

Members who had so nobly assisted in turning out the Tories." The toast was loudly cheered. Air—"Callum Brogach."

A gentleman, with a precentor-like voice, rose and said, that his views accorded exactly with those which had been so ably expressed by the Chairman. He saw no reason why men of the most discordant opinions might not act harmoniously together. He could not make a speech, but if the company pleased, he would express his sentiments in a song. (Cheers.) He trusted they would not be too critical on the singing, for, however imperfectly he might give it voice, he was satisfied they would find it

An excellent New Song

By Gilbert Harvie, Burgess, Abredonensis.

Come Liberals of every description unite,
Let by-ganes be by-ganes at least for a night,
Quash all your old quarrels, forgive and forget,
And down with your dust for another feed yet!

Let unity reign in your ranks, as of yore,
When you marched to the Links 'neath the gay *Tricolor*,
When the brave *Bonnet Rouge* was exalted on high,
And the blue *Cap of Liberty* gleamed in the sky;—

When you loyally libelled your *QUEEN* and your *KING*,
And trussed *WELLINGTON* up like a thief in a string;
While your true love of freedom and peace was made
known,
By a liberal display of the scull and cross-bone.

To-night let the long-wished millenium begin,
Let the Whig kindly smile to the Radical's grin,
Let no "minor difference" fetter your glee,
Sink all your opinions whatever they be:—

Let Papist and Calvinist kiss and combine,
Dissenters and Churchmen in unity join,
And the men who for New Kirks so lustily bawl
Shake hands with the men who want no kirks at all.

Let the Laird whom "the Bread-tax" has pampered and
fed,
Hob-a-nob with the weaver who sighs for "Cheap Bread;"
While the Fund-holder sits cheek by jowl with the men
Who would pay off the Debt with a dash of the pen.

Let Annual, Triennial, Septennial Elections
Create for the night no discordant reflections;
Let those who want Ballot and those who want none,
Dine off the same platter and pick the same bone.

Let the man who belongs to the "section extreme"
Clear his head for a time of his Radical dream,
And take off his glass saying "Good luck betide
The men whom more flexible principles guide!"

Though scarce on one question you chance to agree,
Let "CONCORD and UNION" your motto still be,

As you blindly rush on with harmonious halloo
To the opposite objects that each has in view.

Drink to Rice who opposes the Union's "repale;"
Drink good luck to "ould Dan" and the joints of his tail;
Drink to Grey who "will stand by his order," and
Brougham

Who, as Tomkins and Jenkins, has settled its doom.

And oh! when you welcome your *BANNERMAN*'s name
Rend the roof of the room with your joyous acclaim;
And in charity, drown in your rapturous praise
The stammering speech which your plaudits repays.

Nor, though victory crown'd not his struggles, forget
The *YOUNG LAIRD OF CRATHES*,—Kincardshire's pet;
And *SIR MICHAEL*,—oh gladden the gloom of his soul
By toasting his name in a full flowing bowl!

Then hushed be the plaudit and silenced the cheer
As you turn for a space from the men that are here,
To hallow the memory of those whom you want
A Pillar and Miller, a Hyde and a CANT!

Though the great talking Tanner has fled from our Town,
And the sun of his fame is in darkness gone down,—
Can his voice be forgotten whose thundering sound
Brought the *Hustings* he stood on, squabash, to the ground!

But on themes such as these do not linger too long;
Give full sweep to your triumph in chorus and song;
With toasts and with cheers let the night pass away,
Till your revels are stilled by the dawn of the day.

Then Patriots of every description unite,
Let by-ganes be by-ganes at least for a night,
Sink all your old grudges, forgive and forget,
And fork out your bobs for another feed yet!

The effect which this song produced was very extraordinary. The company saluted each other all round, and fraternized in the most amiable manner. Three cheers were then given for the vocalist, with "one cheer more," proposed by a smart-looking gentleman in black. When the cheering subsided, a smooth-faced, good-looking, Tory-like, young gentleman rose and spoke as follows:—I regret exceedingly that we have not here as a guest, on this important occasion, the learned lord, the talented ex-Chancellor, Lord Brougham and Vaux. (Cheers.) I am certain that, had he heard the song which has now been sung, he would have pronounced it clear, sensible, and judicious. Gentlemen, when I reflect on that great man's visit to this place, I am penetrated with the deepest sensations. When I recollect his approach to the town, amidst the silent admiration of some, and the warm plaudits of others—when I reflect on his speeches in the Town Hall and the Court-House—on his visit to the Trinity Hall and the College—on his remarkable progress to the Royal Hotel, with his phylactery fastened to the front of his hat, in the shape of a Burgess-ticket—and on the humor-