

taught and fostered by the sanctimonious expounders of the Koran themselves. The Turk, naturally enough, looks upon himself as the paragon of God's sentient creation, while he regards woman as his slave in this world, and the toy and cateress to his pleasures in the world to come. On the other hand, a Turkish woman, of average intelligence and culture, willingly, and almost as naturally, looks upon her husband as a superior being, and upon herself as an animated bauble, created to be content in debasing herself for the sake of enhancing her lord's sum total of listless pleasure.

While there is, doubtless, a vast deal of negligence and consequent suffering among the poor, yet in the middle and higher walks of life, Turkish mothers and daughters, with all their forced obsequiousness to the opposite sex, are, by no means, the persecuted and sorrowful creatures we are often wont to regard them as being. As we have intimated, they are certainly content; and, perhaps, ever filled to repletion with such a species of happiness as our best judgment could award to them. Though sternly kept at bay in the household, and completely disguised upon the street, they discover a hundred times as much vivacity as the men, either at home or in the bazaars. True to the instincts of their sex, Turkish ladies do their own shopping; they exercise their own taste in the selection of their cosmetics, their laces and jewelry.

The repeated seclusion and exclusiveness of women in Turkey has been highly exaggerated. A foreigner, doing business at the bazaar of a merchant, by judiciously courting his favor, finds little difficulty in sharing the social amenities of the Moslem's household. Diplomatic etiquette allows the resident ministers and envoys from other countries to be presented to the wives of Turkish officials and noblemen; and through these avenues, a cultivated civilian of any nationality finds no difficulty in obtaining a similar recognition, and even private audiences at the houses of the most opulent families.

During all seasons of festivity, a species of masquerade or localized carnival is very common in Constantinople. These evening parties are of every possible grade and quality. Those

held at common *cafenets* are open to all, strangers and foreigners not excepted. A masquerade at the residence of an ambassador is a magnificent affair. At these evening parties, card-playing and dancing are the chief amusements. At the supper-table, it is no uncommon thing for ladies of wealth and quality to be seen wrapping up in their handkerchiefs dainty tid-bits of pastry or roasted birds, while confectionery is carried off by the pocket-full and nothing thought of it.

While the amusements already mentioned are going on in spacious drawing-rooms, in another apartment the visitor finds a party of *Dragomen* bartering an ancient medal, a fragment of statuary or gems from the stall of a street-sweeper; a valuable shawl may be offered for sale or specimens of costly lace displayed. In an out-of-the-way corner, two Greek physicians are discussing the merits of different forms of practice in the treatment of various diseases. Ranged upon the sofas are elderly Greek women engrossed in noisy conversation, not forgetting to display their showy tresses of false or dyed hair, their jewelry, their embroidered handkerchiefs and flowing robes. The description of one of these assemblies will amply suffice, for they are all alike in the main points. Those gatherings held at public eating-houses and lodging-places, are, of course, infested with dissolute characters of both sexes who do not scruple to openly display the grossest instincts. Unlike similar gatherings, however, in communities much more civilized and enlightened, Turkish evening entertainments are rarely disgraced by uproarious conduct or drunken quarrelings.

But, again I am compelled by time and space to bring this letter to a close, so once more adieu. ORIENT.

#### SAUNTERINGS IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

On our first page will be found a beautifully lithographed view of the towns of Yale and Nanaimo, in British Columbia. The former is named after one of the Hudson's Bay Company officers, and nestles at the foot of the Cascade mountains, on a gravel bench at the head of steamboat navigation on the Fraser river. The surrounding scenery is diversified, forming a grand panoramic view of picturesque beauty. Previous to the gold discovery in 1858

it was a mere post of the Hudson's Bay Company, who here bartered with Indians for furs of all kinds. The gold excitement, however, brought thousands of people of all colors and professions from Oregon, California and other parts of the Pacific Coast, to woe fickle fortune on the banks and bars of the Fraser, and thus the town of Yale had its birth, and soon grew into an important village. Since placer mining has ceased to be remunerative, the town has decreased in population, numbering at present only about 300. Being, however, at the head of steamboat navigation, from whence all freight for the Cariboo country has to be transferred from steamboats to mule-back, it still retains considerable bustle, and will, perhaps, always remain a place of importance. Several sparkling mountain streams empty into the Fraser near this place. They fairly swarm with the very finest of mountain trout, and afford rare sport to the angler during the months of July, August and September. Yale boasts of several substantial brick stores and a most excellent hotel, and as a summer resort has few equals on the coast, combining at once the fresh invigorating mountain climate with the comforts of city life. The result of the Canadian Pacific Railroad survey has confirmed the Fraser Valley route, therefore hopes are entertained that next summer the people of Yale will see the first sod broken for the construction of the Canadian Pacific railroad, which, when completed, will add greatly towards advancing the industries of the province.

Nanaimo is a beautiful, thriving little seaport town, about eighty miles north of Victoria, and is the shipping point for the extensive coal fields in that district. It contains a population of about 1000, and has regular steamboat communication with Victoria. The Sitka steamers also stop here for coal. Nanaimo boasts of a most excellent newsy semi-weekly paper, the *Free Press*, and is the general trading point for a large extent of mining country.

First irate female: "I'd hate to be in your shoes!" Second Ditto: "You couldn't get in them!"

A correspondent of *The Crucible*, evidently a pious man too, in describing the early Rogue River massacres, says: "They were beautiful tragedies!"