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TO THE EDITOR OF THE ABERDEEN MAGAZINE.

A FEW WORDS FROM A TORY IN ANSWER TO "A CLASSICAL REFORMER."

Jack Cade.—Be brave then, for your captain is brave and vows *reformation!*
..... How now? who's there?

Smith.—The Clerk of Chatham: he can write and read!

Cade.—O monstrous! Dost thou use to write thy name? or hast thou a mark to thyself, like an honest plain-dealing man?

Clerk of Chat.—Sir, I thank God, I have been so well brought up that I can write my name.

All.—He hath confess'd: away with him; he's a villain and a traitor.

Cade.—Away with him, I say: hang him with his pen and inkhorn about his neck.

Second Part of Henry VI.

MY DEAR SIR,—In the last number of your Magazine there appeared an article bearing the title "On the connection of Toryism and Scholarship," and purporting to be indited by some one who considers himself "A Classical Reformer." To this very curious lucubration I intend—with your leave always—to pen a few words by way of answer. But in the first place allow me to state that I have not come to this valourous resolution, because the article gave me any "*offence.*" Believe me, it gave me no offence at all. Your Classical Reformer, indeed, declares, with enviable modesty, that what he has said "*MUST doubtless give offence to many!*" Whether it *must* or *must not* give offence to any I really cannot pretend to decide. For my own part I am perfectly willing to take it upon your Classical Reformer's word; and as he

coolly assures us that such is the power of sarcasm, wit, and ridicule—such the learning, logic, and philosophy wielded in his article against the cause of Toryism, that it *must*, beyond all doubt, give offence to many—I hereby avow my implicit belief that it has done so. At the same time, my dear Sir, I am anxious to assure you that it has given me—Tory as I have the misfortune to be—no offence in the world; nay, that it has afforded me more amusement and cause of laughter than any thing that I have seen since I saw the hideous contortions of countenance of some of the speakers at the last Reform Meeting on the Broad Hill; and if you except that "*spectacle,*" (as the Aberdeen Chronicle called it,) that it has afforded me more merriment than any event since the 22d of October, 1831, when I saw the hustings on