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BATHING IN TURKEY.

From Slade's Travels in Turkey, Greece &c.

Nor far from the Avret Bazar is a colossal stone edifice—an oblong square surmounted by two domes—the finest public bath in Stamboul; built by a certain Mustapha Pasha, and bearing his name. As bathing has a great share in the eastern customs, the baths being objects of solicitude to all classes, I may be excused digressing a little on the ceremonial. The structure is the same as that of the Roman baths. One of the domes is pierced by numerous illuminators; beneath it is the bath. The other dome is open at the summit like the Pantheon's to let the rain descend in a marble basin of water on the floor. A broad bench surrounds the apartment, supplied with couches, each couch separated by a railing; so that the most timid person need apprehend no intrusion on the place which he takes, and where he leaves his clothes. Decorum is a natural virtue with Mussulmans, strictly, almost fastidiously enjoined by the Koran, and religiously observed. The Frank who goes for the first time to one of these establishments feels very awkward, and wishes to retreat, for the company gaze on him with surprise; the appearance of a Frank being not only unusual, but I may say, of no occurrence. The courtesy, however, of the hammangi (master), and of the others, re-assures him. He is conducted to a sofa and presented with a chibouque, which gives him time for reflection. He observes, with pleasure, the perfect