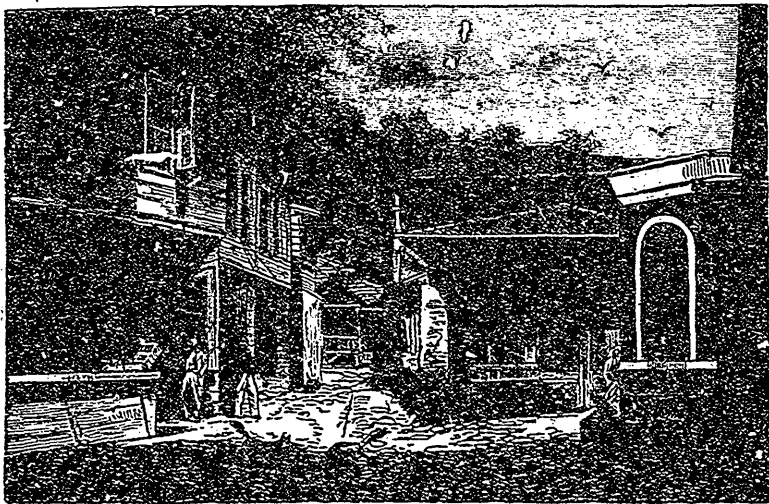


Golden Horn. Descending to Galata by the underground railroad, similar to that at Niagara Falls, we found ourselves at once in crowded, busy streets, full of all kinds of nationalities and costumes. Threading our way past hawkers, dancers, musicians, candy-merchants, commingled with sailors, porters, and business men, we made our way to the great bridge leading over to Stamboul. The bridge is wide, and is so old that its floor has settled here and there, and is very uneven. A constant tide of life is flowing over it. Wheeled vehicles seldom pass, but horses and donkeys are commingled with the crowds of foot passengers. I visited the place again and again; for, in addition to the beauty



STREET IN STAMBOUL.

of the scene, it is here one gets the best idea of the varied character of the population, and of the extent of the city's traffic. Of course one soon becomes intimate with the striking peculiarities of Eastern costume. The dresses display all the tints of the rainbow. Red fez or white turban on the head; feet bare, or covered with coloured slippers; baggy trowsers, tight at the ankle; a thin shawl or girdle around the waist; a white shirt, and over it a short jacket, or loose, flowing robe, occasionally trimmed with fur—these are the leading features of the men's dress. They are, however, rapidly adopting the western garb. The dress of the women is very aggravating—a