

ants were repulsed, and almost annihilated. Forty thousand men fell by the arms of the Knights alone. The Sultan was in despair, and declared that his head, his fleet, and his whole empire should be for ever accursed, if he failed to capture the fortress of the Christian Knights. For days together, he shut himself up in his tent, fearing that each messenger would bring him but further news of disaster. At length, the city became utterly untenable, dissensions among the Christians in Europe prevented their rendering any assistance, and after six months heroic defence, the Knights were compelled to surrender. The terms of capitulation were most honorable to them; they were allowed to carry away all their effects, and the guns of their galleys, the relics of their Saints, and the sacred vessels of the churches, and the inhabitants who remained were to be allowed the free exercise of the Christian religion, and to be released from taxes for five years. The first day of January, 1523, saw the close of this eventful period in the history of the Knights; the few who remained, sailed from the island, deeply sorrowful at being compelled to leave the place, where they had reigned so gloriously for nearly two hundred and twenty years.

Bartlett, an Eastern traveller, who visited Rhodes a few years ago, found the works, and even the private houses of the Knights, still remaining in a good state of preservation. The "*Strada dei Cavalieri*," or "Street of the Knights," he describes as a long and picturesque avenue of gothic houses, still having the armorial bearings of the noble and gallant inmates. "So complete is everything, that one might almost expect the stalwart champions of the order, to step forth in mail of proof, from their gothic portals, into the street, which once echoed with their iron tread; but the streets are silent as the neighbouring cemeteries—rank grass springs up between the interstices of the pavement, and during the long summer days, the twitter of the swallows in the eaves of the carved mullions, is the only sound of life. All the vitality of Rhodes, in fact, was suddenly extinguished by the departure of the Knights, and it has gradually dwindled down, until a thin sown population of mingled Turks and Greeks, occupies the proud city, once gallant with chivalry, and enriched by commerce. Its lofty towers, around which the storm of battle has so often rung, are silent and tenantless; few and ignoble are the passengers who awaken by their footsteps, the echoes of its portals, and you may make the circuit of its walls, without encountering a living creature, but a lizard. The gothic city of Rhodes may be likened to a beautiful body, from which the soul has departed; but nature adorns the island itself, with never-fading verdure and loveliness. From the hills above, the prospect over sea and land is one of matchless beauty, and the interior is a perfect garden. Almost every inhabitant has a bunch of roses in his hand, thus vindicating the original