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THE BRIDE
OF THE
BOSPHORUS

A TURKISH TALE

DR. DAVID SANDLER



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THE BRIDE OF THE BOSPHORUS

A TURKISH TALE, IN ONE CANTO

BY

DR. DAVID SANDLER

LONDON

ELLIOT STOCK, 62, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.

1908

“ Sweet is fond Love, but funeral-flames must kiss
The breasts which pillow and the lips which cling ;
Gallant is warlike Might, but vultures pick
The joints of chief and King.”

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

“ And look—a thousand Blossoms with the Day
Woke—and a thousand scatter'd into Clay :
And this first Summer Month that brings the Rose
Shall take Jamshyd and Kaikobád away.”

Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyam.

TO THE
REVEREND ROBERT FREW

THIS POEM IS DEDICATED BY
THE AUTHOR
AS A HUMBLE TOKEN OF WARM
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THE
BRIDE OF THE BOSPHORUS

THE Bosphorus, magnificent and deep,
Heaves mightily between its verdant shores.
The sombre cypresses of Pluto's fame,
O'ershadowing in gloomy groves the dead,
Rear high their cone of evergreen, as if
To pierce the sky. They dream of visions strange
Of yore, and proudly vie in elegance
With lofty minarets that seem to scan
The mysteries of yon ethereal
Azure, so pure and calm. There in her pale
And melancholy beauty the full moon
Impassively glides on and faintly smiles
In languid pensiveness o'er wood and vale,
O'er graveyard, temple, palace, ruin, kiosk.
Her wanton corkscrew web of glitt'ring rays
Frisks sportively upon the wavelets cool
Of Marmara. . . . Fair satellite, and vain
As fair! To thee some Fatma, sweet, behind
The harem's latticed window, sighs and dreams
In perfumed somnolence of her *kismet*.*

* Destiny.

With tranquil ease majestically soars
The sacred dome of Saint Sophia, bold
In perfect harmony of equipoise,
And tells with thrilling eloquence amidst
The prostrate grandeur of a vanquished world
Its tale of Hellas' genius, alas!
For ever gone. O, thou immortal fane
Of wisdom, born supreme and writ in gold
And granite, marble and in porphyry
Of Egypt, Paros, Baalbek and Gaul,
And many another pillaged country far!
Thou epos of splendour and of strife,
Of worship and of blood, of king and slave,
Of hero and of saint! They mingled close
Within thy mystic halls so daring noble
In all the placid music of their thought.
They mingled and they fought in contest keen
Of vanity, devotion, and of pride.
They fought and failed and passed away, but thou
Art ever young in glory of thy strength.

And yet, and yet—might not in future days,
Ah me! perchance this night, a freakish spark
From off the torchlight of some modern mad
And desperate Herostratus, a blaze
Of "Nika,"* or a violent quake of earth
(Whose trenchant tooth of desolation did

* An insurrection, with the watchword "Nika" (conquer), began on January 13, 532, and lasted for a whole week. Thousands perished in the riot. Almost the whole city was reduced to ashes. St. Sophia greatly suffered.

Already shake thy pillared hardihood),
Renew their ravage with more frantic grip,
And humble into dust thy wingèd fame?

Hark! "*La illaha il Allah, Mahmet
Rassoul Allah!*"* In the unruffled air
Of night the summons of the muezzin
Rings clear and tremulous and free. The swift
And gentle zephyr swells th' obedient sound
On its romantic pinions far and wide,
Re-echoing in thousand-voiced accords
High up and low beneath from minaret
To mosque, from mosque to palace and to hut.
With steady step and ne'er abating zeal
The sluggish Islam worshipper to his
Ablutions speeds, and then his fifth *namaz* †
With grim and sullen mien presents. The same,
I fancy, mien with which he whilom plunged,
With which he would again, relentless, plunge,
His dagger into an Armenian's breast
And gaze upon that giaour's foaming gore.

Subdued the din of Moslem pray'r resounds
Within the mosque of Sultan Suleyman.
O, could its hoary marble pillars speak!
They would relate the strange vicissitudes
Of man and of the monuments he piles

* "There is no God but Allah, and Mohammed is His prophet."

† Prayer. The muezzin calls the Moslems to prayer five times daily. At about two o'clock after sunset, Turkish time, is the fifth.

To circumscribe his fancy gods within,
 Or swell his blazon'd deeds of littleness
 Into memorials great of fashioned stone.
 They would relate, how once at Chalcedon,*
 In yon dim distance on the Asian shore,
 Laved by Propontis' undulating wave,
 They stood in Aphrodite's stately fane
 And witnessed Paphian revelries of night,
 By pagan circumambient incense bathed.
 How later on they saw the goddess wane,
 And in her haunts Euphemia Saint enthroned.
 How later still they heard the bitter strife
 Of œcumenic fathers surging high,
 In blind intolerance, in raving ire,
 For dogma and for creed. And how, at last,
 Transferred to Stamboul's heights, they must
 support

The crescent emblem of the Ottoman faith,
 And listen to the turbaned mollah's voice
 Proclaiming Mohammed and Alkoran.

What will their destiny be next in th' ebb
 And flow of human conflict and of change?
 And what the destiny of Moslem crowds
 That worship now beneath the mighty dome?
 The Parcæ weave the subtle skeins of Fate,
 And Atropos cuts short what Clotho spins
 And Lachesis draws off. But surer still
 The stamp of God: He poises His decrees
 On flaming scales of justice and of love.

* Now Kadikeuy.

The night advances on her furtive wings.
From Pontus blows a cool, caressing breeze.
The streets and alleys of Stamboul are bare.
From time to time the yell of mangy dogs,
Or heavy cudgel stroke of the *bekchi**
Perturbs the silence of the dreamy hour.
Anon a feeble cough, a curse, a shriek,
Unloads the sullen breast of loit'ring wights.
The clang of hoofs of speeding steeds afar
Rings sharp and dies away in echoes faint.
With Argus-eye the Sultan's spies hold watch,
Lest slumb'ring Courage shake his mane again
And cause East's gorgon Tyranny to quake.
A languid sigh, an ill-subduèd groan
Steals indiscreet from harem's prison-bow'r.
There on voluptuous attar-perfumed couch
Some houri † pines a sleepless night away,
By fears of love and solitude oppressed.
The full moon lingers in her zenith still;
No cloud, no haze impairs her placid view.
How dreary looks the Atmeidan! ‡ How lone!
On yonder obelisk, in accents shrill,
The owlet screams his dirge, then noiseless flies
To meet his mate upon the Kaiser's fount. §

* Night-watchman.

† Virgins of incomparable beauty with whom the Mussulman peoples his heavenly paradise.

‡ The ancient Hippodrome.

§ The genius of the Kaiser found an outlet to his all-embracing energy in a picturesque fountain erected some years ago near the mosques of St. Sophia and Sultan Ahmed.

Strange sight, and beauteous as strange, in all
Its doleful grandeur of an Eastern night !

O, could I wield a magic wand to let
The Hippodrome awake, shake off its dust
Of time, of Moslem slothful indolence,
And tell its tale of long-forgotten lore,
Its wondrous tale of purpled Roman pomp
And crimsoned Roman vice, of Byzantine
Triumphal glee that rode on trenchant hoofs
Of drunken pride o'er vanquished Vandal chiefs ;
Of circus feuds and palace demi-gods,
Of emp'rors and of Cæsars swinging high,
In glowing luxury and bloated ease,
Their heavy rod of frenzied despotism
That fatten'd upon tear and groan and gore
Of martyrs and of slaves by thousands slain !

Hark ! Hear ye not the roar in distance far
Of jubilating crowds that press to hail
In Hippodrome, with anthems on their lips,
Not Cæsar but the Christ though Cæsar rave ?—
And Julian, the Apostate, raves. He searched
And chose and changed, and deemed that he
had found.

The wisdom of Athena must prevail
Against the Galilean, and her gods
Receive the homage of enlighten'd Rome,
Since he, the sov'reign, weighed the wily wit
And fixed the subtle form. Unhappy task !
Can form or wit e'er stem a vital force ?

The Lamb has conquer'd and with "Ave,
Christ!"

The conqu'ring host still hail the risen Lamb.

Hark! Hear ye not a Monarch's sob of throe?
"O, Kyrie Eleison, spare the reed,
O, spare the bruised reed!" he moans. In vain!
The lash of tyranny recoils, and he,
Andronicus, the strong, the proud, the vile,
The sov'reign-chief of haughty Eastern Rome,
Exposed in Hippodrome to venal mob,
Head downwards hangs receiving blow on blow,
Until the mortal frame release his soul
That she appear before the Juster Judge.*

Lo, other scenes! In sanguine battle falls
Palæologus Constantine the Twelfth;
And o'er his corse a savage horde invades
The prostrate Grecian Rome. Byzantium
Must learn a master infidel to serve.
The Cross recedes before the Crescent-Star.
Acropolis to soft seraglio haunts
Makes place for flagrant Venus votaries
In harem forms and ways of vice to feast.
The Holy Eucharist to Koran rites
In Saint Sophia's sanctuary yields;
And from the ambo, consecrated once
By Chrysostom's impassioned Gospel words,
The nasal chant of Islam priests resounds.

* See Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire"
end of chapter xlvi.

Lo! Who is yonder gold-haired Hercules*
 That rides impatient through the Hippodrome,
 Followed by pashas and viziers and guards
 In glowing garbs of Oriental pomp,
 With Allah-shouts the horse-tail waving high?
 His glance—a blaze, his voice—a tempest-blast;
 With iron-grip he holds a fatal mace;
 And under him the fiery Arab steed
 With mighty hoof-raps dints the trembling ground.
 The Conqu'ror Mohammed! Fierce, terrible,
 Superb! Embodied demon of revenge!
 A Thunder-bolt, a Storm, a Scourge, a Plague,
 From heaven sent like any other plague,
 To purge the follies of deluded men!
 At Delphi's brazen Serpent Coils he stops
 And muses for a while. Then with a blow—
 One sturdy blow, well balanced, of his brand—
 Strikes off one head of that memento's crown,
 The wondrous relic of remotest past,
 Portending thus with wanton Vandal zest
 The dawn of a new phase of despote rule.
 O, mystic Shades of Delphi's sacred cave,
 Wherein the priestess of Apollo gleaned
 Her Pythian vapour-omened echoes!—say,
 Had ever you in visions bold foreseen
 What vulgar fate your Pillar will befall?†

* Moslem panegyrist says that the hair of Mohammed the Conqueror was "as threads of gold."

† Among all the antiquities of Constantinople the Serpent Column is by far the most interesting. It stood for 800 years in the Sanctuary of Delphi, whence it was removed by Constantine the Great.

On yonder lofty platane-shaded mount,
O'erhanging in a daring sweep the Straits,
Basks in the morning sun, 'midst orange-trees
And vernal flowers of every hue and shade,
The vast *conak** of mighty Abdullah.
The scene around with dazzling beauty shines,
All fragrance, and all music, and all light!
The distant view of cliff and glen, undimmed,
In variegated tints of splendour gleams.
The azure of the laughing sky above;
The deep blue of the rushing stream below;
The joyous glitter in the balmy air,
Whose soft embrace infuses languor sweet;
Th' incomparable vista right and left,
In front, beneath, behind of solemn mosques,
And slender minarets, and cypress groves,
Where silence lulls the echoes winged to dream,
And mediæval ivy-welded piles
Of citadel and tower and wall that e'en
In their decay a mighty language speak,
And countless graveyards, side by side with kiosks
Whose flaming marble blinds the eager eye,
And frolic specks of browsing kids on yon
Cleft crag, high up above the turret lone,—
All, all combine to make the glorious spot
A place of bliss, a paradise of love.

Old Abdullah Hassan ben Ibrahim
Was proud of his retreat, for many miles
Around the most magnificent. It was

* A large, spacious Turkish residence.

The priceless gift for merit and for zeal
The Sultan had bestowed on him, the Chief
Of Yildiz bodyguards. Built in the style
Of th' epoch of Selim the Third, 'twas vast
And venerable, airy and serene,
A labyrinth of rooms and corridors,
With many a spacious hall and marble bath,
With costly Persian carpets soft and smooth,
With richly carved plafonds, with ornaments
Grotesque of window and of wall, of niche
And vault where sunbeam never strayed, with long
Divans in velvet and in silk, with screens
And curtains wrought in silver, gold and pearl.

The *haremlik** was wide with bowers high
Where, through the latticed window, light subdued
Came faintly in and filled with mystic sheen
The purpled alcoves of delightful ease.
Ah me! What forms divine within these haunts
Did move! What nimble houris tender, tall
And light like moonbeams of a dreamy night!
No daring spirit could their charms portray
In faithful colours and in lifelike lines,
Though muse and fancy lend their brush and fire.

A park extensive the conak enclosed,
Where flowers and trees of almost every clime
Delighted eye and heart; and grottoes cool
And fountains exquisite allured the guest

* The part of a Turkish house assigned exclusively to women. Their masters live in the *selanlik*.

To contemplative *kief*.* High soaring walls
Swept round the park to guard this Gulistan,†
This paradise, from an unlawful eye.

A faithful son of Islam, Abdullah
Was pious, rigid in the Moslem rites
Of life and worship, yet austere in mood,
Relentless, cruel, selfish, pitiless.
All trembled at his gaze, and his command
Was law to all. As time went on, he grew
More brutal still to man, though more devout
To outward usages of Alkoran.
Thus oft men deem in empty self-conceit
To serve God best by keeping rules of book
Or saint and not by serving brother-man.
Blind fools! duped of their holiest and best
By flagrant snares of custom and of pride.

Ben Ibrahim, intolerant to creeds
Of others, hated the Adjem,‡ the Jew,
The Christian all alike, and in the name
Of Allah would with savage glee, through sword
And fire, all giaours and their brood destroy,
Believing he thus paved the way to heav'n.
O, Thou Omnipotent, who knowest man!
With sacrilegious hand man slaughters man,
Invoking Allah, oft invoking Christ,
And weens, vain slave of all his weening vain!
That by his deed he Thy approval gains!

* The Moslem *dolce far niente*.

† Rose-garden.

‡ Persian.

And many a victim did ben Ibrahim
To Allah's glory slay ; and many a wight,
Quite innocent, in dungeons drear did keep,
And many a rapine with cold blood commit,
Deaf to the groan of virgin or of child,
Spurning the suppliant hand of aged and weak.

Thus lived and acted Abdullah Hassan.
The Padishah himself did often dread
The man, whose regiments of Arnaouts,
As fell and brutal as their mighty Chief,
Did hold their sway of bodyguards with grips
Of tyranny, obeying but one law,
The law of self-will knowing no restraint.

Yet the régime, alas ! required such knaves.
The Khalif's throne was quaking in its joints,
Cemented loosely but by human gore,
That reeking cried for vengeance and for right.
And where there was a devil's work to do ;
A voice that asked a hearing to suppress ;
A hand that trembling groped for help to smite ;
A back to scourge that durst to move uncurbed ;
A heart to pierce that craved for freedom's dawn ;
A head to sever, whose undaunted eye
Bored with its gleam some tyrant brazen-faced—
There Abdullah and th' Arnaouts excelled,
And reaped with greedy, blood-stained hands'
rewards

That candid valour never dreamed to earn.
The Sultan paid and Abdullah obeyed,
And hangmen with their retinue caroused.

And thus 'tis now, and thus 'twill long be still !
The country bleeds ; the treasury is void ;
Thick fumes of conflagration rise to heav'n ;
The hell of riot, massacre, and rape,
Unloosed, in every province raves ; the Cross
Is trampled ; Macedonia groans ; the Kurds
With fiendish hands 'mongst the Armenians house,
And burn what they are slow to sack, and slay
What they are loath to rape. The Sultan pays,
And some Hassan ben Ibrahim obeys,
And hangmen with their retinue carouse.

The disunited West beholds the seed
Of rapine's ruthless sway and vulture sneer ;
And Christian Europe still looks on, looks on.
One hesitates, one ogles, one attempts
To faintly raise his protest ; often, too,
The comedy of joint coercive force
Is played with flourish of affected zeal
And empty show of cannon and of fleet.
Yet things remain unchanged. The Sultan pays.

None loved old Abdullah Hassan, who cared
For love of none. His heart was cold and dry.
'Twas never quickened by the beauty chaste
Of flower, never thrilled by the sublime
Magnificence of th' azure starlit sky.
And yet *he* loved, loved with true father's love
His only daughter, sweet Djénan *hanoum*.*

* Djénan means "Much-Beloved." Put always at the end of a girl's or woman's name, Hanoum signifies Miss, Mrs., or Lady.

For her he lived, for her his life would give :
She was to him the dearest spell of life.
When once a despicable infidel
Lay prostrate at his feet, half-dead, with breast
Uncover'd to the last and fatal blow,
And pleaded in her name and moaned and sighed :
“Thou hast a daughter fair, O Abdullah !
Long may she live and make thy heart rejoice !
O, spare me for my child who has none else
But me,”—ben Ibrahim his poniard stayed,
Then spurned the unclean giaour with his foot,
Then hurled a curse and let him free at last.

I do not dare the Muses to invoke,
When worthier than I invoked in vain.
The Pegasus is not at hand for such
As can but trot, earth-bound, a humbler pace ;
And the ascent to steep Parnassus is,
So long unused, with thicket wild o'ergrown,
And inaccessible. Yet I appeal,
If needs appeal I must, to thee, O thou
Pure spirit of the Maid of Gulistan,
Who hovers still, where she once loved and pined
And was cut off in bloom of life. Forgive
My feeble fancy daring to portray,
With clumsy brush, her loveliness divine !
I saw her not, but give what I did hear
From wingèd rumour, from fond memory,
From what affection whispered in regard.
The amorous Aurora beam did ne'er
At May-born dawn woo such a rosebud sweet,

As was the tender cheek of fair Djénan ;
And never did the sparkling fountain cool
In gardens rank of Sultan or of Shah
Reflect a more angelic form than hers.
Vasif, Nedim or Fuzuli of old,*
Who sang the love of Leyli and Mejnun,†
Would fain attempt, and yet attempt in vain,
With all their dazzling style of *kasida* ‡
Or of *ghazel*,§ to paint her eye-star's hue,
So deep, so soft, so fervid, yet so pure.
How oft *bulbul* || with dulcet cadences,
Consumed by eager jealousy, did vie,
In quietude of night on fragrant bough,
With Djénan's mellow harmony of voice,
More musical than Æolus' swift strain.

She was a gentle maid, and godly too.
Not from her sire her piety she learned.
Her mother she had lost while still a child.
The Book of Nature was unclosed to her,
As unto every pure and modest soul.
Therein she read, with gaze undimmed by care,
Read of the rose, the nightingale, the breeze,
The Bosphorus that laves the ruggèd Mount
Of Gulistan, so ever deep and fresh,
So ever free and generous withal.

* Old Mussulman poets of great vigour and beauty of style.

† Mejnun is the Orlando Furioso of the East.

‡ Eulogy.

§ A short monorhythmic poem.

|| The nightingale.

She loved that mighty Thracian stream, and oft
 Did on its crystal circumambient waves
 With mirthful laughter linger, lithe and fleet.
 Then would her old Circassian slave, Zehra,
 With kindly words admonish her and say :
 " Come, come, thou sunbeam of my days, enough!
 The shaggy, hornèd Monster of *Boghaz* *
 Lurks in pellucid depths, prepared to snatch
 My treasure. Come!" " No, no, my good
Dadi !" †

Djénan would answer. " 'Tis not true : Boghaz,
 The kind, the generous, the nourisher,
 Will never hurt Djénan, his loving bride."
 And dally still she would and dash anon
 Upon the gentle limpid crest that swelled
 And foamed within the spacious latticed bath.

Oft, too, the Maid of Gulistan would list,
 With th' eagerness of youth, to stories strange
 Zehra could tell about the Bosphorus,
 About its weird, unfathomable depths,
 Where rich, inestimable treasure-caves
 Abounded ; and its ghosts of perished men
 That sighed and groaned within its bottom's pit.

At times, on stormy nights, when all ablaze
 The raging tempest blast with lashes fierce
 Would scourge the current's angry surf, and cause

* The throat : the Turkish appellation of the Bosphorus.

† Endearing name of an old slave, usually a nurse, who in the course of time comes to be regarded as a member of the family.

The sycamore and cypress proud to moan
And quiver from their top to base, Djénan
Would at her window watch and spell-bound gaze,
And gaze again for hours on the display
Of Nature's store, so awful, so sublime,
Then whisper to her ever-waking slave :
“ I hear the sighs, the groans, Dadi, I hear
The wailing desperate, the gnashing sound
Of teeth of dying victims ; and I hear
The horrible contented roar and scoff
Of the *Sheytan* * that rides upon the storm
And gathers in the souls and keeps them chained.
But look, O, look, Zehra, on yonder Shape,
Rising benevolent and mild from off
The frenzy-haunted surf, from off the dense
And lurid mist, anon by lightning blaze
Asunder rent ! How lovely is that Shape !
'Tis the magnanimous *Boghaz-Hanoum*. †
She comes to conquer the Sheytan ; she comes
To help and to release the pining souls.
Look ! how she waves to me. Ah, let me go !
And serve *Boghaz-Hanoum*. I love *Boghaz*,
I love his beautiful *Hanoum*, so pure
And generous. O, let me go !” With fear
And trembling would Zehra her darling's feet
Embrace, and crying, say : “ I see no shape,
My sweet *kouzoum*, ‡ my dove. 'Tis time to rest !

* Satan.

† The Lady of the Bosphorus.

‡ My kid, a very common endearing name among the Moslems.

Woe's me that I should hear such dreadful things!"

Djénan would then with laughter fill the bower,
And tell her old companion 'twas a freak.

But oft thereafter jestingly Zehra
Would call her mistress young Boghaz-Hanoum,
The Lady of the Bosphorus. Djénan
Delighted in the name, and gaily cried:
"Yea, my Dadi, I'm wedded to Boghaz:
I am the Lady of the Bosphorus."

At early dawn, with fragrance filled and dew
Aurora's rose-hued harbingers had yet
No time to kiss away from petals chaste,
Our Maid would often stealthily repair,
On gold-laced sandals and in mohair garb,
Fairy-like, sprightly, light as the gazelle,
To glen and rock of slumb'ring Gulistan,
And there delight in list'ning to the lull
Of rippling rills that joyous leaped adown,
To murm'ring echoes hailing every breath,
And every fall of full maturèd leaf,
And every mystic sound in grottoes born.
There, too, she often watched with kindly eye
The sport of fireflies' frolicsome zigzag.

Thus grew Djénan in mirth and happiness,
And guileless joy and blithesome splendour up.
And now she was sixteen. O, tender age
Of dream, and love, and hope, and vision bright!

Maturing in th' exub'rant mellow East,
With rapid strides, to promise sure and full
Of perfect womanhood. . . .

Then came the gale,
And broke the reed, and blighted the fair bloom,
And what remains is nothing but a sigh.

Once on a morn of sunshine and of joy
Our Maid, impatient of the harem's din
And stuffy air of solitude and gloom,
Went out alone to breathe, to dream, to roam
In the extensive park of Gulistan,
And to converse with butterfly and rose,
And chirping bird, her only mates as yet,
In Nature's sumptuous lap. Here she was free ;
Here she could drink the scented breeze and feel
Her breast expanding, deep and full, with throbs
Of virgin longings, virgin reveries.
Here she could taste the youthful, fervid thrill
Of th' essences of life,* and link the dream
Of fleeting "Now" on golden coils of hope
To Future's glimm'ring, e'er-eluding shapes.
There was no fear of meeting here a man,
No need of *feredjeh* † nor of *yashmak*. ‡
To hide her charms from eunuchs, dire and grim,
No hanoum ever dreams, no law enjoins.

* "Nor do we merely feel these essences
For one short hour."—*Keats*.

† Broad, plain dress which Turkish women wear outside
the house.

‡ Veil.

A long and shady avenue of trees
And blossoming hothouse plants and climbing shrubs
Led to a trellised, massive, marble gate.
Near by the high-road wound its course to town.
This time the gate was open, and Djénan
Could feast her eye upon the boundless maze
Of wolds and hills and meadows vast that spread
In undulating slopes their carpets green.
Ah, had she wings to flee far, far beyond
The sombre Giant-mount* that lifts its head
In silv'ry haze on yonder Asian shore,
And pertly with the clouds seems to commune!
To flee from chains and smother of harem,
From spying fiends, from minions' servile grin!

What is beyond? What nations, realms and
tongues?

Can all the fancy of Zehra depicts
Be true? . . . "There, in most distant South,
whence came

The light of Mohammed, stands Mecca's shrine,
In sacred glory unsurpassed. And where
The sun at eve, beyond the world's great sea,
Reclines to rest, the unbelieving dwell.

Thence came the loathful cross, and thence the
Franks,

With all th' abominations of their thought

* The highest hill on the Bosphorus, near Beicos. There is a tomb on this mount which is, according to different legends, either that of Hercules or Amycus or Joshua. The Turks call it *Usha*.

And way, invaded Moslem lands, until
The wrath of Allah th' infidels consumed.
There women prance and prate in shameless guise,
Know not the hallowed harem bonds, and mix
In grossest impudence with men who drink
Th' accursèd wine and live in open shame.
And where the day-orb rises from th' abyss,
At dawn, on the remotest bounds of earth,
Abound the spirits of the Evil Eye,
Fire-spouting dragons, monsters of all kinds,
And cannibals that thrive on human gore."

Thus much Zehra. Our Maid of Gulistan
Was little satisfied. Her fervid soul,
That could so clearly read in Nature's book,
Made fairer estimate of things unseen,
And formed, from what she knew, a juster view
Of the unknown, by kindly feelings led.
Is not that beauteous deep, high up, a sky
For all to lift their eyes to and to learn
Good Allah's all-preserving thoughts of love,
The hidden meaning of the things he shaped?
Does not yon swallow chirp, when winter comes,
In other lands his wooing *pot-pourri*,
Thus teaching men sweet Nature's gentler ways?
Is not her music harmony enough,
And harmony alike in every clime,
To link and to cement and not to spoil?

Thus, in her musings lost, Djénan saw not
A passer-by that stopped in wonderment

To gaze on her and dream. At last she sighed
 And looked around and met the stranger's gaze.
 He was a youth, as fair as youth can be,
 As bright as Phœbus in his morning flight.
 Djénan had no *tcharshaf*,* yet could not flee,
 Bound to the spot by the foreboding spell
 Of maiden's love awak'ning at its dawn.
 Her gentle frame by deep emotion seized,
 Her cheeks aglow, her bosom heaving fast,
 With parted lips, like rosebuds at the dawn,
 She stood now looking at him, now abashed
 Letting her eye-stars wander on the ground.
 He smiled delighting in th' embarrassment
 Of the sweet maid, and feasting upon her
 Angelic loveliness, enhanced by blush,
 So tender and so chaste. Then coming near
 And nearer still he whisper'd his adieu :
 " To-morrow I shall come again, adieu !"
 He left. Slow, soft and musical his voice
 Resounded in her ear and heart. And long
 She lingered at the gate, and long she let
 Her gleaming eye rest on the spot where his
 Fair, manly figure disappeared, and long
 She dwelt in thought on magic charms of life.

There old Zehra, alarmed, her mistress found.
 " Allah have mercy, my *yavroum* ! † Thou here
 Without *tcharshaf* and at an open gate !
 What if perchance a stranger pass, or still

* A light, half-transparent veil.

† My pet.

Much worse, an infidel whose look pollutes
A faithful daughter of a Mussulman?"
"Tell me, Dadi, didst e'er thou love?" "I loved
Thy gentle mother when she lived. I love
Djénan, her daughter, my kouzoum." "No, no,
Dadi, didst e'er—didst e'er thou love—a man?"
"I love my *tchelibi*,* thy father. May
Allah prolong his days! He feeds Zehra,
His slave." "And nothing else, Dadi, naught else
But the affection of a slave who loves
For bread and alms?" "I am all thine, Djénan,
And shouldst thou send away thine old Zehra,
Tired of her ways, my heart would break and
die."
"Ah me! Thou art a faithful soul. I love
Thee too; yet happy thou hast never been,
For thou hast never loved."

No sleep that night
Refreshed the troubled maiden. Cupid held
His vigils, spinning fast his magic yarn
Of vision and of dream. Within her bower,
Upon a pile of pillows on the floor,
Djénan sat looking through the open sash
At the pale waning moon, whose twinkle faint
Did with a mystic light the alcove fill,
And glide so stealthily o'er th' arabesques
Of silk and gold inscriptions from Koran,
That hung upon the wall above the bed,

* Master.

This time untouched. The billows, deep, below
The Cliff of Gulistan, sped angrily
To meet the distant waves of Marmara.

Our maiden sighed, yet sighs did not relieve
Her breast. Impatient then she clapped her
hands.*

A towering eunuch entered and remained
Upon the threshold, mute, with lowered head
And heavy arms below the bosom crossed,
Awaiting the command. 'Twas short: "Melek!"
Backwards and noiselessly the eunuch left,
And soon a young Circassian slave appeared.
"Melek!" "Effendim?"† "Didst thou ever
love?"

"I did love." "Wast thou happy?" "Ne'er,
woe's me!"

A moon-ray fell upon a tear that rolled
From Melek's eye adown. "Did he love thee?"

"With all the passion of a fervid youth."

"Why wast thou then unhappy, my Melek?"

"He was an infidel." "An infidel?"

The maiden groaned. *He*, too, no Moslem was:
His garb, his sweet adieu proclaimed a Frank.

"Melek!" "Effendim?" "Tell, what happened
next?"

* Byron says: "Clapping of hands calls the servant. The Turks hate a superfluous expenditure of voice, and they have no bells."

† Both lady and gentleman alike are addressed by Turk with *effendim*, "my sir," or "my madam."

“ The tale is short, and short, too, was our dream :
We fixed a night to flee. My father learned
The plan, and shot my love and sold Melek
To be for e'er a slave.” “ Go, rest, Melek !”

Till morn Djénan remained undressed and sad,
And list'ning to the current's roar beneath.
She seemed the Lady of the Bosphorus
To see—her waving hand, her smiling face ;
And in the breeze that fanned her burning cheek
To hear her gentle voice : “ No fear, my maid,
In my embrace there's happiness. O, come !”

Djénan did see the Frank again and yet
Again. Th' inventive Cupid found the way
And means in spite of eunuchs Argus-eyed.
Th' affection grew, with it the ache of heart,
The longing, the foreboding and the joy.

“ Djénan, my sweet Djénan ! In veiled dreams,
In sighing echoes and winged melodies,
In springtide splendours and in throbs of youth,
My panting soul did see and feel thy sprite.
In longings and delights, imaginings,
In gold-trimmed visions e'er thy hov'ring form
Did smile to me and soothe th' enamoured sighs
My kindled expectation fondly breathed.
And now, O deathless Love ! the heav'n is mine,
Since thou, Djénan, art mine, since I have touched
With thirsty lip thy chaste and yielding brow !”
“ O, light-path of my Hope, thou Youth whom

Adore! O, Allah-given Star of my
 Delight! Thou first, thou last, thou best, thou all
 Thou evermore my heart-thrill's only fount!
 Thou magic spell of th' essence of my life!
 Thou bright-gemmed talisman of my kismet!
 My thought, my strength, O, thou *eki gheuzum!**
 Let me again upon thy bosom lean
 And feel the manly heart that throbs for me!
 Let me again in thine all-speaking eye
 The world of my existence centred find!
 O, kiss me, Much-Belov'd, and let thy kiss
 The meaning and the promise of *Irem*†
 Rekindle fresh within my happy breast!"
 "What sheen immortal glitters in the air
 And overflows the sky, the earth, the world
 With dazzling splendours of unfading bliss!
 Ah, could it e'er be so!" A kiss did seal
 The word. Mute ecstasy drank nectar sweet
 From Cupid's sparkling goblet of delight.
 Two souls entwined by fibres strong of youth
 Did taste the thrill of deathless unison,
 Forgetful of the world, its woe and ill.
 Alas, alas! Not long did last their bliss.
 The demon of destruction hovered nigh.
 With vulture eye he watched and, like a beast
 Of prey, he scented and he snuffed and gnashed
 His vip'rous fangs, and then with bloody grip

* "My two eyes," one of the most endearing expressions among the Mussulmans.

† The earthly paradise.

Asunder tore the bonds, and pierced the hearts,
And frenzied drank the hot and crying gore.

Great Ghaznefer-Agha, the eunuch chief
Of Gulistan, before his master stood.

A dismal spark gleamed in his fiendish eye,
Upon the heinous forehead lurking Death,
And mortal venom on his direful lip.

Old Abdullah Hassan ben Ibrahim
Reclining on a pillowed sofa drank *
His *narghileh*, † and with impassive mien
Did watch its bluish circling coils of smoke,
And listened to the whimpers of his slave.
But presently he started. With a cry,
Fierce, vehement, he sprang from the divan,
And grasped with iron grip the eunuch's arm,
And flung him gasping 'gainst the wall and
screamed :

“Thou liest, fiend!” Stunned, Ghaznefer-Agha
Stammered in broken gasps: “Nay, my great
Lord,

May Allah's favour ne'er depart from thee!
I tell what I have seen—I tell the truth.”

“A giaour, infidel, an unclean dog
Did look upon Djénan's unveiled brow,
Did kiss—cursed be thy name!—her lip?” “Yea,
Lord!”

“To flee with him did urge?” “Yea, O, my Lord!”

* The Turk “drinks” his tobacco.

† Pipe attached to a bottle half-filled with water, through which the smoke passes before being inhaled.

“And she, my gem, the fairest ’mongst the
 fair
 Of Moslem bloom, my hope, my breath, my
 life,
 Consented and returned—may Hell consume
 Thine evil tongue!—returned the kiss?” “Yea,
 Lord!”

“Go, nameless incarnation of all woe!
 Go, hide thee in th’ impenetrable gloom
 Of thine own villainy! Thou liest still!”
 And as a beaten dog, in whining fear,
 Crawls in the dust and licks the lash that whips,
 So Ghaznefer-Agha did curb his back,
 Embraced and kissed the master’s spurning feet,
 And then retiring gasped anew: “Yea, Lord!”

’Twas night—a dark and dreary night. Djénan
 Within her chamber at the window sat.
 She could not see the mighty Bosphorus.
 She heard the current’s roar and thought of him
 Who filled her heart with music and with joy.
 To-morrow she will flee and bid farewell
 To this paternal nest, to Gulistan—
 Farewell for e’er. She paid her tribute last—
 A silent tear, a sigh profound and sad—
 To this fair place where once her mother dwelt
 And nurtured her with tender love and care.
 The sandal-scented booklet of Koran
 Enveloped in a gold embroidery,
 From Mecca sent, lay on her knees. It was

The pious gift of her who gave her birth.
She'll guard it like a sacred talisman,
Like a dear token of sweet memories
Of motherly caress and smile and kiss.
' My Much-Belovèd has another book,
And worships not our Prophet Mohammed,
But Christ: Yet the Omnipotent is one:
Called Allah, or called God, He's near to hear
And to enlighten souls that grope and seek."

Thus did revolve within her mind Djénan.
A candle flickered on a console-frame
With Oriental ornaments enriched.
Deep, melancholy silence reigned around,
Now and anon by heavy sounds perturbed.
At times the *tic* and *tac* of the *bekchi*
Resounded dull beyond the garden bounds.
At times the angry surf of the Boghaz
More vehemently roared, as if in throes
Of violence and dread. At times a gust
Of wind swept round the vast conak and shook
Its frame and rattled at its gates. Djénan
Awaited the bright morn. Before it came,
Dense dismal night enwrapped her soul and
mind.

She dreamed. It was a ghastly dream. Her
love
Lay writhing in his blood upon the ground.
He stretched his arms to her and cried for
help.

A wound, wide, horrible to look at, gaped
In his uncovered breast, and with each cry
A scarlet streamlet of the vital gore
Gushed forth and streaked her muslin dress.

“Djénan,

Djénan!” he in his agony implored,

“Dost thou not see, I lose my life? O, stop
The wound! Why mov’st thou not? Lov’st
thou no more?”

She dreamed, she could not raise her arm, nor
stir

Her foot. By terror struck, she stood and
gazed,

Motionless, impotent. She felt the throb
Of anguish of her heart. She struggled, pined
And gasped. Yet all in vain! She could not
move!

His face grew pale and paler still. His wound
Grew black, and black his clotted gore. Death
touched

His spectral lip that whispered faint: “Djénan!”
One superhuman effort more—a moan—
A jerk—a scream—she woke. . . . Before her
stands

Her father stern, implacable. “Djénan!”
His voice rings tenderly, though rough his mien.
In his deep eye, oft-times so fierce, now gleams
Affection strangely mixed with sinister
Resolve. Therein the despot meets the sire
And urges to black deed the reckless arm.

With a respectful *temenah** our Maid
Her father meets. "Still on thy favoured
place?

Still dreaming? Yet 'tis late! The breeze blows
sharp.

The window's open. Ah, Djénan, Djénan!
What if some ill befall my gem? Who will
Console then Abdullah? O, spare thyself!"
Silent she shuts the window and remains
As silent on the spot with eyes fixed on
The ground. No confidence, alas! inspires
This nightly visit, and her heart is seized
By apprehension of impending ill.
Ah, th' awful dream!

The candle flickers still,
And fills with faint and gloomy light the bower.
The wind increases in its turbulence.
The sounds of night wax drear, and heavy
bangs
Some distant door. . . . "'Tis good for thee,"
resumes
Ben Ibrahim, "good for a Moslem child,
When father finds her with the Sacred Book
In hand. Read on in it and grief will flee
Thy head as th' owlet flees the day. Fierce
raves
The insolence of th' unbelieving dogs.

* Turks, as a rule, have no shaking of hands at meeting
one another. They make a *temenah*—bowing, and waving
with the hand.

To-day I cooled my blood in striking one.
It was a well-aimed stroke right through the
heart!

No more will roam th' uncircumcisèd cur
Under night's mantle around the Gulistan!"

Wild, nameless dread our maiden's bosom fills.
Impenetrable chaos blinds her eye.
She feels the quenchless grip of mad despair,
That tears the tender life-cords of her heart.
Her father sees and more relentless grows.
"Her mind infected must be purged," he thinks,
"Of Devil's witchcraft. One last blow and she
Is saved to me and to Islam." He claps
His hands, and promptly Ghaznefer-Agha,
As hell remorseless, foul and vile as crime,
Steps in. And after him two eunuchs bring
Upon ensanguined litter a cold corse.

The candle flickers still. The sounds of night
Are drear. A raging gust of tempest whirls
And beats against the maiden's bower. The
surf

Of the Boghaz impetuously roars.
The air seems filled with countless phantoms
dire,

That gibe and shriek and rave in frantic scorn.
And through the tempest's gust, and through the
roar

Of surf, and through the raving phantoms' shrieks,
What anguished and unquenchable lament

Fills the conak of mighty Abdullah?
What wail delirious rives th' appallèd air?
It is our sweet Djénan, the gentle Maid
Of Gulistan, its fairest bloom, that wails
Bemoaning her irreparable loss.

The ready eunuchs quick the corse remove,
But on the floor the maiden's body lies,
Almost herself a corse. Her breath is faint.
Her face is alabaster white. Her limbs
Are cold. . . "*Hekim!*"* the madden'd father
cries.

The echoes fierce repeat "*Hekim!*" The blast
Of tempest screams "*Hekim!*" . . . Ah, brutal
sire!

Dares not thy frenzy face her vilest deed?
Thy daughter is not dead, though fatal is
Thy blow. The heart will vibrate yet awhile,
Vibrate and bleed, then vanish like a cloud.

"My sweet kouzoum! What has become of
thee?"

Lamented old Zehra and kissed the hand,
So wan, so cold, of her Djénan. "Cheer up,
My dove! The morning's bright and brings
The promise of more happy days. Melek!
Come, dance again! Swing thy tambour! Ah
me!

Where is my youth, when I could sing and
dance?"

* Physician.

And swift Melek swung her tambour and sang
A wild Circassian tune. Her lissom frame
Now glided fast along the carpet smooth,
Now stood, now whirled around with graceful
gait,

Now backwards bent, now quivered like a leaf.
Anon she drooped her dazzling eye, as if
Some love-thought crossed her eager brain. Anon
She raised the drum above her beauteous head,
And beating it with limber fingers dashed,
Her bosom panting, forwards arrow-like.

At times she clapped her hands to dauntless
strain,

At times she whisper'd as in trance, and then
With cadence mellow struck some mountain
tune

Free as a lark, and as her warble sweet.

Lost pains! Forlorn and mute, Djénan, a
ghost,

A pitiable shade of former self,
Gave no response. An age of sorrow passed
Over her blossomed life of sixteen springs,
And left within her foiled breast no heart
For merriment or joy. Upon the lip,
That used to smile and smiling to reflect
An inmost world of bright and happy dreams,
Now lingers dull and hopeless gloom of grief,
Whose melancholy nurslings, the deep sighs,*

* "And sorrow, with her family of sighs."—*Shelley*.

No more relieve her bosom worn and void.
The listless eye, no more a dazzling star,
Roves aimlessly around from wall to wall,
Or is as aimlessly fix'd on one spot.

And yet one object there remaineth still
That does our maiden's interest arouse :
It is Boghaz, the Bosphorus, the pure,
The mighty and the deep, her only friend,
The never-changeable. Each time as she
Beholds the stream, benevolent and fresh,
Aglow far, far beneath the kissing sun,
Instinct with variegated springs of its
Own inexhaustible vitality,
Its bounty yielding, generous and free,
And carrying on its untiring crest
The steamboat and the sail of every clime,
And the innumerable swift caïks,—
A wistful gleam illumines her pale face,
And something like a smile glides over it
And wanes, as on an autumn day the beam
Through interspaces bright 'twixt speeding clouds
Fast on a landscape shines and yields as fast
To gloom.

Melek has danced anew. And now
She sits upon a carpet at the feet
Of the unhappy maid, enwrapping them
In costly damask shawls and pouring forth
Rare Persian attar essence on the floor.
Zehra relates a tale :

“ There was a king.

He had a daughter sweet, as sweet as our
Djénan. She lived in bounty and in joy,
By Allah favoured and by man, and had
A palace to herself, of crystal built
And precious stone. And not a shade obscured
The brightness of her days, no sorrow marred
The blithesome beauty of her youth. Then
came

A cloud—a light and silver-trimmèd cloud,
Which passed away as soon as it had come,
And left a sky more luminous than e'er :
The king guessed what it was and found a
cure :

He found for her a prince of Sultan's blood,
'Mongst all the Moslem sons of gorgeous East
The fairest and the most magnificent.
Then came,—but listen, my *yavroum* ; then came
The wedding-day ! Djénan will also wed
The proudest and the best of Islam youths,
And old Zehra, before she dies, will yet
Be merry at Djénan's *duyoum*.* . . . Then came
The wedding-day—and then—— ”

Zehra cuts short

Her tale. The younger slave looks, startled, up.
Djénan is on her feet. She quails . . . she gasps.
Her mien is wild and fiercely sparkles th' eye. . . .

* Marriage festival. The religious wedding ceremony is called *nikiah*.

“Yea, yea!” she screams, and plucks her hair and runs

To th’ open window, “yea! Djénan shall wed
The fairest and the best! She’ll wed Boghaz!”
Then with a softer voice that by degrees
Into a whisper melts: “Look, there he is!
He glitters and he heaves. . . . Hark, hark! He
sings

Triumphant ditties of immortal strain.
And Nature round him all her splendours strews,
Her brilliant anadems of emerald
And gold and light and silv’ry dew, and lets
Her wingèd Echoes swell the joyous sound
Of his prophetic anthems far and wide. . . .
Lo! See ye not th’ ethereal shape of his
Hanoum incomparably fair? She rides
Upon a noontide beam along his waves.
She’s clad in dazzling foam and beckons me
To speed. Yea, I shall come, my sweet Hanoum!
Djénan shall wed the fairest and the best!
My father! Call, Melek, my father in!
Let him to my *duyoum* his blessing give!”

With timid step and broken heart the sire,
The mighty Abdullah, appears. “Djénan!”
He gently whispers. The paternal soul
With all its love and ache is in the word.
The maiden bows her head and quails anew.
Then with low voice and vacant smile she
sighs:

“There was a king. He had a daughter sweet.
She lived in joy. Then came a cloud, and then
The wedding-day. But soon a raven black
Perched on her heart, and crowed, and nibbled it.
Then came Azrael* with his scarlet hand,
And tore the heart and drank the blood. Yet lo!
Boghaz is nigh and woos the poor Djénan.
Hark! How he sings his wooing carol sweet!
Djénan is coming soon! She’ll not delay!
Where, father, have you bedded him, my love?”
“He slumbers ’neath the waves of the Boghaz.”
“Be thanked! Ah, ’twill be sweet to meet him
there!

I am the bride of the Boghaz, and he,
Boghaz, is mine!” And in a trice, ere sire
Or slave surmised the woeful end, Djénan,
The Maid of Gulistan, with frenzied leap,
Out of the window jumped and disappeared
In th’ ether calm of roseate, fragrant morn.

Dull was the heavy echo of the dash
Upon the crystal wave beneath the Cliff.
With eager arm the stream received his bride,
And softly bedded her where her belov’d,
Where many a victim, found a limpid grave,
And then careered as merrily as e’er.

With hearty clamour sturdy fishermen
Upon the pebbled shore of Bosphorus

* The angel of death.

Pulled out their nets. The booty's rich and full.
The men in triumph sing their song of praise :

“ For the beauty of the day,
For the glory of the clime,
For the bounty of the stream,
Allah Great, we praise Thy name,
Irrahim,* we worship Thee !”

The joyful sounds ring high in the clear air,
And die away beyond those bluish hills
In tremulous vibrations low and faint.
An old and raggèd woman passing by
Stretched forth her apron asking for some fish :
“ I'm poor and weak and hungry ; who will help ?”
With ready hand the fishermen respond.
“ Take, sister, freely we receive and give
As freely. Praise the Giver of all good
For the benevolent and great Boghaz.”
“ *O bismillahi rahman irrahim !*” †
Some little rogues barefooted press along
With baskets and with rags. “ Good men,” they
beg,
“ At home we left our ailing relatives,—
Some, father,—some, a sister tender-aged ;
Help, give us of your bounty, too !” The men
With willing heart the baskets fill. Again
There's joyful praise of Allah and His works
And of the Bosphorus, the good, the strong.

* All Merciful.

† “ In the name of Allah, the All Merciful !”

Again the echoes vibrate near and far
In sweet accords of mellow harmony.

O city great of Constantine the Great!
Where beaming clime and hue of lavish East,
And Nature, fairy-like, their richest stores
With hand unswerving, liberal, unfold,
Attempting thus, but e'er, alas! in vain,
The evil wrought by mortals to redeem.
How oft I mused in cool, mysterious shades
Upon thy sylvan shores where cypress robes
The tomb, and ruin 'midst its ivy smiles!
How oft I wandered on thy mosque-clad hills,
Where spirits of the great to linger seem
And to commune with echoes of the low,
And both to moralize on vanity
And dust. And thou, Boghaz, unchangeable!
How often on diaphanous morn-tides,
With perfume laden and begemmed with dew,
Thy foaming crest my languid frame revived,
Or gently urged my swift caïk across
The murm'ring deep! . . . Be praised, Omnipotent,
For Nature's gifts and Nature's kindly charms,
Where man is either vile, or worse than vile,
Is proud!

A second time the fishermen
Rejoicing draw their nets. The mighty stream
Is inexhaustible and ready yields
Its fresh and living store.

“ One effort more,
Friends, comrades, brethren! Pull again and
yet

Again! The task is heavy, the reward
Is just, since not from man, but from Boghaz,
Magnanimous, it comes. Pull, brethren, then,
Once more and yet once more!” Thus did the
brave

Each other stimulate with shout and mien :
And hearty was the toil and quick the word
In rhythmical succession of each pull.
But suddenly they pause, then tug again—
A human shape is seen within the nets
Through the pellucid waves !

The brawny arm
Unsteady swerves, and o'er the rugged face
A shadow passes of dismay and awe.
The voice is hushed. Uncovered is the head.
Some gentler eye its pious tribute sheds ;
Some softer bosom sighs its pray'r devout.
Boghaz gives up its dead !

Upon the shore
Lies stretched the maiden's corse. Relentless
death
Was loath on her unruffled brow to stamp
His final impress of decay. The stream
Dealt lovingly in his cool depth with her,
His bride. Serene she looks in silent charm
Of ultimate repose, and . . . happy too.

'Midst many a cypress-overshadowed grave
 On a delightful spot, quite near the shore,
 A marble tombstone stands with pointed end*
 And Oriental epitaph in gold.

Here every blade and moss and ivy-leaf,
 Here every flow'ret coy of blithesome spring,
 Fed by th' ambrosial air and crystal dew,
 And sun-born beam of morn and azure pure
 Of heaven's vault, are richest in their hue
 And fairest in their bloom. The passion song
 Of the enamoured nightingale here melts
 To softest thrills of longing and delight.
 Nowhere so sweet the quietude, nowhere
 The breeze so balmy, and the shade nowhere
 So quick'ning for a weary frame and heart.

Here oft, by Nature's loveliness again
 Made young, I linger dreaming of the past,
 And of Djénan, the Maid of Gulistan,
 The Bride of the Boghaz. . . . And often, too,
 With dimmèd eye and melancholy heart,
 I read the epitaph so touching, sad :

“Allah is Great, the universe is His!
 A tender-wingèd butterfly, Djénan,
 Came to this world and fluttered for a
 while,

* The tombstones erected on graves of men have sculptured at the top a turban or fez; those of women are pointed; of children, small.

Then through the gates of Heaven passed
away!

A *Fatiha** for her immortal soul!"

And at the feet of this all-speaking spot
The Bosphorus, as ever strong and pure,
Speeds on and murmurs its undying strain.

* The first Sura of the Koran. It is to the Mussulman
what the Lord's Prayer is to the Christian.

THE END

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