

CHAPTER XVIII.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

Is this the sovereign seat of Constantine?
Is that indeed Sophia's far-famed dome,
Where first the Faith was led in triumph home
Like some high bride, with banner and bright sign
And melody and flowers? Round yonder shrine
The sons, the rivals, yea, the lords of Rome,
Bowed they in reverence, awed by truth divine
Breathed through the golden lips of Chrysostom!
But where that conquering Cross, which, high in heaven,
That dome of old surmounted? angels sweeping
The aerial coasts now hang no more suspended—
With the wild sea-dirge their chants no more are blended
Onward they speed, by their own sorrows driven;
And the winds waft alone their heavenly weeping.

AUBREY DE VERE.

I FOUND myself on board a Turkish steamer, with 850 troops strewed along the deck so thickly that they could scarcely turn, and walking was quite out of the question. The forecabin was allotted to the hareems of the officers; the ladies' cabin was occupied by a Persian Princess; and two Persian Princes and I had the saloon to ourselves. They were very agreeable, courteous persons, and spoke with delight of their visit to England some years ago. The Opera and the "fire-carriages" were subjects on which they particularly loved to dwell, but the women of England were the supreme subjects of their admiration. "Persian ladees," said Prince Reza Oglu, "very beautifool; Constantinopoli ladees very beautifool; Engleesh ladees much very better."

We past Cyprus the second day—a mountainous island of great capabilities, but withering under Turkish oppression. Paphos, or *Baffa*, as it is now called, contains only the fragments of