

Poets' Corner.

IP S A R A.

(Free Translation from Béranger's French.)

There is no God but God! All praise to the Prophet,
All praise to the Prophet, the triumph is ours!
Our standards unfurled o'er these shores be uplifted:
Their defenders lie slain midst the wreck of their towers.
The triumph is ours. With the sabre of slaughter
Right fiercely we'll quell the revolt of the Cross.
We'll sweep from earth's surface a race e'er unconquered.
The kings of the Christians avenge not its loss.

What! Hast thou not, Chios, one child e'en delivered,
That here had recounted thy story of woe?
Then, trembling, Ipsara had crouched 'neath her masters,
Ere flooded with gore she'd, like thee, been laid low.
When the corpses, thick piled in thine isle of rebellion,
Thro' the camp of our soldiers breathed plague's dreaded breath,
Thy dying ones murmured, "In this be our help found
The kings they call Christian avenge not our death."

But of Chios the orgies shall here be repeated.
Ipsara succumbs; see her hope at our feet,
When Christendom sends to Stamboul salutation,
Its envoys our crowded seraglios shall greet.
Then pillage, and glut all your passions unbridled:
The victims of outrage are giv'n to your will.
From the stains we inflict in their blood will we cleanse them.
The kings of the Christians avenge them not still.

In the depths of her heart enslaved Europe had uttered,
"Let a people appear that no fetters restrain."
"Peace," suddenly cried, in a voice hoarse with anger,
Her chiefs that by heaven have giv'n in disdain.
A dangerous leader was seen in Lord Byron.
He died, and their smiles did their pleasure bespeak.
Advance then, and foul we the Christ's very temple.
No revenge in His cause will the Christian kings wreak.

To the rage that inspires us no obstacle's offered.
Ipsara's cast down: Heav'n hath whelmed her in night,
On her ruins the victor, from bloodshed reposing,
O'er blood still to shed doth in dreaming delight,
Come the day when Stamboul shall, half mad with rejoicing,
See the last of the Greeks from our masts hang on high.
In the tomb that long held her be Greece re-imprison'd
While the kings of the Christians unheeding pass by.

VERY SMALL.

(From the 'Saturday Advertiser'.)

Sabbath bells are tolling, tolling,
"Come and worship, come and pray,"
Ocean's mighty voice is rolling
Solemn chants from far away.
Rills and brooks and birds are singing
Nature's psalms and hymns and glees,
And the morning breeze is swinging
Censers on the orchard trees.

Little churches, little steeples,
Little souls and little hearts,
Little nations, little peoples,
Actors playing little parts.
After all we're very little,
Very little after all,
In the Temple of Creation,
Brothers, we are very small.

In the Temple of Creation,
Soaring to the speckless dome,
Seek our souls their destination,
Dreaming of a future home.
'Mongst the bright, the pure, the stainless,
In the realms of bliss and mirth,
Ah! our spirits are not chainless,
They are fettered still to earth.

Little tricks and little treasons,
Little hates and little spites,
Little months and little seasons,
Little days and little nights.
After all we're very little,
Very little after all,
In the Temple of Creation,
Brothers, we are very small.

Soul and mind, and sense and feeling,
Watch upon the mountain's brow,
Nature, in her prime, revealing
All her vernal treasures now.
From his throne, old Sol, the gilder,
Greets us with a warm caress.
Worshipping the Temple's Builder
We can feel our nothingness.

Little sorrows, little troubles,
Little griefs and little joys,
Little castles, little bubbles,
Little towers and little toys.
After all we're very little,
Very little after all,
In the Temple of Creation,
Brothers, we are very small.

THOMAS BRACKEN.

HAWTHORNEAN.

CHAPTER XXII.

HORATIO LEIGHTON TAKES A STEP FORWARD

"But Primus stumbles," persisted Leighton, "and your father has ridden away on Meg," he added, holding the bridle of the pony, and giving her his hand to mount.

"What matter if he does stumble," she said; "over these horrid flat roads there is no danger."

"But we will go through the timber, and over the bluff if you like, and get away from these flat roads." Marion pouted and held back. "I would do any thing to please you," he said in a whisper; "any thing but put you in danger." As he spoke, Dr. Nelson appeared, leading the censured horse, for at the first intimation of the young girl's wishes he had left the company for this purpose.

"Thank you, Dr. Nelson, you are very kind," she said, beaming upon him with one of her sweetest smiles; "wont you help me to mount?"

She kissed her hand to him in parting, and the two drove down the road, one quiet crest-fallen. The physician watched the path with eager interest long after they were out of sight, till recalled by Sobriety, who came flashing by the verandah where he stood. "Thar a good piece away, nigh out of sight I reckon," she remarked. He went into the house in some confusion. "Poor Doctor," soliloquized the girl, "now he's powerful took with Miss Marion, but there aint no kinder use, she'd wear the life out on him, I reckon."

The object of her solicitude did not entirely agree with her, but came suddenly to the conclusion that he would confide this matter to his friend, Mr. Benton. It could do no harm, and he was too honorable and too conscientious to take one step toward the daughter, without the sanction of the father. It was a grief to Mr. Benton to hear this manly, straightforward, humble confession of love, from the lips of a man whom he felt was worthy to be the husband of any woman; and when the Doctor regretted that he could offer nothing but an honest heart, and a desire to work at his profession with all his might, till he could make Marion a home, the father at once assured him that neither he nor Mrs. Benton would seek wealth or position for their child, and that he had their unqualified respect and esteem, but they could not urge her to accept any man as a husband, without the first requisite—affection. Of that he could not speak with certainty; as matters were, he thought a few quiet days of waiting would, in the end, spare Dr. Nelson's feelings; and with this the young man was obliged to be satisfied.

The silence with which Marion and Leighton commenced their ride, so unlike their usual gay chattering, seemed to the young man's heart ominous of evil. It was a delightful June morning, the tender verdure of the forest, the soft hazy clouds floating across the serene sky, were suggestive only of peace: but the perfection of inward peace rested not on Marion's brow, she looked and felt exceedingly unamiable. The horse on which she rode had, according to Leighton's prophecy, twice tripped, but she held the bridle rein very tight, and assured herself there was no danger.

"You are offended with me, Miss Marion?" ventured young Leighton, wearied with the short answers and unconcerned tone of his companion.

"No," she replied, carelessly; "nothing so serious as that; but you ought to know by this time that I don't like to be crossed in little matters."

"Perhaps I am foolishly careful," he said, as if to excuse himself, at the same time reining his horse to keep near her side; "but you know I would not cross you, except there were danger, and you must let me lead your horse down this steep bluff."

As he said this, he dismounted and took Primus by the bridle.

"Indeed, Mr. Leighton," she exclaimed, "I am quite competent to drive over this bluff, and *must* is a word I hear from nobody but my parents; it is quite provoking to be treated like a child." She drew herself up haughtily, while he dropped the rein at once and returned to his seat in the saddle.

The road grew rough and somewhat precipitous; deep indentures marked the whole length of its course, where the careful drivers of heavy teams had chained their wheels in descending. From the brow of the hill, far away at the base of the bluff, stretched the rich fruitful miasmatic bottom lands of the river, now covered with the vivid green of the young crops, and the rough cabins of the inhabitants, scattered without regularity over this fertile region, poisoned by its excess of vitality. The beautiful Illinois, with its clear limestone bed and its sparkling waters, now subsiding after the spring rains, rolled through these teeming plains, separated from the prairies land and oak openings where our friends resided, by the steep bluff which our travellers were slowly descending. About half way down the bluff Marion discovered, among the young green of a maple, a young honeysuckle, wreathing its golden colored flowers around the trunk and among the branches. It attracted her attention, for she wanted the flower a little, but she wanted likewise to restore a more amicable state of feeling; she was somewhat sorry for her proud speech; it would be difficult to say which motive influenced her the more, but she exclaimed, as if to herself, in a tone of disappointment, pointing to the branch, "O, how beautiful! I saw one like it last summer, and this is out of reach, as that was."

Without a reply, quick as thought Leighton was under the tree, it was still out of reach; but he stood upon his saddle at the imminent risk of his neck, and brought away a long wreath of the sunny flowers with his riding-whip. The cloud was broken up by this act of gallantry, and Marion smiled sweetly, hanging the festoon gracefully over her hat.

"Scentless, like all the prairie flowers I have seen, but quite brilliant," she said, forgetting the tight rein while arranging the wreath. Down went Primus, ploughing with his knees and neck quite a furrow in the descent, throwing Marion entirely over his head. Her foot was loosened from the stirrup, but her dress