

the snowy peak of the Asiatic Olympus. Directly ahead, on the eastern shore of the strait, were the white buildings and dark groves of Scutari. Not far from it stands the village that represents the ancient Chalcedon.

Very soon we were abreast of the seven gray old towers that form the south-east angle of the ancient wall of Constantinople. What prolonged sieges and fierce assaults these massive but crumbling ruins have withstood! Coasting along, we began to distinguish the various mosques and palaces. Little groups gathered about any one able to name the different points of interest, and there was no end to the questions asked. In a short time we rounded Seraglio Point, and found ourselves in the heart of a stately, thriving, bustling city. No sooner was the vessel moored to her buoy than a fleet of caiques, and other small boats surrounded her. I counted more than a hundred of them. The caique corresponds with the Venetian gondola, and is not unlike a large Indian birch-bark canoe in shape and in readiness to upset. There are said to be 80,000 of them in this port.

While arrangements were being made for landing, we took a hasty survey of our surroundings. The harbour or bay into which we had turned is called the Golden Horn. It stretches inland over four miles, curving at the upper end in the form of a horn. Its water is deep

enough, some distance from its mouth, to float the largest man-of-war. The harbour is crowded with large vessels, while ferry steamers and small boats are constantly plying to and fro. It is as crowded and busy a scene as the East River at New York. The Golden Horn divides the city into two parts. On the north side, close to the water, is Galata, and behind it, on the hill, is Pera, both inhabited chiefly by Greeks and foreigners. On the



THE SULTAN.