

the Broadhill, (built though they were under the inspection of that accomplished engineer, Alexander Bannerman, Esq.) when I saw these hustings break down under the overpowering eloquence of Mr John Cant, Tanner, and the whole members of the self-elected Reform Committee laid sprawling, groaning and swearing in the mud. And as I have taken no offence at the lucubrations of your Classical Reformer, I expect that he will take no offence at mine. Moreover, let me seize this opportunity of shewing to the whole world that I am a much more humane and benevolent individual than he is. He, with the solemn conviction on his mind that what he had written would—*must*, without a shadow of doubt, “give offence to many,” did, notwithstanding—the cruel, wicked, savage Reformer that he is!—deliberately and advisedly print and publish the same! Now, I hereby solemnly declare, that if I believed—if I thought, suspected, or dreamt that what I am about to write would give offence to the most insignificant Reformer in Aberdeen—to the youngest and most ragged of the tobacco-boys, to the sorriest and most wretched of the Reform horses that took part in the last Reform Meeting—I solemnly declare, that I would, with the utmost complacency, fold my writing up, and light my pipe with it, (after all, perhaps not the worst purpose it could be applied to.) But as I am convinced that no body will be so foolish as to take offence at what I mean to say, I shall write on, and in the mean time light my pipe aforesaid with a part of this leaf of the Aberdeen Chronicle, which singularly enough happens to contain a report of that same Reform Meeting to which I have already two several times alluded, and where, among other verities, I see attributed to Principal Jack

a speech, which if he spoke then and there, I instantly declare my readiness, at five minutes’ warning, to eat him and the whole Reform Committee, at one down-sitting, provided they be dished up with the condiment proper to such a dish—*apple sauce*. (See Dr. Kit-chiner.)

After thus much by way of preface, let me begin to examine the lucubration of your Classical Reformer. He sets out with declaring, that “it has often struck him as a very strange and apparently anomalous phenomenon,” that so many scholars, learned men, and men of superior wisdom, should be Tories, Conservatives, Anti-Reformers, or by whatever other name you choose to call them. It is, says he, a fact, that the men of greatest eminence in literature are “too often [in *his* opinion—only often enough in *mine*] found advocating conservative doctrines.” This, which appears to me to be quite in the ordinary course of affairs, he, on the other hand, contends to be a most strange and marvellous circumstance. To account for this strange marvel is the object of his paper. Disdaining—classical scholar though he be—the advice of Horace, to avoid all inflated and boasting commencements, he begins by pompously stating that he has often philosophized upon this wonderful wonder. After having by this happy stroke raised the reader’s expectation,—after having impressed him with a notion of the great results to be expected from his grand philosophizings, the labouring mountain of his philosophy consents to be brought to bed—of what? of a litter of three blind arguments, as you shall see immediately.

As is too often the case with triplets, nay even with twins, we are afraid that not one of the litter of three arguments of which your labouring Classical Reformer has