

# ABERDEEN NEW SHAVEN.

No. VIII.

FEBRUARY, 1839.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

## AGITATIONS OF THE MONTH.

WITHIN the past month, we have had Corn Law agitation—“Chartist” agitation—Tee total agitation—Theatrical agitation—and drunken agitation. The first took place in a meeting held in the New Inn hall, called by circulars, consisting of folks who would not march through Coventry with the Broad-hill Chartists. Mr. Thomas Bannerman was called to the chair, and our M.P., Mr. Adam, Bailie Forbes, and Mr. A. Hogg, umbrella-maker, took part in the proceedings. We do not wish to enter into the arguments advanced for the destruction of the Corn Laws; every speaker seemed to assume that, if we were once rid of the Corn Laws, we would be a mightily blessed nation. Not so, however, thought some of the Chartists, a few of the more impudent of whom “came in at the death,” and wished to get up an amendment after the resolutions had been unanimously passed. This could not be allowed; and although a fellow M’Kenzie was backed by that uproarious brawler in all sort of meetings of the people, Ogilvie, the Chartists were sent to the right-about, and very properly told—what any sort of good breeding might have dictated to them—that they had no business to interfere with the meeting’s proceedings. Outraged at this insult on their principles, a Chartist meeting was held in the Temperance hall next evening, at which the Editor of the *Herald* attended, and gabbled with M’Kenzie, the New Inn rioter, and Mitchell the chairman, about Corn Laws, Universal Suffrage, and starvation. The Chartists told Mr. Adam that he and his clique were gathering money to feed hungry barristers, and the Editor taunted them with getting up penny collections to feed hungry members of the National Convention—upon which both parties were like to get to loggerheads. The matter was settled, however, by Mr. Adam buttering the Chartists as being shrewd, honest, and intelligent,” and the chairman, on the

“claw ye my back” principle, buttering Mr. Adam as being the “most talented newspaper conductor in Aberdeen!”—At last the humbug—for the whole was sheer humbug—ended, and we thanked God for it, as we were squeezed between two stout, able-bodied Chartists for the murderous space of two mortal hours! And the effects of this concussion have not left us to this day, for we, being of short stature and weak bodily powers, were tossed and tumbled about amongst the long legs of the aforesaid tall Chartists in a most unchristian sort of manner. When we got released, we made a rush to the coffee room, in our flight almost overturning the body of our little friend, landlord M’Donald! We had sixpenn’orth of coffee, &c. and bolted home.

## THE TEE-TOTAL AGITATION

Has consisted in the performances of a little, black-a-vised Southron, called Sloman, who, the bills said, was brought here at an extraordinary expense, and who could remain only a few nights. ‘Tis more than a month since his arrival, and we are not aware that he has left yet, being detained the extra time the bills gravely declared, at immense sacrifices! We understand this Mr. Sloman rented the London Colloseum for some time, which the proprietor can tell to his cost! We have seen the little fellow, however, and confess we were not a little amused.

This very moment we have got an obscure hint of a Peter-head jaunt of M’Donald’s and Sloman’s, at which place they had been driving an entertainment. They are reported to have so far lost sight of tee-totalism as to have upset themselves and their conveyance, and had to be drilled home in a hackney coach. If this is fact, we shall not lose sight of the matter—if a false report, nothing shall give us greater pleasure than the contradicting it in our next, as act of justice towards Mr. M’Donald and his little friend.



## THEATRICAL AGITATION.

We have been tolerably well pleased with the Theatre for the last week or two. The vocalists, Martyns, were here for a few nights. Mrs. M acts, as well as sings, in some characters, with a degree of sly archness quite amusing. Her sister also plays very well. Martyn is no great singer, in our opinion—not a bit of him; but on his benefit night, in "Peter Spyk," he stamped himself a humourous comic actor of no small merit—he was beautifully quaint and clownish, and was in reality 'Peter' himself.

Just now we have a Mr. Paumier—a gentleman actor, who follows the stage for no other reason than because he likes it. We believe he drives his coach, sports his footman, and does every thing which a gentleman should do—and more. In fact, he won't be checked in his career; and his nerves don't appear to be very sensitive, else he would have dropt the profession through sheer chagrin.

If Tom Ryder writes or dictates the play-bills, he is the best at shooting upon wing of any of the company; and to look at most of them, one would not think they would stick at every thing. The bills tell us that Paumier was stamped a first-rate actor of the day in London. Now, how stands the fact? We don't wish to discourage this stage-mad aristocrat, but the plain truth is, the London folks would have none of him; and he had to purchase Drury Lane ere he was allowed to play in it, as the discerning manager was well enough aware that a chance house, with Paumier as an attraction, would not pay the gas—and he said it too! Paumier actually paid money out of his pocket to ensure an appearance at Drury, and this is the way in which he stamped himself a first-rate actor of the day! Pure fibbery—a downright hoax.

As an actor, Mr. Paumier is much improved since we saw him, about two years ago, in London. We have seen Macready's Claude Melnotte more than once, and it is no small praise to say that Paumier's personation of the character does credit to him. We think a good deal of Paumier's *Hamlet*—yet he is nothing resembling the immaculate actor he is held out to be by newspaper puffers.

Mrs. Ryder is a perfect *Pauline*—we do not think it too much to say that, were she to be allowed a fair comparison, and had the same support as had Miss Helen Faucit as *Pauline* to Macready, we should not require to leave Aberdeen to with a natural, striking, and highly-finished personation of this difficult female character.

We have no patience to speak of any others of the company. With the exception of a Mr. Hamerton—not mentioned last month, they are, in military phrase, "as they were."

We cannot conclude without reprobating the shabby eco-

nomy which could tolerate such a band in the Theatre—three fiddlers, a flute player and a fifer! It is a most abominable insult to the audience, as well as to decent music.

We hear our good old manager is fairly shelved with his old trouble, one which sticketh closer to him than a brother. We are sorry for it. Ryder has stood up against the buffetings of fortune for many a year, and struggled with a large family. He has laboured, we daresay, as much as any body, one time or another, for our amusement: in fact, take him for all and all, we shall not soon see his like again.

## SKETCHES OF THE CITY CLERGY.

No. I.

There is nothing like variety: however good or however pleasant our present enjoyments are, we must have changes. Our taste in eatables and drinkables are the same. It is surely stupid buff for one to dabble amongst that stomach-thrawing composition called "Sampson," yet would one go to M'Donald's for the variety—just the novelty of the thing. For instance, you might make this abominable vomit at home, or in your back-shop; but you want black Tom—you want the cream of it—the novelty, and hence the fun. Now, what holds good in such things as we have mentioned, holds good in our way; our folks must have variety, at any price. We purpose, therefore, to give a sort of sketch of each of our city Clergy—commencing with

## THE REV. A. D. DAVIDSON.

This lad's history, from the cradle to the West kirk pulpit, is almost as well known as the market cross: to those who do not know, however, we would say, that Mr. Davidson is the son of a decent labouring man, who received some little assistance to bring up his "laddie Sandy," as he fondly called him, to something better than common. Step by step he received his education, till at last he got to college, through which he passed creditably enough. In a twinkling afterwards, he was ordained one of the "anoointed"—he was made a minister, so far as the sign and seal of Presbytery could make him. He preached, and was liked—a little through novelty again perhaps—he was encouraged: in a little time the South Church became vacant, and the commanding officer, Apostle Webster, placed Mr. Davidson in the pulpit. He wore but a short time his new honours until he discovered that he did not lie upon a bed of roses. His patron he found out to be a thravn ill-natuued body, and one who would not be said nay to in any thing. It was reported this Lawyer Dividend, along with a certain ex-Bailie, actually inspected Mr. Davidson's prayers and sermons ere they reached the congregation's ears. We cannot vouch for this, however. Certain it is that Mr. Davidson was a well-enough favoured lad, and in a respectable way, and certain it is also that Miss Webster was not "over young to marry;" and a match was reported to be in the way. It even was spoke of as all settled that Miss Webster was to blush into Mrs. Davidson, the parish minister's wife, when, as bad luck would have it, the whole went tapsalteerie! Now was the pulpit a more thorny stubble than its possessor had ever before found it, and the cassock and gown sat light no more on his shoulders in the South kirk.



Luckily for Mr Davidson, Provost Blaikie was at this time in his zenith, and he had, as an attender in the South Church, taken a notion of the young minister. He had also heard of the farce with the old advocate's daughter, and he took Mr. Davidson under his own wing—used influence to empty the West kirk pulpit of an old, useless incumbent, and transported Mr. Davidson from Lawyer Dividend's pulpit to the West kirk one. Those who know the South Church Apostle know right well what sort of a man he is, and how he ginned and spit at this job; but it did good—it relieved Mr. Davidson of the crabbed ill-nature of his former master—put him into a man's place who had preached the West kirk empty, and which is now overfull—brought from an obscure kirk in London a good preacher, who was much wanted here—and added to all this, it has outwitted Lawyer Dividend!

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To the Editor of the New Shaver.

SIR,—I am sorry to intrude upon the public, in bringing to notice a dunderhead of a medical student—if he deserves the name—not a *son*, we well know, of the famous *Wat*. He may be often seen knocking about Flourmill Brae, showing himself off in a shepherd's vestment. This hopeful boasts of his blood-royal ancestry, from some famous worthies in the town of Banff, where he is as well known as respected. We are sorry to add, that he has been playing off some mean tricks of late, such as making a Temperance coffee-room of his old lodgings, from which he was as wise as to make his exit. His talents are well known to be brilliant. They are directed at present to the sole aim of framing the most unbiassed dissension and untruths, a propensity which might be overlooked; but if visiting the vile haunts of vice and beastly indulgence, can either be tolerated in a young scoundrel of his stamp, or allowed to be persevered in, it shall not be our fault. He is, in truth, quite characteristic of his piscatorian tribe. To expose this youth in years, but sage in sin, is as charitable as it is necessary.

Yours truly,

QUIZ.

HART'S EPISTLES.—No. III.

To the Editor of the Aberdeen New Shaver.

*My Trusty and Learned Friend*,—I had intended this letter should be on whisky-drinking, and the propriety of indulging ourselves, in as far as is commendable, in the creature-comforts of this weary life. But, Sir, I cannot get that scoundrel Henderson so long out of my thoughts as to enable me to concoct my Sunday discourses for my beloved and attached flock. I cannot avoid giving vent to my righteous indignation at this sacrilegious attempt to make a breach between my people and me, and that attempt, too, by a needy, raw probationer—a fellow who is not “twentieth part the tithes” of myself in Scriptural knowledge, pulpit oratory, or sound doctrine—a poor, helpless lad, who is gaping for a benefice—who could not, like myself, draw a congregation together for his support; but who must have part of my hard-earned stipend, and part of the substance of my flock, to enable him to gain a living—a mere puppy, who cannot compare with myself—though I say it, who should not say it—in independence, or anything else; for I preach my own doctrine, without the trammels of a Synod or a Presbytery—without being pinned to the skirts of

any such concoction of heresy as the Confession of Faith, and without being glowered over by a dozen godless numskulis of elders, who know no more of sound religion and christianity than this fellow Henderson does of Greek.

Just let this quack be placed in my pulpit, and have my congregation—allowing that I were to die, or return to the militia, or be out of the way somewhere—with all his pretended scholarship, would he keep them together for a month? No, he would not. I have some of my own elders—plain, home-ower men—who I will back against Henderson any day—pray, tell me where, in any other Chapel than mine, you will find an elder who can preach you a sound sermon at an hour's notice, or deliver an extempore prayer as sincerely and as well put together as a parish minister?

This is the result of my example. I associate with my congregation on Saturday as well as Sunday; I eat with them as a friend; drink with them as a friend, and pray with them as their friend, their pastor, and their guide. Now, would John Murray of North kirk do this? Would he sit down with any of his poor North Street parishioners, and countenance them by partaking of their humble cheer? He would as soon go to Birse for a dinner as taste the porridge or the potatoe of his poor hearers! Would I act like this man? I would not. I call on my people more regularly than any one wearing a similar coat in Scotland: I can as cheerfully sit down at the fireside of the poorest member of my chapel, and take pot-luck, though a potatoe and red herring, or a kebbuck and small beer: ay, and will as sincerely return thanks for the bounty, as if I had indulged in the best Devonshire turkey, or a haunch of the rarest venison.

For these peculiarities, the drones of the profession don't like me; they don't associate with me, nor I with them; and never, since the lamented decease of my bosom friend and pulpit crony, the great Kidd, have I come into their assembly, and I want to have nothing to do with them. Thank God, my lot has been cast in a pleasant place; and in return for my spiritual instruction, my people support me very liberally, and grudge not.

The clergy hate me; and I have some authority for saying that this confounded new Market concern was a plot of theirs, as they imagined that, by knocking down my chapel, they would ruin me. Seeing, however, that this infernal device failed, they have set this fellow Henderson about my ears, to endeavour to persuade my people that I am hoaxing them; that I am a complete humbug. And they imagined that, when they attacked my translations, they had the weak side of me. Yet although this goat Henderson was puddling and blearing over his Rudiments and his Greek testament for years, while I was holding converse with the musket in the cause of my king and country, I am his man; and if I had not been possessed of true valour and substantial courage, I ask you, my sensible and learned Sir, if ever I would have shouldered a halbert as Sergeant Hart in so distinguished a corps as the Forfarshire Regulars?

Assuring you, Mr. Editor, that I shall floor this lad Henderson for his presumptive impudence in entering the lists with me,  
I am, your obliged servant,

H. HART.

January 21.

P.S.—Enclosed you will find a free order for my Lectures, which you will certainly attend. I should be happy to have a crack with you in my own house, Dee Street, some evening at your leisure.



To the Editor of the Aberdeen New Shaver.

SIR,—On my usual tour up through the city, on a certain Friday, not two months ago, my attention was drawn to the Royal Infirmary, by rather more people flocking into it than quite at large. Anticipating that some person had met with an accident of a serious kind, and had been carried to it, I went in, more especially, as I had never been in the new building; but found it was the day for admitting people to visit their friends, patients; curiosity led me, however, to look through a few of the wards, and, in passing through those known by the names, J—b's, and St. L—s, my attention was often led to several of the patients sorrowfully moaning, and upon enquiring at one of the first named ward, what was the nature of his complaint, he answered, "Sore legs, Sir; this would be an excellent Institution were the nurses well-natured; we have a devil of a one, her tongue is never at rest but when she is asleep, or when the doctor is in." This statement was corroborated by a number of patients in B—n's ward, and in St. L—s the complaints were more aggravated. The two charming creatures to whom the charge of the wards, not fifty miles from those named, is committed, and peculiar in their deportment; and over the poor bed-fast fellows, as well as those who are able to get up, assumes as much authority, and issues such harsh language, as if they were really living upon their country, and could not get rid of them. A number of the patients observing me sympathizing with them in their state of affliction, could not but embosom their sorrow to me, and the complaints re-echoed from the different sides of the wards alluded to, in a most melancholy tone. It is but justice, however, to state, that, while some of the patients were traducing, others were applauding them, but the latter were the fewest number. It seemed that those who spoke well of them, had received rather kinder treatment, in consequence of making them presents of various kinds. This presenting system, although quite against the regulations of the Institution, is a very predominant one, and, painful to relate, those who present most are best treated. The maxim of experience—self-interest rules the world, is strictly observed by the charming creatures in question—the text by Solomou, "It is better to be upon the house top, than with a brawling woman in a large house," is strikingly exemplified in the characters of these two;—

*For they pour it upon them by the whole hour,  
Quick—thick—and heavy like a thunder shower.*

I would just hint to these two friends, that Miss Hay, their confident, is dead, and if a reformation takes not place in their conduct and conversation, I will make my complaints reach the ears of the managers, with a number of whom I am intimate. I would be sorry to do any thing to injure the women unworthily, but the statements I have myself heard, makes it necessary that they be strictly watched.

The insertion of this in your widely circulated publication, will greatly oblige, and you will have the rest of my subject for your next. Meanwhile.

Your most obedient servant,  
Aberdeen, Jan. 1839. A STUDENT.

We have inserted the above letter upon the entire faith of our correspondent's honesty. Of course our pages are open for a reply.

### PETERHEAD.

To be Published by Robert King, Broad Street, Peterhead, the following Works of standard merit:—

Andrew Lauder, LL.D.—On Church Extension, and Liberty of Conscience.

James Walker, D.D. (Domine Dunderhead) on Doris Oratory, and the "Broken Tattie" Dialect—Cruelty to Animals—On the Lord's Day—Art of Politeness, &c.

William Shepherd—Modern Education, and a Disquisition on Drinking.

Andrew Blackwood, Esq.—On the Total Inefficiency of the Tee-total System, and Justice to Ireland

John Forbes—Vote by *Wallet* proved to be Inefficient.

William James Anderton—On the Franchise as adapted to "Landed Proprietors"—Mystery of Jobbing—Sea Insurance System.

Cosie Brosie—Separation of Church and State—People's Charter—Universal Corruption—Gross Tergiversation.

The above comprehends the Standard Peterhead Classics. Price 1s. 6d. in calf, or neatly done up *in asses skin*, or sheep at an advance. To be had of all Blockheads.

### COUNTRY CUTS.

INVERNESS.—We apologise to our friend, Jumping Judas, for having inserted in our last number the name of a certain respectable young lady. We have been informed, by good authority, that instead of an affectionate embrace, he actually received a hot bath, viz., the contents of a certain dish we do not wish to mention. If he does not think this sufficient, we will give him *Juiack's* rant in our next.

A certain Ganger, who has lately converted his sword into a *di, ping rod*, and his red coat into a tartan shooting jacket, has of late been seen *sky-larking*, in Raigmore'e, planting, with certain young ladies who shall be nameless, although, we are afraid, he may do them *Much-ill*; he may depend upon it we are not *Barren* on the subject. If the vanity of this raw ignorant puppy is not humbled by this sly hint, we will take him by the beard and shave him right heartily.

It was too bad of three chaps whose names we do not wish to particularize, to decamp with the man's pig, and when requested to deliver it up, positively affirmed that the animal strayed into the house. They are not aware that pig stealing is an heinous crime. We thought that one of them, at least, was better versed in the depth of the law. Query, had *Shottack* no beef?—We understand one of the above pig-stealers who resides not a hundred miles from Castle Ratte, was lately caught in an awkward situation behind a screen, with the barmaid of one of our hotels.

We have just received a long epistle from our friend, Judas, regarding a respectable messenger, who sports a white hat; we agree with him regarding mean domiciles, where he can get a feed: but as to taking money in the way of loan, and forgetting to pay it back, we know nothing.

The chairman of the Blacking Committee, alias, Daft Davie, in our next.



## DUNDEE.

We have heard some stories of late from this quarter, illustrative of the libidinous propensities of the young men employed as Clerks in Writers' and Merchants' Offices. We fain hope our correspondent has over-coloured these melancholy pictures of depravity; but we shall investigate the matter, and if the communications we have received turn out to be true, pity on the chops of the young scamps.

We have just got to hand the particulars of a gallant adventure between a Banker's Son and his SMALL friend, and some Edinburgh hussies. Out of regard for their parents' feelings, we spare them this time; but we vow, by our sharpest razor, that if any more of their pranks come to our knowledge, no consideration whatever will prevent an exposure.

**GARLOGIE**—We have not heard much heretofore of the iniquity of this place. There has come to hand now, however, a letter, stating the connexion of a certain mill owner known by Black Jock, with widow, who it was said, gave him a young chip about a twelvemonth after husband's death. In addition to her correspondence with Black Jock, it is said she bestows her favours on certain roadmen near Carlogie. We understand the widow boards and lodges some mill-girls, who, on pay-day, purchase whisky and other drink to dispose off to the customers who call on Thursdays. Before next month, we shall be at the widow's personally, and perhaps also call on our friend Black Jock, after which we shall give something droll in our next number.

**DINGWALL**—We understand there is an old maid whose father has lately established a Brewery, residing in Hill Street, is in the habit of scandalising the young females of the town, and circulating reports very injurious to their fair name and reputation. For the present, we forbear mentioning her name, but unless she turns over a new leaf, we must expose her in our next number.

**OLDMELDRUM**—The Tee-totalers, if not numerous here, are rigid whisky haters. Not only has the Chairman prohibited his servants from touching or tasting the "abominable thing which he hates," but he has gone further, his very cattle are made, by force, tee-totalers. The poor unfortunate kye, in the stable, have been made to suffer in the flesh, by a sad change for the worse in their situation. No more will they rejoice in a palatable supply of burnt ale; but there very substance is taken from them, they are even prohibited their usual quantity of draft. Strange as this seems, it is a decided fact; who would be sorry, if in revenge for their owner's cruelty, the ill-used animals were to take it to heart, and go "eiled." It would be a deserved affliction.

## THE FLESHERS.

We beg to apologise to this body for overlooking them this month. A press of other matter has prevented us from giving any thing farther than the following. Next number we have a score which, for richness and drollery, was never equalled. We may, in the meantime, in the words of Burns—say, "We warn ye a', be care."

The Emperor's forces, we hear, are under arms. There is little to fear from them, however, for they are a bad disciplined corps—they make coarse soldiers, and would prove worse officers. Our troops, who are gallantly marshalled to a man, will, in case of an attack, overthrow the red-coat barracks and disarm the hungry garrison; and the sooner such a skirmish takes place the better.

In a public house in Wales Street there is such a place as a ladies' parlour—how well it deserves the name is best known to those who frequent it. Not very many nights since, this parlour was occupied by a couple whose characters vouch for the appropriation of the apartment—namely, a loose girl of the name of Daniel, and a butcher named Wishart, who is now labouring under a severe affliction, produced by his frequent visits to Emslie's in the Guestrow. He ought to be sympathised with, and we shall leave him by wishing a speedy deliverance to him from so woful a calamity.

A fellow—of course a butcher—who is called Peter—not after the Apostle of that name, for he is quite a different sort of character—was lately caught in a delicate position, not in the ladies' parlour, but in the same house, with the servant-girl Mary. It is a burning shame to commit unseemly deeds on the very floor, while Peter has a garret of his own, which he could use with advantage, provided he chooses to discard his bedfellow.

Very smutty things are said of a girl Reid, who is an accommodating sprightly wench in a public house in Wales Street—We cannot exactly believe all that is said of her; we have only to step down the way and satisfy ourselves, which we shall do before next month. So she may expect a visit professionally.

## THE SHOPKEEPERS.

Already has the dawn of improvement commenced with the shopmen—we had a meeting of the grocers' assistants was held the other evening, at which the chairman, who called the meeting—a chap Hutchison—did not attend. Another chairman was elected, and although he gravely advised them to be quiet and orderly, they laughed at him, and went on with their uproar, in the midst of which, the Secretary, young Bailie Lumsden squeaked out a lecture on decency and good behaviour, which made them laugh still the more! At length they dispersed, lots of them going to bawdy-houses, some to taverns, and the few decent amongst them slipping home to their beds!

A convention of the clothiers' shopmen was also held in the Union Hotel some time lately, and after gabbling about libraries and classes, they got drunk, and fell to a-thumping one another!

## HART'S, (OR THE HILLOA) KIRK!

On Friday the 1st Feb. Mr Hart gave a penny-a-head lecture upon Greek and Henderson in his own chapel. How he succeeded we cannot say, for we consider it sufficient for us that we can use our own mother tongue to perfection. Mr Hugh Fraser, stoneware man, the most impudent fellow in Aberdeen, had a hand in the proceedings, of which we can say no more this month.



SQUABBLING OF THE ASSURANCE  
COMPANIES.

Since last month, a regular row has taken place between the Aberdeen and the North of Scotland Assurance Offices, in which the *Constitutional* was also implicated. The whole matter has been so fully discussed in the newspapers, that we have no occasion to go over the circumstances. Mr. John Clark, of the Aberdeen office, to get the heels of the North of Scotland ordered a thousand copies of the *Constitutional*, containing a long advertisement from his office, for the purpose of circulating in the country. The *Constitutional* folks thought this would be a rare catch for advertisers, and they offered them the benefit of the thousand extra circulation. Many additional advertisements were sent, and amongst the rest, one from the rival office. Very well; Mr Clark got his copies—to do with them, he says, as he liked; to fling them into the fire if it suited him. He felt inclined, however, to make another use of them, and he set about cutting out the North of Scotland advertisement, and circulating the papers. The latter office thought they had been tricked, and, through the *Herald*, they charged the other office, and the *Constitutional* conductors, with unfair play. The newspaper endeavoured to get out of the scrape: Mr. Clark whitewashed himself and the company; and one would have imagined, to have heard the plausibility of each, that they were all in the right. We shall state our opinion of the matter briefly, by the following illustration.

Our friend Isaac Machray sends us for insertion, and pays for it, a puff-advertisement, accompanied with an order for a thousand copies of our paper. Well, then, we have no right to hold out an advantage to any one else, as the papers are not ours, but Machray's. Yet even allowing that we did. Robertson of the Aberdeen Hotel comes to us with an advertisement, puffing off his house, expecting the extra circulation of Machray's papers, which we had promised. We tell Machray so; and he says, "O, it's all one; I'll take the papers still, if Robertson's advertisement is not a long one." Well, the papers are done, and Machray gets them; are they not now decidedly his property, and can he not turn them into any shape he pleases—distribute them amongst his friends in pages or half-pages, or even turn them into "orra paper" for convenience! If we held out any boon to Robertson which we had no power in granting, we certainly ought to be tarred and feathered; and although, on Machray's knowledge of his rival's advertisement, he did not decline fulfilling his bargain in taking the papers, still he undoubtedly reserved a right to make a "kirk and a mill" of them if he pleased. So precisely with the Assurance Companies; and although we acknowledge the North of Scotland folks have been diddled, still it is not John Clark or his company who are blameworthy—it is unquestionably the *Constitutional* who have been guilty of the trick, however Cornwall or the rest may try to shake themselves clear of it. We see Mr. Cornwall has published a rather long letter, in which he uses the whitewashing brush expertly enough, although with little success. We do not believe he could write such a letter himself—it is the Doctor's, sure enough.

The *Herald* has been very severe in his attacks on his contemporary about this job; but we question much if the liberal folks in Queen Street would not do a similar trick to put money in their pocket. The Whigs are known to be as greedy as

the Tories, and as capable of a dirty action. We do not think the *Herald* any exception.

NICE WORK AT DYCE.

In the cry against Sabbath profanation, no weapon has wagged more lustily than has the ill-tongue of Mr. Pirie of Dyce. We daresay it is all quite consistent with the sacred character of the Sabbath that as few temptations be held out to the ungodly as possible; and it may be all very right and very godly to put a stop to the extra mails on Sundays. We hold that the Sabbath is a hallowed day, and we have, ever since we could lisp the name, been taught to "remember it, to keep it holy." The clergy are undoubtedly sacredly bound to reverence the Sabbath by precept and by example. If they neglect this duty, their cry of Sabbath profanation resolves itself into sheer hypocrisy and deceit. Do our spiritual leaders without exception, "remember the Sabbath-day, to keep it holy? Echo, from the manse of Dyce, whispers, nay! In plain speaking, it is very currently reported, and pretty generally believed, that, on a late Sunday, while Mr. Pirie had been devoting himself to worldly matters, he took it into his head that he would hire unto himself a man servant; but to suit all parties, the affair must be gone about immediately, Sunday though it was. He accordingly sent for the school-master, a person of the name of Rae, considering him best fitted for striking this Sunday bargain. Rae went as directed; hired the servant, and after settling all the little matters of the engagement, the messenger repaired to the parson's house, where they sealed the bargain over right jolly bumpers of whisky punch! When the guzzle ended, is more than we know; but certain it is that some wicked folks say that the dominie could scarcely waddle home, and unluckily the parson was unable to assist him!

We are not aware of having given offence to Mr. Ogilvie, a scene-painter and late travelling player. We are written that this gentleman did, in a certain shop, and in cool blood, openly declare vengeance against our person. Our correspondent farther says, that he cannot attribute this resentment to any cause than that a sweetheart of Mr. Ogilvie's—a Miss Niel—was admonished in our last number. If this has awakened the ire of Mr. Ogilvie, he is a foolish fellow; for if he has any real respect for the girl in question, he ought to be thankful to us for our interest in her well-doing. Mr. Ogilvie is too gallant, however, to stab us in the dark; he should call us out, as a gentleman would do, and we would only say, if he cuts a similar figure at a twenty-pace duel as he does in his stage-performances, we are afraid he won't take much by his motion!

"The Guidman" has surely lost his propensities for the fair sex. We thought so, and mentioned it to a friend the other day, who laughed at us, and actually related an interview the old fellow had in a bye-way in the Spital with an innkeeper's wife now at the Bridge of Don, and late of this town, in whose ear we intend to whisper a quiet word in season in a very little time.

The conduct of the girl Ross in Kidd Lane is under our eye, and shall be exposed next month.



## RAZOR CUTS.

The landlord of a public house in Marischal Street has suffered in purse lately by three respectable-looking tradesmen, in the following way. They called at his house, one night a short time since, and had some drink, which they contrived to get off without paying for by dropping out one by one at intervals. Shortly after new year's day, they again called, for the apparent purpose of granting an apology, and settling the bill. They had beefsteaks, and toddy to a good amount: and will any body believe it, they again bolted, leaving the landlord minus of both bills! They have been discovered, however, and if restitution is not made before our next, we shall affront them in a way they will not relish. 'Were these not filthy actions,' asked the person who told us the story, 'and done by respectable people too?' We could not help saying Yea.

We have passed by our Police Superintendent for some few months, as we had an application from him not to bring him before the public, as it was likely to prove injurious to his character, and dangerous to the safety of his situation. We at once expressed our willingness to let him alone, so far as justice and decency would allow us, and we have kept our word. Many letters we have received, but till this month we have laid them aside: we cannot, however, blot out a little bit of information which we have got to hand, to the effect that our Superintendent has been for sometime past in the constant practice of annoying the servant girl of an upholsterer near the top of King Street. Several times he has been traced following her, while she replied to him in abusive language, and threatened to expose him, if he persisted in his fithily-inclined addresses. The girl verily complained that she was not safe to look out at night for him! This is doubly disgraceful when we take into account the late state of his domestic affairs.—We merely state the simple facts—leaving others to comment upon them.

To cover this season, the well-known, fine-mettled horse, Alexander Stewart. He has proved himself to be a rare foal-getter, and may be had on remarkably easy terms. Farther particulars may be learned on application to the grocer's shop at the foot of the Upperkirkgate, where the famous treacle-barrel job was perpetrated, or to the confectioner's shop in the Schoolhill, where the animal may be observed feeding every forenoon.

*To all whom it may concern!*—We hate a dirty trick, by whomsoever committed. We have to record something of this sort connected with a supper and ball party held in an innkeeper's hall in Castle Street, since the new year. A number of livery servants, butlers, coachmen, strappers, grooms, and kitchen boys, got up a proposal for a supper and ball, to take place on a certain night, and twenty-five gentlemen of the above occupations were to compose the party, along with their sweethearts. Some of them called on the innkeeper, and ordered the supper and all the necessary preparations for the grand event. The landlord prepared every thing, and the appointed night arrived. The house was all of a bustle for the reception of the chosen five-and-twenty and their partners.—At length the hour came, and a footman or two began to dander into the hall. What number would you think appeared at the table at supper, now, and to carry on the amusements of the evening? Why, just twenty, including partners, and a

neighbouring barber or two, and whippers-in! A supper for fifty laid to half-a-dozen footmen, &c. with their women, and a few other orra folks! This is a disgrace on the respectable part of gentlemen's servants in Aberdeen; and if the fifteen couple of deserters do not appear and remunerate the landlord for his loss, we are determined to publish their own names, and those of their partners and employers, in our next. It would be a fine story to allow a few such fellows to pass with so dirty—not to say dishonest—an action. If they do not pay their whacks each, they shall not pocket the cash with honour and profit too. We may state that those who did attend were genteel enough; but the shabbiness of the absent fifteen was a specimen of ill-bred meanness which they shall yet be made to suffer for.

P.S.—Dr. Ogilvie's kirchen fop asks us to say that he would have attended had the tickets not been charged half-a-crown, while he only bargained to give two shillings. Therefore, he says, he kept his money in his purse, and his body in his master's kitchen, where he got plenty of every thing to eat and drink for nothing!

The *Christian* Unitarians are cautioned against going to the gallery of the theatre when fou', (particularly an ex-minister from Carmelite Street,) and bawling out, 'Hony body do better than that,' and otherwise interrupting the performance by losing their hats in the pit, &c.

*Scandal.*—We have received an account of a few evil-tongued women about Gordon Street. Nothing is more to be hated than a gossiping, prying, tale-bearing woman. At the top of Gordon Street, there is a Mrs. Reid, whose admirable abilities as a scandal-monger have no equal in the neighbourhood, if we except a girl Eddison, who is scandal conveyancer, and a midwife of the name of Gordon. Their neighbours have endeavoured to stop their filthy tongues, but without effect.—We have no doubt but the terror of our operations will prove "a hangman's whip, to haud the jades in order." We warn them that we shall visit them with all the punishment which their ill-bred impudence deserves; and we hereby caution all and sundry of them, by these presents, to proclaim a dissolution of their scandal co-partnery!

We are led to understand, and requested to make known to all parties interested, that the splicing of Simpson the waiter and Miss Collie of Rubislaw, is all up—the cause private.—Miss C. is now taking up with a young distiller, and Simpson has left Machray's and gone to Banchory to open his house. He treated his friends very handsomely before he left; but it is said he is sadly chagrined about his marriage, having, as he himself declares, sported £50 in the anticipation of fingering the yellow Geordies of old Harper!

The passengers in, and the neighbours of that respectable street called Dee Street, are at present a good deal annoyed by some strangers not far from No. 48. Just now we shall only hint that their manners would better suit the east than the west end of the town.

We have received a second letter in reference to two lads Grant and Wallace of the Town-house. But our correspondent does not act fairly by us; he pledged himself in his last note to send us some of the adventures of those fellows; now, he has not yet done so. He says, in his present letter, that "Grant is bad enough, but, for drink and women, Wallace cannot be surpassed. Give them a warning in your first num-



ber, and I shall send you something pepperish for your March number." We have fulfilled our part of the arrangement—see that "Hercules" don't fail in his.

"*Pretty Betsy Bannochie!*"—So says the song, and so said William Black the wine-merchant, for many a day, and night too; but at last he got wearied of the song, and the burden of it, and he cast off both. Betsy was the substitute for a Mrs. Black for some years: she had proved untrue to her liege lord, however, and she suffered for it by being sent about her bustness—driven out of house and ha'! Betsy did not want suitors even yet, and she cared little who received her favours, provided she had something in return more substantial. She fell in with a young lad Small, a tinsmith, and she captivated him so seriously that he took her unto himself, put her into a house about Charles' Street, and allotted her a weekly income. Miss B. also keeps a maid, who waits on single gentlemen, and who has a little bit of a netion of the tinsmith's brother, and both often call together. This is all very well, one would think, and this tinsmith lad has a right to do what he likes with his own, we will be told—and he may say to us—'You Shaver scoundrels, what right have you to intermeddle with me or my affairs, or to take charge of me or my character?' So says many a one, but we care not—if we can shame them out of their vicious practices, we shall heed their bullying nothing. We hear, and believe it, that Copper Black still visits Betsy, and that the tinsmith warms the parlour bed for Copper the one night, and Copper returns the compliment the next.—So that, betwixt her old and new admirers, Betsy will make a pretty comfortable thing of it!

#### *Annual Guzzle of the North of Scotland Firemen.*

This set-to took place about a week or two ago, in the house of Mrs. Cowieson, Wallace Nook, nearly opposite Miss Jean Finnie's. Considering the outward appearance of the lusty fellows who composed the company, ample justice would be thought to have been done to the feed. Not exactly so, however, for some of them, e'er the arrival of the eatables, were so "piper bitch fu'," that they could not even bite their own thumb! Some were sleeping on their chairs, others under the table; and, taking the whole scene together, it presented such a jumble of drunkenness and gluttony, as we cannot find space to illustrat it this month,—we must leave it till another number.

#### *Agitation amongst the Whisky-sellers*

Of all the combinations which have agitated our city, none have appeared so totally ridiculous as that of the whisky shopkeepers. Notwithstanding their outcry to the contrary, it is easily shown that their profits, at the present prices, are on an equality with that of most other merchants and tradesmen. Purchasing the whisky at nine shillings per gallon, and watering it to the extent which they do, they can, upon the expense of each gallon, retail the gill at fourpence, recover a clear profit of four shillings per gallon. What right, then, have these whisky-mongers to raise the price of the poor man's dram? We say none; and let the working-man, while he feels inclined to refresh himself with a tumbler of whisky and water, stick out against the wicked imposition. Let the whisky shops once get a rise in the price of the retailed article, and whatever price they purchase it, it will remain at the long price to the customer. But the only real

way to punish the grasping of the shopkeepers, is to join the Temperance Society—not a humbug thing where you only require to tumble down your half-crown and your name to constitute yourself a member, but one grounded on a common sense abstinence principle; and let the whisky sellers know, that, if they must have a larger profit, they may cork up their puncheons, and let the cocks of their casks rattle with disuse, before they will consent to pay a farther advance on their sober dram. We do not in strict and even-handed justice, taking into account shop rent and licence, consider the whisky sellers entitled to a rise, because there is a temporary advance at the distilleries—there's it known to have been a well-paying business ever since Donald Blue changed his vocation to a manson's labourer; and we have no patience with their present movement to raise the price of the working man's gill. What nonsense it, too, to talk of people in shops, with a rent, perhaps, of from eight to ten pounds annually, crying about advancing their whisky to fivepence, while a man, with such a house, with such a rent, and such an expense of accommodation as Mollison, with superior whisky, only receives sixpence. On the whole, we have not heard of such hambug for many a year; and we only wish that the whisky should get up to fivepence, and then the shepkeepers, we are persuaded, would have as dry a business as any under the sun.

We have heard of the clothier and draper at 105, Union Street, quarrelling and discharging his servants. We do not ourselves know if he has any reason for it, but the letter says he has none in many cases. Our correspondent speaks of a girl lately having been discharged who was an ornament at his counter. We can say nothing about it, but the master is a great fool if he expects to be well served by changing his servants without sufficient reason.

A fat-bellied Clerk named Craig at the London Steam company's office, should give over his visits to the girl Cattanach in Prince Regent Street, else he must settle all his business in her apartment, and not annoy the neighbours by standing in the street door and discussing their matters. If Craig believes he enjoys the undivided favours of Miss C., he is mightily deceived, for in addition to the intended gown-piece with which she was to be presented by him, she received a pledge of a handsome shawl from one of Lyall the clothier's shopmen.—Craig need not be at all chagrined at this intelligence, for his sweetheart has been long to be, what Paul was before her—"all things to all men."

In reply to a rather inquisitive friend, who wishes to know particularly about the firm of Bowman, Vernon, and Co.—who are the partners, who carry them on, and what sort of folks are? we hereby pledge ourselves to tell him all we know of the matter, without, however, binding ourselves to satisfy his inquisitiveness.

Correspondents must remember, (particularly in the country,) the propriety of forwarding their tit-bits in the former part of the month. Communications come jumping in at the very day of publication, and we have detained ourselves more than once to give place to them. We do beseech our friends to consider of this.

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