

a railway, so that produce can be easily marketed, and on good roads near wood and water.

There is very rich land round Broussa, and no doubt by the time building should be begun we shall have definitely decided on a good site and some sound and profitable employment.

The women wear black ragged coats which they put over their heads, and endeavour to cover their faces whilst speaking to you. Underneath they have only a long pair of coloured cotton trousers and a cotton jacket, all more or less in holes, but very clean. Their shoes and stockings are "yok" or non-existent.

The children are picturesque, the little girls with their hair dyed with henna and covered with a muslin scarf, and some bits of bright-coloured garments thrown about them, though I saw poor little bare backs and legs peeping through. The boys are little old men, their fathers or brothers dead or lost, fate unknown, and it is very pathetic to see one of them entering his "hareem" and conducting his mother, grandmother, and sisters about, whilst he is often lost beneath the weight of their goods and chattels which they have hastily snatched before their flight.

They (the Muhadjiler) come into Constantinople in long processions, entering the city through the Adrianople and Silivri gates leading their ox-drawn wagons, some of which are covered over with matting, under which the women and more feeble of the family are huddled. The most poverty-stricken are obliged to sell their oxen and other possessions for a few medjidies to the Jews on the quay. Those that are able keep their beasts, which the Government convey over the Bosphorus at night, and they go on trudging patiently, as patiently as the sad-eyed oxen themselves, towards the interior of Asia Minor. Those that are going to the province of Khodavendeghier, of which Broussa is the capital, cross the Golden Horn by the famous bridge, and embark at the Galata quay on the small steamers plying to and from Mondania of which the Bashlinjik, already described, is the largest.

Those bound for the interior of Asia Minor are ferried across from the Sirkedji landing stage to Haidar Pasha or Scutari, whence they trek along the road that leads along the northern shore of the Gulf of Ismid until they reach the town of that name, where after a short rest they continue their toilsome march, some towards the fertile pasturages of Ada Bazaar and others towards the more populous centres of Eski-Shehr and Konieh, in the neighbourhood of which latter city it is understood that the Government desire to plant colonies on the land newly reclaimed by German enterprise.

Between our house-to-house visits to the Muhadjiler in Broussa, we managed to get hurried glimpses at the chief places of interest in that wonderful city, the most wonderful of all being the Green Mosque with its beautiful and incomparable tiles, its ancient library, its galleries for the Sultan and his suite, and its soft and

marvellous carpets. From three sides of the courtyard we gazed over the fertile plain of the Nilufer with the town stretching on the slopes beneath, and overshadowed on the fourth by snow-clad Olympus. The minarets are seemingly numberless; it is said that there is a mosque for every day in the year.

The Oulou Djami or principal mosque in the city, is of dazzling white, and has a large fountain and basin in the centre.

The city walls were built before the Crusades, and but few remain intact, though of wonderful strength and construction. At their commencement on the side of Olympus, a special spring of water bursts out from the mountain, and is conveyed by a conduit to the town. This place is called Bunarbashi, and is planted with big plane trees that cast a most restful shade in summer and make it a favourite resort. We visited the tomb of Sultan Orkhan and Osman, where we were shown the order of the Osmanieh of which he was the founder, and also the tomb of Sultan Monrad, which was covered with grass and open to the sky, as he desired he should be buried.

The following day we left Broussa early in order to catch the boat from Mondania. We motored down through this delightful and wonderful country, but Mondania itself was too dirty for words. So was our hotel, and we were much dismayed to find there was no boat for forty-eight hours. The house was the best in the town, but the beds were hard, and though ostensibly made of iron, gave way when sat on, much to our amusement. My washing had to be done under a tap, the basin having a hole and, as usual, no plug.

The next morning, not trusting our landlord, we enquired for ourselves *re* the boat, and found one leaving for Gemik, *en route* for Stamboul, in twenty minutes. Without waiting to enquire further, we got our luggage, and dashed down to the quay. But the boat! It was quite impossible; men slept in bunks by the engine-room and kitchen—in which latter place the cook was scraping dirt inches thick off the table; there were but two cabins—one crowded with native women, with whom I was expected to sleep; and as the steamer went but three knots an hour, I cried off at the prospect of spending a night on her. Our luggage was taken back to the hotel, and our host resumed his watch on us. From the moment we arrived till the time we left, he considered it his duty to sit in our sitting-room and watch us, until we had to feign sleep or go to our bedrooms to get rid of him for a minute.

However, in the afternoon, he suggested our motoring to a village off the beaten track, where there was a very old monastery. We caused great excitement, as ours was the first car that had ever travelled on that road; and the entire village stood afar off and gazed. The road led up and down ravines, in some places overhanging the sea, and with sharp curves and gradients that tried the nerves sadly. We passed through groves of fine old olive trees and vineyards to a little village

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)