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# SAWNEY'S LETTERS,

—OR—

## CARIBOO RHYMES.

By James Anderson

FROM 1864 TO 1868.

### LETTER NO. I.

[WRITTEN FEBRUARY, 1864.]

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

You'd maybe like to ken what pay  
Miners get here for ilka day.  
Jist twa pound sterling, sum as death—  
If should be four—sum as death.  
There's naething but a gang and come on;  
And should you bide the winter here  
The shuppy-buddles'll grab your gear,  
And little work aye 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 fae me;  
Neeps, tatties, carrots—by the pun'  
Jist twa and a penny—try for fun  
How a nuckle twad be for a ton.  
Aft meal four shillin's 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 cranme  
The deil a drap o' milk hae I  
But gobble our my parritch dry;  
Of course, I can get butter here,  
Twa shillin' a pund—it's far oure dear.  
Aye—a thing sells at a lang price—  
Tea, coffee, sugar, bacon, rice,  
Four shillin's a pound, 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 aye oppressed wi' wit  
The 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 gasp-lap joke  
And christend their ground—Dead Broke,  
While some, to fix their fate at once,  
Gad their bonny—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' others I forget.  
The 'Richfield' and the 'Montreal,'  
They say they struck the pay last fall.  
But will the strik' it gin the spring,  
Aye, Sawney, that's another thing;  
But by an' bye they'll ken, nae doot,  
If they can pump their water oot,  
Some strik' the bed-rock pitchin' in,  
And some the bed-rock caana win,  
But ne'er a color can they see  
Until they saut it first a wee;  
And syne they tell to ilka man  
They struck twa dollars to the pan,  
You'll see'd into the Victoria Press  
As twenty dollars—naething less.  
Aye, Sawney, here a wee bit story,  
Gin ance it travels to Victory,  
Is magnified a hundred fold.  
The bed-rock here: doon there is gold;  
Some folks would say it's a rare loss  
To mak' a bawbee on a cheese.  
Shame on the man who salts a claim.  
A man he is—but jist 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' its 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 carr'd thro',  
I'd hae the cairds o' every pack  
Tied up into a gunny sack,  
Wi' a' the gamblers chained thegither  
And banish'd frae the creek forever.  
But, Sawney, there's another clan,  
There's nane o' them I'd ca' a man.  
They ca' them "jumpers"—its my belief  
That jumper is Chinook for thief—  
The jump folks claims and jump their lots,  
They jump the very pans 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' all your guidns and gear,  
Your wife and bairns, and hame, eh, Sawney,  
If ye wad listen to advic—  
And sae ye will if ye be wise |  
Jist hide at hame and work awa' |  
Ye mauns think we houk up gold,  
As ye the tatties frae the mould.  
Gude faith, ye'll maybe houk a twa' mo' |  
An' neever get a ghash o' |  
An' then what comes o' us pair deevils.

We get as thin and lean as weevils;  
O' wark we caana get a stroke,  
We're what they ca' out here—dead broke,  
Which means we hinna e'en a great  
To line our stomach or our coat,  
Sae doo the country we may gang,  
And this is burden-o' our sang,  
To ilka aye that comes along,  
Freend be advised and turn aboot,  
For Cariboo is noo 'played out.'

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 threat o' rhyme,  
But as my bobbin's getting bare  
I'll no can spin ye muckle mair,  
An' sae ye're guid auld mither's dead,  
This aye keeps remain' in my head.  
Eh, weel I mind the awful lickin'  
She gae us twa for pusie stickin'!  
Noo even when I think o' that,  
What gar'd her fyte sae hoot a cat,  
An' it had worried oor she rabbit,  
An' feckled a' the young an's grabbit,  
But when ye're mither fand this oot  
She ca'd the cat a clarty brute,  
An' as she skelped us sae cruel  
She fill'd our stomachs fu' o' gruel.  
Aye, Sawney, lad, auld folks maun dee,  
An' young uns may—so let us be:  
Twa doonright honest, trustin' men,  
Syn we'll be ready noo er then.  
An' ye hae got another bairn,  
Another stone to haip the cairn  
Aye, aye, for ilka aye that dees,  
There's aye and maybe mair that sees,  
Sae dander-headed Smiddy Jock  
Is rivetted wi' Maggie Lock!  
I caana think hoo she could mairy  
Sic a blethin' harun-scairy,  
Some folks dislike what others like,  
An' some see guid in the warst tyke,  
Sae Maggie may see this in Johnnie,  
But, certies me, he is no' bonny.  
Ye ken I liked this lass fu' weel;  
An' thoct 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 found it rotten.  
They lost the guid, and got the evil,  
A' thro' oor mither's bein' sae ceevil!  
Ye ken that like producee 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 JAMES AND STRAYED WI' JOCK!

There are some women on this creek,  
Sae modest and sae mild and meek!  
The deep red blush aye pentis their cheek,  
They ne'er 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 your's 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' yon the self same mon?  
Whan ye sit doon to eat betimes  
Does this same mon fill baith ye're **WAMES?**  
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 wi' the crookit leg,  
There's Wull and Hairry, Shuse and Jock,  
Nae langer than his father's sock—  
An' noo thisither brat ye've got—  
Oh, Sawney! faigs, ye shud be shot!  
Oure mony bairns—oure mony cares—  
Oure many sant and pepper hairs!  
**TWA MAY MAK OOT TO LIVE AS ANE**  
**BY PICKIN' GAE CLOSE TO THE BAN,**  
**BUT WHAN THERE'S MAIR YE'LL FIND THIS TRUE,**  
**THAT ILKA ANE HAS GOT A MOUT!**

I'm glad to hear ye hae sic ois,  
An' that ye sell ye're sax fat stots;  
That a' gangs right aboot the fairm,  
That Tam's feed for anither term;  
An' that ye're pluin's no ahent,  
That ye could pay the Laird his rent.

As water 's to a thirsty soul,  
Or drinkin' toddy frae a bowl—  
Wi' twa-three freen's—sae is guid news  
To him wha's far frae them he lo'es (loves).

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

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

JEAMES.

LETTER No. II.

[WRITTEN MARCH, 1866.]

DEAR SAWNEY.—What on earth's the matter,  
Ye hinna answered my last letter?  
A thocht sometimes comes i' my head  
That my friend Sawney's maybe 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 gif ye're sands o' life had run  
I wad a heard o' t' sure's a gun."  
Ye canna surely hae forgot  
Ye're auld freend Jeames, ye're brither Scot?  
Ye mind in Rabie 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 whisky 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 beget by drink,  
But o' a purer stream, I think.  
We baith were puir in warldly gear.  
("Twas poverty that drove me here.")  
But we were rich in haein' healib,  
Itself 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 gill my letter,  
Gif 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  
Sometime last year near Crescent toon.  
But as we canna help what's gaed,  
I'll try gif 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 doobt think my pouch is lined  
Wi' gowden dust in Geordie's coined,  
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 fault was name uncommon,  
A gae strong likin' for a woman;  
An ill loon wi' some men was Johnny,  
Because he had sae muckle money!  
But I hae travelled near and far  
And aften hae I met wi' waur;  
The claim he sell't me was nae bad,  
An' ere three months I silter had.  
Gin next year's spring I tried my luck  
At prospeckin', but I got stuck,  
An' Red Gulch eased me o' my cast  
(I wish I hadna been so rash!)  
Weel, I began the warid again,  
An' warked for months wi' might an' main,  
An' when 'twas drawin' towards the fa'  
I wadna that ill aff ava,  
The "Cameron" was my auld stay bye,  
To feed my pouch when pumped dry.  
In '65 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 ance—"the theft I've lang forgave,  
Forget the thief—ne'er while I live."  
But to my tale: I fell in love,  
O'er head and lugs 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 jid, she took me in:  
For four lang months I ran her drift,  
Then wearied oot ga'er in a gift!  
Syn'e back to Williams I dgd ca

As puir a chiel 's ye ever saw,  
A summer than I stayed at hame  
An' warked awa at my auld claim,  
O' luck I had a real guid streak,  
While's makin' thirty pounds a week,  
And yet I wadna half content,  
On prospeckin' I still was bent,  
Had shares o'er a' the kintra side,  
In shafts gann doon thro' slum and slide,  
Thocht ilka day I'd strike it big,  
Sae didna mind the costs a fig,  
Oh, had I kent what I ken noo  
I'd sent my siller hame to you,  
For lang afore the winter's snaw,  
My cash took wings and flew awa,  
And left me e'en without a groat,  
But still an independent Scot,  
A sae I micht begin anew  
To fecht the ilks o' Cariboo,  
"But freedom's battle once begun  
Tho' baffled off is ever won."

Such, Sawney, is a mining life,  
Cases like mine are unco rife.  
In fae 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,  
But whan a man can do nae better  
He has to leave the creek a debtor,  
Aftho' I think it is a flight  
That's no just a thegither right;  
HOOPER'S SAE PUIR A MAN MAY BE  
HIS MOTTO SHOULD BE HONESTY;  
Still here the miner on the whole  
Is a straight gann honest souk;  
Wha pays his debts baith fair and free,  
Gif he's the cash to pay it wi'!

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 ut sae low a figure  
As ane wad hardly pay a nigger!

There's nought but care on ilka lan',  
On every hour that passes, O!  
An' Sawney, man, we hae nae chance  
To spark among the lassies, O!

A warldly race that riches chase,  
Yet a gangs tapselcherie, O!  
An' every hour we spend at e'ea  
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 Lizzy, O!  
An' aye they ca'd the kangaroo,  
A strappin' rathin' Lizzy, 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 loaf,  
And that they lo'ed fu' dearly, O!  
They didna 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 blessin's on their sour kron' heads  
Gif they stay awa for ever, O!

Cronics—Bonnie are the hurdies, O!  
The German burdy gurdies, O!  
The dafest bott that e'er I spent  
Was dachin' wi' the hurdies, O!

What think ye, Sawney, o' my sang  
 Is 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 Glenagary 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' 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 threetoon kinks 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 GREAT 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 sheltin frae a shower,  
 To scoog 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 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' 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 shtie 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!

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.

