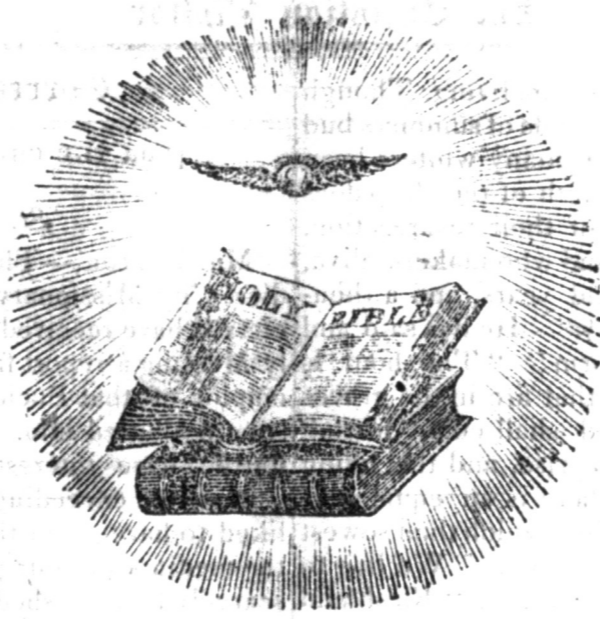


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REV. E. D. VERY,

"BY PURENESS, BY KNOWLEDGE—BY LOVE UNFEIGNED."—ST. PAUL.

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THE GRAVE.

On this side, and on that, men see their friends
Drop off, like leaves in Autumn; yet launch
out
Into fantastic schemes which the long lives
In the world's hale and undegenerate days
Could scarce have leisure for. Fools that we
are!

Never to think of death and of ourselves
At the same time! as if to learn to die
Were no concern of ours. Oh, more than
sottish!

For creatures of a day in gamsome mood
To frolic on Eternity's dread brink,
Unapprehensive; when for aught we know,
The very first swollen surge shall sweep us in!
Think we, or think we not, time hurries on,
With a resistless, unremitting stream;
Yet treads more soft than e'er did midnight
thief.

That slides his hand under the miser's pillow,
And carries off his prize. What is the world?
What, but a spacious burial field unwall'd,
Strew'd with death's spoils, the spoils of animals
Savage and tame, and full of dead men's
bone's!

The very turf on which we tread once liv'd.
And we that live must lend our carcasses
To cover our own offspring: in their turns
They too must cover theirs.

Selected.

[From the Courier and Enquirer.]

THE TURKS.

*Turkish Manners—Turkish Character—
Turkish Society—Slaves and Slave Markets—
Growing mildness and prospective wane
of Mahometanism—Education neither pos-
sessed nor desired.*

We naturally regard the Turks as a species of outside barbarians, and it is a little difficult to survey them with a perfectly unprejudiced eye; yet an honest view affords much that can be contemplated with satisfaction. Their gravity of mien, soberness of gait, and rich flowing robes give them an air of gentlemanly dignity, in pleasing contrast with the hurried expressions, the impertinent carriage, and the stiff angular garments of Franks; and there is a natural ease and delicacy in their social forms and etiquette, that is far superior to anything ordinarily observed at home. Personal cleanliness is not among them as among us a half-neglected "semi-virtue," but a scrupulously fulfilled religious obligation. Propriety and courtesy distinguish their mutual intercourse, and hospitality, rendered to all without distinction of country or condition, is an inviolable duty. Quarreling is extremely rare among them, and their treatment of the brute creation is far kinder than ours.—The Koran prescribes the giving of one-tenth of their income to charitable purposes, and benevolence with them is no transient impulse, but an abiding sacred principle. I look here in vain for the equality and beggary that used to meet my eyes everywhere in *la belle France* and "*Merrie England*." Intemperance, the curse of so many Christian lands, is driven away from the followers of the Prophet by the divine law which forbids the use of wine. The fatalism, for which the Turks are reproached, is not the stupid folly it is represented. They are as earnest in averting calamity as other men, but when calamity comes, with sublime resignation, they are ready to exclaim, "God hath willed it." In truth and honesty they are inferior to few other people, and are certainly far superior to the Jews and Christians that dwell among them.—Amours and intrigues and conjugal infidelity prevail to a certain extent in their social life, but far less than in France, which calls itself

the mistress of modern civilization; and public prostitution among them has no local habitation and hardly a name. Polygamy is tolerated by the law, but public opinion decidedly condemns it.

It is the magnates of the land only who have a plurality of wives; even they seldom have more than two or three, and the Sultan himself never more than seven. The Koran permits husbands to chastise and divorce their wives at pleasure; but these privileges are not often abused. Children are trained to honor and submit to their parents, and great affection and kindness usually pervade their family relations. The women, instead of being kept in that strict restraint so generally imagined, are in reality more free than in any continental country of Western Europe. They repair to the mosques, range the bazaars, and ride into the country on pleasure parties in perfect liberty. Multitudes of them of all classes go every Friday unattended to the valley of the Sweet Waters, five miles up the Golden Horn. I have been among them there, and have seldom beheld more unrestrained and yet innocent enjoyment. It is true that Mahometan females are not allowed to appear in public unveiled; but this is no great hardship, since the *yushmeec*, which is of white muslin, is usually, especially if the face is pretty, so thin and transparent that the features are easily discernible. The Sultana frequently issues edicts, prescribing the thickness of the veils and the mode of wearing them; but woman's will is the same everywhere, and the compliance is but temporary.

It is true, that among Mahometans, women are not ranked so high in the scale of creation as men; but the prevailing idea, that females are here deemed to have no souls, is a strange mistake. They are regarded as immortal beings, and as subject to religious obligations and responsibilities. Husbands may or may not, as they please, admit their wives to share with the houries their love in the abodes of bliss hereafter; but the wives who are excluded are neither annihilated nor damned, but go to dwell in separate appropriate places of enjoyment.

Slavery still exists in Turkey, but with none of its blacker elements. Its type is much like that of the slavery of ancient Scripture times. The slave, instead of being a soulless chattel is really a member of his master's family. He is neither despised nor degraded; he possesses his rights and his privileges, and has many facilities for elevating his social condition. His compulsory term of service is only seven years, and when he leaves his master, the latter is bound to settle upon him a *peculium*. He is subjected to no such task work as is imposed upon the American slave, since his business is not field labor, but attention to the personal wants of his master. Slaves in Turkey frequently rise to the highest places of trust and dignity, and become Seraskiers and even Viziers. The son-in-law of the late Sultan was originally a Georgian slave. Circassian slaves are now comparatively rare, not however on account of any unwillingness on the part of Circassian parents to intrust their children to Turkish control, but because the Russians prevent as much as possible their exportation from the Black Sea ports. The few that in spite of all obstacles find their way to Constantinople, are never exposed to public sale, but are to be purchased only at a few private houses in the suburb of Tophane. There is even no longer a market for black African slaves. It was abolished by the late Sultan, and will never again be tolerated.

The Turks still continue to wash with "Oriental scrupulosity," and to recite their *namaz* five times a day with a punctiliousness that cannot be surpassed. The mass of the people yet exhibit a fidelity and devotion to

their faith, that ought to make Christians blush for shame. But the Moslem religion has lost much of its fire and energy. It has abated its fierce intolerance, and now, though it still threatens apostasy with death, it seldom insults and never persecutes those who have never been the followers of the Prophet. The upper class of society are generally infidels, and conform externally to the regulations of the Koran, only from fear of the civil law and of public opinion. The great body of the people cling to their religion, not from fanaticism, but because it is interwoven with all their civil and social relations, and is completely identified with the history of their country. They know their creed only in its broad features. Having no priesthood, they receive but little religious instruction. Ignorant of Arabic, the Koran is to them a sealed book; it has never been translated into Turkish, because, forsooth, its only charm consists in its Arabic jingle, which is as untranslatable into any foreign tongue as the English melody of Hi-diddle diddle. There is a general impression among Mahometans that their religion will soon begin to decline. This impression is derived from two traditional sayings of the Prophet: "My religion will first increase and then decrease;" and "My religion will survive a thousand years, but not two thousand."

A few respectable schools have lately been established by Government in Constantinople and Smyrna; but no such thing as a system of public instruction yet exists in the Sultan's dominions. It is not among the wants of the people. There is no inclination to inquiry—no disposition to learn. Intellectual vacancy is as precious to the true Moslem as physical repose. He is perfectly content to go on believing that the earth is flat and is suspended by four great chains to a tremendous volcano, whose eruptions cause earthquakes—that the sun sets in a sea of mud, which makes it cool in the morning—and that the stars are big lamps hung in the sky by Divine Mercy, to please poor mortals;—yes, well content is the true Moslem to believe all this, because with him "ignorance is bliss," and "thought would destroy his paradise."

SUBTERRANEAN LONDON SEWERS.

Every principal street in London has a sewer or underground street running under it, to drain off all impurities, and the water when it rains. These dismal, subterranean passages, are sufficiently capacious for a man to walk in, and they are continually inhabited by a set of fellows who get their livelihood by their possession of these underground streets.—Their whole business is searching for lost articles that may be washed down from the streets above; and they collect pins, needles, and such minute and comparatively worthless things, occasionally finding pencils and even rings of great value. A sewer-searcher has been known to find a thousand dollars worth of articles in a day, but it was a wonderful piece of good luck. These horrible streets are dark, wet, and infested by noxious scents, and rats of enormous size and rapacity. To the health of the city the rats are indispensable, as they devour all vegetables and animal substances that drain into the sewers, which otherwise would putrify and generate disease. So blood-thirsty are these creatures, that they have been known to attack the walkers; and once a man went in alone and got lost, and when found nothing but his bones and garments were left. Whether the rats attacked and killed him, or whether he died by starvation, and they afterwards devoured him, of course is not known; but probably when he became weakened by want of sustenance, they commenced their attack and literally devoured

him alive. A more hideous death could not be imagined. There is great danger of getting lost in the sewers, as no light, no guide marks are visible as above ground, and it takes an old inhabitant to thread the open London streets, without occasionally losing himself.

The old ones apprentice the boys to the business, and if a father has been accustomed to have for his daily beat the cheapside sewer, he will educate his son to know his exact locality, and the bearings of all the sewers that are in its region, so that he may never run the risk of being lost, of which there is an awful risk indeed. If one goes down in the morning to the river side, when the tide is out, he will see myriads of those wretched fellows accoutred for their day's work. Dressed in the most disgusting apparel, and in each left hand a small lamp they await the time when the tide is so far out that they may enter the mouth of these dark and pestiferous ducts. When the time is come they enter for the day, and no matter what happens, for a few hours at least, they are as completely shut out from all the world, as if in Purgatory, for soon the tide sets in, and the doors of the prison are solid columns of dirty water, through which no man could swim or wade. Be the necessity ever so urgent, there they must remain till Old Neptune of the far off ocean, chooses to release them. Frequently the old stagers exchange sons in apprenticeship to accustom them to several 'beats,' as they are called, and the young ones go into the business as scientifically, and with as due an importance of feeling as the engineer of Thames Tunnel. The sight is a ludicrous one when the tide is again out, and they make their appearance in hordes, with old shoes, pins, needles, canes, pencils, and whatever else is lost in the mighty city of London, and has been washed down into the underground streets. Some have perhaps been all day and found nothing, while others have made 'rich hauls.' They are generally generous to each other, as is very often the case among the wretched and deprived, be it said to the shame of many well circumstanced people.

VAULTS.—The wine vaults of London are another great subterranean wonder, and I had the pleasure of visiting them one day through the order of a celebrated wine merchant.—Their vaults cover between thirty and forty acres of ground, and that too in the most thickly settled portions of the Babel city.—They lie contiguous to the docks, and are immediately under the streets and cellars of the buildings about the wharves and docks. They were built because of the absence of room for storing wines near the dock, and because of the convenience of a general Wine Cellar, where all merchants can store their wines and allow them to be tasted, upon order, and also to be purchased therefrom. The only method that I know of to gain admission is through an order to taste the wine of a certain cask—of course no one is obliged to taste, or at least to drink, though it is rarely one refuses. The order that my friend and I received ran thus:

Admit bearer and friends to taste cask No. 3421, Orpoto Wine.

Signed,

We entered the vestibule (of what the temperance men this side of the water would call 'the hell') and after presenting our order, were each furnished with a tin lamp, attached to a guide, and a long wooden handle, and commenced descending the steps to the floor of a vault. The name of the cellar we were in was the 'East Vault,' and covered thirteen acres of ground. The whole space was divided up into streets and blocks—the blocks consisting of solid casks of wine—Sicily, Orpoto, Madeira, Sherry, and all other kinds