

man; for I and Wisdom cry aloud in the streets and no man regard-eth. Having now as is my consistent custom, "graced my cause by speaking of myself," I have to declare that in all my speeches and actions, I have been actuated by nothing but a sincere and heart-felt desire to support the honour, dignity, and glory of "Our Court,"—a Court on which it does not become me to say much more than that it has "done the State some service and they" *don't* "know it." So long, indeed, have its merits been disregarded, that at one time it was under consideration whether "Our Court" ought to invite itself to a public dinner on the 1st of April last. I am glad, however, to find that its exertions are duly appreciated by this magnificent meeting; and I beg to return my most sincere and heartfelt thanks. I trust I shall now be permitted to say a few words relative to Vote by Ballot. (Cries of "a song, a song.") Gentlemen, the Chairman introduced the subject, and I hope to be allowed to state my views on the Ballot. ("Sing it, sing it," and "Order, order.") Gentlemen, I cannot say that from what has been stated, my opinions on the Ballot question are—"A song, a song. We'll take the Ballot afterwards.") Well, gentlemen, since it is your wish, I must say that I am so highly pleased with this meeting, that I shall not, although rather unceremoniously requested, refuse to gratify you with a

Song

Air—"Green grow the rushes, O.

I am the first assessor, O!
I am the first assessor, O!
My freens, in short, of Our Court
I am the first assessor, O!

The Whigs an' Radicals may blaw,
About the outward pressure, O!
An' say it drave Sir Rob. awa',—
It was the first assessor, O!

I am, &c.

Our Court memorializ'd the King,
Said naething could be baser, O!
Than tak' Sir Robert back again,
And mak' him first assessor, O!

I am, &c.

The King gave ear unto our prayer,
An' own'd himsel' transgressor, O!
The change was brought about, I swear,
By me, the first assessor, O!

I am, &c.

When the song was concluded the cheering was tremendous, and the effect was such that it is quite impossible that the very oldest inhabitant can recollect any thing like it. As soon as quietness was restored, the gentleman rose, and, laying his hand on his heart, after

the latest approved fashion, appeared to be quite overcome with his feelings. His speech was rather inaudible, but our reporter managed to catch,—proudest day of my life—prominent figure in the eye of the public—court an ornament to the city—all my doing—some people may sneer—die for my country—Brutus, an immortal Roman—some former members of Court not much addicted to wisdom—some yet—views not in consonance with mine—consequently wrong—no offence to any gentleman—sorry to say not all here—we radicals—priestcraft—Mr. Hutt very great man—humble individual—the honour to write—gracious and condescending answer—vital christianity—Mr Bannerman—don't like him, but always vote for him—that's curious—little agitation on the surface at present—heavy ground swell of the tide of reform—not so many people here as should be—if won't come can't help it—sound at heart—pockets possibly in a low way—gratitude—honour done—all your healths—bless you all—take my seat.

The speech was repeatedly interrupted with cheers, and its close called down thunders of applause.

Another gentleman gave "*The Aberdeen Observer*," the only newspaper that had devoted its columns to reporting the proceedings of "Our Court."

This toast was drank with uncommon groaning. Tune—"Winna ye, canna ye lat me be."

"*The Infusion of New Life*," was received in solemn silence, barring the hiccup. Tune—"O, what a story the papers have been telling us."

The next toast was "The New Excursive, Pestalozzian, Learn-every-thing-at-once System." (Loud cheers.) Tune—"Here awa, there awa, wandering Willie."

Want of space prevents us from giving the very eloquent and long speech which was made in acknowledging this toast.

"The Military Academy at Gordon's Hospital," was then given and received with loud cheers. Tune—"With the bonnet on my brow."

A person rose to acknowledge the toast, and spoke in the purest vernacular, but the company being considerably chipped, called loudly for a song, and after indulging in some preliminary flourishing, the gentleman condescended to start off with the following

Song.

Air—"Alice Gray."

He's all my painter painted him,
He's lovely, he's sublime,
An independent gentleman,
Exactly in his prime.

His speeches most judicious are,
Most sensible and clear,
He'll fly a speech in Parliament,
As usual, once a-year.