

An' eh! he is a braw young lad,  
 A credit till our town,  
 Fat wad'st but just his eloquence,  
 That pat the Tories down?

His speeches tell weel in the House,  
 His wit is superfine,  
 And wha in honour o' his name,  
 Wad not drink like a swine.

Lat's cram our tripes in Sandy's cause,  
 And drink till we be blin';  
 For a gentleman mair liberal,  
 My Faith! ye'll never fin'.

(Rapturous applause)—and with one unanimous burst, the company shouted, "A very good song, and very well sung, jolly companions every one."

One of our ablest orators then rose, and spoke as follows:—I beg to propose a bumper to the Magistrates and Town Council. At the same time, I must say that that body is by no means worthy of the unqualified support of the truly liberal and independent part of the constituency. It is a melancholy fact, that many of the respectable and Tory part of the community have been heard to say that, as times go, our rulers are "not so bad," and that, excepting some mistakes, such as finding fault with their own previous education, the Council might as easily have been worse as better. Now, any set of men that are in any way, or to any extent approved of by the respectable part of the community, are, in my opinion, unworthy of the public confidence. (Hear, hear.) And more than that, Sir, how did the Council proceed in filling up a late appointment? Why, Sir, they actually elected a gentleman to the office, whose opinions on politics they took no pains to ascertain, and who not being bound down by any clause in his letter of appointment to the contrary, may positively entertain obnoxious principles on public matters. And besides, Sir, in lately appointing two ladies to vacant situations, I have no evidence that they were at any trouble to ascertain whether the successful candidates held sound constitutional principles regarding the Irish church question, or the general cause of Reform. Instead of the Council examining the candidates on Radical Reform, they sent Professors, Clergymen, and others, to report on their knowledge of the white seam, double stitch, box plating, reading, writing, and arithmetic. (Hear, hear.) Can such a body of men merit the approbation of liberal electors? I pause for an answer. (No, no.) Where, then, shall a disappointed public look for men more worthy of confidence? ("Here! here!" from a member of "Our Court.") Yes, gentlemen, some of you have twice been candidates for the honours of the Council board, and twice you have—not been elected. But you have no cause for despair, for, as Colonel Leith Hay, and one of the poets, says,

"Freedom's battle once begun  
 Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son,  
 Though baffled oft is ever won!"

I conclude by proposing "the Town Council, and may they soon be all that men of truly liberal and independent principles could wish them to be."

The toast was drank with rapturous applause. Tune—"There's nae luck about the house."

We do not know whether any one returned thanks for the toast, but we understand the company were soon afterwards enlivened by the following

### Song.

AIR—"Vicar of Bray."

Through a' my public life it's been  
 The rule I've practis'd daily,  
 That whether Whigs or Tory's reign,  
 I still maun be a Bailie.

For mony a year, my worthy frien's,  
 Ye ken I liv'd a Tory,  
 The corrupt rotten system I  
 Still made my boast and glory.  
 Retrenchment and Reform were words  
 My vera' soul abhor'd;  
 In ilka plan to haud them down  
 I cordially concurred.

Through a', &c. &c.

But O, a change "came o'er my dream,"  
 Sad, sad, and unexpected;  
 I really thought I should hae been  
 Lord Provost once elected:  
 But when I made my wishes kent,  
 The Council a' demurred,  
 About my business I was sent,  
 In which I ne'er concurred.

Through a', &c. &c.

For lang my services were lost,  
 Baith to the town and nation,  
 For lang I said that "honour's post  
 Should be the private station,"  
 But when Reform became the theme,  
 In which the people gloried,  
 I turned my coat, and in the scheme,  
 I cheerfully concurred.

Through a', &c. &c.

Now I'm a Bailie once again,  
 An' constantly endeavour,  
 By circumspection, to retain  
 Baith parties' grace and favour;  
 Nay, when the Dean did beg the book,  
 Although I thought it horrid  
 To vote awa' the gifts o' folk,  
 I instantly concurred.

Through a', &c. &c.