

XXVIII.

For be assured, you can't compete
In products of the soil,
Or manufactured articles,
With all your skill, and toil.

XXIX.

Canada, more prolific is—
Her climate less severe;
Wheat, Beef, and Barley, Butter, Pork,
She exports every year.

XXX.

She has the capital in hand,
With factories employed;
The raw material abounds—
Compete, and you're destroyed.

XXXI.

On their materials from abroad,
They've placed their duties high,
To foster all these factories,
Whose goods we'll have to buy.

XXXII.

Per cent., one hundred, on imports
Of liquors, sound and old,
While whiskey of domestic make,
For *thirty cents*, is sold.

XXXIII.

If we could only get it now
To carry to the polls,
What strength we'd find in Union there,
And oh! what jolly souls!