

# 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.