

## COTTON AND CORN.



I.  
 Corrox and Cox were mighty kings,  
 Who differed at times, on certain things,  
 To the country's dire confusion;  
 Cox was peaceable, mild, and just,  
 But Corrox was fond of saying "You wast,"  
 So after he'd boasted, bullied, and cussed,  
 He got up a revolution.

II.  
 Now, Cox was loth to make it a fight,  
 But he felt that Corrox would crush the Right,  
 So he came to the Law's protection;  
 He raised an army a million strong  
 To lift up the Right and put down the Wrong,  
 And it certainly seem'd that he, ere long,  
 Should wipe out the insurrection.

III.  
 But the Law . . . a quarrelsome whoop, by the way . . .  
 Took it upon himself to say,  
 Without excuse, leave, or permission,  
 That the *casa belli* was all in a horn,  
 That Corrox was just as right as Cox,  
 And that he should soon, as sure as you're born,  
 Give Corrox his recognition.



IV.

Then Cox grew wrathful, and one fine day,  
 When Corrox's Commissioners sail'd away  
 To visit the Law's demotions,  
 He took them quietly from the ship  
 And jugged them where there could be no slip,  
 'Twas the cup of good luck and Justice's lip,  
 To await the Law's opinions.

V.

Then O, how angry the Law grew!  
 'Twas a British ship with a British crew  
 Whence COX the Rebels had taken;  
 So the Law fretted, and schemed, and planned  
 To take a strong and dignified stand,  
 Yet still to leave, on the other hand,  
 A chance for saving life and bacon.

VI.

For you see that Corrox, though all very fine,  
 Is of little use when you want to dine,  
 While Cox is an institution  
 Without whose aid the Law must go  
 Dinnerless, supperless, to and fro,  
 So, spite of his wrath, this cut will show  
 The end of the revolution!

