CLIMPSES OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

Belford's Magazine for March contains very interesting article on Constantinople from which we make a few extracts and

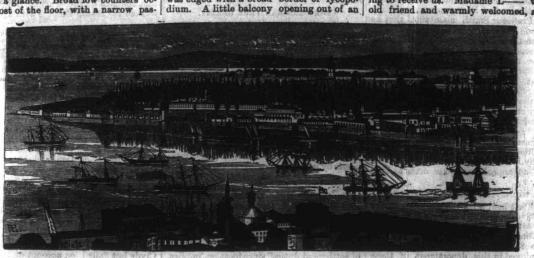
take some illustrations.

We sailed from Trieste in the Venus, with a very agreeable captain, who had been all over the world and spoke English perfectly. There were very few passen-gers—only one lady besides myself, and gers—only one lady besides myself, and she was a bride on her way to her new pretty young Austrian, only seventeen, she had! Her mother was a Viennese, and her father a wealthy Englishman what could have induced them to their pretty young daughter ich a man? He was a to such a man? He was a Greek by descent, but had always lived in Constantinople. Short, stout, cross-eyed, with a most sinister expression of countenance, old enough to be her father, the contrast was most striking. His wife seemed very happy, however, and remarked in a ent tone that her husband was wore a red fez cap, which was, to say the least, "not becoming" to his "style of

Our stateroom was on the main deck, with a good-sized window admitting plenty of light and air, and the side of the ship was not so high but we could see over and have a fine view of the high rocky coast we were skirting-so much pleasanter than the under-deck staterooms, where at best you only get a breath of fresh air and a one-eyed glimpse out of the li tle portholes in fine weather, and none at all in a storm. Imagine, therefore, my disgust when, ou returning from our trip on shore at Corfu I found twilight pervading our delightful stateroom, caused by an awning being stretched from the edge of the deck over-head to the side of the ship, and underneath this tent, encamped beneath my window, the lesser wives, children, and slaves of an old Turk who was returning to Constantinople with his extensive family! His two principal wives were in staterooms down below, and invisible. Well, if I had lost the view from my stateroom of the grand mountainous coast of Greece, I had an opportunity of study-ing one phase of Oriental manners and costume at my leisure. There were three pale, sallow-looking women of twenty or twenty-five years of age, with fine black eyes—their only attraction; two old shrivelled hags; four fat, comfortable, coal-black slave women; and several chil-dren. They had their finger nails coloured yellow, and all, black and white, wore over rajas quilted sacques of woollen and calico coming down below the knee, and tronsers that bagged over, nearly covering the control of the con that bagged over, nearly covering their feet, which were cased in slippers, though one of the negresses rejoiced in gorgeous yellow boots with pointed toes. The children had their hair cut close, and wore their warm sacques down to their feet, made of the gayest calico I ever saw—large figures or broad stripes of red, yellow and green. The boys were distinguished by red fez caps, and the girls wore red fez caps, and the girls wore a coloured handkerchief as a tur-ban. They covered the deck with beds and thick comforters, and on these they



meriting constitutional. We made our way through the dirty stream and marrow allays to the Rhind dirty stream and marrow allays to the Rhind dirty stream and the stream an



Seraglie Point.

sage leading between from the street to the back part of the shop, and counters and shelves are covered with tempting fruits and nuts. Orange boughs with the fruit on, decorate the front and ceiling of the shop, and over all presides a venerable Turk. In the evening the shop is lighted by a torch, which blazes and smokes and gives a still more picturesque appearance to the proprietor and his surroundings. You stand in the street and make your over their dress the ferraga, or cloak, without which no Turkish woman stirs abroad.

You stand in the street and make your purchase, looking well to your bargains, for the old fellow, with all his dignity, will not hesitate to cheat a "dog of a Christian" if he can. From every dark alley as we walked along several dogs wouldrush out, bark violently, and after following us a little way slink back to their own quarter again. Each alley and none venture on the domain of their neighbours. During the day they sleep, lying about the streets so stupid that they will hardly move; in fact, horses and donkeys girls wore as a turleck with beds on these they. When it was fierce as those of Stamboul. They soon learn to know the residents of their own streets and vicinity, and bark only at strangers.

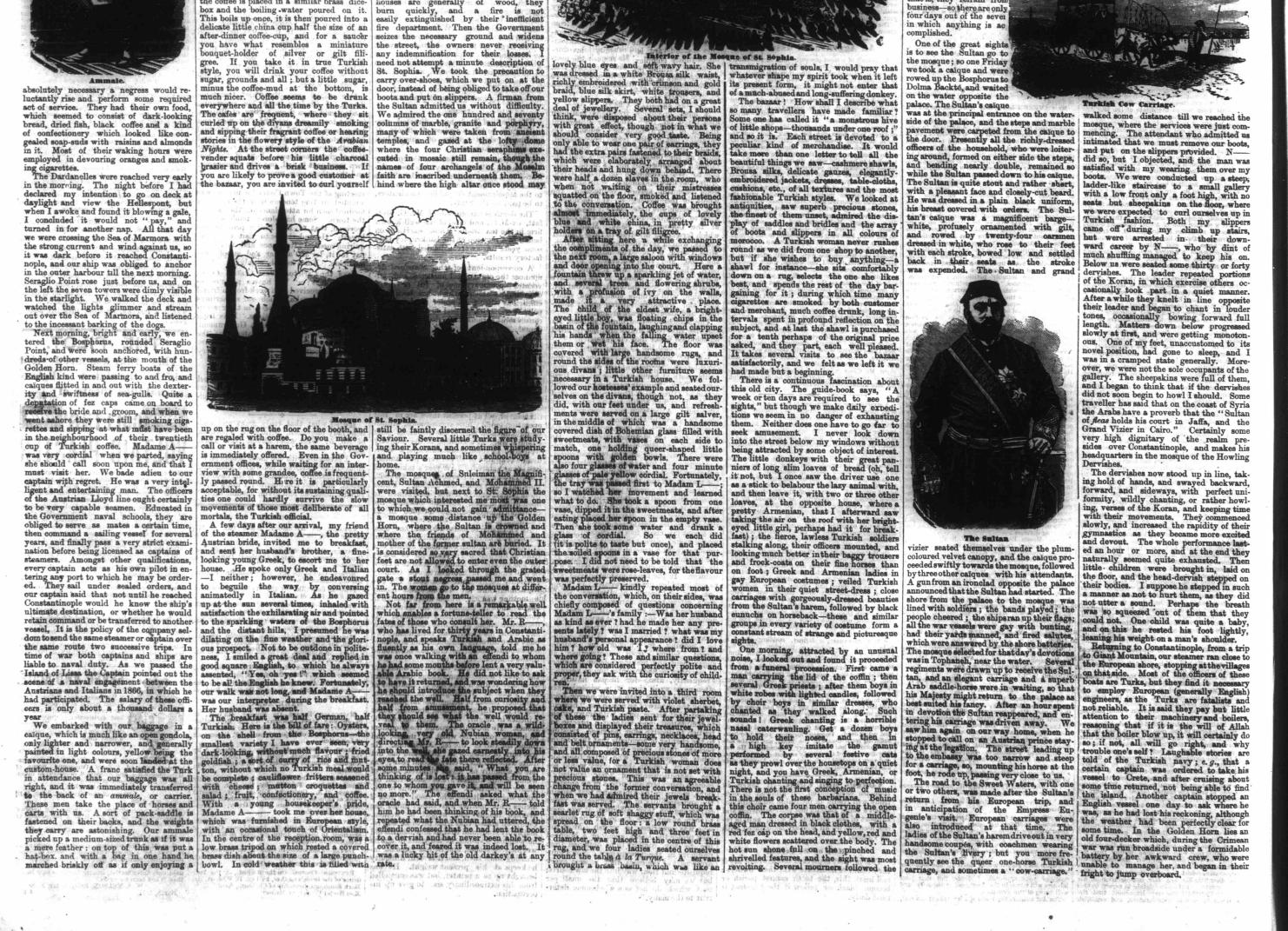
Quite a pretty English garden has been added to the streets of the court, and the Sultan lives in spalace on the Boat and the Sultan lives

Strangers.

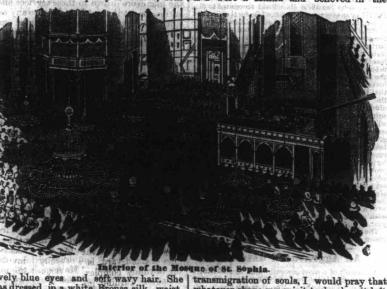
Quite a pretty English garden has been laid out in Pera, commanding a fine view of the Bosphorus. There is a coffee-house in the centre, with tables and chairs out the centre, with tables and chairs out the centre, with tables and chairs out the Sultan lives in a palace on the Bosphorus. There is a coffee-house in the centre, with tables and chairs out the Seraglio we drove to St. Sophia. Stamboul can boast of one fine side, where you can sip your coffee and phia. Stamboul can boast of one fine enjoy the view at the same time. The street, and a few others that are wide. Turks make coffee quite differently from us. The berry is carefully roasted and then reduced to powder in a mortar. A brass cup, in shape like a dice-box with a long handle, is filled with water and brought to a boil over a brazier of coals: the coffee is placed in a similar brass dice-box and the boiling water poured on it. This boils up once, it is then poured into a delicate little china cup half the size of an after-dinner coffee-cup, and for a saucer you have what resembles a miniature bouquet-holder of silver or gilt filigree. If you take it in true Turkish style, you will drink your coffee without sugar, grounds and all the time by the Turks. The cafes are frequent, where they sit curled up on the divans dreamily smoking

were placed at intervals along the top of the parapet. Part of the roof was covered with a light wooden awning, and a dumb-waiter connected with the kitchen, so that

When the Go



two wives were young and very attractive women. One, with a pale clear complexion, dark hair and eyes, quite came up to my idea of an Oriental beauty. Not content, idea of an Oriental beauty. Not content, however, with her good looks, she had her eyebrows darkened, while a delicate black line under her eyes, and a little well applied rouge and powder (I regret to confess) made her at a little distance a still more brilliant beauty. I doubt if any women understand the use of cosmetics as well as these harem ladies. Her dress was a bright-cherry silk the Her dress was a bright-cherry silk, the waist cut low in front, the skirt reaching to her knees. Trousers of the same and slippers to match, complete her costume.



from a friend, a trip to the bazaar, and a drive, if they possess a carrige, or a row in a caique to the Sweet Waters on Sunday. This is the life of a Turkish woman of rank.

We started for our first visit to the bazaar, crossing the Golden Horn to Stamboul by the old bridge, which has sunk so in places that you feel as if a ground-swell had been somehow consolidated and was doing service of a bridge; up through the narrow streets of Stamboul, now standing aside to let a string of donkeys pass loaded with large stones fastened by ropes to their pack-addles, or stepping into a doorway to let a dozen small horses go by with their loads of boards, three or four planks strapped on each side, one end sticking out strapped on each side, one end sticking out in front higher than their heads, and the in front higher than their heads, and the other dragging on the ground, scraping along and raising such a dust that you are not at all sure some neighbouring lumbers yard has not taken it into its head to walk of bodily. Fruit-vendors scream their wares, Turksh officers on magnificent Arab horses pranee by, and the crowd of strange and picturesque costumes bewilders you; and through all the noise and confusion glide the silent veiled women. One almost doubts one's own identity. I was suddenly recalled to my senses, however, by a gentle thump on the elbow, and turning beheld the head of a diminutive donkey. I supposed it to be a donkey: the head, tail, and feet, which were all I could see of it, led me to believe it was one of these much-abused animals. The rest of its body was lost to sight in the voluminous tobes of a corpulent Turk; and, as if he robes of a corpulent Turk; and, as if he were not load enough for one donkey, behim sat a small boy holding his "baba's" robe very tight lest he should slide off over the donkers. the donkey's tail. I looked around for Bergh or some member of a humane so-ciety, but no one except ourselves seemed slippers to match, complete her costume. to see anything unusual. I thought The other wife was equally attractive, with if I were a Hindu and believed in the

> the Greeks and Armenians keep Sunday. The indolent government officials, glad of an excuse to be idle, keep all threathat is, they refrain from that is, they refrain from the second se business—so there are only four days out of the sever in which anything is ac One of the great sights is to see the Sultan go to the mosque; so one Friday we took a caique and were



Castle of Europe on the Bosphor like a round hitching-post with a fez cap carved on the top. Weeds and rank wild-flowers cover the ground, and over all sway the dark, stiff cypresses.

A little way down the street is a Turkish pastry-shop. Lecturers and writers have from time to time held forth on the enormities of piecesting and given the Amerimities of piecesting and given the Amerimidal way and the street is a cap thin white veil, which conceals only in part and greatly enhances her beauty. You think your "dream of fair women" real issed, and go home and rave of Eastern peris. Should some female friend who has visited a harem, and seen these radiant beauties face to face, mildly suggest that paint, nowder, and the from time to time held forth on the enormities of pie-eating, and given the American people "particular fits" for their addiction to it. Now, while I fully endorse all I ever heard said on the subject, I beg leave to remark that the Americans are not the worst offenders in this way. If you want to see pastry, come to Constantinople: seeing will satisfy you—you won't risk a taste. Mutton is largely eaten, and the mutton fat is used with flour to make the crust, which is so rich that the grease fairly oozes out and "smells to heaven." Meat-pies are in great demand. The crust is baked alone in a round flat piece, and laid out on a counter, which is soon very

laid out on a counter, which is soon very greasy, ready to be filled. A large dish of hash is also ready, and when a customer calls, the requisite amount of meat is hash is also ready, and when a customer calls, the requisite amount of meat is clapped on one side of the paste, the other half doubled over it, and he departs eating his halfmoon-shaped pie. On the counters you see displayed large egg-shaped forms of what look like layers of tallow and cooked meat, cheesy-looking cakes of many kinds, and an endless variety of confectionery. The sweetmeats are perfection, the fresh Turkish paste with what look like layers of tallow and cooked meat, cheesy-looking cakes of many kinds, and an endless variety of confectionery. The sweetmeats are perfection, the fresh Turkish paste with almonds in it melts in your mouth, and the sherbet, compounded of the juice of many fruits and flowers and cooled with snow, is the most delicious drink I ever tasted. There are also many kinds of nice sweet-cakes; but, on the whole, I should prefer not to board in a Turkish family or employ a Turkish cook. No wonder the women are pale and sallow if they indulge much in such food!

Three days of each week are observed as holy days. Friday is the Turkish Sabbath, Saturday the Jewish, and



AGRICULTURAL.

OUR FARMERS' CLUB.

SIR,—I netice in your weekly pay
you take an interest in stock of differe
kinds. I have a cow that has the scoun
Her feed consists of oat straw and chopp
peas and oats mixed—about three or fo peas and oats mixed—about three or for pounds per day of the latter. Could you, any of your correspondents, tell me trause, or how to stop it. She is in calf within aix weeks of her time. Any if formation on the above subject will oblig THOMAS DEARING.

Polegrap March 5th 1877 Palermo, March 5th, 1877.

A correspondent at Hautrey asks: "Tell me, yes or no, at this present tin would Texas be a good place to start to f three men who are respectively a black smith, a farm hand, and a jack of a trades?" The question is rather difficut to answer, as so much depends upon the individuals themselves. Any country good for the right man. Texas has bee reported upon so variously, one writer describing it as a fraud and delusion, an others praising the country and prospect others praising the country and prospec so highly, that no one can decide betwee the claims. There is, no doubt that the claims. There is, no doubt, that greater been perpetrated in the lan titles in Texas, so that any one thinkin of purchasing land must exercise the great est possible care, and even then may hadeceived. For the benefit of our correspondent we quote the old adage, "Hill are green far off." A friend of ours wish are green far off." A friend of ours wishing to go to the gold fields was told by hi father that there was plenty of gold a home if he would only work for it, an the advice would be endorsed by man Canadians who have sought their fortune in Texas, and would be back again if the had money to pay their passage.

OATS

FIRST PRIZE ARTICLE. The oat as food for horses is universally esteemed, and has been so from time immemorial. Its botanical name is Avena memorial. Its botanical name is Aveno Sativa. Its native country is unknown but most probably it came from Central Asia. There is no mention of oats in the Old Testament; we are told that Solomon fed his horses and dromedaries on barley. Oats, however, were known to the Greeks, who called them Bromos, and to the Romans, who made use of them as provender for their horses. The oat is better suited to a moist, than to a dry, and to a cool, rather than to a warm, climate, though their field of cultivation does not extend quite so far north as that of the coarse their field of cultivation does not extend quite so far north as that of the coarsen kinds of barley. The best land for the oar crop is undoubtedly a rich clay loam, but they will grow well on sandy loam, if it good condition. With regard to the best time to plough for them; I think, on clay, or clay loam, it is much the best to plough in the fall, deeply, and carefully, taking the precaution to clean out the dead furrows and making open drains at right angles to the dead furrows, so as to give the water free egress on the melting of the snow in the spring. This ensures the land to be ready for early sowing, which is a most essential matter in order to raise a good crop of oats. Before sowing, when the land is in fit condition, run over it both ways with a good two-horse cultivator, to be followed with the harrow, and if at all practicable to be drilled in, as this ensures a complete covering of the seed, which, under the broad-cast system, leaves a certain quantity uncovered.

tity uncovered. On sandy loam, as I said before, I believe spring ploughing is a little the best; I have tried both ways, but on the whole I would prefer ploughing in the spring for them. We know that frost has spring for them.
a lightening and ning and decomposing tendency its beneficial effects on the clays but sandy loam is light enough already, and needs solidification more than its opposite. As to the best time to sow I think the latter end of April is the very best time, that is when the land is in the proper condition; but should it be too wet, by all means wait until it is dry and in good order; there is never anything gained, but vary often a great loss sustained by putting very often a great loss sustained by putti very often a great loss sustained by putting in crops, when the land is not in a fit condition. This state of conditions is well known by all good farmers, but it may be explained more particularly to the young or inexperienced, as that state in which horses can work on the land without sinking half way to their knees in mire. The soil ought to crumble under the harrow into a rich dry loam, which will almost to a certainty produce.

the land without sinking half way to their knees in mire. The soil ought to crumble under the harrow into a rich dry loam, which will almost to a certainty, produce a bountiful crop. If you put in your oats or anything else, when the land is not proproperly dry, you may bid farewell to your prospects of a crop.

As to the amount of seed required per acre, it seems to be established as an axiom that not less than two and a half to three bushels to the acre is about the right thing. An experiment was made on this point at the State Farm in Massachusetts in 1858 with the following results:—Four lots of an acre and a half each, all treated exactly alike, were sown broadcast on the 27th and 28th of April, and harrowed in. Lot 1 at the rate of 5 bushels per acre; lot 3 at 3 bushels per acre; lot 4 at 2 bushels per acre; lot 4 at 2 bushels per acre; lot 4 at 2 bushels; lot 3 40 bushels; lot 4 26½ bushels. The grain weighed only 28 lbs. to the bushel, and was pretty uniform on all the lots, that on No. 1 being the lightest both in grain and straw. Now, we see in this case. that three bushels per acre of seed, produced almost as much as five bushels. Other experiments might be given, which all, or the majority of them. go to prove that almost as much as nve busness. Other ea periments might be given, which all, or the majority of them, go to prove tha about three bushels per acre is about th best.

As to the best kind to

ions will vary; but on looking over a variety of experiments with different kinds, I am led to believe that the white Schoenon is about the best. Thus, in the year 1873, Professor Daniels of the Ex perimental Farm, connected with the University of Wisconsin, gives the following perimental Farm, connected with the University of Wisconsin, gives the following results of experiments with different varities of oats, on half acre adjacent plots, seeded at the rate of two and a half bushels per acre. The kinds experimented upon were the Birlie, Bohemian, Black Norway, White Norway, White Schoenon, Robsteir and Surprise. The White Schoenon, turned out best, Black Norway second best. This at, the White Schoenon, was first brought to the notice of Vermont farmers through xperiments made by Hon. L. Bartlett, of New Hampshire, who succeeded in aising as much as ninety bushels to the cre. We read in the Vermont Farmer the esults of additional trials; one writer says, 'Six years ago I received from the Agriultural Department, with other seeds, a mall package of those oats. They produced, at harvest, five bushels of very lice white, heavy oats that weighed thirty ix pounds to the measured bushel. These we bushels were sown the next spring on wo acres of land and produced 125 ushels of very fice, heavy oats, have raised no other kind since, and m thoroughly convinced that they are rery much superior to any of the various ther kinds which I have tested." The ame writer adds, "The White Schoenon at is a strong, hardy grower, about as any say has the common Vermont est and ther kinds which I have tested." The ame writer adds, "The White Schoenon at is a strong, hardy grower, about as arly as the common Vermont oat, and ke that oat, has several kernels in one ull." I do not know if this oat has been rown in Canada as yet, certainly not ithin my knowledge, but it seems to be ell worth trying, some of our enterprisg seedsmen might procure it from Vercont, and introduce it in Canada. A mited experiment was tried at the Model arm, Ontario, last year, with two varies of oats, the Australian, and the New ealand, sown at the rate of two and all bushels per acre, on land, which had en cropped with potatoes the previous an and manured for the same. Last ring the land intended for the Australian was heavily manured again at the rate tweaty-five loads per acre, while that ot in which grew the New Zealand oat ceived a dressing of 100 pounds of gypm, mixed with 10 lbs. of leached ashes.