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Willie Fulton's Rebuke

TO A TIME-SERVER WHO STOOD UNCOVERED IN HIS PRESENCE.

PUT on your bonnet on your heid,
Gin ye hae ony brain;
Hoo daur ye gie a thing like me
What's due to God alane?

I'd rather that the very earth
Would ope' and swallow me!
Than I should stand, wi' hat in hand,
To ony lord I see.

Are ye o' Robin Burns's line,
A country'm o' Knox;
Wi' nae mair harns than yon auld cairns,
Green kail or cabbage-stocks.

Can ye no honor worthy folk?
And some deserve it well,
Yet staun na like a barber's block
Dishonoring yoursel'.

It's time that potentates and kings,
And men of ev'ry station,
Should learn that honor never springs
From human degradation.

No, never throw your manhood down,
Whatever may befall;
Aye see aboon sceptre and crown,
God's universal law.

He sets the highest dignity,
Upon the human brow;
To our common humanity,
Both King and Czar must bow.

It's time indeed that all should know—
Tho' titles may look braw,
Such things are but a passing show,
And worth's aboon them a'

And manhood is aboon a' price,
Tae shield us frae the wrang;
Gin ye are wice, tak my advice,
And never let it gang.

The line that separates t'ween
The coward and the brave,
The mark that God has set between
The freeman and the slave.

The man's fit to do anything,
The man that sett'st aside.
Be slave and tool, waur than a fool,
A sump I ne'er could bide.

Set *anything* upon a throne,
And on his knees he'll fa',
And rather he'd be trampled on
Than noticed not ava.

Its really lauchable to see,
The antics o' the creature,
And yet hoo sorrowfu' to me!
This glimps o' flunkie nature.

Gie honor to the brave and good,
To them and them alone,
E'en tho' inspired by gratitude,
Do keep your bonnet on.

So put your bonnet on your heid,
Sic nonsense gives me pain;
And strive to be a man indeed,
And never do't again.

Great God thou only shalt adore,
Tho' far beyond our ken;
Revere, yet ne'er fall down before
The godlike that's in men.

ALEXANDER McLACHLAN.

THE JUNIOR PICKWICKIANS ;

AND THEIR MEMORABLE TRIP TO NORTH AMERICA.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

"How do you feel now, Crinkle?" enquired Coddleby, as the unhappy poet was propped up against a tree in a sedentary attitude, with his hair falling over his eyes and his head lolling helplessly to one side. "Are you getting better?"

"Soon be aw ri'," he responded, "but shna' bi' would ha kill me f'hadn' tak'n whiskey. Feel awf'l hun—hung—ungry."

"Come, come, what am I thinking about?" exclaimed Mr. Douglas, taking off and opening the fishing creel; "here, sir; you'll be better for some solid food. Here is—let's see—yes, try this ham sandwich. Mr. Coddleby, kindly step down to that stream and fill this glass with water." Coddleby set off at full speed down the hill; but his foot catching in the root of a tree near the water's edge, he shot violently forward and alighted, head foremost, in the soft mud at the brink of the stream, sinking into the oozy mess as far as his nostrils.

With an immense spluttering and struggling he managed to extricate himself, with his hat completely ruined, and with the mud trickling down over his face and inside his collar. He was indeed a pitiable looking object, but stooping down, he continued in some measure, to wash most of the mud off, and having manfully retained the glass in his hand as he fell, he filled it at the stream and returned to Messrs. Douglas and Crinkle.

"Upon my word," exclaimed the former, "I never saw such an unlucky set of fellows in my life. Excuse me for not coming to your rescue, Mr. Coddleby, but I really couldn't leave our friend here."

"Oh! I'm not hurt," replied Coddleby, "though I'm afraid my hat is," taking off that article and regarding it with a very rueful expression of countenance, as well he might, for its appearance was decidedly dilapidated, "but that's nothing. Well, Crinkle, feel better?"

"Mush better," replied the gentleman addressed, attacking another sandwich, valiantly. "Be all ri' now." and, indeed, it was evident that the effects of the snake bite antidote were rapidly passing off.

"Will you try a cigar, Mr. Coddleby?" asked Mr. Douglas, proffering his cigar case, "we may be here for an hour yet."

"Thanks," replied Coddleby, accepting a choice Havana, and for some moments he and Mr. Douglas sat silently puffing away, whilst Crinkle satisfied his appetite, which was enormous.

"Ah! I think I hear wheels," exclaimed Mr. Douglas, at the end of half an hour or so, "yes; I thought so; I can make out my trap coming down the road. 'Hi, James, hello! there, hold on where you are; we'll meet you,' and taking Crinkle by one arm and Coddleby seizing the other, the poet, who was in much better trim than when first discovered, was assisted to the buggy and placed therein, Messrs. Douglas and Coddleby getting in after him.

"Drive home, James," cried the former. "Well, this has been a day of misfortunes for you gentlemen, but I'm glad that none of them have turned out seriously."

"And I too," said Coddleby; "Crinkle's asleep again," he continued, as that gentleman gave unmistakable evidence of the fact by emitting a most portentous snore.

"Oh! well, let him sleep," said Mr. Douglas, "it will do him good; now, my dear fellow, I don't want to seem