

ous speech which he delivered from the inn window—I cannot but regret that such a man should have no seat in the Cabinet of the King. On the other hand, when I turn to his great literary achievements—to what he has written and published in every shape, and on every subject—to his valuable legacies to mankind in the *Edinburgh Review*, and in the pamphlets of *Peter Jenkins*, to say nothing of what has been so justly styled the “immortal *Penny Magazine*,” it is some consolation to reflect that, although the country is now deprived of his services in one capacity, yet will the leisure which his ejection from office affords him, enable him the more to become the benefactor of the whole human race. (Loud cheering.) But, gentlemen, words are inadequate to describe the excellencies of the learned lord, and I therefore conclude by proposing to you, as a toast, “Ships at sea, and good accounts of them.”

The toast was drunk with applause. Air,—“When first I came to Lunnan town.”

Several gentlemen connected with the shipping interest rose to acknowledge the toast, but way was given to one who was known to be an adept in oratory. After a preliminary flourish about the nation “whose flag has braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze,” he said there was one point which he thought it was his duty to press upon this Court—he begged pardon, on this meeting. It was too well known that many lives had been lost of late years, in consequence of unseaworthy vessels being employed for the purpose of transporting emigrants. It had occurred to him that it would be proper to vest some authority on this subject in the Guild Court. (Hear, hear.) It was well-known that that Court at one time had the power of determining questions that might arise between “merchand and merchand, and merchand and maryner.” It was also well-known that the Court still had the power of condemning ruinous houses and ordering them to be pulled down. Now, he thought, with great submission, that if the Court were qualified to condemn old houses, they were at least as well qualified to condemn old ships. He knew this meeting had no powers on the subject, but he threw out the suggestion, trusting that the chairman would bring it under the notice of the Burgh Commissioners. Whether or not it would be attended to was not for him to say, but in bringing it forward he had discharged his duty. His views on the subject were distinct. (Cheers.)

The next toast was “The Medical Society,” for which nobody returned thanks.

The Chairman then, at the request of a deputation, condescended to sing the following

### Song.

AIR—“When I hae a Saxpence under my thumb.

While I keep the rabble aye under my thumb,  
I'll aye be elected whatever may come,

Wi' ilka ten pounder nane's better than I,  
An' O but I'm proud o' his company.

Todlin in, todlin in,  
I gar the ten pounders come todlin in.

I aye promise well—tho' I never perform,  
Ca' the folks a' enlightened—and speak o' *Reform*,  
I sound my ain trumpet—thro' thick an' thro' thin,  
An a' the ten pounders come todlin in,

Todlin in, todlin in,  
I gar the ten pounders come todlin in.

The fame I've achiev'd ye hae heard o', I guess,  
For seconding the motion against the *address*,  
In knife-grinding Sheffield my name made a blow,  
And Sir Rob. himsel' ca'd it a *quid pro quo*.

Todlin in, todlin in,  
I gar the ten pounders come todlin in.

Let the *Friday Newspaper* do a' it can dee,  
To stir up a strife 'tween my voters an' me;  
Tho' the House be dissolved—I care nae a plack,  
My voters wad gar me gang todlin back.

Todlin back, todlin back,  
My voters wad gar me gang todlin back.

Then hurra! for the Monarch, an' lang may he reign,  
Now when he's made choice o' Lord Melbourne again,  
An' may *honest* John Russell by him be employ'd  
Till in England and Ireland the Church be destroyed.

Todlin in, todlin in,  
The Radicals then wad come todlin in.

The song was loudly applauded. When the cheering ceased, the Chairman proposed long life and prosperity to “Our Court.”

The toast was received with tremendous applause. Tune—“Merrily every bosom boundeth.”

The gentleman who returned thanks for the Shipping interest rose and spoke to the following effect:—On this occasion, gentlemen, I find myself on my legs agitated by no ordinary sensations. When I consider that in these perilous times—times in which, as has been laid down by an eminent gentleman now here present, as well as by many other eminent individuals now here absent, our lives and property are at stake—I cannot but reflect with a degree of complacency, in my opinion entirely suited to the occasion, that I was the individual who extended the protection of “Our Court” to the threatened liberties of the people, and declared that “Our Court” was not elected to go to sleep. Who was it that interposed between the Magistrates and the shore-porters? I.—Who interfered between the King and Sir Robert Peel? I.—Who stood most boldly forward to vindicate the rights of the Guildry? I.—(Hear, hear, and “—your I's.”)—Who has interposed and will interpose in every thing done and to be done? Who but I.—I by itself I.—That I have not succeeded in my various attempts need not astonish any