



THE County-Member rose from dreams
Of PEEL and base defection :—
“ Art lost, or liv’st in STANLEY’s schemes,
My own, my loved Protection ? ”
The cause had suffered in the fight,
Where PEEL with CORDEN joined and BRIGHT;
But there was an impression
’Twould rise again this Session.

Conservative and Whigging chiefs
Of party wars a-weary,
Old feuds had patched, and ancient griefs
Exchanged for greetings cheery :
DUNCOMBE gave GOULBURN welcome warm,
GLADSTONE and HUME walked arm in arm ;
And thro’ serene St. Stephen’s,
All by-gone odds were even.

And all about, the scoff and shout,
The “ Oh ! Ohs ! ” crowing, braying,
Were changed to cheers, and “ hears ” and ears
For what old foes were saying :
The Sessions work like summer smiles,
For PEEL’s and RUSSELL’s friendly files ;
But for the County Member
’Tis London-fogged November !

He turneth left, he turneth right,
To STANLEY, BENTINCK, D’IZZY ;
But none could tell Protection’s plight,
If gone, game, blown, or busy :
He asked the country party round,
But ah ! no information found ;
And cursing them for noodles,
Flung frantic into BOODLE’s !

His brother members strove to cheer,
Their comfort seemed effrontery ;
He saw, slow pulled up, year by year,
The stake he’d in the country :
“ Gammon is gammon, PEEL is PEEL !
Gone private wealth and public weal !
E’en those are turning traitors
Who wear top-boots and gaiters ! ”

“ Cheer up ! No wheaten deluge flows
From Pole, Russ, Turk, or Tartars ;
Nor England’s Church, nor Cattle Shows,
To foreign bulls fall martyrs ! ”
“ Oh, gammon ! gammon ! If they don’t,
’Tis not, be sure, because they won’t ;
From John o’ Groat’s to London
We must and will be undone ! ”

"The State may perish, dash my wig !
The Church may go to glory !
Where there's Protection, I am Whig !
Where there's Protection, Tory !
Though on the bench I shine a star—
With sweet Protection sooner far
I'd vote black white, nor doubt it,
Than vote black black without it."

When sudden, hark ! one, two, three, four !
Tramp, tramp, tramp in the lobby !
The sound of one, that on the floor
Dismounteth from his hobby !
And, hark ! a whisper, soft and low,
" 'Tis time ! my courser chafes to go.
Come forth, nor make objection ;
'Tis I, thy loved Protection !

"Up, up, ere day we must divide,
No time for tears or trouble ;
Far lighter than of old I ride,
My steed can carry double."
"Ah thou, my own Protection, near !
I reckon not fate, I know not fear ;
With thee, thro' Opposition,
I'll ride to a division !



"With thee I'll ride, whate'er betide,
It is not for thy beauty ;
No common sense can e'er divide
The friends whose love is duty !"
He swang, he sprang, resolved and rash,
And hurry-skurry—off, slap-dash !
Needs whip nor spur, nor striving,
That hath the Old One driving !

And through the night to left and right,
Figures and facts flew by them !
Statistics rose to sink from sight,
Before they came a-nigh them !
"Dost fear, dost fear ? Our case is queer,
I've but four shillings"—"Nay, my dear,
To ride with thee I'm willing,
Though thou hadst but a shilling."

"Draw bit, my love, or soon we strike—"
"What is this bar we bowl at ?
It is belike, the saucy pike
Humanity takes toll at :—
No toll we pay ! stand from the way !"
The pikeman's down—hurrah, hurrah !
And rising lithe and limber,
The good steed tops the timber !

What means that wail upon the gale,
That knell on knell recurring ?
What means that peal, and that re-peal ?
"The Corn Laws we're interring."
And lo ! a troop their heads that droop,
And 'neath their lifeless burden stoop—

Four Dukes support the carcase,
Followed by Earl and Marquis !

"To hide the corse, that went to dorse
Last Session, be your mission ;
I and my member—we, perforce,
Must ride to our division !
Come, dim, discoronetted band,
Sing us a song, we'll ride at hand ;
Befits a song to cheer us,
With that dead Corn Law near us."

No pause nor stop, behind they drop,
The dirge sounds sad the breeze on ;
Away, they rattle ; hop, hop, hop !
Away, past truth and reason !
Convictions rise to bar your course ;
Reck not of scratches, man or horse ;
Harden your hearts and to them !—
No sooner at, than through them !

"See there, see there ! That grisly troop
To this dead law that pandered—
Hark ! how they croak, and howl and whoop,
The *Herald*, *Post*, and *Standard* !"
'Ho, journal pack, upon our track !'
And lo, they follow in a crack :
Around, behind, before us,
Raising a dismal chorus !

"Bravo, bravo ! our steed can go !
We're light, he's in condition !

Hark, hark, I hear a member crow,
We must be near division !"
"O say, my love, what will it be ?"
"A precious small minority,
And want of some will thin it
That ought to figure in it."

"Huzza, my friend, we're at the end,
Our hoof-tramp stirs their slumbers."
"I see but graves, that upward send
Wasted and waning numbers !
What means this place of tombs we see ?"
"It is where I must henceforth be,
Where we may take our pleasures,—
The Limbo of dead measures !"

And lo ! a grim and ghastly change
The Member saw come o'er him ;
His full-fed face grew shrunk and strange,
His flesh fell down before him.
What once was lusty, fat, and fair,
Stood noisome, naked, blank and bare !
And of his loved Protection
Was left no recollection !

The horse bounds high—wide open fly
The graves—the ghosts uprear them ;
Dead measures flash and float and cry,
In horrid welcome near them !
With spasms the Member's brain was stirred ;
Rung on his ear an awful word—
A brother member roaring :
"Good gracious ! How you're snoring !"