

Curious are the mistakes to which this polyglotism gives rise, and a good-sized volume might be compiled full of amusing anecdotes, but I will confine my attention to one or two which actually came under my notice. One frightfully hot day a Greek girl was walking along a street in Constantinople, and I heard her exclaim in longing accents, "Oh! how I should like to eat glass!" It struck me as the wildest absurdity at first, until I remembered that the word for "ice-cream" in French is "glacé," and she had evidently used the French instead of the English at the end of her sentence. But the idea was truly ludicrous. Another lady of my acquaintance, wishing to inform me that her sister had suffered from smallpox, translating the first syllable from the French, and mispronouncing the second, told me "L. had suffered from 'little-box' twice," but still more trying to one's gravity was another slight error, when she showed me a piece of blue silk, and told me that her last "night-dress" had been made of that material. Of course she meant "evening dress." But all this was simply "Queen's English" compared to her brother's rendering of my native tongue. He was a remarkably handsome young man, in a brigandish sort of way, with deep, dark eyes, that seemed to bore a hole in his listener, as he fixed them upon him (or her, as the case might be) in course of conversation. On one occasion he was dining with us. Two kinds of cheese were served, and I accepted a certain sort. He immediately followed suit, remarking impressively, "I like you not cheese." I was thunderstruck, but only for a moment, as I perceived his real meaning to have been, "I am like you, I do not like that cheese," but the words in which he clothed his idea conveyed quite a different meaning to one accustomed to the language he misused so carelessly. Fortunately no one else at the table noticed the error. In fact, I don't think any one else knew enough to discover it, and he was quite satisfied with his speech, so I had the fun all to myself.

"Te ora" means "what time" in both Greek and Italian, as I discovered one day when I was asked the time in Cairo. "Half-past five," I replied in *Greek*, consulting my watch. My questioner stared at me in great amazement, and evidently thought I was mad; while I, conscious of my perfect knowledge of Greek numbers, entertained the same idea of him. When I knew that the question in the two languages was identical, I perceived the mistake, he had expected me to reply in Italian. In Alexandria my purse was once snatched from my hand by an Arab lad in long white robe and red tarbuche. As it was nearly lunch time, the street was almost empty, and there was no one to assist me. The thief turned up a side street, and I followed screaming, "Stop him! Stop him! He has stolen my purse!" in English, trying in vain to recollect the Arabic for "Stop him;" the only foreign equivalent of which I could think was the Greek, which would not have helped me very much. However, a man in European dress joined in the pursuit, at sight of whom the boy dropped the purse, which I picked up, found my piastres intact, rewarded my helper, and returned, much exhausted with my recent mental and physical efforts. To rush at the rate of twenty miles an hour at noon on a hot summer's day in Egypt, vainly trying to recollect a foreign language, is rather exhausting, I assure you. Another time of severe trial was during a donkey ride on an island in the Sea of Marmora, where that amusement is the principal diversion. My mount, a fine black animal, wishing to arrive first at home, set off in advance of the rest of the party, and we were soon out of sight on the curving road, but I, not sharing his very natural desire, tried to pull him up, but in vain. I cried, "Stop! stop!" in different tones, from the mildly persuasive to the imperatively dictatorial; it only seemed to accelerate his pace. Then I remembered his evident ignorance of English, and employed the Turkish, but without success. As he did not understand his master's language, "as she was spoke" by a foreigner, so I