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Provost John M'Rae.

WELL Kirsty ! since we've got a coo
We must look upish lass,
We maunna speak tae puir folk noo
But snoul them as we pass ;
We'll get in wi' the muckle folk,
An min' ma words this day
Ye'll see I'll be nae langer " Jock "
But " Mr. John M'Rae."

I've tried tae please baith rich and puir,
Ca'd Whig and Tory " brither,"
Yet little cause hae I tae care
For either ane or i'her ;
Frae baith what insults I hae borne
Mair than my tongue can say ;
And I must answer nicht and morn
To vulgar " Jock M'Rae."

And there's that Chartist " Patre Fleck "
Wha gibs an' jeers me noo,
In spite o' his sowl he'll respek
The man wha auchs a coo ;
He ca'd me " Hunk, time-serving-tool,"
And had the spite to say—
" There coudna be a bigger fool
Than silly Jock M'Rae."

But wha kens yet, but I may sit
In Provost Stinson's seat
An' wha may stun afore me yet
But this same jeerin Pate ;
Wha kens but I may rise to be
As big as Bailie More ;
An' a' the toun may come to see
A chapper on ma door.

That chapper keeps ma spirits up,
E'en when I would repine,
Ay I even roon the brose I sup
It throws a ray divine.
Ye needna shake your heid, atweel !
Didna the spawwife say—
" Cock up your bonnet ! surely ye'll
Be Provost John M'Rae."

I'll le'e the Free Kirk ! that I'll dae !
The auld ane I will try ;
I shoud hae been an Elder tae,
An' yet they passed me by :
To get that honor hoo I foucht
An' learned mysel' to pray ;
Yet a' my labor came to nocht
I'm still mere " Jock M'Rae."

Hoo earnestly I gaed to work
And studied " The Divines "
Made for the auld wives of the Kirk
Sic tea an' coukie shines,
An' blear't ma e'en o'er mony a text,
Made family worship tae,
An' tho' I prayed till I was vexed,
I'm still mere " Jock M'Rae."

They put Tam Tamson on the leet,
I saw the cloven foot,
Wi' huf an e'e a wean coud see
'Twas a' tae keep me oot ;
Nae wunner I did stamp an' flyte,
An' swear revenge to hae,
Or that I prayed with perfect spite
When I was beat that day.

But when I'm Provost, then ye'll see !
A' the ill-wully pack,
When hauled up to be tried by me,
Hoo I will pay them back ;
The sword's conferred by God abune ;
I'm thinkin' in my reign
Some Free Kirk folk will may be fin'
I bear it not vain.

I'll rise up awfu' in the bench,
Wi' judgment in ma face,
An' solemnly ma nieve I'll clinch
Tae mak them feel disgrace ;
What thunder I'll pit in ma voice,
When I pronounce them vile,
This speech I'll mak Pate an' his pack
While sending them tae jile.

Ay I ye had'ev'ry chance I had
Yet look at me this day ;
While ye hae a' gaen tae the bad,
I'm Provost John M'Rae.
And pride, and poverty, and spite,
That florish in this toon,
I'm death upon the three, and quite
Resolved tae pit them doon.

And in my presence, hoo they'll shrink,
And wull na auld wives say—
My very leuk it gart them think
Upon the judgment day.
And if I dinna do for Pate,
And Free Kirk elders tae,
And mony anither ane I hate
My name's no John M'Rae.

MORAL.

Jock's but a sample o' the stuff
That some rich men are made o',
They're o' the kin' ye can't refine
And aye maun be afraid o'.
Religion and humanity
They fail alike to bind them ;
And where they go, strife, want and woe
Aye follow fast behind them.

ALEX. MCLACHLAN.

THE JUNIOR PICKWICKIANS,

AND THEIR MEMORABLE TRIP TO NORTH AMERICA.

CHAP. III.

MR. VEREKER YUBBITS was a gentleman of excellent family from the north of England. He was a younger son, but had become the happy recipient of a small fortune on the death of his aunt and godmother, the late Rebecca Vereker Yubbits, spinster, who had formed a violent affection for her nephew on the occasion of his rescuing her from the audacious assaults of a number of village urchins who were driving the old lady to the verge of distraction by placing cockchafters and beetles on her



prim, maiden ladyish drab walking-dress, and refusing to be awed by the dire threats of constable and lock-up which she was uttering against them. Young Verekers, then but eleven years of age, hearing his aunt's screams for assistance, had rushed to the rescue and with a valor