

PROTECTION.

PROTECTED ? Of course, we're protected
From surfeits of puddin' an' pie ;
We never have no indigestion,
Nor colics, nor cramps, an' for why ?
Why, simply because we're protected
From all but the plainest of grub,
An' of that, twice as much would be scanty
At times ! Stranger, thar is the rub !

We're protected from railroadin' smashups,
An' steamboat explosions an' sich ;
These air extravagant notions
That only belong to the rich.
We might as well live in a thicket,
Whar monkeys is freer than men ;
I couldn't buy Sally a ticket
If she never seed mother again.

We're protected from buggies an' organs,
The frogs give us music at nights ;
We walk, so air always protected
From runaway accident frights ;
The plugs we hev saved from the mortgage,
Don't walk on their hunkers in pride.
They ain't fed like the Cumberland war-hoss,
So couldn't kick high if they tried.

We're protected ! Oh, yes, we're protected
From all that a mortal can need ;
An' if Foster would veto our stomachs,
We'd bless him an' praise him indeed.
Then a diet of talk of a Tupper
Might satisfy critters like we,
For breakfast, an' dinner, an' supper
Would come to us reg'lar an' free.

Could breeches be made of a promise,
An' coats of a prophecy fair,
With Tupper for loom an' for spindle,
Our garments were many and rare ;
But the cold somehow pierces his fabrics,
Our stomachs say something is wrong ;
Our rheumatiz argys conclusive—
We've had this protection too long.

NOTE.—A friend writes from Bruce Peninsula : " The people here are very hard up. Many of them have lived all winter on bread and tea." Glory be to protection ! but it must go.