



Poetry.

THE OLD CHIMNEY-PLACE.

A stack of stones, a dingy wall,
O'er which the brambles cling and creep,
A path on which no shadows fall,
A door-step where long dock-leaves sleep,
A broken rafters in the grass,
A sunken hearth-stone, stained and cold,
Nought left but these, fair home, alas!
And the dear memories of old.

Select Tales.

MARY TREVOR.

THE PASTOR'S DAUGHTER.

BY CORA CLINTON.

In a lovely nook just where one of the most beautiful rivers of the Middle States spreads its fair waters out, forming a glassy lake, is situated a quiet village never since earth's eden hours has the sun shed his beams on a more lovely spot; embowered amid verdant hills, its pleasant cottages and tall church-spires show through the surrounding green like fairy scenery, while the beautiful lake lies nestled in the centre of the vale with the blue sky reflected on its bosom as heaven is, in the twinkling heart of fait.

At the time when our tale commences, Mr. Trevor had, for many years, been pastor of the church in Ivon. In the vigor of young manhood he had come, and by the ardent yet simple eloquence of his preaching, had many souls been won to Jesus.

The companion of his bosom passed from earth, and he was left with their only child, Mary, to meet the trials and the joys of life. Years fled and together dwelt they in the pleasant little parsonage. And Mary, the gentle hearted Mary—

How fondly did she minister to every want of her cherished father. She was his all, his idol, and well might the gray-haired pastor be proud of his lovely child; for Mary was beautiful as gentle. With a slight form, fair, clear complexion, brown curling hair, deep blue eyes, and winning smile, Mary Trevor was a being fitted to attract the eye, while her sweet and amiable temperament won the heart.

But a dark cloud was brooding o'er her young destiny; just as she entered her sixteenth summer, her father was taken to his rest. Oh! the anguish of the orphaned spirit! It seemed the blow would wring the life from out the rent and bleeding heart. And the mother's of the church shook their heads gravely, and said Mary would follow soon. But when the dear form was laid low in the earth, and the

first deep gush of agony had passed away, she looked upwards; and though heavily the tempest lowered o'er her young head, still to her eye was the day-star visible, and with meek humility she bowed and said, "Thy will, not mine, be done."

Mary's only inheritance from her father was his blessing, and so it was decided that for the present her home should be with her mother's brother, then residing in Philadelphia. Bitter was the thought of leaving her early home, with all its pleasant remembrances, and more than all, her father's grave.

But there was no alternative, and she prepared to return with her relatives to the busy city.

Charles Ellerton had married early, to a lady of great wealth and beauty, but of an exceedingly cold and haughty disposition; by the union there had been several children; but they had all died in infancy, save one, their daughter Edith, and on her had been lavished all that wealth could procure to render her lovely and accomplished. About a year Mary's senior, no greater contrast could be imagined than that existing between the two cousins. Edith was beautiful, aye surpassingly beautiful; but her's was that rich, dark beauty, like that which Italy produces, while Mary's was like the face with which we see the Madonna painted.

Edith Ellerton's was a tall queenly form, almost voluptuous in its ripeness; a skin, not dark, but looking as if the rich blood was just ready to burst its boundaries, a flashing eye, black as night, and raven tresses, beautiful as the locks of Berenice. She inherited her mother's proud spirit, but there was a witching grace about her, which, when she chose to assume it, won her many hearts, while the well known wealth of her father surrounded her with suitors, who little cared what idol they worshipped provided it was cased in gold. Mrs. Ellerton loved her daughter as much as such a being could love; she was proud of her beauty and fashionable appearance, and jealous of any person who dared aim to eclipse her. Her husband was a man of the world, whose heart was divided between two Gods, money and his child. Such was the home for which Mary Trevor was to exchange her father's love and counsels, and the pleasant cottage at Ivon. It was night when she alighted with her Uncle at the door of his princely mansion.

With a trembling heart she followed him up the marble stairs, and as he threw open a mirror-paneled door and beckoned her to enter, she almost thought that she was in fairy land, so much more luxurious was the almost regal apartment than aught she had ever dreamed of. Velvet carpets burying the foot at every step, sofas of the richest material, curtains of embroidered satin, valuable paintings and mirrors set in richly carved and gilded frames, in short, all that wealth could purchase adorned the saloon. A cold welcome from her aunt and cousin, ceremonious inquiries for her health and her journey, were all the poor girl could remember after she had been shown to her own apartment. She could but notice the contrast between that and the one into which she had first been ushered. It was smaller and as cheaply furnished as the one that had been her's in the parsonage.

"Alone, alone in the wide world," sighed poor Mary as she sobbed herself asleep in her new, strange home.

Oh, what a comforter is sleep, when the heart is weary of earth, and the soul sickens of its busy selfishness.

How sweetly doth it come, like an angel's visit to the tear-stained eye-lids of affliction; how, wrapped in its gentle mantle are the cares of this bitter world all forgotten; and though the hour of happiness be brief, who prizes the sweet boon less that its blessings are transitory.

The morning sun was shining brightly when Mary rose and threw open the casement as wistful went home, that she might listen to the sound of early birds, and watch the willows dip their nodding crests into the dimpling waters. Alas what a change! From her window she could see only the slate roofs of a thousand buildings; no bird's song, no flower's breath to give one redeeming feature to the scene, oh! and was this to be her home?

The sound of the gong summoned her to breakfast, and after the meal Mrs. Ellerton, in a long address, expatiated on their kind-

ness in taking her from such a rude country place, and giving her a home with them where she would be surrounded by wealth and fashion; she spoke of the debt of gratitude she would owe, and closed by saying— "Of course Miss Trevor, you must be sensible that a great distance separates you from our daughter; she has ever moved in elegant and refined society, while you have been educated in a country village; for differences of person and rank of course you are not accountable; but you must certainly be aware that so great dissimilarity of station will not admit of companionship; I say this now because I think it best to commence with a perfect understanding between us. You can go now." Mary had with difficulty been able to restrain her tears while her aunt was speaking; and now, as she turned to leave the room, the burning drops chased each other down her face. Stop a moment, added Mrs. Ellerton as her hand was on the door; I had quite forgotten to tell you that the girl who has arranged Edith's hair and attended her, has left; and we thought as you appeared to have considerable taste you might take her place. I am sure you must feel it a privilege to do anything in your power to assist those who have taken you when there was no one else to befriend you. Mary bowed and left the apartment; but oh! in her little chamber what bitter tears did she shed? They were the first drops from the waters of dependence, and terrible to that sensitive heart was the fount from whence they welled.

Of all the crowd of admirers with which the beautiful and wealthy Edith Ellerton was surrounded, there was one on whom she could not look without a quickening pulse. She who had scorned others was herself fettered in the bonds of love. And well might she love him, for who could look on the lofty brow bearing so lightly the impress of intellect, or feel the gaze of that eagle eye in which the soul seemed mirrored and not worship at the shrine. Edwin Cameron was indeed that masterpiece of God's creation—a noble man. Descended from a wealthy and aristocratic family, he was free from the false pride with which riches are too often coupled. Intellectual, accomplished, a passionate lover of the beautiful and without young and impulsive, he soon found himself surrounded by scheming parents and lovely maidens.

He had just entered his twenty-second year when he first met Edith Ellerton—His appearance charmed her at first, and she determined to win him. It was no difficult task, for few could appear more fascinating than she, and beauty ever bends mortals to its will. Acquaintance strengthened her first impressions, and ere long she had, as she fondly hoped, insured to herself the prize for which many a fair one had toiled in vain. He waited on her to balls and parties, called upon her, rode with her. Yet he could but feel sometimes that she was not calculated to make him happy. Though he loved beauty, his ideas of woman's station were too highly exalted for him to give it the preference over worth.

Whenever he had been expected at the Ellerton Mansion, Mary had been sedulously kept out of the way, for the proud beauty could but feel that the humble dependent was possessed of traits both of face and manner that might be very dangerous to her success. But one unfortunate day—at least so Edith considered it—as they were seated together in the drawing-room, Mary came tripping down stairs singing in her sweet bird tones a song that she had learned in her childhood's home. Charmed with the voice, Cameron eagerly inquired for the owner, and Edith informed him; taking particular pains to assure him of her utter poverty, and their benevolence in giving her a home. The young man remarked that the song was one his sister used to sing and that nothing would afford him so much pleasure as to hear it once more, concluding by asking Edith if the young lady would think the request too bold should he beg her to repeat it to him. Thus directly appealed to, Edith could not refuse to call her in, though it was not without much concealed dissatisfaction that she presented her lovely cousin to Mr. Cameron. Her beauty and grace first fixed his attention, and then her winning manners won upon his heart, until before the call was ended he was more than half in love; and when, a few days later an invitation to a splendid party at the Camerons' came to Edith, there was one for Ma-

ry also. Not to displease him she was allowed to go, especially as Mrs. Ellerton told her daughter, it was only to please her that it was sent; for Mary was her cousin, of course it must be that; he could never would think of a poor minister's portionless orphan before her, the heiress of millions. And so Edith was comforted; it was only deference to her. But it was not in deference to her that he all the evening occupied himself with Mary; waiting on her to refreshments, pronouncing with, and introducing her to all the distinguished personages of the evening, and as much as he might without attracting attention confining himself to her. It was not without bitter feelings that she saw her simple cousin surrounded by those who had before knelt only at her shrine; but that he the crowning star of all should thus bow, it was too much; and the proud beauty was so lit her couch that night with a heart throbbing with mortification and anger.

The next morning Cameron called and inquired for Miss Ellerton and Miss Trevor. It was in vain after this that Edith strove to monopolize him. Now he would propose a horseback ride, then a sail; always so arranging that Mary should be one of the party. Alas, poor Edith! Her proud spirit could not endure it.

It was after a ride by moonlight, where young Cameron had been more than usually attentive to the gentle Mary, that she found Edith sunk on a pile of downy cushions in her own apartment; her long jetty curls falling in wild disorder over her dress, her small jeweled hands clasped tightly over her face, her whole frame trembling with agitation. The door unopened and her mother entered. Why Edith my child! What is it? Heavens! How pale you are! speak, speak my daughter, are you ill? ejaculated Mrs. Ellerton as she viewed the pallid countenance of Edith. A shudder passed over her frame, then fixing her glittering tearless eyes on her mother she said: Mother, Edwin Cameron is lost to me, Mary with her smooth tongue and ready wiles has won him. My daughter, it cannot be! He never would choose her, a portionless beggar before my peerless Edith! It will be so, replied Edith unless we can prevent it. She must leave here. Can you think of no plan by which we may, for a time at least, be freed from her? Mrs. Ellerton mused a moment. Ah yes! I have it now, she exclaimed. She shall go on a visit to that country village, Ivon. That will leave him with you and you shall yet wear his name. So cheer up my daughter; she added, it will all be well.

So Mary went once more to her early home. How beautiful it was. The tall trees waved as gracefully as they used to, when she frolicked beneath them a happy child; the flowers bloomed as sweetly as when she gathered bunches of them for her father. Ah, yes! Her father. He had passed away. The green mound in the churchyard covered his remains; but with the eye of faith she could look upward and behold him where there is no more pain nor sorrow.

Not long after Mary left Philadelphia, Cameron called on Edith, of course he was informed that Miss Trevor had gone to the country. His call was short, and on taking leave, he remarked that business called him south, and the time of his return was uncertain. And so Edith and her scheming mother were foiled again. Alas! for the vanity of human expectations.

A few weeks after Mary's departure, it was rumored that a young man, a relative of Mrs. Cameron, had come with his bride elect to the Cameron mansion and that they were to be married. Cards of invitation were issued, and of course the Ellertons were not forgotten. It was to be a splendid affair and with busy expectation was the appointed time awaited.

The day for the ceremony came, the hour arrived and the guests were assembled. The bridegroom entered. The face of the bride was concealed by her magnificent veil, but as Edith caught a glimpse of the bridegroom, she had well nigh fainted for she beheld EDWIN CAMERON. The ceremony was performed; the happy bridegroom threw back the heavy folds from the fair brow of his chosen, and lo, the features of MARY TREVOR!

Instead of going south, he had followed Mary, to Ivon. He had told her all his love, and though long she urged the difference of their positions, he had overruled every objection with gentle eloquence, and

she at last consented to become his bride. And never did either regret their choice. Blessed in each other's love they still live; and if the reader will visit the romantic village of Ivon, he will find, on the site of the old parsonage, a charming Grecian villa, where, in quiet happiness dwells the pastor's daughter.

The Turks at the Present Day.

The Turk or Ottoman of the present day is a being who differs very widely from the savage gentleman of popular fiction. He is brought up to respect the laws as he respects his religion, and to consider them a part of it; he usually confines himself to one wife; and when he returns home in an angry mood, he does not tie his lady up in a sack and throw her into the Bosphorus. He is not often in the habit of stabbing people in the dark; he is not always hard-hearted and cruel; he can be honest in his dealings, and far from being outrageously impure in his morals—that is, in the morals which are held up to him as proper. The law protects his wife against cruelty or neglect; and his chance of rising in the world depends very much upon his own exertions. He is not elbowed off the public scene by hereditary legislators; he may be born of a slave mother, and yet live to be the chamberlain of the palace. Every office is open, in Turkey, to every man.

Montesquieu's description of Turkey and its inhabitants is no longer applicable. When he wrote, it was true that property was not respected; that civil law was not known; that slavery had degraded the people; and polygamy had destroyed the purity of social life. But things have changed within the last fifty years, under the rule of the present Sultan and his predecessor. The Koran has been interpreted anew, to serve the great cause of human advancement, its direction to believers to bring light even from China, has been used to sanctify the introduction of the arts of Western Europe; and, to make the introduction of modern military science popular, Mahomedans were reminded that the arms even of the enemy might be used to crush him. Provinces that were ravaged by incessant civil wars; that were by turns a prey to the rapacity of the predominant pacha within, or to the lust and brutality of armed bandits from without, have been brought within the influences of Constantinople. Officials who exacted presents and sold justice, have been subjected to the utmost rigor of the law. The slave market has been suppressed, and slaves have been surrounded with the protecting spirit of the government, so that, at the present moment, no master may ill use them. A new and merciful code of laws has been drawn up, and commerce has been rearranged on the French model. Thus it will be seen that the Turk (for we must still call him so), born in the present time, does not enter upon a scene quite so barbarous as that upon which his grandfather played a part. No mountain of light may be described about him, but we may see a glimmer of promise.

The care with which the Osmanlis have always kept their wives and daughters apart still prevails in Constantinople. To ask a Turkish gentleman after his wife or his daughter, is to give him mortal offence. If he alludes to them he calls them "the home," or "the house." He will tell you that the house is well. Also when he announces to his friends the birth of a daughter he says, "a veiled one," or "a stranger has been given to me." He is taught by the Koran to honor his wife, and to believe that she will be, equally with himself, a participator in Heavenly felicity. This teaching effectually displaces the vulgar error that declares the Mahomedans to be believe women have no souls. Polygamy is allowed to this day in Turkey, but it is surrounded with social and religious difficulties that it is rarely practiced. The Koran allows a Mussulman to marry four legitimate wives, but tells him expressly that it is meritorious to marry only one. In Constantinople the ulemas, the great bodies of government officials, the naval and military officers, the tradesmen and the workmen, have generally only one wife. In the provinces one wife is even more universally the rule. And now, all the great officers of state make a merit of wedding one wife only, to show a good example to their countrymen. Nor is the wife a slave entirely. In her own apartments she is supreme mistress. She may receive her fe-

male friends, and her male relations; she may go out in the day time (veiled and attended;) and her husband consults her on all his affairs. She is not the painted doll we have read of. She is thoroughly domestic, and is effectually protected by the state from cruel treatment. The Mussulman is bound by law to maintain her according to his rank; if he fail in this, she may claim a divorce. When he marries her, he gives a present to her relatives, instead of expecting a dowry, as with us. She has the care of his household, and if he be poor, she employs her leisure in spinning. She has the exclusive right, by law, to bring up her children—the girls until they are married, the boys until they enter one of the public schools. If the Ottomans have one tender chord in their breasts, it is that which is always awakened within them at the sound of the maternal name. Women may even perform the functions of the Imam, recite prayer, and under extraordinary circumstances, they may be invested with political power. Yet, undoubtedly, the Turkish woman is not yet free. The law allows her to see her distant relatives only once in each year, if her husband objects to more frequent visiting; her near relatives are also subject to legal interference.

The Ottoman at home, therefore, is not a Bluebeard—his wife is not a slave. Yet in his house he has slaves, whom he buys as sheep are bought. These slaves are said to be well used, and can, with reasonable exertion earn their liberty. Thus the son of a slave mother is incontestably free. In fact these slaves represent very closely the condition of the Russian serf, but appear to be better treated. In Turkey a master is compelled by law to feed and clothe his slaves; he may not treat them; he cannot prevent or force their marriages. They are simply servants without wages, and are in most cases personally and of choice attached to their masters; yet the condition of the female slaves is barbarous enough, and very shocking to any civilized man who may have had an opportunity of watching their condition, and the terrible traffic of which they are the object. Then, the son of a slave, being free, has an equal chance in the world with the boy of the most favored parentage; for in Turkey there is no aristocracy.

The story runs that one day the Khalif Omer having received some fine linen from Yemen, distributed it amongst the Mussulmans. Every man had an equal piece, Omer reserving no more for himself than he had given to the rest. Arrayed in the garment his share had been made into, he entered a pulpit and exhorted the Mussulmans to wage war with the infidels. But a man present rose, and interrupting the Khalif, said, "We will not obey you."

"Why not?" Omer asked. "Because you have distinguished yourself from us all by a particular partiality." "In what way?" said the Khalif. "Listen: When you pretended to divide the linen equally, you deceived us, for our pieces do not suffice to make a garment like yours. You are a man of great height, and have retained enough to clothe yourself from head to foot."

Omer, turning to his son, said, "Abd-Allah, answer this man." "Whereupon Abd-Allah rose and explained, "When the prince of believers, Omer, wished to make a garment of his portion of linen, he found it insufficient I found my portion too much; so I gave him my surplus."

"Very good," the questioner then answered; "in that case we will obey you." This spirit predominates to this hour. All men are equal, by birth, in Turkey; and if a man becomes a minister for foreign affairs, be sure that he has good right to the post. Only the sovereign's position is hereditary, and only the royal family bears a recognized family name, and traces exactly its descent. Thus we find such designations as "Ibrahim, the son of the slipper-maker," common throughout the country. The only recognized rank is that of the government officials, who, as in Russia, have all a military grade. The rest of the nation is divided into two distinct classes—employers and artisans.

The artisans are banded as in other continental states, into distinct corporations or Esnafs, and are governed by an inspector or Kiaya. These bodies are very numerous, and include corporations of bon-

net-makers, pipe-tube manufacturers, water-carriers, boatmen, and others; the corporation of boatmen being one of the largest. These men are the cabmen of Constantinople, and ply upon the waters of the Bosphorus, in their little varnished kaiks. They are nearly all bekliers, or bachelor adventurers, who leave their homes on the borders of Asia, for two or three years, to earn enough money at Constantinople to return in comfort to their distant villages. Their object being to economize as far as possible, they generally club together in bands of five or six, to hire one large room, which they get for about twenty piastres, equal to three shillings and fourpence, per month, and therein each member has his carpet and bed-clothes. They also give a sum about equal to the rent, to some old man, who is charged with the arrangement of the room, and with the preparation of the boatmen's supper. This old man is well cared for by his employers, and is their umpire in disputes. Thus these prudent fellows gather their modest harvest quickly, and return to their homes, unless, in the meantime, by the exhibition of some rare talent, they may have been made capitan-pacha.

The capitalists and land owners are reputed to be grave, dignified, intensely prejudiced class of men. They preside over their farms or business; take great care of their homes; extend to their neighbors a bountiful hospitality; pray; give away abundantly in charity; educate their children; aid, with the well-loved tobacco or pipe, enjoy the kef, that irresistible, idle dreaminess, which the Ottoman loves to nurse, sitting cross-legged upon his splendid carpet. He sees the progress going forward in his country, with the look of a hopeless man. He says: "When the medicinal properties of the plants revealed themselves to Hokman, not one of them said to him, 'I can restore life to a corpse.' Sultan Abdul-Medjid is another Hokman, but the empire is a corpse. All true Mussulmans are under ground." If he be a rich man, he will order his relatives to convey his body to the great cemetery of Scutari, in Asia, that the infidels may not disturb his bones when he shall have taken possession of Stamboul. He represents a large class of men in the Turkish Empire. These men look upon all the reforms which have been going on during the last fifty years as so many hopeless attempts to restore animation to a dead body. They are the Turkish Tories, longing for the good old times when the pachas were unquestioned tyrants; when the slave market was brisk in the open squares of Constantinople; and when he the Koran was interpreted in defence of oppression and of wrong. They are, in short, the faint type of the Turk vulgarly known throughout Europe.

Household Words.

A LOST GLASS.—Coming hastily into a chamber, I had almost thrown down a crystal hour-glass—fear lest I had, made me grieve, as if I had broken it. But alas! how much precious time have I cast away without regret! The hour-glass was but crystal, each hour a pearl; but that usually, this done willfully.—A better hour-glass might be bought, but time once lost is forever. Thus we grieve more for toys than for treasure. Lord, give me an hour-glass, not to be by me, but to be in me.—"Teach me to number my days." An hour-glass to turn me, "that I may turn my heart to wisdom."—Fuller.

Particular places become dear to the heart of man more generally by the associations attached to them, than by their beauty, convenience or fertility. Nor is this the case only as affecting individuals for attachment founded on memories or traditions binds tribes and nations likewise to certain spots, and this is carried so far occasionally that the mere name of a distant country will call from the bosom feelings of affection and devotion, joy, pride and hope.

A GOOD ONE.—A gay and witty lady of Memphis, Tenn., who was going up to Louisville, on one of the fashionable and much puffed steamboats of the Mississippi, was troubled, as the other passengers were, by cockroaches and other entomological specimens that pervaded every part of the boat. Happening to meet with the Captain, who was rather a proud personage, the following conversation ensued:

"Captain, I thought you commanded a steamboat."

"So I do, madam, and a finer does not run."

"I beg your pardon; but I think you ought to call yourself the captain of the buggy, rather than a steamboat"—accompanied the remark with a certain expression, which explained very clearly the meaning of the allusion.

