

XXXIV.

Let's go for *Federation*, Boys!
And *temperance without laws*;
"P. W. P's," and all would find
Strength given to the cause.

XXXV.

Molasses pays, as you will find,
Five cents, with ten ad val.;
"Tax poor man's sweet'ning?" was the cry,
Here, on *two cents per gal.*

XXXVI.

Our country's Maidens drink their tea,
At four cents on the pound;
Canadians pay full six cents more,
As by their Tariff's found.

XXXVII.*

"*Union is strength*," th' Archbishop says,
But 'tis an Irish Bull;
His Grace's logic's out of joint,—
His promises are null.

XXXVIII.

Hist'ry he cites, and for his "*proof*,"
After a deal of trouble,
Goes to *Geneva*, but it wont
Stand *testing by the "bubble."*

XXXIX.

His taste is good, his cellar too,
(The premises I'll name),
Water, and Rum, or Whiskey, take,
And victory I claim.