

Whose stately structures rise on every hand!  
 Why should Toronto our sole college own?  
 An equal right has every country town;  
 If godless colleges may grant degree,  
 In godly ones an equal power should be;  
 And if the church may, as alas! they do,  
 Why may not Romanists and Ranters too?  
 For Heaven's sake! don't leave your work half done,  
 This spreading system you have scarce begun,  
 Of schools of learning we have still too few,  
 Let every township have a college too.  
 Then might your sons, blest swains! or rich or poor,  
 Have higher education at their door;  
 Might tend at lectures and then tend the plough,  
 Might feed on logic and then feed the cow,  
 With horny hands clean out the horses stalls,  
 With open mouths catch wisdom as it falls,  
 By ever varying toils their heads relieve  
 Till indue time a fool's cap each receive.  
 Then would degreemen stalk throughout the land,  
 While slaughtered Latin fell on every hand,  
 A string of letters lack of lore supply,  
 You be a B.A.—but in faith not I.

But lo! raised by some all-creating power,  
 What dark winged objects flit from bower to bower,  
 Robed in black silk, a red bag in each hand,  
 They seem to be the foremost of Hell's band,  
 And yet, me thinks, no mere domoniatic spell  
 Could raise a crowd that dress and look so well,  
 So much of learning, such display of wit,  
 And coats and gowns of such a lovely fit,  
 No slight "consideration" could bestow it  
 Ye gods! it was Attorney-General Mowat,  
 But stay! don't don that hideous sackcloth stuff,  
 Nor doff your flowing silk robes in a huff;  
 Inspired by silk, a copious stream you pour