

be imagined, the shaven necks of the beaux and belles gave a new grace to their bows *à la victime* of the day. From this club the fashion spread through the whole nation, and nobody who had the least pretension to dress well could appear in public without having his hair cropped *à la victime*. Decency, however, changed its name into that of *à la Titus*, in order to obliterate its repulsive origin. General as this fashion was, it became nobody; well-favoured ladies looked plain with it, and ugly ones utterly hideous. Another fashion of the same period, also originated by the members of the Ball of Victims, was a red shawl, such a one as the executioner had thrown over the shoulders of Charlotte Corday and the ladies de Sainte-Amarante on their way to the guillotine. This levity and heartless sportiveness, this utter disregard of decency in all parties, is, perhaps, one of the most curious and characteristic features of the French Revolution. A. SADLER.

HAREEM LIFE AT CAIRO.

LITTLE is known of what really passes in hareems, as the Turks are exceedingly jealous of their domestic life being talked about. Many intrigues and scandals take place, and are known to the ladies in other hareems, but rarely transpire beyond their walls. The two following events took place not long ago at Cairo, and rather interfere with our ideas (chiefly taken from the Arabian Nights) of the poetry of Turkish life.

On the road to Old Cairo lives a Bey, whom we will call Hassan, and whose wife had been a slave of the viceroys. It is deemed a great honour to receive a cast-off slave-girl of the viceroy, or of one of the princes, as a wife, and the lady usually gives herself airs, and generally leads her poor husband a miserable life, by threatening to complain to the Effendina's mother, unless all her whims are gratified. Hassan Bey's wife at some fantasia heard the celebrated singer Suleiman, and was enchanted with his voice. She sought every occasion of seeing him, and one day he rode under her windows while she happened to be looking out from behind the musharibiéh. The lady from that day refused to eat, became melancholy and sullen, and at length one of her old slaves ventured to ask the cause of the Khanoum's sorrow. On being told it, the old woman reflected awhile, and then proposed to her mistress to marry Suleiman to one of the girls in the hareem who had a fine voice, and was rather a favourite in consequence. The lady approved of the idea, and charged the old woman with the direction of the affair. Suleiman, thinking that out of so good a house as Hassan Bey's he would get valuable marriage-gifts with his wife, accepted the proposal. The marriage was celebrated with some pomp; and Zeenèb, the slave-girl, was envied by her less fortunate companions at having made so brilliant a marriage; for Suleiman earned large sums by singing at marriage-feasts and burials. The old woman now explained to Suleiman why her mistress had given him one of her favourite slaves, and that he must manage to come often to the hareem on some pretext or other. For some time things went on smoothly, until Suleiman became fonder of his own wife than of the other lady, and neglected going to the hareem as often as the latter wished, and also gave less bakshesh to the eunuchs and slaves. Hassan Bey, sitting in his divan one day, overheard his people talking of Suleiman, of bakshesh, and of his frequent visits, and summoned the chief eunuch, demanding what all this meant? The Aga hesitated, but threats soon loosened his tongue, and he denounced the old slave woman as chief authoress and abettor of the intrigue. Hassan Bey had her brought before him, and gave her the alternative of bringing Suleiman to the hareem within an hour's time, or of losing her head. Thoroughly frightened, she went off to Suleiman's house, and implored him to come to her mistress, dying, as she said, from longing to see her heart's beloved one. Zeenèb had her suspicions aroused by the evident trepidation of the woman's man-

ner, and besought her husband not to go. The old woman threatened to destroy his livelihood through her mistress's influence in the vice-regal hareem, and Suleiman at last yielded; but promised Zeenèb that this should be the last visit to Hassan Bey's hareem. Unfortunately for poor Suleiman, his words turned out true, for Hassan Bey cut him down as he entered the door. Zeenèb waited for her husband for some hours, and then sent her mother-in-law to inquire after him. Hassan Bey himself received her, and showing her the dead body of her son, bade her begone. She burst forth in a torrent of reproaches and bitter lamentations, which so enraged him that, drawing his sword, he killed her too. By his orders, the corpses were flung into the Nile, close by, after small black crosses, such as the Copts wear, had been hung round their necks to divert suspicion. Next morning the bodies were found, and were buried in the Coptic burial-ground by a priest, on the supposition of their being Christians. The disappearance of Suleiman caused some wonder, but it was soon forgotten, and it was no more talked of, until the viceroys mother gave a fantasia at the marriage of some slave-girl in her hareem, when Zeenèb was summoned with other gazalis, or singing-women. When it was her turn to sing, she rose, burst into tears, and, falling at the Validé Khanoum's feet, declared she could not sing, and implored justice. The princess stopped the fête, and inquired what she meant. Zeenèb then related that Suleiman, her husband, had had an intrigue with Hassan Bey's wife, had gone one day against his wish to her hareem, and had never returned; that his mother had gone to make inquiry for him, and had never been seen since; and that she suspected foul play. The Validé Khanoum promised that justice should be done, and kept her word; for the viceroy summoned Hassan Bey before the council, interrogated him, and sentenced him to banishment at Fazoglou (the Egyptian Cayenne). Since then, nothing has been heard of Hassan Bey's wife. Whether she was killed by his orders or by Ismail Pasha's, or is still alive, imprisoned in some distant hareem, is a mystery; but it is improbable that Hassan Bey would have dared to touch a woman who came out of the vice-regal hareem.

The second tale is more tragic and touching. Osman Bey, so we will name him, had two daughters, Fatmé and Elmass, whose mother had died young; the Bey had not married again, and left the two girls very much to the care of their old nurse. A young Turk, living close by, had seen Fatmé as a child in the doorway with the eunuchs, and had observed her pretty face; he by chance caught a glimpse of her at the open musharibiéh, and demanded her in marriage of her father. Osman Bey answered that he was honoured by Shaheen Bey's proposal; but although there was nothing to object to in point of fortune, or so forth, yet he declined to give him his daughter, as he lived much with infidel dogs, and was therefore no true Mussulman. "Piqué au jeu," and deeply smitten with Fatmé's charms, Shaheen Bey contrived to bribe the old nurse, who introduced him into the hareem dressed in woman's clothes. No Turk, it should be observed, can enter his own hareem when a lady is there on a visit; and even should he have strong reason to suspect the visitor to be a man in disguise, he would never dare to touch the seeming lady. Woe betide him should he unveil a woman! and he can, of course, never be sure of his suspicions. Fatmé, of the mature age of fifteen, was much delighted at the impression she had produced, and soon her love for Shaheen Bey became as strong as his passion for her; but Elmass grew jealous, and threatened to tell her father, quoting at the same time an old Turkish proverb: "Whoever does not beat his daughter will one day strike his knees in vain." Fatmé in great alarm took counsel with her old nurse, who suggested that Shaheen Bey should bring his younger brother to amuse Elmass, and that, being then equally culpable with her elder sister, she would say nothing. The two brothers paid frequent visits to the hareem, and all went well for some time, until Shaheen Bey committed the extreme imprudence [of going into the hareem

undisguised. Coming out, he met Osman Bey, who recognised him in spite of his efforts to cover his face; a tremendous struggle ensued, in the course of which the old father was thrown down; and Shaheen Bey got away. By dint of threats, Osman Bey made the eunuchs confess that they had long suspected the sex of the two visitors, and by a vigorous application of the whip he got the whole truth out of the nurse. In a towering passion he went directly to the viceroys secretary, who, more civilised than the Turks usually are, tried to persuade the Bey to hush up the whole thing, and marry the two young couples. Osman Bey would listen to nothing, and insisted on the affair being laid before Ismail Pasha, who condemned the two brothers to be sent to Fazoglou. The youngest, luckily for himself, died soon after passing Thebes. The two girls and their nurse were sentenced to death. Horrified by so severe a decree, Osman Bey threw himself at the Effendina's feet, and after many prayers obtained a commutation of his daughter's sentence to imprisonment for life among the female galley-slaves.

To keep order in the numerous hareems, it is necessary to strike terror into the hearts of the women who are shut up, without interest, education, or occupation. Doubtless many events quite as sad as the foregoing occur within the high walls of the hareems, of which we Europeans have no idea.

PASTIMES.

REBUS.

- 1 A king of Troy.
- 2 A celebrated Greek historian.
- 3 The Greek name for the Goddess of Discord.
- 4 The celebrated Spartan legislator.
- 5 A people of Ancient Britain.
- 6 A celebrated amatory Roman poet.
- 7 The god of the Sea.
- 8 An Egyptian goddess.
- 9 A king of Egypt who attempted to connect the Mediterranean with the Red Sea.
- 10 The Goddess of Justice.
- 11 The God of Marriage.
- 12 The muse who presides over music.
- 13 A celebrated philosopher of Athens.
- 14 The tutor of Alexander the Great.
- 15 The muse that presides over dancing.
- 16 The great Trojan hero.

The initials will give the title of a story with which our readers are familiar.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

FRINGLALASA a fashionable place of resort.
MABLEURLE a useful article to borrow.
GASKUBELCTION a gentleman's aversion.

FOLLY.

SQUARE WORDS.

Part of a ship.
Surface.
A past participle.
A large cistern.

CEPHAS.

CHARADES.

1. My 12, 5, 8, 9, 4 is an article of food.
My 16, 2, 18, 15 is worn by both gentlemen and ladies.
My 1, 18, 8, 12, 5, 16, 7, 8 is a female name.
My 10, 17, 14, 15 is a title.
My 11, 6, 19 an ancient place of refuge.
My whole is a building in Montreal. FOLLY
2. First was my sun in the sky,
When I set out on my second;
Hot was I, weary, and dry,
Ere seven hours had been reckoned.
Dark it became—though a third,
I liked not my second's dreary—
There was not a sound to be heard
As on I trudged, footsore and weary.
Suddenly, close at my side,
Out sprung my whole, and addressed me;
But his demands I defied
For a brave third's courage possessed me—
I drew, and ere many breaths he had fetched,
On my first and my second my whole lay outstretched.
3. My 10, 7, 1, 2, 3, 4 is to look for.
My 8, 5, 6, 9 is an American coin.
My whole was a distinguished mathematician. CEPHAS.

ENIGMA.

No'er was existence tramped on as mine;
Low down, and grovelling in the dust I lie;
And yet I ne'er complain, nor e'en repine—
I shall possess thee soon; that time draws nigh.

And yet, though oft thou spurn'st me with thy foot,
And spit'st upon me, like the lowest jade,
Somewhiles thou meet'st me on thy knees, and mutest—
Why honour thus, and then so low degrade?