

Rally, then, to reason !

Action is in season !

Strike the blow ! Let rulers know,

That throttling trade is treason !

Let no more these bars divide us

From our neighbours close beside us,

Let common sense henceforward guide us,

THEN our land will thrive !

SAM.

Bravissimo ! Taffy—good boy, good boy !

You sing like a seraph, I wish you joy !

What think you, friend John, of your daughter's manners,

Ain't she borrowing one of your Free Trade banners ?

JOHN B.

Oh, I wouldn't prevent the dear girl if I could,

Why shouldn't she do like her dad ?

I certainly think that her MANNERS are good,

But her CUSTOMS confoundedly bad !

(*He sings lovingly, air: "Go Where Glory Waits Thee."*)

Go where glory waits thee,

But when success elates thee,

O still remember me !

Neighbours may caress thee,