

THE
A V E R.

HAVING SHOP



LADIES'
MATTERS
TRIMM'D
WITH PRECISION AND
DISPATCH.

“’Tis my vocation, Hal—every man must labour in his vocation.”—FALSTAFF.

No. I.

JUNE, 1838.

PRICE 2d.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR THE BALLOT.

About two weeks ago, there was published “A Substitute for the Ballot,” edited by Mr. Adams of the *Herald*, which, after we have perused, turns out not to be a substitute, nor likely ever to become one. It is clear and evident, that when the author wrote the above mentioned pamphlet, he had no other end in view, than that some of the wise legislatures might, along with some other of their wise doings, adopt his plan, and that he should get the credit for it, as being the original of the scheme, but stupid as they sometimes are, they surely will not adopt a plan which would be hurtful to business as well as to the state. His plan is this—that if any person should by acting conscientiously at an election, be the loser thereby, either by a tenant sacrificing his laird’s good opinion of him, so as to keep him from getting his lease renewed; or by a tradesman acting in a different manner from which the greater part of his customers would be inclined for him to do, and thereby losing the greater part of his custom, that the said loser by an election, shall have his losses made up out of a Society or Union, which he and every voter shall pay a certain sum into. The plan is ridiculous. Supposing the Editor of the *Herald* himself, who we believe is possessed of a vote, was at the first election, (if there be a Whig and Tory candidate) to vote for the Tory, which of course would be against his employers inclinations, they being Whigs, and that these employers were to discharge him from their service; of course, the Society or Union would have to give him a pension of two or three hundred pounds yearly, as the case may be, for going about acting the gentleman with his hands in his pockets. Or, supposing a landlord was to come to his tenant, and say, if you don’t vote for such and such a one, I will not renew your lease; of course, whether the person whom the landlord wishes to be elected be the person whom the tenant would be inclined for or not, it would be the interest of the tenant to vote

against his landlord’s inclinations, and, at the same time, perhaps against his own conscience. Mr. Adams, after considering these things, must at once see the impracticability of his scheme, whoever much he may be inclined to shut his eyes upon any thing which would be defamatory to it.

He will require to write another pamphlet, of quite a different nature, upon the same subject, before he can substitute the Ballot, or the more sensible way of plain open voting.

THE TWO DOMINIES.

Our friend, the Dominie, who aspires not to matters beyond his *KEN*, requests us to keep him in view, in case of the appointment of a Sub-Editor to our paper, which was projected under the special management of the Learned S. Suds, LL.D. He will furnish us, to adopt his own words, “for a fair remuneration, with a sketch of Church Politics, and the arcana of Clerical Combinations, and the periodical proceedings at Church Courts, from the highest to the lowest—the amount of livings, from the minimum upwards—and a weekly likeness of one of the cloth, drawn from real life.” He is also desirous to impart to the public some new ideas, derived from his own experience, regarding scholastic matters, and the easiest mode of evading charges of scandal, and obtaining a licence to perform Clerical functions once a year in the country. Such qualifications are doubtless rare, but besides, not being exactly in our line, we must inform him, that he would have a powerful competitor in the person of Dominie Grundy, now or lately of the *Constitutional*, who aspires to the same responsible situation. It is also incumbent on us to mention, that our veteran and drowsy patron and friend L—n threatens to withdraw, not only his interest, but his valuable observes, in case of *Priestcraft* finding its way into our columns. Now, although we do not always ride the same horse with C—s, either in politics or religion,

yet we would make some sacrifice to retain his countenance; and, therefore, to conciliate his favour, have determined to receive no Dominie, unless he agree to throw up his license and title of Reverend. *We ken* this would seriously break in upon the prospects of one of our scholastic applicants—we, therefore, recommend it to him to recast his ideas, deeply to revolve the matter in the profundity of his judgment, and seriously to “count the cost.”

POETRY.

A PRISON.

A Prison, is a house of care,
A place where none can thrive,
A touch-stone true to try a friend,
A grave for men alive.
Sometimes a place of right,
Sometimes a place of wrong,
Sometimes a place for jades and thieves,
And honest men among.

THE HUMAN FRAME LIKENED TO A HOUSE.

Man's body's like a house; his greater bones
Are the main timbers; and the lesser ones
Are smaller joints; his ribs are laths daubed o'er,
Plastered with flesh and blood; his mouth's the door,
His throat's the narrow entry, and his heart
Is the great chamber full of curious art.
His midriff is a large partition wall
'Twi'x the great chamber and the spacious hall;
His stomach is the kitchen, where the meat
Is often put half sod for want of heat.
His spleen's a vessel Nature doth allot
To take the sum that rises from the pot;
His lungs are like the bellows that respire,
In every office, quickening every fire;
His nose the chimney is, whereby are vented
Such fumes as with the bellows are augmented;
His bowels are the sink, whose part's to drain
All noisome filth, and keep the kitchen cleao;
His eyes are crystal windows, clear and bright,
Let in the object, and let out the sight;
And as the timber is, or great, or small,
Or strong or weak, 'tis apt to stand or fall.

LINES,

Written under the inspiration of the Nitrous-Oxide, or Laughing Gas.

I could leap! I could hold the owls in chase!
I could clasp the moon in a fond embrace;
I could look with scorn on the comet's flight,
With my body of air and my wings of light;
I could pass the sun with a scareless scoff;
I could pass the stars that are farthest off;
I could pass where light and darkness sever,
And mount through space, and soar for ever:
And, as I sail'd on, so wild and free,
And laugh'd with mad and measureless glee—
Though the huge concave were as dark as sin—
I could kindle a kingdom of light therein;
And I'd kick with my feet—I believe I wou'd,
And I'd swing with my arms, for 't would do me good;
And I'd clap my hands, and I'd laugh and sing,
And I'd care not for spirit, or person, or thing!
What has the earth to do with me,
With its hillocks of land and its pools of sea?
Or, what have I to do with the earth?—
All space is too little for half my mirth.
Oh! I'd send your globes all whizzing thro' space,
And I'd gripe my sides as I watch'd the chase;
And, as these whirl'd on and those whizz'd after,
I'd make the whole universe ring with my laughter.
Evils and cares have ceased to be,
For I've drank of the breath of boundless glee;
Give me some more—come, let me quaff;
What live we for—but to soar and laugh?

DOMINIE GRUNDY'S SUCCESSOR.

“LOOK ON THIS PICTURE” :—

Fashionable Departure.—We understand that the ultra-Tories of this town—the thick-and-thin stick-at-nothing sort of men, are about to lose the inestimable services of Robert Stilton Mackenzie, LL.D. formerly Editor of the *Journal*, and now or late Professor of Billingsgate to the *Liverpool Mail*. The loss will be irreparable. Well may his comrogues (to adopt a phrase of the *Mail*) exclaim of him,

“He was a man;—take him for all in all,
We shall not look upon HIS LIKE again.”

We are informed that the Doctor goes to edit a newspaper in Aberdeen, of what politics we don't know, and the Doctor doesn't care, provided the pay pleases. He is perfect in the Jim Crow step, and having advocated all political creeds, of course has no invincible *penchant* for any. Like the famous Major Dalgetty, in the Legend of Montrose, King or Covenant is all one to him; but neither the Editor of the *Birmingham Argus*, nor the Reformers of Liverpool, found in him the exemplary fidelity to existing engagements which distinguished that celebrated martinet. Dalgetty was true as steel until his term was out; Mackenzie is not exactly of the same metal. All we have further to say in reference to this most erudite Doctor is, that we hope his new masters are Tories. Reformers if they knew their man would say,—*Non istis defensoribus,—nec tali auxilio.*—*Liverpool Mercury.*

“AND ON THIS” :—

Boz and his Biographer.—The inimitable author of *Boz* has* addressed the following letter to the Editor of the *Durham Advertiser*, respecting the statements of Dr. Mackenzie, late Sub-Editor of the *Liverpool Mail*, who has recently “attempted his life” :—

“*Darlington, Saturday Morning.*

“SIR,—Waiting in this place for a York coach, this morning, I chanced, in the course of the few minutes I stayed here, to take up your paper of January the 26th, in which I saw a brief *autobiography of myself*, by Dr. Mackenzie. Dr. Mackenzie, whoever he may be, knows as much of me as of the meaning of the word *autobiography*, in proof of which, may I beg you to state on my authority, that when I commenced the *Pickwick Papers*, I was *not* living on five guineas a-week as a reporter on the *Morning Chronicle*; that Messrs. Chapman and Hall were never persuaded with some difficulty to become the *Pickwick* publishers, but on the contrary, first became known to me by waiting on me to propose the work; that no such pecuniary arrangements as the paragraph describes ever existed between us; that by the *Pickwick Papers* alone I have *not* netted between £2000 and £3000; that the sketch called ‘Watkin's Tottle’ never appeared in the *Morning Chronicle*: that I am *not* now in the receipt of £3000 a-year; and that Mr. Bentley does *not* give me £1000 a-year for editing his *Miscellany*, and twenty guineas a sheet for what I write in it. I have the honour to be, Sir, your most obedient servant,
“CHARLES DICKENS.”—*Ibid.*

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

DEAR DOCTOR,—I think, since we were honoured with the last number of your far-famed Periodical, the beards of some people are getting much out of order; for really, Sir, I think you will need to prepare the best whittle in all your establishment, and sharp it well before you begin.

One night, sometime ago, as I was passing down George Street pretty late, the dreadful howling of a person drew my attention on the opposite side, so I made a stop for a moment till I should learn the cause. When, to my astonishment, I perceived it to be a baker from the same side on which I stood, and about the very spot where I stood. The howling for admittance, to the great annoyance of both inmates and neighbours around them, still continued. I then asked my companions if they knew whose house it was at which he was knocking; when, I learned it was the window of a fair widow. However, after all, not getting admittance, he turned to cross the street, but having more sail than ballast, and blowing a strong gale from the N.W. he upset, and the night being dark disappeared.

I remain, Sir, yours, &c. W. M.
Aberdeen, May 15, 1838.

SIR,—The Bill now progressing in the House of Commons, giving to the Excise authority to renew Publicans' Licenses, without being subjected to pay yearly 2s. for a Justice of Peace Certificate, is, by a resolution of the last County Meeting, to be opposed by our Aberdeenshire Gentlemen, in order that they may still continue to possess this, nearly the last hold of feudal power or aristocratic tyranny, which, in many instances, they have unmercifully exercised over the Publicans. All Spirit Dealers, Publicans, and others interested, should instantly bestir themselves, and petition the Legislature to pass this Bill. The Excise being the only legitimate parties who ought to possess power in licensing matters, leaving to the local authorities the right of punishment where offences are committed.

I remain yours truly, X. Y.
Aberdeen, May 20, 1838.

DEAR DOCTOR,—I am glad to know that you are once more restored to your usual health and spirits, after your long absence from us, and again about to commence your labours for the good of all parties. I do assure you, that there is no one more happy at this than I am, as I have always considered you as an indispensable person, for your many laudable endeavours to maintain the public peace, for the suppression of vice, &c. Need I say that your absence has been taken advantage of; the people had not the fear of Dr. Suds before their eyes, and have been indulging in all those unpardonable liberties, with themselves and their neighbours, which was the practice in old times, before your valuable paper came forth.

I was taking my usual walk the other morning up Constitution Street, and when I reached the corner of Princes Street, my ears was stunned with a volley of oaths, that proceeded from two women on a bleach-green. Yes, Doctor, had you been with me, the few grey hairs on your venerable head would have lifted off your wig, hat and all. On inquiring at an old woman, who stood by, the cause of the row, she said she could not tell me; I asked if they were married women—Yes, and they have families ti, says she, but guid kens fa' the fathers o' them are. Be that as it may, such language would have disgraced the Port or the Vennel: to be sure, there was at one time, a celebrated Boarding School, for the Education of Young Ladies, in the Vennel, and perhaps these two married Ladies have received the rudiments of their education in the Vennel or neighbourhood. Who the unfortunate person or persons were, that these horrible imprecations was vented against,

I was unable to learn. But from great guns and women's tongues, the Lord deliver us.

It is really too bad, that decent people cannot take a walk of a morning, without getting their ears contaminated by such nuisances. By giving these few remarks a place in your valuable and widely-circulated paper, you will much oblige

AN EARLY RISER.

Union Street, May 25, 1838.

LOGAN'S LAST.

GENTLEMEN,—I observe in the *Herald*, which is the only readable paper at present, for I trust we shall speedily have one of our own of the true sort, that another LL.D. is come to take charge of that puny, rickety, worn out concern, the *Constitutional*. In an observe I sent to Mr. Grundy, the Editor, a considerable time back, as you well know, I warned him that his Constitution was on the decline, and required mending. I can see as far through a mill stone as another, especially when a little exhilarated, and you must now allow I was right. I am not classically learned, and therefore do not pretend to understand what is meant by LL.D., but suppose it means something clever. I am greatly surprised that the Editor of the *Herald* has not got it, especially now that he is become a bookmaker. I would subscribe a trifle myself to help to pay for it, as I understand any of our Colleges will readily dispose of it for the blunt. He would thus be put on a level, in point of respectability, with the conductors of the *Constitutional* and yourselves. The *Journal* is a mere advertiser. The *Constitutional* I regard as past recovery, in spite of all the cordials that can be administered, and its exit will not be regretted by Logan and the other enemies of corruption. Bad luck to it. Our own Phoenix will rise from its ashes. Yours, according as you remain staunch to the right side, which I at times fear, notwithstanding my endeavours for that purpose.

C. LOGAN.

GENTLEMEN,—As I have always considered your Periodical as the only real independent one in Aberdeen, I was sorry to see it suspended. The subject of this communication is a very serious one. I am a Voluntary and a Missioner, and we have been basely caricatured by some of the Kirk gentry about your town: I wish you would give them a bit of a touch with your keen edge, for they are sore needing it. We are a quiet people, fond of peace, and our Churches are the hope of the land. We acknowledge neither Pope nor Presbytery, for we are brethren, and every Member has an equal vote with the Minister, who is not allowed to lord it over us. Now, we are vilified by these sons of Belial, who want to destroy us. Let them but look to their own Priest-ridden, people-hating, state-supported, religion-despising, Babylon, falsely called a Church. I can tell them they are on their last legs, and the wolves in sheep's clothing, the dumb dogs that cannot bark, the traitorous intruders that come in like robbers, not at the door but by the window, are already become a nuisance and a by-word, and a stumbling-block in the annals of our much-abused nation's history: past all reform, they must be rooted out. If it were not for the labours of an excellent Missioner Minister who regards the flock, while hirelings devour the fleece, this whole country side would have been but heathens and jackasses. We could give full employment in this district to a score of your starving Probationers and Dominies, who could be supported very well by a slice taken off the stipends of our useless drones, who are robbing the public, and are blind guides leading the multitude astray. This would be my plan for Church Extension, and the only means whereby to save them from utter ruin. But it is evident, they are judicially blinded, and will, as they have hitherto always done, lend a deaf ear to friendly admonition. I could easily verify all that I have asserted, by giving you a detail of the

doings at our meetings of Presbytery, and at certain of our Manses, but this I shall reserve for another occasion.

Your obedient servant,

ANDREW PLAINTRUTH.

Garioch, May 26, 1838.

THE LAST SCENE OF THE KNIGHTS OF THE CONSTITUTION!!!

SIR,—Having occasion to be in the *Constitutional* office at an early hour on Saturday last. I could not but contemplate upon the many changes which had taken place since the first publication of that journal, which was to Christianize the heathens of Aberdeenshire, but which has as yet failed in throwing any new light on the subject; in fact, it has gone a great way to strengthen our unbelief that it is possible for a set of men professing Christianity to talk of pure religion, when they seem determined to give their servants no happiness—religion being that principle of conduct which, mingling with and directing all human pursuits, turns the simplest into duties and all into happiness—bigotry always entertains apprehensions for itself, and particularly of those around it, as the Censors of that publication have, by their recent acts, fully shown forth to the public. Is it from such men that we are to expect a lesson of true morality? No: when we look on the columns of your periodical, we see *vice* and *hypocrisy* unveiled and held up to public ridicule and contempt, and the rights of the true *moralist* strenuously advocated. At 4 o'clock on Saturday morning, I chanced to be in their office, in the way of my occupation, at this "flitting" season, but saw no person but "honest John," who had been up all night in his vocation. I had not been there a quarter of an hour, when in strutted the immense bespectacled Doctor Mackenzie, calling out, in a loud voice, for HIS Compositor!!!—Honest John made his appearance with all meekness, when this mighty red-hot Irish *Parrato* addressed him—"Sir, have you got up the American news?" to which he was answered in the affirmative. "Then, Sir, when will you go to press?" "In half an hour," stammered out honest John. By this time, his sanctimonious successor, Mr Cornwall, had arrived, also bespectacled, and looking like the Devil through mist at John saying his catechisms. I could not but pity the poor (k)night-harassed and tormented good-hearted man, when he was ordered by the Doctor "to proceed with the press." Ere I had occasion to leave the premises, the *Secretary* of the concern also came up, when he found fault with a tradesman who is a much older *Doctor* than their Editor, and can produce many and more substantial *diplomas* than can be procured in Kilkenny, where St. Patrick destroyed smoke. "Take away that soot bags from the passage, Sir;" to which the ready-witted tradesman replied that he would by and by sweep them and the *whole Establishment* out of the "Friend's" domicile, winding up the unreasonable request at such a time with the following stanza—to the Doctor.

"The Tory Pads assemble here,
If thou't a Rogue thou need'st not fear,
But if thou bear'st an honest heart,
From this fell *Den* in haste depart."

I am, Sir,

THE OLDEST DOCTOR.

Vennel, 4th June, 1838.

ROYAL VISIT TO GLENURY!

SIR,—I hasten to inform you, that *Pa* has just received a communication, through her Majesty's Secretary, informing him, that it is her Royal wish to visit this part of the country, but Glenury in particular, immediately after the Coronation. I hope you are fully aware that *Pa* is her Majesty's Whisky Distiller for the North of Scotland, although he does not understand Malting, or

the use of the Sacchrometre, still he is a good judge of the strength of *Cribb*, and sent a sample of him to *Windsor*. *Pa* has made many changes in this establishment, because the parties would not conform to his refined views of superior management. *Pa* does not like to deal with *Scribes*, or be in any wise connected with them, he being a *Pharisee*; although, to tell the truth, the concern flourished much better under the superintendence of the *Scribes*, than it appears to do now. But *Pa's* motives for coming into this part of the country were of a much wider sphere than the mere distillation of aqua; like the great ex-Chancellor Brougham, he wishes to cultivate the natives, who are only a grade above savages, by introducing amongst them Cockney fashions.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

NEDDY BRAY, A.S.S.

Glenury, May 28, 1838.

The Shaver.

JUNE, 1838.

NEWS OF THE MONTH.

Councillor Philip has proposed to divide the North Kirk by a partition, and put Mr. A. L. Gordon into the one end, and Johny Murray into the other. He suggests that the salary of Mr. Murray should also be divided, and that somebody of common sense should be got for the College Kirk.

Mr. Simpson is still selling blankets, but they are beginning to smell from the effects of close confinement.

Mr. Alexander, of the Police, is still fashed with an unruly corps about the Watch House.

Mr. Torrie has proved himself the cleverest Member of the Board of Commissioners of Police, the others having been silent all the time.

"Dominie Grundy" has got the kick—his Successor is a man of "spunk."

Councillor Bisset is still at the Council Board, but his days are numbered.

Mr. William White, corn merchant, has been obliged to "eat the leek," by Mr. Topp, and if he wishes to save himself from *Plethora*, he should consult the *dictums* of the Observer, which he says, still does honour to Aberdeen.

POLITICS.

SUCH an animal as a Patriot is not now to be found, from "John O'Groat" to the "Land's End." Like our Harbour Trustees, Town Councillors, or Police Commissioners—Members of Parliament were all Patriots when they were candidates, but where is the patriotism of our great rulers now? In their pockets. What a set of simpletons the Electors of this nation are. Fine words, fine promises, and flowery speeches, "carrying them off their feet," and therefore it is not to be wondered at that they are made to "reel," and turn "topsy turvy," just as any dupe deserves to be. "An honest man's the noblest work of God"—but we think it would be difficult to find such a man within the walls of St. Stephen's. We would consider it beneath the dignity of an independent publication, to speak of what has been done in Parliament during the last six months, and if any thing like "good works" is to be done, the sooner we get the whole nest, Whig, Tory, and Radical cleaned, the better.

THE MANNIE LONGMUIR.

This public functionary had the impudence to tell Mr. Oldman, at a late Police Meeting, that it would be a waste of water to clean

the dirt from the sewers of the public streets in the mornings! Longmuir seems to be determined to pay as much attention to the instructions of his superiors, as Mr. Torrie does to the Provost. We would suggest, that some morning about six o'clock, (if he can be got out of his bed so early,) some two or three of the Shore Porters should take him to some of the *cleanliest* streets, and pop his nose into every hillock of *corks*. We will take a whole impression of "Shellton's Spectacle Oracle," that he will not be so sparing of the water afterwards.

THE CORONATION.

We have now a Lassie of 19 on the throne, (God bless her,) and we think she is to get the Crown sometime about the end of this month. Our Provost gave us a hint at the Council some time ago, that some sport would be had here on that occasion. So far, so good, but we would like to know who is to pay for this sport? Surely not the citizens, taking them all over head! We wish we could say no to this question, but we cannot. Well, we make a guess how "the roast is to ruled?" Yes: and we will even beat Stilton Mackenzie, LL.D.'s gold (?) spectacles, that we are the truth. By keeping them, we would say, that on the 29th curt. a splendid display of Fire Works, costing some £80 or £100, with an *experienced* artist from Edinburgh or London to take charge of them, will be "an item in the town's books!" As also "wine and cake" for the aristocracy, (heaven save the mark) to the tune of some £20 or £30 more! Now all this will be of the public money, but if a score or so of John Duffus' mechanics should pop their noses into the Town Hall on that day, they would get the kick at once, although they pay their share of the public taxes. We will say no more at this time on this subject, but we will scrub the last hair off Provost Milne's beard next month, if he allow our prophecies to be fulfilled.

The following is from a Correspondent, on the same subject:—

We are informed, that orders have been given to John Home to replenish the Wine Cellar in the Court House, the expence to be defrayed from out of the "Guild Wine Fund;" that Eppy Webster is to furnish sixty dozens of "*Pipers*," *i. e.* Findon Haddocks, with a creelfull of Parton Claws, against the 28th inst.; that Mrs. Provost Milne has received a communication from the Secretary at War, stating that her request will be granted; and that on or before the 20th, he will dispatch the Royal Scots Fusileers for our city, so as the gallant officers may be recruited from the fatigue of their long march, and be enabled to enjoy themselves at the Ball, to be given on the evening of that day, by the Lady Provost. We are also informed, that David Longmuir, Inspector of our Water, has received instructions to prepare a *Jet d'eau*, to be erected in the centre of the Castle Street, for the Military to fire at, upon a signal to be given by Councillor Bisset, from the Town House, at the promulgation of each toast; and that Mrs. Bannerman and Mrs. Provost Milne are to distribute, with their own fair hands, from the top of the Cross, two hamper fulls of Reform Rose Knots among the most loyal of the inhabitants. Councillor Philip has it in contemplation to illuminate the Churches, and the Spire of Gordon's Hospital; and Mr. Roy is determined not to be behind him in decorating the windows of the New Exchange and Corn Market, provided only the vast numbers who attend this *Mart* will allow him time. James Thomson has received instructions to congregate the Trades, in the Barrack Square, by six o'clock in the evening, where they are to be regaled with Pies and Porter, to be defrayed also from the Guild Wine Fund. We have it also from high authority, that Mr. Bannerman, our M.P. will have a special commission from her Majesty to knight Provost Milne at twelve o'clock on that day. We are also assured that our M.P. is to be raised to the Peerage, by the name, style, and title of "Lord Burnieboozle!"

IMPUDENCE.

We observe, from the *Herald* of Saturday, that one of the Policemen refused to take a large stone off the carriage-way, because such duty did not come within the range of his instructions! What a set of impudent and independent fellows these Policemen are. We wonder really how our sensible fellow-citizens can endure such public nuisances. What does come within the range of their instructions? Suppose that we make a guess. If a poor devil, who has spent his last sixpence for a gill of *summat*, should feel himself rather top heavy, and find difficulty in winding his way home without encountering some of the "nymphs of the pave," the "man of the night" would find it within the range of his instructions to pull him up, and after giving him a "hole and corner" berth in the Watch House, place him in the criminal's box before the Bailie next day, where a fine of some 5s. or 6s. with 9s. 6d. of expences would be inflicted. If, again, some bless'd jif of the aristocratic order should kick up a row, smash windows crack skulls and send all and sundry to Padanarum, a *doceur* of 2s. 6d., slipped cannily into the hand of the protector of the public peace, would make all right and tight. But this is not all. If we choose, we could tell tales that would make the ears of our sober-minded citizens tingle again; and if we do not have a clean sweep of our Police, and get men of *sober* and *decent* characters, by and by we will, and we shall publish the whole.

A SWINE'S HUNT!

A "Swine's Hunt," now-a-days, is something new in Aberdeen. Sometimes the *lower orders* of our citizens get rare sport on a Saturday evening, giving chase to those refractory "grumphies," which seem nowise inclined to take a London jaunt; but the *higher orders* seldom enjoy the pleasure of grasping their greasy tails. On Tuesday week, however, Union Street was the scene of a "Swine's Hunt," and we will stake the whole of Deacon Spark's "dividends" that it "came off" in better style than any similar demonstration which ever did honour to Waterloo Quay.

Be it known then to all men, that at half-past nine o'clock on Friday evening week, (we like to be particular,) a real deil-ma-care sort of a hog-driver was making the best of his way through Union Street, with some fifteen or twenty of the "swinish multitude." When he reached the Castlegate, where a few hundred idle spectators were congregated, he found it difficult to advance, and while the enemy showed a bold front, they were also closing fast in the rear. Some cunning wag now led the leading grumphy off the scent, and while the faithful guardian made a bold attempt to set him right, the others took the hint, and fed some one way some another. One black thief-looking sinner bolted for the Watch House, where he no doubt calculated on protection. "Like draws to like," and *Sawney* could not have gone to a better place for enjoying all the benefits of mutual sympathy. Another steered for Willie Fyfe's shop door, no doubt sensible of that patriotic gentleman's great esteem for the "swinish multitude." A third made a clean run out Union Street, with some three or four hundred fellows in pursuit. When opposite the Adelphi, he flew off at a tangent, and if some one of his pursuers had not distanced him, in all probability he would have thrown himself on the mercy of the kind landlord of No. 10. On grumphy finding that he was now done, he bawled out most piteously, and some of his comrades having by this time fallen into the hands of the Philistines, joined in the same delicious melody, and brought hundreds also of our fellow-citizens to see the sport. Where the others went, nobody seemed to know, and we dare say the owner of them will not get fat on their *creesh*. While the general sport was going on, the poor "driver" was perfectly bewildered. He ran first to this corner and then to that, most pathetically bawling out "My swine, my swine, stop my swine boys, or I'm a ruined man!"

HARBOUR IMPROVEMENTS.

If there be a set of public hypocrites on the face of God's earth, our Harbour Trustees are the boys, and no "mistake," as her *nainsoll* would say. When they came, bowing and cringing, like a parcel of tradesmen supplicating a job from a wealthy task-master for mercy's sake; our simple minded citizens dubbed them in their representatives—of course, they were promised that the public money would be "well husbanded," as Mr. Hadden would say; but has it been so? Aye, there's the rub. £85,000 are about to be *locked* up, and somebody will get the *keys*, no saying who that somebody is. But, in plain terms, the Harbour Trustees have acted most deceitfully, in going into the New Harbour Improvements, without ever consulting their Constituents. Nobody, at the time they were elected, could ever have dreamt that they could have turned out such *independent* Gentlemen; but the fact is, Whig, Tory, or Radical, now a-days, will never stick at honesty when it comes in the way of obtaining selfish interests. We are glad to see that there was one righteous man in our modern Sodom, and we think the sooner he cuts to the land of Zoar the better. Mr. Forbes is no blate chap either, but with all his of forensic eloquence, he failed to convince his stubborn associates, that they might waste £20,000 before it was necessary to apply for an Act of Parliament. We got some good fun at reading Sandy Hadden's speech—Surely it would have made a horse laugh, to see the deep depicted sincerity of his expressive countenance, when he complained that Mr. Gordon's motion was *too general*! We think we see him "snuffing up" the "sweet smelling savour" of the Upper Harbour, when he begged that the public sewers should be at once commenced, and every member must have had his tongue in his cheek, when Mr. Hadden talked so eloquently of the value of improvements, which would increase the value of his own property. Well, but we forget, patriotism always forends in self-interest now a-days; and this, no doubt, accounts for Mr. Hadden's deep anxiety to get a more *specific* motion carried. The Report and Plan is by some body of the name of Walker, who took a look of our Harbour for a day or two last winter, and perhaps posted up to head-quarters, with Mr. Gbb's plan (which was drawn out for amusement) in his pocket. A *sweet* sum will be to pay to this Gentleman, for as much as any "laddie at the squeel," might have written out and drafted. This affords another proof of the anxiety of our Harbour Trustees to "husband the public money." The plan may be good, for any thing we know, but as true friends of the *people*, we deprecate, with Mr. Forbes, the conduct of the Trustees in entering into it, without having consulted a public meeting of every body interested in the matter.

"FEE HIM, FATHER, FEE HIM."

There was some glorious fun in the Feeing Market here on Friday week—their was a capital turn out of "Jockies" and "Jennys," and the whole having been nearly sold in the forepart of the day "Success to the new engagements" was pledged with "nine times nine," over and over again by two o'clock. This being the dinner hour, some of our *humorous* tradesmen paid a visit to the "scene of business," and no sooner did they clap their eyes on the blooming, blushing, buxom maidens from the country, than they felt somewhat *queer*, which was all very *natural*. Association, they say, begets assimilation, and if our trades chaps had just got "the length of there tether," their would have been more "be-getting" in the play, than would been either for the honour of the "Kirk of Scotland," or the "Cutty Stool." But the "country lads," with jealous care, nobly defended their own clan, and even shed their precious blood in defence of "woman's virtue." It would have made a horse laugh to have seen the "town's chaps" and the "country boys" "pelting ane anether; but a "hummel stot" would have split his very sides for joy, when victory was declared on the side of "woman's friends." The country boys were so delighted with their success, that they got

themselves "bitch fu," and though they "scoured lake and manger" at no allowance, from the "Justice Port" to "Lochside", they will perhaps find that before nine months shall have well passed away, both the one and the other will have to be replenished at their own cost, with good interest. In the meantime, the "old boys" will better "tak tent" how they give heed to the song of their blushing maidens, as they warble—"Fee him, father, fee him!" Eh?

COMBINATION *versus* COMBINATION.

Much has lately been said about Combinations, and their effects on Society. But the combination of which we now speak, is one which, in our opinion, ought to be imitated by the working classes all over the country. We shall give our readers a brief outline of its character, and hope, that many will soon follow their example. First, this Society or Combination, as it is now called, was formed in a village, not far from this town, for the purpose of supplying its members with meal and coals, at first cost, and thereby produce a saving to the poor man. After a time, it was found to work well, and it was thought advisable to supply themselves with tea, sugar, potatoes, herrings, soap, &c. This, however, roused the merchants, and several meetings were held for the purpose of devising means to stop this *illegal* Combination, as they were pleased to call it.

But the most remarkable of all their meetings, took place at the renewal of their licences, where each subscribed 2s. 6d. for a feed, and the affair went off somewhere about George Street. Our Reporter states, that in his experience in the *feed way*, he never saw any thing like it, the Rossie feed excepted. After the cloth was removed, it was proposed by their learned Secretary, (a G—y merchant,) that a certain Hibernian, who had flourished among them, do *now* take the Chair, *no one having filled that situation during the feed*. This was agreed to, and Pat placed his whole body at the head of the table. After drawing his features into something "horrible and awefu," he proceeded to address his auditors in words somewhat like the following:—

"Well, sure my hearties, but I'm glad to see you all here, and I'm right sorry at the occasion that brought yees all here, for I'm right sure, there is'nt one yees all, but has good right to look sad and downcast about that same Combination; but keep up, its myself will tell you a plan will make the spalpeens soon give over, and then you may depend they are ours again. Well, then, you see, sell them nothing; not a hapenth, not a gill of poteen, nor do'nt allow them to enter your door at all, at all, but let them feel your heavy hatred every way, and they will soon think shame of themselves and give over. Now, let some of yees speak out, and say if you agree wid me."

M—r D—y beged leave to concur, in what had been proposed by their worthy Chairman, the persons who formed this Combination had forgotten the maxim, live and let live, and it now became their duty to do something to defend themselves. Now, you see, I was speaken about it the ither day to my brither the Minister; and he was thinkin to draw out a petition to Parliament, fat wad ye think o' that, (agreed,) well than, I'll set him to wark, and ye'll a' sign't. I wad has said mair on the subject, but my throat's getting *rusty*, so I'se even sit down.

The next speaker was one who, to all appearance, had never been in the situation of Willie Godsmen, when the broth was taen awa, for he was fat as a *cow*, or a bull would have been more proper. He declared he had no intention to detain them long, but he thought that they should form an Association for mutual protection; and endeavour, by every means in their power, to stop this *nefarious* Combination. Such men ought, in his opinion, to be held up to public scorn, they not only injured them by withdrawing their own *change*, but they had now admitted as members all the "old maids," and "puir widow women" about the place. Here a scene ensued which defies description. It was no less a person than "the C—n," who began to *discharge* the contents of his stomach across the table; and all, because he had no where else to put it—the M—'s hat being already filled. The greater part made for the door, but we hear that the M—r got a

black eye; be that as it may, this affair, like things of mightier moment, ended in smoke.

We say to the members of the Society go on and prosper, you have our best wishes.

DIARRHŒA OF THE DRY DARN.

It is with feelings of no common satisfaction we announce, that the greivous constipation with which the *Constitutional* concern has been afflicted, since it first saw the light, has now been removed, and that the patient was all right, and no mistake, on Saturday, under an inestimable electuary, administered by the hands of Doctor Stilton Mackenzie.

For the sake of the Doctor, who is no Scotchman, we may mention, that the disease, the *Dry Darn*, which we found out to be the matter with the concern, while under the treatment of the Dominie, will be known, literarily applied, as a constipation of the brain, by which good things, if there at all, can't get out, and common places, and prosy columns, are evacuated with a dullness perfectly indiscrible.

The patient, under the management of the Dominie, was sinking very fast—his pulse beat imperceptibly, his *circulation* being almost at a stand; so his governors, as a dernier resort, changed the physician, and Doctor Mackenzie "came to the rescue."

Dropping figures, the Doctor appears to be a chap of the right sort—he has served his day and generation in newspaper writing, acting like an apostle to the fourth estate, in establishing papers that were drooping, and raising them to a proper standing. He has been aiding and assisting in many concerns, of all shades and parties in politics—so that he knows all about every side, and can now knock down a Whig opponent with his own club. Some people would not like this, but we say, your turn-coat is the best of all Editors—he knows all the weak points of his adversary for the time being, and of course every thing is fair in the time of war as the saying is.

We welcome the Doctor to this northern city cold, as a fellow-labourer in the same cause with ourselves, and most cordially offer him the right hand of fellowship. And the more especially do we so at this time, as from our increased age and frailties, we have some thoughts of retiring to the privacies of domestic life, and we can do so now, fully convinced that the cause of the Kirk and the Constitution, of which we have been the humble but sincere champion, will now be left in able hands.

We are foolish enough too, to be proud that the governors of the *Constitutional* have called to their work, a man with a name—a title we would say—one who, like ourselves, has gained golden opinions from the University, and can write LL.D. as an appendage to his name. The unlearned and the untitled may sneer, but we can tell them, that they of the Colleges, are not such nose-o'-waxes as to give honours to any one, without his having deserved them, and though we are not so sufficiently acquainted with Dr. Mackenzie's history, as to say why he got his degree, yet our readers may depend on it that it has been for a much higher consideration than for an improvement either of the quizzing-glass worn by your sugarcandy poet, or the beam used by radical weavers of Glasgow—yes, yes, there is more merit in the Doctor than is "dreamed of in your feelosofy," good reader, and the day will declare it. True, the degree is a Philadelphia one, and people do say that those things are as cheap there as the "gibbets" which were coveted by George Frederich Muntz, the "factor," of whom the Doctor treats in his first number; but then one should consider the circumstance, which makes these degrees of inestimable value here—the great risk of importation, a risk so great, that it led to the loss of the diploma of a late well known D.D. of this place, which was *drowned* in the voyage. True, indeed, they will be of less value now that, Dr. Lardner has been cheated, and that steam communication has been proved practicable with America, and which will, as the Dr. (our own Doctor, not Lardner—Dr. Dry Darn) says, enable us to visit America, re-

main a few days, and be back again all in one short month. However, every thing, except Railroad Shares, is falling in the market, and so may American diplomas; but such as it is, he has it, and is thankful.

The Doctor opened Shop on Saturday, with a well stocked Shop, *apparently*—with "senna and rhubarb," and other well known and approved medicines, to drive away the "perilous stuff" of radicalism from this liberal corner of the kingdom. Some people do say, indeed, that the thing is a mere beggarly display of empty boxes, and that he is only possessed of a *very* moderate stock of the commonest medicines, which are prominently ticketed, and set out. Thus "popular demonstration" "Bill, whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill"—Annual Parliaments, and Universal Sufferings," "pressure from without," "white and black," and a hundred other every-day commodities from the *Age*, *John Bull*, and *Standard* establishments; but allow it to be so, the Doctor is too well up to lay out his choisest goods at first, and he is a wise Doctor indeed to try and get rid of old shopkeepers.

Leaving figures again, we observe that the Doctor adopts a favourite plan of our own—playing on words—this looks well, and is a very dignified way of writing. Thus, on Saturday, we have "patient public," "petty and paltry pique," "facts and figures," "feeling and friendship," "food and flatt-ry," "cookery and compliments," and so on. This is a very clever way of doing up an article, and although it may make the judicious grieve, yet it will make most people laugh, and that is what the Doctor writes for—laughter is better than physic any day.

It has been objected again to the Doctor that he throws up people's occupation to them, calling Tom Murphy a "vender of potatoes," Salt, a "lamp manufacturer," Edmonds, a "clerk to an out-at-elbows attorney," Dr. Wade, "Reverend Wade"—styling the 'nation's strength' the working classes "smutty faced," and so forth. But it should be replied in the Doctor's defence that one has a right to make free with old friends, and abuse them for the sake of old acquaintanceship. No doubt, while following out some of his radical engagements, the Doctor has been quite *chum-y* with Wade, Murphy, Edmonds, and Company, and had joined in "potations pottle deep" with the "smutty-faced" artizans of "Brumagem" in behalf of the great cause, and knew that they and the "radical weavers" of Glasgow required, next morning, "a hair of the dog that bit them" over night! And knowing all these men and matters, it will be taken quite a joke by factor Muntz, and Reverend Wade, and the rest, that the Doctor now shows them up!

The Doctor has made his appearance among us with a flourish of trumpets, although some "dull low radical papers" have been casting dirt after him. There is the *Liverpool Mercury* has been saying a vast of curious things of him, and among the rest that a snuff box, which, as we see by the *Derbyshire Courier*, one of the papers to which he was apostle, had been given him by some admirers in Liverpool, was procured by the Doctor himself. Now, this is too much. Would a gentleman possessed of a Philadelphia degree have deigned to treat himself with a paltry snuff-box, when Joseph Hume, just last week, got, from a few radicals of Brentford, an enormous silver candlestick? No, no—the Doctor will dispise such trifles, and we bet our last present—but for a cool hundred we would not say what it is—that the said snuff-box is never laid on mahogany in this city.

Then, again, one Dickens, known as "Boz," challenges the Doctor, in the said *Mercury*, that he knows nothing of that language which "Shakespeare and Milton writ," and which was alike familiar to "Wellington and Washington!" And, in proof of this, he states that the Doctor put out an effusion called "An auto-biography of Mr. Chas. Dickens, by Dr. Mackenzie." Now, this is a horrid assertion, but as we have no evidence on this question, we must leave the Doctor's defence to others, stating our opinion that the Doctor *could* not have "writ" as stated.

By the way, the *Derbyshire Courier* states that the Doctor

has gone to Aberdeen to edit a paper of high character and circulation. Now, as the *Constitutional* has lately—indeed has from the first—had an “alacrity for sinking,” the Dominic generally “making two holes in trying to mend one,” so many members of an enlightened public in this place thought, on hearing of the paragraph, that it was the *Shaver* he was coming to edit, it alone enjoying the commendation of “character and circulation” alluded to. But for our Governors to have sent for the Doctor would have been like “carrying coals to Newcastle,” as we have formally given no notice of retiring—albeit we have some thought of it, as we said before—and indeed the Doctor could have been of no use to us lately at all, although at one time we might have thanked him for a cast of his *feabottomizing* skill to correct our high living, but which was corrected in another form, by a late circumstance which befel us. But, as the *Herald* would say, “*N'importe.*”

By the by, speaking of the *Herald*, the Doctor will fire away at it like a player at “nine pins,” and the Editor will require to keep off himself like an Englishman enveloped with “a patent Mackintosh in a Scotch mist!” only that the “heavy,” on both sides being a week old before they clash, will be like “malt liquor left uncorked!!”

In conclusion, just now, for our space is filled up, we expect that the Doctor will physic out of our city all abuses, of whatever kind; and as a beginning, he has discovered that one of the doors in the upper boxes of the Theatre wants a *sneck*, and the other has a broken panel. Important discovery, and ominous of what important matters this mountain of poetry and politics, and palaver, labours with, and may yet bring forth!

MR. GEORGE TOPP, MR. WILLIAM WHITE,

AND

THE “ABERDEEN SHAVER.”

It will be fresh in the recollection of many of our readers, that, a considerable time ago, an article appeared in the *Shaver* respecting Mr. White, corn merchant and councillor. Mr. White, in his wisdom, was pleased to charge Mr. Topp (for reasons best known to himself) with being the writer of said article. J. Anderson & Co. from a perfect knowledge of Mr. Topp's innocence, did every thing in their power to undeceive Mr. White, and indeed sent the writer to Mr. White's office, who copied the offensive article over in the presence of respectful witnesses; yet, in the face of all this, and in spite of every thing that could be done or said, Mr. White declared he would hold his former opinion, that Mr. Topp was the writer of the article in question, and did continue to hold him up in the newspapers and otherways as the author in the face of every remonstrance. Mr. Topp could bear this no longer, so, with clean hands and a clear conscience, he instituted an action before the Court of Session against Mr. White, for defamation of character, which was preparing to come to a hearing when Mr. White broke down and offered a compromise and an apology rather than go into Court. We are sorry for Mr. White, but when a person is so dogmatic he must take consequences; and we have copied the following from the *Aberdeen Herald* of date the 2d June, 1838:—

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ABERDEEN HERALD.

SIR,

Your readers will recollect that, about eighteen months ago, there was published a Correspondence between Mr. White, Grain Merchant, and me, regarding certain papers which appeared in the *Aberdeen Shaver*, reflecting on his character. Although I then, solemnly and unequivocally, denied having any connexion with the authorship of these articles, Mr. White, both publicly and privately, continued to affirm that I was the writer. I had, therefore, no other resource than to bring an action against him before the Court of Session, for the recovery of damages for the injury my character had sustained, as well as to defend myself

from the unfounded accusations which he had brought against me. The case was preparing to go before a Jury, when Mr. White made proposals for a compromise, which, I am glad to say, has been, at last, effected by our respective Law Agents in Edinburgh. The substance of the agreement is, that I shall receive from Mr. White ONE HUNDRED GUINEAS, in name of damages, which sum I shall pay to one of the Charitable Institutions of the City, after defraying all my expenses. I have also received the following letter of apology, which I request of you to publish in your first *Herald*.

I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,

GEORGE TOPP.

35, Constitution Street, Friday, June 1. 1838.

TO

MR. GEORGE TOPP,

PRINCIPAL CLERK IN THE UNION COACH OFFICE, ABERDEEN.

SIR,

Certain articles, containing imputations against my character, of a highly offensive and irritating nature, appeared, some time ago, in a publication called the *Aberdeen Shaver*. Having erroneously taken up the impression, although on grounds that produced a sincere belief on my own mind at the time, that you were the author or writer of them, I stated the fact to be so to several persons in Aberdeen; and, notwithstanding your prompt and unequivocal disavowal, I was led, by the same misapprehension, to report those charges against you in a mode and to an extent calculated, as I have now no doubt, to injure deeply your feelings and character. More recently, however, upon full investigation and inquiry, I have become perfectly satisfied that you had truly nothing whatever to do, either directly or indirectly, with any of the Articles referred to; and, therefore, I now unqualifiedly retract all the charges and statements which I may have inconsiderately put forth, whether publicly or in private, respecting you, with reference to that matter; and I have farther to express my regret for having been misled into making them.

(Signed)

WM. WHITE.

14th May, 1838.

The practice of drinking to excess is highly censureable, at the same time, the parties who indulge in it are undoubtedly the greatest sufferers, and if they cannot themselves discover this truth, we fear, any thing which we could say on the subject would have very little effect on them in the way of curing. It has of late, however, unfortunately become so prevalent, that to particularize the infatuated individuals who destroy their own peace and happiness by its indulgence, would, we think, be unfair, particularly as the persons referred to by our Wales Street Correspondent, are from their circumstances in life, likely to suffer in the means of making a livelihood by the exposure of their follies.

The recent application of Messrs. Richards & Co. through the agency of Mr. Farquhar, Advocate, to the Magistrates of Aberdeen, for the suppression of four Public Houses, because situated near their Works, was surely a bold and impudent demand, when no complaint could be made in the management of these establishments, some of whom were in existence, not only before Maberly became a bankrupt, but before the Works at Broadford had any existence. The parties here noticed may thank their stars they had no Justice of Peace Court to deal with; the Magistrates very properly refused the application.

From motives of delicacy, we pass over the Mill-garret affair, between the *Bair* of seventeen and *Cirstie* & Co. of seventy; he may amend, and she may repent, and we think no *third* party will interfere between them. The many poultrons near Donside we will be obliged to take notice of—what, for instance, could be more ridiculous, even in the land of *Robison* Crusoe, than to see one who boasts of being temperate, drink like a sow, defile his unmentionables, and wallow in *Ross*-mire, until some good Samaritans denuded him of the filthy garment, and took him to a place of safety. We may say, likewise, that although *Corkin's* labourers did play at the game of *Philip*, it was shabby to demand a shilling for the safety of the hat.

The Publishers must decline advertising for “Mrs. E.” Guestrow, even at the risk of disoblighing their correspondent, “J. P.” Green.

“Angus and the Widow” is received, and is under consideration.

ABERDEEN:

Printed by GEORGE LEITH & Co. 5, Long Acre.