Making it a stipulation
That the home trade of each nation
Shall be freed from strangulation.
Thus we'll end the suffocation
Trade now feels, and animation
Sure will follow, then elation,
Then dilation, perhaps inflation;
And from wider cultivation
Follows wealth accumulation,
There's a glorious consummation!
Thus we'll mend the situation
For the coming generation.

MISS C.

I think I hear that spirit-stirring noise,
The "Harlech March" of my brave Welsh boys.

(*Voices heard in the distance, singing* "The March of the Men of Harlech.")

All with wealth our land is flowing,
Nature's bounteous gifts are growing,
Yet a cloud of State-debt owing,
Hovers o'er our hive;
While good customers are waiting,
These cuss'd Customs are alienating
Them, and our interests violating,
How can trade revive?