

" I add no more, but just entreat,
 " My virtues you will not forget ;
 " But think what condescension great
 " It is to bow
 " The high reserves o' civic state
 " To speak to you."

Perhaps you'll hear some silly clown,
 Wha thinks—it canna sway a *town*
 To sell *ae* vote—say,—“ Mark me down,
 “ I'se vote for you,
 “ But min', when ony job comes roun',
 “ Keep me in view.”

Pity, such servile mind should be,
 From legal vassalage, set free,—
 Such candidate—more pity he,
 —The constant foe
 Of state and city liberty—
 Should find him so.

Frae Johnny Groat's to the land's end,
 Such candidates no more pretend
 Than local interests to befriend
 An' the corn bill ;—
 But, are there interests to attend
 Not general ?

O yes ! there are—at least, there were—
 Tho' too genteel for vulgar ear,
 Of vast importance to the shire,
 As Gordon has it,
 Such things, the Tories could declare,
 Si illis placet.