

the usual wages, it is then opened, as the money thus received serves this useful purpose. But the Royal Exchequer is continually running dry, and the means employed to fill it are many; one is to confer medals and decorations on either subjects or foreigners, deserving or undeserving (principally the latter). It is incumbent on the recipients to appear to feel highly honoured, and to pay from £10 to £20, in many cases for a thing they do not want, and, in the case of the foreigners at least, never wear. This practice accounts for the superb glitter at the "Selemlih."

Every Turkish gentleman speaks French, and many English in addition, a knowledge of languages being the criterion by which his education is judged; but as for the general mass, the less said the better, the schools are dirty to the last degree. Children of both sexes attend the same school, up to the ages of nine or ten, and learn to read and write Turkish after a fashion. I have frequently watched a party of school children, accompanied by their master, marching homewards, and, as a rule, he looks more dilapidated than any of his pupils. I believe some of the poorer priests take pupils to eke out their scanty incomes. They are supposed to wash five times a day, before each prayer. Perhaps they do, but the result is not visible to the naked eye. Everything is in arrears in Turkey, education, payment, army, navy, and even soap-and-water. Literature, needless to say, is almost nil, the educated reading French or English books, and the uneducated nothing at all.

At night the guardianship of the streets is given up to the watchmen, who wander round, armed with a large stick, with which they strike the number of hours, half and quarter, on the pavement, Turkish time of course. How puzzled I often felt, when awakened by them, counting the strokes, and trying to calculate the time a la European—difficult enough for a stranger, but doubly so when the said stranger is half asleep, for the Turkish day begins at sunset, and finishes at sunset, with no regard to the changes of that luminary. It is always twelve o'clock at sunset, all the year round, so that hour is always changing; sometimes it is twelve at 4 p.m., and sometimes at 7-30 p.m., thus it is an awful puzzle to catch the last boat, if one doesn't know when the sun goes to bed. Still one gets accustomed to anything in Turkey, even double hours, double calendars, double pounds (English and Turkish), and double dealing.

One cannot even change one's residence without a "tesharry" or permit from the Government, leave the capital for the interior, or one town for another, within the Empire, without permission, as for leaving the country, it is scarcely necessary to say, one must have a wonderful piece of stiff paper, setting forth, in Turkish, one's nationality, age, and general appearance, besides other little items of information, in order to identify the bearer in case anything is wrong. And so, to my mind, at least, the conclusion of the whole matter is, that Constantinople is the best city in the world "to live out of."

