



MODERN Turkey, as represented by its capital, is the most cosmopolitan of all cosmopolitan cities, and indeed, a stranger arriving there, and not being aware of his precise locality, might well question in what country he had inadvertently landed, the language, dress and general appearance furnishing no clue as to his whereabouts; the dress of the men being mostly European, crowned by the fez, but this is worn in other countries, too, and veiled women are seen in more than one, so the hopelessly befogged traveller would give up the conundrum in despair. But there is no chance of such a thing happening, for great are the formalities to be gone through, before a foreigner can put his foot on Turkish soil, a mighty passport, signed by the Turkish Consul in London, being indispensable to anyone desiring to visit the Turkish Empire. Having obtained that, he must take care not to wound Turkish susceptibilities by carrying books mentioning the Sultan; manuscripts are looked upon with an eye of suspicion, and all written or printed matter is subjected to a rigorous investigation; anything considered objectionable is prompt-

ly confiscated; in my case, my unfortunate belongings remained three days at the Custom House, and finally arrived in a very untidy condition, but I was too thankful to see them again to grumble at anything.

Viewed from the sea as one approaches, the first thing that strikes one is the unparalleled beauty of the city, the natural magnificence of its site, the countless domes and minarets, the masses of building rising tier upon tier to the summit of the heights, a glimpse of the blue ribbon of the Bosphorus, bordered by marble palaces and high-walled gardens, the "Seraglio" or old palace of the Sultans, its gardens stretching down to a point where it dips into the water. After rounding this point one sees the Golden Horn, and loses sight of the Asiatic Coast with its villages of Scutari, Haidar Pasha, Cadekeni (the ancient Chalcedon), the whole forming a panorama of loveliness, which it would be hard indeed to eclipse.

But on landing it is not the beauty of the city that strikes one, but the dogs, the dirt, and the general air of dilapidation. What a disillusionizing as one descends from a frame of mind eminently peaceful and poetically admiring to