

But he picked up some "tin" before crossing the "say."

But, arrived in Toronto,

He found such a want o'

Liege subjects, he really had nothing to do.

But presently there,

By the Lord Bishop's chair,

To earwig the Bishop, two Jesuits were near:

One was Telliard, so well known to fame;

The other was Esau McBriarson by name.

This last kept a school

And the pedagogue

On his marrowbones fell to him, they say,

And cried—"Boys a

"Composing my classes,

"Rest assured, to your Lordship I'll bring them some day!

"Be not uneasy,—no longer look blue,—

"With the help of your slave, you'll have plenty to do!"

Now, just at that day,

As I've heard people say,

The youngsters were docked of their holiday play,

And a cargo of brooms

Had arrived for the rooms,

Where notions, not boys, were taught shooting each day;

And Esau McBriarson oft raised a screech,

By a close application of birch to the breech.

But Johnny Crapeaud thought that no one but he

Entrusted with boys' education should be:

The masters he threatened; and asked the Trustees

To give him three schools, just to treat as he'd please;

But they snubbed the Lord Bishop, and "pished" at his letter.

*Ignoramusses* all!—they knew nothing better!