

CANADA. What with their Telegrams and all the rest of it,
 One never knows who really has the best of it!
 For, when they seize each other's goods and chattels,
 One claims the Victories, t'other wins the Battles!
 And so the War grows fierce, their hatred double—
 Some times indeed I fear they'll give me trouble.
 So you, my children, must be smart as aiders
 In case we're troubled any more with *Raiders*:
 If Britain fails us then we come to grief—

WEST. Nonsense! you're RADWAY ready for RELIEF!
 But surely if our neighbours break the peace
 The Britishers won't grudge us their Police!

EAST. Dis done—they'd better learn to curb their temper, or

I'll be obliged to call in the French Emperor!

WEST. *That* to the States would be a perfect cure!
Napoleon he would *bone a part*, that's sure!—

CANADA. My dears, take warning, as I hope you will—
 Think of their Taxes,—there's a *bitter Pill*,
 And hard to swallow—

WEST. Yes—such Pills give warning,
 There'll be a *Draft* most likely in the morning!

TORONTO. And all this row, I think I've hit the mark,
 Is 'bout the *Niggers*.

WEST. Keep that subject *dark*—

What may turn out 'tis difficult to say,
 Although, I guess 'twill all come right some day—

CANADA. But of an end there seems no hope.

WEST. Not any,
 They're fighting like those two cats in Kilkenny!
 Their *late election* is as bad as may be,
 For still their *Alphabet* begins with A B!