

one or two broken columns standing upon a promontory, bare, and unmystified by the gloom of surrounding groves. Being in quarantine, we were not permitted to land in this island, still, it is said, so dangerous to travellers.

On the third day we made the coast of Caramania; on the fifth we cast anchor in the harbour of the Isle of Rhodes. The city presents very much the appearance one would be led to expect from its situation and its history: a mingling of European with Asiatic dwellings: churches and mosques, spires and minarets, intermingled with cypress and sycamore; and, without the town, a pleasant boulevard affords shade for the varied population to saunter under, *à la Parisienne*; or to sit and smoke under, *à la Turque*. Here, also, we were prevented from landing, on account of quarantine; but I pulled about the offing in one of the ship's boats, and surveyed the inner harbour, across the mouth of which the Colossus strode. It was only twenty-four feet in breadth, so that it requires no great stretch of the imagination to equal that of the image.

This island well deserves a visit, and has been hitherto very imperfectly explored: the interior is said to be very beautiful, and many remains of antiquity lie strewn about there, unexamined.

In the evening we weighed anchor, and passed along a fine, mountainous coast, (Asia Minor) on our right. Patmos, on the left, with many an island of mythologic fame, keeps alive the attention that has henceforth no time to sleep; for every wave of this historic sea is full of memories. Scio and Mitylene now arise; the Gulph of Smyrna opening within this last; and morning's earliest light shows us Ida's mountain over the level plain of Troy, with the tombs of Hector and Achilles appearing like Irish raths.

Soon afterwards, we enter the Dardanelles, against a current that continually runs to the southward at the rate of three or four miles an hour. This strait is generally about three miles wide, but sometimes narrows to half that breadth. There is little that is picturesque in these celebrated Straits: the shores consist of

* The author of Eothen has restored to the Paphian site its poetry and classic interest.