

SELECT POETRY.

SONG OF THE PAWNEE WARRIOR.

BY OSCAR.

Hurrah for my prairie home. The prairie is wild and vast, Where the wild steed driving roam, And the buffalo thunders past, Where the serpent from his bed, Forth leaps in fearful springs, And the eyes burn red in that savage head, And the long form curls in rings.

When mounted upon my steed I fly like the driving blast: Hurrah! how the bisons bleed! As the troop I hurry past! Then my eagle plumed I shake, I utter my wild halloo— "Death to the snake in bush or brake— Death to the buffalo!"

Hurrah for the madling chase! Up, up, each desert child; Over the plain we'll race— Ater the coursers wild— "Ho! quick the lasso bring; Haul all the flock around— Narrow your ring—strike the herd king— Hurrah! he bites the ground."

Again, again, again, The earth is shaken and stirred, Dost see you dust on the plain? It is a buffalo heard: Now forward warriors all, Now loose your deadly fire! Ha, ha, they fall—the strong, the tall, They fall and they expire.

The Blackfeet seek our blood To fight with us they dare, Ha! meet the fierce bear in the wood, The hawk in his lair Mounted on steed they throng, Their trampling shakes the ground, With voices strong they shout their song, And proudly look around.

But the Pawnee never waits, And his onset it is brief— "On, on, my warrior mates— Hurrah! down goes the chief, And the Blackfeet warriors reel, And wild in horses neigh— Ha! now they feel the Pawnee's steel; Ha! give me the go away!"

Ah, give me the boundless plain, A courser strong and fleet,— Powder of finest grain, And a rifle light and neat; Then as the eagle free You'll see me range along, And I'll sing to thee, O Liberty, A never ending song.

LITERATURE.

THE BAG OF GOLD.

There lived, in the fourteenth century, near Bologna, a widow lady of the Lamberdoi family, called Madonna Lucrezia, who in a revolution of the state, had known the bitterness of poverty, and had even begged her bread, kneeling day after day, like a statue at the gate of the cathedral, her rosary in her left hand and her right held out for charity, her long black veil concealing a face that had once adorned a court, and had received the homage of as many sonnets as Petrarch has written on Laura.

But fortune at last relented; a legacy from a distant relation had come to her relief; and she was now the mistress of a small inn at the foot of the Apennines, where she entertained as well as she could, and where those only stopped who were contented with a little. The inn was still standing when in my youth I passed that way, though the Sign of the White Cross, the Cross of the Hospitalars, was no longer to be seen over the door—a sign which she had taken, if we may believe the tradition there, in honour of a maternal uncle, a grand-master of that order, whose achievements in Palestine she would sometimes relate. A mountain stream ran through the garden; and at no great distance, where the road turned on its way to Bologna, stood a little chapel, in which a lamp was always burning before a picture of the Virgin, a picture of great antiquity the work of a Greek artist.

Here she was dwelling, respected by all who knew her, when an event took place which threw her into the deepest affliction. It was at noon-day in September that three foreign travellers arrived, and, seating themselves on a bench under a vine-trellis, were supplied with a flagon of Aleatico by a lovely girl, her only child, the image of her former self. The eldest spoke like a Venetian, and his beard was short and pointed after the fashion of Venice; in his demeanour he affected great courtesy, but his look inspired little confidence, for when he smiled, which he did continually, it was with his

lips only, not with his eyes; and they were always turned from yours. His companions were bluff and frank in their manner, and on their tongues had many an oath. In their hats they wore a medallion, such as in that age was often distributed in war; and they were evidently subalterns in one of those free bands which were always ready to serve in any quarrel, if a service it could be called, where a battle was little more than a mockery, and the slain, as on an opera-stage, were up and fighting to-morrow. Overcome with the heat, they threw aside their cloaks and with their gloves tucked under their belts continued for some time in earnest conversation.

At length they rose to go, and the Venetian thus addressed the hostess:—"Excellent lady, may we leave under your roof, for a day or two this bag of gold?"

"You may," she replied, gaily. "But remember, we accept only with a latch. Bars and bolts we have none in our village; and if we had, where would be your security?"

"In your word lady," "But what if I die to-night? Where would it be then?" said she, laughing. "The money would go to the church; for none could claim it." "Perhaps you will favour us with an acknowledgment."

"If you will write it." An acknowledgment was written accordingly and she signed it, before Mr. Bartolo, the Village physician, who had just called by chance to learn the news of the day; the gold to be delivered when applied for, but to be delivered (these were the words) not to one—nor to two—but to the three; words wisely introduced by those to whom it belonged, knowing what they knew of each other, the gold they had just released from a miser's chest in Perugia, and they were now on a scent that promised more.

They and their shadows had no sooner departed than the Venetian returned, saying, "Give me leave to set my seal on the bag, as the others have done; and she placed it on a table before him. But in that moment she was called away to receive a cavalier, who had just dismounted from his horse; and when she came back it was gone. The temptation had proved irresistible; and the man and the money had vanished together.

"Wretched woman that I am!" she cried as in an agony of grief she fell on her daughter's neck. "What will become of us! Are we again to be cast out into the wide world? Unhappy child, would that thou hadst never been born; and all day long she lamented; but her tears availed her little. The others were not slow in returning to claim their due, and there were no tidings of the thief; he had fled far away with his plunder. A process against her was instantly begun in Bologna; and what defence could she make; how release herself from the obligation of the bond? Wilfully or in negligence she had parted with it to one, when she should have kept it for all, and inevitable ruin awaited her.

"Go, Giannette," said she, to her daughter, take this veil which your mother has worn and wept under so often, and implore the Counsellor Calderon to plead for us on the day of trial. He is generous and will listen to the unfortunate. But, if he will not, go from door to door; Monaldi cannot refuse us. Make haste, my child; but remember the chapel as you pass it. Nothing prospers without a prayer."

Alas, she went, but in vain. These were retained against them; those demanded more than they had to give; and all bade them despair. What was to be done? No advocate, and the cause to come on to-morrow!

Now Giannette had a lover, and he was a student of the law, a young man of great promise—Lorenzo Martelli. He had studied long and diligently under that learned lawyer, Giovanni Andreas, who, though little of stature, was great in renown, and by his cotemporary was called the arch-doctor, the rabbi of doctors, the light of the world. Under him he had studied, sitting on the same bench with Petrarch, and also under his daughter Novello, who would often lecture to the scholars when her father was otherwise engaged placing herself behind a small curtain, lest her beauty should divert their thoughts—a precaution in this instance at least unnecessary, Lorenzo having given his heart to another.

To him she flies in her necessity; but of what assistance can he be? He has just taken his place at the bar, but he has never spoken; and how stand up alone, unpractised and unprepared as he is, against an array that would alarm the most experienced?—"Were I as mighty as I am weak," said he, "my fears for you would make me as nothing. But I will be there, Giannette; and may the friend of the friendless give me strength in that hour! Even now my heart fails me; but come what will, while I have a loaf to share, you and your mother shall never want, I will beg through the world for you."

The day arrives, and the court assembles. The claim is stated and the evidence given. And now the defence is called for—but none is made; not a syllable is uttered; and, after a pause and consultation of some minutes, the judges are proceeding to give judgment,

silence having been proclaimed in the court, when Loranzo rises and thus addresses them:—

"Reverend Signors—Young as I am, may I venture to speak before you? I would speak in behalf of one who has none else to help her; and I will not keep you long. Much has been said; much on the sacred nature of the obligation—and we acknowledge it in its full force. Let it be fulfilled, and to the last letter. It is what we solicit, what we require. But to whom is the bag of gold to be delivered? What says the bond? Not to one—not to two—but to three. Let the three stand forth and claim it."

From that day (for who can doubt the issue?) none were sought, none employed, but the subtle, the eloquent Lorenzo. Wealth followed fame; nor need I say how soon he sat at his marriage-feast, or who sat beside him.—Note to Rogers's Italy.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ADVICE TO COUNSEL.

THERE is a well known custom prevailing in our Criminal Court, of assigning counsel to such prisoners as have no one to defend them. On one occasion the court finding a man accused of theft and without counsel, said to a lawyer who was present—"Please to withdraw with the prisoner, confer with him and then give him such counsel as may be best for his interest. The lawyer and his client withdrew, and in fifteen or twenty minutes the lawyer returned into court.

"Where is the prisoner?" asked the court. "He is gone, your honor," said the legal limb. Your honor told me to give him the best advice for his interest and as he said he was guilty, I thought the best counsel I could offer him was 'to cut and run,' which he accordingly took at once."

OUR PROGRESS IN LIFE.

What a blessed order of nature it is, that the footsteps of Time are inaudible and noiseless, and that the seasons of life, like those of the year, are so indistinguishable brought on in gentle progression, and so blended the one with the other, that the human being scarcely knows, except from a faint and not unpleasant sensation, that he is growing old. The boy looks on the youth, the youth on the man, the man in his prime on his grey-headed sire, each on the other as in a separate existence—in a separate world; it seems some times as if they had no sympathies, no thoughts in common; that each smiled and wept on account of things for which the other cared not, and that such smiles and tears were all foolish, idle, and most vain. But as the hours, days, weeks, months, years, go by, how changes the one into the other, till, without any violence, lo! as if close together, at last, the cradle and the grave. In this, how nature and man agree, pacing on and on, to the completion of a year, or a life.—Midsummer Day's Dream.

INDUSTRY.

There is no art or science that is too difficult for industry to attain to; it is the gift of tongues, and makes a man understood and valued in all countries, and by all countries and by all nations; it is the philosopher's stone that turns all metals, and even stones, into gold, and suffers not want to break into its dwelling; it is the northwest passage, that brings the merchants as soon to him as he can desire—in a word, it conquers all enemies, and makes fortune itself contribution.—Clarendon.

A CLERICAL ERROR.

A Somersetshire couple brother and sister, went lately to church, as bridegroom and bridesmaid; and the parish clerk, supposing it to be the "happy pair" unattended, ushered them up to the person, who got "under weigh" immediately, first whispering to his colleague that he must give the little bride away. The young people, innocent of all previous knowledge of the marriage ceremony, concluded that his reverence was economically filling up the time until the bride and her friends arrived; but when the ring was demanded a light broke in upon the bridegroom—an explanation ensued—the person went off in a fume—the clerk was inclined to smile—and the brother and sister, as soon as it was prudent, laughed outright.

LOVE OF CHILDREN.

Fondness for children denotes not only a kind heart but a guileless one. A knave always detests children—their innocent looks and open brows, speak daggers to him—he sees his own villany reflected from their countenances as from a mirror, always mark the man or woman who avoids children.

ADVANTAGES OF WEDLOCK.

We transcribe the subject on account of its truth and closeness to nature, and hope that every crusty bachelor may perceive the error of his ways, and to fill the object of his creation. There is a great deal of tact and feeling in the elegant description of the discomforts of the bachelor. May the married be thereby reminded to appreciate their comforts and the a-c-t-i-c to experience practically, how the cares of life are diminished and its joys increased, by the presence of a scouter of the former, and an enhancer of the latter:—None but the married man has a home in his old age: none has friends then but he; none but he knows and feels the solace of the domestic hearth, none but he lives and freshens in his green old age, amid the affections of his children.

There is no tear shed for the old bachelor: there is no kind hand and ready heart to cheer him in his loneliness and bereavement; there is none in whose eyes he can see himself reflected, and from whose lips he can receive the soothing assurances of care and love. No, the old bachelor may be counted for his money. He may eat, drink and revel, as such things do; and he may sicken and die in a hotel or garret, with plenty of attendants about him, like so many comorants waiting for their prey. But he will never know what it is to be loved and to live and to die amid a loving circle. He can never know the comforts of a domestic fireside.

Who can explain the phenomenon?

Why is it that when a man has made himself rich by a course of honest physical industry, his children should blush to be thought laborers in the same line? Or if he has only acquired a competence, and is respected by them, why should they feel both to confess to the necessity of the same employment? The laborer's child is never ashamed to confess that his sire once wandered through the same forest that he now roves in, and brought the bounding stag with his arrow. The son of the warrior never deems it discredit that his parent was weary with long watches and faint with forced marches. The sons of those who earned their bread by laboring with the pen, are not often ashamed that their fathers spent long nights and days in summoning into being thoughts for other men's reading, and opinions or the guidance of their generation. But brain work is no more honorable per se than hand-work.

It is no less toilsome and wearing, to labor at the desk to deal our goods at the counter, to pore over rusty papers to the fees of a client, to run at the back of every sufferer, and to deal out elaborate promises and threats to the wicked and good, than to be one's own master throughout the day, and to sustain a healthful state of body and mind, and earn an easy livelihood, by physical labor.—N. Y. Times.

THE DAILY.

The word daily is a thousand times pronounced without advertising to the beauty of its etymology "the eye of day."

PARTING.

The moment of parting is perhaps the first moment that we feel how dear and how useful we have been to each other. The natural reserves of the heart are broken, and the moved spirit speaks as it feels.

THE CONCEPTION-BAY MAN.

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