

tion Day the whole population of the capital were accustomed to resort and celebrate the festival.

Isolated on the outmost verge was the Lepers' Hospital, founded by the great-hearted patrician Zotikos, whose munificence and generosity caused him to be commonly called the "Father of Orphans." To this asylum John I Zimiskes consecrated one-half his private fortune. When it was destroyed by earthquake, Romanos III rebuilt it with lavish expenditure.

The road to Boulgourlou from Scutari passes through a rich and fertile region, among the most luxuriant vineyards of the capital, and near ornate and elegant kiosks. In one of these summer palaces, on June 30, 1839, the stormy life of Mahmoud II, the Great, the Reformer, came to its close. The attendants, alarmed in the morning at not hearing their master's call, penetrated to his chamber with fear and trembling, and found him dead. He lay as if asleep. Almost the only peaceful event in his reign of one and thirty years was his calm departure from it.

The road ends at a plateau, refreshing even from a distance with its royal sycamores. Beneath their shade bubbles a fountain, the crystal draughts from which are regarded by the Ottomans — connoisseurs of water as other nations are of wine — as more delicious than those from any other spring in the capital. The prolix Dervish Hafiz, in a curious treatise on the "Fountains of Paradise," compares seventeen famous sources, applies to them the eight tests, and concludes that in every respect the water of this fountain is the best of all.

From the plateau one climbs to the top on foot, there to revel in an intoxication of view, "the beauty of which," the clumsy and phlegmatic Poccoke exclaims, "cannot be

