their blood.

"And now close the gates!" commanded the sultan; and immediately he sent orders to the warders of all the gates of Stamboul to let nobody either out or in. One of the opposing hosts was never to leave the city alive.

"Long life to the sultan! Death to the Janizaries!" resounded from fifteen thousand lips in front of the seraglio.

The sultan would have led his army in person against the rebels, but his generals fell down on their knees and implored him in the name of the Prophet not to expose his life to danger. Let him at least give his sword to the grand vizier, that he might not soil it in the blood of rebels.

So the gates were shut. This circumstance filled the hearts of the rebels with terror. They foresaw that this day would now be followed by another; the hand of indulgence, of reconciliation, now grasped the weapons of war, of massacre.

They all assembled round the Etmeidan, pulled down the buildings in the street, and made barricades of them. 'T is a bad sign for a rebellion when it has to look to its defense.

The forces of the grand vizier slowly approached amidst the roll of kettledrums; the Derben aga appeared in front of the barricades of the Janizaries, with the *sanjak-i-sherif* in his hand, and summoned the rebels to disperse and return to the allegiance of the sacred banner. The rebels drowned his speech in curses, and above the curses rose the thundering voice of Kara Makan hounding on the fanatical mob against the destroyers of the faith of Osman.

"Wipe out these new ordinances, give up the heads of

the godless ones who signed their names below the *khat-i-sherif* — to wit, the Janizary aga, the grand vizier, the chief mufti, and Nedjib Effendi! This is what the *ortas* (companies) of the Janizaries demand, and their honest confederates, the Jamaki, the Kayikjis, and the Hamaloks, who remain faithful to the God of the Moslemin."

Thrice did the Derben aga summon the rebels to surrender, and thrice did he receive the same answer. They demanded the heads of the viziers.

Mahmoud's predecessor had, on a similar request, surrendered the heads of the viziers. Mahmoud broke his sword in two above their heads, and, throwing the broken pieces in the dust, exclaimed: —

"Just as I now break in two this sword and nobody shall weld it together again, so also shall ye be overthrown and none shall raise you up again."

The next moment the cannons of Ibrahim the Infernal thundered forth their volleys from the Etmeidan. The bombs tore through the rickety wooden barriers, and through the breach thus made rushed Hussein Pasha at the head of the *akinjis*, with Thomar Bey by his side.

The appearance of the detested new soldiers was greeted by the Janizaries with a furious howl, but the very first moment convinced them that the bayonet was a very much more powerful weapon than the dirk. Thomar Bey headed the charge in person, making a way for himself with his bayonet, and clearing the ranks of the insurgents like a sharp wedge.

On this side there was no deliverance, so now, with the fury of despair, the insurgents flung themselves on the guns of Ibrahim Pasha, three times charging his

death-vomiting batteries, and, thrice recoiling, leaving the ground covered with their corpses, the terrible grapeshot mowing them down in heaps.

It was all, all over. The flowers of Begtash's garden, vanquished, humbled by the new soldiers, fled for refuge to the huge quadrangular barracks which occupied the ground at the rear of the Etmeidan.

Kara Makan did not live to experience that hour of humiliation; a cannon-ball took off his head so cleanly that his body could only be identified by his girdle.

Within the walls of the barracks the Janizaries made ready for their last desperate combat. It was now late. Ibrahim the Infernal began to bombard the barracks with red-hot bullets, and within an hour's time the whole of the enormous building was in flames. Those who were inside the gates remained there, for there they were doomed to perish together. Amidst the roaring of the flames their death-cries were audible, but the flames grew stronger every moment and the cry of their mortal anguish waxed fainter. The generals stood around the building, and tears glittered in more eyes than one; after all, it had been a valiant host!

Had been! Those words explain their doom.

On that day twenty thousand Janizaries fell by the command of the padishah. Those whom the bullet and the sword did not reach perished by the axe and the bowstring. Their bodies were given to the Bosphorus, and for a long time afterwards the billows of distant seas cast their headless trunks on the shores of countries far away. These were the flowers of Begtash.

And so the name of the Janizaries was blotted out of the annals of Ottoman history.

The wearing of their uniforms and their insignia was forbidden under sentence of death. Their barracks were leveled with the ground, their banners were torn to bits, their kettles were smashed to pieces, their memory was made accursed.

The order of the priests of Begtash was abolished forever, their religious homes were destroyed, their possessions confiscated.

Thus came to an end a soldiery which had existed for centuries, which the wise Chendereli founded, and which had won so many glorious triumphs for the Ottoman arms. It was now unlawful to mention its very name.



THE MUEZZIN

BY JEAN LÉON GÉRÔME

(*French artist,* 1824–1904)

FAR above a sleeping city, whose domes and flat roofs indicate it to be in the East, is the richness of the midnight sky, its quiet intensified by the silence of the burning stars. Straight athwart the heavens rises the minaret of a mosque; and on the little platform at its top stands the muezzin. His business is seven times a day to give the call for prayers. At dawn, noon, four in the afternoon, sunset, and nightfall, and twice during the night, he must cry aloud, "Allah is great! There is no God but Allah! Mohammed is the prophet of Allah! Come to prayers! Come to salvation! There is no God but Allah!" One of the sects adds, before the early morning call, "Prayers are better than sleep!" The work of a muezzin brings generous reward, for he who performs well its duties has made sure his admission into Paradise.

Of the muezzin Pierre Loti says: —

"Now they are beginning their chanting call — those voices for which they wait. Men who dwell in the tops of those shafts lost in the high luminous haze, hosts of the air, near neighbors it might seem of the moon to-night, suddenly break into song like birds, in a sort of thrilling rapture that has come over them. These men have been chosen for their rare gifts of voice, or they could not be heard from the summit of those prodigious towers. Not a sound is lost; not a word of what they chant fails to come down to us, clear, fluent, and articulate."

"THE HOUSE OF FEAR"

[1908]

BY FRANCIS MCCULLAGH

[THE Sultan Abd-ul-Hamid, who was deposed in 1909, lived in constant dread of assassination. This will account for the peculiarities of the "House of Fear."

The Editor.]

AS for the sultan's residence, the *Kutchuk Mabein*, or Little Harem, it is a medium-sized, two-storied, modern, wooden bungalow of no architectural distinction whatever. Rather smaller than the Kew Palace, it contains far more rooms and passages. The lower windows are protected by light iron bars, the upper not; but in this respect the Little Mabein is no different from any of the other kiosks.

The house contains about a dozen rooms, distributed in a haphazard way, and not made, as in European houses, to correspond with the windows. This lack of arrangement was, it is said, due to Abd-ul-Hamid himself (who took a keen though unenlightened interest in his numerous building operations), the object being to mislead the would-be assassin for whom the ex-sultan has been waiting for the last thirty years, if that assassin were so foolish as to imagine that he could judge of the distribution of the apartments from the arrangement of the windows.

This, then, was the House of Fear — a House of Fear for the ruled, but infinitely more the House of Fear of

the ruler. Many exaggerations have been indulged in at the expense of Abd-ul-Hamid, but, on the score of his timidity, it would be difficult to exaggerate. His house is a standing monument to the greatness of his cowardice and the littleness of his mind.

Accident, tradition, fashion, family influence, public opinion, lack of means, or of inclination to express one's self in stone and mortar generally bring it to pass that a man's individuality cannot always be accurately gauged from the architecture of his house or the arrangement of his rooms. The possessor of ducal halls may have the mind of a coster-monger, and a lodger in an attic may have the mind of a king. But in the case of Abd-ul-Hamid most of the influences whereof I have just spoken did not act. In one way even tradition was unexpectedly weak, as is shown by the very slight attention which the ex-sultan paid to Islamic customs in the architecture and in the furnishing of his residence. But tradition forced the sultan to build and to continue building. In the first place, there was the Roman tradition, inherited by the Osmanli, which makes building the work of kings. In the second place, there was the traditional Oriental superstition that the more a man builds the longer he will live. Moreover, the necessity for seclusion, in the case of a man like Abd-ul-Hamid, made the erection of new palaces advisable. Hence Abd-ul-Hamid built. And as he was wealthy, he could make his palace an accurate representation of his own mind, could knead it like clay in his hands, could tumble down, rebuild, and alter as much as he liked — just as a painter might efface line after line until he had got exactly what he wanted — without fear of encountering

the faintest opposition from any quarter. The result was an architectural horror such as the world never saw before, not even in the days of decaying Rome, for Diocletian's villa is even yet beautiful and imposing. The wilderness of ugly kiosks, pavilions, châlets, and *belvédères* which go under the general name of Yildiz has no master thought, no dominant inspiration, unless it be — Fear.

Everything in Yildiz bears the imprint of the curious and crooked mind which called it into existence. Safety from pursuit and assassination seems to have been the main object in view. "It is not a palace," said one of the deputies who took part in the examination of it, "it is a labyrinth. It has the air of having been constructed with the unique object of rendering pursuit along the corridors impossible."

No one can examine the sultan's residence without coming to the conclusion that it was the production and the abode of fear unutterable. Like the Caligula and Domitian described for us by Suetonius, Abd-ul-Hamid was almost insane. Fundamentally, indeed, he was neither a Caligula nor a Domitian, but he curiously resembled the latter in his suspiciousness, his elaborate precautions against assassination, and his intense dread of conspiracies directed against his life. To guard against conspirators getting a plan of his residence, he was continually changing its internal arrangements, walling up doors, opening new ones, narrowing passages, dividing by partitions, making windows and closing them again. The iron door which communicated with the garden was of great strength and was capable of being very firmly bolted inside.

To spare himself the danger of crossing the graveled path which separated his house from the harem, the sultan had linked his residence by flying bridges to the harem on the one side and to the imperial theater on the other. His front door, which faced the harem, opened in the side of a small, projecting pseudo-porch of a kind common in cheap suburban cottages in London. Opposite that undignified entrance was the reception-room, which I shall describe later, wherein Abd-ul-Hamid received the news of his deposition. Next the reception-room was a small, bare sitting-room, with one window looking towards the harem and, in the center, a table whereon stood, at the time I visited Yildiz, a bottle of medicine bearing the vague direction, "Take a glass from time to time," and a second bottle containing some kind of liqueur.

From this ill-lighted apartment a narrow passage led to the room which happened to be Abd-ul-Hamid's bedchamber on the last night that he slept at Yildiz. It was a very small and plainly furnished room with one window looking out on the great harem and with a plush sofa-bed near the opposite wall. On the occasion of my visit, this sofa-bed was in exactly the condition in which Abd-ul-Hamid had left it. Tossed and tumbled about on the couch were a soft Turkish quilt, such as a draper would describe as "rich satin quilt, filled with pure down," and some half-dozen soft silk cushions. Over a long chair near by hung a white night-dress and a cincture bearing the letter "A," both belonging probably to Abdurrahmin Effendi, the sultan's favorite son, who was continually with his father during their last few days in Yildiz. Near the sultan's bed was a little

rest for a coffee-cup, or, more probably, for a revolver. In a recess cut into the wall in a corner of the room was a washstand and basin, hidden by a lacquer screen. On the wall above the couch hung a large Japanese *kakemono*, bearing the figure of a bird, I think an eagle.

Abd-ul-Hamid's study was, like his bedroom, on the ground floor and looked out on the garden. This was the workshop of what was probably one of the hardest-working monarchs that ever lived; but when I visited the place, a few months after its owner's departure, there remained little trace of that stupendous and misdirected industry, for Abd-ul-Hamid had dealt largely with living documents and had never been a bookish man, and all his papers had been carted away long before, to the Seraskierat. The legs of the table and of the chair in front of it were scientifically insulated, the sultan having evidently been afraid of lightning ever since an occasion when Yildiz was struck by it. On the table were some copies of the fatal *Serbesti* newspaper which had played such a rôle at the time of the mutiny; also an old report from the Turkish Embassy in London, regarding the indignation meetings provoked by the Armenian massacres.

It is well known that, like Peter the Great, Prince Nikolai Andreyitch, and other famous historical and imaginary characters, Abd-ul-Hamid was an enthusiastic carpenter, and, upstairs, the most remarkable room in his palace was a carpenter's workshop fitted with all the necessary appliances and tools. The latter, to judge from their discolored handles, must have been often used. The sultan seems to have been fond of inlaid work, — preferring generally an inlay of various

colored woods; also of pearl, — and some five or six panels in his study are said to be his work. "They look like it," says an expert who has examined them. "The drawing is bad and the mixture of colored woods quite vulgar. The workmanship, however, is neat and accurate."

What struck one about all the rooms, and particularly about this carpenter's room, was their small size. Their owner seemed to require little more space than a cat, and was evidently not a monarch who delighted in striding up and down lofty halls. There were only two large rooms in the palace, but Abd-ul-Hamid seldom entered them.

Near the carpenter's shop was the bathroom where the padishah is said to have often taken milk baths and to have elaborately "made up" for his public appearances by means of paints and dyes. It was a comparatively large apartment. The walls were covered with white, glazed tiles, and the cupboards filled with hair-restorers, complexion-restorers, patent medicines, and quack remedies guaranteed to rejuvenate the most senile. A calendar in the bathroom bore the date April 15, the day the Macedonians began their march.

In a glass cabinet in one of the rooms upstairs was a collection of gold-mounted revolvers and automatic pistols, rapiers, and rifles, evidently presents. Downstairs there was also a collection of revolvers, not gold-mounted. These weapons were not merely for show, as it is well known that the sultan constantly practiced with them and was a very good shot. In the garden he fitted up a rifle-range with moving figures. There were in one of the rooms two stiff, padded waistcoats which

stood upright of themselves and which were said to contain the famous coats of armor which the sultan used; but they were of light weight, and I am doubtful if either of them would have stopped a Mauser pistol bullet at close range. One of these vests was covered with silk, and the padishah wore it under the impression that it would also protect him against lightning.

The windows were not properly painted; there was a large hole in one of the carpets; and the furniture was at once extraordinarily incongruous and extraordinarily abundant. Sometimes in one and the same room you had imitation Louis XVI, Empire, Japanese, *art nouveau*, and several other styles. The only thing you had not was the old Turkish style. Despite all his efforts to pose as the religious chief of Islam, Abd-ul-Hamid furnished his house in what he conceived to be European fashion; and as he was, after all, little more than an ignorant peasant, the whole effect was tasteless and vulgar.

I have said that the furniture was extraordinarily abundant. So numerous, indeed, were the presses, wardrobes, chests of drawers, cupboards, and unsightly old bedsteads which filled the rooms and lined some of the corridors, that the place looked like an auctioneer's showroom, or like a depot used for the storage of a miscellaneous collection of furniture seized for debt, from people in different walks of life and with widely divergent tastes.

Like everything else in Yildiz, this array of old furniture in the corridors had a meaning. It meant that the padishah, fearing that these particular corridors were not sufficiently narrow, had determined to narrow them

in this way. Sometimes he attained the same object by moving the walls more closely together, his aim being to prevent two or more assassins from coming abreast into his presence. Of one man at a time he was not, apparently, afraid, for as the bullet-holes in the bull's-eyes and movable man-shaped targets in his private revolver range indicated, he was a very good shot, and besides the revolver which he continually carried in his breast-pocket, he always had numbers of loaded pistols and revolvers lying within reach of his hand. When the Macedonians entered Yildiz, they found loaded firearms lying about almost everywhere — in the bathroom, cupboards, at the bed-sides, and on the writing-tables. In the sultan's residence alone over one thousand revolvers were discovered.

The presses and wardrobes contained such incredible quantities of cheap shirts, collars, socks, and underclothing that the place seemed to be a popular drapery establishment instead of a palace, and this impression was borne out by the dusty piles of large corded packages done up in brown paper which were heaped on top of the wardrobes in some of the passages. In one room there were more than a thousand collars and shirts, many fezzes, hundreds of neckties, and an enormous quantity of writing-paper, but not a single night-dress. There were also two thousand waistcoats, all of them evidently intended for the sultan, but none of them ever worn by him, and over twenty thousand keys. Like all half-savage natures, Abd-ul-Hamid seemed to be very fond of fancy clocks, for he had an incredibly large collection, most of them gilt productions of American manufacture.

The fireproof safe in which the sultan kept his papers was very large and modern. It was fitted into the wall of the study, not far from the imperial bedroom. The outer steel doors were large enough to admit the entrance of several men at once. Inside these were two large safes and many smaller drawer-like safes, arranged in rows in the steel walls. The whole was lighted by electricity and reminded one of a safe deposit vault in a bank.

Sometimes one felt inclined to conclude that the house had been furnished with presents, books, and samples of furniture, etc., sent by foreign firms and foreign potentates. Most of the books were German and dealt with war, with the German army, and with Turkish history and geography — which means that German authors and publishers sent more free copies to the sultan than did the authors and publishers of other nations. There were also, however, many recently published books on Turkey in English and French. Among them were some well-bound trade catalogues, which the sultan's librarian had probably regarded as serious literature, and some pro-Turkish treatises with the Turkophile passages heavily underlined, evidently by the gifted author.

One very large and magnificently bound volume, which was not kept in a bookcase, however, but on a table in one of the upstairs rooms, was a present from the Czar of Russia, of whose coronation it gave a minute account, accompanied by many gorgeous illustrations. Judging from the appearance of this work and from the inscriptions it bore, I should think that only a few copies of it had been specially printed in Moscow for distri-

bution among crowned heads and rulers of states. Another costly present which stood on a bracket in the same room, a large room situated above the reception-room, was a photograph of the imperial family of Germany, in a frame which sparkled with precious stones. This was a present from William II to Abd-ul-Hamid on the occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the latter's accession to the throne. On a table stood a clock incrusted with fine stones, the gift of the Czar of Russia. There were also, of course, portfolios and photo-albums filled with photographs of crowned heads and imperial princes, but I could see nothing in the shape of a present from St. James's or from the White House.

The other large room upstairs was a state bed-chamber containing an elaborate double bed of the usual frigid and magnificent kind which one sees in European palaces, that is, with a canopy, curtains, the imperial arms above the pillow, etc. Close by were a lavabo and several armchairs, while on a table at the foot of the bed lay a menu, dated May 25, 1324 (of the Turkish calendar), i.e., fourteen months previously.

Every room in the palace was provided with a sofa whereon the sultan could sleep if he felt inclined; but nobody ever knew in what room he would sleep on any given night. Before retiring to rest he would sometimes call his attendants, and say to them, "Keep a good lookout. I am going to sleep to-night in this room"; after which he would invariably go and sleep somewhere else.

It was a decided relief to escape from this mono-mania of fear into the servants' quarter. Near Abd-ul-Hamid's last bedchamber in Yildiz was the rough

bed of a soldier, and farther back were small rooms wherein a large number of servants slept on mattresses spread on the floor. Empty bottles, containing the stumps of burnt-down tallow candles and fragments of the exceedingly plain-spoken and broadly humorous literature of old Arabia, pointed to the fact that some of the soldiers read themselves and the others to sleep while their imperial master was probably lying awake, awaiting the coming of that assassin who never came.

Returning to the sultan's part of the house, we are surprised by the number of Japanese fans and screens which must have been bought by Abd-ul-Hamid from the local Japanese dealer or presented by the latter to the padishah on behalf of the mikado. Near the outer door stood a large camera. The only picture I saw was a most extraordinary performance in oils which looked like the work of a schoolboy, but which is said to have been painted by the padishah himself. It represented a number of bearded men dressed like French priests and standing in a *caique* or boat, playing musical instruments and singing. The *caiqueji* or boatman extends a purse of gold towards the shore, on which dance a troop of naked women. It is said that a resemblance has been traced between the faces of the men in the boat and those of Midhat Pasha and the other reformers, and that the sultan meant to indicate that Constitutionalism would bring in its wake Christianity, corruption, and immorality; but that such a hideous daub should have been hung up near the sultan's bedroom is surprising, unless on the assumption that the sultan painted it himself.

The "famous" garden of Yildiz, whereon look out

the reception-room in which Abd-ul-Hamid heard of his deposition and the study where he used to sit on an insulated chair, consists of about ten acres of park containing some fine old trees, well-kept graveled paths, imitation and real flowers, little arbors (provided, like every room in the palace, with match-boxes and ash-trays, for the ex-sultan is a great cigarette smoker), and a canal, traversed by a little treadmill boat and provided with toy landing-stages corresponding to the different landing-stages on the Bosphorus.

The garden is a disappointment, but there is one very extraordinary feature. The high wall which bounds it and which also forms the inner inclosure of Yildiz is lined throughout its entire length with the cages of birds and wild animals, — not small cages, but large substantial ones such as are used in Regent's Park. In some of these cages are monkeys and rare dogs, but the sultan seemed fondest of all kinds of birds, especially of harmless birds such as pigeons, of which he is said to have possessed twenty thousand specimens, not free, but confined in huge cages each of which held hundreds of these birds. There were also thousands of storks, canaries, parrots, cranes, etc. Even in the outside park there were two zebras, two deer, several empty cages, which had evidently accommodated large wild beasts, probably lions or tigers, a poultry-yard for hens and pheasants, cages for parrots, a special section for the beautiful Angora cats of which the sultan was particularly fond. Running about at large were a great number of rabbits, some sheep, three ostriches, and several gazelles. On the lake paddled a number of magnificent swans.

The inside inclosure was more like a public menagerie, however, than a palace park; and I must say that an examination of it modified somewhat my opinion of Abd-ul-Hamid. If he had collected all these animals together in order to experiment with and torture them, like Dr. Moreau on his island, then one could say, "Quite so. This is just what we expected. This is exactly in keeping with the rest of his character." But the birds and animals had evidently been accustomed to be caressed and fed by a kind master. In other words, the old sultan evidently liked animals, and a man who loves animals cannot be wholly bad.

THE SILENT ARMY

BY FRANCIS MCCULLAGH

[IN 1908 the "Young Turks," as the progressive party is called, rose against Abd-ul-Hamid and forced him to grant a constitution. A year later the sultan contrived to bring about a revolt of the garrison in Constantinople. Then the Macedonians, whose march is here described, came down upon the city, and in ten days the Young Turk's Party was in power. Abd-ul-Hamid was deposed, and his younger brother was set upon the throne as Mohammed V.

The Editor.]

AT the extremity of the Golden Horn, on the eastern side, lies the old Jewish cemetery — a bare hillside of enormous extent covered with ancient rough blocks of stone, lying on the ground, not planted in it, and bearing the appearance of having been deposited there, haphazard, by glaciers and not by the hand of man — altogether one of the weirdest and most extraordinary sights that even Constantinople can show.

At the southern edge of this desolation lives Salih Keramet, a Turkish shepherd. All Turkish peasants are superstitious, and, after more than forty years spent in this lonely spot (the last ten years passed in solitude, for his childless wife died in the year 1899), Salih had become morbidly superstitious. Instead of growing accustomed to the huge adjacent graveyard, he became more and more afraid of it every day, and at night before retiring to rest he always looked apprehensively

towards that wilderness of tombstones to see if perchance the ghosts of the Hebrews buried there were wandering abroad.

On the night of Friday, April 23, he retired to rest at an early hour according to his invariable custom, and at once fell into a sound sleep, for he had traveled much that day, having been to the selamlik of the Padishah Abd-ul-Hamid at Yildiz Kiosk, and having also been at the Suleiman Mosque in Stamboul to perform his devotions. During the course of the night, — at what hour he could not say, for he had no clock or other means of calculating how long he slept, — he was suddenly awakened by the furious barking of his dogs. Rising hastily, — for he had never heard his dogs bark like that before at night, as belated travelers always gave this ill-omened spot the widest possible berth, — he threw a robe over his shoulders and opened the door, which, by the way, looks south, that is, in the opposite direction to the cemetery.

There was a feeble, clouded moon, and by its light he could see that his dogs were gathered together in a panic-stricken group outside his hut, and were barking at Something which, to judge by their violent agitation, was evidently advancing on them from the adjacent cemetery. Too horror-stricken to think for a moment of investigating what the Something was, Keramet stepped back to shut the door, when suddenly there appeared before his eyes a sight that struck him motionless. A host of phantoms had enveloped his hut and were rushing towards the city. Hundreds, thousands, passed, not paying any attention to him at all, but fearfully intent on some distant goal. He could not see their faces

(a mercy for which he fervently thanked Allah and the Prophet). He could not hear their footsteps, though they passed at a distance of only a few yards. It was this latter circumstance that horrified him most, for he knew that no living men could pass so near without making themselves heard. Had he not remarked at the selamlik that very day how the giants of the Imperial Guard made the ground shake beneath their measured tread? Ghosts they certainly were, but not, praise be to Allah! the ghosts of Hebrews. On the contrary, they were the wraiths of Moslem warriors, for did he not see the moonlight glitter on their bayonets and on the gilt verses of the Koran embroidered on their raven banners?

The silence of the ghostly procession was terrible, but its voice was more terrible still, and Keramet fell on his face and implored Allah the Merciful, the Compassionate, to save him from the thunderbolts of his wrath when, at dawn of day, in Taxim Square, the Silent Army spoke. At that moment, the vanguard of Enver Bey's detachment had reached the outskirts of Pera, and, long delayed, the "tempest of God" had at length burst on Yildiz. For these were, indeed, the Macedonian soldiers, and the noiselessness of their tread was due to the fact that officers and men alike wore the *charik* or soft native shoe, which is akin, in its noiselessness at least, to the *waraji* of the Japanese.

Frightfully impressive was that silent and ghostly invasion. The only living things to notice it at first, however, were Keramet, the *bekji* or native watchmen, who beat on the pavement all night with their long staves in order to frighten off evildoers, and several

belated travelers, who became petrified with horror as they gazed, open-mouthèd, on this awful hallucination, this phantom army advancing without footfall or word of command, beat of drum or blast of bugle, silent as the invading cohorts of Black Sea fog that steal down the Bosphorus in autumn. Then the dogs noticed it, the famous, wise dogs of Constantinople. Distressfully they howled all night in a blood-curdling, unearthly chorus worthy of a legion of lost souls. (Hark well to that piercing cry, for it is the only requiem of the old régime!) Distressfully they howled, for if all of them did not see the northerners, all smelt them and knew that strangers had seized the city. For Stamboul now has new masters, slim, clean-built men, — Slavs and Arnaouts, most of them, — with the springy step, the bright eye, and the cheerful laugh of the Serb and Albanian mountaineer. The day of the squat, dreamy, fanatical Anatolian is past; the day of the keen and energetic Macedonian has come, and with it has come a new era in the history of Constantinople.

At daybreak, when the Silent Army suddenly woke the city with a mighty voice, — the voice of Mauser and Maxim and Krupp, — the dogs, the famous, wise dogs of Constantinople suddenly changed their tactics and became silent as the grave. At the corner of Taxim Barracks, where the fighting was fiercest, there was a heap of sand, collected there in connection with some building operations, and into this the Taxim dogs burrowed like rabbits until the bullets ceased to fly. They could not run away, for every dog in Constantinople has its own beat, outside of which it cannot venture without running the risk of being torn to pieces by the *confrères*

whose territory it invades. For some days after the fighting had ceased, these dogs had disappeared from the streets, and I sometimes wondered what had become of them. Had they, like Yildiz, been swept away forever by that whirlwind from the north, or were they biding their time, consoling themselves in the mean while with the reflection that their fathers saw a dozen such brilliant reformative movements come to naught, and that they or their posterity would yet enjoy the sun, stretched at full length in the grass-grown streets of Stamboul and along the deserted quays of the Golden Horn?

In the former case Constantinople will cease to be a Turkish city, if there be any truth in the strange old Mohammedan prophecy, to which I very often heard reference made during those critical days, that when the street-dogs of Constantinople leave the city, Stamboul will no longer be Mohammedan. In Constantinople they will stay as long as the Mohammedans rule the city. Under the new administration they must go, along with all the other relics of the old state of things, but it by no means follows that the Turks will go with them. The prophecy merely says that Constantinople will cease to be exclusively Turkish and Moslem; but what with Christians in the cabinet, Christians in the army, and with the declaration of the Young Turks that there must henceforth be equality for all races and religions within the empire, Stamboul has now ceased to be exclusively Turkish and Moslem.

IV
TURKISH STORIES

HISTORICAL NOTE

THE early literature of the Turks was modeled upon the Persian. At least one poem of the days before the sixteenth century has enjoyed fame, for on public occasions every year for nearly five hundred years it has been read aloud. Its subject is the birth of Mohammed. After the middle of the sixteenth century, poetry still followed Persian models, but prose began to imitate the work of Arabia. Much story-telling came into this period, and often the stories are arranged in cycles or cluster about some one person, as in the case of Nasr-eddin Hoja. Fairy tales also flourished. After the Crimean War the tendency to follow French models prevailed.

"THE LAMB BOLTED"

A LEGEND OF TURKISH JUSTICE

A CUSTOMER one day brought to the baker of an inland town a fatted lamb, which he told him he had been fattening up for months, and which he wished him to bake in his oven with the utmost care. The baker took the lamb and baked it, and as he was taking it out of the oven, the cadi, or judge of the place, a man of great authority, who was dreaded for his sternness, happening to be passing by, smelt the delicious smell of the lamb, and ordered the baker to send it to his house. "Effendi," says the baker, "the lamb is not mine; it belongs to a customer who has been fattening it for months." "Don't eat dirt," says the cadi, "but do as I tell you, or it will be the worse for you." The poor baker, in fear and trembling asks, "And what must I say to my customer when he comes for the lamb?" "Tell him," says the cadi, "that the lamb bolted; and if he is obstreperous, bring the matter to my court, and I'll protect you."

What could the poor baker do but obey? So he sends the lamb to the cadi's house. Shortly after, the customer calls, and asks for his lamb. "The lamb bolted," says the baker. "How can the lamb I killed yesterday bolt? Are you mad?" asks the customer. "I tell you it bolted," the baker insists. Upon which a violent quarrel begins, and the exasperated customer, who all the time is holding his little baby with his left arm, takes up one of the logs used for burning in the oven to strike the baker.

The latter takes up another to defend himself. Between the furious attack and the defense, one of the logs falls violently on the poor baby's head, and crushes his skull. The customer yells out, "He has murdered my child!" A crowd gathers, and infuriated by the sight of the mangled baby, rushed towards the baker to wreak vengeance upon him. He, in a state of terror, flies away and takes refuge in the mosque. The crowd follows him into the mosque, regardless of its being a sanctuary, and the poor baker runs up to the summit of the minaret. But the crowd will not be denied, and rushes after him even there; and the baker at last, in despair, sooner than be torn to pieces by the infuriated mob, leaps down from the top of the minaret, and, as it happens, falls on a poor camel-driver, who was quietly eating a melon under the minaret with his brother. The camel-driver is absolutely squashed and killed on the spot, but the baker gets off unharmed. The brother begins yelling, "My brother is murdered! Vengeance on the murderer!" The mob, infuriated still further, and, in increased numbers, come on the scene again, yelling for vengeance; but the baker, outstripping it, finally finds his way to the cadi's court, which is open. When the cadi sees the baker and the excited crowd following, he orders the police to shut the doors of the court, and to inform the people that only plaintiffs and defendants will be admitted, and that justice will be done.

The lamb-owner first presents himself, with his mangled baby still in his arms, and he apostrophizes the judge thus: "Justice — I demand justice, my lord. This baker began by stealing my lamb, and then, with a log of wood, killed my baby. Here it is"; and weeping

copiously and loudly, he shows the baby. "What have you to say to this charge?" asks the cadi sternly of the baker. "My lord, it was an accident," says he. "Ah!" says the cadi, "the case is a very serious one, and I must consult our holy law." So he retires into the inner chamber, and after a long delay, sufficient for two good pipes, purposely conceived to weary the crowd of waiting folk, he returns into the court, and says —

"The court has judged. Hearken, ye people. The judgment is that inasmuch as our holy law in such matters requires an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth, the nearest approach to justice in this difficult case is that the plaintiff should divorce his wife forthwith (this can easily be done by the husband's pronouncing three words), and give her to the baker in marriage, and that the baker should give the first child of this marriage into the hands of the plaintiff to take the place of the deceased baby."

Hearing this judgment, the plaintiff, who loved his wife and did not want to part with her, said, "My lord, I repent; I withdraw the charges." The cadi, after reprimanding him indignantly for his inconsistency, condemns him to pay costs, and acquits the baker.

Then came the turn of the camel-driver's brother. He addresses the judge thus: "Justice, my lord, I demand justice. This man jumped on my brother from the top of the minaret whilst we were eating a melon peacefully together, and squashed him to death." "What have you to say to this serious charge?" the cadi asks the baker, who replies, "My lord, how could I from the top of the minaret see the men who were down below it? Why were they there?" The cadi put on a grave face

and said, "This is a very serious case. I must consult our holy law." So he again retires into the inner chamber, and after indulging in a long pipe, returns to the court, and says —

"Hearken, ye people, to the judgment of the court. Inasmuch as in this case our holy law requires an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth, the court pronounces the following judgment: That the baker should be made to sit at the foot of the same minaret and eat a melon, and that the plaintiff should go to the top of it and jump down upon him." Upon which the camel-driver's brother, who did not relish an eighty-foot jump, says also, "My lord, I repent; I withdraw my charge." And the cadi, expatiating again indignantly on the inconsistency of men, condemns him to costs also.

And so the baker got off scot-free, whilst the cadi got the lamb and the costs from both plaintiffs.

STORIES OF NASR-EDDIN HOJA

[NASR-EDDIN HOJA was a real character, who lived in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. He was the great wit of the Turks, and they are never weary of telling and retelling his stories.

The Editor.]

THE REVENGE OF THE HOJA

HAVING quarreled with villagers, whose cowherd he had become, he threatens them with terrible vengeance. Upon which one of them asks him, "What will you do, O Hoja? Will you let our cows stray, and become the food of wolves?" "Worse than that," replies the Hoja. "Will you set fire to our village?" asks the villager again. "Much worse than that," he replies. "Well, what will you do? Tell us," says the villager. "I'll tell you," replies the Hoja; "I'll work for you for a whole year, and when the time comes for you to pay me my wages, I'll throw the money into your faces and go away."

THE HOJA AS A POLITICIAN

On the fellow-citizens of the Hoja consulting him as to the best man to elect for governor of their town, he asked them the following question: "Out of what sphere of life would the dogs choose the man to lead them?" "That of a butcher," they replied, "for they would hope to get scraps of meat out of him." "Go you and do likewise with your governor," said the Hoja.

TURKEY

THE HOJA AND THE THIEF

The Hoja's poverty was so great that there literally was nothing to be found in his hut but the rags he and his wife wore. The couple were lying on the floor one night when the wife heard a thief trying to creep in. She pushed her husband and said, "Hoja, wake; there is a thief coming in." "Hush, hush!" whispers the Hoja. "Let him come; it may please Allah to grant him something to steal, and then I'll get up and steal it back again."

THE OTHER APPLE

Tamerlane the Tartar, in whose court the Hoja lived for some time, one day gave him two beautiful apples and a letter to take to his beloved princess. On the way he smelled the apples repeatedly, and finally, unable to resist the temptation, he eats one up. He presented the remaining apple and the letter to the princess, the letter informing her that two apples were sent, and in flowery language comparing their fragrancy and bloom to her own. She read the letter, and seeing only one apple, said, "Well, Hoja, and where is the other one?" To which he replied, pointing to the apple, "That's the other one."

THE HOJA AND THE CUCUMBERS

When Tamerlane conquered Akshehir, a proclamation was issued that all the inhabitants should bring him tribute. He sat on his throne, and each person deposited the tribute at the foot of it. The Hoja had been summoned too; and finding, after serious consultation with

his wife, that they had no silver or gold to bring, they decided to put twelve young cucumbers into a pretty basket, and present them as tribute. On the way the Hoja, being hot and hungry, eat five of the cucumbers, so there were only seven left. He presented these at the foot of the throne, and Tamerlane, seeing cucumbers instead of precious things, gets into a violent rage, and orders the Hoja to have a stroke of the bastinado for each of the cucumbers presented. He is thrown down at once on his stomach, and the bastinadoing begins. Notwithstanding the exquisite pain, he raises his head, strokes his beard, and loudly thanks Allah. Tamerlane, wondering, asks him, "What are you thanking Allah for?" "My lord," replies the Hoja, "I was thanking Allah that I eat five of the cucumbers on the way, and so saved five strokes." This reply so tickled Tamerlane that he took him into favor, and made him his imam, or priest.

HOW THE HOJA SAVED HIS LIFE

The Hoja, sleeping one night on his terrace, hears a thief, as he thinks, in his yard. With bow and arrow in hand, he peeps over the wall, and sees the thief dressed in white, at whom he shoots his arrow, and then goes to bed again. In the morning he goes to find the dead man, but finds instead that he has mistaken his shirt, which was hanging up to dry, for a robber, and had pierced it with the arrow, upon which he immediately in his night-clothes runs up into the minaret, and vigorously intones the psalm of thanksgiving. The neighbors, disturbed at an early hour, and hearing an unusual chant, all flock out into the street in night-clothes, too, to see what it all means, and seeing the Hoja, they pitch into him most

unmercifully. "Men," he says to them, "would n't you thank Allah for having saved your lives? If I had been in my shirt, I was a dead man, for the arrow would have gone through my heart."

A TURKISH FRIENDSHIP

[Eighteenth century]

BY CHELIBY YORGAKI

[THE following story was told to Dr. Hamlin, the well-known American missionary to Turkey, by Cheliby Yorgaki, to illustrate the fashion in which life moved on in Turkey even in the eighteenth century.

The Editor.]

YOU know the upper gate of the Egyptian Bazaar. Well, just outside of that, in the crowded street, my grandfather had a breadshop. His name was Joannes Giras, but always known as Joannes Ekmekgi — Joannes the breadseller. Right opposite was Ibrahim Tutungi — Ibrahim the tobacconist. They were both old men, always on friendly terms, although one was a Christian, the other a Moslem. Each took his son, a lad of fourteen or fifteen into his shop. The Christian boy, Joannes, was my father. The Turkish boy, right opposite, Ibrahim, became his chief friend. The two boys, Moslem and Christian, were always together when the store would allow, and finally, each was considered derelict to his faith and race by forming such a close friendship. As counsel was disregarded, and the two youths had made a vow of eternal friendship, the Moslem father determined to cut it short forever, although the doing of this would deprive him forever of seeing again his beloved and only son. A Moslem will do such a thing.

One day, Ibrahim came to Joannes and said, "I have

come to bid you good-bye, Joannes. I shan't see you again for a long time."

"Wherever you go," said Joannes, "I shall go, too."

"Yes, but now you can't. My father has made me *chibukgi* to the Pasha of Bagdad, and I am going right off." Then they fell upon each other's necks, and kissed, and wept, and separated. Ibrahim's last words were, "I shall come back to Constantinople, and I shall not come back to be Ibrahim Tutungi nor Ibrahim Chibukgi, but Ibrahim your friend."

The young Ibrahim rose rapidly in favor with the pasha. After a time, he promoted him to be a writer in his great office at Bagdad, and afterwards to be a paid secretary, gave him a wife and a house, and thus Ibrahim, while yet a young man, had reached a position of honor and influence.

After a few years, he made him his second in office. The Kurds on the eastern border were often to be chastised, and the great and turbulent pashalic required a firm and vigorous hand. Ibrahim was the man for the place, and pasha and sultan were satisfied.

The next change came from the death of the old pasha. Ibrahim was appointed in his place; and thus, the *tutungi* had become the great pasha of Bagdad. He now petitioned for leave to visit Constantinople; but the sultan replied, "When you leave, the Kurds will come down. Stay and keep your pashalic in order." So he could not see his old home.

After a while, the pashalic of Aleppo, in Northern Syria, had become disturbed, and one pasha after another had failed to set things to rights. At length the sultan said, "I will send my Pasha of Bagdad there";

and accordingly he went and straightened things out immediately. Again he petitioned for leave to visit Stamboul, and was, as before, refused.

He was finally called home in a most unexpected manner. The hunkiar (emperor; literally, the "Bloodletter") was angry with his grand vizier, and cut off his head. The next thing was to call Ibrahim to take his place.

He was hardly installed in the grand vizierate at Constantinople, when he sent two of his bodyguard, with instructions to inquire for Joannes Giras the breadseller, formerly near the upper gate of the Egyptian Bazaar. If alive, to bring him with them. If dead, to ascertain if he left a family; and who, and where; and bring him exact word.

The street was a narrow one, and all the shops open in front. The people were all astounded to see the officers enter the breadstore of Joannes. "Are you Joannes Giras, Ekmekgi?" "I am." "How long have you been here?" "My father and grandfather were here before me." "Then you are the man! The grand vizier orders that we take you before him." Terror and dismay seized him. He protested that he had committed no crime. He had never been guilty of theft, murder, robbery, or anything else to be arrested for. All the people from the shops, Mussulmans and Christians, gathered round to testify that Joannes was a good and honest man, and that his accuser, whoever he might be, was the criminal. "We know nothing about it," said the officers, "shut up your shop, and come with us."

It was the arrest of fate. Poor Joannes departed,

and the terrors of death got hold of him. He met a neighbor from the Fanar, the Greek quarter, two or three miles distant. "Tell my wife and my two little boys what has happened to me. I am going to my death. The Holy Virgin help them!"

Bad news travels swiftly. The wife tore her hair and garments. The neighbors crowded in, and added their death wails to the shrieks of the widow.

Joannes, arrived at the vizierate, waited two mortal hours, unable to ascertain his accuser, or why he had been arrested. At length he was called into the august presence. Throwing himself flat upon his face, he protested his innocence, and begged for his life, and said, "Shed not so much innocent blood! for who will care for my wife and children? They also will perish!" "Get up!" said the grand vizier. "I do not want your life. I wish to talk with you." He rose upon his knees, with folded arms; not daring to look up. After some other questions, the grand vizier said to him, "Do you remember Ibrahim Tutungi?" "He was my greatest friend in my youth, but he went away, and never returned." "Do you think I am Ibrahim Tutungi?" "Why does Your Highness make sport of a poor man like me? I know that you are His Majesty's grand vizier!" "But I *am* Ibrahim Tutungi, and you are Joannes Ekmekgi"; and he arose, and fell upon his neck, and kissed him! Joannes stepped out of death into life as suddenly as he had experienced the reverse.

After talking a while Ibrahim said, "Time presses, come with me. Do your remember the last words I said to you nearly forty years ago?" "I remember well," said Joannes. "You said you should come back to

Constantinople, not Ibrahim Tutungi nor Ibrahim Chibukgi, but Ibrahim my friend; and so God has wonderfully fulfilled!"

The vizier took him to his treasury, gave him an account-book, saying, "Here is recorded all that is here deposited. I hold an exact copy. You will take this, keep an exact account of all my revenues and disbursements, and manage all my financial affairs. You are to be my *saraff*" (banker). "Remember," said Joannes, "that I am only a poor breadseller. Give me some humble office, and I will serve you faithfully; but I cannot be your *saraff*." "You are a man of good sense, and an honest man," replied Ibrahim; "and you can be my banker just as well as to be a breadseller! When you get into any difficulty, come directly to me. If you send a third person, he will be your enemy. I shall always be your friend."

Then, clapping his hands to call his steward, he said to him, "Take my friend here, give him a fur robe, a Persian girdle, a *saraff's* turban, a horse, ostler, *chibukgi*, all in the uniform of my department, and send him to his home."

So they arrayed him, mounted him, and in that style of splendor he issued from the grand vizier's gate.

Once in the street, he was looked upon with searching eyes. Which of the old bankers has the good fortune to get the office? Recognized by no one, all bowed down to do him honor. Armenians, Greeks, Jews, Turks, Franks, all saluted him with the respect due to his master and to his place of dignity and power. For, being in constant communication with the first officer of the realm, it was often a great political as well as

financial office. Occasionally, one would approach the *chibukgi*, and ask, "Who is this new *saraff?*" "Joannes Giras, Ekmekgi!" "God is great!" he would reply, and march on.

As he reached his home, his son Yorgaki saw him first, and cried out, "They have n't killed papa! Here he is, mamma, all alive." The desolated widow saw him dismount at their humble door — the caparisoned horse, the servants, the rich array! She fainted at the real or unreal sight, and fell upon the floor. She soon revived, and all sorrow was changed to joy and exultation, in which the whole neighborhood joined. But what was he to do with horse and servants in his small and humble home? He sent them away for the night, and the following day he could have any establishment in the Greek quarter.

Pleasing as a story of remarkable friendship between a Moslem and a Christian youth, carried through a long life, it illustrates well the changes, possible and frequent, in life, under the old régime. In the morning, this man went out from his obscure home a poor bread-seller. Towards noon, he went, as he supposed, to be bowstrung and flung into the Bosphorus. At night, he returned to his home the first Christian citizen of the empire.

V

STORIES OF TURKISH LIFE AND CUSTOMS

HISTORICAL NOTE

THE 25,000,000 inhabitants of the Turkish Empire constitute a remarkable medley of races. Besides the Turks, who form only a minority of the population, are Kurds, Slavs, Armenians, Greeks, Arabs, and Jews. The trade of the country is for the most part in the hands of the last four peoples.

Life in Turkey is in many respects exceedingly primitive. Farming is carried on, even on the great estates, in so unskilled a fashion that only the fertility of the land makes it possible to raise enough for the wants of the country. Moreover, nearly all the land belongs to the Crown or the Church, and the farmer is handicapped by a taxation that consumes about one third of his harvest. There are a few factories, but most of the manufacturing of the land is done in the homes, where hand-looms are used for weaving, and brass and copper are made into various utensils. Most of the towns contain public schools, but little attention is paid to education. About half of the inhabitants are of the Mohammedan faith.

THE FIRST TELEGRAPH IN TURKEY

[1854]

BY SIR J. WILLIAM WHITTALL

DURING the Crimean War, the first telegraph was established in Turkey. This wonderful invention created the greatest astonishment amongst the Turks, and great and bitter were the discussions as to whether it was a good or a bad thing for humanity. To solve the question, it was at last decided to have a full debate by the ulema [religious hierarchy] of the province of Smyrna, who were at the time presided over by a very wise old mollah [judge, or master]. The meeting was held, and fierce was the contention. Half the ulema, being liberals, opined that the telegraph was a good thing, because it quickened communications; the other half, being conservatives, asserted that it could not be good, seeing that it was an invention of the Devil. There seemed to be no way of arriving at a conclusion, when it was perceived that their chief, the old mollah, had not yet expressed an opinion. Both parties, therefore, eagerly pressed him for his view on the subject, and agreed to abide by his decision. The old mollah replied, "My children, the telegraph is a good thing." "What!" said the conservatives indignantly; "do you mean that it is not a work of the Devil's?" "Oh, yes," replied the old man, "assuredly it is a work of his; but why are you so dull of understanding, my chiidren? Can't you

see that if the Devil is occupied going up and down the wires with each message sent, he will have less time to trouble us mortals on the earth below?" And all the ulema acknowledged the wisdom of their chief.

CHOOSING A WIFE FOR THE SON

BY LUCY M. J. GARNETT

If the lady has a son of marriageable age, the selection of a suitable bride for him will afford her considerable occupation. For, bachelorhood being held in light esteem among Moslems, the state of matrimony is correspondingly honored, and early marriages are the rule. Should no maiden among her acquaintance appear to possess all the qualifications she requires in a daughter-in-law, the hanoum looks farther afield. From her friends, or from one of the numerous old women who make a living by hawking articles of dress, jewelry, cosmetics, and perfumes, from harem to harem, — a class who perform all the "back-stair" intrigue of the East, — she will soon procure a list of eligible maidens, and, accompanied by one or two relatives and a professional matchmaker, set out on a tour of inspection. Personal introductions are quite unnecessary under such circumstances; the ladies are at once admitted by the portress and conducted upstairs to an anteroom, where, while being divested of their outdoor gear by another waiting-maid, they announce the object of their visit. Informed of this, the lady of the house hastens to receive her visitors with all honor in the drawing-room, while her eldest daughter proceeds to dress and adorn herself with the utmost care in order to make a favorable impression on the "viewers." The two mothers meanwhile, studiously avoiding the sub-

ject at issue, exchange conventional compliments, until the portière is raised and the maiden enters the room, becoming at once "the cynosure of all eyes." She approaches to kiss in turn the hands of all the guests, and then serves them with coffee from the tray with which a slave has followed her into the room. After waiting to remove the empty cups, she salaams low, and disappears. "Mashallah!" the visitors — whatever their private opinion may be — are required by custom to exclaim: "What a beauty! Your daughter, Hanoum Effendi, is like a full moon. What splendid hair she has, and what eyes!" And the chief "viewer" proceeds to expatiate on the excellent qualities and prospects of her son, states the amount of dower he is prepared to settle on his bride, and the sum to be paid to her parents; makes inquiries as to the girl's age and fortune, if any; and finally departs, saying: "If it is their Kismet, they may become better acquainted." After some half-dozen girls have been thus inspected, the mother returns home to describe them to her husband and son. The selection made, intermediaries are dispatched to the family of the fortunate maiden to settle the preliminaries, and if no hitch occurs, the customary presents are exchanged and the betrothal concluded.

"PROTESTANT BREAD"

BY CYRUS HAMLIN, D.D.

[NATIVES who became Christians were put out of their guilds, and therefore it became almost impossible for them to find work. Many were reduced to poverty, even to beggary. Dr. Hamlin, the President of Robert College, discovered that when Mahomet II took Constantinople, in 1453, the act of capitulation declared that every foreign nation located in that city might have the privilege of establishing a mill and bakery. "Americans have never claimed this right," said Dr. Hamlin, "and I can therefore claim it." The first step was to obtain the firman, or formal permit, from the Government.

The Editor.]

THERE was some curious experience connected with the firman, which so well illustrates "the way things go" in Constantinople, and in the East generally, that I will narrate it. The Government readily promised the firman; and, had no opposition occurred, would have given it. But one of the great pashas was a very extensive owner of mills and bakeries. The mills were all horse-mills then, and he evidently feared that the small steam-mill proposed would grow. He knew what usually comes of giving foreigners an entering wedge. He had the immense guild, also, whose interests were one with his. The promise of the firman was not performed. No Government on earth was ever so skillful in putting off a thing as the Turkish.

At length, I began to build, on the faith of the

promise. We had not proceeded far, before engineers from the Porte came to examine and take a plan of our works. I knew that foretold an interdict, and counseled all to shut the gate, if they saw an officer approaching. By treaty right, no one could thus enter without an officer accompanying him from our embassy; and I was sure they would not even apply for one, but hope to carry the point irregularly, and to arrest and imprison all the men found working.

One day, at noon recess, the officer came, and Demetri, whom he wished first of all to arrest, was standing in the street, eating bread and olives. "Where is Demetri Calfa?" said he to Demetri himself. "I just saw him at the wine-shop," was the cool reply. "Turn round the corner to your right, at the foot of the street."

The officer soon returned; the workmen were all in the attic, the students and I were below. "Who is the master-workman here?" "I am, sir." "I want the rayah master." "There is no such man here." "I arrest you all, young men, and make 'pydos' interdict." "Keep to work, boys! You are students, and can't be arrested in this way." "But these are workmen." "No, sir; they are all my students!" An unwary workman in the attic had, in the mean time, thrust out his head; and the officer saw him. "Ho! you skulker, *you* are a workman! Come down here, you will go with me!" "I am one of Mr. Hamlin's scholars!" was the cool reply. "*You* a scholar! Let me hear you read!" The man, who was a good carpenter and a great wag, and belonged to no particular faith, turned round, found a New Testament in Armeno-Turkish, and began to read appropriate passages. The officer was confounded. I then put my

hand upon his shoulder, told him he was violating treaty rights, that he could reign on the other side of the wall, but I, within, until he should come in a legal manner; and so I led him out and shut the gate. He sat down upon a stone, and began to soliloquize. "Such an *interdict* never saw I! The master-workman is a foreign *hodja;* the workmen are all his students! I am breaking the treaty! My soul! what reply shall I carry back?" I went out and comforted him, and told him to say that if the Porte should violate the treaty again, I should accuse it to the embassy and the American Government. And, as the right was included in the "Capitulations," I should inform other embassies of the act. It can enter this establishment again only through our embassy.

The Turkish Government had placed itself in a false position. It must now apply to the embassy and ignore its oft-repeated promise; or it must give the firman. It wisely chose the latter; and the interdict became the amusement of the village, and the chagrin of the pasha and bakers who had instigated it.

A very slight matter secured a large patronage to the bakery. Our bread was made a little over weight, instead of following the example of the bakers, who always make it a little under weight. As often as the examiners tried our bread, they said "Mashallah!" and passed on.

The people soon learned the fact; and the amount of time that they would spend to obtain this bread would exceed in value fourfold the difference of weight they would thus gain. The truth is, all men like to be treated well in a bargain, and do not so much mind the amount.

We had introduced another improvement. Attempts had been made to bring into market yeast bread, but

had failed. The bread of the country is universally leavened bread; and no one but foreigners knew anything about making bread with hop yeast.

Having first mastered the art of making good hop yeast, the bread we produced became known as "Protestant bread" and commanded a good sale at an advanced price.



CEREMONY OF DERVISHES AT SCUTARI

BY ALBERT AUBLET

(*French artist*, 1851)

AFTER the dervishes, overpowered by a religious excitement which can scarcely be imagined, have shouted their last "Allah-hou!" — after the furious dance in which they have cast themselves upon the sharp daggers and pointed stilettos with which the walls of the room are decorated; — then, when their exhausted bodies, streaming with blood and covered with foam and perspiration, are at last quiet — then, after these violent exercises are over, begins the ceremony of the imposition of feet. The Mussulman priest comes out of an elaborately ornamented little niche. Before him, on skins spread upon the floor, are children of all ages, lying one beside another, with their faces to the floor. The priest comes forward, and aided by an acolyte, he walks slowly the whole length of the line of children, planting the broad soles of his naked feet squarely upon them. Those who submit themselves to this penance are supposed to be healed of whatever illness may be troubling them, or to win preservation from future dangers. Ranged around the room are aged devotees who have not been able to share in the savage exhibition.

THE DANCING DERVISHES

BY JULIA PARDOE

THE *tekie* [convent] is a handsome building with projecting wings, in which the community live very comfortably with their wives and children; and whence, having performed their religious duties, they sally forth to their several avocations in the city, and mingle with their fellow men upon equal terms. The dervishes are forbidden to accumulate wealth in order to enrich either themselves or their convent. The most simple fare, the least costly garments, serve alike for their own use and for that of their families: industry, temperance, and devotion are their duties; and, as they are at liberty to secede from their self-imposed obligations whenever they see fit to do so, there is no lukewarmness among the community, who find time throughout the whole year to devote many hours to God, even of their most busy days; and, unlike their fellow citizens, the other Mussulmans, they throw open the doors of their chapel to strangers, only stipulating that gentlemen shall put off their shoes ere they enter.

This chapel, which has been erroneously called a "mosque," is an octagon building of moderate size, neatly painted in fresco. The center of the floor is railed off, and the inclosure is sacred to the brotherhood; while the outer circle, covered with Indian matting, is appropriated to visitors. A deep gallery runs round six sides of the building, and beneath it, on your left hand as you

enter, you remark the lattices through which the Turkish women witness the service.

A narrow mat surrounds the circle within the railing, and upon this the brethren kneel during the prayers; while the center of the floor is so highly polished by the perpetual friction that it resembles a mirror, and the boards are united by nails with heads as large as a shilling, to prevent accidents to the feet of the dervishes during their evolutions. A bar of iron descends from the center of the domed roof, to which transverse bars are attached, bearing a vast number of glass lamps of different colors and size; and against many of the pillars, of which I counted four-and-twenty, supporting the dome, are hung frames, within which are inscribed passages from the Prophets.

Above the seat of the superior, the name of the founder of the *tekie* is written in gold on a black ground, in immense characters. This seat consists of a small carpet, above which is spread a crimson rug; and on this the worthy principal was squatted when we entered, in an ample cloak of Spanish brown, with large hanging sleeves, and his *geulaf*, or high hat of gray felt, encircled with a green shawl. I pitied him that his back was turned towards the glorious Bosphorus, that was distinctly seen through the four large windows at the extremity of the chapel, flashing in the light, with the slender minarets and lordly mosques of Stamboul gleaming out in the distance.

One by one, the dervishes entered the chapel, bowing profoundly at the little gate of the inclosure, took their places on the mat, and, bending down, reverently kissed the ground; and then, folding their arms meekly on their

breasts, remained buried in prayer, with their eyes closed and their bodies swinging slowly to and fro. They were all enveloped in wide cloaks of dark-colored cloth with pendent sleeves; and wore their *geulafs*, which they retained during the whole of the service.

The service commenced with an extemporaneous prayer from the chief priest, to which the attendant dervishes listened with arms folded upon their breasts and their eyes fixed on the ground. At its conclusion, all bowed their foreheads to the earth; and the orchestra struck into one of those peculiarly wild and melancholy Turkish airs which are unlike any other music that I ever heard. Instantly, the full voices of the brethren joined in chorus, and the effect was thrilling; now the sounds died away like the exhausted breath of a departing spirit, and suddenly they swelled once more into a deep and powerful diapason that seemed scarce earthly. A second stillness of about a minute succeeded, when the low, solemn music was resumed, and the dervishes, slowly rising from the earth, followed their superior three times round the inclosure; bowing down twice under the shadow of the name of their founder, suspended above the seat of the high priest. This reverence was performed without removing their folded arms from their breasts — the first time on the side by which they approached, and afterwards on that opposite, which they gained by slowly revolving on the right foot, in such a manner as to prevent their turning their backs towards the inscription. The procession was closed by a second prostration, after which, each dervish, having gained his place, cast off his cloak, and such as had walked in woolen slippers withdrew them, and, passing solemnly

before the chief priest, they commenced their evolutions.

The extraordinary ceremony which gives its name to the dancing, or, as they are really and much more appropriately called, the turning dervishes, — for nothing can be more utterly unlike dancing than their evolutions, — is not without its meaning. The community first pray for pardon of their past sins, and the amendment of their future lives; and then, after a silent supplication for strength to work out the change, they figure, by their peculiar and fatiguing movements, their anxiety to "shake the dust from their feet," and to cast from them all worldly ties.

Immediately after passing with a solemn reverence, twice performed, the place of the high priest, who remained standing, the dervishes spread their arms and commenced their revolving motion; the palm of the right hand being held upwards, and that of the left turned down. Their under-dresses (for, as I before remarked, they had laid aside their cloaks) consisted of a jacket and petticoat of dark-colored cloth, that descended to their feet; the higher order of brethren being clad in green, and the others in brown, or a sort of yellowish gray; about their waists they wore wide girdles, edged with red, to which the right side of the jacket was closely fastened, while the left hung loose: their petticoats were of immense width, and lay in large plaits beneath the girdles, and, as the wearers swung round, formed a bell-like appearance; these latter garments, however, are only worn during the ceremony, and are exchanged in summer for white ones of lighter material.

The number of those who were "on duty," for I know

not how else to express it, was nine; seven of them being men, and the remaining two, mere boys, the youngest certainly not more than ten years of age. Nine, eleven, and thirteen are the mystic numbers, which, however great the strength of the community, are never exceeded; and the remaining members of the brotherhood, during the evolutions of their companions, continue engaged in prayer within the inclosure. These on this occasion amounted to about a score, and remained each leaning against a pillar: while the beat of the drum in the gallery marked the time to which the revolving dervishes moved, and the effect was singular to a degree that baffles description. So true and unerring were their motions, that, although the space which they occupied was somewhat circumscribed, they never once gained upon each other: and for five minutes they continued twirling round and round, as though impelled by machinery, their pale, passionless countenances perfectly immobile, their heads slightly declined towards the right shoulder, and their inflated garments creating a cold, sharp air in the chapel, from the rapidity of their action. At the termination of that period, the name of the Prophet occurred in the chant, which had been unintermitted in the gallery; and, as they simultaneously paused, and, folding their hands upon their breasts, bent down in reverence at the sound, their ample garments wound about them at the sudden check, and gave them, for a moment, the appearance of mummies.

An interval of prayer followed; and the same ceremony was performed three times; at the termination of which they all fell prostrate on the earth, when those who had hitherto remained spectators flung their cloaks

over them, and the one who knelt on the left of the chief priest rose, and delivered a long prayer, divided into sections, with a rapid and solemn voice, prolonging the last word of each sentence by the utterance of "Ha — ha — ha" — with a rich depth of octave that would not have disgraced Phillips.

This prayer was for "the great ones of the earth" — the magnates of the land — all who were "in authority over them"; and at each proud name they bowed their heads upon their breasts, until that of the sultan was mentioned, when they once more fell flat upon the ground, to the sound of the most awful howl I ever heard.

This outburst from the gallery terminated the labors of the orchestra, and the superior, rising to his knees, while the others continued prostrate, in his turn prayed for a few instants; and then, taking his stand upon the crimson rug, they approached him one by one, and, clasping his hand, pressed it to their lips and forehead. When the first had passed, he stationed himself on the right of the superior, and awaited the arrival of the second, who, on reaching him, bestowed on him also the kiss of peace, which he had just proffered to the chief priest; and each in succession performed the same ceremony to all those who had preceded him, which was acknowledged by gently stroking down the beard.

This was the final act of the exhibition; and, the superior having slowly and silently traversed the inclosure, in five seconds the chapel was empty, and the congregation busied at the portal in reclaiming their boots, shoes, and slippers.

A TURKISH "WHAT FOR?"

BY DEMETRA VAKA

THE next morning, I had just finished my morning toilet when a slave came to conduct me to Aïshé Hanoum, from whom she presented me with an indoor veil. I arranged it on my hair, to show my appreciation of the gift, and followed the slave to the floor below, where her mistress lived.

When I entered her apartments, I found her kneeling before an easel, deep in work. As the slave announced me, she rose from the ground and came to me with outstretched hand. It struck me as curious that she offered to shake hands, instead of using the *temena*, the Turkish form of salutation, since I knew her to be extremely punctilious in the customs of her nation. I suppose she did this to make me feel more at home.

"Welcome, young hanoum," she said, after kissing me on both cheeks.

"Do you paint?" I asked, going toward the easel, disguising my surprise at meeting with such disregard of Mussulman customs in this orthodox household.

"No, not painting, just playing. It is only an *impression*, not a reproduction of one of Allah's realities." Good Mussulmans do not believe in "reproducing Allah's realities"; yet there stood on the easel a charming pastel. Even orthodox Moslems, I saw, were not above beating the devil round the stump.

"How very beautiful!" I exclaimed. "Aïshé Hanoum, you are an artist."

"Pray! pray! young hanoum," she protested, a little frightened, I thought, "pray do not say such things. I am not an artist. I only play with the colors."

"Let me see some more of your playing," I persisted.

Rather reluctantly, though wishing to comply with her guest's desires, she brought out a large portfolio, containing several pastels and water-colors, and we sat down on a rug to examine them.

Whether they were well done or not I cannot tell; but they were full of life and happiness. The curious part was that, whenever she painted any outdoor life, she painted it from her window, and on the canvas first was the window, and then through it you saw the landscape as she saw it.

The more I looked at her work, the more enthusiastic I grew. "You must be very talented," I said, turning to her. "It is a pity that you cannot go abroad to study."

"But I have studied many years here."

"That is all very well," I said, still busy looking at the pictures. "Just the same you ought to go to Paris to study."

"What for?" she asked.

"Because I think you have a great deal of talent which unfortunately is wasted in a harem." As I spoke, I raised my eyes.

Ordinarily I am not a coward, though I do run from a mouse; but when my eyes met her finely penciled ones, there was a curious look of anger in them that made a shiver go down my back. "If I have said any-

thing to offend you," I said, "I beg you to forgive me. Believe me, it was my enthusiasm."

She smiled in a most charming way. If she had been angry, it had gone quickly by.

"But why do you wish me to go to Paris?" she asked again.

"I don't know," I said, "except that Paris is nearer Turkey than any other great center, and I feel that you ought to have the advantage of being where you could get all the help possible."

"What for?" she inquired.

I began to feel uncomfortable. I knew her very little, and this was the first time I ever visited a former *seraigli* (one who has been an inmate of the imperial palace).

"Because," I answered lamely, "when a person has talent she generally goes to Paris or to some other great artistic center."

"What for?" again insisted the question.

If I had not been in a harem, and in the presence of a woman of whom I was somewhat afraid, my answer would have been, "Well, if you are foolish enough not to know, why, what is the use of telling you?" Instead, while that exquisite hand was lying on my arm and those big almond-shaped eyes were holding mine, I tried to find a way of explaining.

"If you were free to go, you could see masterpieces, you could study various methods of painting, and if it were in you, you might become great in turn."

"What for?" was the calm inquiry.

She was very beautiful; not of the Turkish type, but of the pure Circassian, with exquisite lines and a very

low, musical voice, and of all things on this earth I am most susceptible to physical beauty. At that particular moment, however, I should have derived great pleasure if I could have smacked her pretty mouth.

"Well," I said calmly, though I was irritated, "if you had a great talent and became very famous, you would not only have all the money you wanted, but glory and admiration."

"What for?" she repeated, with inhuman monotony.

"For Heaven's sake, Aïshé Hanoum," I cried, "I don't know what for; but if I could, I should like to become famous and have glory and lots of money."

"What for?"

"Because then I could go all over the world and see everything that is to be seen, and meet all sorts of interesting people."

"What for?"

"Hanoum *doudou*," I cried, lapsing into the Turkish I had spoken as a child. "Are you trying to make a fool of me, or — "

She put her palms forward on the floor, and then her head went down and she laughed immoderately. I laughed, too, considerably relieved to have done with her "what for's."

She drew me to her as if I were a baby, and took me on her lap. "You would do all these things and travel about like a mail-bag because you think it would make you happy, don't you, *yavroum?*" she asked.

"Of course, I should be happy."

"Is this why you ran away from home — to get famous and rich?"

She was speaking to me precisely as if I were a little

bit of a thing, and was to be coaxed out of my foolishness.

"I have neither fame nor riches," I answered, "so we need not waste our breath."

"Sorry, *yavroum*, sorry," she said sympathetically. "I should have liked you to get both; then you would see that it would not have made you happy. Happiness is not acquired from satisfied desires."

"What is happiness, then?" I asked.

"Allah *kerim* [God only can explain it]. But it comes not from what we possess, but from what we let others possess; and no amount of fame would have made me leave my home and go among alien people to learn their ways of doing something which I take great pleasure in doing in my own way." She kissed me twice on the cheek and put me down by her. "You are a dear little one," she said.