## Hoetry.

MUSIC OF EARTH. Tunna is music, merry music,
Ringing through the forest wild,
Gashing free and full of gladness—
Tis the language of a child!
Where the velvet moss is greenest,
Where the blue-eyed violets blood
Where the soft Spring air is laden
With a wreath of rich perfume,
He is sporting in the sunshine, With a wreath of nich perfume,
He is sporting in the sunshine,
With his young hearf ful! of glee,
And his merry laugh is ringing,
Ringing ever joyously!

There is music, happy music,
Echoed softly through the grove,
Breathing gently of affection—
'Tis the maiden's song of love!
Blushing rose and weeping lily
Lend their beauty to her bower, But, with mingled tears and blushes,
She is still the fairest flower! She is still the larrest nower:
She is dreaming of the absent,
Of his parting kies and smile,
And her happy song is gashing,
Gushing gladly all the while!

There is music, solemn music, Stealing through the church aisles dim, Sweeping high in lofty echoes, 'Tis the sacred bridal hymn! Round the alter they are gath Where the bridegroom and the bride Breathe their earnest vows in whispers, Lowly kneeling side by side. O, the air is pure and holy, And along the church aisles dim, Softly stealing, righly rolling, Peals the sacred bridal hymn!

There is music, nournful music,
Wailing o'er the turf's low bed,
Sounds of deep, heart-rending angnish,
Tis the requiem for the dead!
Neath the shadow of the cypress, Where the drooping hyacinths weep, They have said the loved and lovely In an early grave to sleep. There are sighs of crushing sorrows. Wildly wailing o'er the dead !

## Original Story.

## Written for the Woodstock Journal. LA PANTHERE NOIRE;

The Mohawk Warrior of the St. John River. A Tale of the Early Settlement on the St. John. BY J. N .- CHAPTER VI.

Ir was the third night after the incidents brought you here." mentioned in the last chapter, that the dancing their war dance, they opened the should do to gain further favor from him. before." Then of the Millcoetes and pale faces try- Ben stood a few moments in silence and spring upon them when they least expect- the cuff of his coat. ed it, and tear them to pieces. After he spoke of the two pale faces, their prison- kindly, "why do you not go?" ers. He would not say that they should

again. Perhaps they would kill him, and nimbly into a small path, and followed it The young warrior, her rejected lover, drying her tears and looking up in his face, Charles know nothing about it. He then up the sloping hill. thought of his home—his wife and four We will now return to the council. Five little children. What were they doing? speakers had spoken. Some were willing so tender and endearing, that they sank riveted on the speaker. deep into the father's heart. But now, oh

and stood there trembling.

"What is the matter, Ben?" she asked

What is if the gentle flower, the toose, what was the meaning of that and the young said the you

Would they not miss him? and if nobody to pardon the young man if he would live shoulder. She sprang back as quick as else thought on him, they would. How among them, but they all were unanimous would they get on in the world without in condemning the old one to the stake. a bright little girl about four years old .- pale face by the Rose. As he arose, the will sink this deep into your black heart. When he was going away, how she called chieftain seemed eager to hear him speak. If the warriors can not defend their queen, When he was going away, how she called chieftain seemed eager to hear him speak.

him back to kiss her; how the affectionate He stood proudly up and gazed sternly perhaps they will the daughter of the Black Panther. If they have not the courlittle creature still clung to him with her around the assembly. He did not notice arms around his neck. Even now, as he the figure of a girl deeply muffled enter age to defend the daughter of the Black lay there alone and in darkness, he could the council and crouch down behind the Panther, their chieftain, from the insults feel her soft, velvet cheek pressing his, and Black Pauther, nor neither did the other of a villain, she can do it herself." They hear her little tongue lisping forth words warriors, so deeply was their attention all stood around the Rose speechless with

now! where was his pet?—starving!—they bled around the council fire. You have thrown back, her eyes flashing with scorn, all, perhaps, were starving. As he thought listened to the words of wisdom, flowing and her proud form was drawn up to its on all this it softened his rude nature, and from those sages who have spoke before full height, as she stood there alone, amid a vague dread of death, and every thing did not evince more courage. Their words and musically on the ears of the astounded was so dark and still around him as he lay there hand a lions, and their deeds as lambs "\_\_\_\_\_ there hand a lions, and their deeds as lambs "\_\_\_\_\_ there hand a lions are as lions, and their deeds as lambs "\_\_\_\_\_ there hand a lions are as lions, and their deeds as lambs "\_\_\_\_\_ there has lions are as lions and their deeds as lambs are law to the law are law are law to the law are l there bound, that, for a time, it nearly Here a slight motion of indignation passed proached her and said: "The gentle Rose drove him to a state of frenzy. The si-through the assembly. He heeded it not, is too weak and fragile to stand alone at lence was dreadful to him. He could hear but continued, "Are they no longer the the council fire; she would do better to his own heart beat, as it throbbed against brave warriors they used to be? or, have his vest. In this gloomy silence he re- they become, like the dogs, so docile that She looked a moment in defience on that Before Ben may return, they may take it his vest. In this gloomy silence he remained a long time; till, at last, he was
aroused by a voice at the door of his wigwam. "Ha, what is that?" he muttered

They become, like the dogs, so done that
they may be tied and lasted by the Pale
cold, stern face, then turning to her father
into their heads to kill me. I knew the
moment that you entered that my doom
was scaled, and therefore I had no need to himself. "They are a comin' to scalp a charm for them that they will allow the speak a few words? it is all that she wants." of asking you. I am to be killed." me. Well, they may, and be hanged to Rose to enchant them by her sweet voice "No," replied the old chieftain; "the "Kill you, Charles! oh! no, dear 'em; I cant feel any worse than I do now, and seducing form? Is their howl less voices of the warriors are sweet to the Charles," and she wound her arms still Ho! by the lawr-harry, it's a woman! and loud, their deeds of prowess less brave, and Black Panther's cars. He lowes the White closer around him, and nestled her head at that instant the Rose sprang to his side, their arms less strong that they should be Rose, his daughter; but she cannot speak in his bosom. afraid of the pale faces? Have their ene- in the council of the warriors-the pale "Has the Black Panther gone Blancher" "Ah! Ben, did you think that the Rose mics treated them kinder that they should fdces must die!"

"Ah! Ben, did you think that the Rose mics treated them kinder that they should fdces must die!"

"Wha! wha!" caree from the she commenced with her small white hands sworn enemies, and lead them back on the whole assembly. An other chieftain grose hope they will not get him. I feel a kind to unbind Lim. "No, I knew that you'd Mohawk warriors? They would then drive and said, "The words of the Black Pan- of dread, now that the Black Panther has not forget a fellar, 'specially when he's in them from their hunting grounds-burn ther were as words of wisdom, and the pale gone." trouble," replied Ben, as a tear started into to the ground our wigwams—take from us faces must die!" the scalps of the pale faces and Millecetes, "Wha! wha! wha! shouted the war-"Well, Ben, I came to let you go. They are at the council, and I stolc away to let (he looked savagely around upon the waryou go. I tried to liberate Charles, but I riors and raised his arm above his head in trembling and agitated. A paleness more kill you, now that the Black Panther is could not, he was too well guarded. They a menacing manner), "there is not one of frightful than death overspread her fea- not here to save you." thought that I did not know where you you who sits there around the council fire tures as she heard the last death warrant were; but I watched them when they but they would spit upon, rub your faces of her lover. She tottered forward with a out your father's consent, for I am his "God bless you! but you are the good wives and children." (A savage howl sity of her agony, and fell on the ground. council fire was again lit, and the Mohawk sweet gal," replied the poor fellow hardly arose among the warriors, and, as soon as The council now broke up, and the Rose warriors again assembled around it. After able to speak with emotion and gratitude, it ended, he continued), "If the pale faces was carried home in a state of insensibility. heart is black, and he would do any thing "Now, Ben, you must go," replied the be let go such will be the case. If they When she recovered she was so weak that for revenge." council. The Black Panther snoke. His girl, as he arose upon his feet once more, be put to death it can be avoided. Was she was not able to leave her bed. The "But would he not fear the Black Panspeech was short. He spoke of the Great "You must run quine take the same road the Black Panther no longer the Black Panther entered her room and sat ther too much? I am— Spirit, his goodness to them, and what they that you did the time that I set you free Panther that, a while ago, would spring gloomily down in the corner. He seemed A loud noise and whoop sounded out-

with such ferocity upon the foes, and tear to be in great grief; for his blanket was side, and in a moment an other. them limb from limb? He has become a drawn tightly around him and his head "Oh! they are coming'-I know that ing to drive them from their hunting looked on her, his rough face working with lamb, for he has the enemies in his own bowed upon his breast. From time to whoop. They will kill you. Oh! Charles, grounds. But the Black Panther was as different emotions. At last he raised his wigwam and will not touch them; even time he would raise his head and look Charles, my dear,—dear Charles," cried cunning and as strong as ever. He would hand to his face and wiped his eyes with when they are menacing a spring upon him upon his daughter. At last he arose and Blanche in almost frantic despair, as she and his brave warriors. Could the Great stalked over to the bed, looked down kind- clung trembling to her lover. An other Spirit be pleased with them? and would he not, when they entered the great hunt-not been gone many minutes before the ed into the wigwam. "I cannot go," replied the noble fellow, ing ground that lies far away to the west, war whoop loud and dismal rang upon the "Charles! Charles! I cannot save you," die, neither would he say that they should " and leave Charley, leave him to be kill- ask for the scalps of the two pale faces? ears of the Rose. She started up in the and the poor girl still clung with har arms live. The White Rose loved them, but he ed. What would he say when he heard And if you had them not he would say to bed: "Oh! I cannot remain here," she around his neck-" But I will save you," did not; he only loved his people and the that Ben Weeks desarted him? No, I will you, 'Go! you are not Mohawks, and you murmured, "I must go to him now that she cried, jumping to her feet and con-White Rose. As he was the father of his tribe, he left the decision of their fate to the council; and whatever they would say in a voice of slmost anger. "You are to great whoop of indignation sounded around so exhausted was she, that she sank down ed, thrown on his back and bound, before in their wisdom would be as music to his go and raise all the pale faces and Mille- the council fire, as the warriors all drew on the floor; an other loud whoop sound- he could make a straggle. In an other ear. The Black Panther was ready to cetes, and return to take him by forceabide by their decision. Then, as he drew
They know by this time where he is; per
The speaker continued) — "The White Then rising slowly to her feet she again and then a wild and agonizing scream his blanket basely around him and took his haps you may meet them—then show them Rose loves the pale faces, for she herself staggered but did not fall. A third whoop, pierced his ears. He struggled to get seat, murmurs of approbation ran through the road here. Now go," she continued, is a pale face. Is it that what makes the longer and more savage than any of the free, but he was bound too firm and held the assembly. When he had taken his seat, other warriors rose up in succession. they will not dare to harm Charles till he kill them? Are they Mohawk warriors? But as we have now to leave them for a is set free, if they do they will have to kill if you are not, I will no longer speak to sook her, and the first thing she did was they all, in a slow trot, started down the few moments to note other incidents of me." These last words were slow and you, if you be, are you to be ruled by a to fly to the room where Charles was con- hill. great importance, we ask the kind reader determined. Poor girl ! she knew not even squaw ? I ask you which will you do, - fined. She found him laying on his back The loud scream that Charles heard was then the savages with whom she had to save the pale faces and displease the Great tightly bound. She quickly unbound him, given by the Rose, as she tried to rush af-Spirit, and forfeit for ever the hunting and when he arose to his feet she threw ter Charles and was rudely flung to the Black Panther's wigwam to a more remote "I'll go now," said Ben. "You can tell ground? or put them to death, please the her arms around his neck and burst into floor by one of the Indians. There she one, situated down deeper in the grove. poor Charley that it was for his good, -to Great Spirit, and obtain the hunting tears. Charles knew at once, without lay, for a time, almost insensible, When In that he lay the night of the council. save him that I went. Good by! and God

He was bound so tightly that there was no bless you, my noble girl, for you're a brick. Wha! wha! muttered the warriors, as he pressed the loving girl to his bosom the young warrior, her rejected suitor. possible chance of him getting loose, and, So saying he dashed into the woods, and bealdes, the wigwam was tightly fastened soon disappeared from her sight. After and Ben. The warrior took his seat, and, mind! Oh! how hard he found it now "The pale face cannot take you to his on the outside. The poor fellow lay there Ben had gone the young girl stood a few at that moment, the White Rose sprang to die-now that he had every thing to wigwam away among his pale brethren.'s on the broad of his back, alone and solitery. His otherwise good humored face
was now sad and mournful looking. He
murmured—

The box left wing value at that moment, the write hose sprang to die—now that he had every thing to
moments in deep study, then covering het
into the middle of the council. A murmur
of disapprobation ran through the warriwas now sad and mournful looking. He
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of disapprobation ran through the warriors as they all arose to their feet and drew
tiful reature that now lay solbing on his would have felt happy were he with Charles "The Rose will save him. But then he their blankets tightly around them. An bosom. Yet he hoped; and what will not here!"

their blankets tightly around them. An bosom. Yet he hoped; and what will not here!"

the Rose is angry; but the enjoy his arciety, to make him taugh at may leave her, and she will never see him old warrior approached the Rose and said hope do even in the darkest hour! After "Ha, he, ha! the Rose is angry; but the country of the coun his quaint remarks and drole actions. Now again. He does not know how I love him, in a caim, slow voice;—
he was alone and in that loneness all his but oh! she exclaimed suddenly starting. "What is it the gentle flower, the Rose, Rose; "What was the meaning of that said the young warrier again laughing.
"What is it the gentle flower, the Rose, Rose; "What was the meaning of that said the young warrier again laughing. "Become!" she cried wildig. "Letm

bade her leave the council fire, and as he in pursuit of him." spoke he raised his hand to lay it on her lightning from his grasp, and from the return immediately with men. How did folds of her cloak she drew a long dagger. Her cheeks were pale - very pale, her eyes world to love or care for them but himself. rejected suitor of the White Rose. He was flashed; yet the brave girl trembled not the warriors were at the council. He was Then he shought on his youngest child- jealous of the attention paid to the young as she cried, "Touch me not, f you do I not willing to go, but when I told him astonishment. They gazed on that fair, beautiful girl in almost bewilderment .-"Mighty chieftain and warriors, assem- Her cheeks now were flushed, her hair dash the tears from his eyes, still they rolled in torrents down his rough face.

He felt so lonely, so wretched, and such the great warriors that spoke before him

in the dust, and burn and murder your deep groan, wrung from her in the inten- prisoner."

a few moments silence Charles asked the the gentle flower will be pleased soon,

now moved to the side of the Rose. He "Ben has got off, and they are now going

"Ben got clear! thank God, oh! I may now have a chance. I know that he will he get clear ?"

"I unbound him and let him go when "O Blanche, you are a noble girl. Would

to God they all were like you !" "And are they not?" she asked innocently. "They are better perhaps."

"Better! No, by heavens! there is not one girl in the Province that would have the courage to do what you have done," and he gazed with unfeigned admiration

"Perhaps so," she sofily murmured, and then fell into a sort of a study which lasted a few moments. Then raising her head, she asked in a low, sweet voice

" Charles, do you love me? do you love Blanche because she loves you?" "Love you!" cried Charles, as he canght

her to his breast, " more than I love the heart that beats within my body." "Blanche is glad of that, She would

die if she thought that you did not love her as she loves you, Charles." "Oh. Blanche," said Charles sadly, "I

asked Charles.

"Yes he went in pursuit of Ben, oh! I "Why dear Blanche?" asked Charles.

"The wicked young warrior that want-

"They would not dare to kill me with-

"I do not know." replied the Rose sor-

rofully-"The young warrior is bad, his

to detain me;" and the warrior moved ckly between her and the door with s in cried. "What business have you letain me ? I will tell the Black Paner and he will tear your craven heart It is your fault that they are going to Liste him. Chatles, Charles, oh? it may too late. I must-I will save him;" d again she aprang to the door. "Let One the Rose provoke the warrior. He Si a makes him angry, she too will die with Oh! a pale face. You are alone, and have the Black Panther to save you, as he at the council fire. Step back! If All at she council fire. Step back! If an move I will take your scalp, and hang And up in my wig wam. Ha! you get whi now; that is good." The young war- I can

The Rose did get whiter-paler, as the viul reality of her situation flashed across Bra mind. She was alone-a poor weak rl, not one near her to take her part, and he savage that stood before her had no In ntrol over his passion, and might, nay, ould, in an instant, take her life. It was ot for that she cared; she would readily ive it, were it to save Charles. Now eve- Al moment was precious. Perhaps he was eady at the stake. As she thought on she was near driven to madness.

now, tone of voice showed his rising an-

"Then you will not let me out?" she sked in almost despair, and she began to W el sick at heart. "No," replied the warrior firmly, "You

ast stop where you are, till they burn he pale face. Ha! ha! ha! you do not ike that. Yes. White Rose, they will urn him, till his bones become as white s you are. I will show him to you then. "hey are burning him now, ha! ha! ha!" and his laugh was low, gutteral and savage. "Burning him now! Oh, Charles! Charles! Why can I not get to you?" she bricked in the agony of her feelings; and min, with a mad bound, she sprang to the door. The young warrior gave a loud whoop, and made a spring, to get before er. At the same time he aimed a blow at the Rose with his tomahawk; but so alden was his spring that he missed his ot, or, at least he must have caught his oot in something, and he fell heavily on he floor. As a cat jumps upon her prey, s lightning dashes from the heavens, so prang the Rose to the side of the stunned Mohawk and wrenched his tomahawk from his hand. He was so stupefied by his fall that he made no resistance. In an other moment, the warrior moved; so the Rose, to save her own life dealt him a blow on the head with the tomahawk. The axe sank deep into his skull-the blood burs upon her-the warrior gave a frightfu leap-then a deep groan-and a long con vulsive shiver that shook him violently from head to foot, and all was over-h closed his eyes forever in death. The Ros gazed for a moment upon the dead war rior's upturned face. His last death strug

> She sprang out of the door and then in the dense forest. TO BE CONTINUED.

gle only gave a flightful contortion to i

The deep, long-working, pent up hatre

that made him raise his tomahawk to als

the Rose, was yet stamped upon his fe tures and even death did not diminish

A shudder ran through the Rose as s turned away her face in horror. She for ery that she had killed him. Yet wh

else could she have done? He intend

to kill her. "Oh!" she cried quick starting. "Why am I standing here

"GOING TO THE DE'IL." - One of the b known members of the Scottieh bar, w s youth, was somewhat of a dandy, somewhat short and sharp in his tem He was going to pay a visit to the co try, and was making a great fuss about preparing and the putting up of his he iments. His old aunt was much and ed at all this bustle, and stopped him the somewhat contemptuous question "Whaurs this your gaun, Robby, the mak sic a grand wark about your cle The young man lost his temper, and tishly replied, "I am going to the de " Dead, Robby, then," was the quie swer, " ye need na be sae nico-he'll tak ye as ye are."

It is not always the raggedest man is the shabblest fellow.