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Poetry.

A WINTER POEM.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

A sound, as if from bells of silver,
Or with cymbals smitten clear,
Through the frost pictured panes I hear.

A brightness which outshines the morning,
A splendor breaking on delay,
Beckons and tramps my feet away

I leave the trodden village highway,
For virgin snow-paths glimmering through
A jeweled cimetree avenue.

Where, keen against the walls of sapphire,
The gleaming tree-hells, ice-embossed,
Hold up their chandeliers of frost.

I tread in Orient halls enchanted,
I dream the magi's dream of naves
Gem-lit beneath the North Sea waves.

I walk the land of Eldorado,
I touch its adamic garden bowers,
Its silver leaves and diamond flowers!

The flora of the ray-lit vine-world
Around me lifts on crystal stems,
The petals of its clustered gems!

What miracle of wierd transforming
In this wild work of frost and light,
This glimpse of glory infinite!

This 'ere gleam of the Holy City,
Like that to it in old Patmos given,
The white bride coming down from heaven!

How flash the ranked and mailed alders,
Through what soarge-glancing spears of reeds
The brook its mailed water leads!

Yon maple, like the bush of Horeb,
Burns, unconsumed; a white, cold fire
Rays out from every grassy spire.

Each slender rush and spike of mullein,
Low land shrub and drooping fern,
Transfigured, blaze wherever I turn.

How yonder Ethiopian hemlock
Crowned with his glistening cired t stands;
What Jews shine in his swarthy hands!

Here, where the forest opens southward,
Between its hospitable pines,
As through a door, the warm sun shines

The jewels loosen on the branches,
And lights run through the wet stems below,
Shall, melting, melt the snow below.

And through the clashing of their cymbals,
I hear the cool Hamilcar call
Of water down a rocky fall.

Where from its wet ferns prison breaking,
In dik and ot once hidden long
Pisidno sk rejoices its resurrection song.

One instant flashing in the sunshine,
Ken on a sabre from its sheath,
Then lost again the ice beneath.

I hear the rabbit lightly leaping,
The fox his screaming of the jay,
The chopper's keener echo far away

The clamor of some neighboring barn-yard,
Shrill with cock's challenging crow,
Or cattle-tramp in crispy snow.

And as in some enchanted forest
The lost knight hears his comrade sing,
And nearer hand their bridles ring.

So we come! those sounds and voices,
These as from myriad Summer bowers—
This life I am, who sees me not shares.

For the white glory overcame me;
The crystal terror of the seer
Of Caedar's vision blinds me.

Rebuke me not, O sapphire heaven!
Thou stainless earth lay not on me
This keen reproach of purity!

Let the strange frost-work sink and crumble,
And let these rocky ridges swing,
Till all their hills of ice ring.

Shine warmly down, thou sun of noontide,
On this chill pageant, melt and move,
The Winter's frozen heart with love.

And soft and low, thou wind south-blowing,
Breathe through the clefts of ice and frost,
The prophecy of summer days.

Come with the green relief of promise,
And to this dead, cold splendor bring
The living jewels of the spring!

Miscellaneous.

Aunt Keziah's Skating on New Year's Day.

It seems to me that Beanville never was half so dead as 'tis now; everybody is stiff in their shells, like a turtle in a frozen mud puddle, if not more so—and I am about as dead as any of 'em. But I am going to tell you what happened New Years day. I had quite a string of adventures.

The Beanville folks knowing how awful kinder dull 'tis here, concleweded to git up a New Year's skating party. The mill pond was friz up jest right for it, they sed; and it would be fine amoosement.

"Lawful heart, deacon!" sez I, "why I couldent skate no more'n than I could fly! I've had the rheumatiz a good deal, and it's kinder effected my jints. I couldn't keep my equilibrium on the ice a mild."

"I'll sport you!" sez the deacon, flourishing his cane the went with two canes afore his wife died, but sense he's got to be a widower, he's throwed one of 'em away)—"I'll see to you, Keziah. Skating's all in practis. You'd make a grand hand at it, I know—a fine figure you your'n shows to advantage on the ice!"

"I'm ableeged to ye," sez I; dunno as I shall undertake to skate any, myself, but I guess I'll go down to the pond, and see the rest of 'em perform. I'm powerful fond of seeing folks injoy themselves."

"That's right, Keziah," sez the deacon; "I'll come up for you by eleven o'clock, sartin; and mind you, dress up warm," sez he, and with an affeck-lunit squeeze of the hand, he departed.

Sarah Ann didn't want me to go near the pond, but I told her that so long as nobody was alive, they'd bet ter let folks know it! I don't hold to this dead and alive kind of works! I'm one of the go ahead kind.

I dressed myself in my green sack-merce grownd, and a red shawl over my shoulders. I took my pattent leathers, for I didn't know what might happen, and it's allus best to be prepared for immergencies.

The deacon arriv at jest the apinted hour, and after that, the ice was a leetle kind of down grade. I never went so fast before in all my life! Them skates acted jest like the runners of a sleigh—all I had to do was to keep my balance. I beat the comick, and lowcofoco engine all holler!

Folks turned right out to one side, when they was a gwine to meet me; I guess they seed that I didn't turn out for nobody. Bymeby, I seed Elder Tapley and his wife a coming along at his slow coach pace, and law, he's only I knowed that there'd be a collusion!

"Clear the track!" yelled I, at the tip top of my lungs, but the elder only lifted his eyebrows, and kept rite on.

"Take the konsequences then!" sez I, and squatting a leetle, I put my umbrill before me, and charged! The elder's understandings flew out like two candls, down he come, down come his wife, and on went I! I warn't to be stopped by small obstacles!

My umbrill cracked a leetle in the fray, but it wasn't hurt, and neither was I, if I except the fact that my cap and wig had long before blew off, and departed for lands unknown.

I went so fast that a very few minuits more, I seed, would bring me to open water! I should be drowned, sartin shure! for I could not stop myself, if it had been to save the univarse! I grabbed a bush, but the bush broke off, and away I went again!

I made a little prayer, and determining if I went down, to go with flying colors, I hitsed my umbrill, and in I went!

Gehosaphat! how could the water was! It nigh about friz me to the bone—but in a minnit or two, I found out that I wasn't drownded, but safe and sound for the umbrill highed me up jest like a life preserver! I floated down stream as tranquilly as a swan!

As soon as I got where I could touch bottom I waded ashore, and then come to look round, I was about a quarter of a mile from Cousin John Badger's. I made tracks for thar as fast as possible, and liked to have skeered Cousin John's wife into the highderdatties. But after she found out who I was, she gave me some dry clothes and some dinner, and then Cousin John took me into his sleigh and carried me home.

I found Sarah Ann crying as if her heart would break, and when she seed me, she skreeched out and jumped rite into my face and eyes! The folks had been up from the pond, she sed, and told her I was drownded! They was a search-party after me by body, twice, she sed. I put on my rubbers, and went down to assist 'em.

The river was lined with a beetle million of folks, all of 'em talking at once, and everybody was ordering everybody else. Some of 'em was a pourin' bilin water into the crack to coax out the icekittles; and some with steel yards, and some with grabbers, was a fishing in the river after Keziah Small.

But what amazed me most, was to see Deacon Baxter! Not two hours before, he had told me that if I should be took away from the world he should die of a broken heart; and now I seed him, with my own eyes, hugging the Widder Jones, and poking the ice with his cane to see if my dead body was anywhere round! Oh, the enfidelity of mankind!

I was so disgusted with his behavior that I gave him a poke with my umbrill, and in he went; ooise; rite into the river.

The folks set up a tremenjious horray at sight of me; and nine or tene of the fellers actually hauled me home on a hand-sled; and insisted on my spreading my umbrill to keep the wind off.

I haint seen the deacon since, but he's in the house of the livin' I guess; and a constant visitor to the Widder Jones. Wall, I'm willing.

Industry Under the Porte.

HOW TURKS LIVE AND WORK.

In Turkey, an artisan class cannot be said to be numerous, but it forms a very small proportion to the rest of the population—the great mass of the people drawing their livelihood from the cultivation of the soil. Agricultural operations, says *Chambers's Journal*, are carried on in two ways. In one, and that the more economical, the laborer is a sort of partner; in the other he works for wages in cash and kind. Agricultural laborers of the first-class are termed Ortakdjis; they pay all costs of cultivation, and perform, with the aid of their families, all the necessary labor; the farm-owner finding seed, and providing stabling and house-room. The produce reaping, threshing and winnowing over is equally divided, the Ortakdji's part of the bargain being fulfilled when the landlord's share has been carried to the granary. If the proprietor finds oxen for plowing, the laborer's share is reduced to two-fifths. Sometimes he gets half an acre of land for his sole use and profit, in return for such extraservices as drawing wood and taking the farm produce to market. Sometimes the landlord prefers accepting a fixed quantity of produce, his working partner taking the chance of a better or worse harvest; then he is a Kesendji. The Amdji (artisan), who work merely as servants are called Tet-eagirt, and are engaged by the year, at a remuneration varying according to locality. In one district, the laborer will receive from sixty-eight to seventy-seven bushels maize and rye, with a hundred pastres (about sixteen shillings English) per month. In another, forty-five bushels of rye, barley and millet, thirty-three and a half pounds of salt, half a horse-load of cabbages or leeks, half an ox-hide for sandals, and sixty to eighty piastres, are considered equivalent to a year's labor; while in a third district, seventy-three bushels are offered, with no money at all, accord with the views of both master and man.

Labor is so far free, that a man can leave one employer for another at the end of his term, provided he owes the first nothing. If he is in his debt, he becomes his serf, except in name; for being charged compound interest, the debt grows so quickly, it is soon more than he can ever hope to pay; and then he is liable to be transferred, with his debt, to any landowner thinking it worth while to pay off the original creditor. These cases the unlucky debtor receives so much grain every year, sufficient, if he has a family, to keep them and himself, in a state of semi-starvation. So long as the Turkish laborer can avoid debt he is not so badly off. Naturally of penuriously economical habits, his wants are few. His sleeping-mat and quilt is also his only cooking utensil he needs to prepare his daily meals—a dish of beans or lentils, onions, salt, pickled cabbage, garlic and pepper, eaten with bread of mixed grain. Salted cheese, olive oil, and hempseed oil are occasionally indulged in; but fruit, wine, and spirits are reserved for festival days. These come rather frequently with the Christians—almost at the rate of one a week; for, counting Sundays, there are only a number one hundred in the course of the year. Many live upon bread, making five, or six pounds a day of that suffice to keep body and soul together. Setting aside the victims of debt, the agricultural laborers are well clad, and there are but few who cannot boast the possession of a holiday suit, red leather shoes included—a suit they make last their lifetime. Their ordinary clothes are all made at home by their thrifty, hard-working wives: their working attire, consisting of cotton-twist shirt and drawers, thick woolen socks, an outer garment of dark woolen stuff, a red skull cap covered with a cotton turban, and sandals of raw buffalo-hide; and in winter of an overcoat of sheep-skin, with the wool inside. The women wear cotton garments, elaborately embroidered with bright home-dyed wools, and for a headdress a cotton kerchief, covering the neck and bosom.

The ordinary agricultural laborer lives in a one-roomed house, built of sun-dried square bricks, upon a foundation of stone rubble, cemented with wetted clay and chopped straw. The rubble is carried about a foot above the surface of the ground, the walls being bound at intervals with strips of rough-hewn oak, beech, or pine, running along their inner and outer edges, and fastened together by cross-pieces nailed to them.—In some parts, the pent roof is covered with tiles, or slate or shale slabs, but light kiln-baked tiles are oftener used. The room itself is from eight to ten feet in height, and measures from twelve to fifteen feet square. It is provided with one or two very small unglazed windows, closing with sliding shutters, and an open fireplace with a flue. The white-washed walls, some three feet thick, are studded with wooden pegs; and in their recesses, usually two or more, shelves are fitted, while another narrow shelf runs all round the room, near the ceiling. Such a house will cost twenty-five pounds. Prosperous laborers will have two or more rooms, besides stabling and outhouses. In the hilly districts of Macedonia, where stone and lime are easily procured, substantially built houses of two or three rooms are common enough; but whether the house be of stone or of clay, it is equally destitute of furniture within—chairs, tables and bedsteads being articles unknown, or at any rate undesired. A few straw-stuffed cushions, or even a piece or two of rush matting, placed upon the hard clay floor, supplies all the sitting or sleeping accommodation the occupants require. In fact, unless their domicile is provided with a sort of verandah, they prefer to take their rest, in summer, at least, in the open air. In any case, they lie down in their clothes, covering themselves with a blanket, if they have it; if not, an overcoat serves the purpose.

The Syrian provinces are troubled with an over-abundance of workers, and very little work for them to do. In the Asiatic district of Brussa, thanks partly to the capital's power of absorption, a different state of things prevails, and the standard of wages is higher than in other parts of the Ottoman Empire.—The following is the maximum scale of payment per day: Coopers, 1s. 5d.; dyers, 1s. 8d.; bakers, butchers, tailors and saddlers, 1s. 10d.; tanners, coppersmiths, and tinners, 2s.; shoemakers and blacksmiths, 2s. 2d.; painters and gunsmiths, 2s. 4d.; silversmiths, 2s. 6d.; masons and whitesmiths, 3s.; quarrymen, 3s. 6d.; plasterers, 4s.; carpenters, 4s. 8d.; stone-cutters and joiners, 5s.; marble-workers, 5s. 4d.; machinists and cabinet-makers, 6s. In comparing this scale with that of other countries, it must be borne in mind, as Mr. Maling observes, that the workman is generally his own landlord, and not unfrequently owns a plot of land besides, while the rest of the necessaries of life is lower than in more advanced countries, and the laboring man's dietary is chiefly vegetable, and therefore of the least costly nature.

Stewart's Residence.

Costly Mansion of the Millionaire.

In approaching Thirty-fourth street, New York, from Fifth Avenue, the new mansion of A. T. Stewart is seen rising conspicuously in massive grandeur above the surrounding buildings. It is built of white marble, and consists of three lofty stories, besides the spacious basement floor and the apartments of the attic or roof. The architecture is Corinthian the most splendid of the five orders—which is peculiarly adapted to buildings in which gayety or magnificence is required. The main elevation fronting on Thirty-fourth street, is gained by a flight of eighteen marble steps; the portico supported by six Corinthian columns. The height of the entablature is divided into six parts, of which two are allotted to the architrave, one and a half to the frieze, and one and a half to the cornice. The entablature forms a base for the pedestal and shaft of the columns of the same order, each of these risers is the breadth of the second story. The windows of the Thirty-fourth street facade are twenty-three in number, and those on the Fifth Avenue front and corresponding opposite end number nine, respectively. They are proportioned in regard to the altitude of the second stories of the building, and each contains a single pane of French plate glass. The proudest of all the windows of the first floor have facial ornamental decorations; and a variety of ornaments, without profusion, decorate the windows of the grand saloon and those immediately above. The profile of the cornice of the entablature of the second and all those of the third story are uniformly plain. All the windows of the first story have balcony projections. A cornice surrounds the height of the first and third stories. The whole structure is enclosed by French roof, encompassed by a profusion of ornamented balustrade. The four sides of the roof are divided by gable and gablet windows, enriched with ornamentation.—The roof is covered with slate tiles. A wing projects from the north side of the building, rises nearly to the height of the second story, and is surmounted by a cupola light; this is the exterior of the art gallery. Having taken a rapid survey of the exterior of the building, we proceed to take an inspection of the internal arrangement and decoration, commencing at the grand entrance, the door of which is panelled with ornamental lights. The communication between the stories is by a spacious staircase of white marble in the central part of the building. There is also a staircase in the northwest angle, commencing at the basement floor. The banisters of this staircase are of black walnut, and are also the mouldings and all the woodwork of the basement. The domestic divisions of this part of the structure are three in number, and are occupied by servants who are called Tet-eagirt, and who are engaged by the year, at a remuneration varying according to locality. In one district, the laborer will receive from sixty-eight to seventy-seven bushels maize and rye, with a hundred pastres (about sixteen shillings English) per month. In another, forty-five bushels of rye, barley and millet, thirty-three and a half pounds of salt, half a horse-load of cabbages or leeks, half an ox-hide for sandals, and sixty to eighty piastres, are considered equivalent to a year's labor; while in a third district, seventy-three bushels are offered, with no money at all, accord with the views of both master and man.

The panels are frescoed in blue ground-work, enlivened by golden stars. From this we enter the grand saloon, occupying the eastern end of the mansion. Its massive windows face Fifth avenue and Thirty-fourth street. On this room the colorist has indulged in all the magic tints, with the absence of glare, with exceeding purity and freshness of color, reflecting instead of absorbing light, rendering it particularly beautiful by evening light, and its bland mellowness of tone is very charming. The drawing, anatomy, and execution show the mythological judgment of the artist. Leading from the grand saloon is the billiard room of Mr. Stewart, frescoed in green and gold, with harmonious margin. From this we enter the picturesque gallery, which is hung with paintings by eminent foreign and American artists. The finest side of this gallery is allotted to American artists; the opposite and east and west ends are to foreign. A range of decorative beads adorn the surmount. They are portraits of eminent French and American artists, and are correspondingly placed. Among them are Rossi Bonheur, Paul Laroche, Messonier, Cauch, Bierstadt, Gifford and Huntington. Mr. Stewart's agents commissioned to send works of art from foreign countrys, are constantly remitting paintings and statuary for this spacious gallery, which are accepted, or rejected and returned, as they bear favorable or adverse criticism from competent judges. Rosa Bonheur's Horse Fair, and a companion picture by the same, by her brother, Gustave Bonheur, occupy the space allotted to paintings at each end of the gallery. Church's Niagara occupies a prominent place on the American side. Bierstadt is represented by large works. "Rocky Mountain Views," and many of the extremely famous paintings of resident artists of the metropolis have found place. Having viewed the main apartments of the first floor, we ascend to the second story and first glance at the elegantly appointed bath-rooms and accessories of solid rich dark wood, one suite connecting with the sleeping and dressing apartments of Mrs. Stewart, located in the northwest angle of the building, and the other connecting with the dressing and sleeping apartments of Mr. Stewart, adjoining. In Mrs. Stewart's bedroom we ob-erved a magnificent bedstead of richly carved rosewood, inlaid with other kinds of ornamental woods. This bedroom is of American manufacture. The room on this floor corresponding with the grand saloon beneath is elaborately decorated in a similar manner. It is to be devoted to the use of guests. The billiard-room opening from it is decorated in dark blue and gold. The suite of rooms immediately above those are designed especially for the use of President Grant. The dimensions are the same. An entire absence of marble is observed in these apartments. The decorations are simplified, and, in our opinion, are of far less magnificence than the other apartments described. A billiard-room also connects with this suite for the use of the General, and there is one redeeming feature to the plainness of these apartments, which undoubtedly the President will appreciate, namely, their accessibility to the wine-room. All the rooms of this third story have mouldings of wood, painted to simulate white marble, and in all of them the frescoes are simple, and vary in design and color. The servants' rooms are located in the gabled apartments, and are luxurious only on being within this marble building. All in all, Mr. Stewart has decorated Fifth Avenue, cheated the hotels of entertaining Presidential guests, patronized foreign artists extensively, and made our metropolis the possessor of a palace such as kings and queens might envy—a White House in the metropolis of the country.—*Our Society.*

Paris Under Bombardment.

A Graphic Account.

The Paris correspondent of the N. Y. *Tribune*, writes as follows:

PARIS, Jan. 15.—I inclose the official report of the casualties occasioned by the bombardment from the 6th corps, when the first projectiles fell within the walls, up to the night of the 13th and 14th, inclusively. What may be the result, in killed and wounded, of the last twenty-four hours' shelling, we do not yet know, but the cannonade during the night has been occasionally furious—which means it was intermittent. It would really appear as though the Prussians proceed upon a methodical principle in their attack. They bang away from dark till 10 or 11, then stop suddenly. Within this brief space of time people compose themselves to rest. The cold is intense; there is no wood, no coal, no fuel of any kind, to be obtained, and oil is dear; so folks go to bed early as a measure of economy. They have scarcely dropped into their first sleep than—bang! bang! clatter, crash, dust, smoke, and the rest—a shell—perhaps two! And this goes on through the small hours, when comparative quiet is re-established. But this rain of shells is not continuous. Sometimes a lull of half an hour—an hour—takes place, when the storm of iron hail recommences with five-fold intensity.—Of course it is understood that the object of the besiegers is to harass and to terrify, and no surer means could be adopted, provided the population would only be harassed and terrified. But so far as terror is concerned, the calculation of the enemy is erroneous. The imperturbability of the people in the bombarded districts is something wonderful. It is to the last degree stoical. Of course, folks who are lifted on to the floor by a bomb, which explodes under their bed, are surprised; and so are the families which are compelled to migrate from south to north, at a moment's notice. Nevertheless, these victims of the bombardment do not flinch. They clench their teeth and suffer, but "no surrender" is their last word. In this there is no exaggeration. A stranger who should be dropped upon the Boulevards, say from a balloon, would not realize he is in the midst of Paris, besieged. He would, if previously acquainted with it, observe a difference in its aspect. He would see shops closed; the large thoroughfares thinly peopled; few omnibuses and hackney-coaches circulating; and five out of six adult males, in almost every variety of military costume; but he would discern no symptoms of uneasiness, still less of terror. He would remark motley groups besieging, in long files, the butchers' and the bakers' shops, and the *cafés* and *estaminets*, early in the morning, often at mid-day, and in the afternoon; but he would be unable to record any sign of impatience, still less any of rebellion or revolt, even in the poorest neighborhoods. At night he would find the streets, the *cafés*, the *hotels*, the private houses, well lighted. He might be surprised to discover that breakfasts and dinners are not easily obtainable; and yet more astounded would he be at the prices charged in the establishments still open, and which still manage to furnish these meals. He would certainly resent paying double price for his beef, lumpy, gray-colored bread, formerly charged for that white compound he had been accustomed to eat; and he might be startled on being informed that no white bread is to be had, because the bakers are prohibited from manufacturing it, and indeed are not supplied, with flour of the requisite quality; but he would be the almost only grumbler. From these, and many other facts, he would infer that the conditions of life here are abnormal; but were he to judge of the actual situation of Paris by the attitude of the population, he would not believe it exposed to the horrors of a siege. He would see people going about their ordinary business, much the same as usual; the *rapé* and transparents apparently, and so are the families which are compelled to migrate from south to north, at a moment's notice. Nevertheless, these victims of the bombardment do not flinch. They clench their teeth and suffer, but "no surrender" is their last word. In this there is no exaggeration. A stranger who should be dropped upon the Boulevards, say from a balloon, would not realize he is in the midst of Paris, besieged. He would, if previously acquainted with it, observe a difference in its aspect. He would see shops closed; the large thoroughfares thinly peopled; few omnibuses and hackney-coaches circulating; and five out of six adult males, in almost every variety of military costume; but he would discern no symptoms of uneasiness, still less of terror. 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