

compelling her husband to do so, one of which, among the Arabs, is the declaration of the woman that she intends remarrying with a better man than her husband. They have also limited marriages (from whence the St. Simonian idea in France), called *kabin*, which are legally contracted before a magistrate for a given period, the man contracting to take care of the children, and to pay her at the expiration of the contract a sum of money agreed upon. These children are considered legitimate, as are all children born at the father's house. It is a curious illustration of human nature that these temporary arrangements usually result in permanent ones, the very liberty of withdrawal seeming to make the matrimonial yoke less heavy to bear.

As early as nine years of age the Eastern woman is marriageable, and by Turkish law, at that age, if married, she is competent to manage her property and dispose of *one-third* of her fortune—a wise restriction on one so young.

Moreover, the law allows her to abandon her husband's house for just cause, and will protect her in so doing. She can not, as with us, be compelled to labor for the support of her husband. On the contrary, he is compelled to support her, and it is a penal offense to insult or ill-treat her. On an accusation of infidelity her oath is accepted as equally good with his, and collateral proof must be obtained. Should he not furnish her with funds, she is authorized to borrow in his name, and even to sell his property. After marriage she has the absolute control of her own property, which he can not touch. For adultery, when proved by four witnesses, the punishment is death. But these cases are never brought into court—they are punished elsewhere, as has been already stated—and there is but one instance recorded in the Turkish annals where an indignant multitude stoned to death an adulteress on the public highway. The divorce courts in Turkey are by no means so busy as in more civilized countries, and it would not pay to give a judge a salary for that specialty. The man secretly avenges himself, or puts by the adulteress without clamor, and never figures in the newspapers or the courts.

Compare the condition of woman under this system and under ours, and will it not be evident that the Eastern sister has many compensations, and even many advantages, strange as it may seem? Yet even after the lapse of ages, and in despite of constant pilgrimages to the East annually made by tourists from Europe and America, it is scarcely strange that so dense an ignorance and so strong a prejudice exists in relation to a people of whom ninety-nine out of a hundred visitors see only the outer and more repulsive features. Among the Druses of Mount

Lebanon, when the husband can prove the wife unfaithful, he sends her home to her family with the proofs, with the *khandjar*, or dagger, he had received on wedding her, but *without the sheath*. The father and brothers sit in solemn judgment over her, and if convinced of her criminality, with that weapon the elder brother severs her head from her body, and sends her *tantoon*, or head veil, back to the husband, steeped in blood, and with a lock of her hair, as a mute witness of her punishment.

But space and the patience of readers compel the conclusion of this article before the half has been told. There is no better way to conclude it than in the words of a famous French writer, who justly says, in reference to this very topic and the popular errors relating to it:

"Religious laws and manners in vain seek to shroud in servitude and in mystery the women of a country; for nature, beauty, and love will restore them to their own proper place, expressly made for them, within the heart of man."

SUB ROSA.

By ROSE TERRY.

Who knows the secret of the rose?
Deep in her silent heart it glows:
The sun alone, from upper air,
Discerns the heavenly mystery there.
Is there one human soul that knows
The sacred secret of the rose?

Not he who sad and daunted stands,
Afraid to reach his trembling hands,
Afraid to grasp the bliss that lies
Deep in those golden mysteries,
Lest men or angels shout in scorn
The legend of the rose's thorn.

Not he who wastes his listless hours,
Like idle moths, on any flowers:
High on the rose's front serene
Blazes the crown that marks the queen
No soul that dares that sign deny
Shall in her fragrant bosom lie.

Not he who knows no more delight
Than dwells within his fickle sight;
For blush and bloom may pass away
In compass of a summer's day;
But still the rose's heart is sweet,
Though all its outward glow be fleet.

But he who meets its keenest thorn
With gracious strength and tender scorn;
Who knows the royal heart that stands
Waiting the touch of royal hands;
Who trusts to love's eternity
When love's own blossoms fade and die:
Who waits with passion's patient strength
For passion's peace, that comes at length—
He only conquers, for he knows
The sacred secret of the rose.

THE GREAT FAIRS AND MARKETS OF EUROPE.

By R. H. HORNE.

Bartlemy Fair.—Donnybrook and Ballinasloe.—Greenwich, Fairlop, and Edmonton.—Jahrmärkte of Germany.—Carnivals of Rome, Naples, and Cologne.—A Russian Fair.—An Irish Pig Fair.—London Winter Fair on the Ice.

IT is not every body that has had "the luck to see the sprig of shillalah" flourished to perfection in the vicinity of Dublin, the day of the great fair at the little village of Donnybrook; neither has every body had the peculiar fortune to see "Bartlemy Fair," or any other of the great English fairs. And those who have not will never again have an opportunity, as they have all been for some years abolished by act of Parliament. To the above we may add that every body has not had the equally grotesque delight of seeing a Continental fair, the carnivals of Italy, of France, a Russian fair, or the carnivals and jahrmärkte of Germany. But all of these latter are still flourishing at their appointed seasons. In accordance with the very motley and disorderly character of our subject, as to its treatment in all countries, we shall observe no order of sequence in describing the various wild and wonderful exhibitions characteristic of the unbridled animal spirits of the populace of different nations. Sometimes we shall take them in succession, by reason of their similarity, at other times for the force of contrast.

Let us begin with the more quiet and sober class, so that our readers may be gradually prepared for the scenes of riotous jocularity which are to follow.

The jahrmärkte, or fair, of Germany is a very different sort of thing from an English fair, or an Italian carnival, or any scene of uproarious merriment and extravagant exhibitions. There is really very little fun in the jahrmärkte. For my own part, I could see none. It is not much more than a market, except that, instead of the chief features being confined to eatables, there is a preponderance in the jahrmärkte of clothing, toys, sweetmeats, cakes, crockery, pipes, and Tyrolese blue and scarlet caps. Books also, especially of a pictorial kind, abound; indeed, one of the greatest fairs in Germany is at Leipsic, which is expressly a "books fair." But a carnival is quite another matter. I was once at a carnival in Cologne: it was a very gorgeous and peculiar exhibition of national fancies, both of the poetical and grotesque. The chief features consisted of allegorical, and sometimes mythological, characters, in chariots, cars, and on triumphant thrones, moving on wheels; all of which were drawn by horses in fanciful trappings, or by oxen, and by some other animals not easily distinguishable, who

were made to resemble bears, tigers, lions, and other wild beasts. The figures who sat in these cars were all attired in costumes suited to the characters they represented, and were attended, preceded, and followed by other figures on horseback and on foot, bearing banners with embroidered mottoes and devices, bands of music, and by acrobats, who occasionally performed feats of strength and agility as the procession moved along. The slow progress of this half-magnificent, half-motley *cortège* through the principal streets of Cologne occupied the greater part of the morning. It was winter, and intensely cold. There had been a hard frost last night, and the streets were slippery with ice. No doubt all the horses were rough-shod for the occasion; but the dresses of some of the mythological figures, and particularly those of the goddesses (though personated by young German students), must have called for no little exercise of fortitude, as well as a hardy constitution. Toward the afternoon every body thronged to some special public dinner-table, at which (at least at the one where I happened to dine) every body wore a tall, pointed paper *fool's cap*, with bells or tassels. The after-dinner speeches were generally full of forbidden political sentiments, covered up with (*witzig*) absurdities and comic subjects. Every body seemed to get mentally tipsy; but it was very remarkable to a Britisher that nobody appeared to be overcome in the way he was accustomed to see at home on similar occasions.

Of Tyrolese fairs the principal attractions to the eye are the various bright articles, both of male and female dress; but to a stranger the main delight is to listen to the very peculiar part-singing of the country. They select voices of the most varied kind, and by continually practicing together, certain effects—and most delightful effects they must be pronounced to be—are produced, unlike those of any other nationalities.

In Rome, Florence, Naples, Venice, and other cities of Italy the chief fun of the carnival consists in pelting with sugar-plums. Ladies and gentlemen, attired in rich and fanciful costumes, the majority wearing black masks, stand up in chariots and barouches, or other open carriages, with large bags at their feet filled with sugar-plums of all colors and sizes, with which they pelt each other as the carriages pass; now with a well-aimed *large* single sugar-plum—now with a handful of the smaller sort, flung like a shower of hail right in the face.

These carnivals originated in a kind of religious festival, as the derivation of the