The Slave Market at Constantinople.—I had an opportunity afforded me of seeing this horrid place, where perhaps, the loveliest women in the world are bought and sold like cattle, inspected by every scoundrel who wears a turban, and submitted to the scrutiny of every virago who affects to be a judge of slaves. Franks are not suffered to visit this bazaar; but now and then, when an opulent slave-merchant falls sick, a Christian hakkim, or doctor, gains admittance. The slave-bazaar is a large quadrangular courtyard, with a shed running along, a range of narrow cells on the ground floor, and a gallery above, which surrounds the building; on the second stage the chambers are reserved for the Greeks and the Georgians; below are the black women of Darfar and Sannaar and the copper colored beauties of Abyssinia, the latter are remarkable for the symmetry of their features and
the elegance of their forms; they commonly sell for 158 dollars, (30L.) while
the black women seldom bring more than 80 dollars, (16L.) The poor Greek;
women were huddled together: I saw
seven or eight in one cell, stretched on
the floor, some dressed in the vestiges
of former finery, some half naked;
some of them were from Seio, others
from Ispara; they had nothing in
common but despair! All of them
looked pale and sickly, and all of them
appeared to be pining after the homes
they were never more to see again,
and the friends they were to meet no
more. Sickness and sorrow had im-
paired their looks, but still they were
spectres of beauty; and the melancholy
stillness of their cells were sadly con-
trasted with the roars of merriment
which proceeded from the dungeons
of the negro women. No scene of
human wretchedness can equal this.

The girl, who might have adorned her
native village, whose innocence might
have been the solace of an anxious
mother, and whose beauty might have
been the theme of many a tongue,
was here subject to the gaze of every
licentious soldier who chose to exam-
ine her features or her form on the
pretence of being a buyer. I saw one
poor girl of about 15 brought forth to
exhibit her gait and figure to an old
Turk, whose glances manifested the
motive for her purchase; he twisted
her elbows, he pulled her ankles, he
felt her ears, examined her mouth and
then her neck, and all this while the
slave-merchant was extolling her
shape and features and protesting she
was only turned of thirteen, that she
neither snored nor started in her sleep,
in every respect she was warranted.
I loitered about the bazaar until I saw
the bargain brought to a conclusion;
the girl was bought for 280 dollars,
(about 55L. sterling.) The separation
of this young creature from her com-
panions in wretchedness, was a new
scene of distress; she was pale as
death, and hardly seemed conscious of
her situation, while all the other girls
were weeping around her and taking
their last farewell. Her new master
laughed at the sad parting, and pushed
her before him to the outer gate; but
there she stopped for a moment, and
entreated permission to go back for
the remainder of her Greek attire,
which I dare say she prized more than
any thing in the world, for probably it
was all on earth that remained to her
of what she brought from the home
which she had forever left. The old
Moslem accompanied her back, and in
a few minutes I saw her returning to
the gate, with a little bundle under
her arm, trembling from head to foot
and weeping bitterly.

(Maddon's Travels.)