

so gorgeous in architecture. On the left, washed by the waves, the quaint old battlements extend from the Seraglio Point to the Seven Towers, a distance of nearly four miles; and over them rise in picturesque confusion the terrace roofs, domes and minarets of Stamboul. To the right the white mansions, cemeteries, and cypress groves of Scutari run along the Asiatic shore eastward as far as the eye can see. In the centre is the opening of the Bosphorus, revealing a vista of matchless beauty, like one of the gorgeous pictures of Turner. The steamer glides on, sweeps rapidly round the Seraglio Point, and drops anchor in the Golden Horn. The view here is grander still, and more intensely interesting. On the south rise in succession, from the still waters of the inlet, the seven low hills of



HAMAL, TURKISH PORTER.

old Byzantium, crowned with domes and tapering minarets, and buttresses, with fantastic houses, and shattered walls—walls all broken now, but which in the age of archers and Greek fire so often baffled Goth and Bulgar, Persian and Osmanli.

“On the northern bank of the great ‘Horn,’ above the crowded buildings and Genoese tower of old Galata, appear the heights of Pera, gay and fresh with the new residences of European ambassadors. Nor is the scene less gay and animated on the water than on land. Huge ironclads, flying the red flag and crescent, lie at anchor within a cable-length of the Sultan’s palace; passenger steamers from every country in Europe are ranged in double rows; corn ships from Odessa or the Danube lie side by side with graceful Greek feluccas and Turkish coasters; while hundreds of caiques,