The city Tory is-your friend, id anom on bhe I " 'Tis he alone can comprehend what soulid yell a Your local interests—or defend, and shirt and

For he can speak well;

There's no Reformer can pretend To be his equal.

The county Tory is the man a read If now agains' For the corn bill ;—save him alone,—sland ad W For agriculture, there is none; see stov an Hea o'T

nov not stor sel And only he

Can pounce a manufacturer down worv at our good Where he should be.

But, let as many such get in, in slaves done will. Thro' reckless voting, as could win Thro' past corruptions; -an' ye'll fin' That, to your cost,

Lang ere their seven years be done, to has often 10 oe mid bad blee Reform is lost.

Their reasoning you could not condemn; fol oat! They'll say, "Your Parliament's the same," "Reformed election's but a name, of the boof name

"Let us annul 't;-"Our quiet-your mad elections came of our Just To one result."

Woe to the land that thus were sold, and leave (By listless sons—if not for gold, being out off Yet past redeeming !-Hold, yet hold Your impious hand! Nor mark your fronts wi' treachery's cold,

Ignoble brand.