

A. McKENZIE AT QUEBEC ON HIS RETURN  
FROM GREAT BRITAIN IN 1875, WHICH IT  
WAS SAID HE VISITED IN ORDER  
TO GET THE TITLE OF "SIR."

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My sight you would pity, dear generous Brown,  
On nearing a city or reaching a town ;  
For charity hide me from scornful disgrace,  
Or crowds will deride me and laugh in my face.

They know when we parted I travelled for fame ;  
To find as I started my title's the same,  
To party relations returning, I swear  
Is more than my patience is able to bear.

How gladly I'd wander, how swiftly I'd stride  
Where back streams meander, and wild beasts abide !  
The Ottawa Valley unseen would I roam,  
To reach and to rally my dear friends at home !

In rural seclusion to live as before,  
I find 'tis delusion to seek any more ;  
My standing much lower than ever I see ;  
The honors of power are useless to me.

To want them 's unpleasant, to have them no gain ;  
They prove evanescent, delusive and vain ;  
They give us more trouble than ease or delight,  
And, fleet as a bubble, they're out of our sight.

An humble mechanic, oh ! did I remain,  
And titles Britannic not seek to obtain,  
And prosper as Alick with friends as before,  
When fables in Gaelic alone was my lore.

My curses with Britain forever abide—  
Her children have smitten my glory and pride.  
Though aristocratic, I think they are fools,  
They speak so dogmatic on etiquette rules.

When my predecessor went over before,  
They thought no aggressor invaded their shore ;  
Their nobles held meetings to honor him there,  
Nor jovial greetings to him did they spare.