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WHOLE NO. 1029.

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, (30%) while the black women seldom bring more than 80 dollars, (16%). 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 Scio, 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 impaired their looks, but still they were spectres of beauty ; and the melancholy stillness of their cells were sadly contrasted 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 examine 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 ancles, 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 55% sterling.) The separation of this young creature from her companions 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.