

visions opening out to the right and left, until we halted to rest for an hour or two on a grassy carpet, near a gurgling fountain.

The descent was frightfully bad; it might be compared to the effect of going down a cascade of granite rocks, varied here and there with rippling streams. Long poles had been cut in preparation of this day's expedition, which assisted us considerably, as the whole party, with the exception of Mrs. C—— (whose horse was equal to any emergency of mountain travel), went down the steep declivity on foot, collecting meanwhile specimens of the floral treasures spread around,—amongst others, a beautiful pale lilac blossom, which grew in abundance, and was new to us.

We slept that night in the house of the Greek Bishop of Filurina, or Florina, a beautifully situated town on the verge of the plain. The good Bishop, as usual, gave up his best rooms to his guests, stowing himself out of the way somewhere on the premises. He was overflowing with the most hospitable intentions, which he had a wonderfully stormy manner of expressing: several times we started, as his ringing voice resounded

through the rooms in what seemed a violent burst of anger; but we knew after awhile that he was only mildly recommending attention to our comfort and wishes.

This Florina is said to be so healthy a place, that a resident doctor would find no practice here; consequently, when any one does happen to be ill, they must seek medical aid as far off as Monastir, at five or six hours' distance. It is not quite so happy in its moral atmosphere.

It was (I think) a day or two after our visit that a Mussulman went to the shop of a Khandjie, a Christian, and asked for raki; the Khandjie, perceiving that his customer had already taken more than was good for him, refused to comply with his demand, whereupon the Turk deliberately drew his pistol and shot the Khandjie dead on the spot.

The deed was done in open day, in a frequented street, and before numerous spectators, both Turks and Christians. The Khandjie's son was in the back part of the shop, and saw his father killed; he dashed forward, seized a billet of wood, and instantly felled the murderer, whom they were

obliged to take to the hospital before he was committed to prison. He was afterwards tried; but as the evidence of Christians against him was not exactly palatable, although by law admissible, and the Turks who had witnessed the deed would give no testimony but such as was in favour of the accused, the Khandjie's blood still cries aloud for punishment on his guilty murderer.

Such acts of lawless and unpunished outrage are of common occurrence. It is impossible to travel at all in the provinces without hearing of them continually, and justice compels the mention of them; but justice also induces me to add, that in the interior of Turkish homes I have found much, very much more good, and far less harm, than one is taught to expect. In several families I have been welcomed with hospitality, and have received many a gentle kindness and delicate attention; and I can affirm (as the result of considerable experience) that I have never met with anything in the manners and customs of the Ha'arem, which need shock the most timorous susceptibility. I have remained for weeks in a household where one hundred women, the attend-

ants of a Sultana, lived together in apparent harmony ; and, during that time, I scarcely heard the sound of strife or anger, which is probably more than could be said for women similarly circumstanced amongst us. I know families, especially in the middle class, whose daily lives appear simple and irreproachable ; and in the home of one high dignitary with which I am acquainted, the domestic relations of husband and wife, parents and children, are such as would be admirable anywhere.

There is great kindness and gentleness of feeling for little children amongst the Turks, and their respect for the aged parent is beyond all praise. I have seen more than one great Pasha suddenly rise, as a withered old woman entered the room, and remain standing until the "Validé" (the mother) had taken the seat of honour.

It is difficult for strangers to form a true idea of life in the Ha'arems ; the Turks rarely speak of their families, and do not of course admit their gentlemen-visitors beyond the limits of the Salamlik, while (with the exception of the talented lady who has given us the charming result of her im-

pressions and experiences "In and around Stamboul") few, even of the European residents at Constantinople, have much facility for making themselves acquainted with the domestic habits of their Moslem neighbours, and of rectifying any preconceived errors on the subject which they may have brought with them. There are good and bad everywhere, and you may chance to come in contact with a household which is *not respectable*, in Stamboul, as in London or Paris, or where not? but such exceptions ought not to form an invariable rule.

An enterprising lady-traveller will now and then undertake to investigate the subject, and asking for introductions, is usually presented in one or two "show families," where the ambition for conciliating European customs and fashions with the laws of the Koran, has succeeded in destroying what the French aptly term the *couleur locale* in dress and manner, without achieving any very great result in the way of progress.

Turkish ladies wishing to adopt "Frank" manners to please their husbands, who have perhaps spent years in the Embassies of London, Paris, and

Vienna, labour under great disadvantages, and are led to form quite as false notions of the state of society with us, as we do of their own. The Christian women with whom they come mostly in contact are a certain class of Greek and Armenian female pedlars, who go from house to house, selling painted handkerchiefs, trimmings, embroideries, and European goods at enormous prices; they are not a respectable class of women, and the ideas which they bring with them are not likely to raise the moral standard of their listeners. Then two or three of the most enlightened having learned to read a little French, trashy French novels are put into their hands, furnishing them with edifying notions of "Frank" life for their imitation; is it therefore to be wondered at, that the virtuous Turkish matron shrinks from these "Giaour" innovations, and prefers the rules and restrictions in which she has been brought up? It is not until a higher standard of moral responsibility is introduced, that anything like real progress can be hoped for among the Mussulman population of Turkey.

Florina was the last stage of our pleasant summer ramble; we re-entered Monastir in the soft evening light, and ten days later saw us once more on the blue Ægean, on our return to our home in the City of the Sultan.

THE END.

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