

Tight Binding

POOR

Poetry.

**DAILY WORK.**  
Who lags for dread of daily work  
And his appointed task would shrink,  
Commits a folly and a crime;  
A soulless slave—  
A pauper knave—  
A clog upon the wheels of Time.  
With work to do, and store of health,  
The man's unworthy to be free  
Who will not give,  
That he may live,  
His daily toil for daily fee.

No! Let us work! We only ask  
Reward proportioned to our task;  
We have no quarrel with the great;  
No feud with rank—  
With mail or bank—  
No envy of a lord's estate.  
If we can earn sufficient store  
To satisfy our daily need,  
And can retain,  
For age and pain  
A fraction, we are rich indeed.

No dread of toil have we or ours;  
We know our worth, and weigh our  
powers;  
The more we work the more we win;  
Success to Trade!  
Success to Spade!  
And to the Corn that's coming in!  
And joy to him, who o'er his task,  
Remembers toil is God's own plan;  
Who, working thinks—  
And never sinks  
His independence as a man.

Who only asks for humblest wealth,  
Enough for competence and health;  
And leisure when his work is done,  
To read his book,  
By chimney nook,  
Or stroll at setting of the sun.  
Who toils as every man should toil  
For fair reward, effect and free;  
These are the men—  
The best of men—  
These are the men we mean to be!

Original Story.

Written for the Woodstock Journal.  
**LA PANTHERE NOIRE;**  
OR,  
The Mohawk Warrior of the St. John River.  
A Tale of the Early Settlement on the St. John.  
BY J. M.—CHAPTER V.

THE valley of Manatan, or "Groves of Beeches," where the Mohawks planted their wigwams and chose their hunting ground, was about twenty miles from the Saint John River, and in a straight line from the plateau that we have described in the first chapter. They selected this place as it was difficult of access, and it would, therefore, be difficult to surprise them.—Its distance from the white settlers and the Millicettes rendered it a better hunting ground; and they could roam at pleasure without any great fear of being attacked by their enemies. Therefore, if any of the "pale faces" or Millicettes were so unfortunate as to venture back so far, they were sure to trap them. The Mohawks could, by taking their own trail that led to and from the river, baffle the pursuits of any persons not acquainted with the passage. It ran through winding passages, over hills, up brooks, around deep swamps, till it finally reached the valley. So after they had committed any depredations against the Millicettes or whites, they could fly to their stronghold and there remain in perfect security, till it would be partly forgotten. Then, they might venture out, to commit the like crimes again.

It was the seventh day after the capture of Ben and Charles, that we again claim the reader's attention, and wish him to follow us to the valley of Manatan. It was a fine beautiful day; and a June sun gave an unusual heat which was partly lessened by the thick foliage of the deep grove.—The best part of the Indians were away hunting, and those who remained were either scattered in groups, or else seated on the ground smoking their long pipes, and laughing at the merry gambols of the children. It looked a happy scene. Black Panther's wigwam was at a considerable distance from the others. The old chieftain dark and silent, with his blanket drawn closely around him, sat at the door smoking a long reed pipe. He sat gloomily watching the wreaths of smoke, as they curled up into the air and formed themselves into rings. Every thing seemed quiet and still around him, except, now and then, a bird would perch upon a lofty beech and chirp and whistle as it would

nimbly jump from branch to branch. Let us enter the wigwam. It is larger and more comfortable than any of the others. It presents a neatness and cleanness that would surprise one to find among the Indians. It might well be called the palace of the Mohawk queen. It is to one particular back apartment in the wigwam, that we wish, gentle reader, to lead you. The first thing that you will see on entering, is the gentle Rose sitting at the side of a bed—a bed for its richness of covering and surpassing cleanness, could not be found even among the most civilized of the whites. The Rose, pale and sorrowful looking, yet beautiful in that sorrow, was seated at the head of the bed. At its foot, stretched upon a long bench, lay Ben Weeks, who glanced from time to time, with an anxious look, from the beautiful girl to the occupant of the bed. Charles Stanhope lay in the bed in a fever, though the crisis had passed and he recovering, he still was insensible. His over exertion at the time that he was taken; his exposure to the cold ground and to the midnight dew; and, lastly, his nervous system, injured by the sight of the "stake,"—all combined to bring on a violent fever. He would, in all probability, have died, were it not for the tender care of the Rose. Day and night the beautiful girl sat at his bedside attending to his wants and watching him. Ben, too, with a love and affection which one would suppose to be at variance with his rude nature, nursed and administered to him; but yet he had to give way to the kindness of that sweet girl. Oh! there is something endearing in the care and watchful tenderness of a young loving girl around a sick bed, especially, of one whom she loves. We fall when we try to express in words all her care, her watchfulness, her love, her never-tiring and undying attention to us. Words never can, nor never will be more than a mockery of her virtues—virtues whose greatness we may feel, but never can express. What man has ever lain in a sick bed and watched with what fawn like love she will hang over him? The chamber is darkened, and all is stillness around him. While that sweet, low, accent, as it asks in touching softness his wants; that light tread, as noiseless as the falling of a snow drop, as she moves across the chamber; that soft, tender hand that strokes his temples and smooths his pillow; that watchful eye that anticipates his slightest wants and never closes at his side; that tender, loving heart that feels not his irritation or peevishness; but still clings to him with a love that is almost supernatural,—all are combined in the woman of his love, as she hovers, like a ministering angel around his sick bed. God bless her! long may she remain so; and ever shall she be dear to man's heart.

The Rose sat by Charles' bed side in silence. She seemed to be watching the working of his face; for, at times, it would become agitated, as if he were troubled with some startling dreams. He gave a slight start; she arose and bent over him. There was something which he said in his sleep, that she stooped down to hear. Why did she blush and a tear start into her eyes, as she caught the meaning of those words so lowly murmured? His dream was of her. A smile lingered on his pale lips; and a pleasant glow mounted to his handsome face. His lips again moved. "Rose, will you become my wife? I love you," he murmured. The girl instinctively understood the full import of the words; for, strange, he spoke in French. A bright light lit up her eye, as she stooped and kissed his forehead and rested her cheek on his. But soon she started back; for he jumped up in the bed with a cry that would pierce one's heart by the intensity of its agony. He awoke; and at his awakening, his reason returned. Ben Weeks had started from the bench, and now stood at the side of the bed. Charles looked at him for a few moments, in bewilderment, then about the room.

"What is the matter, Charley, my poor boy?" asked Ben, kindly.

"Oh! I have been dreaming; yet it was so natural. I thought that I was by the side of that beautiful girl that came to me in the woods; and my father, mother, brother and sister—beside me also. The girl put her arms around my neck, and kissed me—"

"I calculate that you war'n't far mistaken there," broke in Ben, as he cast a mischievous look from Charles to the White

Rose. The poor girl stood trembling with the fright that she had received; but now as Charles' gaze met hers, the tell-tale blush mounted to both their foreheads.—Charles smiled and continued, as he lay back in the bed:—"I felt so happy with her in my arms. But, all of a sudden, the Black Panther dashed over the fence and cleft the Rose in the head with his tomahawk. I screamed, and then awoke."—"And a tangle start you gave us. You near frightened the life out of the gal, an' ten years' growth out of me. I can tell you something, I guess, about that kissing scrape," and he directed another mischievous look at the young girl.

The above conversation was held in English, so the Rose did not understand one word of it. She again went up to the bed with a timid step, and sat down, resting her head on her hand, as she attentively listened to the conversation. She would steal a slight glance at Charles and then deeply blush, as he caught her gaze; for he, too, could not help taking an odd peep at the lovely face beside him.

"I think that I have been very sick, Ben. I hardly remember being brought here, and nothing from that out."

"Well, Charley boy," said Ben, again stretching himself on the bench. "We thought for a long time that you rather had a notion of kickin' the bucket; but I am of the opinion that you gave it up just in time. I believe that you would have been a gone goose, or gander, or whatever they call the confounded thing, were it not for that dear critter that's at your side. You have laid out there to dry for seven days, without as much as sayin' 'mum' to a mother's son on us. When I'd go near you, you would just look at a fellow, like you had never seen a human critter before. You war the whole time a killin' Mohawks; an', the next moment, you'd be off a lookin' at 'em burnin' Millicettes; an' pretty faces you'd make just then. I think, on the whole, you had rather a busy time on it.—Then you'd be a talkin' love to that gal, an' you'd talk so sweet, an' say such pretty things—oh! I know 'em like a book—all by heart—listen now, an' see if I don't.—"Oh, my honey, I love you.—Dear sweet Rose—beloved of my heart—oh! you dearest critter.—My best and true—"

"Oh! Ben do stop! how foolish you talk. I never said half that stuff," cried Charles, pettishly.

"I won't stop either! By golly! won't I stonish my wife when I get home. I'll put my arms 'round her neck, an' say,—'oh! my dear, lovely Suke, how my heart is a beatin' for—'"

"Do stop Ben!" cried Charles, half angry.

"Why, don't you want to hear any more what you said?"

"No."

"But you shall though," and Ben put on such a comical face that Charles had to laugh in spite of himself.

"I thought that I'd get a laugh out of you," cried the good hearted fellow.—"Now, s'pose I might as well tell you what the Rose did, as you seem to be kind of 'figidy o' what you did. But I won't, I guess."

"What did she do?" asked Charles, eagerly.

"Ha! I guessed it, that you'd have no objections of a hearin' it. Well, as I was sayin', you'd talk so sweet to her, an' say such pretty things that—"

"Now, there you are again, Ben!" cried Charles, who did not like any allusion to what he said, when he was insensible.

"Confound it man! let me go on. You'd talk so pretty to her, that it would bring the tears to her eyes, an' she'd stoop down an' kiss you, an' rest her cheek on your forehead. She would stop that way for an hour an' then she would stand up an' look at you for a long time, an' seem to be a thinkin' in. Then she'd burst into tears an' place her rexy cheeks next to your'n. But it is strange that you always spoke French, when a speakin' to her; an' how lovely she looked! It fairly makes my heart warm to her, when I think on it. She has never slept a wink since you took sick, but was always at your side, day and night. Poor gal! she's near worn out; but as bad as she feels, she'd set up with you as long again. Oh!" continued Ben, in a burst of almost eloquence, "she loves you, if ever a woman loved a man. Her whole soul is planted in you, an' it kills the poor

critter when she thinks that she'll lose you. You must always treat her kindly. She's bashful of you now, she'll hardly look at you; but she war'n't that way when your eyes were shut. But it's just like all wimen, they don't like to let a fellow know when they're soft about him; that would 'at be genteel—but jist shut your eyes, an' make pretends that you're asleep, an' if they don't stare at you, then kiss an' hug you; there's no snakes in Varginie. But an' way, if ever we get out on this tarsel nole I'd like to take her with me."

A silence now ensued for a few moments, till at last Charles, who had relapsed into a deep study, said, as a shade of gloom crossed his face, "I would like well to know how my poor mother takes my absence. I am afraid that she will be grieving greatly for me; also, John, Annie and father. Perhaps they think that I am dead or killed."

"Oh! no, they will hardly think that," replied Ben, trying to reassure him.

"But, Ben, how are we to get away from this? they will most likely kill us, and I'll never see my parents again. Perhaps now they are grieving for me. My mother, my poor mother!" and covering his face with his hands he commenced to weep. There is a time in sickness when we brood over our misfortunes, that they become exaggerated; and, in that state, they soften our feelings down to those of infancy; and we will weep at the least trouble with a bitterness that we could never feel in a healthy state. So it was with Charles, when he covered his face with his hands and wept—aye, wept till the tears oozed out from between his fingers, and then rolled down on the pillow.

The White Rose, when she saw him weep, looked from Charles to Ben with a face on which pain and perplexity were stamped. Then rising up, she bent down over the young man, while she said in a low, trembling voice in French.

"Has the Rose done any thing wrong to make you weep? if she has, she is sorry—very sorry, tell her and she will go away." As she finished speaking, there was such an expression of pain and grief on her sweet face, that it showed plainly she felt hurt to think that she had done any harm or caused any sorrow to Charles. Charles, in a moment, took his hands from his face and dried his eyes; then looked up into her countenance, while she gazed sorrowfully down on him. He took her hand and pressed it to his lips, while he exclaimed with great energy, "You offend me! No, my dear Rose, what you have done for me, I can never forget. I must love you dearly—far dearer than my life." She again looked on him; but it was only for a few moments, then bending her head low to his, her cheek rested upon his brow. He could not, sick and all as he was, help kissing her lips. A deep blush overspread her neck and face, as she started back; yet there was no sign of anger on her countenance at the liberty he had taken.

"Well, I do declare, that's pretty work. Needn't try to humbug Ben Weeks, when you think that he's asleep. I heard the smack," shouted Ben, in such a tone of genuine good humour that it brought a smile on Charles' features. Then Ben continued with a mischievous twinkle in his eye, "I shall be a tellin' the old gendeman on you, my lad, that the pair on you are here a courtin' right afore my eyes. But I suppose that Ben Weeks is nobody here."

These blunt remarks of Ben's were intended by the good hearted fellow to rally Charles, and not let him follow out the mood of melancholy that he was in, and to keep him from sinking into deep depression of spirit—the most fatal companion that a sick man could ever have in the same bed with him. Keep it out, and ten chances to one the invalid will get better. Some people fancy that the best comfort that they can bring into a sick man's bed room, is a long solemn face, one in which you can see your own death written in characters so legible that they are not to be mistaken. They will, if they stop an hour, bore you to death by asking you over and over, as fast as their tongue can speak it, "How do you feel where is your pain? how do you sleep? what medicine are you taking? what doctor attends you? does he call often? did you try such and such a medicine?" and, at the same time that they are praising it, they have their doubts

whether it will kill or cure. Then they will make a series of wry faces, as they look at you; and you might well imagine that they had the whole contents of an apothecary shop sticking in their throats, and were not able to swallow it. After that you must listen to a long string of diseases that have been or are still in their family; and they will trace them back so far, that you can not help believing but that they are hereditary in the family. If your consoler be a woman, God help you! She will tell you how her son William got cured, when he broke his leg; and then her dear James, when he got his arm out; and her youngest son Jonny, when he had the Typhus Fever, &c. Then about herself, how she had the tooth ache, side ache, ear ache—head ache and back ache, &c. You may turn in your bed and groan at the awful category of aches. Try and comfort her, to get her to stop. Get her to stop! If you do, apply for a patent at once. You will get it, and then make your fortune. No, such a thing is not, in the power of man. If she does stop, it is only for a fresher start. Then, ten chances to one, but you will hear the same long list of ailments over again, and she will not stop where she did before. She is determined to go through this time. You will hear even down to how many times her dear little poodle sneezes through the day. "Is it all over yet?" you may ask. No, the final of the sick bed tragedy has to come yet. You will hear her whisper to some body else (for she is sure to whisper loud enough for you to hear) those very consoling words:—

"Poor fellow! how bad and miserable he looks! I do not think that he will live long.—Good medicine that for a sick man. Now, mark that good humoured smiling countenance as it enters the sick room. Does it not send a sunshine of pleasure before it? It is so contagious that every one around catches the good feeling. It hardly enters the room before the invalid becomes a shade brighter. They will all smile, he will smile, aye, laugh.—Why? Because he does not see his soon death warrant in that pleasant face; and therefore it is like a reprieve to him, and he feels happy to have such a being near him. A burden of sad feelings and irritation is lifted off his heart, and therefore he must feel better than he would with such a weight upon him. Good natured people may cry out:—"A sick room is no place for mirth." But is it a place to wake a man before he is dead! There is a medium in all things.—Imagination has a powerful effect on a sane man, and what will it not have on a sick one? If he has to look (as a sick man will most naturally look) into the faces around him for an index to the state of his sickness, and then to see them so dark, solemn and funereal looking, what can the poor fellow think? Not that he is getting better surely; but that he is so far gone that they think he has actually "slipped the wind," and they are now wakening him. His feelings must be pleasant, very! Ay, our rough Ben Weeks, with his pleasant glow of good humour on his face, would be a better companion to a sick man than all the black coffin shaped faces in the world. Day after day passed, and every day Charles got better. No wonder he would, with such a bright fair girl to attend on him.—Her very presence was an antidote against sickness; and Charles always felt far happier, when she was beside him. They would talk long together, and never seemed to tire of each other's company. Trained in the school of nature, all her actions were artless: and all her words were nothing but what a guileless heart would prompt her to say. Charles delighted to gaze into her deep blue eyes, and watch the changing colour in her cheeks, as she would be moved by any emotion. She told him that the great Chieftains were going to hold a council and it would be decided, if the great spirit wished the two pale faces to be put to death, or, at least, the council was to tell what kind of a death they were to suffer. Perhaps they might be offered as a sacrifice. "But," she continued, "the great warriors love the White Rose, and they will save you for her sake. There is one young warrior who wants to take the White Rose to his wigwam; but the Rose knows that he is bad and cruel, and she loves the pale face better, and likes to call him Charles."

Charles smiled as he said, "They not allow you to enter the council."—"Ah!" said the maiden laughing. Rose can get in. They will not da refuse the daughter of the Black Panther. "And what will you do, if they let you in? They will not permit you speak."

"Yes, I will speak," she replied proudly. The Rose will soften her heart. The will not,—they must not kill you they do, they will have to kill me," spoke these words with such determination, such energy that it sent the mounting to her forehead.

"Tarnation!" cried Ben Weeks in great delight as he could not—no the life of him—help catching her arms, you're an angel, the best and critter that ever drew breath." She ed from him and jumped to the s Charles.

"I guess that I'm one too many here see how the cat jumps. So I leave the pair on you, to pull away as fast as can," cried Ben laughing, as he stro to the next room.

"Oh! she is a noble girl," murmured Charles, as he looked up at the Rose stood by his side.

"Were you speaking to me?" she ed, while she innocently looked in face; for she thought that she had him speak.

"No, my dear Rose; but did you the paper that I gave you?"

"Yes," she replied, the Rose came herself, when Charles was sleeping."

"What did you travel out twenty to the River and back again last n asked Charles in astonishment.

"Yes," replied the girl, "and home before you awoke. I went f than the River to the large house up the river, where the pale faces their wigwams. I put the paper door of your father."

"How did you know it?" asked Charles in greater astonishment, "you were there before."

"I knew it," replied the Rose, "I told me that it was the only large on the river, along side of a creek."

Charles was astonished beyond b how the fair delicate girl that now a side him could have the courage, t sure to his home, at the dead hour night. It was a distance of betwee ing and coming, of fifty-eight miles must have taken a far shorter tra last, he was aroused from his reve her asking.—

"What is Charles thinking of? angry at the Rose for going?"

"No, my dear Rose, it was not th"

"Then you were thinking of your away among the pale faces, Oh!" she continued with energy, "how the Rose like to be with the pale faces, and ways with you. You are so good kind to her, that she loves you."

"Rose," asked Charles though "do you ever think that the Black ther is not your father and that yo a father and mother who are wh yourself?"

"Yes, the Rose has often thoug she replied sorrowfully, "and an old told her so, long ago; and it was taught her to speak French. The Panther call me his daughter, and me, though sometimes he is da cross."

"You do not remember ever seein mother?" asked Charles.

"I do not know," replied the Ros I got something here, that alwa around my neck, as long as I can ber. I asked the Black Panther v was, and he told me it was mysel that the great spirit had put it arou neck. As she spoke, she took a smi pocket from her bos om, and place the hands of Charles. He opened there was the picture of a beautif who greatly resembled the Rose. eyes of the young girl filled with t she said. "Perhaps that is my r oh! how beautiful she looks! I pray to her, when I pray to the gre rit. Charles looked on the pictu long time. When, as he was p down the cover, his finger happi press another spring. A lid flew and revealed an other apartment."

There was an engraving of a Ma er, with those words written unde "Presented to Blanche Elemore, ken of love and esteem; by her aff ate aunt, Anne Howard."