

An' since I've seen the Barkeeper,  
 Wha seem'd sae sweet before,  
 Wi' some persuasion show this chield  
 The outside o' the door!  
 Ah! gold, gold, gold! we worship gold—  
 What signifies the man?  
 Hae ye but siller ye're a God,  
 Your character wha'd scan!  
 But be ye poor, than a' maun see  
 Whate'er ye are aboot,  
 If there's a 'hole in a' your coat'  
 Their sure to find it oot.  
 Yet tak the bawbees frae the ain  
 An' gie them to the ither,  
 This man will get the world's hand,  
 And that man it's cauld shoulther!

There's naething like a minin' life  
 In ony trade or art  
 That brings to licht sae forcibly  
 Each feelin' of the heart;  
 The mean, the selfish and the proud,  
 Conceited and the vain,  
 Are known by ilka turn they mak  
 In this pursuif o' gain,  
 While open-hearted, manly souls  
 Made o' a finer clay,  
 Tho' strivin' hard for wealth themsels  
 Help ithers on their way.

'Tis strange yet true as soon's a man  
 Has guid luck and weel fares,  
 His freends begin to think him proud  
 An' gie himsel airs;  
 Sincerity whilles maks me feel  
 we "saddle the wrang horse."  
 'Tis we wha being poor are proud,  
 But he maun get the curse!  
 Nae doubt there are some men around  
 Wi self-conceit confined,  
 A consequential body theirs  
 To hide a vacant mind.  
 Puir silly creatures, harmless chields,  
 O' glory tak your fill!  
 Think highly o' yoursel, my freends,  
 Nae ither body will!

But, Sawney, I could name some men  
 As open as the day;  
 What matter whether rich or poor  
 Aye gentlemen are they.  
 What matter tho' the claes be fine,  
 Or a' their duds threadbare?  
 'Tis no the coat that reads the man,  
 The heart's the dial there;  
 But somehow, Sawney, as a class  
 Their "backs are at the wa'."  
 'Tis may be, as a miner said,  
 "Because their brains are sma'."  
 Owre sma' to steal, owre sma' to cheat,  
 To gain wealth by a lee.  
 If this be what the wise man meant  
 May aye their brains be weel!

Among the hunders livin' here  
 There's barely ten per cent  
 That shun the vice-o' cards an' dice,  
 Such is the natural bent.  
 I ken some men aye an' respect,  
 Are Gamblin's abject slaves,  
 (O would they only pause an' think,  
 Life ends not in their graves.)  
 There's mony a debt maun gang unpaid,  
 An' mony a promise broken,  
 To gratify an appetite  
 For ever, ever croakin'.  
 The law can never mak a saunt,  
 Hoo'er severe it be—  
 But Gamblin' as a vice affects

A whole communi y.  
 We want an Alderman like 'Cute,'  
 To 'Put this nuisance down,'  
 Or a Grand Jury wi' a will  
 To drive it to the groun':  
 Yet Gamblers indirectly help  
 To furnish the Exchequer,  
 They're prized by mony a whisky shop  
 As cargoes to a wrecker:  
 Sae men in pow'r maun shut their een,  
 In fact they dinna care  
 As lang 's the Revenue is rais'd  
 Whether foul the means or fair.  
 Puir honour to be suled by some  
 Aristocratic swells,  
 Wha guide the reins o' Government  
 Just as it suits themsel!  
 Besides, it ceases to be sae  
 Whan'er it costs owre dear.  
 (But 'shadows o' a great Event'  
 Foreshadow changes hear!)  
 A star has risen i' the East,  
 An' on its disco 'salvation!  
 Its ring around wi' letters bound  
 Shines oot 'Confederation!  
 The 'brightest gem in Britain's Crown'  
 Is Canada's Domain,  
 And whan 'tis anchored in the seas  
 'Twill strength as lustre gain.

There's neither kirk nor Sunday here,  
 Altho' there's mony a sinner,  
 An' if we're steep'd in a' that's bad,  
 Think ye there's muckle winner?  
 There is a little meetin' house  
 That's ca'd the Cambrian Ha'  
 Its members few—but these I view  
 As saut preservin' a'—  
 But if we binna get a kirk  
 We hae anither biggin  
 (Altho' it may na point sae clear  
 The way abune the riggin)  
 That gies amusement to the boys  
 An' brings them a' thegither  
 Ae nicht a week for twa short hours  
 To laugh wi' ane anither.  
 I dinna ken what name to gie'd:  
 A 'Play-house' ye despise,  
 Would 'Amateur Dramatic Club'  
 Look better in your eyes?  
 You Sawneys are a moral folk,  
 Altho' ye will get fou!  
 'Twad do ye a' a sight o' guid  
 Twa years in Cariboo!

'Twas my intent to show you a'  
 The hardships o' this life,  
 But second thoughts hae chang'd my mind,  
 For ye wad tell yere wife!  
 An' weel ye ken that women's tongues  
 Are common to ilk ither,  
 An' ere a week or sae was owre  
 She'd claik it to my mither,  
 Puir body, wha wad grieve her heart  
 By adding to her care—  
 He's but a coward at the best  
 Wha troubles canna bear.

Your letters, Sawney, are a boon,  
 An' postage now is less,  
 An' Barnard's Cariboo: 'Delay'  
 Can fairly claim 'Express.'  
 Be sure an' write me ev'ry month,  
 If naething but 'cauld kale.'  
 To see hoe much hame news is prized,  
 Read

\* Asything repeated.

## WAITING FOR THE MAIL

Man's life is like a medley,  
 Composed of many airs,  
 Which make us glad or make us sad  
 And oft our laughter dares:  
 E'en so, our hearts have many chords  
 And strains of light and strong,  
 Which make us glad or make us sad,  
 Like changes in the song:  
 Our smiles and tears, our hopes and fears,  
 Our sorrows never fail,  
 But ev'ry heart knows not the smart  
 Of waiting for the mail.

A teamster from the Beaver Pass—  
 "What news of the Express?"  
 "Twas there last night, if I heard right;  
 'Twill be to-day, 'I guess.'  
 A miner next on William Creek  
 Arrived from win'ring south:  
 "He heard some say 'twould be to-day  
 Expected at the Mouth."  
 But here comes Pool, in haste, his rule—  
 "Hallo! what of the mail?"  
 From him we learn, with some concern,  
 "Just two days out from Yale!"

Ah! waiting is a weariness—  
 "The Express is at Van Winkle!"  
 This makes the face deny the case,  
 And quite removes the wrinkle.  
 A few hours more—a great uproar—  
 The Express is come at last!  
 An Eastern mail, see by the bale,  
 As "Sullivan" goes past;  
 And now an eager anxious crowd  
 Await the "letter sale."  
 Postmaster curst—their wrath was nurs'd  
 By waiting for the mail.

"Hurrah!" at length the window's up—  
 "There's nothing, 'John,' for me!"  
 John knows the face—the letter place—  
 "Two bits on that," says he.  
 And many come and many go  
 In sorrow or delight,  
 While some will say "their's met defay,"  
 Whose friends forgot to write;  
 An anxious heart, who stands apart  
 Expectant of a letter,  
 With hopeful mind, but fears to find  
 Some loved one still his debtor.

The day is pass'd, the office closed,  
 The letters are deliver'd,  
 And some have joy without alloy  
 While some fond hopes are shiver'd:  
 A sweetheart wed—a dear friend dead,  
 Or closer tie is broken;  
 Ah! many an ache the heart may take  
 By words tho' never spoken.  
 But whether good or bad the news  
 This happens without fail.  
 Your letter read—the fire is fed  
 For waiting on the Mail.

An' noo, dear Sawney, 'Fare the weel!'  
 Tho' we can never meet,  
 Ye'll hae a big share o' my heart  
 As ye hae o' this sheet.  
 My fondest hope is but to find  
 Some hearts as leal an' true  
 Mang' Scotland's hills an' Scotland's dales  
 As freends in Cariboo.

JAS. ANDERSON.