

With equal zeal our patriots strive to turn
 Laws to perfection in a simmering urn.
 See o'er the seething crucible they sit,
 Our fusing laws evanish bit by bit,
 Till they at last, like metals when refined,
 Reflect the image of each muddled mind.

Officious fools! for heaven's sake forbear!
 Stop! Stop! no further depredations dare!
 Dig if you must innumerable drains
 To give a free vent to your clogged-up brains,
 Raise Q.C's., knights, dukes, by your mighty arm,
 Exceed your powers, for that can do no harm;
 Our blushing land's morality defend,
 But cease to meddle where you fail to mend.
 What! must those laws, the worth of ages reared,
 That sages honoured, willing despots feared,
 That knew Coke's, Mansfield's, Eldon's fostering care,
 Be now uprooted by a blundering share?
 Shall stupid farmers, blest with scarce more skill
 To legislate, than are the clods they till?
 Shall country storemen, whose life's daily round,
 Is selling green tea by the quarter pound?
 Shall lawyers, barely fit to draw a deed,
 That swarm our halls, and swell the spurious breed?
 Shall these, I say, be deemed our chosen lights?
 These frame our laws? these guard our civil rights?
 In God's name, no! send, send the meddlers back,
 Off to their homes the growling hirelings pack,
 To hatch low plots, relieve their wives from toil,
 Or vegetate on their congenial soil.

It is a gala day, and Canada's
 Fair daughters fondling coax their dear papas
 To cheat their creditors, that they may grace,
 In proper manner their becoming place.
 And now, behold! in haste the anxious throng,