

CITY REPRESENTATION.

DR. SUDDS has addressed the "Independent Electors of the city of Aberdeen," offering himself as a candidate to represent this city in Parliament. We give the following extract from his address, as we suppose it is not yet generally known, the announcement being expected to appear in *The Shaver*:—

"I profess not Tory, Whig, nor Radical sentiments; but having been long known to you as a most exquisite *Shaver*, it is upon the principles which I have invariably advocated, while I have had the pleasure of editing one of our most popular periodicals, that I offer myself to your kind consideration, and I feel the utmost confidence in obtaining a majority of your votes.

"Should you realize my expectations of returning me as your representative, you may rely upon my anxious endeavours to serve your interests. I will then be in a situation which will enable me to extend my professional operations, and to do justice to the *claims* of all men, from his MAJESTY to the Editor of *THE QUIZZING GLASS*. You will thereby receive a monthly intellectual treat of which you can at present form no adequate conception: it will be quite electrifying.

"I do not approve of pledges, but this one I will voluntarily make—that I will use every exertion to get an act passed for licensing brothels, and encouraging and protecting *Shavers*; and I trust that my political predilections (which are Tory) will be of some service in advancing my influence with the present administration, and thereby secure the passing of these important enactments.

"As circumstances, to which it is needless particularly to allude, will prevent me from waiting personally upon you, my esteemed friends, THE LAIRD O' COCKPEN and BIG BOB will call upon you individually, and answer any questions which you may propose to them. I trust to their honour, integrity, and urbanity, and you may do the same,

"I have the honour to be,

Gentlemen,

Your devoted humble servant,

"SIMON SUDS, L. L. D."

Scandal Manufactory, Dec. 29, 1834.

POETRY.

THE LAST SPEECH AND CONFESSION OF AN M. P.

TO BE SUNG OR SAID.

"I'm a small man in the eyes of the Observer."—Vide speech.

Two twelvemonths ago when the cry of Reform!
Was heard in the land, and raged like a storm;
When Scotland's loud pibroch fir'd the heart of each clan;—
Then, my friends, then I was a very big man!

When the Queen wore the "breeks" of our good sailor king;
When the Duke and the Bishops for pleasure did sing;
When the Tories rejoiced—when they danced—when they ran
To fetter our Freedom—I was then a big man!

I fought with the people—I fought for their will,
Till their wishes were granted, and at last got the bill;
Till liberty flourished—and freedom began
To shine with bright lustre I was then a big man!

When we drank—when we quaff'd—when we held jubilee,
When I thought that perchance I might be an M. P.
Then I show'd myself off as your own Bannerman;
Believe me, my friends, I was then a big man!

To London I went—to the city of Lords,
In the House too I sat, tho' I gave them few words;
In a committee sat, and got pay off the land;
Thinks I, once again, I'm a very big man!

My Lord B——m came north (not the puppet nor player),
And he wrote me to ask if I'd haddock to spare,
And a wee drap Glenlivet—Saw ye e'er sic a man;
But he said I spoke sense—Am I not a big man!

But the Tories are in, and the Whigs are all out,
And all the place—Whiglings have again got the route
To their homes—to their wives—to do what they can,
And now I may call myself a poor little man!

I blame the vile press for this hullabaloo—
It was the *Age's* opinion that made this ado;
Tho' *The Herald* proclaims my good works to the land,
Th' *Observer* still makes me a poor little man!

Many wearisome days, and anxious nights too,
I've had doing nothing—for nought I could do;
But that goes for nothing—vote for me, if you can,
And once more again I'll be a big man!!