

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.