

COURT, AND INCIDENTS AT TRIAL.

'T WAS gala day in Pioneer Hall
Where flags of Britain draped the wall,
To hide the rough hewn logs from view,
And chinks through which the North winds blew.
A platform served for Judge's throne,
A dog skin robe gave added tone,
While high backed chair made gaudy show
O'er furnishings all Sour Dough.
Like statues, vigilant for peace,
Were natty, stalwart, stiff police;
While high o'er all, to view the scene,
In portrait framed, was England's Queen.
The whole, though savoring of sport,
Resembled much the white man's court.

Around were men, who learned in law,
Burlesque judicial, smiling saw;
Yet bowed their heads, subdued their will,
To rules of court proposed by Bill.
For pride of place his head had swelled
And all opinions by him held
Were proof against precedent reports
So cited oft in white man's courts.
Oh God! to see, is piteous sight
In weakling's hands the cause of right;
For privileged, puffed up pomp of power,
When accident of fleeting hour,
Will oft undo the toils and tears
Of honest men for countless years.

I thought that day and think it still
That worthy chiefs estranged to Bill
Were meant to meet untimely fate,
For Bill could love and Bill could hate.
'Twas known of old, that round his camp
He always favored worthless scamp,
Who'd flattering fawn his want to win
And laugh at yarns that Bill would spin,
While independant men were barred
By petty lies or service hard,
And peace was only where with will,
All sang the praise of Hi Yu Bill.