

Poets' Corner.

THE COSSACK'S SONG.

[FROM THE FRENCH OF BERANGER.]

Rouse thee, my horse, the Cossack's noble friend,
Fly at the signal trumpets of the north.
Speed to the pillage; in th' attack offend—
Lend wings to death when me thou bearest forth.
No gold doth on thy bit or saddle shine,
Await from price of my high deeds such things.
Neigh in thy pride, O faithful courser mine,
And tramp with hoofs o'er peoples and o'er kings.

Now peace to me doth fling thy reins and fly,
Old Europe's ramparts now are lowly laid.
Come fill my greedy hands with treasures high;
Come stall thee where the arts their home have made.
Drink yet once more of Seine's rebellious tide,
Where twice thou'st laved thy flanks all gory red,
Neigh then my faithful courser in thy pride,
And kings and peoples crush with iron tread.

Nobles and kings, as if besieged all—
Pent in a fort by subjects long oppress—
"Come, be our masters" unto us do call,
"Slaves will we be that tyrants we may rest."
My lance I've taken, all things by its side
Press on to low'r the sceptre and the cross.
Neigh then my faithful courser in thy pride,
And kings and peoples stamp thou in the dross.

I saw a giant's monstrous form arise,
His glowing eye upon our watch-fires rest,
"My reign doth now again begin," he cries,
And with his axe he pointeth out the West.
It was the King of Huns' immortal shade,
Attila's son, I do his voice obey.
Beneath thy hoofs be kings and peoples laid,
And in thy pride my faithful courser neigh.

All the renown that maketh Europe proud,
The knowledge all that may no more defend,
Shall be engulfed in that thick dust-formed cloud
Which round me speedily thy steps shall send.
Strike down, strike down in this thy new found way
Shrine, palace, manners, memories, all good things.
Then in thy pride, my faithful courser neigh,
And tramp with hoofs o'er peoples and o'er kings.

HAWTHORNDEN.

CHAPTER XVI.

FLIRTATIONS HIGH AND LOW.

By the removal to Ingewood, Sobriety Top had not fared so well as the others of the family. She found more companions of her own stamp, who were not improving either to her morals or manners. A cousin of hers, stimulated by hearing of her good fortune in falling into a 'big' 'rich' family, had emigrated to the region of Athlaca, and their meeting and writings, for Sobriety had acquired a certain use of the pen, gave Mrs. Benton concern for the girl which she had not felt in the isolation of the Prairie Farm. In going through the house she had chanced upon a crumpled half sheet of paper, which she was about committing to the flames, when the chirography attracted her attention. Her first thought was of a lesson Sobriety had attempted to copy, as every line began with a capital letter; but after some pains she deciphered the following, which we give literally, with the exception of the form of the letters, which would require types never yet in use.

"Deer dan i reckun i dont car
A pic for wat riles u bout me
Not settin down to grub with
Mis bentun i dont want
Cos i lik tu be round and so
Mis maren thro her pooty i's
Upter the doctur, which she daz
I tel yur wen her pap ant lukin
Now i tel yer if tha jine wont
Rashe latun mak a fus the
Docturs so pourful gud he hant
No lif rashe latuns rite smart
And mis maren aint no fule
She noes beter than to tak a
Fellar wat haint a pic—
Rashe was cut up i tel yer
Wen she went to rid with the
Doctur she sade to se the old farm.
Ill mete u nex mundy
Ni du fallin yer own tru luv S t."

Somehow this illy written and worse spelled epistle gave Mrs. Benton trouble in two ways. She feared Sobriety herself was going to the bad, and it brought to her mind thoughts that had come to her on several occasions, and which she had endeavored to express as vain, foolish and unnecessarily suspicious. For the first time she regretted the intimacy of Dr. Nelson with the family wholly on his own account. She knew Marion's love of power, and she feared she might be somewhat unscrupulous in her ways of winning it. She had tried to quell these thoughts in the past, now she would confide them to her husband.

"This would indeed be a perplexing state of affairs, Lucy," was his reply to her first hint on the subject. "The thought is an entirely new one to me; I have seen young Leighton's fancy, but can hardly

think Dr. Nelson implicated; I am a poor gossip, but will have an eye to these matters. Don't trouble yourself, my dear," he added, seeing a look of anxiety on her face.

"I am only afraid," she replied very gently, "that Marion's love of power may lead her to indiscretion."

"If I see any thing like trifling," he said gravely, and in his old decided manner, "I shall interfere at once. Has Marion said any thing to lead you to suppose her own feelings were interested?"

"Never by word; and I have not ventured on the subject lest I might suggest thoughts to her mind which as yet are strangers, but she is not confiding like dear Rosa."

"No, Lucy, she has to learn through pride subdued and ambition quelled, as her father has, what a friend she may find in you. I pray God she may not have to suffer as I have done."

Once placed in a post of observation, there were few persons more penetrating in their gaze into the motives of action than Philip Benton, and but few days sufficed to show him that Dr. Nelson was attracted towards Marion; but he was weeks in coming to the conclusion that his daughter was deliberately and determinately giving both the young men sufficient encouragement to keep alive the flame kindling in their hearts. It distressed him, it shocked him, sometimes it angered him, but he waited, hoping he was mistaken, forbearing to tell his fears to his wife, knowing how deeply she would, with her delicacy, take such conduct to heart. He saw Marion time and again devote herself exclusively to Dr. Nelson when Leighton was present, seemingly absorbed in his society, scarcely noticing the other; replying to Mr. Leighton's observations in the shortest monosyllables, and taking leave of him with a cool bow; reversing her line of conduct at the next meeting, perhaps treating the Doctor with marked neglect, chatting and laughing with young Leighton, permitting various little amenities which the other did not dare to offer, till Dr. Nelson would hastily retire to his office without staying for his chat with Mr. Benton, and wishing in his heart that he had never seen the bewitching girl who had already fascinated him to a degree he would hardly acknowledge to himself.

The father satisfied himself as to his daughter's designs, mortifying as the conclusion was; he did not hear, to add to his mortification, the sly jokes of Sobriety which Marion permitted, nor the foolish things said in the neighborhood, which she allowed Sobriety to repeat to her.

By the proposition of her father, she had been reviewing her knowledge of Latin with Dr. Nelson at stated times, when his calls were not urgent; latterly there had been great negligence here; a call from Horatio Leighton would entirely interrupt the lesson, or she would induce Dr. Nelson to talk on irrelevant subjects till the time was passed, leaving him with a sense of short-coming in what he had undertaken. Mr. Benton had seen all this and made his resolution, nerving himself to the task of reproving his daughter with difficulty, his failing health leading him to dread any excitement. The fitting opportunity came sooner than he expected; young Leighton had come in the midst of a Latin lesson for her company for a ride, horses saddled and at the door.

"Ah!" she said, shutting her book, "how can I resist such a treat, Dr. Nelson, this beautiful spring morning? you must excuse me."

He gently pleaded her father's wishes that they should be punctual in their lessons, but she, promising for another time, was off in a moment. Mr. Benton heard the voices in discussion, and his first impulse when he saw his daughter mounting for her ride was to recall her to her duties; but on second thought she saw that, now in her womanhood, other motives than simple obedience to his commands must be brought to bear upon her.

She returned from a long exhilarating ride, glowing with health and spirits. The Leightons came over for the evening, but Dr. Nelson did not appear till a late hour, when Marion met him with her sweetest smile, assuring him they had missed him so much, and planting herself by his side, apologized prettily for the morning delinquency, devoting herself so entirely to him to the neglect of the other guests as to be almost rude.

She was recalled to herself by her father's voice (whose every tone she knew) inquiring if she did not hear Mr. Leighton asking her to sing. She went with evident reluctance to comply with this request, calling Dr. Nelson to turn the music for her, returned to her chatting with the Doctor as soon as she could with propriety, and was apparently absorbed in the conversation the remainder of the evening, scarcely noticing young Leighton as he rose to go, with the delightful memories of the morning ride embittered by the experience of the evening.

Mr. Benton detained Marion when she came for the "good-night kiss," he looked at her steadily for a moment till her eyelids drooped under his penetrating gaze, and taking the candle from her hand he said, "My daughter, I have a word to say to you." She took her seat with an instinctive dread of a reprimand for her morning negligence, she did not realize that her father's gaze saw further than this neglect of duty.

"Marion," he said, after they had sat in silence some moments, and with a voice in which sternness and love were striving for the mastery, though he laid his hand affectionately on her arm, "your natural love of power, my child, is leading you to trifle with the holiest affection one creature can bestow upon another." The tell-tale blush suffused Marion's cheek, but she did not look up. He continued, "I hoped for a long time that I was mistaken, and that your behavior was the result of ignorance, but I can think so no longer. I trusted your conscience would check you by a sense of the sinfulness of your course, or proper womanly feelings would have restrained you from such unmaidenly, I had almost said unchaste conduct."

"O papa!" she exclaimed, weeping, "you are so severe!"

"Truth often seems severe," he replied, "but could a truly pure, correct woman, coquet as you are doing?"

"But what am I to do?" she inquired, summoning resolution to excuse herself.

"You are to return to your duties," he replied sternly. "Do you realize," he added more mildly, "that you are doing that which will eventually break up our pleasant circle, and make enemies where