

What think ye, Sawney, o' my sang
 A good thing, it's no very lang
 The name I've gived's—The German Lassies,
 The air's the same as Green grows the Rashies,
 Maun, Sawney, ye wad like to see
 The way they dance in this kintra,
 They lift the lassies aff their feet
 In sic a way that's no discreet,
 Then a' at ance they'll let them drap,
 Syne ilka lad begins to clap,
 An' thro' the din an' fan an' stour
 Ye'll hear a voice say, "sock it to her!"
 They whirl them round in waltz and galop
 Wi' a real Glenagaty walop,
 They strike their hands and beat their feet,
 Then turn about and syne they'll meet;
 An' after every dance, just think,
 They walk up to the bar and drink!
 They'll jingle glasses left an' right,
 Their Dollar's gane—then a' Gaud aet,
 Gif I get hame I'll put Meg thro'
 The way they do in Cariboo!

There's an amusement here our wife
 ('Twad be an unco sin in life)
 Here some ne'er-fash their heads ava
 'Boot the commands o' moral law,
 Gif gamblin' be a devil's snare
 There's scores around who dinna care,
 An' gif they caught into the trap
 They'll hardly fear the deil a snap,
 Last night as I was lyin' asleep
 I had a dream o' thae black-sheep;
 I saw kent faces doon below
 A glowin' thro' the flamin' glow,
 An' fendishly were playin' 'poker',
 Wi' auld clootie an' his stoker;
 When 'freeze-out' some did wish to play,
 The deil consented, all obey:
 An' for the schu'ing they that night
 Sat doon to play wi' a' their might;
 But ah, said clootie, I've nae water,
 Nor whiskey, tho' there's mony a malster;
 There's in my larder some mince pies!

Bully! an' honest rainer cries,
 An' a' the rest were unco glad
 And auld nick's bairns are richly fed)
 They played for mony an hour that night,
 And mony a pie was lost to sight,
 Noo, just as I got thro' my dream
 A face I saw I winna name—
 'Twas he who paid for a' the pies—
 An' up his throat came deep drawn sighs,
 Noo, Sawney, this I'm laith to tell,
 He was a countr' man o' mysel;
 When some folk get awa frae hame
 They loose a' sense o' sin an' shame,
 An' sae they care nae bo' they're livin',
 Believin' neither hell nor heaven!
 SMA' SUNS TO MUCKLE EYIS RISE,
 THERE'S DANGER IN AULD CLOOTIE'S PIES.

We've threeltoon kicks upon the creek,
 Our ministers are a' sae meek
 They canna live a year up here,
 But gang below for warmer cheer;
 But maybe this is just as weel,
 When they're awa so is the deil,
 He'll think he has us a' his ain,
 And for that reason let's alone
 An' honest man—he's no to blame
 Gif he even thinks the same,
 For life is such in Cariboo
 That ane might weel believe it true!
 But still we'll try, as 'Rabie' writ,
 To turn the corner on him yet!

Weel, Sawney, lad, I've said enoo
 About mysel an' Cariboo;
 Mair reading nicht but gie ye trouble
 (An' heh! the postage wad be double),
 But yet I maun a word or twa
 Anent the folks sae far awa';

Ah! Sawney, man, I lang to see
 The friends at hame sae dear to me:
 My guid auld mither, honest soul,
 Hoo muckle she has had to thole,
 Frae her wud laddies, thoughtless chiefs
 An' some folks ca'd us ne'er-do-weels!
 Hoo aften has she ta'en our part
 When father wad his nicht assert,
 An' a' the head or aff the back
 Wad screen us frae an unco whack.
 Our father ruled us wi' a whup,
 But she wi' love—a surter grip;
 When duty made her thresh us sair
 She'd aye begin wi' a bit prayer,
 An' syne she'd tell us that sic evil
 Wad mak us bairnies o' the devil;
 She'd speak o' fill her een were weet,
 An' then, dear Sawney, we wad greet;
 Jist ane sic threshin' frae our mither,
 Wad mak us guid for weeks thegither,
 And mony, mony a time since than
 Has kept us frae doin' wrang.

(THE THREAT NIN'S O' THE MORAL LAW
 WILL SCARCE MAK ONY GOOD AWA,
 BUT WHEN LOVE SPEAKS WHA CAN WITHSTAND
 THE CHASTENIN'S O' SAE KIND A HAND.)
 Hoo tenderly frae weck to weck
 She nursed us baith when we were seek!
 Put a' oor dearest friends thegither,
 An', Sawney, wha is like a mither?

Gie my regards to a' at hame,
 An' tell dear Meg that I'm the same
 As whan I left the auld kintra
 To mak my fortune o'er the sea;
 And tho' I'm sair forefoughten, still
 I'll fecht my way wi' richt guid will,
 Until auld Scotland sees me back
 Wi' siller, or without a plack.
 God bless ye, Sawney, a' yer life,
 Happy at hame wi' bairns and wife;
 At a enin's whan the fireside gleams
 Whiles spare a thoct for your friend

JAMES.

LETTER NO. III.

DEAR SAWNEY.—Little did I think
 That Eighteen Sixty-seven
 Wad see me still in Cariboo
 A howkin for a livin'.
 The first twa years I spent oot here
 Were nae sae ill awa,
 But hoo I've lived since syne, my friend!
 There's little need to blaw!
 Like foot-ba' knockit back an' fore
 That's lang in teachin' goal,
 Or feather blawn by ilka wind
 That whistles 'tween each Pole,
 E'en sae my mining life has been
 Foo mony a weary day
 (Will that sun never rise for me
 That shines for makin' hay?)
 'Tis weel for us we dinna ken
 The future as the past.
 Oor troubles wad be doubled then
 By being sae fore-cast,
 Unless to us was gien the power,
 Like shelt'rin frae a shower,
 To scoing beneath some friendly bield
 Till ilka blast was oure.
 Yet man, sae thochtless an' sae rash,
 Nae doubt wad aften sleep,
 An' like the foolish virgins five
 Wad oilless cruises keep,
 Till wauken'd by the storms o' life
 Oure late to rin awa,
 He'd wish the future had been blank
 To him as 'tis to a'.

Weel, here at last I'm workin' oot
 A lab' rer by the day,
 Mang face-boards, water, slum an' mud,

To keep the woff away!
 Adversity's a sair-sair school,
 An' ane that few can prize,
 Altho' its hardships aften are
 But "blessin's in disguise."
 My sympathies gang wi' the man
 Wha labors for another,
 That never kent what 'twas to toil
 For ten lang hours thegither,
 Some masters look on workin' men
 As packers see their trains,
 But beasts o' barden, naething mair,
 For adding to their gains;
 But ilka doggie has his day,
 Baith thorough-bred an' cross:
 Sae very aft an sees oot here
 The mule become the boss!
 There's mony a wholesome lesson taught
 To aye by being "broke,"
 But aye oure readly forgot
 At the first lucky stroke:
 Some men weel aff in worldly means
 Are friendship's very sel'
 As lang as ye are kent to be
 What folks ca' "doin' well?"
 But should ye ever stoop to ask,
 Frae ain the sma'est help,
 It acts upon them like a stane,
 Thrown at a nameless whelp!
 Hoo many freends the wealthy have,
 Friends o' the sunny hour!
 (I've felt this, Sawney, since I stood
 Bare-headed in the shower),
 But still I fand a faithfu' few
 Around me in my need,
 Not rich—but warm an' kindly hearts
 That's weel ca'd "freends in deed."
 Sometimes I've thoct on lookin' round
 That regies an' fools thrive maist,
 While steady, honest, ploddin' men
 O' fortune hae the least,
 Tho' 'twad be wrang sae to conclude,
 Life's no made o' a day,
 But tak the three-score years an' ten
 An' syne the balance weigh,
 "Appearances do aft deceive."
 But here my mind's at rest,
 That baith o' this world an' the next
 The upright man has best.

Strange what a change a little gold
 Mak on a little head,
 That never kent much mair than hoo
 To chaw its daily bread!
 I've seen some chields weel liked by a'
 When workin' for a livin'
 Assume mair airs than ony daw
 That we ca'd under heaven—
 When aince they had a slice o' luck
 (An' some were rais'd on parritch),
 Believe themselfs e'en gentlemen!
 An' walk'd wi' men o' carritch—
 But minin' like the country here,
 Has mony an' up an' doon;
 Ae day ye're stannin' on your feet,
 The next day on your croon!
 Sae thae vain laddies gat a coup
 But fell upon their feet!
 Their pray'r should be, "O keep us poor,
 Or wealth an' wisdom wit!"
 I kent a body mak a strike—
 He look'd a little lord!
 An' had a clan o' followers
 Amang a needy horde.
 Whane'er he'd enter a saloon
 You'd see the barkeep smile—
 His lordship's humble servant he,
 Without a thoct o' guile!
 A twal' months past an' a' is gane,
 Baith frbends an' brandy bottle,
 An' noo the pair soul's left alane,
 Wi' nocht to weel his throtle!