

MACADAMIZED ROADS IN TURKEY.

From the Boston Rambler.

The Turkish government have recently undertaken a work of internal improvement, which, considering the people who have engaged in it, and the difficulties to be encountered in the character of the country, must appear almost as magnificent an enterprise, in their eyes, as our Pacific Railroad does to us. It is the construction of a Macadamized road (so the Turks themselves call it, getting the name as well as the idea from the English) more than 30 feet wide from Trebizond to Erzurum, a distance of 200 miles. The present method of transporting goods is on the backs of animals; but it seems even the Turks have an inkling of better times coming, and begin to consider their camels, mules and donkeys as rather behind the age. The people of the interior wish to wear European broadcloths and American cottons, and drink New England rum, but they can hardly afford these luxuries when they are obliged to pay for transporting them horse-back 300, 500, or 1000 miles. And then, again, they must pay for these things in hard cash, for though their vast plains are capable of raising immense quantities of wheat, it will not pay to transport it on animals to the seaboard, and hence the balance of trade is ruinously against them. The exports of Trebizond, for instance amount to only one-fourth of the imports. The people are beginning to open their eyes to these facts, and one result is the contemplated road above mentioned. The work commenced about three months since, under the direction of European engineers, and the first load of pounded stone was laid upon the road with religious ceremonies, such as chantings, prayers, and the slaying of sheep in sacrifice. All Trebizond turned out to witness the commencement of this (to them) stupendous work, which it is calculated will not be completed in less than four years.

We have gathered the above facts from a letter in the *Puritan Recorder*, the writer of which gives an amusing account of the manner in which the Turks have gone about this rather Yankeeish enterprise. The mass of the laborers are to be drafted from the villages along the line of the road. More than 1000 have already been called out; and in the spring some 10,000 will be set to work at different points. The Sultan's orders are that these men are to be fed and well paid. They ought therefore to receive, at the common rate of wages, 8 piasters (32 cts.) each per day; they actually receive but 2 (8 cts.). It is said by those who are best acquainted with the way things are managed in that country, that without doubt the government is charged full 8 piasters for each man's day's work, and that the 6 piasters, which the poor villagers do not get, is pocketed by those in authority over them.

In defect of more solid comforts, however, the laborers have plenty of entertainment of a lighter kind provided for them. Music and dancing they have to the full. It is no unusual thing to see some 50 or 60 men marching in single file down the hill at which they are at work, each man with stone on his shoulder, but they have a drummer at their head and march to the sound of his music. Go where two or three hundred are digging away a bank, says the writer referred to, and you will find on the top of the bank perhaps half a dozen drums, fiddles or bag-pipes all in full operation, with some buffoon playing fantastic tricks, as an accompaniment, or perhaps a knot of workmen dancing to the sound of the music, while their companions continue their digging. For any upon whom the music and dancing have not the desired effect, there remains the touch of the whip of over-

seers stationed in the rear. Under the combined influence of the two appliances, music before and whip behind, however, the men are kept pretty steadily at their work: sometimes indeed they are wrought up to quite a frenzy of zeal, then the way the handcarriage loaded with earth or stone, come rattling down the hill, is, to say the least, alarming to any spectators who may happen to be in the way.—Eight or ten men will have hold of one cart, pullers and pushers all running and leaping and yelling like so many madmen.

Soon after the commencement of the work, the engineers came very near getting themselves into uncomfortably warm water, by proposing to run their road through a corner of a cemetery.—The fanatical feeling of the Turks were evidently rising, but the engineers ordered out extra music, and sent an unusual number of workmen to dancing, and while the attention of the crowd was diverted the necessary graves were removed, and that part of the work completed, beyond all undoing. The Turk, it is well known is a fatalist, and when a thing becomes a fixed fact, he acquiesces without further ado. The engineers, therefore, ran little risk in proceeding as they did, for the laborers acquiesced in the sacrifice of the cemetery as one of the things fated by Allah, and beyond human control.

It is interesting to note the impetus which the civilization of Europe and America is giving to everything that comes in contact with its many and complicated wheels. The stagnant waters of barbarous and semi-civilized people are beginning to be troubled, and must soon yield to the current which is bearing the world onward with resistless power. The rusty mental machinery of the Musselman, the Hindoo and the Pagan, is beginning to feel the friction imparted on every side by the keen and active mind of the Englishman and Yankee, and must either move forward in harmony with the movements of that mind, or be ground to powder beneath their force. These new disciples to the go-ahead principle, it is true, are rather awkward in their first steps. When an English plough was introduced into one of the Hindoo provinces, and its superiority over their own rude instruments pointed out, the natives were so astonished and delighted with the contrivance, that as soon as the agent's back was turned they painted it red, set it up on end, and *worshipped it*. A Turk playing the Yankee as the reader has seen above, is almost as ridiculous a sight.—But let us be patient. Every thing must have a commencement, and national civilization and enterprise are not proper objects for contempt, even when we find them just bursting the swaddling-bands of infancy, or running about in short frocks and pinafores. The leaven, once at work will rapidly spread, till new life is infused through the body politic.

ANOTTA DYE.—This beautiful summer color is one of the readiest known to the good housewife; but as there are some who have to make it, we will give them the simple direction. First, be careful to procure the article pure, as it is one very subject to adulteration. Cut it into small pieces and boil it in soft water with an equal weight of pearlsh, in a copperboiler, say one pound to four gallons of water. Rinse the articles to be dyed, in clean water, and then let them boil some time; take out and rinse.—The quantity of anotta used must be regulated entirely by the depth of color required. A little experience will soon teach that.—*American Agriculturist*.