

like an elephant's trunk, suspended from their foreheads, and only permitting their kobt stained eyes to appear. In another, a group of Turks in long flowing drapery are seated in a circle smoking their chibouques in silence, and enjoying society after the fashion of other gregarious animals; grooms with petticoat trousers are leading horses with crimson velvet saddles, richly embroidered; a squad of soldiers in white cotton uniform is marching by to very wild music; and here and there a Frank with long moustaches is lounging about contemplating these unconscious tableaux which seem to have been got up for his amusement. This part of the town is clean and well ordered, but in the Arab parts the smells were loathsome beyond description. Shrouded women glided by of the ghastliest appearance; the sickly looking people looked like the inmates of an hospital, who had broken loose and got possession of the wardrobe of Drury lane theatre. Such is the coup d'œil of Alexandria.

Place aux dames. On entering a strange country, its women are the first objects of interest to the moralist as well as the epicurean. To the former, because the education of men is always their work; to the latter, because almost every grace and charm of daily life is owing to her influence or interwoven with her being—"On a dit qu'il y a de la femme dans tout ce qu'on aime."

Difficult a study as woman presents in all countries, that difficulty deepens almost into impossibility in a land where even to look upon her is a matter of danger or death. The seclusion of the harem is preserved in the very streets by means of an impenetrable veil; the well-bred Egyptian averts his eyes as she passes by; she is ever to remain an object of mystery; and the most intimate acquaintance never inquires after the wife of his friend, or affects to know of her existence. This very mystery, however, piques the often-baffled inquirer; and between Europeans who have become almost Egyptian, and Egyptians who have become almost European, one is able to obtain some information even on this delicate subject.

The Eastern woman seems as happy in her lot as her European sister, notwithstanding the plurality of wives in which her lord indulges or ventures upon. In her "public opinion's law" there is no more disparagement in occupying the second place as a wife, than there is in Europe as a daughter. The manners of patriarchal ages remain in Egypt as unchanged as its monuments; and the people of Cairo no more think of objecting to a man's marrying a second wife, than those of Memphis thought of questioning the legitimacy of Joseph. The Koran, following the example of the Jewish doctors, only allows four wives to each Musselman, and they seldom avail themselves even of this limited allowance to its fullest extent. Some harems contain two hundred females, including wives, mothers in law, concubines, and the various slaves belonging to each. These feminine barracks, seem, however, very different from what such establishments would be in Europe. In the harem there is as much order and decorum as in an English quaker's home. It is guarded as the tiger guards his young; but its inmates consider this as a compliment, and fancy themselves neglected, if not closely watched. This cause for complaint seldom occurs, for the Egyptian has no blind confidence in the strength of a woman's character or woman's love; he considers it safer, if not more glorious, to keep her out of the reach of temptation, than to run the chance of her overcoming it.

Born and brought up in the harem, women never seem to pine at its imprisonment; like cage-birds, they sing among their bars, and discover in their avaries a thousand little pleasures invisible to eyes that have a wider range. There are no literary ledgers: knowing not the thoughts of others, they associate the more with their own; and who can tell what wild and beautiful regions of imagination their minds may wander through, unimprisoned, if undirected by education. To them, in their calm seclusion, the strifes of the battling world come softened and almost hushed; they only hear the far off murmur of life's stormy sea, and if their human lot dooms them to their cares, they are as transient as those of childhood.

Once, as I was passing through the secluded village of Cairo, I found myself near one of the principal harems. I paused by the dull, dark wall, over which the palm tree waved, and the scent of the sweet flowers and the bubbling of the fountains stole; and there I listened to the sweet laughter of the odalisques within. It was broken by snatches of untaught song, to which the merry unsexed band joined chorus, and kept time by clapping hands, on which their jewelled bracelets tinkled. It was a mixture of most merry mirth, and as I pictured to myself the gay group within, I wondered whether they deserved that pity of their European sisters which they so little appreciate. An English lady visiting an odalisque inquired what pleasure her profusion of rich ornaments could afford, as no person except her husband was ever to behold them. "And for whom," replied the fair barbarian, "do you adorn yourself? Is it for other men?" I have conversed with several European ladies who have visited harems, and they have all confessed their inability to convince the Eastern wives of the unhappiness or hardship of their state. It is true that the odalisque knows nothing of the unhappiness or hardship of their state. It is true that the odalisque knows nothing of the advantages of the wild liberty (as it seems to her) that the European woman enjoys. She has never witnessed the domestic happiness that crowns a fashionable life, or the peace of mind and purity of heart that reward the labors of a London season; and what can she know of the disinterested affection and changeless

constancy of ball room belles in the land where woman is all free. Let them laugh on in their happy ignorance of a better lot, while round them is gathered all that their lord can command of luxury and pleasantness. His wealth is hoarded for them alone; he permits himself no ostentation except the respectable one of arms and horses; the time is weary that he passes apart from his home. The stern tyrants are gentle in the harem: Mehemet Ali never refused a woman's prayer; and even Ali Pasha was humanized by his love for Emineh. In the time of the Mamelukes, criminals were always led to execution blindfolded—and if they had met a woman, and could touch her garment, they were saved, whatever was their crime. Thus idolized, watched, and guarded, the Egyptian woman's life is nevertheless, entirely in the power of her lord, and her death is the inevitable penalty of his dishonor. No piquant case of crime can ever amuse the Egyptian public: the injured husband is his own judge, judge and jury; his only "gentlemen of the long robe" are his eunuchs, and the knife or the Nile the only damages. The law never interferes in these little domestic arrangements.

Poor Fatima! shivered as she was in the palace of a tyrant, the fame of her beauty spread abroad through Cairo. She was one among a hundred in the harem of Abbas Pasha, a man stained with every foul and loathsome vice; and who can wonder, though many may condemn, if she listened to a darling young Albanian, who risked his life but to obtain a sight of her; whether she did listen or not none can ever know, but the eunuchs saw the glitter of the Albanian's arras as he leapt from her terrace into the Nile, and vanished in the darkness. The following evening a merry English party dined together on board Lord E——'s boat, as it lay moored off the Isle of Rhoda; conversation had sunk into silence, as the calm night came on—a light breeze floated perfumes from the gardens, once the starlit Nile, and scarcely moved the clouds that rose from the chibouque; all was peace and tranquility, when a boat, crowded with dark figures, in which arms gleamed, shot out from one of the arches of the palace; it paused under the bank where the water rushed deep and gloomily along—for a moment a white figure appeared among that dark boat's crew—there was a slight bustle, and a faint splash, and then the river flowed on as merrily as if poor Fatima still sung her Georgian song to the murmur of the waters.

I was riding along the bank of the Mareotis one evening; the low land, half swamp, half desert, was level as the lake,—there was no sound except the ripple of the waves along the far extended shore, and the heavy flapping of the pelican's wings, as she rose from the water's edge. Not a palm tree raised its plumed head, not a shrub crept along the ground; the sun was low, but there was nothing to cast a shadow on the monotonous waste, except a few Moslem tombs with sculptured turbans. These stood apart from every sign of life, end even of their kindred dead, like those upon the Lido at Venice. As I paused to contemplate this scene of desolation, an Egyptian hurried past me with a bloody knife in his hand; his dress was mean and ragged, but his countenance was one that the father of Don Carlos might have worn—he never raised his eyes as he passed by, and my groom who just then came up, told me he had slain his wife, and was going to his father to denounce her.

My boat was just moored in the little harbor of Assonan, the old Syrene, the boundary between Egypt and Ethiopia—opposite lies Eliphanta, the "isle of flowers," strewn with ruins, and shaded by magnificent palm trees; the last eddies of the cataract of the Nile foming round dark red granite cliffs, which rise precipitously from the river, and are piled into a mountain, crowned by a ruined Saracenic castle. A forest of palm trees divides the village from the quiet shore, on whose silvery sands my tent was pitched. A man in an Egyptian dress saluted me in Italian, and in a few moments was smoking a chibouque and sipping coffee, by my side. He was very handsome, but his faded cheek and sunken eye showed hardship and suffering, and he spoke in a low and humble voice. In reply to my question, as to how a person of his appearance came into this remote region, he told me that he had been lately practicing as a surgeon in Alexandria, he had married a Levantine girl, whose beauty was to him as "la faccia del cielo." He had been absent from his home, and she had betrayed him. On his return he met her with a smiling countenance; in the evening he accompanied her to a deep well, whither she went to draw water, and as she leant over it, he threw her in! As he said this, he paused, and placed his hands to his ears, as if he still heard her dying shriek. He then continued: "I have fled from Alexandria till the affair is blown over. I was robbed near Steut, and have supported myself miserably ever since by giving medical advice to the poor country people. I shall soon return, and all will be forgotten; if I had not avenged myself, her own family must have done so, you know." And so this woman murderer smoked on, and continued talking in a low and gentle voice till the moon was high—then he went his way, and I saw him no more.

MY MOTHER'S KISS.

I love to hear the music
Of my brother's careless glee,
And many a household voice
Bringeth melody to me.
I love the gentle pressure
Of many a fond caress,
Yet is there one that more than all
Hath power to soothe and bless.

My infant lip turned eagerly
To meet its soft salute,

Given with a trembling earnestness,
That sealed the giver's mute.
I loved it then, unconsciously,
And from that hour to this,
There is nought on earth so precious
As my mother's gentle kiss,
It was then my richest gem,
When, some childish lesson o'er,
With the wildly gushing joyousness
That may visit me no more,
My young heart overflowing
With the fulness of its bliss,
I flew to claim the promise
Of her proud and happy kiss.

And when at length grown weary
Of happiness and play,
I sought repose and balmy sleep,
At close of summer day;
When my vesper hymn was over,
And my evening prayer was said,
And the curtains gathered carefully
By her hand around my bed,
The fervent pressure of that kiss,
As my eye began to close,
Shed o'er my rest its rosy dreams,
Till the early birds arose.

And even when a wanderer
From my love encircled home,
Mid other scenes, with other friends,
Delightedly I roam;
When the twilight shadows gather,
And the dew falls on the flower,
And on the weary bird are turning
Each in his forest bower,
And the fond heart homeward tendeth,
Oh! 'tis sorrowful to miss
The accents of her sweet "good-night,"
My mother's parting kiss.

The cold world may disprove
Heart's e'er so closely twined,
The fairest flowers may wither,
Breathed on by northern wind;
Glad tones may lose their music,
Kind words grow harsh and strange,
Yet the magic of my mother's voice,
For me can never change.

The fond heart may be driven
From its sweet repose in love;
Dark waters gather round us,
And skies grow dark above;
Yet earth hath still one resting place—
My heart's strong faith be this;
There is no power can chill or change
My mother's gentle kiss.

New Works.

From De Custine's Empire of the Czars.
THE KREMLIN AT MOSCOW.

The Kremlin on its hill gives me the idea of a city of princes built in the midst of a city of people. This tyrannical castle, this proud heap of stones, looks down scornfully upon the abode of common men; and, contrary to what is the case in structures of ordinary dimensions, the nearer we approach the indestructible mass the more our wonder increases. In this prodigious creation, strength takes the place of beauty, caprice of elegance; it is like the dream of a tyrant, fearful but full of power; it has something in it that disowns the age; means of defence which are adapted to a system of war that exists no longer; an architecture that has no connection with the wants of modern civilization; a heritage of the fabulous ages; a gaol, a palace, a sanctuary, a bulwark against the nation's foes, a bastille against the nation, a prop of tyrants, a prison of the people—such is the Kremlin. A kind of northern Acropolis, a pantheon of barbarism, this national fabric may be called the Alcazar of the Slavonians. The fear of a man possessing absolute power is the most dreadful thing upon earth; and, with all the imagery of this fear visible in the Kremlin, it is still impossible to approach the fabric without a shudder. Towers of every form—round, square, and pointed roofs; belfries, domes, turrets, spires, sentry boxes upon minarets, steeples of every height and style, palaces, domes, and watch towers, walls, embattlemented and pierced with loopholes, ramparts, fortifications of every species, whimsical inventions, incomprehensible devices, chinks by the side of cathedrales—everything announces violation and disorder—everything betrays the continual watchfulness of the singular beings who were condemned to live in this supernatural world. Yet these innumerable monuments of pride, caprice, voluptuousness, glory, and pity, notwithstanding their apparent variety, express one single idea, which reigns here everywhere—war maintained by fear. The Kremlin is the work of a superhuman being, but that being is malevolent. Glory in slavery—such is the allegory figured by this satanic monument, as extraordinary in architecture as the visions of St. John are in poetry.

From Abbott's Journey to Khiva and Sam, Petersburg.

THE LINES OF THE RUSSIAN GUARD AT SUNSET.

Ere quitting Krasno Celo, I visited one evening, the lines of the Imperial Guard at sunset. They are encamped upon a ridge of trifling elevation, and are all drawn up in front of their lines at this hour, for a species of vesper service. The Emperor and the two Arch-duchesses were present, and I approached them as nearly as I considered I might without disrespect. His commanding person, which had so well become the review ground, was still seen to advantage between the fairy and graceful figures of his daughters. It is truly a noble family. In dignity, in virtue, in personal beauty, equally the first in the land. Fifty thousand

men were paraded in line in front of their respective positions, awaiting the signal of sunset, which is a rocket. The instant that had gained its highest elevation in the heavens, every band of every regiment of this large force, broke simultaneously the dead silence that had prevailed, playing in subdued tone, variously diminished by distance, the vesper hymn. Of all solemnities I have ever witnessed, this was the most affecting and imposing. The music itself swelling and falling in its own modulation, and fitfully affected by the breeze of evening; now bursting into bold measures of melody, now subdued, until the most distant notes found audience; now mingling and melting in unison, now clashing in partial contrasts not amounting to discord; but, ever solemn, dreamy as the hour; was almost more than the excited nerves could bear.

From the Empire of the Caar, by the Marquis of Custine.

THE WINTER PALACE IN ST. PETERSBURGH.

I saw the façade of the new winter palace—a mighty result of human will applying human physical powers in a struggle with the laws of nature. The end has been attained, for in one year this palace has arisen from its ashes; and I believe it is the largest which exists—equalling the Louvre and the Tuileries put together. In order to complete the work at the time appointed by the Emperor, unheard of efforts were necessary. The interior works were continued during the great frosts; 6000 workmen were continually employed; of these a considerable number died daily, but the victims were instantly replaced by other champions brought forward to perish, in their turn, in this glorious breach. And the sole end of all these sacrifices was to gratify the caprice of one man. Among people naturally, that is to say, anciently civilized, the life of men is only exposed when common interests, the urgency of which is universally admitted, demand it. But how many generations of monarchs has not the example of Peter the Great corrupted! During frosts, when the thermometer was 25 to 30 degrees below 0 of Réaumur, 6000 obscure martyrs—martyrs without merit, for their obedience was involuntary—was shut up in halls heated to 30 degrees of Réaumur, in order that the walls might dry more quickly; in entering and leaving this abode of death, destined to become, by virtue of their sacrifice, the abode of vanity, magnificence, and pleasure. Thus these miserable beings would have to endure a difference of 50 or 60 degrees of temperature. The works in the mines of the Uralian mountains are less inimical to life; and yet the workmen employed at Petersburg were not malefactors. I was told that those who had to paint the interior of the most highly heated halls, were obliged to place on their heads a kind of bonnet of ice, in order to preserve the use of their senses under the burning temperature. Had there been a design to disgust the world with arts, elegance, luxury, and all the pomp of courts, could a more efficacious mode have been taken? And yet the sovereign was called father, by the men immolated before his eyes in prosecuting an object of pure imperial vanity. They were neither spies nor Russian cynics who gave me these details, the authenticity of which I guarantee.

SECRECY IN RUSSIA—A TALE OF THE CARNIVAL.

At the last carnival, a lady of my acquaintance had permitted her waiting woman to go out on the Sunday. Night came, and this person did not return. On the following morning the lady, very uneasy, sent to obtain information from the police. They replied that no accident had occurred in Petersburg on the preceding night, and that no doubt the femme de chambre had lost herself, and would soon return safe and sound. The day passed in deceitful security. On the day following a relation of the girl's, a young man tolerably versed in the secrets of the police, conceived the idea of going to the Hall of Surgery, to which one of his friends procured him an admission. Scarcely had he entered when he recognised the corpse of his cousin, which the pupils were just about to commence dissecting. Being a good Russian, he preserved self command sufficient to conceal his emotion and asked—"Whose body is this?"

No one knows; it is that of a girl's who was found dead the night before last, in — street; it is believed that she has been strangled in attempting to defend herself against men who endeavored to violate her. "Who are the men?" "We do not know; one can only form conjectures on the event; proof are wanting." "How did you obtain the body?" "The police sold it to us privately, so we will not talk about it." This last is a common expression in the mouth of a Russ, or an acclimated foreigner. I admit that the above circumstances are not so revolting as those of the crime of Burke in England; but the peculiar characteristic of Russia is the protective silence in which similar atrocities are shrouded. The cousin was dead. The mistress of the victim dared not complain; and now, after a lapse of six months, I am, perhaps, the only person to whom she has related the death of her femme de chambre. It will be seen by this how the subaltern agents of the Russian police perform their duties. These faithless servants gained a double advantage by selling the body of the murdered woman; they obtained a few roubles, and they also concealed the murder, which would have brought upon them severe blame, if the noise of the event had got abroad.

Appropos—A well dressed young man at a ball, in whisking about the room, ran his head against a young lady. He began to apologise. "Not a word, sir, she said, 'it is not hard enough to hurt anybody.'"