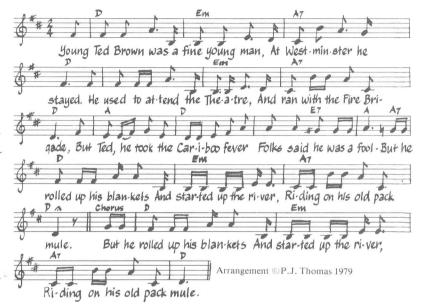
## Young Ted Brown



Young Ted Brown was a fine young man, At Westminster he stayed. He used to attend the Theatre, 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 up his blankets And started up the river, Riding on his old pack mule.

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 this all quite cool, And he rolled up his blankets
And started on his way,
Riding on his old pack mule.

Next day he got to Williams Creek
Though 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,
Riding on his old pack mule.

"Young Ted Brown" is a topical song which uses the tune of a popular tune of the day "Riding on a Railroad Keer". The writer is anonymous, and the words are found in *Sawney's Letters and Cariboo Rhymes*, edited by J. Anderson (Barkerville, 1868).

"Young Ted Brown" was sung in Barkerville's Theatre Royal as part of the 1867 New Year's Eve merriment. The song is a mixture of fantasy and of gentle fun occasioned by little personal vanities. The impossible is put side by side with the not uncommon conceits and foibles observed in the social scene—the efforts at fashionable dress, the theatre-going, and even the serious actions of the Volunteer Fire Brigade.

To the miners the impulsive greenhorn, young Ted Brown, is funny because he is a reminder that they, like him, were both rash and innocent many years before and so many thousands of miles away. To beat the professional gambler is a fool's dream; to make a five week's journey in a day is nonsense; to use a pack mule as transportation when the animal on such a journey should have been paying his keep by carrying a 200 lb. load of provisions, tools and other gear is again simple-minded. Another impossibility was the instant wealth; there had been no sudden strikes for years in Cariboo, where the gold lay deep under glacial and alluvial deposits and had to be mined by groups of men.

Phil Thomas

