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Literary.

THE MINER'S TALE.

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"Take something?" No thank you. No wonder you stare.

In these parts such a case *is* uncommonly rare. You've found that out, hey? It does'nt take long. Considerin' the class of gaboots you're among; I've been in this place a consider'ble while, And denced few miners I've met who don't smile; It's as nat'ral for them as for injuns to hate, And the man's the most popular who takes his'n straight;

Why a stranger to-day asked Sam Jones if he'd drink,

In a way as though doubting it; Sam, don't you think,

Felt aggrieved as he answered; "Of course; why" said he.

"What kind of a man do you take me to be?"

Still if you hold off and they know you're all square,

There's no better friends than the miners 'round here.

And how does it come that I ain't like the rest? Ride on home with me the inn ain't of the best,

We've been ridin' all day, and we'll need a good night;

An' I'll tell you the tale: That's my house there in sight.

'Twas five years ago when I came to this place With my wife and my child, Fortune's buffets to face.

I was poor, but was strong, and I worked with a will,

And was soon doing well at the Tiger Quartz mill; But I sometimes would drink when my shifts work was done,

And soon got to smilin' before I begun; And, to tell it inshort, before two years were gone There were threats of discharge if the case still went on.

I needed a house, for the old one was small;

It was gettin' unft to live in at all;

But I hadn't the cash though my wages were high.

Perhaps the landlord at the "Bear" could tell why.

He's gone up the flume now, sold out his chebang;

And bid us adieu without ever a pang,

And left the next night which same was all square.

If he hadn't rode off on old Belder's bay mare,

The neighbors unwilling to part with him so,

Detailed two good men to take him in tow.

He streched hemp the next night and the follow- ing day.

Took lodging for good under six feet of clay.

But I'm off of my text, got to drinking I said,

And sometimes my wife's eyes looked suspicious- ly red;

Not a word did she say; she's not of the kind

That keeps tellin' her woes till she's talked you clean blind.

But what she can't help she tries always to bear

Without seemin' a martyr, or tearin' her hair.

She's as brave as a man, yet tender and true

Is the heart in her bosom, and pure as the dew;

She holds womanhood noble; would not give a groat

For the masculine priv'lege of gettin' to vote.

Well after a while I left the Quartz mill,

And was tendin' the drum at the mine on the hill

And Sue came down one day with our child at her side

To go down in the mine and see the inside

She was'nt afraid, but she looked kind o' queer

As she noticed my smile vergin' on to a leer;