

# PROTECTION FOR BRITISH AGRICULTURISTS! No Free Trade!



The Grand  
Life Boat  
of Old  
England  
OR  
PROTECTION  
for ever!!  
being a

new, and  
familiar  
*Dialogue*,  
between  
Sharper  
Pinch Belly  
and his  
Master.

**MASTER.** Good morning Sharper, tremendous news from head quarters, Free Trade 't is come, it is come, we farmers are all ruined: corn fetch nothing, high rents, tithes, and taxes, what in the world can be done?

Come all you men of each degree,  
And listen to my Song;  
Concerning corn both bond and free,  
I'll not detain you long.

Free Trade will be our ruin now,  
Deny it all who can?  
'Twill injure both the soil & plough,  
And starve the labouring man.

Chorus—For of Free Trade we've had enough,  
And find it is no go;  
We want no more of Cobden's stuff!  
Nor his cheap calico.

**SHARPER.** Why Master, you must sell the hunters and four-wheelers, Miss Betsy must sell the piano-forte, Missus must put on the blue mantle, and exchange the Polka Dress for the bed gown, walk into the dairy, make the cheese, churn the butter, and feed poor Tray.

There's Farmer Jobson, he declares  
He cannot pay his rent;  
There is complaints both far and near  
Cobden should to the D—be sent,  
We all can plainly see—

For agitating the sons of the soil  
His madbrain schemes to try  
And spread among the men of toil,  
Both ruin and misery.

Chorus—For Free Trade, &c.

**M.** Hold, hold, Sharper, let me get my breath, we gentlemen farmers must keep up our dignity and respectability, the Parsons must be well paid if they do nothing, and the landowner must have his rents! my motto is, Corn Laws for ever and no surrender!!

Old England once was a happy shore,  
The home of the brave and free;  
But alas! she will be so no more,  
We all can plainly see—

Unless something now be done,  
To strive with might and main,  
To welcome to our hearth & home  
Protection once again.

Chorus—For of Free Trade, &c.

**S.** Well done Master, that is the way to say it. Why if this Free Trade continue what will will become of us poor labourers. We can't work for 4d. a day, like the foreigners, and maintain our wives and families. We shall have dry bread in one bag and a brick bat in the other for a relish, and water from the ditch. Delightful Free Trade! Beautiful Cobden!!!

For the Farmers of Old England  
They now can plainly see,  
That if Protection they don't have,  
They soon will ruined be.

Protection it have been our Law,  
And for ages stood the test;  
For when Protection was in force,  
Poor men's wages were the best.

Chorus—For of Free Trade, &c.

**M.** I tell you what Sharper, I never will surrender, I'll stand by the Corn Laws while I

have a drop of blood in my body; they are the bulwarks of the British Farmer, and what right have Dutchmen and other Foreigners to offer their goods in our markets?

What have Free Traders done for us  
Now, I should like to know?  
Why, they have ruin'd our commerce  
And brought the Wages Low!

Mechanics they are wandering  
Without shoes upon their feet;  
Because British Manufacturers,  
With Foreigners can't compete!

Chorus—For of Free Trade, &c.

**S.** None at all Master. Foreigners will not let us send our produce and manufactures to their countries Free! they are better judges! And why should John Bull allow the humbugs to send their rubbish here Free, and ruin us Master?

We hope that every Farmer's friend  
Will ever prosperous be—  
May God shield him from dangers,  
Both by Land and Sea.

Let's lay aside all war and strife,  
And use efforts firm and grand,  
To gain our country righteous laws,  
And save this glorious land.

Chorus—For of Free Trade, &c.

**M.** You are right Sharper. If this Free Trade system continue long, good-bye to us Old English Farmers. And such as you Sharper, will have a situation for life in that God-like asylum the Union; where you will have lots of thin gruel and sour porridge to fatten and comfort you in your old days.

For England is a noble soil,  
May her enemies ever quail,  
Before her hardy sons of toil,  
Through fortune's flitting gale.

May she ever stand the foremost,  
May her resources never fail,  
May we always have employment  
For the shuttle, the plough & soil.

Chorus—For of Free Trade, &c.

**S.** Ah! Master that's a fine consolation. A beautiful place outside, but misery, starvation and death within; husbands parted from wives,—although at our marriage the parson join our hands together and say "Those whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder." Children dragged from their parents with many groans and shrieks, and pushed into the grave like a dog, before you are hardly cold. O glorious Free Trade! beautiful Union! Delightful Bastile! God send Protection and down with Free Trade.

Let Richmond's Duke for England's weal  
Assemble his brave band;  
And drum Dick Cobden and false Peel  
From this our envied land.

And when our next election fall,  
We'll strive with hearts all true,  
To thrust out Russel, Peel & all,  
With all the Free Trade crew.

Chorus—So here's success unto the Plough,  
Likewise the Prince and Queen;  
And may a good Protection Law  
Through England soon be seen.