

gay and swift as dragon-flies, flit here and there with loads of gold-bedizened beys, or veiled women. There is no scene in the world like that around one in the Golden Horn."

I must confess, however, that my own first impressions were less glowing than those here indicated. It was on the early morning of May 2nd, 1892, that we stood on the deck of our good ship, *Daphne*, to get our first view of the far-famed Golden Horn. But unfortunately clouds and hovering mists clung like a veil over the scene. Soon, however, the veil became as thin and tenuous as the transparent *yashmack* in which the Turkish ladies delight, and the beauty of the city of the Sultan was revealed to



MOSQUE OF ST. SOPHIA, CONSTANTINOPLE.

our eyes. As we glided pass the grey towers and over the limpid waters, the sight was one of surpassing grandeur. I was continually haunted with the music of Wordsworth's line: "Earth has not ought to show more fair." The graceful lancelike minarets, the snowy domes, the dark-green foliage of the myriad cypress trees, and the more vivid verdure of the planes and palms, the crowd of shipping, the gilded caiques, the terraced slopes on either side, crowned with stately buildings, all made a picture of surpassing beauty.

Few cities in the world have such conflicting and stirring memories. The New Rome of Constantine, designed to eclipse the grandeur of the Mistress of the Tiber; the city of Theodosius and the Byzantine Emperors; the city of crusading heroes; the