

# “ OLD YELLOW JACK ”

AND

ANOTHER OLD ROGUE.



Attention, kind friends, while a picture I draw  
Of an odd little man, one “ Mister John Shaw,”  
Who sometimes sojourns in McKellar’s good borough  
In one place to-day, in another to-morrow.  
As if life were a bubble—existence a dream  
And himself an old cork afloat on life’s stream,  
Driven hither and thither by wind and by wave,  
And carried at random to a whirlpool—the grave.  
This queer little creature some call “ Yellow Jack,”  
With a crack in his brain and a crook in his back.  
A small yellow midget, or mite of a man,