

Poetry

MUSIC OF EARTH.

Texas is music, merry music, Ringing through the forest wild, Gushing free and full of gladness— 'Tis the language of a child!

There is music, happy music, Echoed softly through the grove, Breathing gently of affection— 'Tis the maiden's song of love!

There is music, solemn music, Stealing through the church aisles dim, Sweeping high in lofty echoes, 'Tis the sacred bridal hymn!

There is music, mournful music, Wailing o'er the turf's low bed, Sounds of deep, heart-rending anguish, 'Tis the requiem for the dead!

Original Story.

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.

It was the third night after the incidents mentioned in the last chapter, that the council fire was again lit, and the Mohawk warriors again assembled around it. After dancing their war dance, they opened the council.

Ben Weeks had been removed from the Black Panther's wigwam to a more remote one, situated down deeper in the grove. In that he lay the night of the council.

again. Perhaps they would kill him, and Charles knew nothing about it. He then thought of his home—his wife and four little children. What were they doing? Would they not miss him? and if nobody else thought on him, they would.

He felt so lonely, so wretched, and such a vague dread of death, and every thing was so dark and still around him as he lay there bound, that, for a time, it nearly drove him to a state of frenzy.

"Ah! Ben, did you think that the Rose had forgotten you?" said the fair girl, as she commenced with her small white hands to unbind him.

"Well, Ben, I came to let you go. They are at the council, and I stole away to let you go. I tried to liberate Charles, but I could not, he was too well guarded.

"God bless you! but you are the good sweet gal," replied the poor fellow hardly able to speak with emotion and gratitude.

"I'll go now," said Ben. "You can tell poor Charley that it was for his good,—to save him that I went. Good-by! and God bless you, my noble girl, for you're a brick."

nimbly into a small path, and followed it up the sloping hill.

We will now return to the council. Five speakers had spoken. Some were willing to pardon the young man if he would live among them, but they all were unanimous in condemning the old one to the stake.

"Mighty chieftain and warriors, assembled around the council fire. You have listened to the words of wisdom, flowing from those sages who have spoke before me. You have listened to the fire of their eloquence, and were pleased.

"What! what! what!" came from the whole assembly. An other chieftain arose and said, "The words of the Black Panther were as words of wisdom, and the pale faces must die!"

"What! what! what!" shouted the warriors in one long howl. The Rose started; her fortitude now forsook her, and she was trembling and agitated.

"I do not know," replied the Rose sorrowfully—"The young warrior is bad, his heart is black, and he would do any thing for revenge."

"What is it the gentle flower, the Rose, wants? why does she enter into the council of the warriors?"

The young warrior, her rejected lover, now moved to the side of the Rose. He bade her leave the council fire, and as he spoke he raised his hand to lay it on her shoulder.

"Will you not allow your daughter to speak a few words? it is all that she wants."

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drying her tears and looking up in his face, "Ben has got off, and they are now going in pursuit of him."

"O Blanche, you are an noble girl. Would to God they all were like you!"

"Yes he went in pursuit of Ben, oh! I hope they will not get him. I feel a kind of dread, now that the Black Panther has gone."

"Why dear Blanche?" asked Charles. "The wicked young warrior that wanted to take me to his wigwam hates you and me. He may persuade them to come and kill you, now that the Black Panther is not here to save you."

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to detain me!" and the warrior moved quickly between her and the door with a menacing gesture. "Let me out!" she cried.

"No," replied the warrior firmly, "You must stop where you are, till they burn the pale face. If a! ha! ha! you do not like that. Yes, White Rose, they will burn him, till his bones become as white as you are."

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TO BE CONTINUED.

"GOING TO THE DEATH."—One of the best known members of the Scottish bar, was a youth, was somewhat of a dandy, somewhat short and sharp in his temper.

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