BY-PATHS IN THE BALKANS

CAPT. F. W. VON HERBERT

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WORKS BY THE SAME AUTHOR

THE DEFENCE OF PLEVNA. Written by one who took part in it.

THE CHRONICLES OF A VIRGIN FORTRESS. Being some Unrecorded Chapters of Turkish and Bulgarian History.

BY-PATHS IN THE BALKANS.

THE LAST OF BULGARIA'S BRIGANDS.

THE CORSAIR. Libretto for Grand Opera.

LEONORA. A Novel.

IN COLLABORATION:

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PAMPHLETS, etc.:

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THE DEFENCE OF PLEVNA (Professional Paper of the Corps of Royal Engineers).

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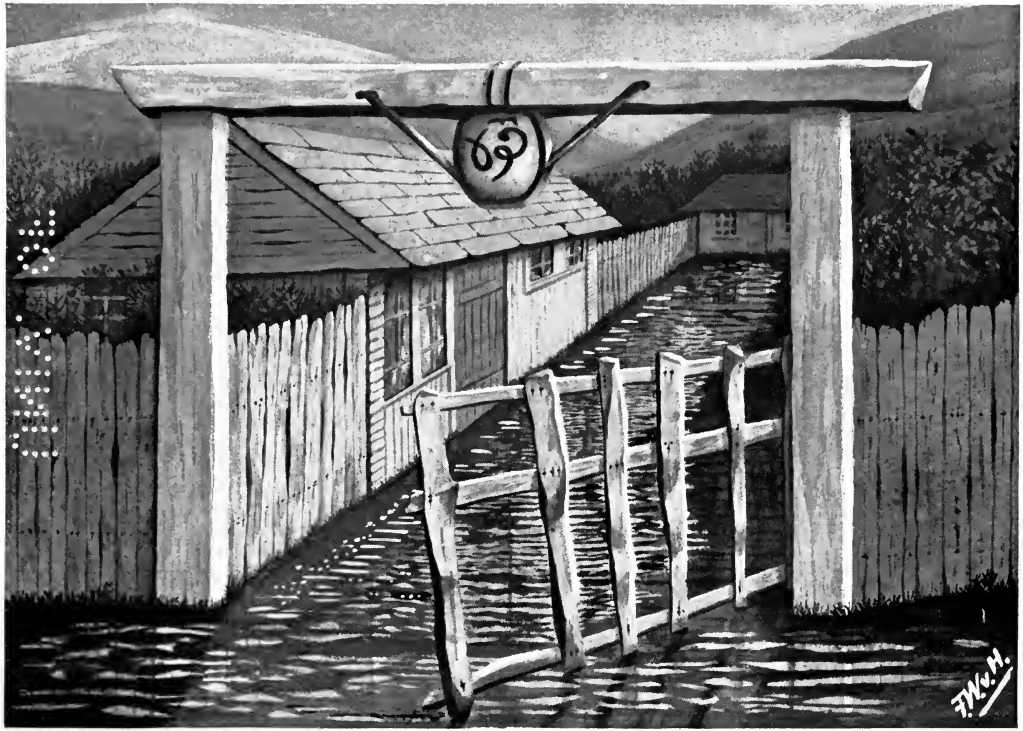

HAJI YUSSUF DULGUR'S FRONTIER CAFÉ. (See Chapter XI.)

Reduced by photography from a Water-colour Painting by the Author.

BY-PATHS IN THE BALKANS

BY

W. V. HERBERT

(CAPTAIN FREDERICK WILLIAM VON HERBERT)

AUTHOR OF

"THE DEFENCE OF PLEVNA," "THE CHRONICLES OF A VIRGIN FORTRESS," ETC.

"Since my young days of passion—joy, or pain,
Perchance my heart and harp have lost a string,
And both may jar; it may be that in vain
I would essay as I have sung to sing."

BYRON ("Childe Harold," Canto III.).

LONDON
CHAPMAN & HALL, LTD.
1906

DEDICATION

I SANG of arms and men a merry story,
You loved to hear of war and well-fought fray ;
My tale once clashed like steel and smelt of glory,
There were nor love nor kisses in my lay ;
The tints were crude and glaring, coarse and gory,
No mellow colours of a moon-struck May ;
When you would choose a song of gentler chiming
You thrust me off—in battle is no rhyming.

The blood flows slowly now ; no more wild gleaming
Of steel-reflected sun, in sport of kings,
Disturbs life's eventide—only a dreaming
Of dead ambitions, and the tears of things ;
What little war is left, is but a scheming
For bread and shelter, and the soldier sings
In stiller accents, worn and weary grown :
These are his songs—*his* very best, *your* own.

PREFACE

MANY of the impressions and incidents recorded in the following pages were not of my seeking—were, indeed, at the time unwelcome visitations. During a sixteen months' journey in the Balkan countries, 1903 to 1905, my money-supply suddenly and unexpectedly ran out, in places were a replenishment would have been impossible, even if I had been a Crœsus, and owing to circumstances which not the most acute prophet could have foreseen. And when at last, as the result of a reckless adventure, I had obtained a sufficiency to continue my journey, I became the victim of a cruel robbery, which deprived me, for the second time, of all that I then possessed.

In this wise, the journey, to which I had trusted for succour to my finances, ruined by three years' military service in South Africa, 1899 to 1902, ended disastrously in a loss to me of

several hundred pounds. But I saw, heard, and felt many things which would have been undreamt of by the ordinary traveller with cash to spend and a ready supply to draw upon. That others were involved in the pecuniary catastrophe was unavoidable, however much it grieved me then and pains me now. If the reading public should support this volume and render it a source of some small profit, many, besides myself, will feel grateful and relieved.

Four of the ten papers in this volume have appeared in periodicals, namely: "A Haunted House" in the *Cornhill*, December, 1905, under the title, "Plevna Revisited;" "Gipsy Music" in the *Monthly Musical Record*, September, 1905, under the title, "The Music of the Balkan Gipsies;" "Military Bands" in the *Monthly Musical Record*, October and November, 1905, under the title, "The Military Bands of the Balkan Countries;" "Arms and Men" in the *Fortnightly Review*, June, 1905, under the title, "The Bulgarian Army." The translation of the Turkish "Yellow Cat" ballad appeared in the *Speaker*, January 6, 1906. To the editors, publishers, and proprietors of these

periodicals, the customary acknowledgments are hereby gratefully made.

For the paper "Customs and Costumes," which I, a mere man, could not possibly have written unaided, I have had the skilful assistance of Miss C. Isabel Hazlerigg, of Shanklin, to whom my thanks are due.

F. W. v. H.

SHANKLIN, *March*, 1906.

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A HAUNTED HOUSE

CHAPTER I

A HAUNTED HOUSE

"We sit on hills our childhood wist,
Woods, hamlets, streams, beholding:
The sun strikes through the farthest mist
The city's spire to golden;
The city's golden spire it was,
When hope and health were strongest,
But now it is the churchyard grass
We look upon the longest."
ELIZABETH BROWNING ("The Cry of the Human").

I AM in Plevna once more, after an absence of twenty-six years. This is classic ground. The soil is rich here, and well it might be so: for a hundred thousand warriors sleep their last sleep in the fields and the hills which surround the bright, pleasant little town; and over their bodies grow maize and wheat, and the vine which has rendered famous the name "Pleven" (as the Bulgarians call the town; "Plevna" is the Turkish version) all over the Balkan Peninsula.

A crawling train took me through the fertile plains of Mid-Bulgaria. It appeared almost like a sacrilege to approach the historic town in a modern saloon car. "All change here for Plevna"

is nearly as incongruous as "All tickets for Jerusalem" on the Syrian railway.

The moment you pass the picturesque village of Grivitza you perceive monuments to the fallen everywhere, from the large, pretentious chapel of the Roumanians on the summit of the Grivitza heights, to the plain white obelisk erected by some Russian regiment. There are over three hundred of these monuments in the immediate surroundings of Plevna. Some are erected on giant graves. The regiment Pensa lost, in the second of the four battles, 2000 men out of 3000 in an attack lasting twenty minutes, and one of the four inscriptions on the simple monument says: "Sacred to the memory of the regiment Pensa, which lies buried here." At Gorni Dubnik, on the southern high-road, where a desperate fight occurred between a Turkish outwork and a Russian assailing column, a tentacle of the ever-growing investing octopus, one memorial crowns a gigantic grave of three thousand bodies.

The monuments are all consecrated to the dead Russians and the dead Roumanians, never to the dead Turks, who know not stone memorials, for their impecuniosity has uttered a peremptory veto, and there is also a religious objection to them. History is their indelible and supreme monument. "To the Greek is wealth, to the Circassian beauty, to the Frank learning; but to the Osmanli is majesty," says a Turkish proverb.

Here in Plevna one realizes the glorious dignity of silence, as practised by the Turk. The credit of one of the most famous, the most sublimely heroic campaign of modern times is his; yet he never mentions it, either in writing or in speaking, either publicly or privately; and his dead heroes rest in forgotten graves.

The Bulgarians talk glibly of war with Turkey. Those who reside in Plevna, or who have visited Plevna, are not quite so fluent or quite so loud. Turkey is silent, but Plevna lives and speaks for her, whose power of recuperation, whose latent might and majesty, whose blows, hard, swift, sure, and cruel, have filled all thinking men of Western civilization with admiration, almost with awe, for five centuries past.

The town of Plevna is practically unchanged—that much I maintain in spite of all that bragging Bulgarians have led me to expect. A quarter of a century of national independence and European culture has passed by and left but the faintest traces. There are some new buildings: the unpretending railway station, halfway between the town and the Vidbridge of immortal fame, with an open-air restaurant of a distinctly German type attached to it; a hospital, consisting of a number of detached white houses; the barracks of two infantry regiments, most modern and most uncompromisingly ugly; a pretentious town hall, with a clock tower; a school of viticulture; a

score or so of private houses in the ordinary villa style. But the crooked, narrow, ill-paved streets; the quaint, shady lanes between orchards and kitchen gardens; the small shops open to the winds of heaven; the tiny, one-storied Turkish houses, hidden discreetly in their leafy grounds; the Bulgarian dwellings, equally small, but a trifle more pretentious, abutting on the streets; the wretched hovels of the gipsies; the many buildings in desuetude and decay; the waste spaces full of evil-smelling rubbish; the six or seven massive mosques (only one of which is used as a mosque now); the old Greek church; the pigstyes and fowl-runs in the main thoroughfares; even the Turkish *cafés chantant*, modest and retiring: they are all here, remaining from the year of war. The very scavenger dogs are the same, of a breed unknown in the Occident; and the Tultchenitza brook flows still right through the streets, and serves, now as before, as natural drain.

The "Hôtel Evropa" is new, as hotel; but I fancy I recognize the house—once the workshop of a Turkish artificer in silver filigree, a craft which left Bulgaria when the Turks left it. They have simply added an upper story, and a wing in what was once the back garden. It is hardly an hotel in the European sense, merely a superficially glorified Eastern khan. It is, however, the best of the town, and the people are extremely obliging. The sanitary arrangements are so

primitive that it would be impossible for an Occidental lady to stay in that hotel.

Strangers, however, are not unknown in Plevna. Austrian and German commercial travellers, mostly Jews, are constantly coming and going, sometimes also French, Swiss, Belgian, Russian business men, but never English. Russian, Roumanian, Austrian, German, French officers come in small parties to study the battlefields and the old Turkish fortifications, which are piously preserved by the Bulgarian Government. American officers have also been here. Before the Macedonian rebellion, a batch of young Turkish officers came annually to undergo a systematic course in military history, tactics, and fortification, and the Bulgarians—all honour to them for this—always behaved with the utmost courtesy and readiness towards their former enemies and oppressors. Three years ago, two Japanese officers created a sensation by paying a ceremonial visit, in full uniform, to the officer commanding the garrison. British officers never come this way.

A visit to Plevna cannot be commended to the ordinary traveller with a small stock of linguistic knowledge. Nobody speaks English here. As in Roumania, British trade has left the country. Great Britain has not even a consul in Plevna, and I, a British subject and a British officer, had to apply to the Austrian consul when I required

diplomatic assistance in a trifling matter. And, of course, the request which I would have addressed as a matter of right to a British agent, I had to solicit as a favour from the Austrian. It was readily granted, and red tape, the idol of the British official, did not appear to enter into the calculations of the courteous Viennese.

Besides the German, Austrian, Servian, Roumanian, and Russian consuls, there are a dozen men in Plevna who speak a little broken French, and a dozen others who speak a little broken German. But everybody speaks Turkish, which language, in spite of all that has happened, is still the French of the Orient, as Arabic is its Latin. Since my knowledge of Bulgarian is trifling, Turkish was also my means of communication. Even in the post-office French and German are not spoken. The officers speak Turkish, Roumanian, and Russian, but not French or German.

The latest census has given the numbers of inhabitants of Plevna at 18,709. Turks, previous to 1877, estimated its population at 17,000, exclusive of the gipsies, who had then, and have now, a separate quarter, and whom the Turks hardly consider as human beings. I remember the gipsy mahallah of Plevna perfectly well, as it was in 1877, and it was then at least twice as large as it is now. That means, that the town had 5000 gipsies, and a total population of 22,000 in 1877. Like all Bulgarian towns (excepting

Sofia, Philipopolis, Varna, and Burgas) Plevna has become smaller since 1877.

It has a weekly cattle, grain, and vegetable market, and is considered the centre of the Bulgarian wine-trade. At present two regiments of infantry (the 4th and the 11th) are stationed in the town. The former has to its credit that which military experts consider the finest marching performance ever accomplished by infantry: in the war of 1885 it made sixty miles, through slush and snow, in twenty-six hours.

What can I say of Plevna that would not apply equally well to any other small Bulgarian town, Rustchuk, Shumla, Rasgrad, a score of others? It is picturesque, dirty, bright, amusing, poverty-stricken; it has its fair quota of brand-new, expensive, useless, unpaid-for public buildings, and more than a fair share of hovels, the squalor of which defies description.

But to me the town is sacred. I can find my way with ease through the maze of narrow, crooked streets. I recognize old friends among the houses, familiar landmarks, spots hallowed by a thousand memories, some pleasant, many terrible, by men and women that are dead, by friendships that are past and forgotten, by joys and hopes on which a quarter of a century has laid a heavy, subduing hand, by all the horrors of the most horrible siege of modern times. Every heap of stones is, to me, pregnant with meaning, for it was once a house,

struck by a shell and crumbling into a shapeless mass. At night the incessant bark of the scavenger dogs, let loose upon the town when the human population lies abed, so strange to the European on his first visit to the Orient, is perfectly familiar: as of yore, I should miss it, I should be unable to sleep if the dogs were silent.

During my first walk, deep in thought, I took, mechanically, a short cut, which brought me to a standstill in a certain quiet corner, right in the centre of the town, where the garden lanes meet, and whence a little blind alley leads to an old wooden gate. Only the roofs of the houses are visible, for each stands in a dense maze of foliage. Well I remember this wooden gate: it leads to a low white house, which was the headquarters of Osman Pasha during the latter half of the campaign, and afterwards the residence of Czar Alexander the Second. How many thousands of orderlies, messengers, officers trod that path during those terrible months! From this house the telegraph-wire led to each redoubt, to each point in the circle of defences, and from his plain, whitewashed office the grave, bearded man with the keen Arab face conducted the campaign which has made his name famous for all time to come. The house is unaltered. Recently it was for sale, and the Bulgarian Government bought it with the intention of transforming it into a museum. At present the windows are shuttered.

Another friend among the houses I discovered: a small, villa-like building, which was at the time an innovation, and a pride of the town. Here dwelt a Turkish surgeon from Sofia, and the house was a hospital for desperate cases. (Towards the end every house was a hospital, and wounded men crawled into pigstyes and dog-kennels to die.) Here dwelt also the surgeon's daughter, named Djémilé, a pretty, merry-eyed maiden of sixteen, whom I loved, or thought I loved, with passionate intensity.

I stand before the house on a dark stormy night in the early autumn of the year 1903, as I used to stand there many a night lighted by the glare of burning villages and homesteads, streaked by the vivid trail of shells, in the year 1877. A quarter of a century—but, oh! the difference to me! She was killed by a shell splinter in the last sortie, and lies in an unmarked grave on the Vidplain. I have learnt and have suffered, and have come to the conclusion that love is a pastime for fools and weaklings, utterly unworthy to form either the diversion or the serious occupation of an intellectual man in this the twentieth century. I wonder: Would I think so had she lived? The curs are in the next street, and bark an answer which sounds ominously like "Ay, ay!"

And yet another friend: A mosque, bare and ugly, like a jail, except for the slender minaret. Osman utilized it as a store for ammunition.

There used to stand a Circassian sentry, a giant, with a villainous, bearded face, hugging a Winchester repeating carbine in his long, ape-like arms. How many scores of times had I to give him the countersign in response to his challenge! These Circassians, originally irregular cavalry, had been dismounted, and their horses used for the more important transport work; but as infantry they were worthless, and the regular soldiers would not associate with them in redoubts and camps; so they were employed exclusively as guards. Now there stands a short, squat Bulgarian in a dirty white working jacket, a Männlicher rifle on his shoulder. The Bulgarians, too, use the mosque as a magazine. And yet another mosque, now a melancholy ruin, from which I used to draw the boots and blankets for my company. And a tiny, discreet *café* with iron-barred windows—opposite is now the modern town hall—where beautiful girls from the Caucasus sang and danced with Eastern grace. It is still a *café chantant*, but vulgar creatures from Hungary and Roumania, with raucous voices and offensive gestures, are the attraction. And in the little public garden, where once gipsies gave voluptuous performances, the band of the 4th Regiment of Infantry played, on the Sunday evening on which I made my re-entry into the town, the prelude to the third act of *Lohengrin*, and played it remarkably well too, with splendid force and a fine volume of sound.

I made the round of the fortification twice, once in company of an officer of the 11th Regiment, once alone—that is, alone with the driver of my rickety vehicle, a gipsy, who spoke no language known to human beings, and seemed astonished and hurt because I did not beat or kick him when he had taken me the wrong way. Memories crowded around me fast and furious. I was in cloudland. I was again the callow, ambitious youngster of seventeen summers, and my companions were brown-skinned, lustrous-eyed Tartar warriors, starving and uncomplaining.

On the day after my arrival I walked alone on the historic high-road to the Vidbridge. This was the way of the remnants of Osman's forces to the last sortie, which has justly been called "the Suicide of an Army." The vine, used towards the end as firewood, after having been protected for five months, has grown again, and the slopes are pretty and peaceful in the autumn sun. When once the railway station, the one innovation, the one jarring note, is left behind, nothing disturbs the illusion that a quarter of a century has been utterly effaced. The high-road is as dusty and ill-kept as of yore. I meet but one wayfarer, a long-legged gipsy mounted on a patient ass. When he has passed me and given me a cheerful greeting in Turkish: "Sabahiniz haïr ola, efendim" ("Good day to you, sir"), I am alone with the birds and my thoughts.

And here, at length, is the house, famous all over the Balkan Peninsula, to which Osman, wounded, was carried in the last sortie, and whence, heart-broken, he gave the order "Cease fire," which ended the Plevna campaign. The house is empty and shuttered, and has been so since that dread event. For it is haunted, and at night the townspeople dislike to pass near it. There dwells, so the legend says, the spirit of the Ottoman Empire, in solitude and somnolence, an accursed spirit, say the Bulgarians, a great and blessed and benignant spirit, say the Turks. And one of these days, so say the latter, he will awake and rouse himself, and will restore the ancient glory of the Prophet's empire on earth, and reconquer all the lost provinces, Bulgaria and Roumania, Servia and Greece, and—who knows?—perchance even Hungary, right to the gates of Vienna. It is all written in the book of fate, against which there is no appeal, resistance to which avails not, and it will come to pass in the Lord's own time.

The house is a long, low, one-storied building, with poplars in front, and dense foliage beside and behind. With the exception of a ruined gipsy hovel on the opposite side of the road, there is no token of human habitation so far as eyes can travel. Behind me, the town, three miles away, is hidden by the vineyards; in front is the sluggish river Vid and the historic bridge; beyond, the gently rising plain, the scene of the last sortie;

on the horizon, the hills which were the redoubts and encampments of the investing Russian circle. No human being is visible. A sharp wind comes from the south, where the Balkans show faintly on the sky-line, sombre, pregnant with meaning; for once they spelt hope and rescue and freedom, when Mehemed Ali was there, the clever German renegade, with his army of relief, and Baker Pasha, the daring Englishman. But Gourko barred the road: hope came to nought, and freedom was but an idle, vanishing dream.

At present the Balkans spell rain: for clouds arise and obscure them gradually. I used to be weatherwise in this part of the world. In two hours we shall have a heavy downpour. I utilize the respite by an excursion across the bridge to the plain beyond, and sadness is on me with a heavy hand. I know every inch of this ground. Here a whole division marched cheerfully to certain death, and the feet kept step to the lips which murmured the Arabic prayer: "Bismillah Rahmin Rahamin" ("In the name of God the Merciful, the Compassionate").

The rain comes down before I expect it, and I take shelter in a tiny shed in which the labourers keep their tools during harvest-time. It rains in torrents, and the wind blows with maddened fury. When the clouds have passed and the southern sky becomes blue again, I make my way back to the haunted house. The Vid has meanwhile become

a broad, roaring river, proclaiming its own ephemeral importance; and Osman's calvary looks more than ever like a haunted house, with its background of tempest-torn clouds and the roadway transformed into a muddy stream.

An accident brought me to the house in the last battle, while Osman was inside, racked by physical pain and mental anguish. It was toward the close of an overcast winter's day, with slush on the ground and snow in the heavens, and a faint glow was in the western sky. As I gaze and dream and remember, the west lights up in yellow and orange and lustrous green, and the dying day hallows the haunted house of the Vidbridge.

A HERO'S TOMB

CHAPTER II

A HERO'S TOMB

"Do they let you listen—do you lean to me?
Know now what in life you never knew,
When I whisper all that you have been to me,
All that I might never be to you?

"Dear, lie still. No tears but mine are shed for you,
No one else leaves kisses day by day,
No one's heart but mine has beat and bled for you,
No one else's flowers push mine away."

EDITH NESBIT ("Love's Guerdon").

I STAYED recently for some months in Sofia, the dusty, unkempt capital of Bulgaria. I had no friends there, and felt disinclined to acquire any: for I had been before in that town, twice, on historic occasions, and the ghosts of the dead were my companions during many long and lonely walks.

I noticed a small, handsome, dome-crowned building, surrounded by a well-kept garden and imposing iron railings, which was new to me: it had not existed at my last visit, nearly two decades before. Opposite is the little Zoological Garden, which Prince Ferdinand keeps for his

private edification, and throws open to the local public—on payment—once a week. Farther down, in the same street, are a few low, cosy houses of antiquated appearance, discreetly hidden in foliage: old Turkish homesteads they are, of which but a score or so remain in the town; for brand-new, unfinished, useless, unpaid-for boulevards have played havoc with "Sredetz" (as it was then called), the ancient Turkish capital of Bulgaria. Near, is the ruined St. Sofia Cathedral, inhabited by owls, rats, bats, and horrible huge vampires; more than a quarter of a century ago, before it had fallen into desuetude and decay, I, a youngster of seventeen, had once entered it, secretly, and, on my knees, had implored God's help in a forthcoming ordeal.

A hundred thousand men, better than I, died in that ordeal. I lived to tell the tale.

I took little notice of that building: I had come to study men and women, not architecture. I believed it to be one of those handsome little churches of the Orthodox Faith which have sprung up in the principality by the hundred of recent years. Yet I never saw worshippers enter or leave; the only person whom I beheld inside those railings was a grave and bearded man in the uniform of a sergeant-major of the Bulgarian Infantry, with several orders on his breast. Once or twice I saw him tend the flowers, with an air almost of reverence; on another occasion he

swept, tenderly and lovingly, the flags that lead to the door; and yet another time, in the dusk, I watched him lock the gate behind him and look up to the dome—purple against the yellow sunset—as if breathing a prayer, before he proceeded in measured steps towards the town, no doubt for his evening meal and for rest. A caretaker, I thought; a pensioned soldier, guarding, in the evening of his days, a church erected for some special and now neglected purpose. A melancholy and a lonely man, looking much like the ghosts of the past that were accompanying me even then, whispering of hopes and ambitions long buried.

"Castles against the yellow sunset." Where had I heard that phrase, and what was that fleeting, ill-defined picture which it engendered in my half-unconscious brain?—a picture that appeared to my inner vision, furtively, timidly, whenever I came within proximity of that silent building? The source of the phrase I remembered presently: it is used by Poe in one of his most fantastic moods; but the picture escaped my mental grasp like a will o' the wisp. There was a daffodil sky, certainly, and low on the horizon were gold, and orange, and pale, pellucid green; behind me were the shadows of the night, pregnant with meaning; underfoot, pools of rain-water reflecting many wondrous tints. And against that yellow heaven there was, in a dark purple silhouette, something of awe-inspiring

grandeur, and, over all, the silence of prayer and of the peace which passes understanding. What was that something? My brain was on the rack, but to no avail.

I would have remained in ignorance of the character of that building—for soon afterwards my hands found plenty to do, and my rambles dwindled down to brief, sharp constitutionals—had I not formed a strange friendship with a little Bulgar maiden of ten summers, whom I met "promiscuous like, a-walking in the public street"—as Thackeray quaintly puts it. My regular sunset exercise brought me past a certain house in a poor quarter, a little house of neglected appearance, at the window of which was a bright face of sunny red-brown hue, surrounded by black hair and lightened by merry, sparkling eyes of dark brown. Presently I came to look for the face daily, and the face appeared to be on the watch for me, and after a little while the lonely man and the beaming countenance entered upon a nodding acquaintance. Then one day the owner of the face came running after me, and without more ado seized my hand and trotted gaily at my side, not leaving me until on my return journey I had passed her domicile again, and deposited her safely within the battered door. And the next day the same thing happened, and the next day, and every day for three or four weeks, excepting Sundays, when I saw her,

but at the window, with a wreath of autumn flowers in her hair, the holiday ornament of the middle-class girls. On those days a jump from the chair, a clapping of the hands, a lusty shout, had to compensate for prattling, unintelligible companionship.

Unintelligible, because we had no language in common. At that time my knowledge of Bulgarian was limited to the most necessary words and phrases for shop, *café*, or hotel; I certainly could not understand the rushing torrent of a little maiden's incessant chatter. Turkish, which was my means of intercourse with most adults, she knew not, and Occidental languages she had not yet learnt. And thus it happened that I never exchanged an intelligible sentence with the daily companion of many weeks—and such a sweet, trusting, lovable companion!

She was always dressed in the stereotyped costume—almost a uniform—of the lower middle-class schoolgirls: a short black skirt, with an inch of white lace petticoat showing beneath, black stockings, clumsy raw-hide shoes, a black woollen jacket, serviceable but not elegant. Her beautiful hair fell in a single thick plait over her back to half a foot below her waist. She never wore a hat. Bulgarian girls and women of that stratum dislike hats; in church, in particular, bareheadedness is considered a mark of respect for the Almighty.

Later I ascertained that her father knew me by appearance and repute—an Occidental does not remain for long unknown to the populace of Sofia, particularly if he be of an inquiring turn of mind and have small coin to spend. No doubt, the child's natural desire for long walks, for the vigorous exercise of sturdy limbs, had been the first impetus towards this strange friendship, and the father, knowing me, had not objected, since he, in common with the majority of adult Bulgarians, was incorrigibly lazy. He was, I learnt, a menial servant in a public office. The little one's Christian name was Nadejda.

I was told, afterwards, that she had just taken to me because my face was kind. Heavens! my face has been called many names, mostly opprobrious, but never before "kind!" The Bulgarians have a peculiar taste; otherwise they would not prefer dog's-flesh sausages to roast mutton.

Towards the gloomy close of one wild December afternoon Nadejda and I passed that silent edifice. The roads were clean for once, the rain had swept them—it is the only cleaning they ever get—but the rain had also bared them of traffic. The street was void of wanderers and vehicles. In one of the Turkish houses a flickering hearth-light shone through lattice shutters. From afar came the dull rumble of the town's centre, of its throbbing heart: that little triangle, of which the mosque, and the Hotel Panachoff, and the vegetable

market are the corners, has all the vitality of a busy city. A melodious bugle-call, "Stables," sounded from the cavalry barracks, not far off. And the poor old lion in Prince Ferdinand's garden—the only occupant of the wild beasts' house—roared asthmatically, "Good night."

Nadejda was talking vivaciously—Heaven only knows of what—but I caught the occasional word "draga," which means "darling." Her warm little hand was in mine. I stopped before the dome-crowned building and pointed to it with a gesture of interrogation. She replied promptly, "Kniaj Alexander," and made the sign of the Cross on breast and forehead. Then I understood. The tomb of Prince Alexander. He, the hero of Philipopolis, the victor of Slivnitza, had died in exile and inglorious obscurity; his dead body was brought to the town which he loved and for which he had fought.

"Castles against the yellow sunset."

With a flash, vivid, stinging, painful, almost like physical discomfort, the picture came back to me. Against the sky of yellow there was in purple silhouette—not a castle of granite or brick—but a human tower of strength, a Lohengrin on horseback, Alexander von Battenberg, First Prince of Bulgaria, on the battlefield of Slivnitza, in the splendour of his virility and his heroism. That stalwart man, with muscles of iron and nerves of steel, with his brown bearded face, handsome as

the noonday sun, had his Kalpak in his hand; his bare head was bowed, and he prayed. And for twenty or thirty seconds there lay over the troops of Bulgaria the awful hush of a communion with God.

Never before, to me, has been Carlyle's definition of the Horse and the Rider: a "revealed Force," so intelligible. In that purple picture on the yellow ground was the revelation of the most stupendous force known to this world: the will of a man who, ready to die, has dared and has conquered.

God, how that man must have prayed! The change from ruin and despair to complete and glorious salvation, not only of himself, but of three millions of his fellow-creatures, from defeat to victory, from national death to life, from personal ignominy to historical grandeur: that prayer of thanks and praise was, I should think, too intense for uttered or written words. He must have prayed in swift mental picture, even as the illiterate deaf and dumb think in pictures, not in sentences.

Less than a year later took place that horrible midnight abduction of Alexander from his bedroom in the old Turkish konak—now, with renovations and additions, the princely palace. The whole ghastly truth of this tragedy, one of the most intense in modern history, is known to scarce a dozen men now living. A few days later came the inglorious return of a broken man, and, a week

afterwards, the shameful, compulsory abdication. Prince Alexander of Bulgaria was dead to the world. A Count Hartenau lived in Graz in Austria a few years longer, in possession of a courtesy rank and an imaginary office, but in welcome obscurity; and his body, after death, brought to Sofia, became once more that of Alexander of Bulgaria, as it had been for seven years of strenuous work and manly endeavour, of overwhelming difficulties and brilliant success.

The body was first deposited in a gloomy little mosque situated in a grim yard at the back of a main thoroughfare—the Boulevard Dondukoff. It is approached by a slum-like alley, the dark entrance of which is passed daily by thousands of busy pedestrians who remember not its former significance. The mosque, first desecrated as a mosque, was reconsecrated as a Christian Chapelle Ardente. I visited it, having obtained permission after much devious intrigue, sundry bribes, and long, weary suing. It is bare now, except for some packages which look like forgotten military stores. But the purses of a few men and women keep it in repair, and the little sacred olive-oil lamp still burns to-day which lighted dimly the coffin of the dead hero whilst the erection of the mausoleum was in progress. Pious hands trim and tend it. When all was ready, he was laid to his last rest in 1897, four years after his death, eleven years after his abdication, with a pomp

and a circumstance which poverty-stricken Bulgaria could ill afford.

Into that mausoleum, Nadejda and I entered, hand in hand. The guardian happened to be on the step; in silence he opened the ponderous door with a formidable key from the bunch in his hand, gave me a vigorous military salute, and withdrew, closing the door behind him.

We were alone in what appeared to our eyes, unaccustomed to the gloom, to our strained, expectant nerves, like an enormous dome—vast almost as the dome of the heavens. A faint fragrance of violets amid a strong earthy odour; the silence of the grave. A few of the tiny, everlasting oil-lamps, which form so important a part in the ritual of the Greek Church, burned dimly. As our vision grew used to their orange light, we perceived the handsome sarcophagus, of Bulgarian Balkan stone, designed by a Bulgarian sculptor (Vasileff). And there was a table at the side, which held many faded wreaths and one fresh bunch of violets. They brought back to me England, which at that time I despaired of ever seeing again, for reasons which can find no place here—brought back the smell of the British soil after rain, the odour of wet leaves, the fragrance of buds, the scent of an English spring.

I had hardly noticed that Nadejda had slipped her hand out of mine. So intense was the silence

that a slight noise, like that of a trailing garment, gave me almost an electric shock. But it was only Nadejda, who was creeping under the table with the flowers, emerging on the other side, and coming back the same way—a custom, pious, no doubt, in origin and meaning, but ridiculous in our eyes, which the curious may see practised by the children in any Orthodox church at any religious festival. This solemn duty over, she was at my side again. We knelt before the sarcophagus; she crossed herself and muttered a rapid prayer, her face looking upward, and the deep orange light of the centre lamp fell full on it, and tinted it with an unearthly golden glamour, bold against a darkness which seemed like unto that of infinite space. If ever a child looked an angel, Nadejda was that child at that solemn moment.

Only a few feet from us was all that remained of one of the great ones of this world; of one who has made history; of a man, loyal, brave, and true, whose earthly guerdon was ingratitude and betrayal, black and vile as hell. To me he had once been the ideal of a man and a soldier. To her parents he had been a sovereign and a saviour. And now he was dust and bones, enclosed in a stone box, to pay for which his own heavily taxed, poverty-stricken people were sweated and taxed yet more heavily.

Has his tragic fate cured his people of the

vice of ingratitude, their typical vice? Far from it! His successor, Prince Ferdinand of Coburg, after many heartrending struggles, made the tremendous sacrifice of his eldest son's conversion from the Roman to the Greek Faith. It was for the best of the country. To accomplish it he quarrelled with his wife, and she died unreconciled; he nearly broke with his mother, on whom he depends financially; he quarrelled with his wife's parents, and brothers, and sisters; he relinquished the revenue coming from that quarter, which had been a sheer necessity to him whose Bulgarian pay hardly kept him in cigars; he faced poverty, slander, misinterpretation, hatred, his own conscience—but the nation demanded it. And now the Bulgarian is asking: "I wonder how much he has made out of the job?"

A solemn measured step on the stone flags outside—the guardian, waiting for us. A grim sentinel over the gates of death, we within, he without. Involuntarily I ask myself: "Shall the little one and I ever see day again?" We seem to be buried there, beside the dead hero. She is frightened, clings to me; her face is turned up to mine. I stoop down and kiss the rosy lips. She is reassured. If this be a sacrilege, may the dead forgive me! But I do not think so.

There is a breath of air—like many dome-shaped edifices, the building engenders its own winds. The draught brings a wave of violet odour,

and with it the recollection of a story which I had heard related, a few weeks before, at a *café* table by a grave-faced Turk well stricken in years, an old resident of Sofia, whose memory is a veritable warehouse of wondrous tales of stirring times. I had paid little heed, and had all but forgotten; but now I remember, suddenly and forcibly.

One morning, a week or two after the formal consecration of the mausoleum, a sad-faced woman dressed in black had presented herself to the guardian. She was a stranger; the cut of her garments was Austrian. She carried a bunch of violets. At that time the place was —for a brief spell—the fashionable shrine of pious pilgrimage; but it was early, and the caretaker had only just arrived. He left her inside to pray, having been bribed to let her alone. She had spoken German to him, for the guardian at that time was a Prussian non-commissioned officer, a member of Alexander's original retinue. Bulgarian she seemed not to understand. Presently sightseers arrived, among them my informant; but the man kept them waiting under some pretext. It must have been half an hour after her arrival that those outside heard a terrible cry—such a cry as God in His mercy has given to poor tortured humanity to help it over its worst hour. They pressed inside, and found her raving, struggling with something unseen,

clinging to some one invisible, babbling of something too appalling for coherent language. Then she fainted. She was carried back to town in a passing carriage. And the same evening two officers of Prince Ferdinand's most intimate *entourage* took her, pale as a ghost, frail and trembling, from an hotel to the station, and thence by train, no one knows whither. She had left the violets in the mausoleum, and there they are now, a bunch of dried, brittle herbs. And since then some one sends a little posy at regular intervals. There my informant's story ended; clearly he knew no more. Was she the widowed Countess Hartenau, to whom the late prince had been married morganatically? He could not say; he had never seen her.

History moves with seven-leagued boots in Bulgaria. A little while before, I had been in Rustchuk, only sixteen years after one of the ghastliest military rebellions in modern history. This event, occurring in the regency interval between Alexander's abdication and Ferdinand's accession, had stirred the hearts of Europe. Locally it was forgotten. Those among the older and more intelligent whom I interrogated spoke of it as we might speak of the siege of Troy.

The Sofians scarce remember Alexander. Weeks pass, and none visit his tomb but a few curious German and Austrian travellers, personally conducted parties, with red Baedekers, blue

spectacles, and green sunshades, who laugh and chatter, hardly trouble to enter, and pass on to the next sight, generally the Zoo over the way. The dowager pays occasional visits, sudden, unannounced, brief. The Sofians know her not, and are not interested; indeed, as I found out by inquiries, the majority have not even heard that their late sovereign was married. Such a thing is possible only in a country where newspaper-reading is confined to the upper class.

Nadejda has seized my hand, and is dragging me towards the door. Evidently she has had enough of death and darkness, and longs for the fresh winds of living heavens. The guardian is outside and salutes. I return the compliment and pass him. A bass voice behind me says, "Molé vi, gospodin, plashta" ("If you please, sir, pay").

* * * * * *

They tortured him incessantly while he was alive. They built him a costly mausoleum when he had died of their torture. And they charge a fee for praying there.

THE GIPSIES

CHAPTER III

THE GIPSIES

"There's a tribe
Of alien people who ascribe
The outlandish ways and dress
On which their neighbours lay such stress,
To their fathers and mothers having risen
Out of some subterraneous prison."
BROWNING ("The Pied Piper of Hamelin").

THE Balkan countries are the Eldorado of the gipsy, who invariably combines the vocation of music with his official calling —that which he acknowledges when brought before a magistrate, a frequent occurrence. Throughout South-Eastern Europe the professional practice of music is in gipsy hands, excepting in Greece, in which alone there is a systematic exercise of the art in the Occidental manner.

The ordinary Turk, he who has not been educated or has not travelled in the West, who mixes not with Europeans, and who has not acquired the taste artificially, knows music only as a complement to one of two other arts: poetry or the dance. To him the divine art is not self-contained and self-sufficient. Though he will

never tire of listening to recited poetry or witnessing a graceful dance, he neither recites nor dances himself; indeed, he would no more dream of doing either than the average Englishman would dream of standing on his head in the market-place for the delectation of the populace. The gipsy supplies all his wants; he or she recites for him, dances for him, and makes the complementary music.

The attitude of the Turk towards music is so peculiar that, at the risk of digressing, I shall quote a simile given to me by an educated and much-travelled Turkish gentleman. A European cannot divorce the colours from the design in an oil-painting; he cannot put the former on a canvas by themselves without reference to the latter, all the red shades together, then all the blue, then all the green, and so forth, and call the result a self-contained and independent work of art. No more can the Turk without European education divorce the music from the piece of poetry or the dance of which it is a concomitant. That travelled Turks acquire an exotic love of music, and often a great aptitude for its exercise, is notorious. The present Sultan, Abdul Hamid II., is a devotee of the art, a connoisseur, a critic of the most catholic taste, and a fine piano-player. The intellectual possibilities of the race are enormous.

The modern Bulgarian has no music in his composition, as he has nothing else in his

conception that is noble, beautiful, or inspiriting; even his patriotism, which, twenty years ago, won the battle of Slivnitza against a thrice-superior foe, has been degraded down to the level of a vulgar party-gamble. But he loves to emulate the European, and to sip his Turkish coffee and his Greek cognac to the accompaniment of a string band; and the gipsy supplies this element of civilization.

Much the same may be said of the Servian, excepting that he is even more of a barbarian.

As to the Montenegrin, he is of nobler aspirations, and slowly ascending toward culture, if only Russia will leave him alone; but as yet he has not attained to any but the most primitive form of music, which the accommodating gipsy provides for him.

Lastly, the Roumanian trend of civilization—or, rather, that superficial Austrian and French polish which passes for civilization in Roumania—has assumed the curve of poetry, literature, and the drama, rather than that of music, excepting its most frivolous type, which the ubiquitous gipsy supplies in abundance. Roumania is the country *par excellence* of gipsy string-bands in *cafés*, *brasseries*, and public gardens. That these are often dressed in the frock-coat and the stiff collar, shirt, and cuffs of civilization, is a fact which is apt to mislead the traveller. It is merely the professional, money-earning garb, generally provided by the enterprising *café* proprietor.

Thus the gipsy combines a secondary, often a more lucrative, occupation with those of horse-doctor, horse-dealer, horse-stealer, harness-mender, cobbler, tinker, wood-carver, artificer in metal, bricklayer, carrier, porter, hawker, vagrant, thief. The woman, too, in addition to being midwife, quack, herbalist, soothsayer, plays some stringed instrument; the girl sings and recites; the boy dances, generally in girl's clothes—a peculiar tribal custom of which I have been unable to discern origin or purport, for a certain state of things is, and always has been, so generally and openly acknowledged as an existing fact throughout the Orient, that any dissimulation would seem superfluous.

Under the name of Miré or Mira (derived from the Greek Moira, *i.e.* fate), the gipsy prophetess is a person of importance and influence in the East, and her advice is solicited even by politicians, soldiers, and statesmen. The instance of the Czar Alexander the Second seeking counsel of a Bessarabian gipsy, and receiving the solemn warning, "Beware of Plevna," weeks before Plevna was heard of, is a notorious case, which is considered authentic in Russia.

A perversion of the established order of things is to be noted: the majority of the 4000 settled gipsies of Bukarest are launders and bricklayers, but the men do the washing, and the women the bricklaying; indeed, the gipsy women of that

city are called, colloquially, the "builders of Bukarest."

For five centuries past, up to the present day, the gipsy has been the professional hangman of the Ottoman Empire. The official executioner in Widdin in 1876 and 1877, when I visited that town, was an English gipsy, who had escaped from British soil in fear of the law, and had drifted to the Orient. The Turks called him Istanli, which is their version of the name Stanley; they, like the Spaniards, cannot pronounce an initial St. or Sp. His relations and descendants still tramp Hampshire and the Isle of Wight.

Roumania has 200,000, Bulgaria 52,000, Servia 46,000 census-acknowledged gipsies. Of these numbers, about one-third are nomads, two-thirds are settlers in the quarters, mahallahs (to employ the Arabic word in common use in the Orient), allotted to them by the authorities. All towns and most villages have gipsy mahallahs. The number of gipsies who have successfully evaded the census, that hated institution awfully believed to be connected with military service, taxation, and the police, is estimated at an aggregate of 60,000 for the three countries. The gipsy population in Turkey-in-Europe numbers at least 300,000, of whom half are nomads. Montenegro has no regular census, and Greece makes no especial enumeration of gipsies. Adding 5000 for the former, 20,000 for the latter, 10,000 for the

Turkish islands in the Mediterranean, and 2000 for Crete, gives a total of 700,000 for the European Orient, of whom at least a quarter of a million are habitual nomads.

Unlike the Jewish hawker, the gipsy tramp is gregarious, and travels in families, often in clans, sometimes in whole tribes. The ordinary gipsy band may number anything between a dozen and a hundred souls. Near Adrianople I saw the black-tented encampment of one that must have counted well-nigh a thousand, but this is an exception.

The mahallahs, always composed of dirty hovels in crooked, narrow lanes, vary in size in proportion to the town or village of which they are a component. The largest in Bulgaria, that of Sofia, contains 3000 souls; that of Plevna has 2500; that of the village Grivitza, near Plevna, 300. Constantinople has several separate gipsy mahallahs, the aggregate being above 10,000. The second largest city of the Turkish Empire, Adrianople, has, strangely, but a small permanent gipsy population, 400; but it is the favourite halting and refitting place of the nomadic element, and the settlers are noteworthy for that they—alone in the East—openly acknowledge a form of paganism as their religion. Of this, more anon.

Throughout the Orient the gipsies are called by the Turkish name Chingéni, or Chingani. This is pronounced Tsingéni in Macedonia, where the

principal element, the Kutzo-Wallachian, is unable to form the Ch sound; for this reason the Kutzo-Wallachians (*i.e.* Pseudo-Wallachians) are called by the Balkan Slavs, Tsintsares, derived from the Roumanian numeral "Chinch" (*i.e.* five), which they are unable to utter, except as "tsintz"; this, originally a nickname, has become an acknowledged appellation, and is used by themselves. The Turkish plural of Chingéni is Chingénilar; but the singular is employed as a plural in Christian countries. From the corruption Tsingani are derived the Italian Zingari and the Hungarian Tsigani, possibly also the German Zigeuner.

The language of the Eastern gipsies is declared by savants to be a direct—and the only living direct—descendant of Sanskrit. There is a tradition among them that, ages ago, they spoke pure "Indian"; indeed, I heard a Sofian "hammal" (porter, load-carrier—this Turkish word is in general use) speak of his native tongue as "hindi." Commonly it is called simply Chingéni. It is an unwritten and very difficult idiom, and so polysyllabic that for purposes of daily life—for instance, in the numerals, and in such common ideas as house, man, woman, dog, horse, bread, money, and so forth—the gipsy, even within his tribe, prefers Turkish, which is also his means of communication with the non-gipsy world. For Turkish is still the most useful and widely extended

of Eastern tongues, and its importance is increasing. The use of the Turkish numerals is become so established among the Oriental gipsies that only one of five hammals, whom I consulted in Sofia, knew the original Chingéni figures (of seven to ten syllables each) sufficiently well to dictate them to me; and when, later, I read my written figures to some gipsies in Saloniki, only one in four understood. Of all alien languages, the gipsy loves Turkish best, or rather, hates it least, and prefers it to any other, going to the extent of denying a knowledge of another tongue, though he have a sufficient smattering of it; but he is intelligent and docile, and easily acquires a working knowledge of Bulgarian, Roumanian, Serbo-Croatian, or Greek, which he employs willingly enough when he sees his way clear to a monetary profit.

As to his creed, the gipsy makes a practice to profess, ostentatiously, the faith of that country in which he happens to reside or travel. Thus, nomadic families change from Islam to the Greek Church, and *vice versâ*, as many times in the course of the year (perhaps a dozen or a score) as they cross—clandestinely, because without passports—the Turkish-Bulgarian frontier. That the gipsy has a religion of his own, with secret rites, jealously guarded, is generally believed by those—there are not many such in the Orient—who take an interest in the despised pariah. Although I speak Turkish fluently, and learned something of

the Chingéni tongue on purpose, and though I made myself popular by gifts of drink and money, I could not penetrate the veil that hides the Balkan gipsy's creed from vulgar gaze. That the Adrianople gipsy openly professes paganism has already been said; but he, too, is sullenly uncommunicative and stubbornly secretive, and if he practises his religion at all, it must be in the innermost privacy of his hut, probably in the dead of night. Meeting-houses the gipsies have not, and even when they pretend to be Moslems or Christians, they attend not mosques or churches. For this reason the Turk does not regard them as Orthodox Mahommedans, and, very willingly, exempts them, whom he considers as outlaws, from military service, to which duty, esteemed an honour and a prerogative in the Ottoman Empire, none but full believers in the Prophet's tenets and active practitioners of his ritual are admitted. The Mahommedan gipsies make no attempt to emulate the outward forms of Islam: they drink spirituous liquor and eat pork; the women go about unveiled—often, indeed, barely clothed—and are as free in their intercourse with the other sex as any high-bred modern English or American girls. To make assurance doubly sure, many gipsies, when they enter Turkish territory for the first time from Greece, or Servia, or Bulgaria, feign to be Jews—Jews rather than Christians, for the Turk sympathizes with the former, but

despises the latter—until they discover that the nation will not have them as soldiers at any price, when they suddenly become Moslems, a transformation which saves friction and confers many advantages. The small tax imposed on non-Moslems for exemption from service is rarely enforced, so far as gipsies are concerned.

Throughout the Orient, by Christian, Jew, and Mahommedan alike, the gipsy is considered to be, and is treated as, an accursed, unclean outcast, indeed, as barely human. The Turk, in particular, being of scrupulous personal cleanliness, looks upon the unwashed Chingéni, whose habitual costume is filthy rags, very much as the Boer used to look upon the dwarfish Bushman, before he exterminated him. This enforced pariah-attitude has had this result: that the Eastern gipsy has remained pure in race. The gayest Roumanian, to whom every woman is legitimate spoil; the most licentious Turk who ever acquired civilized vices when being educated in the Christian Occident; the most frivolous, cunning, cowardly Greek; the most brutal Bulgarian or Servian: would fight shy of committing himself with a gipsy girl. It is the last stage in the downward descent of loss of caste; fraud and forgery, murder and manslaughter, are more readily forgiven. Thus you never find gipsy women in *cafés chantant* or in State-conducted brothels. In the Occident, on the other hand,

where social ostracism is less rigidly enforced, the gipsies are half-caste.

To the Balkan gipsy the habitable world ends with the Austrian and the Russian frontiers in the west and the north. The East is always open to him; but he shares with the rest of the human race the instinct of westward migration; a step east is a step back, a retreat. Therefore the wanderings of the nomad are confined to the Balkan countries—Greece, Turkey, Montenegro, Servia, Bulgaria, Roumania—with an occasional retrograde movement to Asia Minor, Syria, or Mesopotamia, and a rare and clandestine excursion from Moldavia into Bessarabia. To Europe proper he never comes. The "Macedonian" and "Bulgarian gipsies" who make their appearance in England with bears and monkeys, and with much high-falutin rubbish in the columns of the British press, at regular intervals, are spurious imitations, mostly ordinary Servian or Croatian hawkers, sometimes Jews. Of this I convinced myself personally a few months back, when the London dailies drew sentimental attention to the cruel fate of a band of "Macedonian gipsies," kicked by local authorities until they had found a temporary breathing-place on the borders of Epping Forest. They were neither gipsies, nor from Macedonia: they were Jews from the Austrian town Semlin on the Danube, opposite Belgrad. They spoke neither Chingéni nor Turkish, nor the language

of the Tsintsares of Macedonia, but an unmistakable Yiddish, that of the Hungarian Jews. And they found the kicking and shunting process a source of considerable emolument.

So pronounced is the Oriental view of the gipsy as an uncleanly half-beast, that I created consternation in Sofia when I consulted, outside my hotel, some gipsy hammals for the process vulgarly known as "pumping." I speedily transferred the scene of my inquiries to the proper quarter, the mahallah, where I was nearly stoned on my first penetration, unattended, into its devious mysteries. When the inhabitants discovered that I had small coin to dispense and brandy to give away, I became a demi-god. If I had stayed long enough, I might have grown into one of their deities.

The physique of the male gipsy is superb. He is rather below middle height, shorter than the stalwart Bulgarian, about the same size as the ordinary Turk, whom he resembles in physiognomy—considerably shorter than the tall, lithe, high-class Turk with Arab blood in his veins, whose fine, hawk-like profile is dissimilar to his. His muscular development is splendid. The weight-carrying performances of the professional hammals are incredible. The male is at his best between twenty and thirty years of age; at fifty he is generally worn out and decrepit. I once watched a party of young hammals disporting

themselves in the hot sulphur bath at Sofia, on a day on which it was thrown open free to the public; many of them were Apollos in shape and muscularity, none were hideous, or in any way irregular; indeed, I saw not one who might have been called plain. The boys are graceful up to the age of twelve or thirteen, with a grace of a feminine type; from that point until eighteen or twenty they are unattractive. The females are at their best at twelve to fourteen, at sixteen they are fully developed, at twenty they begin to fade, at twenty-five they are old, at thirty they are worn-out hags, in which state they remain for decades unaltered. Having reached that stage of senile decline, the body seems to cling to it with tenacity, refusing to yield further; and a gipsy woman of eighty is undistinguishable from one of forty, in appearance, in faculties, in manual performances, even, in the case of professional soothsayers, in intellect, whilst their worldly wisdom increases with age. Physical senile decay is common, slow, and early; mental senile decay is almost unknown. The girls of ten to twelve are often wonderfully graceful and attractive, that is, if you can overlook the dirty rags which they habitually wear. They carry themselves well, with ease, and yet with pride and dignity; they walk with a swinging gait; the action of the limbs is superb. In youth both sexes are slim and lithe, though never lean; the

women become fat after twenty, the men, though they put on flesh at thirty, grow seldom unpleasantly corpulent; indeed, lean old men are common, whilst lean old women are rare.

A slow gesture-dance, performed by a dozen, partly boys and partly girls, but all dressed in fanciful female costumes, accompanied by fiddles, violas da gamba, Pan's pipes, a 'cello, a guitar, and a zither beaten with hammers (the typical gipsy orchestra), is a sight to be remembered.

The prevailing diseases are goitre, leprosy, and elephantiasis. Cholera seldom attacks gipsies, but they contract smallpox easily. Consumption, gout, and rheumatism appear to be unknown among them. Individuals suffering from some hideous form of elephantiasis expose themselves in the streets for the benefit of the charitably inclined.

The gipsy skin is of a warm red-brown in youth, of a hideous dirty yellow in old age. The physiognomy is hardly attractive at first blush, that is, to the European on his first visit to the Orient, having something of a Malayan type in it; but one gets used to it, and promptly discovers many beauties among the young girls, and many fine manly countenances among the men under thirty. The hair is always jet black; in old age it passes quickly to perfect white; the intermediary stage, grey, or black streaked with white, is seldom seen. The eyes, of lustrous black, have

a green light in them which is peculiar to gipsy eyes; indeed, in some parts of Turkey, the expression "Chingéninin ghiözleri," *i.e.* the eyes of a gipsy, means black eyes with a *soupçon* of green, irrespective of nationality. The nearest colour-approach to it which I know is the sheen of certain beetles. In moments of passion, for instance, in the case of a jealous girl (the race is given to fierce sexual and maternal jealousy), or in the excitement of a wild dance, a fiery recitative, an erotic song, their eyes positively blaze green fire.

The gipsy is an habitual coward; he makes a bad soldier and an undesirable companion in the ranks. For this reason, and also because he is a musician, the Roumanians and Bulgarians employ him as bandsman. He is a born thief, in the Orient as well as in the Occident. He is false and hypocritical; a gipsy vagrant can whine dolefully while laughing in his sleeve with a pocketful of small coin; a gipsy girl can jest with murder in her heart. It is a race of born actors and actresses. Even the commonest forms of honesty are unintelligible to the gipsy and unpractised by him, except it be in fear of an equally unintelligible law. In this respect the mahallah dwellers are naturally better than the nomads. The latter teach their children petty pilfering as a serious vocation. The gipsy is cunning, too, but it is that low cunning which

easily overreaches itself, perceives counterplots in all it hears and sees, and cannot imagine a mind free from lies and wile; not the steady, methodical, far-seeing cunning of the Jew, that fills the money-bags.

In the mahallahs the gipsy is thrifty, and has a turning towards miserly habits; but he never grows rich—his associates take care of that, for cringing and "sponging" are natural to the race. To his superiors he is depreciatory and servile; to his inferiors and dependants a bully, like all cowards. Petty crime is habitual to the gipsy, with some nomads it is daily bread; but from serious crime the race is singularly free. They have neither the education, the ingenuity, the initiative, nor the organization necessary to practise systematic fraud on a large scale, and for deeds of violence they lack the courage. Baby-stealing and occasional jealousy-murders are the exception. Outrages on females, elsewhere the crime *par excellence* of the vagrant, are rare; when they occur they often meet with terrible retribution. In a Turkish hamlet, miles from the nearest kadi, never visited by the zaptiés (gendarmes), I heard of a case that had happened the year before. The irate inhabitants had slowly tortured the culprit to death by crucifying him in the Burmese fashion; the process had lasted three days.

The gipsy is not without good qualities.

Connubial fidelity, racial loyalty, veneration for the tribal elders, industry at his craft, be it but fowl-roost pilfering, are his virtues. He is patient, persevering, cheerful in suffering, enduring, unaffected by hardship, and capable of tremendous physical exertion in hours of dire need, in times of storm and stress. I have seen a gipsy encampment, apprised by spies of a forthcoming zaptié raid, packed and started on its voyage within half an hour. It comprised thirty souls, as many mules, asses, and goats, seven tents, five carts, and minor impedimenta. Recently I watched in England an itinerant whirligig and swing proprietor pack up previous to departure; the operation took a day and a half. He had less encumbrance and more able-bodied male help than the gipsy. But he drank beer.

The girls are singularly apt to form *grandes passions*, of the most violent (and to the males) dangerous nature. I do not know whether this counts as a virtue; but it often leads to virtues: to perseverance, devotion, self-effacement, heroic sacrifice, and faithfulness unto death. It also leads to occasional murder, and even to that, in the Orient, extremely rare event: suicide.

The parental instinct is strongly developed. Both sexes are passionately attached to the children, but only so long as these are babes. The love seems to wane when the children begin to run about independently, and it is extinct by

the time they have reached puberty. But the veneration of the children for the parents is enduring. The word of paterfamilias is supreme law. The women will suckle their infants at the most unexpected times, places, and opportunities, and always do so with every token of the utmost tenderness. The babes are often disfigured by abnormally large abdomens, which deformity disappears speedily when they begin to use their legs.

In spite of his early physical decay the gipsy generally lives to a hale old age. Octogenarians are frequent, and centenarians not uncommon. I met in 1877, in Widdin, a gipsy who, as a young man of twenty to twenty-five (he did not know his exact age), had taken part in the historic battle, fought near that city in 1801, between the rebellious Janissaries under Pasvan Oglu Pasha and the Imperial troops under the Greek Michael Sutsos. He must, therefore, have been between ninety-seven and a hundred and one years of age. Though bent and shrivelled, he was tough and hale, mobile, in full possession of his faculties, and of an uncanny astuteness. His veracity was vouched for by a dragoman of the Austrian Consulate.

I have not been able to discover that the gipsy has a distinctive costume. The ordinary garb is rags and tatters. I once saw a man of importance, a tribal chief, clad in a potato-sack

with holes cut for arms and legs. The gala dress is generally that of the country in which the gang, or family, reside, or habitually travel. The fancy costumes in which boys and girls dance for the delectation of strangers are mostly left-off garments bought at the theatres, variety-stages, or *cafés chantant* of the larger cities.

Though the gipsy permits, and occasionally practises, both polygamy and polyandry, the general tendency is for monogamy, as is that of the Turk, whom he admires and loves to imitate, often even to simulate, and whose harem is almost a thing of the past. The governments take no cognizance of these infrequent cases. In Turkey, polygamy, though rare, is legal, and polyandry among gipsies would create no more interest than polyandry of cats and dogs. In the Christian countries the authorities cannot, or will not, consider gipsy marriages as valid contracts, and regular celebrations of these in church or synagogue, or before the civil officials, are rare. Prostitution is unknown to the gipsies; indeed, the language has no word for it, even as the original Turkish language had no word for the idea "harlot;" the modern dictionary term *fahishé* is borrowed from the Arabic, and its introduction into the Turkish idiom is no more than a century old, dating from the time when the translation of the Old Testament into Turkish rendered an expression for the idea necessary. In

many professedly Mahommedan gipsy communities the old Islamic law appears to obtain by which the act of maternity constitutes a legal marriage; in this wise, illegitimate children are unknown to most Turkish gipsies. That law abolishes both concubinage (in our sense) and illegitimacy, once and for all; but it can be possible only in countries where polygamy is not a criminal offence. Some Moslem divines go even farther, and maintain that, in the sight of God, the union itself constitutes marriage, not necessarily monogamic, but sacred, inviolate, and lifelong, and—to the shame of Christendom, be it said—they base their arguments on the New Testament. This is exactly what Tolstoi has been preaching to the Christian nations, so powerfully, so frequently, and yet so vainly.

Of education the nomadic gipsy is innocent. Each large gang generally comprises one individual who acts as professional letter-writer; he can read and write Turkish, and has a superficial acquaintance with the Cyrillian alphabet. But he never writes his own language; indeed, the Latin, the Arabic, the Cyrillian characters alike are unsuited for reducing the Chingéni idiom to writing. Communications between tribes appear to be made in Turkish. Often the official scholar of a band forms no part of it, but has been procured from a mahallah and is paid a wage. In a band of eighty I encountered one literate, and he a

stranger; in a band of thirty, none; in another band of thirty, one, and that a young girl, who had accidentally received a charity education in Constantinople. In the mahallahs of Roumania and Bulgaria, which countries have adopted the principle of compulsory education (but cannot always enforce it), a good deal of improvement has been effected of late years, and the illiterates do not seem to number more than 60 to 70 per cent., which rate is steadily declining. Military service, too, has worked wonders with the race.

But though the Chingéni tongue has no literature and no recorded history, the gipsies possess in a high degree that which take the place of either among illiterate races: tradition. This is, perhaps, a slightly more trustworthy source than we may think, who have allowed it to fall into desuetude and to dry up.

The gipsies have traditional memories of India, of a Garden of Eden, of Cain and Abel, of a deluge, even of One who atoned for the sins of the world on a cross—some, in Turkey, say at a stake. This latter may be simply an echo of Islam, which acknowledges Issa (Jesus) as a prophet and a saint, though not as a Messiah; on the other hand, it may be a genuine tradition dating from our Lord's earthly life, at which period gipsy bands travelled undoubtedly in Syria. Songs, melodies, and poems; violin-playing and violin-pieces; dances, legends, superstitions,

witchcraft, and soothsaying; precepts for fleshly ills of men and beasts: have been handed down by tradition from generation to generation in an unbroken line for centuries, maybe for thousands of years. The father teaches the fiddle to the son; the mother instructs the boys and the girls in dancing and in recitation, and, when she finds herself growing too old, hands over her most intimate and fearsome secrets of sorcery, *clair-voyance*, and the healing art to her daughter.

The gipsy is a quick learner, and picks up a tune or a poem in a marvellously short time. The professional string bands render, for the benefit of the public, the light pieces of the Austrian school: dances, marches, pot-pourris, *chansonettes;* even the nomadic gipsies, when asked by travellers to perform for their benefit, prefer adaptations, learned by rote, to tribal music, dance, or poetry. The gipsy is shy, secretive, suspicious of strangers, and he abhors everything flavouring of officialdom; dragomans are, therefore, useless, if you wish to see the nomad at his best, in his tribal art. To accomplish this, you require tact, sympathy, courage, and at least a smattering of Turkish, no less than brandy and small coin in abundance, a fearless face, a stout stick, and often a loaded revolver. If you have these mental attributes and can procure the material, and if you are ready to travel outside the beaten tracks and seek what you want, you may have such an

experience, and receive such a sensation, as will last you for many a day. I, an habitual concert-frequenter and theatre-goer throughout Europe for three decades past, have never heard such violin-playing, have never listened to such poetry, have never seen such dancing, as I witnessed in the Balkan countries.

GIPSY MUSIC

CHAPTER IV

GIPSY MUSIC

"And when he played, the atmosphere
Was filled with magic, and the ear
Caught echoes of that Harp of Gold,
Whose music had so weird a sound,
The hunted stag forgot to bound,
The leaping rivulet backward rolled,
The birds came down from bush and tree,
The dead came from beneath the sea,
The maiden to the harper's knee!"

LONGFELLOW ("The Wayside Inn").

THE reader must lay aside both the stereotyped stage notion of a picturesque, gaudily clad, chivalrous being strutting the boards of the world for the purpose of adding song and brightness to its monotony and its dull drab, and also the popular belief that the gipsy is invariably a thief clad in loathsome rags. For there are degrees in the vocation of music as practised by the Oriental gipsy. The reader will allow me to introduce him to two scenes, at the two ends of the scale.

We are in Bukarest, and have agreed to dine in the most fashionable place in the city. This quiet by-street, turning out of the Calea Victoriei, the

noisy main thoroughfare, and running along the flank of the royal palace, leads to a little garden restaurant which, in addition to being the best of its kind—and, incidentally, the dearest—has the advantage of being typically Roumanian in its fare.

Under a wooden canopy sit eight grave gentlemen in immaculate frock-coats, spotless collars, cuffs, and shirts, neat black neckties. They are black of hair, heavy of moustache, sallow of complexion, well groomed, attractive to the eye. At present they are doing nothing; they do not talk when at rest; but they appear to be mentally busy, for they look keen, alert, observant.

The gentleman in the centre rises, fiddle in hand. There are no desks; there is no music, printed or written; there is no programme; there was no conversation. The leader gives a note (the D, by the way); there is very little tuning; he strikes a chord, and they seem to know what he wants. It is Suppé's "Light Cavalry" overture, played with irresistible dash by this typical gipsy orchestra—three violins in two parts, viola da gamba, 'cello, guitar, zither beaten with hammers, Pan's pipes.

The reader looks astonished; but, truly, these are genuine, purest-blooded Turkish gipsies, the children of thirty centuries of hunted wanderings, cursed, kicked, shunned. The frock-coat of civilization and the collar of high life are merely

the professional, money-earning garb. They cannot read or write; they know nothing of printed music; they have never heard of quavers and crotchets, of diminished this and augmented that, of notes that are dominant or sounds that are tonic. Not one of them has ever had a lesson, except from his father. Tribal tradition has taught them. But wait—you will presently hear that of tribal tradition which will astonish you. For this "Light Cavalry" is but artificially acquired. The leader heard it performed by a military band, thought it suitable for money-earning purposes, listened a second time, a third—perhaps a fourth and fifth, I know not—and had it by heart. Mentally he arranged it for his little band; got its members to hear it, twice, thrice; taught it by rote: and behold the result. They play it with the military precision which the piece demands—they who know not the idea "bar"! All they know of civilized musical time—which their tribal music has not—is that you can, and must, count either four or three. This is the alternative; another eventuality to them exists not. Those two, and only possible two, cases they call by the Turkish numerals for four and three, "dört" and "ütch," pronounced much like our "dirt" and "itch." By the way, is it not passing strange that "dirt" should mean common time, and "itch," suggesting feet itching for rhythmical movement, waltz time? But no

coincidence is too absurd in a language which has "kiss" for "girl," "bash" for "head," and "dish" for "tooth."

The leader rises again, gives his D, strikes a chord. One player rises and sings in a superb bass voice a Roumanian love-ditty, tender yet virile, passionate yet restrained.

We sit out another piece of the light Vienna school (a Gungl, I think)—have patience, reader; that which is to come, some time during the evening, is worth waiting for. There is a military quick march of a Turkish type, then a Roumanian "hora," the national circle-dance (the word is borrowed from the Turkish, and means originally, simply, "dance"), and at last we are rewarded. The leader rises once more, and his expressive face shows that he is about to lay his soul bare. The other players do not, this time, straighten themselves and grasp their implements, but lean back in their seats with folded arms and knit brows, for he will speak to them in a language which they know and love. Only the zither-player sits to attention, his eyes on the other's face; he will accompany.

What we are hearing now, played on a splendid fiddle, is unique and undescribable. It is an unwritten and unpublished gipsy ballad, cavatina, rhapsody—call it what you like; they call it to strangers by the Turkish word "ghazel," meaning short, slight poem—handed down by tradition

from generation to generation for centuries past. They say they sang and played it when the gipsies were settled inhabitants of India and spoke "Indian" pure and undefiled. It has no "time," neither "itch" nor "dirt"; there is no audible division into bars or periods; there is hardly any musical punctuation; it strikes me as being entirely in minor; and it is quite simple in its structure. It is sad, with an unrelieved, overpowering sadness; it is beautiful—not grandly, or prettily, or serenely, but uncannily, beautiful; it is played with masterly skill and the utmost intensity of feeling. And it has made a tremendous impression: look at the audience and listen to the silence!

Some philologists say that the human race sang before it could speak. If so be it, and if this be a remnant of that lost primeval language, then its purport was a heartrending wail for something hopelessly lost and eternally damned.

I heard the same melody once again, a month afterwards, in Tatar Bazardjik in Bulgaria. The player was a verminous tramp, the accompanist—guitar—his wife, a hag in tatters. I had for companion a German-descended, Leipzig-trained bandmaster of the Bulgarian Army. He was silent so long that I asked, "What do you think of it?" He replied at length, "It is superb, but—*das geht nicht mit richtigen Dingen zu.*" The phrase is untranslatable. German scholars will appreciate

its subtle significance. This is the best rendering which occurs to me: "It is not quite fair and square, not quite aboveboard."

The slow, cumbrous intellect of the semi-Teutonic Bulgarian has hit the nail on the head. It seems as if Satan has had a hand in the shaping of that soul-haunting melody. Its beauty is that of Dante's "Inferno."

But "melody" is a misnomer; so would be "tune"; and "theme" or "motif" would be quite misplaced: for these terms imply something crisp and terse, something graspable, that can be worked into polyphonic intricacies. All this it is not. It is simply a musical recitation, a *parlando* on the fiddle.

There is a tribal tradition that the gipsies are descendants of Cain. Perhaps Cain expressed himself in some such language when he became a curse-laden fugitive. In saying this I propound, of course, an impossible, grotesque theory. So did Galilei.

"L'inconnu d'hier est la vérité de demain," says the astronomer Flammarion.

I could write a treatise on the quaint, incongruous zither accompaniment, but space is inelastic and publishers are inexorable.

Now for the other end of the scale. The scene is the gruesome forests of the Rhodopé range on the Turkish slope. The reader will have to provide a sturdy stick, a loaded revolver, a flask of brandy, a sufficiency of small coin, a stout heart,

and a fearless-looking face. Dragomans would be useless, for this class of gipsy fight shy of officialdom.

The band counts thirty souls, mostly ruffians. All know the inside of a prison. They are dirty and disreputable, and the squalid little bivouac makes the sparsest show of necessities. The camp-fire burns brightly, and the night, though fine, is boisterous. There is a concert which is not on the programme: the solemn organ-chords of the wind-swept trees and the divine love-songs of the Balkan nightingales—called "bulbul" in Turkish —which are gregarious and perform in concerted numbers.

A trusty messenger has announced beforehand our arrival, as that of "deli Inglizlar"—mad Englishmen—who are always welcome, because they have money to spend.

Eight girls—most of them, as I knew beforehand, boys in girls' clothes—dance the slow Circassian gesture dance, now seldom seen. Then a virile, recitative-like ballad of an Arabic type. Then a tender Turkish love-song, adapted from Persian literature and set to a gipsy tune. Finally the inevitable "hora," this time a Servian edition, fierce and untamed. The instruments are two fiddles, a zither with hammers, and a "tambouratch" (the word is Bulgarian, no doubt a sense-corruption of the French *tambour*, drum)—*i.e.* a bass guitar, the size of a 'cello.

The "hora" finishes the programme arranged for the mad, midnight-marauding "millionair-milors." But we have been coached. Boldly we ask for the Yellow Cat.

There is consternation, and a deal of hurry, scurry, and flurry. More brandy is passed and more coin dispersed, and the Yellow Cat is produced from under an upturned cart, where she has been sleeping peacefully.

She is neither yellow, nor a cat: simply a maiden of fifteen, but looking twenty in our eyes, who is a little fearful: for she has stabbed a man in a fit of jealousy, and those silly zaptiés are still looking for her. What a ridiculous fuss about such a trifle! She has the typical gipsy face, but is not particularly handsome; her rags are not even picturesque. In her eyes there is the green light peculiar to gipsy eyes, and her hair, which reaches to a foot below her waist, is "black as the raven-wings of midnight"—as Poe has it.

The Yellow Cat is the name of a Turkish edition of an Oriental legend, set to a homespun recitative, the rendering of which is this girl's speciality, and a source of profit and stealthy fame. When the wind howls and the owl screeches and the prowling jackal barks; when all is inky darkness and no outsider is within earshot: it is whispered, furtively and tremblingly, that this green-eyed maiden of fifteen summers not only

sings the Yellow Cat, but is a yellow cat. Even the trees must not hear this! For the yellow cat is the Eastern edition of the vampire legend—a woman who can at will assume the shape of a yellow cat (originally a leopard, presumably), and her victims are men, whose blood is her sustenance.

The ballad is sung, without accompaniment, to a semi-recitative. The poem is in alternating dactiles and trochees, and to most of the short syllables one ground-note is allotted (E flat, I think), whilst the accentuated syllables rise and fall, chromatically, or nearly so, above it, according to sense and natural intonation. Again there is no musical division into periods; the punctuation is that which the division of the text into sentences demands.

That the rendering is masterly is the smallest consideration. The intonation is pure and true, the enunciation perfect; the wonderful vowel harmony, which makes Turkish to those who have an ear for it the most euphonious language in the world, is an additional charm. The gestures do not seem exaggerated in these wild environments; facial and verbal expression are those of an actress of consummate skill, and—what is better—of a born actress, one of "God's grace," as the Germans say.

But the intensity of passion baffles description. The girl's eyes blaze green fire. I am not easily frightened—my military record, I think, proves

it—but I own she has set me a-quiver. I can understand that gruesome, unnameable tribal fear. The wondrous song with which in the ballad the cat-maiden allures her victim to her den would make the blood of the most sluggish Philistine course faster. It is the old story; we have it in the "Lorelei," in the "Erlking's Daughter," in the Siren legends, in the "Strange Woman" of the Proverbs, in countless other shapes: frail man in face of the "eternally feminine."

Has the reader grasped the incidental object-lesson in splendid atavism? Here is Nature's own child, fierce and free, speaking, in the language of æons ago, the eternal truth, and—let us not shirk it—God's own image undefiled: for her faults, her follies, her crimes are those which an artificial civilization has forced on her.

A cynic among American millionaires (I think it was the late lamented Jay Gould) once said he would give a magnificent reward to any one who would discover or invent a new sensation. Let him who is similarly inclined learn Turkish, and travel the length and breadth of the Balkan Peninsula until he has hunted down the Turkish gipsy girl nicknamed "Sari Kedi"—*i.e.* Yellow Cat. I met her last spring: I hope she is not in prison yet. He will then have such a sensation as will last him to the end of his days.

THE YELLOW CAT

CHAPTER V

THE YELLOW CAT

(Translated from the Turkish).

"Dear, the pang is brief,
Do thy part,
Have thy pleasure! How perplexed
Grows belief!
Well, this cold clay clod
Was man's heart:
Crumble it, and what comes next?"

BROWNING ("In a Year").

THE Yellow Cat on the hilltop stood,
With her eyes of glittering grey.
She longed for a drink of purple blood,
For the noise and joys of the fray.
And all ye good people, remember that:
Beware, if you dare, of the Yellow Cat.

The Yellow Cat is a maiden bold,
A maiden fair and frail;
Her hair has the colour of burnished gold;
'Twas pressed to her breast in the gale.
And all ye good people, remember that:
Beware, if you dare, of the Yellow Cat.

The Yellow Cat can purr and kiss,
  And sing a wonderful tune.
The Yellow Cat can scratch and hiss
  And bite and strike in the moon.
And all ye good people, remember that:
Beware, if you dare, of the Yellow Cat.

The young man saw the yellow-haired maid,
  And heard her entrancing wail.
She purred and fawned and kissed and bade
  Him come to her home in the dale.
And all ye good people, remember that:
Beware, if you dare, of the Yellow Cat.

She chanted divinely of earthly bliss,
  And heavenly joys ere long,
With a wile and a smile and a lying kiss,
  And the call and the thrall of her song.
And all ye good people, remember that:
Beware, if you dare, of the Yellow Cat.

They found the young man, white and stark,
  As the morn dawned in gold and in rose.
What are they whispering? what talking of?
  —Hark!
"'Tis he whom the she-devil chose."
And all ye good people, remember that:
Beware, if you dare, of the Yellow Cat.

"What has felled him, sturdy and good?"
"What smote him, passing fair?"
"What is become of his purple blood?"
"What blanched his nut-brown hair?"
Oh, all ye good people, just think of that:
His blood quenched the thirst of the Yellow Cat.

ARMS AND MEN

CHAPTER VI

ARMS AND MEN

"Trust not for freedom to the Franks—
They have a king who buys and sells:
In native swords and native ranks
The only hope of courage dwells;
But Turkish force and Latin fraud
Would break your shield, however broad."

BYRON ("Don Juan," Canto III).

THE following four points must be borne in mind by him who wishes to form an opinion on the Bulgarian Army of to-day. They are to be considered as undebatable presuppositions, upon which, and upon which only, a sound judgment can be based.

Firstly.—The Army is young — twenty-eight years—and the Bulgarians have not borne arms for nearly five centuries.

Secondly.—The nation has not fought for her independence, but has had it won for her by others.

Thirdly.—The Army was organized by Russians, on Russian models, and in Russian interests.

Fourthly.—The nation has inherited from Turkey qualities which are in conflict with the conditions which Russia has superimposed.

These points deserve a brief elaboration.

Firstly. — The Army dates from Gourko's entrance into Sofia, on January 4, 1878. From the battle on the Amsel Plain (near Pristina, in the Vilayet of Kossovo, not far from the Servian frontier), in which the Turks defeated the Slav Allies, in 1389, until the outbreak of the rebellion in 1875, the Bulgars, as Christian subjects of Turkey exempt from military service, have tilled the ground under stagnant and enfeebling peace conditions, and the profession of arms is new to them.

Secondly.—The ill-planned and abortive partial rebellion of 1875 and 1876 cannot count as a serious attempt at liberation. Bulgarian freedom was won by Russia and Roumania in the war of 1877 and 1878. Since then the nation has had one brief campaign (against Servia in 1885), in which the seven-year-old Army acquitted itself with credit and success, but which cannot compensate for the absence of that most glorious of patriotic possessions, a national struggle for liberty. Her Christian neighbours have that possession. Greece fought long and bravely, and it is impossible to realize that the men who ran away from the Turks, in 1897, are the grandchildren of the men whose aspirations and whose deeds inspired the muse of an English Byron and a German Wilhelm Müller seventy years before. Servia had an equally hard fight for her national existence in

the beginning of the nineteenth century, and had to do without European sympathy. The history of Montenegro is a history of Turkish-Montenegrin wars. Roumania offered sacrifices for her freedom at Plevna, Grivitza, and Widdin. Bulgaria, alone, has been unable to fight her own battles, until Milan of Servia gave her manhood the chance of proving their virility.

Thirdly.—Russia made good use of the opportunity which presented itself, and created a small army, as Russian in organization and administration as it is in appearance, in the feeble young principality which had to lean on her for support in the first stormy ten years. This is not surprising, and is not to the discredit of either teacher or pupil. But, and this is our Fourthly, Russian institutions are opposed to many characteristics which Bulgaria has acquired from Turkey during five hundred years of subjection. Bulgaria is a democratic state, in imitation of ultra-democratic Turkey; she has no aristocracy, and differences of caste are almost unknown. Russia has a powerful aristocracy, and class distinctions are pronounced. The Bulgarian is stolid, like the Turk; the Russian, as a Slav, is constantly in some sort of a fever. The Bulgarian has the Turkish virtues of sobriety and moderation, and morality in family life; the Russian has not. And so forth. Whether the military system grafted by Russia on Bulgarian stock will stand the test of

time, or whether the principality, as she grows stronger, will emancipate herself from foreign models and institutions, is a matter regarding which it is impossible to prophesy.

I

The army of Bulgaria is obtained by universal manhood service, after the ordinary European models, to which also Roumania and Servia adhere. Every male who is a Bulgarian by birth, and is physically able to carry arms, is liable to twenty-five years' military service, commencing with the twentieth year of his life in peace-time, with the eighteenth in time of war. The infantry serve two years with the colours, the other arms, three years. Bulgaria has the German institution called "one-year volunteers;" this is a misnomer, but it is of universal use, and a better term has not yet been invented. Young men who pass an educational test, serve one year with the colours, and enjoy certain privileges whilst so doing. No exceptions are made in favour of Turks, or Jews, or men of Roumanian or Servian parentage, as is done in Turkey, where military service is made subject to religion. Neither does Bulgaria acknowledge the Turkish principle that there must be one responsible and wage-earning male left in every family. Servia has adopted this principle, and the Zadrouga, or family community, is a curious institution in Servian law.

The Army is divided into three categories :—

The Active Army, with its own reserve.

The Reserve Army.

The Militia.

The first is permanent, even in peace (but not its reserve); the second has permanent cadres; the Militia has no cadres, and no organization, and is the weak point in the Bulgarian system.

The infantryman's twenty-five years of liability to service are apportioned as follows: Colours, 2; Active Army Reserve, 8; Reserve, 7; Militia, 8; total 25. For the other arms the figures are: 3, 6, 7, 9; total 25. The privates of all arms receive a pay of one franc per month.

The country is divided into 6 divisional, 12 brigade, and 24 regimental districts; to the latter there have been added, since the commencement of the Macedonian troubles, 12 regimental reserve districts. Recruiting is territorial, and the infantry regiments are territorial regiments.

The institution of "boys," in the British military sense, is not known.

Non-commissioned officers are obtained by promotion from the ranks, and serve till disqualified by age. They furnish the cadres for the Reserve of the Active Army, and those for the Reserve Army. There is a small, well-managed non-commissioned officers' school at Sofia, for the training of suitable men of the Active Army,

who, after having passed, enter into the cadres of the Reserve.

Officers are obtained by education and examination at the Military College in Sofia, which is fully up to the highest modern standards. The new building is an imposing architectural feature of the capital. The course lasts three and a half to four years; age of entrance is from sixteen to twenty-one years. There is a separate three-years' staff course, but not a separate establishment. Successful staff candidates are sent for a year to Russia, Austria, Italy, Germany, or Belgium.

The Corps of Reserve Officers is recruited from the one-year's volunteers, by means of an examination. It is, to my mind, one of the best and hopeful features of the system.

There is one class of "rankers": Sergeant-majors with ten years' service in the Active Army may acquire commissions in the Reserve.

Military service is popular with all classes. It is to be noted that the Turkish subjects make excellent Bulgarian soldiers. The Army is the pride of the nation, but it is not foolishly idolized, as is the Army in Roumania. There is a sturdy, non-ostentatious patriotism, and a keen desire to learn, and these qualities enable the leaders to obtain excellent results with the material which the manhood of the nation provides. These results are all the more surprising and creditable, as

the standard of intelligence is low—the lowest of any civilized nation with which I am acquainted.

II

The following table "gives to think":—

	Turkey.	Roumania.	Bulgaria.	Servia.	Montenegro.
Population—millions	24	6	3½	2½	¼
Army—peace	220,000	130,000	48,000	20,000	2000
Army—war	1,200,000	200,000	300,000	310,000	40,000
Liability to service—years	20	25	25	24	44
Military expenditure in normal times in £ sterling, per ann.	7,000,000	2,000,000	900,000	700,000	25,000
Cost per man per ann. war strength in £ sterling and decimals	5·83	10	3	2·26	1·60
Proportion of men at war strength to population, in per cent. and decimals	5	3·33	8·57	12·40	16

The figures for Montenegro are given for the purpose of making the table complete and generally useful, but they are left out in the considerations which follow, since they do not affect the present political situation in the Balkans.

A comparison of the figures in this table is not easy, for in the case of Turkey, Bulgaria, and Servia, the war strength includes certain Landsturm formations of doubtful value, even of doubtful existence (the Mustafiz of the former, the Militia of the second, the 2nd Ban Militia of the latter), whereas the figure for Roumania gives merely the Army actually available for active operations. I have no means of ascertaining the additional force which Roumania could raise in a *levée en masse*, but I should imagine that 50,000 able and trained, or partially trained, men would be forthcoming. This brings her total war strength up to 250,000, and the cost down to £8 per annum per man.

Even with this modification, the Roumanian Army is the most expensive of the four under consideration, and the Servian the cheapest. The Bulgarian is but little more expensive than the Servian. But here we have to remember that whilst the administration of Bulgaria and Servia is fairly honest, that of Turkey and Roumania is not. The actual sum squandered in corruption and mismanagement is undoubtedly greater in Turkey than in Roumania, but it is my belief that the proportion is heavier in the latter.

As regards the relationship between population and Army at war strength, here also Roumania occupies the worst position (the percentage becomes 4·17, if the increase of 50,000 men

mentioned above is taken into consideration), whilst Servia has the best, and Bulgaria is a good second. In judging the figures for Turkey it is to be remembered that the Ottoman Empire will have none but Mahommedan soldiers.

Applying the conclusions to be drawn from this table to Bulgaria, we arrive at the following results :—

Firstly, as regards money, Bulgaria works economically and honestly, and obtains excellent results for her outlay, almost the best obtainable, taking the Servian as the maximum.

Secondly, as regards men, 8½ per cent. of the population are available for war, which is not up to the Servian standard, but better than the Turkish, and much better than the Roumanian achievements.

Thirdly, Bulgaria is a match for any of her neighbours, excepting Turkey.

And this last statement holds good, even if we deduct from the Turkish war strength 200,000 for untrained Mustafiz troops, and another 250,000 for troops trained, but not available for operations in Europe, by reasons of distance and lack of transport.

This brings the Turkish force down to 750,000, and from this one may deduct 100,000 for troops worn out by long-continued vigilance in Macedonia, who would have to be replaced by fresh men. The result, 650,000, is, to the best of my belief, the

strength which Turkey would bring to bear on Bulgaria, and that is more than double the strength of the Bulgarian forces, even if the principality succeeds in calling out, organizing, and rendering fit for the field, the whole of her Militia. Is, then, the average Bulgarian soldier worth more than two average Turkish soldiers?

I have not been writing at random when I place Roumania, and, to a certain extent, also, Servia, in juxtaposition with Bulgaria. The latter is not certain of her neighbours. If she were, she would have declared war long ago. Servia is habitually sullen and revengeful, Greece suspicious, and Roumania openly hostile.

In the following table I consider the battalion of the Bulgarian Active Army as the equivalent of the Turkish Nizam, and the battalion of the Bulgarian Reserve as the equivalent of the Turkish Redif:—

	Turkey.	Bulgaria.
Active Army, battalions	318	144
Reserve, battalions	364	36
Cavalry, squadrons	158	30
Cavalry Reserve, squadrons ...	48	—
Field guns	1500	500

It must be understood that no account is taken of:

As regards Turkey, the Ilavé battalions, the Mustafiz, and the Hamidié Cavalry. As regards Bulgaria, the Militia, and the rural gendarmerie, which in war will be massed into a cavalry reserve.

The above figures give merely for both countries the units of the Active Army, and the first reserve, consisting of fully trained and efficient men. A comparison of the Landsturm formations of the two countries is not practicable, as the figures given by Turkey are unreliable, and include many semi-savage tribal organizations unavailable for warfare except in their own fastnesses.

The war strength of the Bulgarian battalion is 14 officers and 1063 N.C.O.'s and men; of the squadron, 5 officers and 163 N.C.O.'s and men. The war strength of the Turkish battalion is 24 officers and 900 N.C.O.'s and men; of the squadron, 6 officers and 150 N.C.O.'s and men.

III

The infantry is armed with the Austrian Männlicher rifle, which has a magazine holding five cartridges, and is loaded by means of a clip. The breech action is of the "straight bolt" description, for which its Austrian inventors claim quickness and ease of loading. The rifle is light (8 lbs. without bayonet) and handy, and of excellent make and finish. The soldier carries 150 rounds on his person (pouches, bandolier, and valise); 130 rounds per rifle are carried in the ammunition waggons and by mules; total, 280 per man.

The new Turkish Mauser rifle weighs 8 lbs.

9 ozs., without bayonet. The soldier carries 100 rounds on his person, and 400 per rifle are carried in the battalion transport carts; total, 500 per man.

The Bulgarian musketry regulations are a model of what musketry regulations ought to be, and the standard of marksmanship is high. In spite of the fact that the foot-soldier receives only twenty-one months' practical training with the colours (three months in two years are deducted for furlough during harvest-time), and that an unusually great portion of his working time is devoted to shooting, he is smart on parade. The guard-changing which I saw at the palace (a regular Sunday ceremony—a detachment is on duty for one week) was as well done as anything I have seen in Germany. And the Bulgarian can march—the Slivnitza campaign has proved it. The Plevna regiment did sixty miles in twenty-six hours, through snow and slush, and this is but one instance of many that could be mentioned.

Much of the equipment is of the cheap and nasty order, for Bulgaria is a desperately poor country. The boots, in particular, are bad, and are also deficient in quantity. But the soldier is at liberty to wear, on the march, the national raw-hide sandals, with bandages round foot and leg, and better footgear for hard work does not exist. On a route-march, nobody wears the doubtful regulation boots.

There is a serious shortage in the reserve stock

of small-arms ammunition, and feverish attempts are made from time to time to replenish the store.

The field artillery is armed with a Krupp gun of the 1875 pattern; but the new howitzer regiment of five batteries has Krupp guns of 1894.

The cavalry is the weak spot. Bulgaria is not a nation of horsemen; few of her sons have either liking or aptitude for horsemanship. The native race of horses has deteriorated during the last thirty years, as has also the Roumanian, and in both countries the reasons are undiscoverable. Both nations are making attempts to improve the breed by the importation of Arab blood; so far Bulgaria has been more successful than her rival. The bulk of her military horses is procured from Hungary; but there is a serious deficiency, particularly in the artillery and the train; indeed, the latter will have to rely chiefly on the national wooden ox-carts.

The uniform is sober and business-like, except that of the cavalry regiment known as the Prince's Bodyguard, which wears a red hussar tunic. This is the show regiment of the Service.

The principal garment for all arms is a loose, comfortable, double-breasted tunic of natural homespun, and trousers of the same material, which is made in Sliven. The colour is brown, dark in the beginning, but it fades quickly. It is a useful costume, and is worn for all working purposes. This will be the war garb. There is

also a washable white-canvas jacket for dirty labour. The great-coat is of light-brown Russian frieze; I hear that also this garment will, in future, be made in the national factory at Sliven. The head-dress is the Russian kalpak (black astrachan fur cap, brimless); in undress the Russian furazka (flat cap, much like ours). The gala uniform is green or blue, both so dark as to be almost black. For walking out, officers wear a black frock-coat, with the sword-sling over the right shoulder to the left hip, edge to the rear. The epaulettes are showy and ornamental; with this exception, everything is plain and inexpensive. The officer's great-coat is of light bluish-grey. With the gala garment all ranks wear facings indicative of their units, red, yellow, white, medium blue, or light blue. It will be noticed that the uniform throughout is Russian.

Ultra-patriotic Bulgars have from time to time made attempts to abolish this foreign costume, and adopt one which shall be more of a national character, more like the time-honoured garment of the Bulgarian peasant. Similar attempts have been made in Turkey, where the sober blue uniform, modelled on Prussian lines, was at one time unpopular. In both countries these endeavours have, so far, been abortive (except that the privileged Zouave battalions of the Turkish infantry wear now the handsome tribal dress), and in the interest of expediency and economy, it is better that such

mistaken patriotism should not have its own way. The national Bulgar costume is a white frock, with long skirts and white pantaloons, both embroidered (and often very tastefully) with black braid; sandals and leg-bandages, both white, and a black fur cap. Sometimes the upper garment is loose and open, in which case a broad red sash is worn round the waist. A costume much like the one described is the historical fighting-garb of the Montenegrin.

IV

The question of barrack accommodation is receiving attention. Commodious buildings are being erected, with due regard to position, space, air, comfort, and sanitation. Some few in the larger towns are handsome externally, but the majority are plain and useful, with no attempts at ornamentation. The "hutments," which were erected in the early years of the nation's existence, are being replaced by more solid structures.

It fell to my lot to visit one of these "hutments," on the outskirts of Sofia, inhabited by a cavalry regiment. Before describing what I saw, I wish to draw the reader's attention to two points: firstly, mine was a surprise visit; I was walking with a friend, an officer on the General Staff, when we passed the gate by chance, and, knowing the colonel, he offered to take me inside; secondly, the place was erected as a provisional

structure twenty years or more ago, in times of storm and stress, when quickness and cheapness were paramount considerations.

I blushed with shame and burned with anger when I saw, in poverty-hampered Bulgaria, this place—bright, comfortable, spacious, embellished by simple means to make it homelike and cheerful—and compared it mentally to the similar places in England, of which I have had ghastly experience and retain nightmare-like memories: the hutments at Fleetwood, the sheds at Bulford on Salisbury Plain, the wooden huts adjoining Whittington Barracks, near Lichfield. I ask the following questions in all seriousness: Would any man, knowing the Lichfield huts, willingly condemn a convict to dwell there? Would any man with brains and nerves expect to stay in the Bulford sheds for any length of time and retain his sanity? Would any man with a feeling of kindness for animals allow a dog to live in the married quarters at Fleetwood?

The place was throughout beautifully clean and tidy. The site is well chosen, for the Bulgarian does not believe in the English plan of building barracks in the most horribly hideous out-of-the-way places that it is possible to find—in fact, is there any Government but the English which has adopted this cruel system? A twenty minutes' stroll along a pretty lane takes you into the heart of Sofia, and on the other side you have the

slope of the Vitosh Mountain for your country walks.

I wish to mention one or two points which seem insignificant in themselves, but tend to prove that the Bulgarian authorities sincerely desire to make the men comfortable, and do this with small means.

In every barrack-room there is at least one large looking-glass, sufficiently wide to afford shaving space to three or four men simultaneously. I thought of the little bits of broken mirror so familiar to every British officer. Each room has some good prints representing scenes from national history; others have water-colour drawings of regimental events; these are all framed, plainly and neatly, and in a uniform style. I thought of the Christmas-number supplements pasted on bare walls, and the crude charcoal caricatures on the hideous, bluish-white wash. There are in each room two stoves, one large, built of tiles, for the severe weather (it is very cold here in winter); being of a certain patent description, it is filled in the morning, and requires no attention for twenty-four hours; the small iron stove is for temporary fires during short spells of cold, which are not uncommon in autumn and even late summer—we have just had one lasting a day, and there was one with snow on the Vitosh in the beginning of September. I thought of our dirty, wasteful, unhealthy, open fireplaces, to which we seem

wedded, and thought of them chiefly as a source of quarrel among the men, and a fruitful cause of discomfort and dissatisfaction.

It is to be remembered, however, that a crowd of young Bulgarians is more easy to handle than a crowd of young Englishmen, the former almost exclusively agricultural, the majority of the latter town-bred, if not slum-bred. The Bulgarians are a sober nation; drunkenness is rare. The colonel of this regiment has had two cases in five years. The young men do not smoke, with few exceptions; a pipe is hardly ever seen, and the vice of excessive cigarette indulgence is confined to the town population. There being no smoking and no drinking, there is no spitting. And as the craving for alcohol does not exist, the crime which is essentially the British soldier's crime, that of selling his blankets, boots, etc., for the purpose of obtaining beer, is unknown. Every British officer knows this curse; many a young gentleman has had to pay dearly for inexperience or misplaced confidence, in "taking over;" many a one has been hampered for years (and I have heard of several cases of ruin) by having to meet a big bill for missing equipment. The colonel here has never, in his twenty years' experience of the Bulgarian Army, heard of a stolen blanket or a missing pair of boots. There is little gambling; dominoes and a species of backgammon are the innocent pastimes. Betting on horses is unknown.

There are gymnastic appliances in each barrack-room. The separate apartments for the company or squadron sergeant-majors (our colour-sergeants), which adjoin the dormitories, are spacious, comfortable, and homely. We call them bunks in England —kennels, styes, would often be more appropriate appellations. I thought with a shudder of the ghastly holes in which, at Fleetwood, my sergeants were compelled to live. The oil-lamps have chimneys and shades, and when they were lighted they made the place pretty and homelike. The "wet" canteen is unknown.

The bugle-calls are Russian. An educated and much-travelled Sofian expressed his hope to me that the Russian calls will one day be replaced by phrases of Bulgarian invention. For the country has a national music, not much of it in quantity, it is true, and nowadays almost latent, but some of it is very beautiful, and there is no reason why bugle-calls should not partake of national characteristics.

The Bulgarian is proud of his military bands, and with good reason. Considering that the civilization of the people is as young as their independence, the achievements are marvellous. Free concerts are given in garrison towns on Sundays and holidays. I listened to one in the little public garden in Plevna; the band was that of the 4th Infantry Regiment, whose forced march in 1885 I have mentioned. The programme

included Schubert, Tschaïkowsky, and Wagner, and the rendering was excellent, if at times peculiar.

On the score of economy the infantry bands have recently been reduced from forty-eight to thirty men.

Not since the Prussians stormed the Danish stronghold at Düppel in 1864, to the tune of the York March, played by half a dozen massed bands, has music been employed in the advance and the attack, as the Bulgarians employed it in the battle of Slivnitza, and success justified the means. They are going to do it again—so the officers told me—losses notwithstanding, and the Bulgarian bandsman knows it.

V

I have had facilities to observe the recruits, who have been called up recently a month before the usual time. I saw them when they joined, dirty, travel-stained, expectant, cheerful; I saw them at that important function, the initial bath in the river (which to many was apparently also the first bath of their lives); I saw them two hours after they had been clothed; and I have studied them when they were being taught.

The recruit is docile, quiet, well-behaved, willing to learn, anxious to please, but he is incredibly stupid, and cleanliness is a new experience to him. He has to be taught everything, from washing his face to sweeping a room, from making his bed

to cleaning a coffee-pot. They have an excellent system here. To every recruit is allotted for the first week one old soldier, who teaches him the domestic virtues. Sometimes, in emergencies, an old soldier will have two pupils, but never more than two. Within the last few days they have brought to Sofia, from small stations where no recruits have joined, bodies of older men, so as to be able to carry out the principle of one teacher, one pupil. When the trained man has finished with the youngster, has taught him how to behave in the barrack-room, in the square, in the street, has knocked a few elementary notions of cleanliness into him, the drill-instructor takes him in hand.

The vast majority of the recruits, *i.e.* all the Bulgarians proper and the Turks, are honest. The young Jew is not to be trusted, and the young gipsy is a born thief.

In education, the country has advanced by leaps and bounds. The following figures were given to me by a colonel: In 1888 there were 1700 illiterates in a certain contingent of recruits numbering 2000, or 85 per cent. To-day the proportion among recruits is 18 per mille. Schools are good and numerous; what is wanted is not so much education as intelligence.

Religious instruction is scrupulously given; as regards the recruits, great care is taken that attendance is regular, and the tuition appropriate.

The nation, as a whole, is not religious, and the priests of the Bulgarian Church (which is now divorced from the Greek) have neither the intelligence nor the education to command success, although their personal character stands higher than it did in Turkish times; then many "popes" were steeped in corruption, intrigue, vice, and every other iniquity. The soldiers of all denominations receive spiritual guidance. The Jews have two classes of Rabbis, the "Spaniole" and the "Poli." So conscientiously is the principle carried out that, if there be but one Turk among the recruits of a regiment, a koja (Mahommedan priest of the lower grade) is procured for him.

VI

The Bulgarian officer may best be described as a "plodder." He has not a quarter of the intelligence of that incorrigible *flaneur*, his Roumanian comrade, but he works ten times as hard. A stubborn, dogged "sticking to it" is characteristic of the race. And he works his men too hard, according to some respect-deserving opinions. I made a note of the time-table, for one day, of the Plevna regiment:—Shooting, 6 to 8; breakfast and cleaning, 8 to 9; fatigue work on the railway (where there is a military stores shed), 9 to 11.30; dinner and rest, 11.30 to 2; drill, 2 to 5; tea, 5 to 6; indoor instruction, 6 to 7.30. The teaching is

done at high pressure, for the soldier has only twenty-one months in which to learn everything.

Democratic Bulgaria knows not the difference between a gentleman and a man who is not a gentleman because his father keeps a shop, and in consequence all classes join the Military College to become officers, education and good conduct being the only qualifications. Most officers live comfortably on their pay. Home produce is ridiculously cheap, but all imported stuff is dear. For forty centimes you can buy a large bottle of excellent native wine, but Austrian beer is forty centimes the glass. A franc and a half will purchase a good leg of mutton, but I had to pay three francs for a small tin of meat extract. A lieutenant receives 2000 francs, a junior captain 3000 francs per annum; but a general has only 12,000 francs.

The ranks and their names are Russian. The principal difference between the Russian system and ours is that there are two grades of captain, called first and second class respectively. There is only one rank higher than the colonel, the general. Most of the officers are very young for their ranks. In the war of 1885 there were colonels and generals less than thirty years of age. Petroff, the Chief of the Staff, was twenty-three.

The number of officers actually serving falls short of the requirements. There were last year only 1800 officers on the active list, the peace strength on paper being nearly 3000. And

probably this year the figures will be even more unfavourable, for many have left the Service to join the Macedonian rebels.

Both the deficiency of numbers and the extreme youth of the senior ranks are unavoidable defects in a young army, which time will remedy.

The Corps of Reserve Officers numbers now nearly 2000, and is steadily increasing. It is composed of lawyers, merchants, clerks, farmers, teachers, officials, shopkeepers. These form the best part of the civilian population, and what they lack in knowledge of drill and routine they make up in intelligence, keenness, and patriotism. As it so often happens, the professional is apt to sneer at the amateur (does not our Regular officer scoff at the Militia?), but the latter, being more of a reader, is frequently superior to the other in the science of the military calling. To those who know and think, the Reserve officer is the hope and trust of the future. Did not our Militia save the Empire from collapse in 1900?

The basis of all theoretical teaching is German science and German thought. The drill is Russian. The institution of the mess is not known in Bulgaria. The married officer lives in a hired house, the unmarried in lodgings; both have their meals at home; they go to barracks in the morning and return in the evening, much as a merchant goes to his city office, excepting the officer *du jour*. His tour of duty commences at 11 a.m., and lasts

twenty-four hours, during which he is not allowed to take off any part of his clothing or equipment. There are in all barracks an office and a small room with a couch for the officer *du jour*, who has his meals brought to him from a *café*. He wears a waist-sash, the symbol of being on duty, and he cannot leave barracks except to inspect guards and sentries. The routine work is carried out with a strictness and a frequency which would frighten our young lieutenants. The colonel, the adjutant, and the quarter-master have separate offices in barracks, but beyond this there is no accommodation for officers—not a room to talk to a friend, nor a chair to offer to a visitor, nor a grate to have a steak cooked, nor a tumbler to have a drink.

The officers of the garrison of Sofia have a handsome club, which, however, does not correspond to our mess, or to the German "casino." Regulations, interior economy, and general arrangements are after the model of the French *cercle*. The *camaraderie*, friendship, affection, of the British mess are unknown to the Bulgarian officers. So is ragging.

VII

A few data regarding the much-mixed population of the principality will help the reader to form an independent judgment.

The official census divides the inhabitants into Orthodox Christians (2,800,000), other Christians

(40,000), Mahommedans (750,000), Jews (30,000), "others" and "unknown" (130,000); total, 3,750,000. Round figures are given, and the probable increase since the last census has been taken into consideration.

The "others" and "unknown" include probably many gipsies, whose professed orthodoxy is looked upon with suspicion; numbers of Greeks and Armenians, who belong to some schismatic and unrecognized section of the Orthodox Church; and, lastly, many in the lowest stage of ignorance, poverty, and bestiality, to whom the idea of a religion is unknown and unintelligible.

The Jews are composed of two distinct classes: the Spanioles, descended from Spanish and Portuguese fugitives, and the "Poles," in which name are included German, Polish, Austrian, Hungarian, and Russian Israelites. The former are prosperous, educated, and respected; they are mostly merchants, bankers, money-changers, or shopkeepers; their language is a corrupt Spanish, written with Hebrew characters; many are excellent linguists. The "Poles" are the pariahs of Bulgaria; they are abjectly poor, and abjectly miserly, dirty, verminous, ignorant, and generally beastly; the best among them are petty tradesmen and second-hand dealers; the majority are hawkers and beggars; their language is a hideous mixture of German, Polish, Hebrew, and Turkish, the "Yiddish" of the East.

The "Mahommedans" of the census are, of course, the Turks who chose to remain in Bulgaria when the principality shook off the Ottoman yoke. They are quiet, well-behaved, and fairly prosperous, and they keep clear of politics. They are liked as neighbours and fellow-citizens, and Bulgaria has recently offered facilities to former Sofia, Plevna, or Widdin Turks, who wish to return to their old homes. The term "Mahommedans" includes also a very peculiar tribe, the Pomakes, or renegade Bulgarians, of whom there are 150,000, and whose principal habitation is the district between Plevna and Lovdcha. They partake of the characteristic of all renegades, inasmuch as they are more fanatical than the wildest Mahommedans. Their conversion dates from the sixteenth century. At one time—not so many years ago—their name stank in Europe: for most of the notorious Balkan brigands have been Pomakes. A small branch of this tribe dwells in the Rhodopé Mountains; these are nomadic, and when they have committed robberies on Bulgarian territory, they cross the frontier into Turkey, and *vice versâ*. They are still brigands, as the case of Miss Stone has proved. The Pomakes speak Bulgarian, but most of them know Turkish.

The Christians of Bulgaria include:—

Greeks, 60,000, in all the larger towns; traders, brokers, money-changers.

Armenians, 8000, in the towns; traders.

Roumanians, 60,000, small farmers and farm-labourers in the north-western corner, around Widdin; here are whole districts where nothing but Roumanian is spoken.

Servians, 6000, along the frontier; many of these are Roman Catholics.

There are also several thousands of Circassians (locally called "Tatars"), the sons of the notorious Bashi-bazouks of 1875 and 1876; and 6000 foreigners, mostly Germans and Austrians.

Of this heterogeneous material the Bulgarian Army is composed.

The following table, calculated on the basis of 100 to 8½, population to armed strength, gives the average constitution of a force of 10,000 men, say a small division. Two factors must be borne in mind: firstly, the actual numbers in such a force would be slightly in favour of the Bulgarians, Turks, and Pomakes, and slightly less in favour of the Jews and Roumanians, because the proportion of incapables is below the average among the former, and above the average among the latter. Secondly, the table must be understood to be an average of the whole Army; individual detachments vary according to local conditions; for instance, in a force hailing from Shumla and Rasgrad, the Turks number three or four times the strength given in the table, whereas there would be hardly any Turks in a force hailing from Burgas; again, a Widdin detachment consists, to

the amount of 60 per cent., of Roumanians, whilst there would not be a single Roumanian in a Sofia detachment; or, of the six divisions of the Army, only two contain Pomakes, but one of these has them to the amount of 50 per cent.

With these reservations, the table may be considered to give a good idea of the difficulties with which a superior officer has to deal, by reason of the diversity in material, in nationality, in religion, and in habits of life.

Nationality.	Average numbers in a force of 10,000.
Bulgarians	7,500
Turks	1,420
Pomakes, settlers	400
„ nomads	30
Jews, Spanioles	40
„ Poles	50
Roumanians	170
Servians	20
Greeks	170
Armenians	20
Gipsies, settlers	89
„ nomads	40
Tatars (Circassians)	20
Naturalized Foreigners: Germans and Austrians ...	25
„ „ Russians	3
„ „ Levantines	2
„ „ others	1
	10,000

The overwhelming majority of the population is agricultural. Commerce is in the hands of the foreigners, retail trade in those of the Jews, Greeks, and Armenians. Manufacture is insignificant, but there is some cottage industry

(weaving, embroidery, lace, pottery, silver-filigree). There is no mining, in spite of the hidden wealth of the Balkans. For enterprise, money is lacking. The climate is glorious, the soil magnificent; the produce of any country and any latitude will grow here almost without care.

The Bulgarians proper are, contrary to the general opinion, not Slavs, except in language. They are of Ugrian descent, a branch of the Huns; they are, therefore, related to the Turks and to the Magyars, not to the Russians. In the tenth century they adopted Christianity, the Slav language, and the Cyrillian alphabet.

In giving the relative strength of the Turkish and Bulgarian forces, I proved that if the Bulgarian soldier wishes to hold his own against the Turk he must be worth more than two Turkish soldiers; if he wishes to beat him, he must be worth at least three Turks. I asked: Is the military value of one Bulgarian soldier really equal to that of two or three Turkish?

This question may be propounded in another shape.

That the Turk was a match for three to four Russians in the year of war 1877, is amply proved by the records of history. There appears to have been no deterioration in 1897, but here the opponent was so contemptible that it is wiser to leave this ludicrous campaign out of the calculation.

The question may, therefore, assume the following form: Has the Turkish nation, in a quarter of a century, degenerated to such an extent that the military value of her forces is now a sixth, or a ninth, of what it was?

One may reasonably ask, wherein lies this enormous (fancied) superiority of the quality of the Bulgarian forces? The great majority of the Bulgarian people desire war; they are asking for it constantly; and they imagine that they possess this superiority.

It can only be in the following—physique, intelligence, education, military training, *morale*, in which latter I include courage, discipline, endurance, patriotism, the sense of duty and of sacrifice, and a belief in the righteousness of the cause.

The Bulgarian physique is good, but not better than the Turkish. In intelligence the Turk stands immeasurably higher than his opponent. Elementary education—none other concerns us here—is on about the same level in the two countries. The soldier's training is, I admit, better in Bulgaria than in Turkey, that of the officer very much so. As regards *morale*, no doubt the discipline in the Bulgarian Army is excellent; no doubt the Bulgar is brave and enduring; no doubt there is at present a strong sense of patriotism and duty, a keen desire of sacrifice, an overwhelming belief in the cause; but has not the Turk, when called upon, displayed

all these qualities in an extraordinarily high degree, among the highest known in modern history?

One word regarding the future of the Bulgarian Army. When the Macedonian has ceased to trouble and the Turk is at rest, the nation will gradually drift towards the Swiss ideal—not to its complete realization, no standing army and all militia, but to some stage similar to that at which Montenegro has arrived: a very small but highly efficient force actually under arms, and a large, well-trained reserve, comprising practically the whole manhood of the nation. Servia is advancing along that line; and, in truth, this is the only practicable and permanent solution of the military question for a small, poor, agricultural state. And there are indications that thinking men, even in powerful and rich countries, are coming to the conclusion that the army of the future will be the Militia, Reserve, Landwehr—whatever name one may give to it—which alone can provide efficiency without loss of labour, without waste of wealth-producing power.

MILITARY BANDS

CHAPTER VII

MILITARY BANDS

"Singing of men that in battle-array,
Ready in heart and ready in band,
March with banner and bugle and fife
To the death, for their native land."

TENNYSON ("Maud").

WHICH traveller, knowing the Bulgarians of three decades ago, when they were the most ignorant, brutal, and savage people of Europe, would have dared to prophesy that in the year of grace 1904 he would listen to a Bulgarian military band performing Beethoven, Schubert, Wagner, Tchaïkowsky? At that time there was not even a Bulgarian army, let alone a military band, and all that Bulgarians knew of music was that certain half-human, half-apish creatures called Chingéni earned a precarious livelihood by producing pleasing sounds out of queer, outlandish implements—sounds to which it was agreeable to step the solemn measure called "hora," the popular dance.

The Bulgarians are proud of their military bands, and justly so; but there is for their pride a better, a historic and patriotic, motive than mere boastful satisfaction with things

accomplished: the triumph of Slivnitza. They lost a third of their bandsmen, but they routed the Servians. At that time their civilization, seven years old, knew but a score of melodies, some national ditties, the rest borrowed from Austria or Russia, and the infantry band had a *répertoire* of but four pieces, taught by rote, since only one Bulgarian in eighteen could read or write, and only one in a thousand could read music: the "Shumna Maritza," the spirited national soldiers' song; the national hymn of the Russians; a plain chant of the Orthodox Church; and that soul-haunting melody known to English music-hall audiences as the setting of the sublime poem commencing, "My daddy wouldn't buy me a bow-wow," which melody saw the light in a Viennese *café chantant*. The first was used to salute the flag; the second to greet the Russian liberators, guardians, and mentors; the third at church parade; the last was the military ceremonial march. And thus it happened that the Servian positions around Slivnitza were carried amid a hail of shell and shot because "daddy wouldn't buy me a bow-wow," which bold assertion was blazed on brass, banged on big drums, shrieked on piccolo-flutes, whilst the young soldiers marched to victory or death. It was a very heavy father, indeed, who declined his daughter's modest request, and his wrath was that of a Jupiter tonans.

We have altered all that. I append as a specimen the programme of a free concert to which I listened in the little public garden of Plevna last year—only half a generation, be it remembered, after the Slivnitza happenings:—

Tchaïkowsky: Overture "1812."
A Servian Military Quick March, known as "Queen Draga's Favourite."
Schubert: Entr'acte "Rosamond."
A "Hora."
Wagner: "Lohengrin," Prelude, Act III., and Bridal Chorus.
A Descriptive Piece, entitled "The Battle of Slivnitza," composed by a Bulgarian bandmaster, and ending with the "Shumna Maritza."

The Servian march and the "hora" were played exceedingly well—with dash and spirit the former, with grace the latter. The last number, a feeble composition after the style of the "British Army Quadrilles," appeared to be the most popular, to judge from the applause. The realistic reproduction of sounds was very comical—the farewells of wives and babes (on oboes), the whistle of the engine (on high clarinets) conveying the soldiers to the front, the groans of the wounded (on bassoons), the words of command (on trombones), the rifle-fire (on side-drums), the lamentations of Servian prisoners (on flutes). But is not, to the vulgar of all nations, the aim and end of music the musical representation of the most unmusical noises?

As to the Schubert, I am not sure that I have described the piece correctly, for there were no printed programmes, and my memory fails me.

In any case, it was the short orchestral interlude in which the composer has used the melody of the piano "Impromptu" in B flat with variations. The bandmaster, who had had a Budapest training, gave a novel and by no means unpleasing reading, suggestive of a Hungarian dance: the first two bars *andante cantabile* and *dolce*, the next two *più allegro, con fuoco*, and *forte;* then again two soft bars, and then again two fiery ones. Let the reader try this on the piano and mark the peculiar effect. The band played *con amore*, for 90 per cent. of the Bulgarian bandsmen are gipsy recruits. The principality has no professional bandsmen; these serve only two years with the colours, like other soldiers—in reality twenty-one months, allowing for six weeks' harvest furlough per annum. Thus the unfortunate bandmaster has but twelve months in which to produce an orchestral wind-player out of the rawest of raw material (for the gipsies play only stringed instruments and cannot read music), and, having produced him, has his services only for nine months.

The rendering of "1812" was excellent, allowing for the numerical paucity of material.

The "Lohengrin" excerpt was peculiar. The prelude was taken slowly, in *moderato e maestoso* style, so that the famous bass passage sounded, to me, ludicrously and grotesquely, like a phlegmatic and self-righteous man laying down the law in a ponderous fashion. This phrase, used

somewhere by Paul Bourget, came into my mind with annoying persistence: "A plaster-of-Paris Moses with a sham decalogue." The Bridal March was played well, until the last repetition of the original theme, which was thundered out with the full force of brass and percussion (for which latter the Bulgarian has inherited from the Turk a violent partiality), bringing the piece to a *fortissimo* close, in lieu of the female voices lost in the distance.

The bands are at their best in military marches of the Austrian type. Thus I heard in Sofia an excellent rendering of Friedrich Wagner's spirited "Double Eagle." Also the light pieces of the Vienna School, Lanner, the Strausses, Suppé, and their imitators, are always in the *répertoire*, and are done well. It was strange to listen, as I did in Philippopolis, to the popular Chilian waltz, "Sobre las olas," and to a selection from "The Belle of New York." But, alas! the Bulgarian bands have discarded the beautiful and characteristic music of the Eastern gipsies, and with it have gone the tender Turkish love-songs and the virile Arabic tunes, once so popular in the country, carried thither by the gipsy nomads. There is a national Bulgarian music, but the military bands seem to despise it, and soar higher. One bandmaster spoke to me glibly of Richard Strauss! This man, now a captain and fifty years of age, could not read or write when he joined

the Army twenty-six years ago; his wife cannot do so now. He had to be taught the use of buttons, having hitherto worn only sheepskins!

There are no officially recognized string bands, but the gipsy bandsmen form such among themselves (violins, violas, violas da gamba, and 'cellos), and play to their comrades in the barrack dormitories. I listened to them; it was superb when they played their tribal tunes.

With the exception, perhaps, of Hungary, there is probably no country in Europe which supports such a large proportion of men who earn their living by music, as Bulgaria, and Roumania is herein a good second. The tiniest, humblest *cáfé*, urban or rustic; the most primitive garden with crude arbours; the most shamelessly immoral *café chantant*; the big show-places frequented by Occidentals; the little, obscure houses of tryst for conspirators and political outlaws, houses undreamt of by our Baedekers and our Murrays, by Cook's couriers and Stangen's guides—all have a platform with musicians, who are in attendance so long as the door is open. The gipsies have the lion's share in this source of income; but non-gipsy bandsmen, buglers, and drummers, who have served their time, form small combinations and appear to earn a regular, if modest, living. Some affect a semi-military dress; others pretend to be an exotic species of gipsies, and wear brilliant fancy costumes; others, again,

are in the national garb of the peasantry; some few display black coats, white collars, and clean faces. These are the aristocracy of the calling; the Bulgarian admires them at a distance, but loves them not: for he is suspicious of a clean face, and cannot quite understand the need for it, or the underlying motive. So the black-coated ones cater for the foreign residents and the tourists.

Often the leader is a retired bandmaster. He plays violin, clarinet, cornet indiscriminately, sometimes all three within one piece.

With few exceptions, the performances of these musicians are much below the humblest Austrian or German standards, even below the Roumanian. But the public likes them and supports them, and would presumably prefer this little combination of three fiddles, 'cello, clarinet, cornet, German concertina, Swiss auto-harp, cymbals, and big drum, with its limited and unpretentious *répertoire*, to Dr. Richter's or Mr. Wood's forces, whose utterances would be to them mere barbaric noise.

Another kind of band is formed, by bandsmen, both during and after service: the tambouratch orchestra. "Tambouratch" is a generic name for a guitar-like instrument, which is locally manufactured in various sizes, from a toy thing a foot long, with a treble like a piping mouse, to a monster the size of a double bass, booming like cannon. A tambouratch band is composed of all graduations,

and counts anything between twelve and forty players. These bands are popular, and perform in *cafés* and public gardens. When they play the national music they are effective and interesting; but when they essay orchestral pieces arranged for their limited scope and capacities, the result is often unconsciously comical. I heard Mascagni's "Intermezzo" in this wise, and it was very peculiar. But the funniest thing that I have ever experienced in matters musical was the Tannhäuser March by a tambouratch orchestra.

During the last few years the bandmasters have been trained in Austria or Germany. Thus the present tendency will continue: the bands will become bad imitators of European methods, and will lose all originality—all that in which they were once interesting and efficient. However, an unexpected development may occur. Bulgaria is a desperately poor country, and it is not impossible that military bands may be abolished. The idea is not Bulgarian; rich France has had the notion for some years past, but has hitherto lacked the courage to brave popular opinion and carry it into effect. Once the stone is set rolling, it will be difficult to stop it. Who knows? In ten years' time military bands all over Europe may be things of the past. If so, I shall gratefully remember those of Bulgaria as having afforded me many hours of quaint and

exotic musical effect, and of clandestine amusement often with difficulty suppressed.

As to Servian bands, I must confine myself to mentioning one very peculiar performance. I witnessed in Nish the march through the streets of a regiment of infantry, preceded by its band, which played a tune that was familiar to me, although I could not, at the time, place it. Later, I recollected: a Russian folk song, entitled "Matushka," *i.e.* "Little Mother." The song (in minor throughout) is sad and melancholy and subdued, in words as well as in tune; but the band played it as a quick march (in minor!), *con fuoco* and *fortissimo*. I was accompanied on this occasion by a much-travelled and highly educated Turk, who said that this musical performance reminded him forcibly of the physical discomfort experienced during his first visit to Austria, when he took a pleasing-looking sauce, pink and creamy, with his sweet pudding. It was an anchovy sauce, left on the table by mistake. I fully appreciated the simile.

Roumania has excellent military bands, and has had them for half a century. The ordinary amateur could not distinguish a Roumanian from a Hungarian military band, the best probably in Europe. To the critical musician the mechanical nature of the performance is painfully apparent. This is least in evidence in light pieces, and happily such constitute the majority of

programmes. The Roumanian bandsman is docile and intelligent, but utterly uneducated, and the nation as a whole has little music in its mental constitution. The following is a specimen of the programme of an ordinary summer evening performance in the garden of a fashionable *brasserie* in Bukarest, the band being that of the 24th Infantry Regiment, sixty strong:—

Mozart: Overture, "Figaro's Wedding" (badly played; too ponderous).
A potpourri of Roumanian "Horas."
Wagner: Selection from "Tannhäuser."
A set of variations (very effective) on the German "Lorelei" tune.
Suppé: "Boccaccio" march (this was, in execution, the best number of the programme).
Lassen: An arrangement of the song, "Am Allerseelentag."
Strauss: Waltz, "Wine, Woman, and Song."
Beethoven's Turkish march from the "Ruins of Athens."
A potpourri of Roumanian folk songs, ending with the national hymn, called "Corona Romana," composed by a German in the Roumanian service named Hübsch.

The last, by the way, is a very fine composition, solemn, sonorous, and dignified.

I come now to the most interesting portion of my material, the Turkish military bands.

I know a good deal of the Turkish Army. In my younger days I was an officer in the Turkish Service, and recently I have revisited the Ottoman Empire and spent several months within its boundaries, for the express purpose of acquiring an intimate up-to-date knowledge of its present military power. But neither in those earlier nor in these latter days have I been able to obtain satisfactory answers to these questions: Where

do the bands come from? On what system are they allotted to regiments? Who pays for them? Who trains them?

Turkey is notoriously a land of mystery and a land of surprises. This reputation the Turk assiduously and stealthily maintains in matters political, social, religious, military, even in such unimportant trifles as military bands.

Officially, the Turkish Army has no bands, simply because, officially, there is no money for such purposes. Ex-officially, the Turkish Army has bands, but not all units—indeed, no more than perhaps one-half of the seventy-five infantry regiments of the line. On which principle bands are allotted to units I know not. I suspect that locality has something to do with this, for whereas you find bands in big cities like Constantinople, Adrianople, Smyrna, Bagdad, Damascus, you find none in small towns, however important they may be as garrisons, depôts, or strongholds. Occasionally one hears of a wealthy and ambitious Commander of the Ordu (Army), or the division, or even the brigade, who pays for some of the bands in his command. The Sultan is passionately devoted to music; he has a wide acquaintance with music, and a most catholic taste, ranging from Bach to Wagner, and is himself a fine piano-player; it may be presumed, therefore, that he contributes towards the bands of the capital, which he never leaves.

Again, regimental commanders and messes may maintain in part a few bands, though not many, for the Turkish officer is notoriously poor, and his salary is everlastingly in arrear. These sources may account for, perhaps, one-half of the existing bands; the rest is mystery. Again, I do not know how and by whom the bands are trained, for the native bandmaster is poorly educated, and would be unable to coach his men in any but the simplest pieces, such as the quick marches, which are a speciality of the Turkish Army.

Unlike the Bulgarian and the Roumanian, the Turk has a liking and an aptitude for music, but it is a peculiar liking and a peculiar aptitude, and it is a peculiar kind of music for which he has this taste. To the Turk who has not acquired an artificial taste for what we Occidentals call music, the latter is merely a complement to a poetical recitation, or to a dance. Note, not a recitation or a dance done by him or by one of his kin, but such as are done by professionals for his pleasure and edification.

Thus that which we Occidentals call music is absolutely strange and exotic to the ordinary Turk. In these circumstances the training of the bands must be a matter of enormous difficulty. The Turks have not even, as the Bulgarians and Roumanians have, the benefit of the gipsy element to form a nucleus to a band, for gipsies are exempt from military service.

Given the band, the money to pay for it, and the man to train it, the Turk speedily acquires an inordinate liking and great natural aptitude for one particular class of music: that is, the quick march of the fieriest type, based upon an Eastern tune, possibly Persian or Indian. Many European composers have drawn on this source. The most popular example is the "Turkish Patrol," ever beloved by English middle-class audiences; Beethoven has already been mentioned with his "Ruins of Athens;" Weber has a Turkish march tune in "Preciosa;" Rossini one in the "Siege of Corinth;" Mozart one in the "Elopement from the Serail," and there are many other less-known instances.

To hear a good Turkisk infantry band play a good Turkish march, at the head of the regiment, is an experience. They play it with positively electrifying dash; the legs move without effort in time to it; tiredness, footsoreness, faintness are impossible. The nearest approach to it, within my musical experience, was when as a youngster I heard Rubinstein play his own arrangement of the "Ruins of Athens" march. I stepped on air for days afterwards; in mere exuberance and boisterous lightness of heart I could have killed half a dozen of my schoolfellows and danced a hornpipe on their corpses. I could not credit it when I was told later that Rubinstein had at that time never been in Turkey. I shall maintain

always, and against all opposition, that he must have heard a Turkish military band on the march.

The Turks use several instruments unknown to Occidentals: Pan's pipes, not the kind employed by gipsies, which has a compass of two octaves from the deepest G of the violin upwards, but a smaller and shriller species, with a compass of an octave and a half from the twice-accented c upwards. The effect is striking and inspiring in martial music. Furthermore, a small bagpipe, with a weird sound, the original instrument which the Germans call dudelsack, and which was in use when the Turks first invaded Europe, six centuries ago; again, a brass or copper drum, long and thin, held horizontally and beaten at both ends; lastly, the famous glockenspiel of Turkish music, copied by the Austrians and the Germans. No Turkish band is complete without a large proportion of percussion, sometimes one-third of the players. Kettledrums, big drums (they used to carry them on little carts drawn by dogs), side-drums deep, side-drums shallow, cymbals, triangles—even castanettes and tambourines I have seen in a Turkish band. The *crescendo* and *diminuendo* effects obtained on these instruments are often very fine; the *fortissimo*, though crude, is inspiring, and the *pianissimo* weird.

The less said of the performance by Turkish bands of Occidental music the better. Here, as

with the Bulgarians, the effect is sometimes unwillingly humorous.

The Turkish soldiers have an astonishing aptitude for improvising bands. When in the Turkish Service, in the war of 1877, I have myself helped to improvise several. The buglers and drummers of a regiment massed, twelve to twenty of each, a few men who own and can play the national bagpipe, a few others with toy whistles, with concertinas, with cooking utensils used as cymbals, and the band is complete. The buglers know simple marches founded on bugle-calls, and the rest fall easily into line. The result is, perhaps, not music according to our notions, but it answers its purpose: it helps the tired legs along, and keeps up the drooping spirit.

I have tried the same experiment with British soldiers, both in South Africa and at home, but these are not nearly so willing as the Turks are; they lack humour, and do not enter into the spirit of the thing. Still, I once took possession of a town to the tune of a capital march founded on the "Come to the cookhouse door" call.

The genius for improvising bands is an inheritance from the Janissaries, the old standing army of the Ottoman Empire, abolished in 1826. In that force each soldier carried a shallow copper cooking vessel; this formed part of the ceremonial costume, and never left him, whether on the march or in action. The men acquired a

great skill in beating them with the fingers; and a whole brigade, maybe a whole army, on the march, or in the advance, performing the accompaniment to some simple bugle tune, must have had a very inspiriting effect. There are several authenticated historical instances of positions being carried in this wise; the best known is the great battle of Widdin in 1801, between the rebellious Janissaries and the Imperial troops, one of the bloodiest actions in modern history. The Imperials, mostly young recruits, were frightened out of their wits even before the firing commenced by the uncanny noise produced by 80,000 opponents on their cooking vessels, and the Janissaries obtained a complete victory. This is a very lively tradition among Turkish soldiers.

CUSTOMS AND COSTUMES

CHAPTER VIII

CUSTOMS AND COSTUMES

"Of all the dresses I select Haidee's:
She wore two jellicks—one was of pale yellow:
Of azure, pink, and white was her chemise—
'Neath which her breast heaved like a little billow;
With buttons form'd of pearls as large as peas,
All gold and crimson shone her jellick's fellow:
And the striped white gauze baracan that bound her,
Like fleecy clouds above the moon, flow'd round her."

BYRON ("Don Juan," Canto III.).

TRAVELLERS in the Christian Balkan countries are often struck with the richness and costliness of the dresses worn by girls of even the humblest class, in the poorest quarters of the towns, in the meanest villages and hamlets, on Sundays and religious holidays, of which latter the calendar of the Greek Orthodox Church contains nearly eighty, many of them kept as work-suspending festivals. Even the ordinary tourist, who does not wander outside the beaten tracks, and sees none but the large towns, need but visit, any Sunday afternoon, the quarters of the working population, for instance, any one of the many poverty-stricken suburbs of Bukarest,

when he can witness the "hora" danced in costumes, of which the meanest costs £15 in our money, and among which are some which have a value of £40 in embroidery, lace, buttons, and braid. These prices were quoted to me by a man in Bukarest who manufactures the national gala costumes for the well-to-do of the Roumanian capital, and for fancy-dress-ball purposes abroad; the labouring and farming classes make their own dresses. The society ladies of Bukarest, Sofia, and Belgrad wear the tribal dress on many grand occasions and at patriotic festivals.

There is a simple explanation of this incongruity and seeming extravagance. The ordinary Roumanian, Bulgarian, or Servian girl has but one gala dress in a lifetime. The parents begin to buy the accessories—buttons, often mother-of-pearl, sometimes silver, even gold; gold braid manufactured in Moscow; gold and silver filigree work from Widdin and Plevna—and to make the lace and embroidery, when the babe is in the cradle. A little is added every month, a little is bought every year at harvest-time, be it but one button. At sixteen the girl is full grown, and her dress is ready. She will have none other in this life, unless the parents be wealthy, or she marry a rich man, an unlikely contingency if she herself have nought.

The "hora" deserves a brief mention. The word is Turkish, and signifies, in that language,

simply "dance," any dance. The Balkan Christians have adopted it, but have narrowed its meaning; it is applied by them solely to a dance which is performed in this wise:

Wherever there is a congregation of people in holiday attire, gipsy musicians will be found, sometimes an orchestra of ten to twelve, or, perchance a family of four or five, sometimes but two, perhaps a man and his wife, with fiddle and guitar, or fiddle and concertina, made in Germany, which latter, having more penetrating power, threatens to crowd the typical gipsy instruments out of existence, at least, in so far as music for out-of-door dancing is concerned.

The gipsies select an open, level piece of ground a little way from the throng and begin to play a hora. There are many hundreds of horas published in Bukarest, and many hundreds more that live only in tradition and have never seen the light of publication. It is something similar to a polka. The composition of hora tunes, or the arrangement of existing ones, is the principal source of income of the local musicians. Those of Bulgaria and Servia are mostly traditional; these countries have no written musical literature.

The Roumanian hora is in two-four time, *allegretto grazioso*, and in major, seventy-five per cent. in the key of G. The Roumanian is of Latin descent, and thus related to the Italian, and the careless, sunny, happy-go-lucky nature of the

race is reflected in its national dance music. The hora of the Bulgarian is different; he is of Tartar origin, related to the Turk and the Magyar, and is Slav in his language. His music is wild and untamed; his horas are played *allegro con fuoco*, and are often in minor; but two-four is the universal hora time; C and E, both major and minor, are his favourite keys. The Servian is a pure Slav; his music is passionate or melancholy, often of a markedly erotic type. His horas are mostly in minor, and he seems to prefer keys with many sharps and flats; the tempo is *allegro moderato*, often varied—even within the same piece, when it is played independent of the dance—by fierce outbursts of *prestissimo*, or breathing-spaces of grief-stricken *adagio*.

As soon as the gipsies have made themselves noticed and heard, a few bold spirits will be found to form a circle around them by joining hands, the sexes alternating. These revolve slowly around the musical centre, the feet describing graceful passes in time to the tune. Now the fun commences. The glorious uncertainty of the hora as to your next-door neighbours, whose hands are in yours, is its greatest charm. A lad hears, sees, and decides to participate. He simply grasps the joined arms of two dancers, parts their hands, and takes his place between them. But etiquette forbids that two of the same sex should be adjoining, so a maiden is immediately called upon to

step between the two men, and she dare not refuse. In this wise the circle continuously widens. All the time the slow, majestic movement round the central sun and the minor movements of the planetary feet are in uninterrupted progress. Even if a lad have the girl of his heart on his right, and his secondary choice on his left, their hands in his, he dare not protest if a male rival to the favour of either step between, or if a neglected female claimant on his hand part him from his beloved. That would be spoiling sport. Presently the circle, which originally mustered twelve, counts two hundred, and grows cumbersome. A break is made somewhere, and an ever-growing spiral is formed, until the whole crowd is absorbed in it, or until the musicians break down and send round the hat; when two-centime pieces (worth a farthing) are showered into it. The donor of five centimes is considered a spendthrift, and he who bestows ten must be either a madman or an Englishman.

One hora which I watched lasted two hours, and comprised at the end a thousand souls, most of whom, knowing the tune, sang it lustily to the next-door neighbour, with improvised words.

A variation of the hora is danced in two concentric circles, moving in opposite directions, one consisting of lads, the other of lasses. At an unexpected signal given by a leader—on grand

occasions a pistol-shot — the two circles intermingle, the sexes alternating. Here again the element of uncertainty adds the greater charm.

The gala costumes of the Balkans—so strange always, so grotesque sometimes, in the eyes of the Occidental when on his first visit to the East—merit a brief description, in the elaboration of which the author, being a man, and unable to depict female garb with the pen, has had the assistance of one of the other sex.

To commence with the Bulgarian. The dress of the women consists of two distinct parts, the lower one made of white linen or cambric, with tight-fitting elbow-sleeves, and narrow petticoat to the ankles, edged at the sleeves and hem with cottage-made lace, and trimmed with white braid in all widths; the braid is covered with a fantastic black pattern, and is made by the girl herself or her next-door neighbour.

Above this is worn a short, pinafore-shaped garment, about to the knees, which is made in black or dark-coloured velvet, again trimmed, even more extravagantly, with the national braiding. It is cut low in the neck, showing the white underbodice, and is very short-waisted, being held in just under the arms by a wide band of the braid having a pattern on it of flowers, cocks and hens, or something equally unusual.

Sometimes a zouave jacket and short velvet

skirt, with wide silk waistband, are worn instead of the more curious dress.

The women are inordinately fond of jewellery, and evidently do not consider, as we do, that it is "bad form" to mix one's ornaments, for they wear rows upon rows of necklaces, composed of coins and every imaginable coloured bead. These beads are manufactured in Turkey, and in Brussa, Smyrna, and other towns of Asia Minor; the best of the imitation pearls are so beautiful that they have a high market value, in fact, almost that of precious stones.

The girls, though their features are unprepossessing, have extremely fine black or dark chestnut hair—the colour which has been so fashionable lately in England; they wear it smoothly parted in front, and hanging down their backs in a single thick plait. It is not usual to have any head-dress, but when, on gala occasions, they do indulge in one, it takes the weirdest forms. Either the pigtail is enclosed in a very long braid-ornamented stocking-cap, the ends of hair coming out about a foot through a hole at the bottom, or a silk scarf is bound tightly round the temples, entirely hiding the hair, and on this is placed a wreath of real flowers, the whole being surmounted by a very ungainly square frame, covered with cloth or silk. But the most popular form of head-dress, and certainly the most effective, is simply a wreath of real leaves or flowers.

The men on gala occasions wear velvet coats and white shirts, trimmed as elaborately as those of the women with the home-made braid. Their white, tight-fitting trousers and gaiters are made of sheepskin, of which their everyday costumes are entirely composed, worn fur inside, skin out. These skins are also made into pretty caps and cloaks for the better classes.

Raw-hide shoes are worn throughout the country by every one; they are very clumsy and ugly, but most serviceable. On long marches both men and women wear "putties," and these, with the strong hide shoes, form the best foot-gear in the world for real hard service.

Before leaving Bulgaria, brief mention might be made of the popular and picturesque industry of the principality, namely, rose-growing, and the manufacture of the world-renowned attar of roses, which is the basis of all the most extravagant perfumes. One ounce will make hundreds of bottles of any ordinary scent. The peasants are employed to pick the roses; they then take them to their cottages, and squeeze the juice out in rough wooden presses.

A secondary industry is the making of rose-petal jam, which is as delicious as it sounds if eaten in moderation, for, difficult though it is to imagine, one gets soon tired of both the taste and the scent of roses.

The town of Kazanlik is the centre of the rose

gardens, and the visitor to this district does not easily forget his first impression of the sunny southern slopes of the Balkans, if he should happen to be there when these are covered, as far as the eye can reach, with all the most glorious roses in full bloom, their fragrance being wafted to him on every breeze.

We come now to the mystery-enveloped Turkish lady, who is a very different being in the streets to what she appears at home.

In Constantinople, I am sure my readers will be disappointed to hear, she can hardly be distinguished from a lady of London or Paris, when out shopping, driving, or in boats, for being rowed about is her favourite occupation. The only difference is that, instead of a hat, a long, filmy veil is wound tightly round the head, one twist of which is taken across the lower part of the face and the neck, leaving the eyes exposed. Of recent years this veil, or "yashmak," as it is called, has become a mere pretence. Many a Turkish lady is in reality no more veiled from the eyes of the curious than her European sister.

Outside the capital, the "country cousins" have not taken yet to tweeds or short linen dresses. The invariable walking-dress is an unbecoming long dust-cloak, reaching from neck to feet, and made of a dirty, yellow-coloured holland, or some similar, cheap material, entirely without ornament or trimming. This is worn by ninety-nine women

in a hundred, except those, already mentioned, of the capital. The veil is again the only head-dress. The footgear is peculiarly ugly, being yellow felt slipper and stocking combined, called "terlik." To have everything of this unprepossessing yellow colour out-of-doors seems to be their one idea.

But if the walking costume is inartistic, a wonderful transformation takes place in the house, where the Turkish lady more than comes up to our conception of her; she is dressed in silks and satins of fantastic and brilliant colouring, always skilfully, though often daringly, blended, and ornamented with pearl, silver, and gold embroideries of the most extravagant description. A good deal of beautiful lace petticoat shows below the skirt, and beneath that again the famous Turkish trousers, called "chintian," or "shalvar," which are made very full, and tied tightly round the ankles. The stockings and slippers are of the daintiest, in accordance with the rest of the dress.

The "odaliks" (the word is derived from "oda," *i.e.* room), girls who attend on the ladies of the harem, and hope eventually to become wives, wear bewitching head-dresses in the gayest of colours—orange, pink, vermilion, scarlet. They take many quaint forms, such as the stocking shape, or "forage" caps stuck jauntily on one side of the head.

These girls are often Christians from Syria,

Asia Minor, or the Caucasus; they go about unveiled, and even attend on male guests, who, of course, never see the ladies of the house. The odaliks are always treated kindly by the master, and in large houses all rough labour is done by men, as the Turk has an ingrained horror of seeing a woman work.

The Roumanian peasants are a patriotic race, and nearly always wear the national colours—blue, red, and yellow. The bodice and lower skirt are of white home-made linen. The pannier-shaped over-skirt is blue, and slit up in various parts to show the white underneath. The whole dress is heavily trimmed with bead and braid embroidery, of which the predominating colours are red and yellow. The sleeves are generally very large, and over the head is thrown a beautifully soft, creamy, embroidered scarf or shawl.

The men in gala costume wear a loose white tunic trimmed with the same braid as the women, but less elaborately. The kalpak, the head-gear, is of dyed sheep's-wool, as is also the edging of the coat and waistcoat, which is fastened only at the throat, the coat being slung over the shoulders as an ornament.

The dresses in which the men dance are entirely made of white flannel, trimmed with ribbons and braid of red, yellow, and blue; the black kalpak is adorned with a white feather. The soft leather shoes are fastened with ribbons

up the legs, in the fashion of the ancient Greeks, and round the knees are sometimes strung little brass bells.

The peasants wear their gala costumes on Sundays and holidays. For grand occasions ladies have them carried out in even more costly materials.

The people colloquially called Macedonians are of Roman origin, and closely related to the Roumanians; for this reason they are called Kutzo, or Pseudo, Wallachians (Wallachia is the southern portion of Roumania). They are known by another name, Tsintsares, said to be derived from a peculiarity of pronunciation. Both these appellations, originally names of derision, have become acknowledged nomenclature, although the Tsintsares themselves prefer the proud name Romuni, *i.e.* Romans.

The dress of the Macedonian peasants is the prettiest in the Balkan Peninsula. Silk-weaving is a home industry, so instead of thick woollen or cotton materials, most of the dresses are made of silk, with a great deal of fulness, and with large sleeves; over this is worn the corset-like bodice which in Germany is called "mieder;" we have no equivalent for it in English. It resembles the "Swiss belt," fastened with narrow shoulder-straps, more than anything else I can think of. This is made in some bright colour—the one I am describing is red—and the becoming head-dress is of pale-blue

silk, embroidered with pearls; pearl ear-rings, and beads tastefully chosen in blue, red, and white, to tone with the dress, complete this pretty costume. Silk stockings and dainty Vienna-made shoes are the usual foot-wear even among peasants.

Moldavia is the name of the northern portion of Roumania. The inhabitants differ from the Wallachians in descent, being more intermixed with Slavs, and with the Tartaric tribes of Southern Russia.

The dress of the Moldavian women is similar to that of the Roumanian, except for the head-dress, which is generally black, and as clumsy and hideous as the soft Roumanian scarf is shapely and becoming. The dress of the men, on the contrary, is effective—dark coats, bright-coloured sashes round the waist, and a succession of full white silk skirts, or kilts, worn one above the other, the silk being here also cottage made. Their head-dress is the tall black fez, worn in Persia and Egypt, and seen nowhere else, and it is a historical riddle how it made its way into Moldavia.

In conclusion, the following perversion of the established order of things may be mentioned as a curiosity. The Bulgarians shake their head for "yes," and nod for "no." This gives rise to many curious mistakes in the intercourse between Bulgarians and Europeans. Many times have I offered a drink to a man, who shook his head, and

I desisted; all the time he meant "yes," and was longing to have that drink. The shake ("yes") is accompanied by a curious shaping of the mouth into a semi-circle ⌒, which is very grotesque, and quite inimitable, and particularly ungraceful in young girls with pretty faces. The nod ("no") is accompanied by an ugly raising of the eyebrows. A friend of mine, the secretary of a Turkish Consulate in Bulgaria, has made a curious calculation to the effect that European travellers are saved annually something like £40,000 in drinks —not to mention proposals of marriage—by mistaking the Bulgarian "yes" for "no." Would it not be a good thing for the "beery" classes of England, if we were to invent a gesture which it might be possible to construe into a polite negative?

Would it not also be advisable for our English girls of the lower orders to confine themselves to one really good holiday-dress, which would endure a lifetime, instead of spending most of their earnings on tawdry finery that lasts a month, and does not look good or picturesque even when worn for the first time?

SPEECH AND LETTERS

CHAPTER IX

SPEECH AND LETTERS

"As the ink from our pen, so flow our thoughts and our feelings
When we begin to write, however sluggish before.

"Wisely the Hebrews admit no Present tense in their language;
While we are speaking the word, it is already the Past."

LONGFELLOW ("Elegiac Verse").

GERMANS, Austrians, Hungarians, Russians, travel in the Balkan countries habitually, for pleasure, for instruction, for actual or potential profit. They are welcome guests, and have practically the foreign trade in their hands. Frenchmen are seldom seen, and the Englishman is a rare bird, with the exception of the British newspaper correspondent, who, whenever and wherever trouble is brewing, comes, not singly, but in battalions, haunts the main thoroughfares of the large towns in daytime and the *cafés chantant* at night, and sends home boiled-down editions of the sensational reports supplied to him *ad libitum* by the interpreter, who accompanies him everywhere. Of late years the American commercial traveller has made his appearance, and is not only becoming a dangerous competitor to the German and Austrian, but is

also grasping the small remnant of trade which these pushing gentlemen have left in British hands. Military officers from all European countries except England visit the historical Bulgarian battlefields for instruction, in parties large and small, often undergoing systematic courses in tactics and fortification extending over several weeks, and always receiving from the Government a courteous assistance which is conceded to all alike, including the Turks.

American and Japanese military students are also seen here. The archæologists, antiquarians, architects, agriculturists, viticulturists, in search of material or study, are nearly always German. And, lastly, the pleasure-traveller pure and simple, sight-seeing and money-spending, comes from Austria and Germany, from the smaller European states, and from America, but hardly ever from England. Stangen, the German "Cook," has large parties of the "personally conducted" order in summer and autumn.

To sum up, the Englishman is practically absent from these countries, which offer so wide a field to all interests and all pursuits; neither pleasure nor profit tempt him. In view of the notorious British lack of linguistic talent and industry, and of the fact that of all languages foreign to the Balkans, English is the least profitable, it is not unreasonable to assume that the linguistic difficulty is a contributory cause of the absence

of British travel, study, and research in the Near East; of the decline of British trade at the rate at which the wakeful competitors are increasing their knowledge; and of the diminution of British influence and prestige, which is so striking a feature in modern Balkan history.

And, in truth, it is a formidable difficulty. The most polyglot German might be pardoned for being frightened at the mere enumeration of the languages spoken in the Balkans countries:— Turkish; Bulgarian; Serbo-Croatian; Roumanian; Greek; Armenian; Albanian; Kutzo-Wallachian; Chingéni, the language of the gipsies; Spaniole, the language of the Jews of Spanish or Portuguese descent, commonly called "Spanish" here (the Jewish name is "Sephardim"); the language spoken by the German, Austrian, Roumanian, and Russian Jews, the Jewish name for which is "Ashkenasim," but which, for the purposes of this chapter, I shall call "Yiddish."

Add to this, as of smaller import, Arabic, Persian, and Syrian, largely spoken in Constantinople; Italian, on the east coast of the Adria; Russian in the north-eastern parts of Roumania; various Austro-Hungarian idioms spoken in Bosnia and Herzegovina, and the Caucasian languages of the Circassians and Georgians.

Not one of these languages is of common use. Thus the acquisition of one is not sufficient to him who wishes to be a student and observer at

first hand. Three is, to such a one, the minimum, namely, Turkish, Bulgarian or Roumanian, and Greek, with the addition of German and French when these fail.

In spite of all that has happened to the Ottoman Empire during the last two hundred years, Turkish is still of paramount importance. In Bulgaria the increase in the use of the Turkish tongue in daily intercourse was to me one of the most striking features on my recent revisit to the principality after an absence of twenty years. Under Turkish Government the Bulgarian knowing Turkish would speak the tongue only on compulsion, in a court of law, or when talking to an official or a gendarme, and he would, in front of his compatriots, be ashamed of his knowledge. Now it is a distinction and a sign of superior education to know Turkish, much as it is a distinction to know French in Germany and England. Formerly, when a Bulgarian not knowing Greek had to speak to a Greek not knowing Bulgarian, they had to employ an interpreter, if they had not some little common knowledge of French or German; now they use Turkish. The attendants in the inns of the smaller Bulgarian towns, where German and French are not spoken, know Turkish. A Bulgarian speaking to a Turkish subject of the principality is expected to speak Turkish. The language has the glamour and

the romance of five centuries of distinguished and often noble history, of which the events of the last thirty years have been unable to rob it. On what other supposition can one explain this striking fact, that in the so-called Turkish theatres of the larger Bulgarian towns, Bulgarian plays, performed by non-Turks for Bulgarian audiences, are done in the Turkish language?

Also in the Ottoman Empire the use of the Turkish language among the Christians has increased. In Asia Minor there are whole colonies of Greeks who have forgotten their Greek and speak Turkish, but write it with Greek characters. The majority of the Armenians of Constantinople have discarded the Armenian and adopted the Turkish tongue; their newspapers are in Turkish, printed with Armenian letters.

In Servia, however, the Turkish language has not revived to any appreciable extent since the wholesale emigration of Turks between the years 1860 and 1870, in spite of the fact that the political relations between the two countries have been uniformly friendly during the last two decades.

In Roumania the Turkish tongue is dead, and this is all the more astonishing as there has been in the kingdom, since the days of the Berlin Congress, a pro-Turkish tendency so strong as to become dangerously warlike during the recent Turkish-Bulgarian troubles. Even in the largely

Turkish Dobrudja, the Turkish language is slowly losing ground in favour of Roumanian. My explanation is the enormous rise of the French language in Roumania during the last three decades. The country bids fair to become bilinguistic, like Belgium or Wales. A Roumanian child of the upper class learns French before it learns Roumanian. A country cannot be trilinguistic.

With these reservations, the Turkish language is the most useful for any traveller, particularly if he desire out-of-the-way information. The Spanish Jews always know Turkish, and to the gipsies in all Eastern countries, Turkish forms the only means of communication with the outer world.

A number of Turkish terms have been adopted by all the peoples of the East, and these alone will help the traveller a good deal on his way. There are several hundreds of Turkish words in the Bulgarian, and nearly a thousand in the Roumanian, vocabulary. By adding words which have been adopted from Western languages (such as refer to modern inventions and institutions), it would not be a difficult matter to compile a dictionary of some twelve hundred terms which are common to the principal Balkan languages.

Colloquial Turkish is not a difficult language to acquire, if you merely wish to speak and understand it; three months of moderate study

should suffice for an ordinarily industrious and intelligent person. But to learn to read and write the Arabic characters, which have no vowel signs (except in books specially printed for beginners or Europeans), requires a study of years, with additional years of practice for the reading of handwritings, for the lazy Turk does not only omit the vowel signs specially invented for the benefit of foreigners, but also the "diacritical points" which distinguish the consonants from each other. The Turkish of literature demands also the acquisition of a large Arabic and Persian vocabulary, and a knowledge of the Arabic grammar.

Euphony plays in the Turkish tongue at least as large a *rôle* as grammar and syntax, and adds a subtle charm and a novel and curious interest to the study. Vowel harmonies and vowel discords, consonant changes and agglutinations, cannot be learned from books any more than the "tones" of the Chinese language. They have to be acquired by practice, by listening to the speech of educated men (not to that of dragomans, who nearly always speak badly); the learner has to build up the physical sense of euphony, as a child, commencing to learn the piano, has to acquire an ear for chords and discords. This sense comes sooner than the student may expect, and develops itself to such an extent that the small irregularities due to euphonic changes in the declension

and the conjugation (the only irregularities which the Turkish grammar knows) present no difficulties; on the contrary, they arrive to the student unconsciously.

A mistake in euphony is as painful to the trained ear as a false note is to a musician.

Vulgar Turkish is pure Turkish. The vocabulary of the workman, the retail trader, the artificer, the small farmer, is the Turkish vocabulary; that of the great official in Constantinople is more than half Arabic and Persian. It is an affectation of the better classes in the Ottoman Empire to use as few Turkish words as possible, and as many Arabic and Persian nouns as their knowledge of these tongues will permit, applying the Turkish rules of grammar and syntax, and their Turkish sense of euphony. The common man will call his father "baba" and his mother "ana," his brother "kardash" and his sister "kiz-kardash," or briefly "kiz" (girl); the elegant official will speak of his father as "peder," of his mother as "validé," of his brother as "birader," and of his sister as "hemshiré." Such a one will use the Turkish "baba" merely as a term of endearment to any old man; he will say, jokingly, "ana" to any old woman of his acquaintance, for instance, to a trusted servant, but not to his mother; he will employ the word "kardash" as a general form of address, familiar and slightly contemptuous, much as an Englishman might say

"my good fellow;" and, if he presume to call his sister "kiz," he would be reproved as a vulgar person. Yet the poor man speaks pure Turkish, and the rich man uses the Turkish words only in corrupt applications. Since the humble, pure-Turkish-speaking folk are ignorant of the foreign vocabulary of the well-educated classes, the Stamboul official cannot converse with the peasant unless he talks down to the latter's level. For the same reason, literary Turkish, the language of poetry and novels, is a sealed book to one-half of the Turkish-speaking subjects of the Ottoman Empire.

The affectation has gained ground to such an extent that, among the better classes, it is considered vulgar to use Turkish words for ideas for which Arabic and Persian terms have been imported. And it is growing with every year, with every pious Moslem who makes the pilgrimage to Mecca and brings home Arabic knowledge, with every officer or official who has been stationed on the eastern frontier of the empire and has held converse with Persian equals. I was seriously reproved with vulgarity recently for using the Turkish word "dil" (tongue) instead of the Arabic "lisan;" yet when I learnt Turkish, three decades ago, the latter word was not known; it has been imported within the last few years.

And the Turks are continually adding to their

vocabulary French, German, and even English words. "Chemin de fer" has replaced "demir yol;" "istaciun" (station), "menzil hané;" "tren" (train), "arabalar;" the German "kellner" (waiter), "tchochuk" (boy); "bira" (beer), "arpasuyi" (barley water); "patati" (the English word pronounced with Turkish euphony), "yer elmassi" (earth apple). A quarter of a century ago the Turkish terms were universally used. Sometimes brevity may have been a contributory cause, and possibly a desire to accommodate money-spending travellers, but the mainspring is affectation. Why, for instance, should a Turkish officer prefer the French word "officier" to the Turkish "zabit;" a physician, "doctor" to "hekim"?

And this corruption of a beautiful and characteristic old language, with a fine literature and a noble history, is going on without intermission, at a rate which renders it impossible to a student not actually residing in Constantinople to keep pace with it. Already a man cannot pretend to know literary and official Turkish unless he knows also Arabic and, at least, some Persian.

Germany before 1870 presented a parallel case. The German language was being gradually corrupted by the wholesale introduction of French terms. It was vulgar to say "frau" when there was a French word "madam," to say "vetter" when there was the French "cousin." The war cleared

the air, and the new empire put its house in order and purified its language. Now the Germans are going into the other extreme, when they abolish a universally used term, like "telephone" in favour of "fernsprecher" (far speaker); when they coin German words for ideas which were first known, and are now known all over the world, by names derived from Greek or Latin.

Enthusiastic Turks talking to inquiring foreigners are wont to boast of the superiority of their language over Bulgarian, and they are fond of quoting a number of everyday phrases to illustrate and compare sound, expressiveness, brevity, ease of pronunciation and of acquisition. I append a few of these, without comment of my own:—

To-morrow it will be fine weather.
T. Yarin iyi havâ olûr.
B. Utre shte budé khubavo vréméto.

Come with me to my house.
T. Evîmé benimlé ghel.
B. Ela sös méné vöv köstata mi.

Thank you, sir, I am not well.
T. Evvala, efendim, hasta-yim.
B. Blagodaria, moi gospodiné, as si osestam losé.

I love you, my darling.
T. Seni severim, azizim.
B. As te obitcham, moia draga.

The Turkish language is soft, musical, beautifully adapted to poetical expression. It has not the virile, sonorous dignity of Arabic; its charm is rather of the feminine order, languid, sensuous, and slightly lazy, like the national character. I cannot enter a mosque on the Friday without remembering vividly, when listening to the Arabic Koran extracts and the Turkish sermon, the simile pronounced in my hearing by a Stamboul priest a quarter of a century ago: Arabic is as the majesty of the roll of the waves on the seashore; Turkish has the amorous beauty of a limpid, lazy river. The grammar, especially the verb, is extremely artificial, and is constructed with almost mathematical precision, so much so that one might well imagine the language to have been invented, like Volapük, by some society of learned men.

Turkish is the mother-tongue of sixteen millions; it is a necessary second language to six to eight million others, bi-linguists (Albanians, Armenians, Greeks, Jews, gipsies, Syrians); whilst to another six or seven millions, the educated of Syria, Mesopotamia, Arabia, Egypt, Tripolis, it is a necessary accomplishment—more necessary even than French is to the best-class German or Englishman. The Turks call their own language Turkché; there is also a dialect called Turski, which, in one form or another, is spoken by many millions—an estimate is impossible—in South Russia, Asia Minor, Central Asia, Siberia. If the term "Turkish

language" be used in its wider meaning, the tongue is, in point of numbers, one of the most important of the globe.

The only living language which has any affinity to Turkish (*i.e.* to pure, non-Arabic Turkish) is Hungarian. The traceable relationship is slight, but its existence is demonstrated by the well-known fact that of all non-Turks the Hungarian is the quickest to acquire the language, and has the purest pronunciation. Euphony and grammar appear to present no difficulties to him. Not only the best Turkish scholars, but also the best linguists known to me, are the Hungarian Jew clerks, of whom there are thousands in the larger towns of Roumania, Bulgaria, and Servia, and in Constantinople, Adrianople, Galipoli, and Saloniki.

Little need be said about the Roumanian language. It is a Latin tongue, sister to Italian and Spanish. Its grammar and syntax are similar to those of other Latin languages, but its vocabulary consists to the amount of one-third of Slav and Turkish words. The Latin characters are used for printing and writing; the Cyrillian are now hardly ever seen, the efforts of the Russians to introduce their own alphabet having remained unsuccessful.

The language is spoken by all inhabitants of Roumania (six millions, of whom five millions are Roumanians); a non-Roumanian subject of the

kingdom who does not know it—Servian, Bulgarian, Russian (in Moldavia), Jew, gipsy, Turk (in the Dobrudja), Austrian (in the Transylvanian Alps), German (in Bukarest)—is not often found.

About 60,000 subjects of Bulgaria, in the district of Widdin, speak Roumanian.

The language is melodious, soft, and capable of great expression. It is so easily learnt that any one with ordinary talent need devote no special study to it. Such a one, with a previous knowledge of French, Latin, Italian, or Spanish, should be able to speak it well after a few weeks' sojourn in the country; the difficulty is to create opportunities for conversation, as all the Roumanians with whom the traveller will usually come into contact know French.

The syllables "cu" and "escu," which form the termination of the majority of Roumanian proper names, signify "the son of," and correspond to the "off" of Bulgarian, "vitch" of Servian, names. Thus a man named Simonescu in Roumania would call himself, and would be called, Simonoff when in Bulgaria, Simonovitch when in Servia. The Slav custom of calling children after the Christian name of the father (without any other family name) is still extensively employed in Bulgaria and Servia; but it is dying out in Roumania, where family names after the European fashion are now in common use. The following example is

taken from a Bulgarian family of my acquaintance: The father was christened Peter, the son Dimitir; the latter's full name is, therefore, Dimitir Petroff; the son's son is christened George, and lives in Servia, where his name is George Dimitrovitch. The Turks use neither family names nor father's names, but the latter are sometimes employed for purposes of identification; the usual procedure is a nickname in addition to the baptismal name. Sometimes one finds the Slav and the Turk customs combined in one name, as in that of the present Servian king, Peter Kara-Georgevitch, Peter, the son of George the Black.

In connection with the Roumanian tongue it is not out of place to mention, briefly, the extinct dialect, commonly called "Latin," which, up to some twenty years ago, was spoken in certain isolated districts south of the little towns Lom Palankah and Artzar, in North-Western Bulgaria. The existence of a living tongue of almost pure Latin formed for several decades a favourite bone of contention among German savants. Readers who will take up a German or Austrian philological map of Turkey, of the years 1860 to 1875, will find those "Sprachinseln" indicated, often with the honour of a special colour, and generally with the word "Latein," and a conspicuous note of interrogation. One cannot wonder at the doubt and the contemptuous smile produced by the

announcement of travellers that Latin, a language supposed to have died 1500 years before, was still spoken, in modern Europe, by a living race. As usually happens, the stay-at-home savants denied what adventurers had actually seen and heard. I heard this language spoken in 1877, and, being fresh from school, was Latin scholar enough to detect the practical identity with the classic tongue. My communications to British editors, a few years later, provoked only the reply that this subject presented no interest to the public. Whatever this idiom was, whether pure Latin or corrupt Roumanian, or, perchance, the Roumanian of five to ten centuries ago, before Turkish and Slav encroachments, it is dead now. It ceased to exist soon after 1878, and the descendants of the men who spoke it use Bulgarian or Roumanian. Incidentally, the once famous and hotly disputed Troglodytes of Artzar, discovered by E. Brown in 1670 and rediscovered by Kanitz in 1875, are now also an extinct race.

The Kutzo-Wallachians or Tsintsares of Macedonia, who call themselves Romuni (Romans), speak a language closely allied to Roumanian, but with a less elaborate grammar, and an additional vocabulary of Greek and Serbo-Croatian words. It is difficult to obtain any reliable information as to the actual number of this people. Recently, in connection with the Macedonian rebellion, interested parties have

made elaborate inquiries, and yet the figures vary from 50,000 to 300,000. Why and when they were first called "Pseudo" Wallachians is not known to me. To them the word has lost its meaning and its sting, and they will respond to the expression "Kutzo-Wallachian" as readily as to the prouder "Roman." The former is also the Turkish official term. Like the Roumanians, they pride themselves on their Latin descent and the Latin character of their language. The latter has, so far as I know, no written grammar or vocabulary. It presents no interest to the student, and no difficulties to him who knows Roumanian. I should imagine that 90 per cent. of the people are illiterate. The remainder use, indiscriminately, Turkish, Greek, and Cyrillian, seldom Latin, characters.

Bulgarian, a Slav tongue, written with Cyrillian characters, is, next to Turkish, the most important language of the Balkan countries. It is spoken by the four million inhabitants of the principality, by close on 100,000 Bulgarians of Roumania (who, however, do not readily use it towards strangers, for Roumania is singularly intolerant), and by the Bulgarians of European Turkey, who number probably half a million. Of these, an unknown portion have recently been exiled to Asia Minor and Syria. It is worthy of note that the Pomakes, or Mahommedan Bulgarians, of brigandage notoriety, speak Bulgarian, not Turkish, even

those who reside on the southern slopes of the Rhodopé on Turkish territory.

The Bulgarian language has all the Slav characteristics: it is harsh and uneuphonious, has long words, a preponderance of consonants over vowels, a large proportion of "hiss" sounds; it is difficult to learn and to pronounce. It is not easy to a western European, accustomed to the broad principle of one consonant, one vowel, to utter three or four consonants in succession. Bulgarian does not lend itself to poetical expression, and that is probably the reason why there is so little national poetry. It is a difficult and ungrateful task to sing in Bulgarian—the educated use German and French for this purpose. The bulk of the people prefer, in their *cafés chantant*, their theatres, their occasional concerts, to hear their vocal music in Turkish or Roumanian, both of which are beautifully adapted to musical expression. The language has one redeeming feature: it is spoken, by the better classes, with a peculiar inflection, which is singularly attractive in young and fresh voices. I have noticed that children of Germans and Austrians, born in Bulgaria, intone in the pretty Bulgarian fashion also when speaking their own language, German or Hungarian.

Since Bulgaria has become an autonomous principality, numerous grammars and vocabularies of the language have appeared in German, French,

Italian, English, Hungarian. Here, as in all that concerns Balkan countries, peoples, languages, Austria has been the leader in making western Europeans acquainted with their brethren of the Near East.

Of the many cheap and popular introductions into the language, that issued by Kuntze in Bonn is recommended to travellers who have no time to acquire any but a superficial knowledge. The same enterprising publisher has also produced booklets in Roumanian, Turkish, Serbo-Croatian, and Greek. Their price is but from sixpence to a shilling each. The Englishman using them must bear in mind that the pronunciation is given either from the German or from the French point of view.

Even in a part of the world where polyglotism is almost imperative, the following incident is remarkable. A Bulgaria-born girl, now sixteen years old, daughter of a Bulgarian Government employee and a German mother, speaks, besides Bulgarian and German, Roumanian and Italian, both well, but she cannot distinguish one from the other. She learnt the former when the family was living in a Roumanian-speaking district of the Widdin neighbourhood, the latter when the father was employed on the building of the Plevna-Sofia line, when they dwelt for two years among Italian workmen. She will respond in the language in which she is addressed, but she cannot tell

whether it is Italian or Roumanian. If told, in Bulgarian, to speak Italian, she will, in five cases out of ten, reply in Roumanian, and *vice versâ*. As examples of polyglotism in the young, I may mention two cases. The twelve-year-old son of a Jewish merchant of Nikopoli speaks Bulgarian, Roumanian, French, German, and Spanish, all almost perfectly. The nineteen-year-old daughter of a renegade Turk of Sofia and a gipsy mother, speaks Turkish, Bulgarian, Roumanian, Albanian, Greek, and the language of the gipsies. With all these cases I am personally acquainted, and they are common occurrences.

When a great London daily, as recently happened, speaks gravely of the "Macedonian language," it may not be out of place to utter a word of reproach. If the writer meant the language spoken in the Turkish province of Macedonia, his statement is equivalent to such a phrase as the "British language," or the "African language." At least six languages are spoken in Macedonia, where the official idiom is Turkish, to which he could not have referred, for he places the tongue in question in juxtaposition to Turkish. If he meant the language of the Macedonian rebels, he is equally wrong, for those speak Bulgarian. With the exception of a few slight corruptions and some provincialisms, the language of the "Macedonians" of the newspapers, *i.e.* of the fighting rebels, is identical with Bulgarian. Therefore, in

the latter meaning, the "Macedonian language" is on a par with, for instance, the "Isle of Wight language." Is it not time to utter a protest against journalistic ignorance? and can one wonder that the British public is so ill informed? I have notes of a number of choice British Press mistakes, which would eternally discredit any good Austrian, German, or French paper. I shall quote a few which refer to linguistic conditions. One journal mentions the Montenegrin language — there is none; the Montenegrins speak Serbo-Croatian. Another talks of Albanian as of a Slav tongue, which is equal to saying that English is a Mongolian language. Another writer gets hopelessly out of his depth when talking of the Wallachians—he cannot quite make up his mind whether they are Tartars or Slavs. Wallachian is only another term for Roumanian, dating from the time when the present kingdom of Roumania consisted of two separate principalities, Moldavia and Wallachia. Another, again, is at sea with regard to the "Dalmatian" and "Bosnian" languages — the Dalmatians speak either Serbo-Croatian or Italian, the Bosnians either Serbo-Croatian or Turkish. One contributor to a popular weekly asserts that the "English" word "halt" has been adopted as a military command by all the Balkan nations. In the first instance, "halt" is not an English but a German word. The Turkish command is "dur," the Roumanian

"sté," the Servian, Bulgarian, and Montenegrin "stoi;" the Greek only has "halt."

I am not displeased that such mistakes have occurred, for they prove that some information of the kind given here is urgently required.

Serbo-Croatian (vulgarly called Servian) is a Slav tongue, and is written with Cyrillian characters in Servia and Montenegro, with Latin characters in Austria; in Bosnia and Herzegovina both alphabets are in use. It is so nearly related to Bulgarian that the Bulgar finds no difficulty in acquiring it speedily, and *vice versâ*. The difference between the two idioms is as that between Spanish and Portuguese. The language is spoken by the 2½ million inhabitants of the kingdom of Servia, by the 250,000 subjects of the principality of Montenegro, by all the Slavs of Austrian Croatia and Dalmatia and of Austria-administered Bosnia and Herzegovina, by 3 million Servians residing in Hungary, and by the Servian subjects of European Turkey, who may number anything between 50,000 and 200,000. There are also some 80,000 Servians residing in Roumania, but these, like the Bulgarians of Roumania, do not readily use their language, except in their own homes. The aggregate of persons speaking this tongue cannot fall much short of 10 millions, and Serbo-Croatian is, therefore, in point of numbers, the most important Slav language next to Russian.

The Islam-converted Servians who reside in Bosnia and Macedonia speak Serbo-Croatian, not Turkish.

It is worthy of remark that the Servians are, of all the Balkan peoples, the most apt to come under the—nearly always benignant—influence of the Roman Catholic priests who dwell in their midst. Thus the Church of Rome, which is making headway throughout the Balkan countries, is doing so to an extent considerably above the average in Servia, and among the Servians of Roumania, Bulgaria, and Turkey. The sterling moral and intellectual qualities of the priests do not explain this, for their brethren who live among Bulgarians, Roumanians, or Greeks are in no wise inferior to them.

My Protestantism received a rude shock when I discovered that in the Balkan Peninsula not one Protestant sect is doing, or attempting to do, any good, whether among the Orthodox, or among the Jews, or among the Moslems.

The space allotted to this section of my material is exhausted, and I cannot, therefore, enter into details with regard to the other languages of the Balkan countries: Greek, with its splendid history and its fine modern literature; Albanian, which is related to no other living language, and the parentage of which is obscure even to the many learned men of Greece who have, during the last decade or two, devoted their labour to it; the

unwieldly and uncouth Chingéni tongue; the corrupt Spanish of the Spanioles; the atrocious Yiddish of the German and Polish Jews.

Suffice it to say that, to the lover of philology, the Balkan Peninsula presents an almost inexhaustible field. Such a one will sometimes come to a dead stop in front of an enigma. Here is one (of several) that puzzled me:—

The Turkish coin, equal to 2½*d.*, commonly called "piastre" by Europeans, is called "grush" by the Turks themselves. In the ante-Sédan days, the North Germans called "groschen" a coin equal to ten modern pfennig. The similarity of the two terms, and of their meanings, excludes the possibility of a coincidence. The Turkish word "grush" was in existence five centuries ago, the Turks brought it with them from Asia; they have not borrowed it from the Germans. That the Germans borrowed from the Turks is unthinkable. The two terms must, therefore, have a common parentage. What was this parentage, and where did it dwell?

THE WATCHTOWER

CHAPTER X

THE WATCHTOWER

"How came they here? What burst of Christian hate,
What persecution, merciless and blind,
Drove o'er the sea—that desert desolate—
These Ishmaels and Hagars of mankind?
They lived in narrow streets and lanes obscure,
Ghetto and Judenstrass, in mirk and mire;
Taught in the school of patience to endure
The life of anguish and the death of fire."

LONGFELLOW ("The Jewish Cemetery at Newport").

I

THE old Jew pedlar trudged wearily along the dusty high-road, carrying a heavy burden on his bent back and a clumsy stick in each hand. The wind blew his white beard about as if it were his regimental standard. From a cloudless sky the sun shone mercilessly on the quaint figure, clad in a greasy kaftan with flowing skirts.

He turned a sharp corner in the road, and a white house amid green foliage, hitherto obscured to his view by the bleak hills, appeared a quarter of a berri ahead. The sight seemed to endow him with hope and courage. He lifted his perspiring face to the sun, which was within an hour

of the meridian. The house was surrounded by rose-gardens, proving to his experienced eye that the owner was engaged in the lucrative manufacture of the attar of roses.

A man dressed in the fashion of the well-to-do farmer stood at the wicket-gate. Without lifting his face, the Jew, as he came abreast of him, said in Turkish, humbly—

"Sir, may the Lord guard you!—how far is it to the watchtower, the one in which a zaptié was murdered, and which is now crumbling away and deserted?"

The man had been staring hard at the speaker, and now he stepped into the road, slapped him heartily on the back, and broke out into a pleasant laugh.

"Still at your old game, Aggaï? Still selling at a hundred per cent. profit? Do you not remember me? When I was serving my time in Edirné? When I bought your entire stock of sweetmeats and eatables and silver ornaments for the girls, to celebrate the event, on the day on which they had made me a corporal?"

The Jew placed his burden on the road, and wiped his brow with a coarse kerchief.

"I remember you fully well now, sir; you haggled a good deal, and the one hundred per cent. of which you speak so glibly is but a myth. I have many pretty and useful things in my hamper, and greatly reduced in price."

The Turk lifted the basket, and uttered an exclamation of astonishment.

"Ay, ay, you are a wonderful chap, Aggaï. You must be well-nigh a century old, and look as if you could not lift yonder little stone."

"It has pleased the Lord of my race," said the pedlar, not without dignity, crossing his arms on his breast and looking on the ground, "to place a heavy burden on my back, which I have meekly borne for fourscore and ten of years. But it has also pleased Him in mercy to give me the strength to bear it, for the sake of my little granddaughter, the last on earth of all my loved ones. But, sir, the answer to my question."

"Yes, old man," replied the other, softened; "and a bite and a drink to help you on your way, for the sake of the jolly times in the big city. The old watchtower is the first of the towers on this road, no more than a quarter of an hour—nay, half an hour—past yonder bend. Bats and owls and crawling things of the slime haunt the place, and the soul of the brave soldier-man—murdered by some foul swine of an unbeliever, I doubt not. There is yet the bed on which he lay sleeping when the knife entered his heart. What may you want to do there?"

"Nothing inside the accursed place, sir—surely nothing; but I have made an appointment to meet there, at an hour after noon, my grandchild—you may remember her. Adah we call her;

she was a pretty elf, in the old days in Edirné, with eyes like the waters of the Bosporos, and hair like the gold of the sunset, and a skin like the snows of the Balkans. She is a young woman now, and as good and gentle as she is beautiful. She has my little cart with her, and my poor old brown mare. The mare is old now, like her master, and the burden of years is almost too much to bear."

"And is pretty Adah, whom I remember perfectly, alone in these wild parts, with rebels and murderers hiding, maybe, even in yonder near mountains?"

The Jew shifted his legs uneasily and looked on the ground.

"No, sir, a man is with her—a sturdy beggar for the hard work, and very well behaved, although a dog of an unbelieving Christian. They started two hours in advance of me from the khan in the little town, to work the hamlets and farms to the north, on the foot of the mountains, and the old tower is our place of tryst; merely that, and nothing else, most assuredly."

Gallantly the farmer lifted the hamper to his own back, and led the way into the house, the Jew following.

"You have plenty of time to keep your tryst, old man," said the farmer. "It shall not be said that Ahmed, a corporal of the Reserve, declined hospitality even to an old dog of a Jew."

A scowling Albanian servant brought milk and coffee, boiled rice flavoured with rose-water, and dainty wheaten cakes into the cool room. The Jew ate with deliberation and enjoyment, as one humbly grateful.

"My old battalion will be passing this way to-day," said the farmer, "and I was trying to catch the sound of the bugle and of tramping feet when I saw you. The rebels are strong and dangerous to the south. Set up your stall by the old tower, for the cross-roads are there, and you will do a great trade. The zaptiés passed this way early this morn, and spoke of many battalions and batteries moving, as if in times of holy war."

The Jew finished his meal. His head sank on his breast, as he leant against the wall, crouching on the low cushion, and soon he snored gently, his face, furrowed and uncomely, hallowed by the semblance of death, to which he was approaching on his long earthly journey of villainy and cunning, piety and gentleness, strangely mingled.

Half an hour later the farmer roused him, and curtly instructed the fierce Albanian to carry the old man's burden to the watchtower.

II

A bugle in front sounded the "halt," and the call was repeated again and again, fainter and fainter, until it was lost in the distance. The

long procession of men and guns came to a stop. Rifles were brought to the order, and the men stood easy. Dark-blue uniforms, red fezes, glittering arms appeared more distinctly in the shifting dust-clouds of the bare high-road. The rays of the sun, high in the heavens, were caught on flashing steel and shining brass buttons. The cadence of men on the march had ceased, the rumble and clatter of guns was silent; then arose a murmur of contentment at the welcome halt; here and there a horse jingled its harness when shaking off the flies. Far ahead on the road the connecting files and the advanced guard stopped in their turn.

The first company of the main body had halted abreast of the old watchtower, massive, forbidding, but with visible signs of decay in the grim masonry. There was a space of ten arshins or so between the road and the tower, which was occupied by two tables, on which a Jew pedlar displayed his wares. One table was covered with buttons, thread, needles, pins, kerchiefs, socks, pencils, penknives, and a variety of other useful articles of cheap make; behind it stood Aggaï, his tired eyes wistfully on the long array of brown-skinned, lustrous-eyed warriors, all as yet in their ranks, leaning on their beautiful rifles, business-like in their sober, dust-covered uniforms. On the other table there was displayed a symmetrical array of wooden mugs and cups, a coffee-urn, heaps

of small cakes, a large tin bowl of foreign biscuits, a smoking dish of rice with little square pieces of mutton ostentatiously displayed on the top. Near, a fire burned on the ground, under a large kettle of boiling water suspended from a tripod. A pretty Jew girl of eighteen or thereabouts, with merry eyes, red hair, and a white skin, and a stalwart, good-looking man, some few years her senior, attended to these primitive refreshments. The man wore the garments of an Osmanli, but his was not a Believer's face. He looked sulky, dissatisfied, anxious, and was evidently the butt of the maiden's jokes and commands. A crazy cart was tilted against the wall of the tower, and an aged horse, bony and shaggy, stood by with drooping head and feeble legs, too tired to touch the handful of oats on the ground.

Again a bugle sounded, this time a long and melodious phrase. "That is a regimental call," said the man, who was known by the Bulgarian name of Boris, to Adah. A short, sharp blow of three notes followed, and the command "Fall out" was passed from company to company along the front portion of the line of march. With the dexterity born of long practice the men piled arms, and within a few seconds a crowd of intending purchasers pressed around the two tables. The sight of business, the prospect of barter, revived the old Jew—he appeared twenty years younger, he stood erect, his eyes were keen, and all his

senses on the alert. The girl, too, threw herself heart and soul into the business of the moment, and Boris gave such assistance as his preoccupation permitted; he was like a man watching for some expected but dreaded sound or sight.

A group of smart officers gathered round the elderly, portly major, who had dismounted and given his horse to a man with a slung rifle. Cigarettes were proffered and exchanged, and men were sent for mugs of coffee to Adah's stall. A trusted sergeant of many campaigns was deputed to make a cautious inquiry as to whether the Jew had perchance some of the accursed intoxicating drink of the Ghiaours—which, naturally, he had. For the major had been in foreign lands, and had acquired Christian habits.

The first rush of business was over. The men with money had spent it, the men without it had been treated by their more fortunate comrades. Aggaï's pockets were bulky with small coin. He set about assiduously to replenish the display on his table from the boxes stored under the tilted cart. The old mare had received a gracious pat from her master, and she, too, was now in better spirits, and made a meal of the scanty oats. Adah and Boris were busy round the fire preparing fresh coffee and rice.

The man gave a furtive look all around him, and said, in the language of the Jews of Sofia—

"Listen, Adah. If I hear the regimental call

of the Vodena Redifs I cannot stay here—the risk would be too great. They met me on the afternoon of the day on which happened you know what. These garments cannot disguise my face nor appease my fears. I still have the key of the old tower in my pocket, the door is at the back, in the angle of the stable wall; no one will see me enter. I must lock the door behind me, and keep in hiding until the soldiers have passed. You must tell the old man that I have gone for firewood. I trust you, Adah—you have my life in your hands."

"Your trust is safe, Boris. The bond which unites us excludes the possibility of betrayal. Are you not afraid to enter the place?"

"Afraid of what? Of the bones of a dog mouldering in his grave, or of the soul which he never had in life? I should be afraid to enter if I had left him unpunished for the outrage on that girl of my tribe."

Hoarse words of command were passed along the line, a bugle sounded the advance, the men rushed to their places in the ranks, seized their rifles, and in a few seconds the march was resumed in undisturbed order. A magnificent battery of quickfirers followed close on the first battalion, and another halt was made. It was whilst the pedlars were attending to the wants of the gunners that Boris, whose vigilance had never ceased, caught a sound which sent a tremor through his

burly frame—the tuneful phrase of a bugle from the rear end of the column. He touched Adah on the sleeve, gave her a significant look, strolled quietly towards the back of the tower, his eyes on the ground as if seeking something, and was lost to view.

The guns passed, then another battalion, riflemen in blue and green, then a long line of mule-drawn transport waggons with white canvas hoods, and then yet another battalion, sturdy reservists, many with grey beards, then a scattered line of connecting files in correct and business-like intervals, and finally the rear-guard, a company with a Maxim gun and a troop of smart lancers of the Imperial Guard.

The sun was low in the heavens when Aggaï's business was over, and he prepared to pack up for the night. But Boris had not returned.

III

The night was black; with the departure of the sun threatening clouds had come from the towering heights on the horizon. Save only the feeble glimmer of the Jew's lantern, no light, earthly or heavenly, shone in the darkness. The household of the rose-grower had gone to rest; his was the only habitation near the old watchtower. The wind soughed and moaned, and on its wings came the cry of the owl and the bark of the jackal,

from the dark woods on the slope of the mountains. Large vampire bats flitted noiselessly to and fro. But in the rose-garden the nightingale sang divinely —the one angel of light in this realm of dismal and forbidding sounds.

The Jew crouched on the ground against the wall of the tower, his face buried in his bony hands. The old mare's chin was on his shoulder. Adah stood erect in front of him.

"So you know all now, grandfather," she said resolutely. "He is inside, but I cannot make him hear. The door is crazy and feeble. I must force it open and search for him."

"Why not go without the ungrateful dog of a Christian, and let him follow as best he can?" asked Aggaï, returning to his argument.

"Because I love him, and cannot leave him. Now you know the truth."

"God of my fathers!" moaned the old man; but the girl cut him short imperiously.

"Do not invoke a God who hears not our cries, who neither feels nor helps. Listen. What is the life you have led, and what is the life I have led since I was a babe on mother's breast? The life of hunted, despised, unclean animals. Is that a life that a good God would ordain? Nothing is good on earth, nothing is faithful or true or beautiful. All is black as this night, and hideous like those cries that come from the cruel mountains—hark! those are wolves! Now I shall take the lantern and the

axe—perhaps he has fallen and stunned himself. If he is to be found I shall find him. If he is alive I shall live for him. If he is dead I shall die with him. If he has abandoned me, I shall abandon you and my race."

With a sublime gesture she crossed her hands on her breast.

"I have found that in life which alone makes life—my life—worth living, without which life is worse than this awful darkness. True, he has done a deed which men call cruel—but is not every man cruel to every other man in this cursed land? The Christian tortures the Osmanli and the Jew, the Osmanli tortures the Christian, and the God to whom you so vainly appeal tortures us all."

She seized the lantern and the axe with her strong, nervous hands, and left the old man moaning and rocking himself in his misery.

Soon vigorous and skilful blows resounded through the night, and bade the nightingale stop short in the midst of a divine cadence. Then came the crash of the falling door.

The lantern in her left, the axe in her right, Adah explored every inch of the crazy building. On the ground floor was the old guard-room, with a deal table and a wooden form, and a rack for the rifles. Above were the officers' quarters, with a camp bedstead. Here the zaptié had been found murdered. He had apparently taken refuge

in the building during a thunderstorm, just after it had been deserted in consequence of serious damage and threatened collapse, and before the primitive furniture had been moved. Some one had stabbed him in his sleep, but robbery had evidently not been the motive. His horse was found in the stable attached to the building. Some Bulgars of the neighbourhood had been arrested and severely questioned, but nothing had come of it.

There were three more floors above, all empty. In each upper story was a door leading to the outer air, from which a rope ladder could be lowered to the ground. On the flat roof were the remains of a flagstaff; here the banner of the Crescent had flown for just one hundred years, for these towers had been built when the troubles with the neighbouring vassal state began.

Anxiously, yet fearlessly and methodically, Adah examined the building from top to bottom, in every nook and cranny and corner. No living thing was there except rats, and mice, and bats, who fled before the unwonted exhibition of artificial light and human steps.

"Boris! Boris!" she called out; but no answer came save the echo of her voice from bare, damp stone walls. In mocking beauty the thrilling love-song of the nightingale sounded through the loopholes.

Whilst Adah was in the building a feeble glimmer of light approached on the high-road from the direction of the rose-grower's house. It came from a lantern carried by the fierce Albanian servant, to whom a Jew pedlar was but as a mangy cur, fit only to be kicked. To do the Albanian justice, robbery by violence was not his object; he merely intended a gentle form of blackmail by asking for a share of the proceeds of the day's trading. It did not take him long to find the old Jew, who was in an uneasy slumber, and to rifle his pockets was the work of a few seconds. Aggaï awoke, saw, perceived, and stretched out his hands in unutterable misery. The beginning of a cry for help was in his throat, but only the beginning, for the Albanian, who did not know of Boris's disappearance, and did not desire an encounter with the stalwart Bulgarian, dealt him a terrific blow on the head with his club-like stick. Like a bundle of limp rags the Jew collapsed, and the Albanian, having taken what coin there was to be taken, went silently away. He was in the outhouse which he occupied in the rose-grower's garden, and securely locked in, before Adah returned from her fruitless search, despair in her broken heart. Such a cry as even this howling wilderness of terrors had not heard for many a day, woke the slumbering echoes of the hills and hushed the hungry growl of the jackal: for the girl found a lifeless body, the pockets,

turned inside out, telling their own tale. The old mare licked the blood-stained face.

IV

Three days later the Jewess, dusty and travel-stained (for she had tramped the distance of nigh on fifty miles), with black despair in her heart and wild resolution in her eyes, entered the capital of the province and made a cautious inquiry of certain people of her tribe, whom she found bartering in the market-place. She was directed to the house of an Armenian, a broker, dealer, money-lender, and general agent; a man known to follow a certain secret calling, patronized by the few rich living in this part of the world, and by some foreigners of debased habits in the neighbouring province. To him she went, and with him she had a private interview. His house had a shop on the ground floor, open to the winds of heaven, after the custom of the country, in which carpets and cunningly wrought silver ornaments were displayed, and where customers could have their fezes ironed daily by contract. The publicity of the shop was compensated for by the secrecy of the upper apartments, the windows of which were carefully guarded with blinds, curtains, and shutters.

The owner, a wily scoundrel, one of the worst types of his race, put certain questions, imposed

certain conditions, and finally handed her over to a hideous old woman of his own tribe. An hour later Adah was sitting expectantly in an upper room, the best of the house, gorgeously furnished with carpets, tapestries, and hassocks from Syria, Mesopotamia, and Persia. To this lovely frame the girl provided a fitting picture. She had eaten and drunk, and bathed in perfumed water, had partaken of a drug which brightened her eyes, quickened her pulses, and sharpened her brains; she was dressed in tasteful garments, and wrists, fingers, ankles, neck, breasts, ears, and hair were laden with jewellery.

She had not long to wait, for the Armenian had apprised his excellent patron and customer, the vice-governor of the province, that he had a bargain for sale. This man passed as an Osmanli, and prided himself on his pure pronunciation and faultless manners, but no Osmanli could be so unutterably mean and vicious. As a matter of fact, he was a renegade foreigner.

And that afternoon Adah, the beautiful Jewess of Sofia, was sold, after some violent haggling with the Armenian broker, to his Excellency Sami Pasha, to adorn his harem.

These events happened less than a year ago. Recently the Jewess gave birth to a child and became the Pasha's legitimate wife. The fat renegade furiously disclaimed the parentage, but it availed him nothing, for he is not in favour now.

Almost at the same time the old watchtower collapsed during a terrific thunderstorm. The body of a man, nearly devoured to the bones by rats, was discovered in what had once undoubtedly been a secret chamber inside the massive walls. A door led to it which persons imperfectly acquainted with the building would easily mistake for one of the doors leading to outer space. The conjecture is that the man, wishing to hide for some reason or other, and knowing of this chamber, fell in the darkness down a flight of steps, was stunned, and, on awakening from his swoon, was too seriously hurt and too feeble to effect his escape, for the door had locked itself.

Adah alone knows the dead man's secret. Having the command of money now, she had him buried decently in consecrated ground.

STRANDED

CHAPTER XI

STRANDED

"And, just because I was thrice as old
And our paths in the world diverged so wide,
Each was nought to each, must I be told?
We were fellow-mortals, nought beside?
No, indeed! for God above
Is great to grant, as mighty to make,
And creates the love to award the love:
I claim you still, for my own love's sake!"

BROWNING ("Evelyn Hope").

I

A MAN, with a piece of paper in his hand, stood disconsolately at a deserted street-corner in a town of Bulgaria, not far from the Turkish frontier, one bright autumn morning of the year 1903, during the Macedonian rebellion.

Never was any man's appearance less like that of the hero of a story. He was forty, and his hair was turning grey. He was not above medium height, and by no means an Adonis. He wore the conventional garb of the travelling Briton. He looked strong and healthy, and appeared to be an average specimen of the commonplace, good-natured person on holiday intent.

He had stood at that corner for ten minutes, had perused the note thrice, had scratched his head twenty times; but nothing had come of it.

He glanced along the straight, deserted, seemingly interminable stretch of waste and rubbish which had died and rotted in the attempt to become a *Grand Boulevard de Paris*. Then his eyes travelled to the dismal street of antiquated wooden houses with rickety verandahs, at the far end of which he discerned what looked like a cutting in a railway embankment: an old Roman wall, which that street had pierced.

Hens were there, and asthmatic roosters, swine, and mangy curs of a breed unknown in the West; but of human beings only a few children crawling on all fours, scarcely distinguishable from the pigs which were their playmates.

The boulevard and the street met at a right angle, and in the triangular space enclosed by them and by a segment of the circular Roman wall, stretching to the confines of the horizon, lying in a hollow as if in a cesspool, was an amazing jungle of tall healthy trees and low, unwholesome roofs.

This was the gipsy quarter, half a century ago a prosperous Moslem settlement, composed of decaying country houses and desecrated mosques, hovels and booths, caravans and penny gaffs, mule-stables and pigsties, fowl-runs and flower-plots, orchards and kitchen gardens, discreet little *cafés*

and thieves' dens, brigands' headquarters and receivers' stores, kennels in which dogs were hosts and tramps guests, sheds into which whole clans crawled at night to roost, ruins, rubbish-heaps, brick-kilns, and waste spaces.

An artist would have discovered here material enough, human and architectural, in flora and in fauna, to fill a hundred sketch-books. A sanitary inspector would have encountered a hundred cases good for a conviction within a ten minutes' walk. A school inspector would have found the work of a lifetime, and would have gone to his grave with half his task unfinished. A detective would have met with sufficient cases to make the fortune of several Sherlock Holmeses.

Presently the man heard heavy footsteps behind him, and, turning round, beheld, approaching leisurely along the road of small shops and rustic inns which leads to the town proper, that friend in need—a policeman, a squat figure in shabby greyish-brown uniform, with a rusty sword and a dirty face.

Our friend had travelled all over the world, and had acquired early the lesson which so many Englishmen never learn—that "in Rome you must do as the Romans do;" that neglect of the local forms of civility will be interpreted as coarseness and low breeding, not as sturdy independence, as the offenders would fain have it. So he raised his cap to the guardian of Bulgarian law, and was

rewarded with a vigorous military salute, and with expectant courtesy.

"Do you speak Turkish?"

"Certainly, sir; I am a native of this town. Everybody speaks Turkish here."

"Is this the mahallah in which the gipsies and the Turks live?"

"It is the mahallah in which Government compels the gipsies to live. The Turks can dwell where they like, and the well-to-do reside in the best streets in fine houses; but the poor prefer this quarter, because rents are cheap—indeed, many a deserted cottage may be had for nothing, simply by taking possession of it."

The man reflected. Thrice already had he tried to penetrate the devious mysteries of the mahallah, but had failed to trace a certain house of which he was in search—had almost despaired of finding his way out again. On the first occasion he had been stoned by children; on the second attacked by a snarling cur; on the third a fierce sow, with a brood to defend, had effectually barred his way. There were several hundreds of streets, places, alleys, lanes, courts, and slums in the quarter, and so far he had explored barely a score. Time was pressing; the longer he delayed in that accursed town, the heavier a bill he would ultimately have to pay, and the less likely was he to attain the object of his journey and the pecuniary profit which he hoped to gain by it; moreover,

his Sofian acquaintances had emphatically recommended discretion, in view of the turmoil which was, in those days, Bulgaria's chronic condition.

He had an inspiration, and acted on it at once. A Sofian friend had casually mentioned an old Turk's handsome daughter, named Leila, and nicknamed Karasatch, as a specimen of that *rara avis*, the emancipated Turkish girl, who had received an excellent education in a European school of Constantinople.

"Any pretty girls there?"

"Hundreds, sir! Gipsies mostly, some Turks, some Jewesses, a few Servians."

"What, Turkish girls, too? I thought their faces were never visible?"

"Oh, such as reside here are not very strict in their manner of life. If they were, they would not dwell among a race whom their people consider as swine."

"Would you care to conduct me and show me some of the Turkish girls? Mind, pretty ones. I'll make it worth your while."

"As to that, sir, here we know that we can always depend on an English gentleman." (One could almost have smelt the travelling Briton in our friend a hundred yards off.) "It is not in my beat, sir—it's nobody's beat—and I haven't exactly the time—— I ought to go to the end of that street, as far as the Roumanian wall." (He meant Roman, but it was all the same to him.) "I see

those children are naked again; it's against our new-fangled regulations. But never mind the children, and I'll make the time. The sergeant won't be round yet for three-quarters of an hour. But there's one thing I would like to mention, sir—have you a revolver? Because I am not safe in that place."

The other tapped a side pocket and nodded. In spite of his perturbed mind, he could not forbear to smile. A policeman asking a civilian to protect him!

He had taken a desperate step: committed himself to a fee which he could not pay. But the hotel-porter was good for a loan of another ten-franc piece—he had already borrowed two from him. Never before had he been in such straits or taken such desperate measures.

So the twain sallied forth, the man cool and unconcerned in demeanour, but watching intently for a certain gateway with a red lantern, the policeman in a state of ludicrous nervousness. They had traversed many crooked alleys, with wretched hovels interspersed between decaying garden walls, before our friend remembered, with a vicious kick at a sleeping mongrel and a curse at his miserable, fettered condition, that he had not enough money even to pay for two cups of coffee, of which the price, all over the country, is ten centimes (three farthings) each.

"Gracious me!" he exclaimed, with feigned

annoyance, "I forgot that I have left my purse in the hotel, on purpose; I was told this quarter is infested with thieves."

"That's nothing, sir. I am content to wait, and if you care to have a coffee somewhere, I'll pay. You stay in the Hotel Despoto, I presume? A pretty penny you'll have to pay there, sir! Take my advice, and settle for your bed every morning, and for your meals as you have them; you'll save half your money!"

The man was disagreeably surprised on hearing that the policeman had guessed his abode; but, after all, there was in the town not another inn in which an Occidental, with notions of decency, could have stayed. That he would have to pay heavily for the credit he was compelled to demand was already known to him from previous experience in the Orient.

So they walked on, through a winding street of dirty open booths without doors or windows, in which were displayed articles the very nature and purport of which were unknown to our friend. Then came a few tumble-down hovels presenting blank walls to the roadway; but through rough ventilation holes under the low roofs came voices. He wondered how human beings could possibly live there, and how they effected entrance and exit. Then another lane of booths and stalls, deserted like the former, except for sleepy old men and women in tatters, with villainous faces,

nodding over unclean counters. It happened to be the weekly market-day in the town, a mile away, and all the able-bodied were in the bazaars and the open places, buying, selling, and stealing. Over one shop was an inscription in Turkish and Bulgarian: "Beards shaved and trousers reseated with secrecy and despatch." Another, evidently the office of a public letter-writer, but at that moment deserted, bore the legend: "Commissions promptly executed. Distance and danger no object."

"What kind of commissions?" asked our friend.

The policeman shrugged his shoulders.

"Murders, most likely," he said, as if the matter were of no interest to him and of no importance to the community.

Past heaps of stones which had once been mosques; past walls without roofs, and roofs without walls; past dozing dogs, mutilated in many a canine battle; past grunting pigs and cackling hens, seeking a precarious livelihood on evil-smelling dunghills; past dingy little places of refreshment, with "Kafé," "Chaï," "Bira," "Vino," in Cyrillian characters; past some vile and verminous tramps sleeping off a drunken bout in the gutter; past a group of naked children:—on they walked, with many stoppings and examinations of landmarks on the part of the policeman, until at last a dot of brilliant red

flashed in the sun at the far end of a shady garden lane. The policeman heaved a sigh of relief with the noise of a trombone, and steered straight for it. The dot turned out to be a lantern, suspended from the crossbeam of a rickety gateway. The details of the picture which now presented itself to the man's gratified vision corresponded to a description given to him. So Karasatch Leila was one of the acknowledged beauties of the quarter. He scented an adventure as the charger scents the battle.

II

On the paper in the man's hand was written in English, in business-like characters :—

" The house is situated in the quarter inhabited by Moslem gipsies and the poorer Turks. The streets have no names, and the dwellings no numbers. It is a building of the kind of which you will find scores in that district: an old Turkish country residence, allowed to fall into desuetude and decay, wood-built, one story; really two distinct and detached dwellings (originally one for the master, the other for the women and children), at right angles to each other, separated by a stretch of garden and wooden palings. An old carriage-track leads past the door of the first house to that of the second; the wooden gate which separates the track from the street has been

half open from time immemorial, and its hinges have rusted in that position, so that it is now impossible either to close or open it entirely. The wooden posts still stand, or stood two years ago, and, with the top beam across them, form a gateway; from the beam is suspended a red lantern, with the Turkish word 'Kahvé,' misspelt, in black letters, lit at night by a tallow candle inside. There is a large garden, well-wooded, but neglected. Adjoining is a ruined mesjid. The projected Boulevard, commenced but now abandoned, runs along the eastern margin of the quarter, on raised ground. The best way to enter it is from the corner formed by the unfinished Boulevard and the street in which the remains of the Roman fortifications are situated. Any dragoman will show you the latter and conduct you to the former, but from that corner you must find your way alone. Dragomans would be useless, even if any could be induced to accompany you; in that quarter dragomans, official or private, are disliked and not safe. But travellers, particularly British travellers, are never molested. I have been there a score of times, without let or hindrance. But I cannot describe the way to you; at least fifty corners have to be passed. I used to find it only by noting landmarks in ruined buildings, dung-heaps, pigsties, pretty girls. There are over a hundred small *cafés* in that quarter. You must traverse it until you find one that

answers to the above description. You may come across it the first day; you may be a fortnight hunting for it. Having found it, enter, ask for coffee in Turkish, and casually inquire whether the landlord's name is Haji Yussuf Dulgur, formerly an officer (captain) in the Turkish Reserve (32nd Regiment of Redif Infantry, stationed at Adalia), now returned to his native town and a naturalized Bulgarian subject; originally a cabinet-maker and wood-carver, now (by reason of a rifle-shot wound in the right arm, incurred at Larissa in 1897) a coffee-shopkeeper."

This note had been given to the man a month before, in Sofia, by a casual acquaintance, an Englishman employed as manager of the local branch of a carrying and forwarding house, who, up to two years before, had been, in leisure time, an Orient tramp of the most advanced description, a picker-up of unconsidered trifles, a searcher in neglected nooks and corners, a wanderer in untrodden ways, but had retired from that hobby by reason of marriage and rheumatism. The note was the response to a request for an introduction to a Turkish resident in that remote town—one who might be presumed to be in the secret of the pro-Turkish movement. For a part object of the man's journey in the East was a study of that movement.

He had now reached the town, and, incidentally, also the end of his financial resources.

He was not poor—on the contrary, at home, in his beloved England, he passed for one in tolerably comfortable circumstances. But the neglect of an attorney in London had stranded him in a Bulgarian frontier town, twenty miles from the railway, fifty from the nearest British consul, a hundred from any human being personally known to him, two hundred from the nearest agent of his bankers; stranded in a country on the verge of war, in the throes of a rebellion; in a district under martial law, in the excitement of a general mobilization; in a town close to the threatened frontier, crowded with troops, infested by spies, suffering from a serious attack of spy fever. And, worse, this man spoke at the time scarce a hundred words of the language of the country, but, on the other hand, was known to speak the tongue of the enemy to perfection, having once been in his service.

He was not actually starving, for his credit was good. He was staying at the one decent hotel of the town, the proprietor of which had not yet presented his account. But he wanted to telegraph, to buy postage stamps, to continue his journey (he had already spent ten wasted days in the town), all things for which coin was indispensable, and his pocket contained at that moment a British lucky farthing, a Turkish five-para piece, and a Bulgarian five-centime piece—grand total, one penny sterling.

But he had that which is better than coin—a sound body, strong arms, willing hands, and the determination to work. All he wanted was sufficient to send a lengthy telegram to England —say fifty francs. But he would have to work in secret, lest the good people at the hotel should become suspicious and give him notice to quit. So he bethought himself of the note given to him by his Sofian acquaintance, describing the residence of the Bulgarized Turk, to whom the Sofian had once rendered an important service. He had in his pocket a letter written by that Sofian and addressed to that Turk, Haji Yussuf Dulgur. How to find the Haji in that appalling maze of hovels and crooked lanes, extending over an area of close on two square miles, had been the moot point.

III

The twain entered through the half-opened gate into what had been a carriage drive fifty years ago, when the ladies of the Turkish master's household were wont to take the air in the rickety barouches of the country. Now it was a river-bed of viscous mud, dating from the last heavy rain. Of the houses, the first, nearest to the gate, presented to the street a side window, half hidden by the foliage of evergreen shrubs; the second, at the end of the mud-bed, fifty yards

away, showed a full face composed of a door and a window on each side; behind it were trees, and behind the trees were wooded hills, the watershed of which marked the Turkish frontier. The dwellings were in a state of senile decay, but had been patched and smartened in a manner which betrayed care and industry on the part of the occupier, and which contrasted favourably to the unashamed dirt and the barefaced neglect displayed throughout that quarter.

No human being was visible. The door of the first house stood ajar. One of the red window-blinds exhibited the legend in Arabic characters: "Turkché Kahvé, 10 stotinki; Kara Kahvé alla franka, 15 stotinki; Kahvé sud-ilé, 20 stotinki."

"This house is the *café*," said the policeman, evidently relieved to find himself in the shelter of a moderately civilized and law-abiding roof. "The other building, the former harem, is the private residence of the owner, and his son and daughter."

"Is there a son?" asked the Englishman, not well pleased.

"Yes; a strapping lad of twenty, three years older than the girl—served his time with the artillery in Plovdiv, and has just been called out again for the mobilization against Turkey. The old chap is no doubt wild about it."

The room filled the whole length and width of the house. The whitewashed walls were bare

of ornament excepting the framed and glazed manuscript rules of a skittle club. Rough benches ran along one side; on the other were shabby cushions for the accommodation of such guests as preferred to squat in the ancient Turkish manner; the centre was occupied by small tables of unpainted wood, stained with coffee, and cane-bottomed chairs, four to each table. At one end was a buffet with rows of glasses and stacks of dishes, mugs, and cups; at the other, a raised platform, with a few rusty music-stands, a reading-desk for the professional reciter, and a fine upright piano, the brand-new appearance of which formed a sharp contrast to the poverty-stricken severity of the surroundings. The policeman chuckled as he pointed to it.

"I helped to sell that, and got a commission of ten francs. There was a commercial gent staying at the Hotel Despoto, the agent of a Vienna firm of piano-makers. I used to take him round on off-evenings, to show him the queer places of the town, and brought him here. The old man was so pleased with the gentleman because he spoke Turkish that he bought one of his pianos on an easy-instalment system."

The room was deserted; as the policeman explained, the business of the place was done between sunset and sunrise. It smelt of soap, and appeared to have been recently cleaned and tidied; there was fresh sand on the floor of plain deal

boards; the tables had been washed; the crockery was ready for use. The front windows were closed, and their red blinds shone brightly against the sunlight behind them; the open back windows exhibited a neglected garden, with weed-choked flower-beds, untrimmed hedges grown out of all arboreal shape, paths with the grass encroaching on what had once been gravel and was now black mud, and tall trees swaying in the autumn breeze.

"They've just cleaned up last night's mess, and gone to bed till sunset prayer," explained the all-wise policeman. "We'll ring, anyhow."

So he pulled at a rope that hung from the ceiling, and a harsh bell clanged somewhere in the distance.

"That's in the other house," was the official explanation.

The two, not expecting an immediate response to the challenge, leant out of a back window, and watched an old dog taking a leisurely constitutional.

"He's trained on gipsies," said the mentor, "and he can distinguish a Turk from a Bulgarian, even when they've changed clothes. A friend of mine in the Force tried him. When the old man has a Turkish meeting on, the dog will admit no Bulgarian."

"What is your pleasure, gentlemen?" was spoken in a clear, resonant female voice.

With a start our friend turned round, and

beheld in the frame of the open door a picture of such beauty that it might have stepped straight out of some fairy-tale.

IV

The girl who stood there in an attitude of unstudied grace, the right hand behind her, the left grasping the post above her head, was not dressed in gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls, nor in antique lace or cunningly blended colours; rare gems did not enter into the composition of her garb—indeed, I doubt whether she had ever handled, much less owned, any; and with the virtues of crêpe de Chine, Liberty silks, nun's veiling, figured muslins, art hollands, and the rest of these vanities, she was unacquainted. Five francs would have bought the material—homespun serge—and the handiwork was her own. She did not wear the fantastic indoor raiment of the nation to which she by birth belonged; her costume was a glorified edition of the working and walking garb of the young girls of the country of her adoption: a short black skirt, displaying an inch of white lace petticoat, black stockings and raw-hide shoes, a black bodice, on the bosom a triangular space of such brilliant white skin as would have made the fortune of a French Salon portrait-painter. She wore on her breast a posy of small asters of a pale

violet hue in a vivid green bed of the wild maidenhair fern of the Balkans. Her black hair fell over back and shoulders in a superb mass of natural waves from under a picturesque white woollen cap of a shape similar to that called "stocking" in England.

The dress, though plain, was well made, and efficiently moulded to a slim girlish figure of moderate stature. A dainty white apron, covered with the fantastic black braid embroidery which is a feature of Bulgarian industry, and edged with cottage-made lace, added a pleasing note of domesticity to a picture of exotic beauty.

The complexion had the healthy pink lightness of the Turk who inhabits the higher altitudes of Asia Minor, Caucasia, Syria—not the dull orange of the dwellers in cities or on plains. When she turned aside to glance at a cart passing noisily in the roadway, the spectators had a view of the lovely profile which is peculiar to Arabs and to high-class Turks with Arab blood in their veins. The eyes were large and lustrous, and their dark brown had a complement in the faint violet of what is usually white.

She stood motionless, waiting for their answer, her keen eyes full on those of the Englishman. Somehow he knew that she was on the alert: visitors at that unexpected hour in those troubled days might be friends or foes, and she looked prepared for either.

"Begging your pardon, miss," said the policeman, with clumsy courtesy, "this is an English gentleman staying at the Hotel Despoto."

The man took off his cap. He had been a soldier once. Involuntarily he stood to attention. She put her left behind her, exchanged something rapidly from one hand to the other, and, with her free right, made in one swift, graceful movement the pretty Turkish salutation—fingers on breast, on lips, on forehead. Then she stood still again, and, simply by an air of inquiry and queenly command, desired to know more. The policeman continued—

"The gentleman is a sightseer, and I have shown him the way through the mahallah. We would like two cups of Turkish coffee, please."

He had spoken in Bulgarian, which the girl seemed to understand. The other, making a bold guess, said in Turkish—

"I think I know why you have one hand behind your back so persistently, and what that hand holds. I assure you that you are mistaken. I am merely a curious traveller, and the worthy constable is equally harmless. If there were any danger, of whatever description, my honour as a gentleman would command me to protect you, a woman, from it, not to turn it against you."

She removed the hand, which held a Colt revolver, fastened the latter to a clasp on the

black leather belt which encircled her slim waist, looked at the foreigner with a faint smile of gratitude, bowed her head in acknowledgment of the order she had professionally received, and left the room, having spoken, with her lips, one sentence of five words; with her eyes and in her demeanour, the contents of a novel.

The man went to the open door and looked after her. She was walking swiftly along the dry side of the mud-track towards the second house. Something flashed past him with the speed of a greyhound let loose, so that he could barely discern the shape of a half-naked, brown-limbed gipsy boy. The girl must have heard his bare feet splashing in the pools, for she turned around and confronted him. There was a brief conversation, the boy ran back the way he had come, with a sharp glance of his green gipsy eyes at the two figures in the open door. She came after him and stood before the twain, her hands crossed on her breast. She addressed the policeman with haughty brevity—

"Yonder boy has reported that the sergeant is at the Boulevard corner, inquiring for you. You had better speed back."

The policeman, crestfallen, stammered—

"But the gentleman has no money in his pocket, miss, and he wants——"

She interrupted him.

"I and the gentleman shall be able to settle

that question between ourselves. You can go now."

The policeman withdrew hurriedly. When he had reached the gate and imagined himself unobserved behind the dividing hedge of evergreens, he broke out into an ungraceful trot. She turned to the foreigner—

"Pray, sir, be seated. 'Tis rough accommodation, but it's the best we have. I shall call my father; he is fond of men of your race, and will be pleased to hear of the happenings in the great world of the sunset. Meanwhile I shall brew the best cup of coffee that is to be had in this town. I fully understand your not carrying money with you. You can pay my father when you meet him in town. Either he or I shall see you safely back to the Boulevard."

She inclined her head with the air of a queen dismissing an audience, and left him.

And that was the beginning of the friendship of the Stranded Stranger and her whom they call the Black-haired Night.

V

Through the chink of the door, our friend, after ten minutes of uneasy waiting, perceived a tall spare man in the plain serviceable garb ordinarily worn by Turks outside the big cities,

who, carrying a tray, stepped carefully on one dry side of the mud-track, while Leila walked on the other. Halfway between the two houses she crossed over daintily, lifted a smiling face to her father, and held out both hands as if to take the burden; but he made a gesture of negation. Then she walked behind him. Arrived at the *café*, he allowed her to pass, and handed her the tray. The little idyll won our friend's heart. Evidently the father had the unwillingness of the well-bred Turk to see a woman do anything in the way of manual exertion when a man is there to do it; yet he was too dignified to enter before a stranger with a tray in his hands.

For a moment the two men stood confronting and scrutinizing each other, and our friend, out of the tail of his eye, saw the girl's looks wander from one to the other, while her expressive face showed plainly that he had stood the test of a searching comparison to the man whom she loved with the filial devotion peculiar to her race. Then the Turk made the customary salutation, and the girl spoke.

"This, my father, is the Englishman whom the policeman Istafan the son of Petros has brought."

The Turk, a keen-faced, bearded man of fifty, made a dignified gesture.

"Pray be seated, sir, and be pleased to consider me as your host on this occasion."

The man noticed that the tray held two cups.

"My father," said Leila, "when our guest is ready to depart, ring, and I shall accompany him to the Boulevard corner."

She was gone before he had a chance to protest against the proposed attention; but he had the flash-like memory of a bright and winning smile that had lighted up her handsome features as she had turned round in the doorway to look at the twain.

Having ascertained that the Turk was the Haji Yussuf Dulgur of whom he was in search, he delivered the letter for him which had reposed in his notebook. The Turk perused it gravely, and asked a few courteous questions regarding the writer's well-being.

The Englishman had come with the intention of concocting a subtle story, something about his wish to study life and manners, to assume a disguise, to play a part. But the face and the demeanour of the man in front of him disarmed him. So he told the plain truth, and frankly asked for some kind of manual labour to be given to him, so that he might work for his bread until he could effect a settlement with his representative at home. The other listened gravely, without betraying surprise. Finally he said—

"Your request, sir, is honourable, and characteristic of your race. As a soldier, I was for several years stationed at Stamboul, and held much intercourse with English residents there.

My son has been called up for the mobilization, and left home yesterday. He is in the Bulgarian Civil Service, and is employed as clerk in the Custom-house here, which, being so near to the frontier—from my bedroom window I can see the Turkish outpost through my glasses—is of some importance. At night he used to help my daughter in the *café*. That may sound strange to you—a government official acting as waiter in his spare time—but, as you know, we are democratic, and consider every honest toil as honourable. I, a carpenter by trade, could not have been an officer in any but the Turkish or Bulgarian armies. That post is open to you. You speak our language to perfection; you will have learned sufficient Bulgarian in two nights. Your sunburnt face is brown enough to pass you even as a Bedouin, and all the disguise required is a turban and an apron, which I can provide. You will have to be here at six in the evening, and stay until the last guest is gone—which may be anything between two hours before, and six hours after, midnight. I can afford no more than ten francs a week—indeed, I can barely do that much—and I am willing to pay a week in advance, which may be a facility to you. You will sup every evening with me and my daughter; that will save your dinner in the hotel, and, when the hours have been long, you will breakfast before you leave.

Tips, as you know, are not customary here, and you cannot reckon on them as an additional source of income. This is the best offer I can make, but, such as it is, it is tendered gladly, in memory of many acts of friendship rendered to me by men of your race."

Without hesitation our friend accepted, and the two shook hands in earnest of the bargain. But a difficulty presented itself. What about the daughter? Was she to be taken into their confidence? He, the Englishman, naturally shrank from disclosing an embarrassing situation to a woman. Yussuf replied—

"That, sir, shall be as it pleases you, but if you solicit my advice, it is this: make a full confession to her with your own lips and in your own words, as you have done to me. I know my daughter, and you know her not."

As a result of this conversation, when he walked back to civilization with Leila by his side —who, as a concession to cultured society, had discarded the stocking cap and the apron—our friend commenced at the gate as an honoured guest, and ended, at the Boulevard corner, as a menial servant.

She looked him brightly in the face, and even admiringly, as he fondly believed, and gave him her right hand in the European manner. It was a strong and nervous, firm and cool hand, as it lay in his for a moment.

VI

For two weeks all went well. The man played his part to perfection, and, excepting father and daughter, no one knew his identity; no one had even as much as a passing suspicion that the sturdy, assiduous waiter was not, as mine host had described him to be, a Turk having recently crossed the frontier for political reasons, and possessing but a rudimentary knowledge of Bulgarian. He fairly earned, by hard honest labour, his pay, his substantial supper, and on half a dozen occasions, a good breakfast as well; and Leila had an easier time of it than when her brother had been the assistant.

The *café* was well conducted and respectable. The majority of the customers were Turks living in the quarter, but also those of means residing in the town paid occasional visits. Gipsies were not admitted by the dog, who acted as doorkeeper. Bulgarians were welcome, and were always treated with ostentatious courtesy; but not many, in those dark days, cared to enter a company composed of potential foemen. The most lucrative customers were some foreigners, Hungarians, Austrians, Germans, employed as clerks or assistants in the stores and shops of the town. To them Leila was clearly the attraction; but

the girl was fiercely virtuous, and had a way of keeping even the most platonic admirers at bay.

Once a week, on every Friday night, the Moslem holinight, the *café* was closed to all but Turks. The cue "Osmanli" was given to the dog, and even the best customer among the German clerks could not have entered except over the animal's dead body. To his disappointment, our friend discovered that these meetings were not political, but were of the most innocently social description. Politics were, indeed, discouraged by the landlord, and once or twice, when discussions had been started, they were emphatically forbidden.

There used to be also exclusively Bulgarian nights, so our friend learnt; but the war scare had put a stop to them.

On Fridays a professional reciter told fairy-tales and stories of valour, read erotic poetry and chivalrous ballads, for the delectation of the Moslem audience. On Sundays, the day of popular amusement, a gipsy string band performed light music. The players were disguised, at the landlord's expense, in frock-coats and clean collars, and to supervise them, washing their faces, was part of our friend's work; but nobody was deceived thereby. On Saturdays a Bulgarian Tambouratch Orchestra was the attraction. All these performers received from the host only their supper, and coffee throughout the night;

their monetary reward came from the audience, mostly in the shape of two-centime pieces, gathered in the course of many collections, generally one after each number. A gift of five centimes denoted a Crœsus, and the donor of ten centimes was a benefactor to the human race.

Bulgaria has no police hours, and the *café* was kept open so long as one customer remained. Three nights in those two weeks were wet, and the place was closed at ten o'clock, few having braved the ocean of liquid mud into which rain transformed the mahallah. On four nights it remained open till six in the morning. On one of these occasions two men were the only clients for the last hour; both were sleepy, but the tambouratches performed religiously, and roused them after each number for their two-centime pieces.

The staple article of consumption was coffee, in three forms: Turkish, black, with milk. Tea was also in request, served in tumblers with slices of lemon, and sucked, boiling, through straw tubes. There are no licensing laws in the principality, and any one may sell spirituous liquor; but drunkenness is rare. The landlord stored native wine, State-brewed beer, Greek cognac; but these were not often demanded. Bulgarian cigarettes, and those made of smuggled Servian tobacco (there is none better in the world), were, next to coffee, the principal source of income. Almost

the only eatable asked for was dry bread with salt and mustard, and slices of cucumber or pumpkin —five centimes for a large portion. A wealthy customer might occasionally astonish the assembly by a bold order for a sausage.

Such were our friend's surroundings. He went the even tenor of his way, doing his work like a Briton, and when on one occasion he acted as "chucker out" to a quarrelsome and obnoxious fellow (a Macedonian rebel, resting awhile from murder, arson, and plunder)—which piece of business he despatched with neatness and ease—he considered it as all in the day's work. The revolver-bullets which were meant for him on his way home that night passed by harmless, but close enough to his ear to produce the familiar "bluebottle on the wing" sound, and to recall pleasant memories of South Africa. Friendship, slow in growth, but sterling in quality, attached him to the grave Turk and his handsome daughter, who, when they were alone with him, treated him with a deference that was disconcerting to him, but which they considered as due to a man of his position and his race.

Thus a fortnight passed, in daily toil, consisting of taking the orders, serving the article demanded, exacting the pay, rinsing the crockery, wiping the tables, sweeping the floor, feeding the stove with wood carried from an outhouse, sawing and chopping the latter into convenient shapes,

trimming the lamps, and a dozen other varieties of the process known as "making one's self generally useful."

Gladly he rendered his employers many little services which lay outside his regular occupation. He had commenced doing so for a mercenary motive—he wished to stand well with them; he ended in loving them, and willingly placed his accomplishments at their disposal. To Leila he spoke French, to freshen up her school-knowledge; he taught her the rudiments of English; for the father he translated and answered a long-neglected correspondence with European friends; he kept his accounts, and instructed him in the Occidental manner of book-keeping; and much else of the same sort. Thus, with constant work, he would have been completely happy, had not the people in the hotel become troublesome. He could not guess the reason, but the old Turk believed that that advanced by the landlord, *i.e.* his own impecuniosity, was probably the real one. From insinuation they came to insistence, and from insistence to insolence.

Such was the position of things when he returned to his hotel at four in the morning, at the end of his second week, having his second ten-franc piece, honestly earned, in his pocket. The night-porter, who opened the ponderous door in response to his ringing, was barely polite. But our friend was too tired to heed him, and went

to bed, to sleep the sleep of exhaustion, never dreaming that he would awake to a fatal day.

VII

Instead of the breakfast of coffee and bread, which, in accordance with Bulgarian custom, he had in his room, the landlord made his appearance, and curtly demanded his money, with the alternative of expulsion and deposit of the luggage as security.

The man replied: "I have explained the case to you fully and truly, and can do no more. If you care to have my luggage, worth, if sold, barely a hundred francs, in exchange for a debt of three hundred, the bargain is to my advantage. Remember, it is you that propose it—in fact, insist on it. If you play the fool you must pay for it, and the price you are paying is two hundred francs, by which you will be the loser."

The landlord, a coarse, cunning fellow, was not prepared for this, and commenced to prevaricate; but our friend, with the remark, "I'll talk to you when I am dressed," pushed him out of the room.

He put on clean linen, the best of the clothes he had with him, and his overcoat, and crammed the pockets with small articles, not forgetting the revolver. The rest of his belongings he placed in his boxes, and locked the latter. His mind was

made up: he would ask Yussuf for sleeping accommodation in one of the outhouses, and remain in the Turk's service until he had earned enough for the railway fare to the nearest town which had a British consul. The attorney in London, whom in the beginning he had considered merely forgetful, he had now come to regard as wilfully deaf; he had abandoned all hope in that quarter.

A letter for him lay on the porter's table, from an officer in Sofia, whose acquaintance he had made when staying there. It contained an introduction to a comrade then stationed in the frontier town. In parenthesis it must be mentioned that an examination of the armed forces of the Balkan countries was a partial object of our friend's journey.

The entrance hall happened to be deserted; he passed through without being interrogated, and found himself in the street, for the first time in his life, homeless. A year before he had been, twice within one month, the guest of British royalty; three months ago he had dined with a king, and had danced with a princess; two months ago he had been received in private audience by another reigning monarch; and if he carried out his itinerary, in a month's time the troops of yet another state would present arms to him, in virtue of an honour bestowed on him by the ruler of that country. And now he had not a place where to lay his head. At home four

persons, supported by him, were living in comfort, and half a dozen others, partly depending on him for their bread, were eating that bread well buttered. Yet he owned nothing but the clothes he stood up in, the trifles contained in the pockets of those clothes, the local equivalent of twelve shillings, a sturdy stick, and that friend who had never yet failed him—his Webley. But he felt instinctively that, simply for the asking, he could have two equally trusty friends—the Haji and his high-spirited daughter.

In a modest *cabaret* he partook, with astonishing zest, and at an expenditure of twenty-five centimes, of two tumblers of steaming tea and a loaf of black rye bread. Then he walked to Yussuf's *café*, where, without disturbing the twain, whom he knew to be asleep, he emptied his pockets of all superfluities and deposited the articles in an old box, in which he kept his working jacket, his turban, his apron, and his strongest pair of boots for wet weather. The box he pushed into the dog's roomy kennel. The animal accepted the trust reposed in him, and the brief explanation which accompanied it, with a single sharp bark of understanding exactly what was expected of him.

Having rested for a few minutes in the deserted *café* and reflected, with the aid of a cigarette, he walked back through the town, and, in the barracks at its other end, presented the letter of introduction.

With the courtesy habitual to the Bulgarian authorities, an officer was immediately attached to him, and everything that was to be seen in the barracks, and in the large fortified camp adjoining it, was fully shown and explained. He was painfully aware of the fact that a great deal of what he saw would have been kept secret from him, had his guide and mentor had the faintest idea that he had been leading a double life and spending one-half of his time in intimate intercourse with the potential enemies of the country.

The Bulgarian officers have no mess, and only the capital has a casino. So, being invited to lunch, he wondered where the meal would come from. It was brought from a *café* by an unkempt waiter, and served by an orderly in a dirty white working jacket. The quartermaster's office became the dining-room, and his writing-table, cleared of account-books and stationery, the convivial board. The Bulgarians have the inestimable virtues of frugality and moderation, and the repast exhibited these qualities in a manner which would have been considered ludicrous and offensive in an English mess or a German casino: mutton and rice in the popular shape of pilaff, jam made of rose-petals and pistachio nuts, ewes' milk-cheese; the drink was water during the meal, Turkish coffee after it.

Having bidden farewell to his courteous hosts, he returned to the *café*, still deserted, and slept for an hour, peacefully and refreshingly, on the

cushions. When he awoke it was dark. He lighted the oil-lamps and the stove, and prepared the place for the guests, who, on this day, were to be Turks exclusively.

Yussuf and his daughter arrived shortly before six o'clock, the former taciturn and grave, as usual, but expressing good-will and friendship in every laconic sentence and every courteous gesture; the latter bright and fresh as a dawn of day. Our friend's shamefaced request for a bed was received with nought but a look of sympathy, and the carefully prepared explanation on which he launched was cut short by the host, who, in characteristic fashion, addressed one brief order of two monosyllabic words to the girl, "Git, et," which is Turkish for "Go and do it," its apparent harshness being neutralized by the pretty term of endearment, "Janim" ("my soul"). She went without a word. To the relief of both men, one disliking to receive thanks, the other not knowing how to express his thanks, a party of guests arrived. When Leila returned, she spoke to her father the one word "Etdim," which means, "I have done it," and indicated to our friend, by a bright smile and an expressive gesture, that his bed was prepared in the other house. Trying, not quite successfully, to imitate their brevity, he said, "Evvala, Leila, Allah bereket" ("Thank you, Leila, may God reward you"). She, with another gesture, declined his gratitude for herself, and

transferred it to the master of the house. Thus, the whole business, which had given him hours of brain-racking, had been settled in exactly eight words.

VIII

The day had been one of intense excitement to the peoples of the Balkan Peninsula. The crisis was come, and a formal declaration of hostilities was considered to be a matter of the next few hours. Extravagant rumours had reached the frontier town, coming on the one hand from the outposts along the Turkish frontier; on the other, by wire and by traveller from the capital. In the barracks our friend had noticed a feverish activity, and in the streets the tense strain which precedes an outbreak of popular frenzy.

Before the clock of the decrepit Greek church near the Boulevard corner had struck the hour of seven the *café* was full. Many guests, for whom seats could not be found, stood in the window recesses. No announcement of any special feature in to-night's programme, no preparation for additional attraction, had been made by the landlord; yet the Turks, rich and poor, had come, as if by common consent, from the mahallah and from the town, and almost the whole able-bodied male Ottoman population was present. The grey-bearded Syrian story-teller was in his place upon the little

platform—a venerable, solitary figure in a wilderness of music-stands. The Turk knows, better perhaps than any one else, how to dissimulate a strong passion; but, habitual reserve and suppression notwithstanding, excitement showed on all faces. The conversation was conducted in eager whispers; it ceased when the reciter commenced one of those wondrous tales of romance and chivalry which are a feature of the national poetry. It told of the conquest of half Europe by the invaders from Asia, of the victory of one tribe over Christian civilization. It was listened to in breathless silence, and it went home.

There was no applause; landlord and reciter were used to that. The Turks seldom betray approval or disapproval in public, but to-day the silence was more pronounced than usual, and left on our friend an uneasy impression of evil to come. However, he had his duty to do, and he went quietly about his business between the chairs and the tables, took the orders, brought the coffee which Leila poured out from the urns on the buffet, received the pay, gave change, and, when every guest had been attended to, took the larger silver coins out of their separate receptacles of his leathern money-bag, and handed them to the landlord. Then, as usual, he exchanged a look with the reciter, who was waiting for the signal to commence his second number.

The old man seized a blue-bound volume, but,

with amazing unanimity—most amazing because improvised—a deep-toned and emphatic choral "Yok," *i.e.* "No," came from the audience, to whom the blue book was well known: a series of Turkish translations of the dainty love-poems of Persian literature. What followed now was enacted in dumbshow, and so quickly that even a skilful writer could not convey the extraordinary swiftness of developing events.

It must be remembered that the length of the great, crowded room lay between Yussuf, Leila, and our friend at one end, and the reciter at the other. Yussuf stood leaning against the counter, his face even graver than usual. Leila, whose work for the time being was over, rested on a low stool close to her father. Our friend stood at the other end of the buffet.

When the reciter, in response to the audience's wish, had put the blue book back on the stack of volumes, Leila rose eagerly and pointed to a red camelia at her bosom. The father, after a second's anxious consideration, made the gesture of assent. The reciter, who had watched the twain keenly, seized a red volume and held it up. The audience responded by a deep and sonorous "Evvet," *i.e.* "Yes."

The Syrian commenced.

The undeserving and unintentional hero of this story—a hero *malgré lui*—had listened to but half a dozen sentences when, like a flash, the

overwhelming sensation came to him that he knew that which the reciter, at the other end of the hushed room, was declaiming with a force that kept the audience spellbound. He had to lean against the counter for support, so intense was the effect of that discovery on his overwrought nerves.

For, years ago, he had written, in the English language, a book on a sublime phase of Ottoman history, and he was now listening to a Turkish translation of one of its most thrilling chapters! He scarce remembered the work; he had known, but had almost forgotten, that a Turkish rendering of it existed; yet now, every expression, every incident, every sentiment came back to him: he saw the little room in the Fleet Street court in which he had worked for twelve months, at the rate of fourteen hours in the twenty-four, a lonely but a happy man, in the throes of artistic creation. The wreaths of blue smoke which ascended to the begrimed ceiling from numberless Bulgarian cigarettes and Turkish pipes, from Servian, Egyptian, and Persian tobacco, formed themselves into the shapes of the heroes whose deeds he had related, the God-like figures of history in her grandest mood.

He awoke as if out of a trance when the reader made a pause. Had any one guessed his identity? Not among the audience, whose countenances were turned away from him, towards the reciter. Then he looked at Leila. She had resumed her seat,

her hands lay in her lap; her eyes were on his face with an expression of mingled anxiety and affection. She made a scarcely perceptible movement with her lips, a slight lifting of the hands, an added intensity in her glance; but by this time he understood the language which she spoke so well. When the Syrian had recommenced he crossed over to her on tiptoe, and bent down. She whispered into his ear the one word, "Anladim" ("I understand"). He resumed his post.

IX

With all the skill at his command, with all the passion that was in him, the Syrian, standing for the nonce, an imposing figure, hardly looking at the book in his hand, told the sublime story—the story of a stricken town, a town of dreadful night, of a hopeless dawn, of a last fierce and desperate blow for liberty, of men and women who knew how to die, of a dusk that closed, sullen and threatening, over the fall of an empire. And great was the fall thereof.

An intense silence reigned in the room when the reciter had finished and had quietly resumed his seat. Our friend saw and heard nothing; he lived the past over again, when he, a callow youngster, had played a part in that appalling event.

Leila, laying a hand on his arm, recalled him to

himself, and gave him to understand, by a gesture and a look of entreaty, that it would be better for him to go about his duty. He shook himself, and crossed over to a customer who had beckoned to him. A deep voice came through the haze of tobacco smoke from the far end of the room—

"To-night, Haji Yussuf, we must have a song."

It was an old man who had spoken, a regular visitor, who had outlived his children and his grandchildren, and, unable to tear himself away from the house in which he had been born, dwelt, himself a lonely ruin, in what had been a stately mansion half a century ago. He was the acknowledged Crœsus of the mahallah, revered for his charity, and his word carried weight.

Yussuf looked a command at Leila.

She asked: "What shall I sing, my father?"

He replied: "Billersin" ("Thou knowest").

The girl, an innkeeper's daughter, a barmaid, stood in front of that assembly as a queen stands before her vassals. It seemed to our friend that she had grown in stature. Her voice rang through the hushed room—

"Open all the windows to let out the smoke. I cannot sing in this atmosphere. I want the fresh winds of heaven."

Willing hands obeyed her, and in few moments a strong draught had cleared the air. Pipes and cigarettes were laid aside.

In mute submission to Leila's gesture of command, our friend followed the girl as she passed swiftly along the central gangway between the chairs and tables to the other end of the room. With the help of the Syrian's hand she climbed the step to the platform, he at her heels. She opened the piano, and, standing, played softly a melody, the left striking skilfully a few simple chords. Her eyes were on his face. She addressed him in the intimate manner corresponding to the French "tu," in lieu of the formal equivalent for "vous," which had hitherto obtained between them.

"Billermisin?" ("Dost thou know that?")

Yes! he knew! He fancied he had forgotten, but in that supreme moment all came back to him with terrifying intensity. An old Ottoman battle-song. Many score of times had he heard it, had joined in the stirring refrain. It is known to Turkish literature by the name "Yeshil Mendil" ("The Green Kerchief"). In the ballad, which dates from the sixteenth century, a girl, watching on the rampart, waves a green handkerchief as a signal to her lover, who is in the tumult and the devilry of the stricken field.

"Listen."

For the first time she addressed him by the Turkish equivalent of his Christian name; hitherto it had been "Effendi" ("Sir"), occasionally, "Dostim" ("My friend").

With a start he noticed that calm, serene, laconic Leila was in a fever-heat. Her breast moved tumultuously, her eyes were ablaze. She spoke like a whirlwind into his ear—

"While my father attends to the guests, we will try the song over in a whisper. I want you to accompany me. Do it well. I know you can play. You said the other day at supper that the wife of the great musician Schumann was your teacher when you were a boy. I can sing; I shall not dishonour you. When I was at school in Pera I had the best European teachers of the city."

All this time the audience had been silent, waiting for developments. But the Syrian, evidently on purpose, had made much unnecessary noise with his books, his chair, his reading-desk. Since Leila had not exchanged one word with him, our friend concluded that he must have received his cue in a look of her eyes, a movement of her lips.

Leila in a loud voice said: "My father, will you attend to the guests? Perchance some of the younger men will assist you. In five minutes I shall be ready to sing."

Amid the general noise which commenced now—the moving of chairs, the clatter of crockery, the chink of money, orders and responses, questions and answers, eager talk and loud ejaculation—the man and the girl tried the song over softly, he seated at the piano, she bending over him, one

hand grasping his shoulder, her hot tumultuous breath on his face. When they had finished she said—

"There are four verses. Reserve all your passion for the last. Then let yourself go."

She advanced to the edge of the platform. The Syrian cried out with a stentorian voice: "Sus!" ("Silence!"), and there was at once perfect stillness.

Leila sang, and her soul was in the music. That her teaching appeared to have been of the most skilful, her training thorough; that her intonation was true, her enunciation perfect; that her voice, a contralto, was of the purest metal—all these were minor considerations. The spell-bound audience was swayed, not by the artist's consummate craft, but by the living spirit in her production. The first three verses were rendered with that smouldering restraint which is the hallmark of genius; but in the last the fever-heat of pent-up anguish burst fiercely the barriers of effacement and suppression. And our friend played as he had never played before.

Amid a gale of passion, anger, and suspense, there rang, in the concluding words, the clear challenge: "Go ye and do likewise!"

He never knew exactly what happened. In the storm-laden silence which followed he walked back, in the wake of her figure, to the buffet-end of the room. Then, of a sudden, there came an outburst,

not frantic applause or coarse cries, but deep-toned "Inshallahs!" ("Please God!"), "Bismillahs!" ("In the name of God!"), and other pious ejaculations of the Islamic races. Old and young, rich and poor, had risen to their feet. Later our friend recollected that, at the time, he had vaguely compared that steady conflagration of male voices to the stupendous march of polyphonies in the "Et iterum venturus est" of Bach's B Minor Mass. Though why this particular work, which he had not heard for years, should have come into his mind at that moment he never knew. And when, half unconsciously, his eyes travelled to those of the girl, who was standing beside him, facing the audience; and when he noticed a look of strained attention on her countenance, as if she were listening to some dreadful, unexpected sounds beyond the tumult in front of her,—he recalled in a vague way the lines in Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered:"

> "And now her life-time's measure is replete:
> The hour is come when death and she shall meet"

—a poem which he had not read since his student's days.

Suddenly he saw a look of horror in Leila's eyes, and, following the glance, he perceived in the open door, dimly seen in the light from within, a crowd of men in the Bulgarian uniform, with rifles at the "ready," foremost among them, a revolver in his right, the very officer who, that

afternoon, had conducted him over the barracks, the camp, the stores, the fortifications.

Arrest, drumhead court-martial, the ignominious death of a spy before dawn—he saw it all in a rapid succession of flash-like pictures. He was lost.

X

He who had been in many a well-fought fray was not the man to sell his life cheaply. His revolver was in his hand and levelled, forefinger at trigger, before two seconds had passed. And then, suddenly, just as he was taking a steady aim, the menacing picture in the frame of the doorway was blotted out by something black that had thrust itself in front of the revolver—something that appeared at the time, and lived in his memory afterwards, as titanic and imperious. A moment had elapsed before he realized that the screen between him and perdition was Leila in her black garb. The mouth of his weapon touched her back. The noise of trampling feet, of rifle-butts on the deal floor, of hoarse words of command, mingled with the shouts of the startled assembly. And after a few seconds yet other figures were in front of him and the girl—Yussuf and the foremost of the guests—and presently a wall of humanity screened her and him from the soldiers. He felt his wrist grasped

—somehow he knew that it was Leila's hand—and before he could realize what had happened he was outside, in the darkness, and the fresh night-wind blew on his burning temples. Leila stood beside him, panting as if she were in pain; her right still grasped his hand that held the revolver, but with the soldier's mechanical instinct he had withdrawn the finger from the trigger.

From his first sight of the danger in the doorway to his first breath of open air barely thirty seconds had elapsed. To make the occurrence clear to the reader, it is needful to state that a door, half hidden behind the far end of the buffet, led into the back garden, which latter could not be gained except by this door, and by another door in the second house, the garden being separated from the track by gateless palings.

Whilst man and girl were recovering, in silence, from the intense strain of the ordeal through which they had just passed, they heard a noise as of some heavy substance being pushed against the door from within. Leila whispered—

"It is the big crate; my father has barred the door, and the soldiers will not know that any have escaped by it."

"But they have seen me," was his excited rejoinder. "Both the officer and the foremost file looked straight at me."

Leila gave a harsh little laugh. "They have

seen nothing—it is your imagination. They could have seen nothing; they came from the complete darkness of the track into the dazzling light of eight big lamps—their eyes must have been blinded. If you had said, 'They must have seen you,' there would have been sense in your remark, for I was a conspicuous figure. The red camelia at my breast made me one, even if nothing else did. If at all they distinguished any individual shape, it was mine. I am in danger now—not you."

Beyond murmuring, "I humbly crave your pardon for my selfishness," he could do nothing but pocket the well-deserved reproof. She was silent, reflecting. From within came the sound of many voices; occasionally one, sharp and angry, rose above the tumult.

The man did that which was, under the circumstances, the wisest, though not the bravest, thing to do—nothing. He had placed himself in her hands, and now gave her the time to form a decision. After an interval which seemed to him an eternity, but which was probably less than a minute, and during which he ceased to pay attention to the steady din inside, as if it had become the normal concomitant of a black night, Leila spoke—

"Listen. I must go back by the front door and show myself; I must try to mingle with the crowd unperceived, as if I had never been absent. You ought to know the garden by now—but be

careful: it is pitch dark, and there are many obstacles in the paths. Of the wall at the far end a piece is broken away."

"I know the spot," said he.

"The gap is wide enough for one to squeeze through. Do so, and ten paces more will bring you to the ruined mesjid. There you will find hiding-places; but go not far away from the gap, and keep your ears open. When you hear anything, be on the alert. I shall join you as soon as I can get away—if I get away at all. I shall pronounce a word, so that you may know it is I."

"Which word?"

"The password," she said slowly, "shall be—'Dualar.'"

"Dualar" is Turkish for "farewell."

XI

The man sat on a fallen pillar among the ruins. His revolver lay in his lap, his turban and his apron were thrust behind him into the darkness—he had done, once and for all, with disguise. The night air had cooled his fevered brain. He kept his eyes fixed in front of him on a flickering upright streak of red light—one of the back windows of the *café*. His seat, the gap in the wall, and the window were in a straight line. The light shone through numberless branches of leafless shrubs; for this happened in November, and heavy storms

had stripped trees and bushes of their foliage. The boughs, moved by gusts of strong wind, flitted in front of the luminous streak, and imparted to it an appearance of twinkling. His eyes ached, but he durst not withdraw them from the danger-signal, lest he should miss the expected warning—total eclipse, which would mean a human figure in the gap. For on his ears he could not depend; the wind-swayed trees, the rustle of fallen leaves, the shrieks and groans of the gale among the ruins, still partly roofed in, would have rendered the approach of an army inaudible.

Around him was black night. The sky had become overcast, and no light, celestial or terrestrial, shone in the darkness, save that ruddy streak. The slums and alleys surrounding the waste place on which the mesjid stood were apparently forsaken. Probably the inhabitants were in the town, attracted by popular excitement, scenting spoil.

He had leisure to reflect. It was only after he had chosen his present place of vantage and concealment that he had realized, first to his amazement, then to his horror, the ugly fact that Leila had deliberately sought to sacrifice her life. Had she tarried a second longer, he, insane and desperate, would have shot the foremost of those menacing figures—the officer, who, that afternoon, had been his host. He was too good a pistol-shot to doubt the issue. If she had been a fraction of a second later, she would have received the bullet

through back and lungs, perhaps through the heart.

Had she offered this supreme sacrifice for his sake? She knew that he had been to the barracks that afternoon; he had briefly related the occurrence to father and daughter before the reciter had commenced his first number. Or was the sacrifice meant for her father, to whom the consequences would have been appalling, had an officer on duty been shot in his place? He was not enlightened on this point, and now he will never know.

He cursed himself for a fool, a coward, a madman, to have brought disaster and ruin on two persons who had showered friendship, affection, help, hospitality on him, and that without guerdon, actual or potential.

Less than a minute had elapsed between the first perception of the danger and the escape. In that minute he had passed through a novel. When, later, in England, he took the story down in writing, that one minute occupied seven foolscap pages closely covered, and yet brevity had been essayed, and unessentials omitted.

In justice to him, it must be stated that he did not think of himself, of the consequences to him of this adventure, of his future. All his care was how to take the girl's hint, to bid farewell, to rid those two noble-hearted beings of his fatal presence.

He vaguely remembered that the Swiss clock in

the *cdfé* had struck the hour just before Leila had commenced her song. That must have been nine. Since then, while waiting in the ruin, he had heard the clock of the Greek church strike a half-hour, then ten, then again a half-hour. It was too dark to consult his watch, and, as an old soldier, he was too wary to strike a light. He estimated that since the clang of that bell thirty minutes must nearly have elapsed, and he was waiting for the hour of eleven to strike, when, for a space of several seconds, the red light was eclipsed. He was on his feet in a moment. Knowing that Leila's senses were abnormally acute, he concluded that she must have heard him move, noiseless though he had tried to be, for her voice, within a yard of him, pronounced the fatal word which signifies "Good-bye."

XII

"Leila," he answered.

She advanced towards the sound, and in the darkness she stumbled against him. He felt her groping for something, and seized her hand, which was cold. In silence he conducted her to the fallen pillar.

For fully a minute they sat there, without speaking. She allowed her hand to remain in his, then suddenly, and almost with vehemence, she withdrew it.

"It was a false alarm," she said, with a hysterical laugh. "Much noise about nothing; but, the Lord be thanked! all ended well—or, rather, all ended, as most things end in this world, in contemptuous laughter."

She had spoken bitterly, and he was too wary to interrupt the silence which followed. Or, perhaps—why should he make himself out worse than he is?—he was genuinely distressed, and loth to trust his voice. She proceeded more quietly—

"The soldiers were looking, it appears, for a notorious spy, the Albanian Bekos—you must have seen his name in the papers—a man whom my father detests, and to whom he would not have given house-room for any consideration that could be offered. None saw you; as I had supposed, for several seconds the light was too dazzling. My absence was not perceived. A few among the guests may have suspected something, but they will keep their mouths shut for their own sakes. Good fortune helped us. Whilst the soldiers were searching the *café* for this Bekos, an orderly from the barracks brought a message to the officer in command to the effect that the Albanian had been arrested in a drinking den at the other end of the town. So my father was vindicated, and the officer tendered an apology. Then I dealt out coffee and cigarettes to the soldiers, my father treated the officer to a bottle of Plevna wine, the reciter read them a Bulgarian story, and they left, having

enjoyed themselves thoroughly. And that is the end of an adventure which might have been a tragedy, but for God's help."

"And for your devotion," he said, rather tamely.

She took no heed.

"I have brought your stick, your cap, and your jacket—they are under the overhanging stone in the gap of the wall. When I have left you, dress as you usually are dressed. And here is a notebook, the cover of which I have embroidered. I wish you to keep it in memory of me. I know you have an inside pocket in your waistcoat, where you carry your money—when you have any—place the notebook there—so—now button the garment—come, let me help you—your fingers are cold and stiff from the long waiting—that is better, Azizim."

This was the first and the last time she used that word, which is the Turkish equivalent for our "My beloved."

Never was the hero of a story less of a hero than this man. I would have made him more of one, but unfortunately I cannot, for the story is true. He tried to say something, but the words refused to come. Leila continued, and her voice was steady and clear—

"Give me both your hands, that I may hold them whilst I say the little that remains to be said. So. Listen. That notebook contains one

thousand francs, in Bulgarian one hundred Leva notes. You need not protest—the money is my father's, not mine, and it is lent in the expectation of prompt return. Go back to your hotel, pay your bill, sleep there for the last time, send an explicit telegram to England to-morrow morning, and leave the town as soon as you can procure a conveyance and a cavalry escort to the railway. The hotel proprietor will obtain the former, and an application to the barracks and the production of your British passport will procure the latter. You must not travel without an escort; the country around here is never safe at the best of times, but now it is infested with highway robbers, Macedonian rebels, resting from their labours on account of the snow on the mountains, who cannot live on the fifteen centimes a day which the central committee allows them."

She paused, and he said something—he could not afterwards recall what—no doubt something trite and irrelevant. She continued as if he had not spoken—

"If you carry out your itinerary, as you communicated it to us, you will be in —— in ten days' time." Here she gave the name of a Bulgarian town, which name it is better, for obvious reasons, not to reproduce. "By then you will have received money from England. Put a thousand-franc note into an envelope, address the latter to Haji Yussuf Dulgur, and deliver it to the care of

the Turkish commissioner in ——. My father visits him at regular intervals."

Again she was silent, and again he said something.

"After I have left you," she continued, with a catch in the voice, "wait here. The wind is blowing from the Balkans, and the northern sky is growing clear. In twenty minutes from now the stars will be shining. But there will be no moon yet for two hours, and you can pass through the mahallah unperceived. Do not take the ordinary route. If you keep the polar star steadily in front, you must ultimately come to the Roman wall, however many corners you may have to turn. Climb the slope of the wall. Its top has been worn smooth by the feet of countless wanderers on sunny afternoons, on moonlit nights. Turn to your left, and the wall will lead you to the gap, where the street has pierced it. There descend, and in ten minutes you will be at the Boulevard corner. Thence hurry to your hotel by the quickest route."

She paused again, and this time he did not interrupt the silence. At last she released his hands, and rose.

"And now good-bye," she said, in a low voice. "Think of me sometimes. Give to the one of whom you have spoken so often and so lovingly the greetings and the wishes of Leila, who, but for the mercy of God, would have died this night, and died willingly."

And here she broke down, and sobbed wildly. He, too, had risen; he took her in his arms. But she freed herself, and dried her tears.

"We are not fools," she said, and apparently she had gained complete control over herself, "and I, at least, cannot pretend. You may kiss me, once, on the mouth, as men kiss women in the blessed lands against the setting sun, whence you came, and whither, God being willing, you shall soon return."

"Good-bye. May the Lord of your race render your earthly paths smooth, and open wide the gates of paradise, when your time comes."

The man went out into the black world, carrying with him, and for ever, through the devious ways of life, the memory of a woman, loyal, brave, and true.

And that was the end of the friendship of the Stranded Stranger and her whom they call the Black-haired Night.

GLOSSARY

GLOSSARY

Abbreviations:—A., Arabic; B., Bulgarian; C., Chingéni; F., French: Ge., German; Gr., Greek; H., Hebrew; I., Italian; K.W., Kutzo-Wallachian; P., Persian; Ro., Roumanian; Ru., Russian; S.C., Serbo-Croatian; T., Turkish.

A

Abd (A.), servant. **Abdul Hamid**, the servant of the Praised One (*i.e.* of God).

Ahmed, an A. male name, signifying, one who praises (God).

Alla franka (T.), in the European manner. A corruption of the F. *à la française*. **Kahve alla franka**, black coffee, as distinguished from Turkish coffee.

Ana (T.), mother.

Anlamak (T.), to understand. **Anladim**, I have understood.

Araba (T.), cart; pl. **arabalar**.

Arabalar (T.), train.

Arpa (T.), barley. **Arpa suyi**, barley water, beer.

Arshin, the T. yard = 27 inches.

As (B.), I.

Ashkenasim (H.), Jew of German or Polish descent; pl. **Ashkenasin**.

Aziz (T.), beloved. **Azizim**, my beloved.

B

Baba (T.), father. **Babam**, lit. my father, a term of endearment towards any old man.

Baracan (Gr.?), scarf.

Bash (T.), head.

Bashi Bazouk (T.), lit. mad-head; madman. In 1875 to 1878 the newspaper correspondents introduced this term, applying it to the T. irregular cavalry; since then it has become of common use, with the meaning marauders, plunderers, etc.

Benim (T.), me. **Benimlé**, with me.

Bereket (T.), God's blessing, reward.

Berri, the T. mile = 1·04 English miles.

Bilmek (T.), to know. **Billersin**, thou knowest. **Billermisin?** dost thou know?

Bira (T., B.), beer.

Birader (P.), brother.

Bism (A.), in the name. **Bismillah!** in the name of God!

Blagodaria (B.), thanks.

Brasserie (F.), brewery, with restaurant and public garden attached.

Bulbul (T.), nightingale.

C

Café. This F. term signifies throughout the Orient any place

of refreshment, large or small, gorgeous or humble.

Café chantant (F.), in the Orient a place of refreshment where women sing or dance; the term has always an offensive meaning, as implying immorality.

Calea (Ro.), street.

Casino (I.), club; in Germany and Austria, officers' mess.

Centime. The B. coin stotinki has the exact value of the F. centime, and is called thus by the educated. It is often spelled phonetically "santim."

Cercle (F.), club.

Chaï (B., T.), tea.

Chantant, the B. abbreviation for *café chantant*, often spelled phonetically "shantan."

Chemin de fer, a modern T. adoption of the F. term, railway.

Chinch (Ro.), five.

Chingéni (T.), gipsy.

Chintian (T.), ladies' trousers.

Corona (Ro.), crown.

Cyrillian, the characters, invented by St. Cyril, in which B., Ru., and S.C. are written and printed.

D

Dagh (T.), mountain.

Deli (T.), mad.

Demir (T.), iron. **Demir yol,** iron road, railway.

Despoto, the I. and Gr. name for the Rhodopé mountains, corrupted by the T. to Dospad.

Dil (T.), tongue.

Dish (T.), tooth.

Dört (T.), four.

Dospad Dagh, the T. name for the Rhodopé mountains.

Dost (T.), friend. **Dostim,** my friend.

Draga (B., S.C.), darling; also a female baptismal name.

Dragoman, a corruption of the T. "terjuman," interpreter.

Dualar (T.), good-bye.

Dudelsack (Ge.), a small bagpipe.

Dulgur (T.), carpenter.

Dur! (T.), halt! stop!

E

Edirné (T.), Adrianople.

Effendi (T.), sir. **Effendim,** lit. my sir, dear sir.

Elma (T.), apple.

Etmek (T.), to do. **Et!** do! **Etdim,** I have done.

Ev (T.), house. **Evim,** my house. **Evimé,** to my house.

Evropa (B.), Europe.

Evvala (T.), thanks.

Evvet (T.), yes.

F

Fahishé (A.), prostitute.

Franc. The B. coin leva has the exact value of the F. franc, and is often called so.

Frank, correctly **Firank** (T.), a Western European.

Furazka (Ru.), military undress-cap.

G

Ghazel (T.), poem, song.

Ghazi (T.), victorious.

Ghelmek (T.), to come. **Ghel!** come!

Ghetto (I.), Jewish quarter.
Ghiaur, correctly **Ghiavr**, a corruption of the T. Kiafir, unbeliever, *i.e.* non-Moslem.
Ghiöz (T.), eye; pl. **Ghiözler. Ghiözleri**, his eyes.
Gitmek (T.), to go. **Git!** go!
Glockenspiel (Ge.), in military music a set of tuned bells, carried on a stand decorated with ribbons and tufts of coloured horsehair. The T. have adopted this word, although the instrument is a T. invention.
Gorni (B.), upper.
Gospodin (B.), sir.
Groschen (Ge.), a coin, now obsolete, equal to 10 pfennig (one English penny).
Grush (T.), the T. coin called by Europeans piastre (twopence halfpenny).

H

Haj (A.), the pilgrimage to Mecca.
Haji (A.), courtesy title given to a man who has made the pilgrimage to Mecca.
Hamd (A.), praise. Derived from this root are **Hamid**, One who is praised (God), and **Ahmed**, one who praises.
Hamidié (T.), tribal mounted militia.
Hammal (T.), porter, load-carrier.
Han, or **Khan** (T.), inn.
Hané, or **Khané** (T.), house. **Menzil-hané**, station-house.
Hasta, or **Khasta** (T.), ill. **Hasta-hané**, hospital.
Hava (T.), weather, air.
Hekim (T.), surgeon.
Hemshiré (P.), sister.
Hindi (Ch.), the gipsy language.
Hora (T.), dance.

I

Ilavé (T.), a reserve infantry, composed of men who are exempt from ordinary military service for reasons other than infirmity.
Ilé, often contracted to **lé**, (T.), with (postposition). **Sud-ilé**, with sugar. **Benimlé**, with me.
Im (T.), I am. After a vowel, pronounced "yim."
Ingliz (T.), English, Englishman; pl. **Inglizlar.**
Ism (A.), name. **Bism**, in the name.
Issa, Jesus.
Istaciun (T.) railway station.
Istafan (T.), Stephen.
Istanli (T.), Stanley.
Iyi (T.), good.

J

Jan (T.), soul. **Janim**, my soul, a term of endearment.
Janissaries, a corruption of the T. **yeni seri**, new troops, the old T. standing army. In 1826 the J. rebelled, and were exterminated.
Jellick (Gr.?), jacket, bodice. Possibly a corruption of the T. verb **jildlémek**, to bind around, to wrap.
Judenstrasse, (Ge.), Jewish street. Originally the name of a street in Frankfort-on-the-Maine, the word is become of universal use, and is applied to any street inhabited exclusively by Jews.

K

Kadi (T.), Justice of the Peace.
Kaftan (Ru.?), the long-skirted coat worn by Jews.
Kafé (B.), coffee.
Kahvé (T.), coffee.
Kalpak (Ru.), fur cap.
Kara (A.), black. **Karasatch**, black hair.
Kardash (T.), brother. **Kiz Kardash**, sister.
Kedi (T.), cat.
Kellner, the T. adoption of a Ge. word, waiter.
Khan (T.), inn.
Khané (T.), house.
Khasta (T.), ill.
Kiafir (T.), unbeliever, *i.e.* non-Moslem. The Europeans have corrupted the word to Ghiaur.
Kiz (T.), girl.
Kniaj (B.), prince.
Koja (T.), priest, teacher.
Konak (T.), official residence.
Krupp, the famous Ge. gun-factory; also, a gun made there.
Kutzo-Wallachians, the Roumanians of Macedonia.

L

Landsturm, the last reserve of the Ge. Army.
Landwehr, the Ge. Reserve Army.
Leila (A.), the night.
Leva, B. coin, equal to a franc (tenpence).
Leyantines, descendants of Europeans and Oriental women, especially the offspring of male Genoese or Venetians and female Armenians or Greeks.
Lira, the T. pound (18 shillings).
Lisan (A.), tongue.

M

Mahallah (A.), a quarter of a town.
Männlicher, the Austrian rifle, called thus after its inventor.
Matushka (Ru.), little mother, a term of endearment.
Mauser, the Ge. rifle, called thus after its inventor.
Mendil (T.), handkerchief.
Menzil-khané (T.), post-house, station-house.
Mesjid (T.), a small mosque; a mosque of the second class, to which only priests of the lower grades are attached.
Milor, a corruption of "my lord," used in the Orient to denote travelling and money-spending Englishmen. Similarly, **miladi**.
Miré, Mira (Gr.), prophetess, sorceress.
Moi, fem. **Moia** (B.), my, mine.
Moira (Gr.), fate.
Molé (B.), please.
Mustafiz, the Militia of the T. Army.

N

Nizam (T.), the active army.

O

Oda (T.), room.
Odalik (T.), female attendant. Corrupted by Europeans to **Odalisk**; the latter has, however, acquired an offensive meaning, which the original T. word has not.

Ordu (T.), army. The T. empire is divided into seven districts, each of which furnishes a complete ordu.

Osmanli, the T. call themselves by this name.

P

Palankah (T.), fortress.

Para, the smallest T. coin, five equal to one farthing. The word means also, simply, money.

Patati (T.), potato.

Peder (P.), father.

Piastre, a T. coin, value twopence halfpenny; 40 paras make a piastre, and 100 piastres a lira (pound, equal to 18 shillings).

Pilaff, also **Pilay**, or **Pilau** (Gr.), throughout the Orient, including India, a dish of mutton and rice, or rice boiled in mutton suet.

Plashta (B.), pay.

Pleven (B.), Plevna.

Plovdiv (B.), Philipopolis.

Poli (B.), the Jews of German or Polish descent.

Popes, the priests of the Orthodox Church.

R

Rahamin, Rahmin (A.), merciful, compassionate.

Redif (T.), the reserve army.

Romanu, fem. **Romana** (Ro.), Roumanian.

Romuni (K.W.), the Tsintsares.

S

Sabah (T.), morning. **Sabahiniz haïr ola**, good morning, lit. may your morning be good.

Santim, the B. version of centime.

Sari (T.), yellow.

Satch (T.), hair.

Seni (T.), you, thee.

Sephardim (H.), Jew of Spanish or Portuguese descent; pl. **Sephardin.**

Seri (T.), troops (the word is now obsolete).

Sevmek (T.), to love. **Severim**, I love.

Shalvar (T.), ladies' trousers.

Shantan, the B. version of *café chantant.*

Spaniole, Jew of Spanish or Portuguese descent.

Sprachinsel (Ge.), lit. speech-island, an isolated group of an alien language amid surroundings of other languages.

Sredetz (T.), Sofia.

Ste! (Ro.), halt!

Stoï! (B., S.C.), halt!

Stotinki, the official name of the smallest B. coin, equal to a centime, mostly called centime.

Su (T.), water.

Sud (T.), milk.

Sus (T.), silence.

T

Tambour (F.), drum, drummer.

Tambouratch (B.), a stringed musical instrument.

Tchochuk (T.), boy.

Terjuman (T.), interpreter, corrupted by Europeans to "dragoman."

Terlik (T.), slippers.

Tren (T.), train.

Troglodyte, cave-dweller.

Tsingéni (K.W.), gipsy.

Tsintsares (K.W.), the Roumanians of Macedonia.

Tsintz (K.W.), five.
Turkché (T.), the T. language.
Turski (T.), a dialect of the T. language.

U

Ütch (T.), three.

V

Validé (A.), mother.
Vi (B.), you.
Victoriei (Ro.), the gen. sing. of Victoria, victory.
Vilayet (T.), province.
Vino (B.), wine.

Y

Yarin (T.), to-morrow.
Yashmak (T.), veil.
Yeshil (T.), green.
Yeni (T.), new.
Yer (T.), earth. **Yer elmassi**, earth-apple, potato.
Yiddish, any mixed language spoken by Jews.
Yim (T.), correctly **Im**, I am, pronounced "yim" after a vowel.
Yok (T.), no.
Yol (T.), road.
Yussuf (T.), Joseph.

Z

Zabit (T.), officer.
Zadrouga (S.C.), family, household.
Zaptié (T.), gendarme.
Zigeuner (Ge.), gipsy.
Zingari (I.), gipsy.
Zouaves, the tribal infantry of the T. Army.

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