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SAWNEY'S LETTERS.

LETTER No. I.

WRITTEN FEBRUARY, 1864.

DEAR SAWNEY,—I sit doon to write
A screed to you by candle light,
In answer to your friendly letter—
I ne'er had ane that pleased me better.
Your letter cam by the Express,
Eight shillins carriage—naethin' less.
You'll think this awfu'—'tis, nae doot—
(A dram's twa shillins here about) ;
I'm sure if Tamie Ha'—the buddy
Was here wi' his three-legged cuddy
He hauls ahen him wi' a tasher,
He'd beat the Express, faith & thegither,
To speak o't i' the truest way,
'Tis Barnard's Cariboo Delay.

You'd maybe like t' ken, what pay
Miners get here for ilka day.
Jist twa pound sterling, sure as death—
It should be four—atween us baith.
For gin ye count the cost o' livin'
There's naething left to gang and come on ;
And should you bide the winter here,
The shoppy-buddies 'll grab your gear.
And little wark ane finds to do
A' the lang dreary winter thro'.

Sawney—had ye your tatties here,
And neeps and carrots—dinna speer
What price—tho' I could tell ye weel,
Ye might think me a leein' chiel ;
Nae, lad, ye ken I never lee,
Ye a' believe that fa's frae me ;
Neeps, tatties, carrots—by the pun
Jist twa for a penny—try for fun
How muckle 'twad be for a ton.

SAWNEY'S LETTERS.

Aitmeal four shillins, flour is twa,
 And milk's no to be had ava.
 For at this season o' the year
 There's naething for a coo up here
 To chaw her cud on—sae ye see
 Ye are far better aff than me—
 For while you're sittin' warm at hame,
 And suppin' parritch drooned in crame,
 The deil a drap o' milk hae I,
 But gobble up my parritch dry ;
 Of course, I can get butter here.
 Twa shillin' a pund—it's far our dear.
 Aye—a' thing sells at a lang price,
 Tea, coffee, sugar, bacon, rice,
 Four shillins a pund, and something mair,
 And e'en the weights are rather bare—
 Sae much for prices.

Noo for claims,
 And first a word about their names :
 Some folk were sae oppressed wi' wit,
 They ca'd their claim by name "Coo —,"
 And tho' they struck the dirt by name,
 They ne'er struck pay dirt in their claim.
 Some others made a gae fine joke
 And christea'd their bit ground "Deak Broke,"
 While some, to fix their fate at once,
 Ca'd their location "The Last Chance ;"
 There's "Tinker," "Grizzly,"—losh, what names
 There's "Prince o' Wales"—the best o' claims,
 There's "Beauregard" and "Never Sweat,"
 And scores o' ithers I forget.
 The "Richfield" and the "Montreal."
 They say they struck the pay last fall—
 But will they strike it in the spring,
 Aye, Sawney, that's anither thing ;
 But by-an'-bye they'll ken, nae doot,
 If they can pump their water oot.
 Some strike the bed-rock pitchin' in,
 And some the bed-rock canna win,
 But ne'er a color can they see,
 Untill they sant it first a wee ;
 And syne they tell to ilka man,
 They struck twa dollars to the pan.
 You'll see't into the Victoria Press
 As twenty dollars—naething less.
 Aye, Sawney, here a wee bit story,
 Gin since it travels to Victory,
 Is magnified a hundred fold.

The bed-rock here, doon there is gold ;
 Some folks would manufacture lees
 To mak' a bawbee on a cheese.
 Shame on the man who salts a claim,
 A man he is—but just in name—
 NO MANHOOD'S IN HIM, HE'S A CHEAT,
 A SMOOTH, DISSEMBLING HYPOCRITE,
 WHO, IF HE COULD BUT GAIN HIS END,
 WOULD E'EN DECEIVE HIS DEAREST FRIEND.

There is a set o' men up here,
 Wha never work thro' a' the year,
 A kind o' serpents, crawlin' snakes,
 That fleece the miner o' his stakes ;
 They're gamblers—honest men some say,
 Tho' it's quite fair to cheat in play—
 IF IT'S NO KENT O'—I ne'er met
 An honest man a gambler yet !
 O, were I Judge in Cariboo,
 I'd see the laws were carried thro',
 I'd hae' the cairds o' every pack
 Tied up into a gunny sack,
 Wi' a' the gamblers chained thegither,
 And banished frae the creek forever.
 But, Sawney, there's anither clan,
 There's none o' them I'd ca' a man,
 They ca' them "jumpers"—my belief
 Is—"jumper" simply means a thief ;
 They jump folks' claims, and jump their lots,
 They jump the very pans and pots ;
 But wait a wee—for a' this evil—
 Their friend 'll jump them,
 He's the deevil !

And sae ye think o' comin' here,
 And leavin' a' your guids and gear,
 Your wife, and bairns, and hame ;
 Ah ! Sawney ! if ye wad listen to advice—
 And sae ye will, if ye be wise—
 This country's no for you ava'
 Sae bide at hame, and work awa'.
 Ye mauna think we honk up gold,
 As ye the tatties frae the mould.
 Gude faith, ye'll maybe houk a twal mo't,
 An' never even get a glisk o't !
 An' then, what comes o' us pair deevils ?
 We get as thin and lean as weevils ;
 O' wark we canna get a stroke,
 We're what they ca' out here "dead broke,"
 Which means we hinna e'en a groat.

To line our stomach or our coat ;
 Sae doon the country we maun gang,
 And this the burden o' our saig
 To ilka ane that comes alang,
 " Freend, be advised, and turn aboot,
 For Cariboo is noo ' play'd oot ! "

Noo, Sawney, I'll blaw oot the light,
 I'll finish this some ither night.
 I'll cast my coat and breeks, that's a',
 And sleep until the daylight daw.

DEAR SAWNEY,—I noo tak the time
 To feenish oot my thread o' rhyne,
 But as my bobbin's gettin' bare,
 I'll no can spin ye muckle mair.

An' sae ye're guid auld mitber's dead,
 This aye keeps runnin' in my head.
 Eb, weel I mind the awfu' lickin'
 She gaed us twa, for pusie stickin' !
 Noo, even when I think o' that,
 What gar'd her flyte sae 'boot a cat ?
 An' it had worri'd oor she rabbit,
 An' feckly a' the young anes grabbit ;
 But whan ye're mither fand this oot,
 She ca'd the cat a clarty brute,
 An' as she'd skelped us sae cruel,
 She fill'd our stomachs fu' o' gruel.
 Aye, Sawney, lad, auld folks maun dee,
 An' young anes may—so let us be
 Twa doonright, honest, trustin' men,
 Syne we'll be ready noo or then.
 An' ye hae got anither bairn,
 Anither stane to haip the cairn.
 Aye, aye, for ilka ane that dees—
 There's ane, an' maybe mair, that sees.
 Sae dander-headed Smiddy Jock
 Is rivet'd wi' Maggie Locke !
 I canna think hoo she could mairy
 Sic a blethrin' harum-scairy ;
 Some folks dislike what ithers like.
 An' some see guid in the warst tyke,
 Sae Maggie may see this in Johnnie,
 But, certes me, he is no bonnie !
 Ye ken I liked this lass fu' weel,
 An' thocht mysel' a happy chiel.
 Ah, I should ne'er hae trusted Mag,
 She's like her mither Eve—the hag—
 Wha fell in love, lang time ago,

Wi' that auld blacksmith doon below ;
 Believin' a' his words were true,
 She put the aiple in her mou',
 An' whan auld Aidam she had gotten,
 They ate it, but they fand it rotten !
 They lost the guid, an' got the evil,
 A' thro' oor mither's bein' sae ceevil !
 Ye ken that like produces like.
 That bees are bred in a bee's byke,
 Sae evil doon frae Aidam ran
 A' thro' the veins o' every man.
 An' woman, too—SAE MAGGIE LOCKE
 FORGAT HER JEAMES, AND SPLICED WI' JOCK !

There are some women on this creek,
 Sae modest, and sae mild and meek !
 The deep red blush aye pents their cheek,
 They never swear but when they speak.
 Each ane's a mistress, too, ye'll find,
 To mak guid folks think that she's joined
 In honest wedlock unto one ;
 " She's yours or any other man ! "
 But dinna fear, for me at least,
 I'll never mak mysel' a beast !
 But let this drap—" to err is human,"
 An' " Frailty, thy name is woman."

" Love in itsel' is very guid,
 But 'tis by nae means solid fuid "—
 Whan man and woman 's tied thegither.
 They are made one till death does sever ;
 So says the pastor—but is 't true ?
 Has Kate an' you the self same mou' ?
 Whan ye sit doon to eat betimes,
 Does this same mou' fill baith ye're waimes ?
 It may be sae, but this I ken,
 Gif ye war ane, ye noo are ten ;
 There's Jeames, and Sawney, Kate and Meg,
 An' Geordie with the crookit leg.
 There's Wull and Hairry, Shuse and Jock,
 Nae langer than his faither's sock—
 An' noo, this other brat ye've got—
 Oh, Sawney ! faigs, ye shud be shot !
 Oure mony bairns—oure mony cares—
 Oure mony sant and pepper hairs !
 TWA MAY MAK OOT TO LIVE AS ANE
 BY PICKIN' GAE CLOSE TO THE BANE,
 BUT WHAN THERE'S MAIR YE'LL FIND THE TRUF,
 THAT ILKA ANE HAS GOT A MOU !

I'm glad to hear ye hae sic oats,
 And sold sae weel ye're sax fat stots ;
 That a' gangs right about the fairm,
 That Tam's fee'd for anither term ;
 An' that ye're pluin's no abent.
 That ye could pay the Laird his rent.

As water's to a thirsty soul,
 Or drinkin' toddy frae a bowl—
 Wi' twa-three freens—sae is guid news
 To him wha's far frae them he loes.

Gie my respects to ye're guid wife ;
 If ever I get back to Fife,
 I'll teach her hoo to mak loaf bread,
 Wi' sae dough—oot o' HER ain head !
 An' gie my love to a' ye're bairns,
 To guid John Thampson, o' the Cairns ;
 To bika ane that speers for me,
 My kind regards be sure to gie.

An' noo, dear Sawney, naething mair
 I hae to say, yet canna bear
 The thocht o' finishin' my rhyme,
 'Tis like we partied second time ;
 But I'll no fret—whate'er it seems—
 Ye ken that I'm ye're true freend

JEAMES.

LETTER II.

WRITTEN, MARCH, 1866.

DEAR SAWNEY,—What on airth 's the matter,
 Ye binna answered my last letter ?
 A thocht sometimes comes i' my head
 That my freend Sawney may be dead ;
 But sic a thocht I canna thole,
 It grieves my very heart and soul,
 An' sae I'll banish a' misgivin,—
 An' tak for granted that ye're livin'—
 I mind me noo o' the old saw,
 " That ill news faster rins than a' "
 Sae if ye're sands o' life had run,
 I wad a heard o't " sure's a gun."

SAWNEY'S LETTERS.

Ye canna surely hae forgot
 Ye're auld freend Jeames, ye're brither Scot :
 Ye mind in Rabbie Burns' lays
 What honest Tam o' Shanter says
 About his ancient, drouthy crony,
 The decent body, souter Johnny ;
 " Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither,
 They had been fou for weeks thegither."
 I weel believe their love wad end,
 Nae surety 's in a whiskey freend :
 A drunken chiel nae man can trust,
 His word's as brittle as pie crust.
 Gie me that freend that ne'er was fou,
 And, Sawney, him I fand in you ;
 A doonright honest, sober man
 As ever stood upon the lan'.
 Our love was ne'er begot by drink,
 But o' a purer stream, I think.
 We baith were puir in worldly gear.
 (" 'Twas poverty that drove me here.")
 But we were rich in haein' health,
 Itsel' a very mine o' wealth ;
 An' something o' as great a worth
 As ane can ever hae on earth—
 A heart that thro' misfortunes a'
 Aye manfully o'ercomes them a' ;
 An independent mind is what
 " Maks man the man, for a' that."
 It's likely ye ne'er got my letter,
 If this be sae, I'm still your debtor,
 Or that your answer has miscarried,
 Or in the mighty ocean buried
 Wi' " Brother Jonathan " that gaed doon
 Some time last year near Crescent toon.
 But as we canna help what's gane,
 I'll try if I can tax my brain
 To gie ye a' I ken that's new,
 In this, the land o' Cariboo.

But first o' a', anent mysel'
 A word or twa I'm gann to tell ;
 Ye nae doubt think my pouch is lined
 Wi' gowden dust, in Geordies coin'd,
 That I'm as rich as any Jew
 That swindles aff auld claes for new ;
 Noo, just that ye may ken my story,
 I'll set my doin's a' before ye.

In '63 I left my hame,
 In that same year I bought a claim

Frae Cameron Jock o' Canada—
 As smart a lad 's ye ever saw,
 Wha's greatest faut was nane uncommon,
 A gae strong likin' for a woman ;
 An ill loon wi' some men was Johnny,
 Because he had sae muckle money !
 Bnt I hae travel'd near and far,
 And aften hae I met wi' waur ;
 The claim he sell't me was nae bad,
 An' ere three months I siller had.
 Gin next year's spring I tried my luck
 At prospeekin', but I got " stuck,"
 An' Red Gulch cased me o' my cash ;
 (I wish I hadna been sae rash !)
 Weel, I began the warld again.
 An' warked for months wi' might an' main,
 An' whan 'twas drawin' towards the fa'
 I wasnā that ill aff ava ;
 The " Cameron " was my auld stay bye, ;
 To feed my pouch when pumped dry.
 In '63 I gaed to seek
 My fortune upon Lightning Creek ;
 I fell in love—noo dinna start.
 Dear Sawney, I ne'er lost my heart
 But aince—" the theft I've lang forgive,
 Forget the thief—ne'er while I live."
 But to my tale : I fell in love,
 O'er head and ligs and hand and glove,
 An' thocht that nane could e'er surpass
 The tocher o' the " Ayrshire Lass ;"
 I tried my best to catch her tin.
 But, ah ! the jade, she took me in ;
 For four lang months I ran her drift,
 Then wearied out, ga' 'er in a gift !
 Syne back to Williams I did ca'
 As puir a chiel 's ye ever saw ;
 A' summer then I staid at hame.
 An' warked awa at my auld claim,
 O' luck I had a real guid streak,
 Whiles makin' thirty punds a week ;
 And yet I wasna half content.
 On prospeekin' I still was bent ;
 Had shares in a' the kintra side,
 In shafts gaun' doon thro' slum and slide ;
 Thocht, ilka day I'd strike it big,
 Sae didna mind the costs a fig.
 O ! had I kent what I ken noo.
 I'd sent my siller hame to you ;
 For long afore the winter's snw,

My cash took wings and flew awa',
 And left me e'en without a groat,
 But still an independent Scot.
 And sae I maun begin anew
 To fecht the ills o' Cariboo :
 "But freedom's battle once begun,
 Tho' baffled oft, is ever won."

Such, Sawney, is a mining life,
 Cases like mine are rife—
 In fac' there's dozens livin' here
 Hae seen hard times for mony a year ;
 Yet still they wrestle on thro' a',
 Tho' sometimes they do rin awa'.
 For whan a man can do nae better,
 He has to leave the creek a debtor—
 Altho' I think it is a flicht
 That's no just a'thegither richt ;
 HOOE'ER SAE PUIR A MAN MAY BE,
 HIS MOTTO SHOULD BE HONESTY.
 Still, here the miner on the whole
 Is a straight gaun' honest soul,
 Wha pays his debts baith fair and free,
 If he 's the cash to pay it wi' !

O' mining news I am but scant,
 There's naething on the creek but want ;
 In this cauld season o' the year,
 There's little ane can do up here—
 An' wark is at sae low a figure,
 As ane wad hardly pay a nigger !

There's naught but care on-ilka han',
 On every hour that passes. O !
 An' Sawney, man, we hae nae chance
 To spark among the lasses, O !

A warldly race that riches chase,
 Yet a' gangs tapselteerie, O !
 An' every hour we spend at e'en,
 Is spent without a dearie, O !

Last simmer we had lassies here
 Frae Germany—the hurdies, O !
 And troth I wot, as I'm a Scot,
 They were the bonnie hurdies, O !

There was Kate and Mary, blithe and airy,
 And dumpy little Lizzie, O!
 And ane they ca'd the Kangarog,
 A strappin' rattlin' hizzy, O!

They danced at night in dresses light,
 Frae late until the early, O!
 But oh! their hearts were hard as flint,
 Which vexed the laddies sairly, O!

The dollar was their only love,
 And that they lo'ed fu' dearly, O!
 They dinna care a flea for men,
 Let them coort hoo'er sincerely, O!

They left the creek wi' lots o' gold,
 Danced frae oor lads sae clever, O!
 My blessins' on their "sour krount" heads,
 Gif they stay awa for ever, O!

CHORUS—Bonnie are the hurdies, O!
 The German hurdy-gurdies, O!
 The daftest hour that ere I spent,
 Was dancin' wi' the hurdies, O!

What think ye, Sawney, o' my sang?
 A good thing, it's no very lang;
 The name I've gied's "The German Lasses,"
 The air's the same's "Green grows the Rashes,"
 Maun, Sawney, ye wad like to see
 The way they dance in this kintre,
 They lift the lassies aff their feet
 In sic a way that's no discreet—
 Then a' at aince they let them drap;
 Syne ilka lad begins to clap;
 An' thro' the din, an' fun, an' stour,
 Ye'll hear a voice say "sock it to her!"
 They whirl them round in waltz and galop,
 Wi' a real Glengary walop;
 They strike their hands, and beat their feet,
 Then turn aboot, 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 "Gesund aet,"
 Gif I get hame, I'll put Meg thro'
 The way they do in Cariboo!

There's ne amusement here oure rife
 ('Twad be an unco sin in Fife).
 Here some ne'er fash their heads awa-
 'Boot the commands or moral law.
 If gamblin' be a devil's snare,
 There's scores around wha dinna care,
 And if they're 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' glourin' thro' the flamin' glow.
 An' fiendishly were playin' "poker,"
 Wi' auld Clottie an' his stoker ;
 Then "freeze-out" some desir'd to play,
 The deil consentin', all obey ;
 An' for the whiskey they that night
 Sat doon to play wi' a' their micht ;
 But, ah, said Clottie, I've nae water.
 Nor whiskey, tho' there's mony a mal'ter ;
 There's in my larder some mince pies !
 "Bully !" an honest miner cries,
 An' a' the rest were unco glad—
 (And auld nick's bairns are richly fed).
 They play'd for mony an hour that night,
 An' 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, tho' I'm laith to tell,—
 He was a countryman o' mysel' ;
 When some folk get awa frae hame
 They lose a' sense o' sin an' shame,
 An' sae they care nae hoo they're livin',
 Believin' neither hell nor heaven !
**SMA' SINS TO MUCKLE EVILS RISE,
 THERE'S DANGER IN AULD CLOOTIE'S PIES.**

We've three toom kirks upon the creek—
 Oor 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 alane
 An honest man—he's no to blame
 If he even think the same,

For life is such in Cariboo,
 That ane might weel believe it true !
 But still we'll try, as "Rabbie" writ,
 " To turn the corner on him yet."
 Weel, Sawney, lad, I've sid enoo
 About mysel' an' Cariboo ;
 Mair reading nicht but gie ye trouble,
 (An' hech ! 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 freends at hame sae dear to me ;
 My guid auld mither, honest soul,
 Hoo muckle she has had to thole,
 Frae her wild laddies, thoughtless chieles,
 (An' some folks ca'd us ne'er-do-weels !)
 Hoo often has she ta'en our pairt,
 Whan faither wad his nicht assert,
 An' 'aff the head, or aff the back-
 Wad screen us frae an unco whack.
 Oor faither ruled us wi' a whup,
 But she wi' love—a surer grup ;
 Whan daty 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 deevil ;
 She'd speak o't till her een were weet,
 An' then, dear Sawney, we wad greet ;
 Jist ane sic threshin' frae oor mither
 Wad mak us guid for weeks thegither,
 And mony, mony a time since than
 Has keepit us frae doin' wrang.
 THE THREAT'NIN'S O' THE MORAL LAW
 WILL SCARCE MAK ONY GOOD AVA,
 BUT WHAN LOVE SPEAKS, WHA CAN WITHSTAND
 THE CHASTENIN'S O' SAE KIND A HAND ;
 Hoo tenderly frae week to week
 She nursed us baith whan we were sick !
 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 countrie,
 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' ye're life,
 Happy at hame, wi' bairns and wife ;
 At e'enin's whan the fireside gleams
 Whiles spare a thocht 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
 Was nae sae ill ava,
 But hoo I've lived since syne, my freez'
 There's little need to blaw !
 Like 'oot-ba' knockit back an' fore,
 That's lang in reaching 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 gi'en the power,
 Like shelt'rin' frae a shower.
 To scoug beneath some freendly bield
 Till ilka blast was oure.
 Yet man, sae thochtless an' sae rash,
 Nae doot wad aften sleep,
 An' like the foolish virgins five,
 Wad oilless cruises keep,
 Till wanken'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 wolf 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 anither,
 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' burden, naething mair,
 For adding to their gains ;
 But ilka doggie has his day,
 Baith thorough-bred an' cross ;
 Sae very aft ane sees oot here
 The mule become the boss !
 There's mony a wholesome lesson taught
 To ane by being "broke,"
 But aye oure readily 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 ane the sm'lest help,
 It acts upon them like a stane
 Throw at a hameless whelp !
 Hoo mony freends the wealthy have,
 Freends 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 warin and kindly hearts
 That's weel ca'd "freends in need."
 Sometimes I've thoct, on lookin' roond,
 That rogues an' fools thrive m'ist--
 While steady, honest, ploddin' men,
 O' fortune hae the least.
 Tho' 'twad be wrong sic to conclude,
 Life's no made o' a day,
 But tak the three-score years an' ten,
 An' syne the balance weigh.
 "Appearances do a't 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
 Maks on a little head,
 That never kent much mair than hoo
 To chaw its daily bread !

I've seen some chieles weel liked by a
 Whan workin' for a livin',
 Assume mair airs than ony daw
 That ere caw'd under heaven—
 Whan aince they had a slice o' luck,
 (And some were raised on parritch),
 Believe themselves e'en gentlemen!
 An' walk'd wi' men o' carritch—
 But minin' 's like the country here,
 Has mony an' up 'an' doon;
 Ae day ye're stannin' on ye're 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 wi' 'it!"
 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 entered a saloon
 You'd see the barkeep smile—
 His lordship's humble servant he,
 Without a thocht o' guile!
 A twal months pass'd, an' a' is gane,
 Baith freends an' brandy bottle.
 An' noo the puir soul's left alane,
 Wi' nocht to weet his throtle!
 An' since, I've seen the barkeeper,
 Wha seem'd sae sweet before,
 Wi' some persuasion show this chiel
 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, then a' maun see
 What'er ye are aboot;
 If there's a "hole in a' your coat,"
 They're sure to find it oot.
 Yet tak the bawbees frae the ane,
 An' gie them to the ither,
 This man will get the world's hand,
 And that man its cauld shou'ther!

There's naething like a mining life,
 In ony trade or art,
 That brings to licht sae forcibly
 Each feelin' o' the heart;

The mean, the selfish, and the proud,
 Conceited and the vain,
 Are known by ilka turn they mak
 In this pursuit o' gain ;
 While open-hearted, manly souls
 Made o' finer clay,
 Tho' strivin' hard for wealth themsel'
 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' gi'en himsel' airs ;
 Sincerity whiles 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 chiels,
 O' glory tak your fill !
 Think highly o' yoursels, 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 gentleman 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 somehoo. 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 wee !

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 saint,
 Hoo'er severe it be—
 But gamblin' as a vice affects
 A whole community.
 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 whiskey shop—
 As cargoes to a wrecker ;
 Sac men in power maun shut their een—
 In fact they dinna care
 As lang 's the revenue is rais'd,
 Whether foul the means or fair.
 Puir honor to be rüled by some
 Aristocratic swells,
 Wha guide the reigns o' government
 Just as it suits themsels !
 But "shadows o' a great event,"
 Foreshadow changes near,
 And Cariboo shall bless the day
 Proclaims "Dominion" here—
 A star has risen i' the east,
 An' on its disc "salvation !"
 Its ring around wi' letters bound
 Shines forth "Confederation !"
 The "brightest gem in Britain's crown,"
 Is Canada's domain,
 And when '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 win'er ?
 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 hinna got a kirk,
 We hae anither biggin',
 (Altho it may nae 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 Ha'"
 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 thochts hae changed my mind,
 For ye wad tell ye're wife!
 And 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 hoo much hame news is prized,
 Read

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;

* Anything repeated.

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 in to-day, 'I guess.'"
 A miner, next on William Creek
 Arrived, from wint'ring south.
 "He heard some say 'twould be to-day
 Expected at the Mouth."
 But here comes Poole, 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 delay,"
 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 delivered,
 And some have joy without alloy,
 While some fond hopes are shivered:

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 thee 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 " leaf an' true
 'Mang Scotland's hills an' Scotland's dales',
 As freends in Cariboo.

PROLOGUE

SPOKEN AT THE OPENING OF THE THEATRE,
 BARKERVILLE, SATURDAY, JANUARY
 16TH, 1869.

Twelve months ago—'twas on that social night.
 When cares are buried, and when joys are bright—
 When mirth and pleasure hail the new-born year,
 And friends-endeavor to provide good cheer,
 Our first debut was made in scenic art—
 With falt'ring accents, and with beating heart,
 Like a young child, whose mother's arms were all
 The feet he knew—now walks, yet fears to fall—
 We came before you, nerves and feelings strain'd,
 Till step by step your confidence we gain'd ;
 And when your plaudits struck the anxious ear,
 Care trembling fled, pursued by tim'rous fear.
 We called you friends, the friends we know you
 now ;
 Pleased when you smile, and gratified, we bow.
 The year sped on ! and many an hour we spent
 In mutual pleasures, for our hearts were blent—
 And spoke of more to come—the night was fix'd—
 Man's cup of pleasure is with sorrow mix'd,
 " He may propose, but One disposes all,
 Without Whose will not e'en the sparrows fall"—
 For ere the sun had risen on that day,
 Our city smould'ring in its ashes lay.

But not to linger on so sad a tale,
 The storm is o'er, and past the scorching gale,
 Our city stands rebuilt—tho' built in haste—
 A credit to your energy and taste.
 And here to-night, within this spacious hall,
 Built by kind labor volunteered by all,
 We meet again—and by your beaming eyes
 You're pleas'd once more to see the curtain rise.
 Whom shall we thank, when thanks to all are due—
 We'd rob the many, if we prais'd the few—
 That man who nailed a board upon this frame,
 Can say, "I built it," and he builds his fame!
 And now kind friends we look for your applause,
 Nor hide displeasure—when you see just cause—
 'Tis easy finding fault, but you will try,
 To view our failings with a friendly eye.
 If we afford you pleasure for an hour,
 Our object's gained—tho' critics may talk sour—
 We might say more, but deeds are better far,
 "Where still the waters, deep the channels are;" *
 Be you the laughing brooks 'mid sunny beams,
 And we the fountains that supply the streams;
 And may the current, bright, unsullied, flow,
 In rills of pleasure to the house below.

* The performance was, "Still Waters run Deep."

DEAD BROKE.

Dead broke! dead broke!—aft said in joke,
 Sae truth is sometimes spoken;
 But to the man "wha bears the gree,"
 'Tis onything but jokin'.
 Auld tattered claes, an' ginnin' boots,
 Admittin' wind an' weather,
 Like freends that stood—whan he was guid—
 But no a' gang thegither.

Dead broke! dead broke! words eas'ly spoke,
 But ah! to feel their meanin';
 Without a penny in ye're pouch,
 Or yet a freendly leanin';
 Without a credit at a store,
 But wi' an empty larder!
 For wark—desire—yet nane to hire—
 Can life be muckle harder?

Dead broke ! dead broke !—a gae sair stoke,
 An' unco hard to thole ;
 But wi' a will, determin'd still,
 We 'll warstle thro' the hole.
 An' should it ever be,oure lot
 To meet wi fortune's smile,
 Whan we foregather some poor chiel,
 Let's help him o'er the stife.

 HARD LUCK.

Last night I sat and watch'd
 Beside a comrade's bed—
 An' a' was still, within an' out,
 Save the watch-beat overhead ;
 My thochts gaed back and fore,
 Frae now to "auld lang syne,"—
 Till a' resolved to this at last,
 "Was ever luck like mine ?"

A voice then struck my ear—
 Sae weary an' sae wae—
 In words I couldna choose but hear,
 And "helpless," thrice did say ;
 I mark'd the sufferer's face,
 Read pain in ilka line—
 A taunting spirit in me asked,
 "Was ever luck like thine ?"

This touch'd me to the heart—
 I weaken'd richt awa—
 I couldna thole to see my case
 Compared wi' his ava.
 And sae a lesson's taught,
 That we should never tine—
 However hard your lot may be,
 There's ithers waur than thine !

RESIGNATION.

Winds are grieving, summer's leaving,
 And my hopes are leaving too ;
 Hopes Spring gladdens—Autumn saddens—
 " Why does Autumn change their hue ?"

Ah! "why they change," does this seem strange ?
 Summer needs no blanket coat ;
 Bees have honey—you have money—
 I at sea in open boat !

Winter's calling, leaves are falling,
 And I tremble at the sight ;
 Snow-capp'd mountains, frozen fountains—
 " Why should dead leaves give you fright ?"

Ah ! you task me, you who ask me,
 For to feel another's smart
 You must borrow from his sorrow,
 And his hardships share a part.

" But your reason tells, the season
 Of green leaves shall come again ;
 Hopes now sadden'd will be gladden'd,
 Then why nourish needless pain ?

" What can't be cured must be endured."
 Thanks, my friend ; give me your arm,
 Your bread I'll share—you well can spare
 Till the spring renews the charm.

THE PROSPECTOR'S SHANTY.

See yonder shanty on the hill,
 'Tis but an humble biggin',
 Some ten by six within the wa's—
 Your head may touch the riggin'—
 The door stands open to the south,
 The fire, outside the door ;
 The logs are chinked close wi' fog—
 And nocht but mud the floor—
 A knife an' fork, a pewter plate,
 An' cup o' the same metal,
 A teaspoon an' a sugar bowl,
 A frying-pan an' kettle ;

SONG OF THE MINE.

The bakin' board hangs on the wa',
 Its purposes are twa-fold—
 For mixing bread wi' yeast or dough,
 Or panning out the braw gold !
 A log or twa in place o' stools,
 A bed without a hangin',
 Are feckly a' the furnisbin's
 This little house belangin' ;
 The laird and tenant o' this sty,
 I canna name it finer,
 Lives free an' easy as a lord,
 Tho' but an " honest mizer."

SONG OF THE MINE.

Drift ! Drift ! Drift !
 From the early morn till night.
 Drift ! Drift ! Drift !
 From twilight till broad-day light,
 With pick, and crow-bar and sledge,
 Breaking a hard gravel face ;
 In slum, and water and mud,
 Working with face-board and brace ;
 Main set, false set, and main set—
 Repeated, shift after shift—
 Day after day the same song—
 The same wearisome Song of the Drift.

Run ! Run ! Run !
 Rush to the shaft the rich pay !
 Backward and forward in haste—
 Watching the track by the way—
 Run ! Run ! Run !
 In a kind of nervous dread,
 Fearing that " cap " that oft makes
 A batt'ring ram of your head ;
 This " curve,"—that badly built " switch,"
 Look out ! you know what they are.
 Run ! Run ! thro' all the long day,
 Sings this hasty Song of the Car.

Hoist ! Hoist ! Hoist !
 No music there is in that sound !
 Hoist ! hoist ! HOIST !—
 Impatient voice underground !
 You may wish your arm a crank
 Attached to a water wheel !
 With no aching bones at night,
 Nor a weary frame to feel—
 'Tis vain ! Hoist ! Hoist away ! Hoist !—
 The dirt comes heavy and moist,
 And thirty buckets an hour
 " Foot " to the tune of Hoist ! Hoist !

Wash ! Wash ! Wash !
 And rattle the rocks around,
 Is the song the Dump-box sings,
 So cheery the whole week round ;
 And on Sunday " clean me up,"
 And gather the precious " pay."
 " Better the day—better the deed,"
 Should read, better the deed—the day !
 Now say, what have you " wash'd up ?"
 Small wages—well, never repine—
 You know, we'll do better next week !
 And so ended the Song of the Mine.

 LIFE LIKE A RIVER.

Bright river ! flowing from the spring,
 Bubbling from the fountain—
 Laughing, leaping over rocks—
 Tumbling down the mountain—
 Rushing wildly thro' a canyon—
 Now plunging over falls—
 Past the woodlands and the lowlands—
 Now greeting cots and balls,
 Thro' the meadows quietly stealing,
 Now gliding to the sea—
 Gliding onward to the ocean
 Of Immensity.

Life, like a river at its source
 Seems but a pleasant stream—
 But soon, the canyon of our youth
 Proves opening life a dream ;
 The falls of manhood's early days
 Fast follow boyhood's years.
 But smooth our future journeyings
 Thro'out this vale of tears—
 Till in the meadows of old age,
 Life's river flowing free—
 Flowing onward to the ocean
 Of Eternity.

 A RETROSPECT.

"Life is real, life is earnest,
 And the grave is not its goal."

Strange what a change a few short years
 Make on that creature--man.
 A wiser, better change? How rare
 Such changes in this life's plan ;
 On looking back, how short the time
 Appears to you and me,
 Since we found happiness in homes
 Of stern morality.
 Six days a week to labor giv'n,
 And one—from cares opprest—
 And when the Sabbath bells rung out,
 We went—you know the rest—
 But mark our present way of life,
 Compare it with the past—
 Oh! mem'ry, while you pain, bring back
 Those joys—no sorrows blast—
 For pleasures are but "fleeting forms"
 On "angel wings" of flight ;
 Like tropic climes—where brighter day
 But leaves the darker night—
 For what is life—a little lake,
 A span from shore to shore !
 A miner's cabin, but a step
 From bedstead to the door !
 When death records that "wee hill claim,"
 'Tis not our last condition—
 The tombstone's but the title-page
 Of life—a new edition.
 Then, come resolve, and prudence come,
 Since longest life is brief !
 And when the book of time's unclasp'd,
 Unspotted be each leaf.

CARIBOO SONGS.

THE ROUGH BUT HONEST MINER.

AIR—"CASTLES IN THE AIR."

SUNG BY MR. JAMES ANDERSON, AT THE THEATRE
ROYAL, BARKERVILLE. 13TH FEB., 1869.

The rough but honest miner,
Wha toils night and day,
Seeking for the yellow gold,
Hid amang the clay—
Howkin' in the mountain side,
What does he there—
Ha! the auld "dreamer's"
"Biggin' castles in the air."—
His weather-beaten face,
An' his sair-worn hands
Are tell-tales to a'
O' the hardships he stands;
His head may grow grey,
And his face fu' a' care,
Hunting after gold,
"Wi' its castles in the air."

He sees an auld channel,
Buried in the hill,
Fill'd fu' o' nuggets—
Sae gaes at it wi' a will,
For lang weeks and months,
Drifting late and air',
Cutting out a door
To his "castle in the air"—
He hammers at the rock,
Believin' it's a rim,
When ten to ane 'tis naething
But his fancy's whim—
Sure when he gets thro'
He'll find his hame-stake there;
There's miners mair than ane,
Built this "castle in the air."

He thinks his "pile" is made,
 And he's gaein' hame gin fa'—
 He joins his dear auld mither,
 His faither, freends and a'—
 His heart e'en jumps wi' joy,
 At the thochts o' bein' there,
 Ane's mony a happy minute
 "Biggin' castles in the air."
 But hopes that promised high,
 In the spring time o' the year,
 Like leaves o' autumn fa'
 When the frost o' winter's near ;
 Sae his biggin' tum'les doon,
 Wi' ilka blast o' care,
 'Till there's no a "stane left stannin',"
 O' his "castle in the air."

"Toiling and sorrowing,
 On thro' life he goes ;
 Each morning sees some work begun,
 Each evening sees it close"—
 But he has aye the grit,
 Tho' his "tum-tum" may be sair,
 For anither year is coming,
 Wi' its "castles in the air."
 Tho' fortune may not smile
 Upon his labors here,
 There is a warld abune.
 Where his prospects will be clear—
 If he now accept the offer—
 O' a stake beyond compare—
 A happy hame for aye,
 Wi' a "castle in the air."

CASTLES IN THE AIR.

WORDS BY JAMES BALLANTYNE.

The bonnie, bonnie bairn,
 Wha' sits pokin' in the aise,
 Glow'rin at the fire,
 Wi' his wee round face
 Laughin' at the fuffin' lowe,
 What sees he there.
 Ah ! the young dreamer's
 Biggin' castles in the air.

His wee chubby face,
 An' his touzie curly powe,
 Are laughin' and noddin'
 To the dancing lowe—
 He'l brown his rosy cheeks,
 An' he'l singe his sunny hair,
 Glow'rin at the-imps
 Wi' their castles in the air.

He sees muckle castles
 Tow'rin' to the moon—
 He sees wee sodgers
 Pu'in' them a' doon—
 Worlds whom'lin' up and doon,
 Blazin' wi' a flare.
 Ah ! how he loups,
 As they glimmer in the air ;
 For a' sae sage he looks,
 Eh ! what can the laddie ken ?
 He's thinkin' upon naething,
 Like mony mighty men ;
 A wee thing maks us think,
 And a sma' thing maks us stare ;
 There's mair folk than him
 Biggin' castles in the air.

Sic a nicht in winter
 May weel mak him cauld ;
 His chin upon his buffy hand,
 Will soon mak him auld,
 His broo is brent sae braid—
 O ! pray that Daddy care
 Would let the wean alane,
 Wi' his castles in the air.
 He'll glow'r at the fire,
 An' he'll keek at the licht,
 But mony a sparklin' star
 Has been swallow'd up by nicht ;
 Aulder een than his
 Hae been glamour'd by a glare—
 Hearts are broken, heads are turned,
 Wi' castles in the air.

CARIBOO SONGS.

YOUNG TED BROWN.

SUNG BY MR. JOHN HUDSON AT THE THEATRE ROYAL,
BARKERVILLE, ON NEW YEAR'S EVE, 1867.

AIR—"RIDING ON A RAILROAD CAR."

Young Ted Brown was a fine young man,
At Westminster he staid—
He used to attend the The-a-tre,
And ran with the Fire Brigade.
Ted, he took the Cariboo fever—
Folks said he was a fool—
But he rolled up his blankets,
And started up the river,
Riding on his old pack mule.

Chorus—"But he rolled," etc.

Now, when he got up to the Mouth,
And saw the piles of gold
Staked on cards, and won so free,
Like '49,—days of old—
Ted staked and lost the usual way—
But he took all this quite cool,
And he rolled up his blankets,
And started on his way,
Riding on his old pack mule.

Chorus—"And he rolled," etc.

Next day he got to Williams Creek,
Tho' he had ne'er a dime—
But he made a pile within a week,
And left in double-quick time—
Now you may see him at the play any night,
To enjoy himself is his rule;
He wears boiled shirts, and I saw him yesterday,
A riding on his old pack mule.

Chorus—"He wears," etc.

ANONYMOUS.

ENCORE VERSES.

Now, ladies an' gemmen, at your request,
I have come back again—
Your approbation does me proud,
And tre-men-di-ously vain—

I wish I had but Teddy's luck,
 And my dust all safe with Poole,
 I'd give a nugget to each one here,
 Then ride off on my old pack-mule.

But Teddy's case was a singular one,
 And most unlike to mine ;
 For I've been years in Cariboo,
 But all in the dead-broke line.
 I've staked and lost, like Teddy, too,
 And many another fool—
 For the man who bets at the Faro-bank,
 Will ne'er ride on an old pack-mule.

And now, dear gals, may it be your lot
 To enjoy a happy New Year,
 And get some dear Teddy for your " Scot,"
 Or like " Jack before you here."
 I wish I were in old England,
 With a good wife me to rule,
 I'd bless the times in Cariboo,
 When I rode on an old pack-mule.

" I LOE NAE A LADDIE BUT ANE."

" I loe nae a laddie but ane,
 And he loes nae a lassie but me ;
 He's willing to mak me his ain,
 And his ain I'm willing to be."—BURNS.
 He gave me a bonnie gold ring,
 Wi' my name initial'd inside—
 It was a dear present to bring,
 Oh, he is my darling and pride.
 Chorus—" I loe nae a laddie," etc.

Let ither men travel on " style,"
 And boast o' their high pedigree ;
 My laddie can look on and smile,
 For a true honest miner is he.
 He works ilka day i' the week,
 An' the " cradle " keeps rockin' awa—
 And altho' he 's his livin' to seek,
 He's never ashamed o't ava.
 Chorus—" I loe nae a laddie," etc.

Ye laddies wha sigh for a smile,
 Just gie me a dollar or cheque,
 I'll throw you a look without guile,
 That will set a fine "bend in your neck."
 But I'll gie my dear laddie my love,
 And it's just as little's I can,
 For in a' thing we gang hand and glove,
 And he'll soon be my ain gudeman!
 ^ Chorus—"I loe nae a laddie," etc.

THE YOUNG MAN FROM CANADA.

AIR—"YOUNG MAN FROM THE COUNTRIE."

I'm a young man from Canada,
 Some six feet in my shoes—
 I left my home for Cariboo,
 On the first exciting news.
 In New York city there was a gent
 Introduced himself to me;
 Said I, I come from Canada,
 So you can't come over me.
 Chorus—"Said I," etc.

I sailed in the crazy "Champion,"
 All in the steerage, too;
 I thought I'd got among the Fiends,
 Or other horrid crew.
 If you had only seen them feed—
 It quite astonished me—
 And I'd been years in Canada,
 In a lum-ber-er's shantee.
 Chorus—"I said," etc.

Of all the dangers that befell—
 And of all the jolly sprees,
 That happened me upon the breasts
 Of two tre-men-di-ous seas,
 I will not now stop to relate,
 Lest it should weary thee;
 I'm a young man from Canada,
 Arrived at Douglas-ee.
 Chorus—"I'm a young man," etc.

With seventy-five upon my back,
 I started right away ;
 And at an easy-going pace,
 Made thirty miles a day—
 I landed here, without a dime,
 In 1863 ;
 But being raised in Canada,
 'Twas nothing new to me !
 Chorus—" But being raised," etc.

In best of home-spun I was clad,
 So I was warmly drest ;
 The wool it grew near Montreal,
 Sit-u-ate in " Canada West " !
 On Williams Creek they call'd me green,
 And " Johnnie come late-lee."
 Said I, I am from Canada—
 I ain't from the old countree.
 Chorus—" Said I," etc.

I started in my mining life,
 By chopping co-ord-wood ;
 But I was born with axe in hand,
 So I could use it good.
 My chum was from the State of Maine,
 Somewhere near Tennessee ! !
 But ah, I was from Canada,
 And he couldn't chop with me.
 Chorus—" But, ah," etc.

In a short time I made a " raise,"
 And bought into a claim,
 And there they made me engineer,
 Or carman—'tis the same—
 The drifters then did try it on,
 To boss it over me !
 Said I, I come from Canada,
 And I'm on the shoulder-ee.
 Chorus—" Said I," etc.

After two weeks I had a " div,"
 Which drove away all care ;
 And I went to " Bob," the " Wake-Up's,"
 And had a bully " square ;"
 Then danced all night, till broad daylight,
 And one gal smiled sweet on me—
 Said I, I am from Canada,
 And I'm on the marry-ee !
 Chorus—" Said I," etc.

I fitted up my cabin slick—
 Fine fixins all about—
 I thought the blue-eyed, fair-haired gal,
 Would nicely set it out.
 But when I ask'd her for to wed,
 She only laughed at me ;
 So this young man from Canada
 Was let out by a SHEE.
 Chorus—" So this," etc.

MORAL.—

Now you young men, who are in love—
 And sure I am there's some—
 Don't count your chicks before they're hatched,
 For they may never come ;
 And should a gal give you one smile,
 Don't fancy that she's " stuck,"
 Or you'll find " a soft spot in your head,"
 As did this brave Can-uck.
 Chorus—" Or you'll," etc.

 THE DANCING GALS OF CARIBOO, OF 1866.

 TO THE SAME AIR.

We are dancing gals in Cariboo,
 And we're liked by all the men,
 In gum boots and a blanket coat—
 And e'en the upper ten !
 We all of us have swee-eet-hearts,
 But the dearest of all to me,
 Is that young man who wistfully
 Casts those sheep's-eyes at me !
 Chorus—" Is that young man," etc.

O ev'ry night at eight o'clock,
 We enter the saloon—
 Altho' it may be vacant then,
 'Tis crowded very soon.
 Then all the boys they stare at us,
 But we do not mind that so
 Like those four-and-twenty Welshmen,
 All sitting in a row.
 Chorus—" Like those," etc.

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& Faro, pray,

Altho' he lay in bed all day,
He was wide awake at night;
And when the luck was on his side,
His face beam'd with delight.

Chorus—"Come back, Faro," etc.

I've often watch'd his little game,
And even been case-keeper;
And tho' his eyes were pretty sharp,
I've sometimes "snailed a sleeper."

Chorus—"Come back, Faro," etc.

At times he'd grumble of hard luck,
And say he'd ne'er a dollar—
Yet he lived jolly as a lord,
And wore a paper collar.

Chorus—"Come back, Faro," etc.

Ah, many a time he found me grub,
When I had ne'er a red—
Now I must work ten hours a day,
Since good old Faro's dead.

Chorus—"Come back, Faro," etc.

But what is worse, I dare not dance,
Nor squeeze a little paw—
I'll tell the reason, but "don't ment 'ch,"
I cannot "shoot my jaw."

Chorus—"Come back, Faro," etc.

Some say old Faro was a rogue,
Tho' 'tis not my belief;
But if he were—then I am sure
Young Lansquenet's a thief.

Chorus—"Come back, Faro," etc.

Whate'er you were, old Faro, dear,
I'll not defame the dead—
Your ghost might haunt me some cold night,
And "freeze me out" in bed.

CHORUS.

Good bye, Faro, good bye old Faro, dear,
And may you strike it in White Pine,
And we may strike it here.

I BELONG TO THE FIRE BRIGADE.

AIR—"RIDING ON A RAILROAD CAR."

O! I belong to the Fire Brigade,
 "And don't you think I ought to!"
 A prettier boy was never made,
 My uniform I bought too!
 My shirt of wool, in scarlet dyed,
 And pants and belt agree—
 With helmet hat, and badge on that,
 Of the W. C. F. B.
 Chorus—"With helmet hat," etc.

We have an engine house, for show,
 A stable—but no 'oss—
 Which grieves me very much indeed,
 And makes me rather cross.
 We are to have tanks on the hill,
 And trust to luck for wa (r) ter—
 Were the choice mine, I'd have engine,
 And look to Heav'n 'arter!
 Chorus—"Were the choice mine," etc.

I know, hydraulics is the thing,
 To break a gravel bank—
 And very soon would drown a fire—
 Tho' I don't like the "tank."
 But still I'll muster with the boys,
 For we should pull together,
 "No frog nor mouse" shall burn a house,
 Our Fire Brigade forever!
 Chorus—"No frog nor mouse," etc.

 "THE FLOWER OF GERMANY."

 AIR— "CAPTAIN WITH HIS WHISKERS."

You may sing of "Annie Laurie,"
 Or of "Emma of the Rhine,"
 Or "the lass that loves a sailor,"
 I will sing of Kitty mine.
 You may love the "English Rose,"
 Or the brave "Old Scottish Chief,"
 Or the "Shamrock" of the "Isle,"
 Or the bonnie "Maple Leaf,"—
 But, tho' dear the emblem be,
 Thou art dearer far to me,
 Bright, merry, laughing Katy,
 The "Flower of Germanie;"
 And my feet are "on the dance,"
 And my heart is full of glee,
 When Katie, little Katie,
 "Casts a sly glance on me."

You may fancy ballet dancers,
 In their snowy clouds of lace,
 My Katie, in her calico,
 For me has ev'ry grace;
 Her step is lighter than the deer,
 Upon the heather bell,
 And sweeter is her breath than those
 Sweet violets in the dell.
 And she trips it light and gay,
 Like a fairy in the ring,
 And her waltzing, smoothly glides
 Like a bird upon the wing;
 So sing of "Annie Laurie,"—
 She is rather Scotch for me—
 I sing "sour krout and lager beer,"
 And "Ye Flower of Germanie."

BAR-ROOM SONG.

AIR—"FOR A' THAT, AN' A' THAT."

Hurrah! for rum and whiskey hot,
 That fires the brain, an' a' that!
 The sober man, we pass him bye,
 We dare be drunk, for a' that!
 For a' that, an' a' that!
 Tumble, rough, an' a' that!
 The mind is but the weak man's plea;
 The Muscle's man for a' that!

See ye that miner—in his cups—
 Wi' shou'thers broad an' a' that!
 Wha calls himsel' a man o' micht,
 O' principle, an' a' that!
 For a' that, an' a' that!
 Paper collars, an' a' that!
 The man that's on the shoulder, he
 Keeps his ain side for a' that!

Tho' gold may buy a man good claes,
 May steal his sense, an' a' that!
 It's only Muscle wha can win
 His battles ain, an' a' that!
 For a' that, an' a' that!
 Their billiards, balls, an' a' that!
 Whan Muscle taks the cue, he breaks
 Baith heads an' balls, an' a' that!

Then let us pray that come it may,
 "As come it will," for a' that!
 Micht shall be richt the warld o'er,
 In dance, safoon, an' a' that!
 For a' that, an' a' that!
 Hurrah! for hell, an' a' that!!
 Let's drink and fight, and gouge and bite,
 We're gentlemen for a' that!

N. B.

Rejoice, young man, whan in ye're prime,
 Live fast, get drunk, an' a' that!
 Auld age, should you e'er live to see't,
 Will put an end to a' that!
 For a' that, an' a' that!
 Ye'll pay the debt for a' that!
 Whan nature's sel' demands o' you,
 A true account o' a' that!

CHEER, BOYS, CHEER.

AIR — "TOLL THE BELL."

Come, miners, listen to my song—
 A song I sing for you,
 To cheer you on your rough-hewn way,
 While here in Cariboo ;
 Tho' hard the lot of "cruel fate,"
 Hopes lost—fall after fall—
 And "Hard Times" for a cabin mate,
 Still persevere thro' all.

CHORUS.

Cheer up, my boys, let not your courage fail,
 But spread your canvass open to the gale ;
 You know not how soon the fav'ring breeze may
 steer,
 Then sing to-day, with hearts so gay, cheer, boys,
 cheer.

The sailor braves the stormy sea,
 And dares the angry wave—
 And the soldier fights for glory,
 That finds him in the grave.
 More daring still, the miner's strife,
 In scaling Fortune's height—
 For in the "battle-field of life,"
 His is the hardest fight.

Chorus—"Cheer up, my boys," etc.

Tho' sick the "tum-tum" of your heart,
 From oft depressing blows—
 Ah, never, boys, thro' up the sponge,
 Till death your eyes do close—
 Tho' dark the future may appear,
 The sky with clouds o'ercast,
 The sun that's shining in the rear,
 Will burst the veil at last.

Chorus—"Cheer up, my boys," etc.

THE SPRING FLOWERS.

AIR — "THE MIDGES' DANCE."

The miner leads a weary life,
 In search o' hidden gain—
 For year by year he reaps a crop
 O' trouble, care and pain—
 But still unmindfu' o' the past,
 O' storms that round him blaw,
 He's ne'er cast down by Fortune's frown,
 But struggles on thro' a'.

When nature bursts her icy robe,
 And shews her "mantle green,"
 The miner's hopes, like flowers o' spring,
 Enliven ilka scene—
 And something whispers in himsel',
 "Ye'll hae guid luck this year,"
 Sae throws his pack upon his back;
 Nor thinks the load severe.

The summer comes and passes bye,
 Aince mair returns the fa'
 Aince mair the pack is on his back,
 A heavy load—tho' sma'—
 Cauld winter, wi' his icy breath,
 Mair ill than "Zero" bring;
 Wi' show'rs o' snaw he buries a'
 The miner's flow'rs o' spring.

ANTHEM FOR THE DOMINION OF CANADA.

God bless our native land,
 Our own Dominion land,
 God bless our land ;
 May she united be,
 Wail'd in by sea and sea—
 Emblem of purity—
 God bless our land.

May she be leal and true,
 Mother-land dear to you,
 In weal or woe—
 Till a vast nation grown,
 Ably to hold her own,
 Supporting the ancient throne
 'Gainst every foe.

May all her laws be just.
 And all her pow'rs the trust
 Of great and small ;
 Then shall the nations see
 A kingdom of liberty.
 And the Great God shall be
 Her fort and wall.

CHEER, BOYS, CHEER, FOR THE DOMINION
NATION.

AIR—“ CHEER, BOYS, CHEER.”

Cheer, boys, cheer, for the “ Dominion Nation,”
 Glorious the race that's before her to run ;
 Cheer, boys, cheer, for the Confederation,
 The fairest, the free-est land under the sun.

For Britain has said that the land is your own,
 Then take and possess it from shore unto shore ;
 On the west lay your lines by Pacific's white foam,
 On the east where Atlantic waves sullenly roar.

Chorus—“ Cheer, boys, cheer,” etc.

And rich is the heritage, worthy the giver,
 Her children in millions can here find a home,
 In the forests and valleys, by lake and by river,
 And on plains where the herds of the bison now roam

Chorus—“ Cheer, boys, cheer,” etc.

Then cheer, loudly cheer, let no thought of care
 smother
 Your bright bounding joy, or your fullness of glee;
 To the south stretch your hands, grasp that of a
 brother,
 From one common race sprung the sons of the free.
 Chorus—" Cheer, boys, cheer," etc.

And deep breathe the prayer, may no after strife
 sever
 The Dominion from Albion, the brave and the free;
 Long live our Queen ! Rule Britannia for ever !
 Dear land of our sires, proud queen of the sea.
 Chorus—" Cheer, boys, cheer," etc.

Then cheer, boys, cheer, for the " Dominion Nation,"
 Glorious the race thats before her to run ;
 Cheer, boys, cheer, for the Confederation,
 The fairest, the free-est land under the sun.
 C. BOOTH.

THE NEW DOMINION.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY W. W. HILL.

Oh ! land of the maple and beaver, we love
 To hear thy praises afar ;
 Federation thy strength, Dominion thy name,
 Thou bright, and new shining star !
 May wisdom, strength and power combine,
 To make thee a giant so grand,
 While from ocean to ocean thy empire extends.
 Hail, Dominion, our own fatherland !

CHORUS.

Hail, New Dominion, thou glorious and free !
 Soon may thy empire span from sea to sea !

Dear Scotia Nova, New Brunswick, Red River
 And Columbia allied with you.
 With Canada joined, say who can e'er sever
 A country and flag firm and true ;
 Thy sister Columbia, whose resources are many,
 Would improve 'neath thy fostering hand ;
 Then, say come with us, thou land of the West,
 We'll make one great fatherland.
 Chorus—" Hail, New Dominion," etc.

THE EMIGRANT'S CANADIAN HOME.

MUSIC AND WORDS BY W. W. HILL—WRITTEN IN 1863.

There is a spot, tho' far away
 No matter where we roam,
 That's ever held to mem'ry dear,
 'Tis home! sweet home!
 Tho' we've enjoy'd a happy time,
 Since we cross'd ocean's foam,
 We'll ne'er forget our native land,
 Our childhood's happy home.

Tho' we may dwell in foreign lands,
 Or on the wide sea's breast,
 Our thoughts will love to linger still
 Round homes where fathers rest;
 The shamrock, rose, and thistle, all
 Have glorious laurels won,
 Which ever sheds a lustre on
 Our own adopted home!

While war and bloodshed reign so near
 To our adopted land,
 And men, who should as brothers be,
 In deadly combat stand;
 Let's thankful be to Him, who has
 So many favors shewn,
 And smiles upon us day by day
 In our Canadian home.

If, in the order of events,
 Our land should be menaced,
 Nobly will we defend our flag,
 Which ne'er has been disgraced!
 For here the "Flag of Freedom" waves
 From ev'ry spire and dome—
 While Love and Liberty and Right,
 Guard our Canadian home!

MY NATIVE LAND.

AIR—"MY NATIVE LAND.

'Tis when the sun, adorning
 The east in golden hue,
 Dispels the mist of morning,
 And quaffs the diamond dew—

'Tis then my thoughts are flying
 O'er continent and sea—
 'Tis then my heart is sighing,
 My native land for thee.

CHORUS.

My native land,
 Tho' 'twixt us lies the sea,
 Thy craggy hills and laughing rills
 Have still their charms for me.

Ye Scots may long for Scotia,
 And Erin's sons their Isle—
 But I for Venedotia
 Am sighing all the while—
 Where Snowdon's summit rises
 O'er Gelert's silent grave,
 And Glaslyn's water kisses
 Atlantic's rolling wave.

Chorus—"My native land," etc.

Amongst these lofty mountains,
 Amongst these golden vales,
 Far from thy sparkling fountains,
 Exiled from thee, fair Wales—
 The love that first I bore thee
 Is now as 'twas before,
 I always shall adore thee,
 For ever, evermore.

Chorus—"My native land," etc.

This silent land feels lonely,
 No song's borne on the breeze,
 But morn's wind sighing only,
 Amongst the tallest trees,
 This makes my fancy wander
 Along thy distant shore,
 And mem'ry loves to ponder
 Upon the days of yore.

Chorus—"My native land," etc.

AWAY WITH CARE AND SORROW.

MUSIC BY WAT. C. PRICE.

'Tis when we think we're nearest
 To gain the golden prize—
 'Tis when the hope that's dearest
 Is nursed—away it flies ;
 The fairest prospect's blighted,
 Deserving fruits withheld ;
 The sun of hope's benighted,
 And Fortune's smile's dispelled.

CHORUS.

But still we say, away, away,
 Away with care and sorrow !
 Let's all be gay, and hope to-day
 To see a bright to-morrow.

'Tis said " the darkest hour's
 Before the break of day ;"
 'Tis thro' the falling showers
 We see the brightest ray.
 'Tis when the heart is sadden'd,
 And fears ill luck's our doom,
 'Tis then we're ofttest gladden'd—
 Success dispels the gloom.

CHORUS.

And then we say, away, away,
 For ever care and sorrow !
 Let's all be gay, and hope to-day
 To see a bright to-morrow.

TAL. O. EPIGON.

O, GIVE ME A COT.

MUSIC BY REV. JAMES REYNARD.

O, give me a cot on the slope of a hill,
 Neath the shade of an old oak tree,
 By the side of a sparkling and roaring rill,
 Within sight of the briny sea ;

Where I'll hear the sweet song of the morning lark,
 As he rouses mankind from rest,
 And gaze on the form of the buoyant bark,
 As it rides on the ocean's breast.

CHORUS.

O, give me a cot on the slope of a hill,
 Neath the shade of an old oak tree,
 By the side of a sparkling and roaring rill,
 Within sight of the briny sea.

I wish for no palace with riches untold—
 I wish for no vast domain—
 I crave not the pleasures begot by gold,
 For much more than the joy's the pain ;
 But give me a cot, be it e'er so poor,
 For it's scanty the fare I need—
 And give me the wild, bleak, healthy, moor—
 I'll the life of a shepherd lead !
 Chorus—" O, give me a cot," etc.

I long for the mountains, those mountains afar,
 Where I've roam'd with a boy's delight,
 From the break of the day 'till the evening star
 Shone clear thro' the veil of night ;
 Where often I've gazed on the distant tide,
 As its billows were kissed by the breeze !
 O, give me a cot on that mountain side,
 And I'll live and I'll die in peace !
 Chorus—" O, give me a cot," etc.

TAL. O EIFION

I LOVE TO SNORE.

AIR—" I LOVE TO ROAM"

Oh, I love to snore
 On a bar-room floor,
 And sleep a drunk away !
 And dream of bilks
 Who dress in silks,
 And girls who dance for pay ;
 And whiskey imps,
 And gambling pimps,
 Who are supported by
 Their ready tools,
 A thousand fools,
 Such fools as you and I !

Against a glance
I have no chance,
I love the barley bree !
I love to whirl
The dancing girl,
I love the jolly spree !
I bet the tin,
But rarely win,
I taste the beer once more ;
My bones do ache
When I awake
Upon a bar-room floor !

When I drink deep,
And sink to sleep.
It seems a happy trance—
The drunken snore
Of half a score.
The music and the dance !
I wake and think,
Again I drink,
My drooping thoughts to cheer.
Oh, I love to snore
On a bar-room floor,
Just once in twenty year !

BARD OF LOWELL.

THE OLD RED SHIRT.

A micer came to my cabin door,
His clothes they were covered with dirt ;
He held out a piece he desired me to wash,
Which I found was an old red shirt.

His cheeks were thin, and furrow'd his brow,
His eyes they were sunk in his head ;
He said that he had got work to do,
And be able to earn his bread.

He said that the " old red shirt " was torn,
And asked me to give it a stitch ;
But it was threadbare, and sorely worn,
Which show'd he was far from rich.

O ! miners with good paying claims,
O ! traders who wish to do good,
Have pity on men who earn your wealth,
Grudge not the poor miner his food.

Far from these mountains a poor mother mourns
The darling that hung by her skirt,
When contentment and plenty surround'd the boy
Of the miner that brought me the shirt.

REBECCA

Mrs. B. B. McFicker

