

THE  
**A B E R D E E N**  
**NEW SHAVEN.**

No. IV.

OCTOBER, 1838.

PRICE TWOPENCE,

## THE MUNICIPAL ELECTION

DRAWN on apace, and the following members of the Council go out:

First ward—Messrs. Donald and Bisset.

Second ward—Bailie Simpson and Mr. Philip.

Third ward—Bailies Rose and Lumsden.

That there will be considerable change in the political character of the ensuing Council, seems to be pretty generally believed. One conservative, at least, Bailie Catto, will be returned for the first ward; and as Bailie Rose will not get it, and Bailie Lumsden is not seeking it, two conservatives are verily expected to go in for the third ward. Report saith not who shall go up for the second; but as it is Whiggish, we suspect that side will triumph. But, Whig or Tory, whoever is returned for any or all of the wards, it will be found that a different sort of men will soon find their way into the Council than those who have hitherto sat in it under the new system. The Council Room has been filled with chaff—with men who had no status—no experience; nothing, in short, to recommend them, but who, by a little agitation, have got themselves into a forced and an unnatural elevation during the struggle at the late change of national and municipal legislation. Then they got themselves into place—

“—the scum which gathered when the city boiled.”

but the electors now see that more steady, stable men are required, and, careless of political principles, they are returning men who have time, and talent, and influence, to enable them to act properly as city rulers. We shall have no more Broad-hill orators—no more merchants' clerks, and gentlemen's gentlemen—no more vulgar merry-andrews, nor old female fools wearing breeches; but men of standing, men of integrity, men of sound judgment, gentlemen with a presence, who will com-

mand the respect of those who dwell in the city when they shall meet them in the gate!

## “BOTTOM.”

A gentleman with yellow hair, and a brown coat, cut away after the fashion of the honourable members corporation, was observed soliloquising one night lately in the neighbourhood of the Gunpowder magazine, having on a particularly lugubrious cast of countenance. He pulled from his pocket something like a pen-knife: some fears were entertained for his safety, but we were glad to perceive that it was no more deadly weapon than a pencil case. He then whipped out a rather suspicious-looking book from his pocket, on the back of the title page of which he wrote the following lines. How they came into our possession concerns only ourselves. Here follow the verses:

Was ever poor wight cut up in such plight

As I with that Doctor, plague rot him!

To be quizzed at by all, both great men and small,

And then to be nicknamed **BOTTOM**.

Even — is so vext, bamboozled, perplext,

If she could, what real thumps she'd allot him;

I think now I see her, with her beautiful leer,

Revengeing the wrongs of poor **BOTTOM**.

When my cudgel so knotty, round the head of that Crotty,

I spun with the virr of a totum,

I little thought then that these Reverend men

Would get such revenge on poor **BOTTOM**.

But now, lack-a-day, let me do what I may,

Since I've brought down the Doctor, I've got him

To drab me so strong, I'm afraid that ere long

He'll break the hard heart of poor

**BOTTOM.**

A HINT.—Several times have we intended to come over a customer who keeps a whisky shop not far from Collie's Arms, Shiprow. We entreat him to take this warning to heart, and if he cannot forswear drink, at least let him keep his distance from widow wives and young girls. We know all about the chip of the old block in Long Acre.

## YOUNG MEN ABOUT TOWN—No. I.

Under this head, we mean to give notices of some of those young hopefuls who distinguish our Northern Athens, and who, by means of their alliance with their tailors, added to their brazen faces, do so much

“To make the girls to stare O!”

The first on our list is

## THE LIEUTENANT.

Mistake not, gentle reader, this promising youth is not a lieutenant: he *ran* a narrow escape from being a tailor, but cutting his stick, instead of his master's cloth, he got transplanted by his mother (a Mrs. Lieutenant Somebody), into the blacksmith's counting-house of a respectable company at Footdee, from whence, however, he was soon sent to the right-about as a good-for-nothing appendage. We have him in our mind's eye at this moment, progressing along Union Street to his mother's house in Chapel Street—shade of deacon *Webster*! what a swell! with his finely cut coat carefully buttoned to the chin, and his broad brimmed foppishly cocked on the apex of his “illigant” knowledge box, rivalling our friend Joshua, certainly beating Jeremy Diddler all to nothing!

His only public appearance has been that in which he was fined in the Police Court for an assault upon an aspiring young gentleman who had been guilty of the audacity of staring at him, doubtless for the purpose of copying so great an original. We cannot afford to take lengthened notice of this aspiring, empty-pated puppy; he only requires to be seen to be noted down for what he is. Of course he is well supplied with impudence, and he uses this commodity very liberally. His mother should send him back to school, where by the application of a good birch, he might be taught better manners. There is nothing half so contemptible in our eyes as your half-starved puppyism—here, now, is a poor, helpless thing, who is wholly supported as his mother's expense, swelling about the streets with arms a-kimbo, and looking with dignified contempt on those whom he imagines to be his inferiors, although, in good truth, they are far above his level—here is this creature, then, who, if his old mother were once retired to Peter Carr's lodgings, or some such place, would be of necessity obliged to forgo his flirting, and to either take possession of a souter's stool, or commence plying a weaver's shuttle, for his head fits him for no better calling.

Happy should we be to learn that this helpless lad had betaken himself to some suitable employment while it is called to-day—we beseech him to think seriously of it—to throw his stook of impudence overboard, renounce his flirting in forenoons with foolish lassies who only laugh at him for his pains, and conduct himself altogether in a sober, steady, and humble way befitting his station. If he has any spare time, let him apply himself to Lennie's grammar, the Shorter Catechism, the Pilgrim's Progress, the Proverbs of Solomon, and such books alike useful and entertaining, and if, in six short weeks, he is not a better boy, we hereby bind ourselves to pay the forfeit with as choice a Buchan kebbuck as ever Hugh Hart clapped an eye upon—and that is saying not a little, when we consider Mr. Hart's experience in that commodity. Never let us see him, at all events, after this, exposing himself to the laughter and jeers of idle girls, but let him forswear puppyism, abhor dandyism, and live in all godliness and in all honesty.

## POLICE—THE SUPERINTENDENT.

“Why, man, he doth bes'ride this narrow world  
Like a Colossus; and we, petty men,  
Must peep under his huge legs, to find ourselves  
Dishonourable graves.”

Month after month have we laboured to reclaim the Superintendent of our Police—advice upon advice—remonstrance after remonstrance, entreaty upon entreaty, and threatenings after threatenings, have we administered to Mr. Alexander, yet all availeth not. Another glaring instance of his incapacity has presented itself. On an evening a little previous to our last publication, there was a party assembled in Duncan's, Loch Street. At this party was Alexander and a lad Wallace of the Town-house. We will not say that they both got very drunk, and afterwards repaired to certain houses, neither will we say what “billing and cooing” was indulged in by those precious worthies on this drunken occasion; but this fact is certain, that Wallace is not a woman-hater, but that he glories in lasciviousness; whether Alexander does likewise we leave it to himself, and to those who best know him, to bear “leal and soothfast” witness.

The point to which our attention was attracted, and which, last month, for lack of room, we were obliged to defer till now, was the suspension of a watchman named Cruickshank, on the plea that he hazarded some hints hurtful to the Superintendent's sensitive feelings, insomuch as the said watchman declared Alexander was drunk, and that he was unable to keep on his beam ends. Thus hinted the watchman, and this say we distinctly, and without dread of contradiction, is an indisputable fact. How long shall the public be tormented with this vision of a mock Superintendent? How long will the Commissioners gowkedly bear such treatment? Out Alexander must go, and out he shall go, if he do not conduct himself more in accordance with his duty. The Commissioners are certainly infatuated with this man; we think we shall open their eyes a bit, and the public's too, ere we have done with them. Alexander may suspend and discharge with a high hand about the watch-house, but his mandates are of no use with us; we don't value his silly threatenings more than the puffing of the idle wind. We may tell him for consolation, that until he give over his present course, and stick to his post, we shall shave him while there is a whisker surmounting his countenance. We have on hand some little piccadilloes which shall be forthcoming duly. Next month we shall commence a series of articles under the title of “The Superintendent,” in which we shall hold up a glass where he himself may see his own follies, and which they that run may read.

We shall not enter into any farther exposures this month. We shall take special care to watch the conduct of our Superintendent with argus eyes.

ECHT.—A merchant, Kelly, by name, if were not mistaken—known in the kirk-town by the appellation of the red Pedlar, would do well, in calling at the Inn, not to adjourn to a private room with a married woman, nor to repair to the woods of Midmar with any such female.—A nod is as good as a wink, let him improve by it.

## ORCHESTRA EXTRAORDINARY!

It is a great subject for wonder, amongst the strangers visiting our good town, that the noble science of music is not more generally patronised in it than it is. We have now the satisfaction of informing our readers that a first-rate orchestra is nearly *organised*, consisting for the most part of *brass* instruments, which will soon set about ravishing the ears of the lieges. The following are a few of the performances:

The Ed. of the *Herald* means to flourish on the *serpent*, the most *base* instrument he could find.

Councillor Philip is to beat the big drum, and although his one is bigger than the generality of such affairs, he is quite *au fait* at it already.

Our friend Johnnie Angus is taking lessons on the *trump* it, but swears the doctor has taken all the wind from him lately.

The Cymbals are to be given to Mr. Peter Taylor, who is to get a dung-cart from the Board of Police for the use of the Society.

The triangle will be beat by Frank Clerihew.

There are also many other performers, but they are far too numerous to mention severally. As they have not yet gained that proficiency in the use of their instruments which could be wished, it is proposed to vary their first concert with some vocal music, which it is hoped will prove highly satisfactory and praiseworthy. The following is a programme of the various performances:

## PART I.

God save the Queen—by the whole company, led by Mrs. Provost Milne.

Comic Song—"The Laird of Cockpen"—by the Editor of the Journal.

Duet—"When a little farm we keep,"—by a young *Scots* lady and a *Keith* banker.

"The lad with the carrotty poll," by the Ed. of the *Herald*.

"Bruce's Address," by Annie Monro.

## PART II.

Duet—"We have lived and loved together," by Mr. and Mrs. Provost Milne.

"Saw ye my wee thing"—Sandilands' Paul.

"There cam a young man to my daddie's door"—Miss Boot, Union Place.

"The queer little man," by *moir* than a wine-merchant.

"The Cork Leg," by the Junior Fiscal.

Grand Finale—"The Boatie Rows,"—by the whole of the company.

## RANDOM SKETCHES—No. I.

## AFFLECK'S.

Who is there, who rejoices in a tumbler of punch, or a basin of "turtle," who does not know of and about the good things with which the hostess of this establishment serves her customers? We say, where is the chap, from a journeyman stonemason to Provost Milne himself, who has not partaken of the rarities for which this house is so much famed? How we do enjoy, after the toilsome plodding of a long day, and after disposing of our customers—whom we could not think of neglecting for the world—how we do delight in repairing, with a few jolly fellows, to a canty, snug room in Affleck's, and refreshing our parched stomach with a hearty tumbler, and supplying

the cravings of our inner man with a blessed mouthful from Affleck's *aumery*! Those who cant about temperance, and who hold up to gaping audiences the horrors which an indulgence in whisky-toddy produces—who make wry faces at the bare mention of the glorious and soul-refreshing beverage—should repair to Affleck's, and if they do not renounce their dry doctrine, we'll give them leave to roar out against toddy, and alcohol, and "fermented liquors" till they split! Let it not be thought, however, that we wish to recommend an excess in this indulgence, and are anxious to lead the uninitiated into drunken habits—quite different. There is no pleasure in getting drunk—there is no friendship in rolling along the gutters, and tumbling into ditches—not a whit. "Every thing in moderation," says a friend of ours over a bottle, and we respond heartily to the sentiment. We are digressing, by-the-by. We set out with Affleck's. And here would say, in sober earnestness, that it is a comfortable, quiet, social, snug retreat for those who glory in a jollification. But what need have we to lift our voice to recommend it—who does not know it? Is there a gourmand, within 100 miles, who has not tasted of Affleck's good things? Yea, even Mr. Peter Robertson, the learned and corpulent counsel in Edinburgh, can bear testimony to the substantiality of the choice rarities with which this emporium abounds. To descend to lawyer's clerks—is there one who has figured at a lawyer's desk for fourteen days but who can boast of a knowledge of Affleck's? Town clerks—Police clerks—Sheriff-clerks—factory clerks—shipping clerks—all, all have a single eye to Affleck's.

And now for the gentlemen of the press. Who likes better to enjoy a tumbler than our learned and loving brother of the *Herald*? Why, a fortnight or so ago, he bearded the "Jim Crow" Doctor on his hatred for a social glass—yea, he did wax eloquent in praise of "guid Scotch drink," and did verily devote a full column and a half to this favourite subject! We cannot speak for the Editor of the Journal, by-the-by—if he drinks at all, it is at "hame-o'er"—but the Bailie himself can take a tumbler "clean cap-out" with the best of them! And for all Dr. Shelton Mackenzie's pretended horror at drink, certain we are that he can swallow glass about with any white man! And for ourselves—how we do enjoy a tumbler—not Burgundy, however, for us, but "leeze us" upon "the barley bree"—

"Aboon them a' it bears the gree!"

After a bottle we can skip over the chins of our customer with a masterly hand. O how it elevates our mind, exalts our soul, and makes us lasugh at and shave every body! An where shall we seek the soul-stirring draught at a more glorious fountain than Affleck's?—where else shall our eyes be charmed with so smart, lovely, and enticing creatures as those who toddle out and in when the bell calls? We could live from June to January in such a *spiritual* paradise as Affleck's—Mollison's has many attractions, and the landlord is a fellow of good reckoning—Allan's house cannot be surpassed for good things in eating and drinking; but in vain do we look, in all the wide space around us, for a combination of attraction such as we enjoy while in Affleck's.

Then, as we got to the end of our first sketch, let us hope that there may never be worse between us and our friends than a bumper and a parson-claw in Affleck's—sure we are, that there are none who will not heartily join us in toasting, in a full and flowing tumbler, great luck to the centre of all fun, frolic, and drollery, the merry, little, "New Shaver!"

### THE TOWN CLERK JOB.

WE have no great faith to put in the professions of the Whigs at the best, but we confess we were not prepared for the commission of such a monstrous job as the saddling Master John Angus on the city as a principal Town Clerk, we need say what is well known, that the act which was in progress last session, which will be carried through in the next, makes it imperative to elect Town Clerks annually, but a provision will be made to remunerate such officials as may have what they call their "vested rights" interfered with. Having a view to this pocketing of the public money, Master John Angus, or Master John Angus' friends, prevailed on Provost Milne to move in the Council that Mr. Angus should be conjoined with old Carnegie in the principal Clerkship. Thanks, however, to the system of reporting, the notice of motion got out; the public were roused, and the motion defeated. We are not at all surprised at this movement in favour of Mr. Angus, seeing that he has acted a very prominent part in the Reform measure in this city, by which so many notable patriots have got into office: and for all the fuss which several members of the council have made at of this proposenl *after* st was blown, we have no heaetation that every one of the whole bill number would have voted for it, if the lion of public opinion had not been roused. That Mr. Bannerman had a hand in its concoction no one can doubt, for all his dclaration at the Guildry meeting; he is a capital tactician, and can back out of an unpopular measure with the face of brick; he has not sat at the feet of the Ministry for nothing. We have no doubt that he spoke at the third ward meeting by the mouth of his nephew, Tom Best, and had guessed that the opposition would be sent to pot; but finding that all the parties were united in their endeavours to prevent such an abominable measure from passing, he very graciously "delayed two hours his journey to Slains Castle" (he must always be telling us about himself), to let the Burgesses know that he was on the popular side. What thimble-rigging!

Then again we think we see an acquiescence on the part of a Town Councillor to the popular opinion, which is not pure, viz. the acquiescence of Mr. James Nicol. True, *he* did not speak on the subject, but the lad Reith, his quondam apprentice, led the opposition as the mouth-piece of Mr. Nicol, who, it is said, has serious intentions himself on the office of Town Clerk. This is very likely, at any rate; and Mr. Nicol is a knowing chap, and one who is up to playing his cards as well as another.

However, leaving Mr. Nicol's motives alone, it is quite evident that Provost Milne did not originate this measure himself; then who did it? Well may the concocters of it wish the matter buried in oblivion, for under the old system a more palpable job never was contemplated. No man could be more fitted to move in this matter than the Provost, who was well up to, and was over head and ears in the atrocities of the rotten system. But still, conversant as he was with abuses, if he had not been very green—in plainer language, if he had not been a fool—he would never have tried on such a stupid measure as the saddling the town with compensation to Mr. Angus, just a few short months before all monopolies and compensations were to cease and determine. Master Jock certainly deserves well of the reform party, for he has done much dirty work for them; he arranged all their demonstrations, got up all their resolutions, went to the high ways and by ways and compelled carters, and curriers, and hecklers, and smiths,

and weavers, and all the "great, glorious, and free" squad, to mob the Whig Committee to the Broad-hill and other ways; yea, he did eat pies and drink porter in the noxious atmosphere created by scores of the unwashed, who dipped in the dish with him; besides, he was, generally speaking, put most bloodily "on the batter" by all these exciting movements, and his health and constitution suffered very much. However, he has grown fat, and is kicking for his reward. Shall he catch it? No. Let the old goat Carnegie remunerate him better than with L.250 (he can well afford it), and when he (Carnegie) comes to his end—which will be a while yet, for he is impervious to p., and poverty he knows not—"a discerning public" will vote him into the office, that is, if he comports himself decently, gives himself fewer airs, drops his Radical follies, and calculates on making good cause with the public by the manner he discharges his duties, and not through the favours of prtizanship, for he seen that even his political friends have turned their backs upon him on this peculiarly TRYING occasion.

### GLARING IMPOSITION—BROADFORD SUBSCRIPTION SNUFF-BOXES.

Subscriptiona for the ostensible purpose of testifying respect to certain individuals are offer a detestable piece of imposition upon intimidated subordinates, effected through the persevering intolerance of certain busy persons, who, by self-appointment, go about pestering some class of individuals to subscribe towards gratifying a self-interested or senseless whim of their own.

A glaring specimen of this has lately occurred at Broadford works. The masters there took it into their greedy heads that they should be presented with some handsome snuff-boxes: and whom did they determine upon to be the presentees but the poor, hard-screwed creatures of girls under their charge; and with their known influence over these dependents, we are sorry to say, they effected their purpose. This ridiculous affair we shall briefly detail:

A man Milne, overseer of weaving shop, and a David Thomson, examiner of the handloom weavers, were the individuals resolved upon to pocket the hard-earned pittance wrung from the poor girls by those mean, dirty fellows. The matter was first ushered in amongst the girls by one Mitchell, a whipper-in of one of the twenties, and who is technically termed by his brother masters a tenter. He stated that the masters had resolved upon a subscription, and that they wanted the girls' assistage. After a fine display of English, he said, "Ye a' ken lassies, that John Milne comes in and gangs out amo' you, and disna say a word," and he smiled wistfully around on those victims of his duplicity. Every master collected the money from his own weavers. George Stephen, a tenter, ordered the woman who has charge over the poor old creatures who fill the pirns, to demand money from them, who in dread of giving offence, subscribed each one sixpence, which sum, meagre as it is, is often a full day's pay. With regard to the girls, the weavers in general gave shilling each, some subscribed even to the amount of two and sixpence each. The master, we understand, cannily but liberally put their hands in their pockets most of them contributing to the amount of one shilling each! The presents determined upon were two silver snuff-boxes; they were accordingly brought to the work, but the girls found fault with one of them' thinking the money subscribed might

have procured one superior. This unlucky objection obliged the masters to bring a better, for which they had to advance something more from their own pockets. One of the boxes was smaller than the other, but to compensate for this, along with it was given a silver chain and gold key.

At a supper in Mollison's, the sham ceremony of presenting these boxes to Milne and Thomson took place.

So here is a precious specimen of testimonials of respect given to masters by servants. We have had the above facts communicated to us by several of the individuals who were duped into this subscription hoax. We would feel grateful to any of those girls who are annoyed by these mean, greedy scamps, who are ever ready to take advantage of their dependents, to inform us, and we shall soon stop them in their impositions. We wish Milne and Thomson great enjoyment of their begged or rather forced presents, albeit they have not much credit by their shabby beggary!

### RAZOR CUTS.

*Aa Awkward Case.*—There resides, in a Court in Castle Street, a banker, who can claim adjacency to the office of our friends of the Constitutional, who got into rather an unpleasant affair some weeks since. Returning one night from a party, alone,

“And being bachi plenus—full of wine”—

he knocked at his own castle door, when he found no speedy admittance; he got clamorous, and soon found his way to the inside, which it had been for his own peace and comfort not to have viewed at the critical moment he entered. On arriving at his lady's chamber, gods! what did he discover? Why one of his own clerks “at home,” and indulging himself with his (the banker's) better-half, in a way not at all pleasant to the husband's feelings. The banker stared—seized the intruder, and, after a struggle, sent him down stairs with ferocious vengeance. Next day, on arriving at the bank, the impudent fellow was kicked about his business, when he took flight from the town, and now is God knows where. After all, we think it would have been as well to have kept this affair hid under a bushel, as it is well known that the banker himself enjoys the favours of certain female acquaintances, who speak highly of him for his good taste, politeness, and other accomplishments. Let him be more strict in his attendance and duty at home, and there then will be no occasion for his lady going after strange men, or recreating with bank clerks, or any others of a like kidney!

**GLUTTONY!**—We have been requested to mention that, on a late occasion, the hostler at Taggart's stabling did undertake for a wager, to devour one dozen of pies, at twopenee each. On trial, the greedy hostler discovered that his stomach would not be made a fool of, and the remains of the seventh pie stuck fast in his throat! Nothing shows one so extremely insignificant as an voracious gluttony either in eating or drinking; and a gluttonous fellow this pie devourer must have been to a certainty!

A labourer lad, late from Skene, named Donald, a rather dour, suspicious-looking chap, employed about Footdee, had cast an ungodly eye on a stabler's wife in Harriot Street, and had shown his ardent desire to outwit her husband so conspi-

cuously, that the stabler detected him and thumped him heartily, we believe. So great was the hubbub, that the fellow, who was lodged in the house, had to abscond himself and take shelter in another habitation. He could not rest even there, for he has since been known to have had a quiet word with the goodwife when the landlord was out of the way! Yet we are told that the stabler himself is coarse enough, more so than his frail spouse!

In a mire near Gordon's Mills, upon the 17th ult. the Lion and his keeper got entangled in a whisky net, the Lion so much so, that he became completely powerless, and would neither lead nor drive: he was, therefore, all safely carried to and lodged in his old den in the Spital. The keeper got so far quit of his whisky trammels as to be able to make his escape to Old Aberdeen, where, being a Councillor, he threw himself under the protection of a magistrate, and got home without danger. We would, therefore, caution these animals, if they hereafter go a-prowling, not to touch, taste, nor handle women, otherwise we shall teach their own cubs to sing the dirge of bonny “Mary Jamieson.”

*Nursery Iniquity.*—We have always been noted for our lenity, and forbearance, especially as respects the frailties of the fair sisterhood.—In our compassion following up the principle, we gave as obscure, but to certain girls in Holburn Street, last month, which we are sorry to say, has not had the desired effect. We have on hand several most severe attacks on the virtuous character of two girls, one a bonnet-maker in a little whisky shop in Holburn Street, and the other domiciled above a grocery and Spirit establishment, almost opposite Cooperstone road. Those foolish lassies have, in spite of all our kind remonstrance, gone on in their iniquity, and associated dith Sir Roger de spectacles, a famed tanner of hides, and the youngest son of a clothier in Union Street, who we are informed comes not from the parish of Forbes. Those lecherous chaps have been observed in Roy's Nursery yard with those girls, swigging small beer and whisky, and committing deeds of darkness, enough to make angels weep. We cannot but deprecate the stinking economy which characterises this mode of small beer courtship, but who will not let them pass, we are not in fun, and we shall not let those huckling gypsies know that, too, in our next number.

*Bald headed Iniquity.*—A flesher in George Street who deals also in pies, on a Sunday lately had a trip to Torry in company with a man and his wife who live in good fellowship in No. 72 said Street. Every thing passed off well until they landed all at the house of the loving couple not however before they were all sufficiently groggy, in fact the wife's lord and husband got sleeping drunk, and retired to bed, leaving the butcher and his wife sitting quite innocently together, no sooner was the unthinking husband apparently asleep, than what did the old lecherous fellow of a butcher do, but make an actant upon the honour of the house. The husband who is, we believe a foreman or workman at Spring Garden, smelt erat he started and grappled the butcher, and soused heartily for his impudence. We would not have thought a whit if any of the beef-seller and pie makers sons had been guilty of the attempt, but the old fellow, O! it was dreadful! We would close with a serious admonition to the evil inclined butcher, to stick by his own wife, and not go a-scrampering married women. We have authority for saying that the butcher referred to, lives opposite the Jess Sinclair establishment.

AN ELDER OF GILCOMSTON CHURCH  
IN A "RED-WUD" PASSION!

When we gave publicity last month to an exposure of the unwarranted conduct of the Gilcomston Church folks, we expected to bring down upon ourselves the hot indignation of the parties whom we scarified, yet we were little prepared for the receipt of the following high-flowing document, which we had put into our hands on the morning of the 7th ult. by Mr. John Milne, letter-carrier :

"Aberdeen, Sept. 5, 1838.

"To the Editor of the New Shaver.

SIR, ... I am at a loss to account for your meaning in publishing such a statement as you did in your last paper, respecting the Managers of the Poor's Money in the parish of Old Machar. Your pretended exposures are false, and your attempt to bring into ridicule the gentlemen having the distribution of the poor's funds, will meet with its proper reward. You publish a paper, Sir, which is a disgrace to you as a Christian—a disgrace to the christian community amongst which you dwell, and which is calculated to bring down upon you the opprobrium of your fellow-men, and the just indignation of every enlightened citizen.

"I will not condescend to enter into the many deliberate misrepresentations with which your pretended exposures are replete. I shall content myself with giving a most pointed, unqualified, and complete contradiction to the barefaced calumnies which you have dared to advance against the worth pastor and Elders of Gilcomston Church, and the Managers of the poor's money in Old Machar. What do you think, Sir, if you have any spark of feeling yet remaining, of loading a respectable and christian minister with such unwarranted abuse as you have had the hardihood to publish? I tell you that your statements are lies from one end to the other—lies rendered tenfold more sinful by being perpetrated upon those in connexion with our venerable Church. I call upon you to give a manly contradiction to the malignant aspersions you have cast upon the characters of a body of men characterised for integrity of purpose, unassuming piety, charity, and christian benevolence.

"Hoping you will follow my advice, and act in this misrepresented affair justly and honestly,

"I am, &c.

AN ELDER."

There is nothing kittles the kirk folks equal to interfering with their loaves and fishes—hence the fury of this Elder. There is one feature in the above letter which does not say much for the author's boasted "integrity of purpose"—he has altogether lost sight of truth. He must be excused, however, as the subject was too near his heart to discuss it coolly. 'Tis a sad pity that the very pillars of the Church cannot keep their tempers; yet we are in no way troubled in spirit at this blast from the Elder's horn. In fact, we sympathise with the poor man, who has been rash enough to attempt the imprudent step of endeavouring to bully us out of our subject, for we could have wished that he had addressed us with more credit to himself, as we happen, unluckily for him, to have some documents which will, we fear, put him rather out of his reckoning. We would be safe enough to bet that this angry churchman has had several good bellyfuls from the poor's funds, and that his conscience has been twitted a little by our raking up this dirty job. We are sorry to encounter such an opponent,

for he shows himself either to be a great fool or a great rogue. Why, he has not attempted to disprove one tittle of what he denies with so much ill nature and blustering impudence. We know why—he cannot! We should like to see any body who could. We have some other "trifling matters," however, for the consideration of our angry correspondent and the rest of his brethren.

Before entering into farther particulars, we may premise, that, since our last number we have enjoyed the unlimited wrath of a few of the bigotted partizans of Gilcomston Church—for this we care nothing: we are ready to prove what we asserted, and we have no party or selfish motives to serve, being moved by a desire to see the poor parishioners rendered as comfortable as the meagre pittance they are justly entitled to will allow. So much in explanation of our object in exposing the misapplication of the Poor's Money by the Minister and Elders of Gilcomston Church.

Having eased our conscience with this declaration, proceed we now to the continuation of the exposures promised last month. We may go at once into the matter by exhibiting the following beautiful specimen of the purposes to which the poor's money has been applied for at least the last three years. Our authority cannot be disputed: we extract the following from Report published by the Managers, and which may be had by application to the Collector, Mr. Cochrane, advocate, No. 137, Union Street. In the expenditure of the Poor's Funds for the year ending 31st July, 1837, the following items prominently appear:

"Salaries to Precentors and Beadles, charged on collections,	-	-	-	£35 8 0
Session Expenses, and removing Seats of <i>quod sacra</i> Churches, do.	-	-	-	6 12 7
Synod and Presbytery Clerk's and Session Clerk's Salaries, do.	-	-	-	12 17 0

Mark this next charge. There follows the most shameful piece of robbery and extravagance ever perpetrated, and by godly kirk folk too:

"Expense of Communion Elements for Gilcomston Church, charged on collections,	-	-	-	£30 0 0
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It must be borne in mind that, besides the collections at the Church doors, the parishioners are legally assessed for the support of the poor; while these same collections are squandered away to unauthorised uses. For the information of those who may be ignorant of the law on this important subject, we publish the following paragraph:

"The ordinary funds for supporting the poor in the different parishes in Scotland are generally left to the management of the Minister, and Elders, or Kirk Session. But although the ordinary funds of the poor be generally left to the management of the Minister and Elders, yet the heritors have control over their management. Mark this: in the case of Hamilton against the Minister and Kirk Session of Cambuslang, 1752. 'The Court of Session found, that it is competent for one heritor to bring a process against the Kirk Session, for compelling them to account for their management of the Poor's Money,' which arise from the following sources: From collections in the churches, and charitable donations; from letting out to hire a hearse, and mortcloth or pall; from the interest of money lent; and the rents of mortified lands or houses; and, lastly, from fines for breaches of church discipline, and fees at

marriages, baptisms, and burials. If these sources of revenue be found inadequate to the maintenance of the poor, the law then directs that their claims be investigated, and a list of those entitled to relief be made out, in order that the deficiency may be provided for, by assessment on the parish."—*Extracted from Hutchison's Justice of the Peace, page 30.*

These are no bare assertions—no unsupported and unauthenticated document: here we are distinctly informed that the law compels the collections for the poor to be handed over to them without the incumbrance of communion elements, or being saddled with the salaries of Presbytery clerks, or precentors, or beadles. Far be it from us to find fault for paying clerks, and precentors, and beadles; those who serve at the altar should live by the altar; but let us not be deceived—if collections are made for the poor, let the poor have the sole and undivided benefit of them; and you may make collections, or what you will, to pay your officials. What is the use of deluding the parishioners, that in subscribing their mite at the Church door, when their pockets are charitably appealed to by a label, "Collection for the Parish Poor," staring at them, with a hungry-faced, straight-haired Elder, gaping over the plate—why, we say, delude people that they are subscribing for the poor while they are paying the salaries of precentors and beadles—while they are subscribing to pay Elder Stephen for altering seats on sacramental occasions, and to afford thirty or forty pounds annually for the purchasing of communion elements!

The heritors in Old Machar are a bundle of dull, spiritless, gypset fools; rather than lift up their voices against any thing where the Minister and Elders are concerned, (which they would consider as blasphemy, or worse), they will sit gowk-edly at their looms or on their souter's stools, and the affairs which they should keep a strict eye after, may all go tapsalterie, for aught they know or care. Talk of those stupid bodies compelling by law a faithful account of the expenditure of the poor's money: talk of them raising a process against the Minister or Kirk Session for wantonly squandering the collections for the poor from their legitimate use! No, no: Governor Chalmers rules the roast in Gilcomston Parish; he he usurps as much authority over the heritors, and Elders, and Minister of Gilcomston Church, as he does over the oakum-teazers and others of the ungodly in Bridewell. Every body knows this; they know, moreover, that this Bridewell Elder is a haughty, overbearing, sulky fellow, who will sacrifice any thing to push his muddle-headed notions into action. We are astonished Mr. Chalmers don't resign; nobody likes him, at least in respect to kirk matters. Let him either throw aside his stinking pride, be more humble amongst his fellow-worshippers, and not thrust his nose into every little matter which is to be settled, or let him resign his kirk post, and stop at home on Sundays and read psalms and hymns to his unchristian regiment in Bridewell.

Leave us now this subject. We have gone too far already for our limits. We have plainly, honestly, and daringly contradicted, exposed the close system work at Gilcomston Parish, and it is now for the parishioners to do their duty; we have pointed out the line whereby they should walk, and they have themselves to blame if they still remain apathetic. Let them hold a meeting, and demand a fair and full account of the poor's money for the last three years; if this is refused, then, say we, stop the supplies; button up your breeches pockets when you enter the church-door, and then we shall see where the communion elements, and precentors' stipends, and beadles' sa-

laries, will come from. There will be no more close work—no more trickery, no more fuddling, and no more shall the poor be cheated, if the heritors and parishioners bestir themselves. Cordially shall they have our co-operation, and cheerfully will we subscribe to bring the affair to a trial. We have taken the matter up, when the Herald had not the courage; has there been no behind-the-scenes work to smooth down the Editor? no dinner invitation, or supper ticket; no guzzling, eh? We hope not, for the honesty of our contemporary; yet, considering his usual vehement tirades against the Church when little cause existed, he has not acted an impartial independent part in this matter. Perhaps, however, he thought the case was in better hands, and he was right too. Those in authority in Gilcomston parish shall find, in us, one who sticketh closer than a brother; they may rest assured that, until a strict and open investigation be gone into, we shall not let them sleep under their own vine nor under their own figtree, without all the annoyance which we can bestow upon them in reference to this monstrous iniquity.

#### THE VESTRY.

Since writing the above, we have heard from the pulpit of Gilcomston Church, an intimation of collection for defraying the expense of the new Vestry. This is another thrust into the pockets of the parishioners, and another, and another will follow, if people are foolish enough to pay attention to those pulpit appeals. Really we cannot but smile at the earnestness with which the parsons speak when they are begging; the zealous exertions they make to impress their hearers that it is all for their spiritual good; even the most wordly project is interwoven with godliness when money is the theme. Our late venerable pastor trudged out and in for thirty long years, and there was no proposal of a vestry for his accommodation, although he was advanced to grey-old age, while the present incumbent is a stout, healthy, young man.

Yet, mayhap, a Vestry was required: granted. But if the managers of the kirk take it into their wise heads to attach a Vestry for the Minister without the voice of the hearers, without the pounds, shillings, and pence of the hearers the managers must pay for the Vestry. A very fine story that a hot-headed fellow like Chalmers, who we have no doubt is at the bottom of this Vestry job, should have power to erect a vestry without the parishioners knowing of it till they heard the clink of the mason's hammer, and that the Minister should then come forward with a long draw-my-leg rigmarole to squeeze the money out of his hearer's pockets to pay such an erection! We candidly advise every soul of them not to give one solitary farthing for this vestry. They have brought this collection forward just now as they think they have a certain power over the consciences of their hearers at a sacrament time; but we say again, and we say it emphatically, do not subscribe a mite for this side-wind erected Vestry; let them pay it who built it. We shall, if spared till Sunday, the 30th Sept. be at Gilcomston Church three several times, but catch us dropping a sixpence into the plate; catch us paying for their Vestries; or their communion elements! We'll take care of them; they shan't pay the mason nor the wine-merchant from the liberality of our contributions.

And here we would drop an important hint to the workmen whoever they are, who built this Vestry, to keep a strict lookout for their cash: kirk folks are as greedy as godly sometimes; we therefore warn this mason to get his bill discounted, for erecting this porter-lodge-like Vestry, for it cheats us very

much if the mason pay either his quarrier or his workmen from the contributions scraped out of the pockets of the parishioners!

### COUNTRY CUTS.

STONEHAVEN.—A letter, long and ugly, has reached us from this place, which we can scarcely decipher. As far as we can learn from the scrawl, our correspondent complains of some gluttonous proceedings at the Ury Cattle-sale dinner. He mentions something about a Knight, with a white crown and a golden star, along with a Jamaica ploughmaker, a Black quack-doctor, a sweetie-seller and pie-maker, and a Kinnear corker, repairing to the Ury dinner, and so overeating and overdrinking, that a few of them had tumbled heels over head into the fire, by which they suffered tremendously, and it is very doubtful whether certain of them are yet sufficiently recovered.

DUNDEE.—We have every-day demonstration of the progress of demoralization and iniquity in every place whereunto we turn us. And in no place has our soul been vexed equal to that in Dundee. Some short time ago, Mr. Niel McDonald, late of Aberdeen, pulled up a woman in Court on a charge of robbing his farm of a turkey. It turned out, however, that Mr. Niel Macdonald got in exchange for his animal some unmentionable favours, which the judge put to account against the turkey, and thus was the affair wound up, little to the credit of the pursuer.

Tom Green of Fish Street should give up exercising Deaf Burke's science on his rib. The same hint will apply to the fair spouse's application of her claws to the disfiguring the face of her husband. We cannot dispute their right to kick each other out of doors till they get tired, if they do not annoy the neighbourhood.

We are exceedingly grateful to friend "Asmodeus" in Dundee, but he does not state facts. From our own knowledge, and without any partiality, we consider the masters of the Dundee traders to be upright, straightforward men. We have yet to learn any thing to the contrary—mere assertions are of no use.

ALFORD.—We have just got notice of a rather smutty offence, between a lad Berrie and a girl—We cannot say if the filthy fellow has appeared at the session, but though he escape there, we shall take good care he don't get off so easy with us. The whole particulars will be given next month.

HUNTLY.—There has another case come forward in reference to the Inkeeper's wife, in Duke Street, mentioned last month.—Something is said about her scampering about the streets at night, and illfashionedly staring in at peoples windows, with the view of seeing what is going on in her neighbours house, which practises cannot be severally reprobated, and therefore the Inkeepers better-half, had as well abstain such conduct from this date, otherwise she may fare worse.

We are sorry when we are in error, but we are most penitent when we are made aware of our mistake.—With this

principle, we would beg to make our Holburn readers conscious that the notice of a drunken explosion gave last month, and saddled on a drunken fouter of a tailor, does really bear reference to a shoemaker, who committed the filthy act alluded to. No body can have any lurking *Malice* at us for putting the saddle on the proper horse in the matter. It was a burning shame for Hardgate Geordie, and Ruthrieston Davie, not to take better care of their drunken companion, "The Souter."

A Shoe-maker of the *Duncan's* in St. Nicholas Street, is cautioned in a friendly way, not to make so free with the jolly god, as to get stupidly fouled, in which state we have seen him after, more particulars on a late night.

*The Laird's Funeral.*—We have received a lengthy report of the funeral, laird M. at Banchory, with a life of the chief mourners, the "Steeple of Brechin" taking a prominent part in this important ceremony, great regret is felt by the bottle cronies of the departed at his exit from this world, and it is reported that his ghost was seen gliding out of a whisky shop in Castle Street, some days after the interment, it is said to revenge itself for the crime of drunkenness, which the mourners was guilty of on the Sunday of the funeral.

### To the Editor of the New Shaver.

SIR.—As you are determined to establish good morals in your own neighbourhood, we would recommend to your charity, a nasty, cankered, clattering, talebearing highlandman, who has the audacity to keep in his possession a miller's wife, his good neighbours and other friends have remonstrated several times to the danger of their lives, but all in vain, for he stands up like the tiger in his den, and threatens immediate destruction, but as you can handle the tools with more alacrity, we hope you will have pity on him, and try to scrape this foul blot off, although you should go to the very bone.

I am &c.

A FRIEND OF MORALITY.

We have serious intentions of exposing the shameful conduct of a girl Mackay who resides in Skene Terrace. If she is determined to persist in her polluted career it is degradingly criminal to lead astray her young sister. We have in our possession a list of the fellows with whom this girl corresponds, along with a loose girl of the name of Copland. We have no room this month, however: we shall attend to it positively next.

We beg to inform our readers, in reference to our frontispiece that it is in a state of forwordness, and is expected in a few days. It is a piece of superb workmanship, equalled by none in this northern quarter, and surpassed by none in the far south.

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