

aspect of "Tid-Bits" gives the lie, and steeling ourselves against the insistent appeals of a trio of small beggars, who, with one hand on their fat stomachs and the other stretched out in a melting appeal for charity, compass us fore and aft with an embarrassing richness of salaams, and pianissimo murmurings of Madame! Madame! Madame!—, we follow the crowd. We cross two steamers lying side by side until we reach the third, floating beside the Star and Crescent—a small green flag that assures us in our right—and this is the steamer that runs up the European shore of the historic channel as far as Buyukdich, returning down the Asiatic to Scutari.

We climb cheerfully to the upper deck, noting, as we pass, the inscription that proves the steamer of English extraction, made on the Thames. Enconced on the long settees facing the European shore, we refuse the glasses of water brought us by the solicitous sugar who sell it at a para a glass, but invest in a bottle of lemon drops which we find later bears the appetizing label, "Glycerine Polisch, Hartwigglewin, Berlin." A brief study of cosmos and costumes, ancient, mediæval and modern, civil, ecclesiastic and military, and heralded by a series of ear-splitting whistles, we push our way through the crowd of steamers plying variously to the Bosphorus, Scutari, Kadi Kein and the Princes islands, and find ourselves a part of the great moving panorama that covers the bosom of this extraordinary channel. On one side is a great steamer bound for the Black Sea, a throng of white-turbaned, black-gowned, sofas leaning over the rails, giving it a funeral appearance, quite at variance with the rigging, which is one fluttering mass of color in honor of the festival. The boatmen of the round bottomed boats and caignes are visions of beauty in fresh white costumes, sashes and scarlet fizzes, as they shoot about, lightly dipping the oars first with one hand and then the other. The sun shines soft and warm, touching with gold the fresh green of the plane trees, the lofty gray mass of the Vilideh mosque with its minarets and Arabesques, and the long white point of the old Seraglio, which we rapidly leave behind. On we pass through a tangle of shipping; Italian, Austrian, French, Roumanian and English merchantmen fastened to great red buoys; while crossing our path, an old Turkish vessel bound for the Dardanelles, steams heavily, puffing cottony billows in its wake. Big scows laden with haystacks of generous proportions, ancient river craft boasting tattered sails, but propelled by two muscular boatmen, who, grasping each an oar, rise, mount the seat, sit and rise again at each recurring stroke, their bare, sinewy legs as untiring, apparently, as so many parts of a machine.

As we reach Kabatash, we see on the shore a group of Kurdish hamals in holiday attire, dancing with as much grace as one might expect from a herd of cows.

With extended arms and hands resting each on the next man's shoulder, the line follows the movements of its leader; the end man, who, with waving handkerchief of generous proportions, leads the mazes of this clumsy imitation of the ancient Ionic dance. Here, too, we shudder over great scow loads of the cities' garbage being unceremoniously dumped into the strait, and send

up a prayer of thanksgiving that the current is both swift and strong enough to bear it to the sea. Packs of mangy, yellow curs, the most important scavengers of the city, rush frantically among the boats and along the shore and quarrel over each bit of bone or bread washed up by the waves. Amidst the trees a short distance behind Kabatash, we see the much whitewashed "New Mosque of the Valideh Sultan," which is not so new after all, as it was completed in 1665 by the mother of Mohammed IV. All along the mosque are numerous places for ablution, which are filled by a nondescript array of good Mohammedans, preparing themselves to enter the mosque. After a vigorous washing they stand in the sun to dry, as the use of a towel would necessitate another series of ablutions. Through the branches of the blooming locusts and horse chestnuts we catch the glitter of steel, a vision of prancing steeds and serried ranks, a flash of gold and scarlet, and do not need the strains of martial music to tell us these are the imperial troops returning from that greatest spectacular performance, the Selamik. A moment more and we are before the great marble palace of Dolmabahcheh, that exquisite creation of an Armenian architect. Here lived Sultan Abdul Medjid, whose struggle to build up a liberal party among the interpreters of the Koran, proved unavailing in the face of his conservative pashas, and whose death was said to have been caused by melancholy brought on by the death of one of his wives, to whom, says a chronicler, "he is said ever to have borne himself as knight to lady." This palace also witnessed the dethronement of Sultan Aziz, when on the dark and rainy night of May 30th, 1876, his general-in-chief, Hussein Ami, and grand vizier, Midhat Pasha, entered his room and told him he was no longer sultan, and to prove it showed him his own ironclads with their guns turned against him. Although regal in its appointments, its associations were too painful for Sultan Hamid II., who has never lived in it, and only uses it at his Bairam reception. Today, solitary but imposing, it stretches along its quay of spotless marble, flights of steps leading down to the blue waters. When the palace was inhabited and the beauties of the harem sat behind the jealous lattices, every steamer was obliged to make a wide detour, but now this regulation has been transferred to Chiragan, the palace just above, where deposed Sultan Murad—the "mad Murad"—walks up and down, a royal prisoner. No visitor is ever admitted here, and no boat is allowed near the shore. Six guard-houses are placed at regular intervals on the scala in front, and detachments of blue uniformed, brass-buttoned, and scarlet-fezed guards patrol before his windows night and day. Through an open window he has been seen pacing restlessly back and forth like a caged lion. Beyond here, the European shore presents a continuous line of palaces, summer residences and villages, whose streets run steeply down to the quay, while in every available place, open air cafes covered with growing vines or green branches show groups of red-fezzed men enjoying their tiny cups of coffee or bubbling narghilehs. The hills rising back of the shore, sometimes broken in terraces wreathed in green, and sometimes one continuous stretch of verdure seem to

connect the blue of the sky with the blue of the water beneath. Sometimes a great pink patch catches the eye, and shows the Judas trees or pink horse chestnuts in flower. At every stopping place the universal red fez or white turbans of the Sofias massed together, give the effect of a great tulip bed, while the glitter of the morning soldiery, with their wealth of gold decorations and shining arms, made one think of brilliant dragon flies hovering near. At Armenian and Greek villages there are open doors and windows with the women looking out; while the Turkish villages or palaces present a front of closed windows and close-barred lattices. Some of the palaces are built right over the water, with no entrance in front save by caique, while others have the scala before them. Nearly all the houses are gray or brown, with reddish-brown tiled roofs, and stove pipes projecting from the windows. All the lower windows are iron-barred, and the heavy doors sport brass knockers of antique appearance.

Many of the Turkish houses have inscriptions over them, while a Greek house may be recognized by its wreath of withering blossoms left there from May day. Perhaps the most picturesque spot on all the Bosphorus is that at Roumeli Hissars, where are the stupendous fortifications erected by Mohammed II., in 1452, as the first step preparatory to the siege of Constantinople. Along the rocky sides of a steep promontory are the winding walls, built of alternate layers of stone and brick, while three massive towers, from which swaying vines flutter and creep—tell a story equalled by no romance—1,000 masons, 1,000 lime-burners, and an army of laborers were set to build these walls, two yards of which were assigned to each mason. The castle is reported to have been completed in three months, the walls being thirty feet thick, and high in proportion. The tower nearest the water's edge was armed with enormous guns, which threw stone shot of more than 100-weight; while openings above the doors allowed for the throwing of hot pitch on any attacking party. This tower still goes by the name of "Cut-throat Castle," an appellation well deserved; as, until the present century, it was used for prisoners condemned to death. "Out of it," says tradition, "no man ever went alive."

Today it is occupied by a Bulgarian woman, a refugee, who, doubtless knows nothing of its gruesome history. At its base—a Turkish guardhouse—holds its contingent of soldiery, whose families have ensconced themselves in houses within the enclosure of the walls.

Some of the enormous stone towers are ranged at intervals along the shore. Between Bebek and Rumeli Hissar, on a magnificent plateau, 300 feet above the Bosphorus, stands the pride of all Americans, the handsome stone edifice, known as Robert college, which has exercised the most marked influence of the educational progress of Turkey and Bulgaria. But the steamer still goes on, and we see in turn the pretty palace presented by Sultan Aziz to his daughter, Fatmeh, and in which were signed various important treaties; the summer palace and charming gardens of the ex-Khedive of Egypt, as the palaces of some of the princesses. At Therapia—one of the most frequented and beautiful of all the resorts on the Bosphorus—