

ESSEX AGRICULTURAL
Protection Society.

THE BAKER TESTIMONIAL DINNER.

A LASH AT "THE LEAGUE."

AIR,—*"Good Old Days of Adam and Eve."*

MY song, I trust, 'twont you fatigue, Sirs,
Though but about what's dubb'd "The League," Sirs;
A queer set who treat with scorn laws,
Made but to PROTECT, call'd "Corn Laws:"
Creatures who'd all things have cheaper,
And sink our Isle in mis'ry deeper!
This "League" has oft gone such a track, Sirs,
It seem'd in league *with him in black*, Sirs!
But *now*, the ugly thing, brought down 'tis,—
Yea, through our BAKER quite "*done brown*" 'tis!

As fast as "Jack the Giant Killer,"
In his "*league*" boots,—(the vile instiller
Of arson and all disaffection!)—
"The League" once sped in each direction:
From its base hirelings' garbled "Lectures"
The weak were left to form conjectures,—
And nightly then our misled nation
Beheld some wilful conflagration!
But *now*, the guilty "League," &c.

FREE TRADE, 'tis Mister COB-DEN's "*hobby*,"
(If not a pet with sly Sir BOBBY!!)*
He—some still think—will row, anon, Sirs,
In the same boat with plain "Lord JOHN," Sirs!—
—How *Bright*, too, oft have seem'd "League" meetings!
To please their *heads*, all "*hands*" gave greetings,—
Though, of the number, half, in fact, Sirs,
(Like order'd goods) werē—sent there "*pack'd*," Sirs!
But *now*, the wily "League," &c.

Our cotton "*Coves*," when go their jaws, Sirs,
Pretend to plead the *poor* man's cause, Sirs;
Assert great wrongs are here inflicted
Because Corn comes not unrestricted:
But, mark you—more pelf so they're craving—
Their drudges they keep on enslaving,
And daily work them hours near twenty:
In fact, of Fact'ry facts we've plenty!
But *now*, the heartless "League," &c.

Those who compose the Whiggish "League," Sirs,
(Ever, as now, full of intrigue, Sirs)—
They were the harsh NEW POOR LAW makers,
An Act that oft makes *all* sects *quakers*!
And Him so grieves who wrought the thunder,
By tearing man and wife asunder!
While, *then*, the great aim of these sages
Was—war to *wage* against fair *wages*!
But *now*, the subtle "League," &c.

Our "League," too,—thrust near to the ditch, once—
Things brought to a "*tar-nation*" *pitch*, once:
Instead of it in peace enjoying,
Their "*devil's dust*" they kept employing
In an attempt to stop our throats, Sirs,
By "*swamping*" *all good honest votes*, Sirs!
Though this such a disgraceful trick seem'd,
It but the "League's" last dying kick seem'd!
Yet, *now*, behold how much, &c.

Though so the *land's* claim for discardin',
"The League," of late, they sought a *Garden*,—
And cultivated all their art there
To lure the "*flats*" from ev'ry part there;
And when their toys they vend can all, Sirs,
They'll once more strive to take the wall, Sirs!
—Meanwhile, let us *their* tact be praising
Who'd, *somehow*, still "*the wind*" be raising!
As yet, howe'er, the "League," &c.

Oh! long will honour still redound, Sirs,
To him among us this day found, Sirs!
But you I need not now be showing
What to our BAKER bold is owing:
He it was—AN ESSEX YEOMAN—
"The League" exposed when check'd by no man!
But when he once the torch had lighted,
Gods! how the "League's" hopes all were blighted!
And, *now*, behold how low brought down 'tis,—
Yea, through our BAKER quite "*done brown*" 'tis!

* Let this line be uttered in a subdued tone.

CHARLES CLARK.