

art, that one feels inclined to laugh instead. A play, I saw, was an adaptation from the French, translated into Turkish, usual subject of adopted child, and death of mother in the first scene. And how she did die to be sure, just like a flounder ! but during this process there was scarcely a dry eye in the place—men in military dress weeping freely, with the tears falling unheeded on their gaily-decorated breasts. Of course I could not understand much of the dialogue, but I don't think it would have made much difference if I had. The actors were Greek ; imagine a Greek company playing a French tragedy, translated into Turkish, but it is on a par with everything else. The Turks never do anything for themselves, if they can possibly get some other nation to do it for them, and there are always plenty to take the trouble—and the money.

According to his lights, the Turk is a religious man, keeping his yearly fast during the sacred month of Ramazan, with pious exactitude. And what an ordeal it must be ! for none must touch food from sunrise to sunset, when guns are fired to announce the beginning and end of each day's fast. It is a sight to behold the " arrahbadges " or public carriage drivers, standing in their ranks, with a piece of bread in one hand, a cup of coffee in the other, and a cigarette planted behind an ear, waiting anxiously for the welcome signal, no sooner heard than each hand moves to each mouth as one, with most wonderful unanimity. This fast tells hardly amongst the workers, the rich simply spend as much time as possible in sleep, and they have a wonderful gift of somnolence.

In the middle of the month is a feast called Bairam, when everyone enjoys himself as much as possible, and the Sultan for the only time during the year, leaves the shelter of his palace walls, and proceeds to Stamboul in state, to kiss the Prophet's coat, which is guarded carefully in a mosque, and taken out

annually for the purpose. Yildiz, his charming palace on the Bosphorus, is situated some distance from Stamboul, and there are three ways between, two by land, and the other by water, but the way which will be taken remains a mystery until he actually appears, which is rather a disappointment to those spectators who are waiting for him on the ways he does not take. I happened, on one occasion, to be one of these, having been deluded into a long wait by the presence of the sand, which is spread over the road to the depth of several inches so that His Imperial Majesty's limbs may not be too rudely shaken over the terribly uneven stones, mis-called " pavements " in Constantinople. But, on this occasion he returned by water, as I afterwards learned, this sanding is always done in case he should drive that way. On this day every year, he has a new wife, as a reward, I suppose, for his unparalleled bravery in passing through crowds of his so-called loyal subjects.

Although I was disappointed at Bairam, I had a glimpse of the Sultan later, when I attended at the Pavilion and saw him drive down and enter the " Mosque Hamidieh," which he has built for his private devotions just outside the gates of Yildiz, and every Friday he " says his prayers " there, which is the Turkish way of saying " goes to church." Of course a card from one's Ambassador is necessary before one can be admitted (it really seems impossible to move without a card, or permit, or passport, or tesharry, or something in Turkey), having obtained which, the rest is easy. On arrival at the Pavilion, a long room with many windows, facing the mosque, we presented our " tickets-of-leave," for such they literally were, to a handsome officer clad in a most gorgeous and picturesque uniform, secured chairs, and found that by craning our necks almost to dislocation we could obtain a good view. To the right of the road up which we had just