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## PRAYER FOR THE DEAD.

Prayer for the dead ! yet pray not thou  
For him that in repose is blest !  
The calm and coffin'd sleeper now,  
Where weary travellers are at rest ;  
Unconscious of the smile or tear,  
Life's blessed sympathies unknown,  
Thy voice falls listless on his ear  
Who with decay is left alone.

Prayer for the dead ! yet pray not thou  
For him that girdeth up to fly,  
Where waits prepared for his brow  
The glorious chaplet of the sky ;  
For ever free from human ills,  
The billows of this Jordan trod,  
He'll drink the satisfying rills  
That flow fast by the throne of God.

Prayer for the dead ! yet pray not thou  
For dwellers 'neath the stormy cloud,  
O'er which mild Mercy flings no bow—  
The fainting, faithless, and the proud ;  
For them that in their spirit-powers,  
And in immortal madness strong,  
Still buffet the unwasting hours,  
And shout in agony, " *How long !*"

Prayer for the dead ! whom from their sleep  
Time's solemn footfall fails to wake—  
Whose midnight dreamings, still and deep,  
The judgment trumpet may not break !  
Yet in whose soul—if there be shed  
Light from the Cross—new life begins ;  
They cluster round your hearths—the dead !  
The dead in trespasses and sins.

BY T. MOORE.

" Why come ye to the house of prayer  
With jewels in your braided hair ?  
And wherefore is the house of God  
By glittering feet profanely trod ;  
As if, vain things, ye come to keep  
Some festival, and not to weep ?  
Oh, prostrate weep before that Lord  
Of earth and heaven, and life and death :  
Who blights the fairest with a word,  
And blasts the mightiest with a breath !

God 'tis not thus, in bright array,  
Such sinful souls should dare to pray.  
Vainly to angered heaven ye raise  
Luxurious hands where diamonds blaze ;  
And she who comes in broidered veil  
To weep her frailty, still is frail."

## TURKEY.

### PROFESSIONAL VISITS TO TURKISH HAREMS.

Dr. Oppenheim, in his recent work *On the state of Medical Science in Turkey*, gives the following accounts of professional visits to harems :—

" The favourite wife of the *Kiaja Bey*, (a man of business) of the Pasha of Adrianople, had been indisposed for three days, and the Pasha, who had the greatest confidence in me, assured the husband that I could certainly cure, if permitted to visit her. The *Kiaja Bey*, without seeing me himself, ordered his *Harem-Kiaja* (the guardian of his women) to conduct me into the harem. The abode of the women stood at the distance of a full half mile from the *Kiaja Bey's* own. We at length reached a low door, at which my conductor knocked ; it was opened, and we passed through it into a garden, in which was an airy pavilion, with a magnificent basin of water, and a refreshing fountain. Here I was desired to sit down, and served with pipes and coffee, whilst notice was given of my arrival. In a quarter of an hour I was led through the garden to another door, which my companion opened, and where I was received by a veiled woman—the female superintendant and porter of the harem. She led me through another garden to the building appropriated to the women, where a crowd of children and female slaves, white and black, were running about, and peeping curiously from behind curtains. At length the sick room was opened to me : a pretty little chamber, hung with red, the blinds of which were carefully closed. The invalid lay on mattresses, on the well-carpeted floor, beside the divan ; the curious attendants were dismissed, and, except myself and my interpreter, no one remained in the room but the two children of the invalid, of four and five years old, and the old matron. The questions I now put to my patient were answered through the veil without any hesitation of prudery, even when they were of the kind that annoy and distress our European ladies. Upon my expressing a wish to feel the pulse, a pair of beautiful white hands were put forth, one after the other ; and when I desired to see the tongue, the invalid raised her veil sufficiently to enable me to scan the features of a very lovely brunette, barely twenty years of age ; but she immediately withdrew herself again, like a snail in his shell, and I was now requested to leave the room, and address any further questions to the old woman, who could inform me on all points. This person then led me back to the *Selamluck*, or the entrance room of the master, and again regaled me with coffee and pipes. I was now led to the *Kiaja Bey*, who questioned me about his wife's health. I made him easy upon the subject ; and when to his two questions of, how soon she would be well, and whether I must visit her again, I returned the satisfactory answer, that the last was unnecessary, and health would be fully restored in a few days, provided my directions were strictly followed ; he expressed his perfect satisfaction by a motion of the head, again entertained me with coffee and pipes, (the established mark of respect) and through his *Hasnadar* (treasurer) handed me a purse of 500 piastres." But the *Kiaja Bey* of Adrianople seems to be the most liberal of all Sultan Mahmoud's reform-