

Of seeming learning you could not before,
And those who might perchance have deemed you
clowns,

Will trust your learning for your rustling gowns.
What tho' her gracious majesty disown you,
Be sure the devil in the end will "bone" you,
And he who holds all queens within his sway,
Will bear you from this chilling world away,
To regions where by his Satanic graee,
Lawyers will ever have the foremost place.

Fountain of honour ! praises still are due !
Although indeed your gifts have not been few,
To raise Q.C's has been your loftiest aim,
Make dukedoms now, perpetuate your fame !
Nor care tho' scoffers say in language coarse
The fount of honour has a muddy source.

See ! on each farm baronial castles rise,
While blazing 'scutcheons shall bedim the skies,
A shield of mud, heraldic arms a plough,
And for a crest a live fat littering sow,
While for a motto on a fluttering rag,
"Potatoes ever ninety cents a bag."

O ! what a glorious sight will then be seen,
In new tweed suits and flannel shirts quite clean,
Our peers at court, stars, ribbons, all displayed,
And wondering why the devil they were made ;
In turn presented, each one make his bow
As when his form bends graceful o'er the plough,
With bovine tales engage the listening fair,
While earthy odours shall perfume the air.
With dubious tread see ! lordly swains advance
And stumble mid the mazes of the dance,
In gallop, waltz, maintain an equal pace,
While Gov'rment House shall tremble to its base.

Like persevering alchemists of old,
Who tried to turn all metals into gold ;

W
L
Se
O
T
R

O
St
D
T
R
E
O
Bu
W
T
T
B
Sh
T
Is
Sh
Ti
Sh
Th
In
O
To
O

It
Fa
To
In
A