

The Rockwood Review.

THE ROUTE TO THE KLONDIKE.

ROBIN LOQUITUR.

This is the great White Pass,
Said Robbin to Dobbin, his mate,
And the trail is rugged and steep and strait,
With rock and boulder and black morass.
And neither corn nor stubble nor grass
On the road to the Golden Gate,
By the route of the great White Pass.

Look to your pack, and your feet
Said Robin to Dobbin, his mate,
For steady and sure as fate
Are the home-coming caravans we shall meet,
And this is no city or village street
With room for the passengers, slow or fleet,
On the road to the Golden Gate.

And its neither light nor small,
Said Robbin to Dobbin, his mate,
And the way is so narrow and strait,
That one must go to the wall,
And one must scramble or fall,
And his is the kindlier fate
Whose road forever and all
Stops this side of the Golden Gate.

For men will barter for gold
Said Robin to Dobbin, his mate,
Name and honor and state,
Everything bought or sold
That the heart or the hands can hold,
And all that is good and great.
What does it matter, a dumb beast's fate—
Cover him over with mould,
The caravan cannot wait
That is bound for the Golden Gate.

The canon—the cliff—and the dark morass—
Aye, said Robin to Dobbin, his mate,
None shall the pitiful tale relate;
Starved and beaten and dazed with cold—
Better and sooner a thousand fold
Just to drop out of the struggling mass,
Down the sharp rocks of the slippery pass—
To the valley of death in the great White Pass,
This side of the Golden Gate.

K. S. McL.