

ABERDEEN NEW SHAVEN.

No. IX.

MARCH, 1839.

PRICE TWOPENCE

THE EDITORS OF THE JOURNAL AND HERALD IN A SQUABBLE!

Report hath it, that there has been a regular skermish between Mr Adam and Ballie Chalmers, which ended in the former sending a note to the latter, to allow him to blow his brains out, or for the Baillie to oblige the challenger by doing for him that same thiug. That patron of dogs and whores, Gray of the Customs, backed Adam in his attack, which broke as the parties were taken cognizance of. We do not know exactly if there was any reality in the affair at all, but assuredly, much scope as report hath, it would not so deceived us if there had been nothing to found upon. What led to the quarrel, somebody wiser than we must help our readers to; for we do not pretend to understand it. Certain it is that James Adam is universally reported to have addressed a challenge to David Chalmers, and that David Chalmers would have accepted it, had it nat been for his son, who, on hearing of it, apprised the Fiscal of the case, who forthwith had the parties taken before him, including Comptroller Gray, and bound him over to keep the peace. So the affair rests, and so, we opine, it ever will, as neither Mr. Adam nor the Baillie, who are a sort of lawgivers, would surely be law-breakers.— However, we would not say so much for that mad, harum-scarum fellow, Gray; he would as readily scourge you with his dog-whip at the Athenæum door, as he would one of his own setters; it would be a lesson to him if he were to be made to pay for his interference. We have often thought that 'twas pity a tax was not imposed upon women, for the sake of those lecherous scamps—the Comptroller, between women and dogs, would then have a pretty score to settle yearly.

We cannot congratulate Mr. Adam on his courage in challenging the Baillie, when we consider that the challenger might almost be the grandson of the challenged. Had the affair tak-

en place with Dr. M'Kenzie, some fun might have been got out of it, but to attack a grey-haired old man, who could not prime a pistol for himself, was all sheer stuff!

Mr. Adam, we consider, should not be easily fired for being paid back in his own coin: assuredly he is not delicate himself in nicknaming people; and the public sympathy will go a good deal against him when he turns up his nose against a similar infliction on himself. Reports are going abroad that the Editor has given the Rev. John Allan a notice to attend the Court of Session, for exposing and railing upon him in his pulpit, which proceeding is the more ridiculous, as the *Herald* is weekly blackguarding some clergyman or another, and unceremoniously calling them every thing but gentlemen. Befere concluding, we would take upon us to recommend to the Editor the maxim, that those who live in glass-houses should not throw stones; and if his character is so sacred that he cannot allow detraction to breath upon it, he should be rather more scrupulous in handling those of his neighbours.

In the service of Mitchell of Thainston there is a highland booby of a butler, who is a talebearing, unmannerly fellow, and who is hated amongst his fellow-servants for communicating tittle-tattles about the house to the master. We warn this ill-bred tartan-tearer to alter his conduct, otherwise we shall have an exposure of him in our next which will make him fidge again!

We have heard of the late adventure of young Sangster the butcher with a woman Stewart in Park Street, and how he came *boot-iless* away. The particulars of the story in our next number.

We have visited Wales' Street, but we cannot report upon the girl Reid and the woman Hall's house this month, as we are cram full.

TEA QUACKERY!

*“Were people only cautious whom they trust—
Did the but know how seldom rogues are just!”*

Nothing gives us more pleasure than pulling the noses of those fellows who endeavour to outsell their more respectable neighbours by puffing and quackery. An individual who labours to bring all the grist to his own mill, by holding out false benefits to the public, is nothing short of a gross cheat—one who ought to be held up in his true colours, and placed in the pillory of public ridicule and distrust. Our town's folks are horribly gullable—more so even than any we know. We do not say that they will listen to the quackery of John Urquhart, who is the tool of some of the London pill-vending imposters, and throw away their money for the nostrums and potions which are daily annoying us in the newspapers; but they are easily imposed upon in anything else. There your tradesman's wife, soon as she discovers a new tea-shop, is off for a “makin’,” and it is in vain to try to convince her that what she was wont to purchase was equal, if not superior, to that of her new merchant's. And, besides, he is such a fine, civil lad, and says so many pleasant things about his “excellent Bohea,” his “delightful Twankay,” his “delicious beverage at 3d. an ounce,” &c., that he is just her man, and she is determined henceforth to deal with him only. Now, how stands the real truth of the matter? A reference to the first introduction of cheap tea into Aberdeen will be sufficient to attest the facts.

A few years ago, a man Russell came here, and offered teas to the public a penny an ounce under the former price. What sort of trash this fellow dealt in, will be remembered by those who were duped by him. Then, envying Russell's success, a John Gray struck up a rival tea-shop in the Guestrow, afterwards removing to Broad Street, then to Union Street, and then to—the Land's End, for aught we know. These fellows had their day, and cheap tea—tea at twopence-halfpenny an ounce!—was then all the cry. Old wives and young—and even some of the respectables—crowded those shops for some months; but discovering that a thimbleful of their old merchants' “four-and-a-bawbee” was equal to a handful of the cheap rubbish, they deserted the cheap shops—and they fell. The honest dealers a while were allowed to go on in the old way; at length a Couborough, or rather two Couboroughs—came from the south, and took refuge in Jenkins the barber's old shop, where they amused themselves by puffing and fibbing, and selling teas said to be cheaper than any hitherto purchased; and as they had made a favourable bargain of so many hundred chests, for cash, they were the only folks who could give justice to the tea-drinkers of Aberdeen! For a little time this was swallowed: weaver's wives from Gilcomston, and blacksmith's wives from Footdee—old maids and young ones from all corners, flocked to Couborough's. The humbug at last failed—the film fell from the imposed's eyes, and the Couborough's now are like their neighbours—hard-enough up. No more blasts of hundreds of chests—no more “great success;” advertisements; and we daresay, if the two lads manage to scrape together a bit living, and pay their debt, they do no more.

Now, however, as if determined to *aram* cheap tea down our throats, we have a new shop in Castle Street—a Mr. N. M'Millan—who seems to be a very great man by his speech in the newspapers. After telling us that he has taken the pre-

mises, 49, Castle Street, he draws a comparison of the tea imported some years ago, and that imported at present, ascribing the cause of this “gigantic growth,” as he calls it, to its being an “agreeable beverage,” and to the free-trade system. For the comfort of tea-drinkers in general, he tells them that they have been abominably cheated ever since 1836 (the commencement of the free-trade system), as, he says, since that time, “teas have consideredly fallen in price, the benefits of which the inhabitants of Aberdeen have never yet realised!” Ho, ho, Messrs. Couborough, and your cheap tea brethren, you are found out at last. Here have you been holding out yours to be the cheapest and best teas ever sold or swallowed in Aberdeen, and gulling your customers all the while! There's comfort still, however; hear what this man M'Millan says—“This deficiency (the non-realization of the profits of the free-trade), I purpose to supply; and for this I have taken the above premises.” Now, we are ashamed to admit our ignorance in the delicacy of this “agreeable beverage,” yet we are a little alive to humbuggery, when it is intended to be exercised on ourselves or the public. We believe, as assuredly as we believe in our own importance, that this M'Millan is a big quack—a great humbug. For, look you, he tells so confoundedly improbable lies: he says he has purchased five hundred chests of tea, and that “my broker” congratulates him on his good luck in so doing!

Surely he intends to metamorphose the stomachs of our good townswomen into tea-gardens; but if he will force them to swallow his “five hundred chests,” he should give them something to render the gorge more palatable than great fibs, such as he has set forth in his advertisements. “Five hundred chests!” We don't care much to bet that he has not so many pounds. The story about “my broker's great purchases at the January sale just closed,” is all a hoax; and if, after we have put them on the alert, the reputed wily Aberdeen-awabodies suffer themselves to be shaved by itinerant quacks, they deserve, all the days of their stupid lives, to be scrubbed with the soap-brush of quackery and the lather of humbug!

GORDON'S HOSPITAL.

There have lately been certain doings in this princely establishment which call on us, in a solemn sense of our duty, to wipe the chops of the perpetrators. We have no great inclination to dirty our fingers with the job, but the operation must be gone through, and it's of no use grumbling about it. The principal performer is a gentleman whose ups and downs about the Hospital have been witnessed for many a day with ridicule—he is a subject alike for laughter among the boys, and the public; and he has more than once frequented our shop—but in sooth,

*“——— in our opinion,
We ne'er took such a Paul Prying b—h
Under our dread dominion.”*

It seems that the chief men of this institution are in the habit of entertaining their friends at divers merry-makings.—Well, and why not? Even we ourselves, notwithstanding our many intricate and laborious duties, occasionally laugh dull care away in the society of a few spanking hussies, but in *our* case, modesty and decorum are essential characteristics of the evening. Quite in a different way, we are informed, are matters conducted in Gordon's Hospital. On the occasion referred to, a transaction occurred which has cast a blot on the virtuous

character of the establishment. Will it be believed, that, during the night's festivities, the chief man of the synagogue was seen to enter a water closet, accompanied—tell it not in Bon-Accord, publish it not to our grave instructors of youth—by one of his *female* guests, and they remained privately closeted for nearly half-an-hour!

The occurrence of the foregoing circumstance will not generally, perhaps, be credited; but we tell the Governors themselves—some of whom are clerical, and can administer the greater excommunication—that it is all as true and verified as Luke's Gospel, and fully as capable of being explained and substantiated, if required.

Mark the sequel, however. It came to the ears of this decorous gentleman, that certain of the house-maids had been guilty of the unpardonable sin of reading the "New Shaver," a copy of which he actually detected—thrust it with indignation into the fire—instituted inquiries how it had been procured; and called before him the unfortunate culprits, to whom, in presence of the matron, he used indecent names, threatening to have the whole circumstances investigated, and, as far as his influence could extend, to have decent, grave old women situated in the respective places of these giddy young sinners!

FASHIONABLE NEWS.

While grain is high, and the public charities all much needed, our gay Aberdonians have been dancing, drinking, and faring sumptuously every day.

The Marquis of Huntly, in his 76th year, goes to all the parties, and dances as keenly as the youngest lad there.

The robbery at Forbes of Echt's gave cause for tattle for a while, and an ill natured wag at the new's room door asked whether the things were stolen from the house in Huntly Street or the Quay?

Some loose fishes, decorated as milliners, are to be seen near the Lawyer's House.

Tom Bannerman's cry for cheap bread is all fudge, and not meant to help the poor man. We do not hear of this patriotic gentleman taking any trouble, and giving time or money at the Soup Kitchen, House of Refuge, or Public Dispensary for the sick poor.

Our friends in the Old Town speak of the splendour of Parson Brown's dinners as beyond common, and his fine furniture as quite dazzling.

Some navy officers, who traverse the pavement of Union Street ten times a-day, had better take heed to their ways, as they are looked after.

YOUNG MEN ABOUT TOWN.

No. II.

In continuation of our sketches under this head, we this month have hit upon a young gentleman, who is known familiarly as

THE YOUNG BAILLIE.

To those who are unacquainted with our subject; we may say that he is a son of our late worthy civic functionary, Baillie Lumsden; hence the application of the young Baillie. One

would imagine, upon a glance at his exterior, that the young Baillie were not given to any sort of wickedness, but rather that he would be a God-fearing, well behaved lad, seeing that he has such cause for humility. Our hero, however, though devoid of King Richard's bloodthirstiness, will vie with him in his penchant for the softer sex, and, we doubt not, go before him for changes in that commodity. He is as familiar in Mary Finnie's as he is in his father's shop; struts backwards and forwards to the Green with an air of as business-like regularity as he does amongst the old Baillie's coal ships: and has as much to say in the management of Miss Finnie's household affairs, as he had amongst the sailors when ship's-husband to some of his father's colliers.

He is a very warrior in sets-to with Venus—boasts mightily of his conquests of all the pretty girls about town, and brags of having overcome the virtue of every young lady he attempted! He visits Miss F.'s forenoon and afternoon, and he is certain to be found there at almost any hour in the evening. Not only does he add to the importance of this establishment by his person, but his purse-strings are never fastened against the wants of the landlady or her maids of honour. The Baillie is an amusing little fellow—he beats the venerable Baron Munchausen all to nothing. 'Tis a good joke to hear him talk of his adventures—his hairbreadth 'scapes out at windows and back doors—his attacks and his victories in female warfare! It is no uncommon thing for him to go into a public house, seat himself at a front window, call the landlord, and recount his exploits with this girl and the other passing on the street. Now, one would not be so much inclined to doubt the Baillie's stories, were it not that a little improbability is attached to them on his own account. Let any body look at him from top to toe, and hear his "account of himself!" God knows, we should not jeer at the natural peculiarities of any body; but this stupid creature will force people to laugh at him, however unwillingly—it is impossible to resist contrasting his adventures with himself. If he give up his visits to the woman Finnie's, and all similar abominations—if he give up telling horrible stories about his conquests with girls who could do with him what the sailor threatened little Elgin the teacher with—if he, in short, abstain all kinds of wickedness which is calculated to bring him into ridicule, he will be safe from us; and he may exercise his little brief authority amongst his father's coalmen and sailors, and go about the Shore and let the captains and coal-brokers laugh at his importance as long as he has a mind; but if he don't reform in the things we have pointed out, we think there will be little sin in taking the conceit out of him a little bit by a wholesome application of our renovating apparatus.

Marriage in High Life.

Married, at Wallace Nook, about the beginning of the storm, Joshua Hart, student in divinity, to Miss Ann Cumming, a very *obliging* young lady, whose worth is well known to, and has been long appreciated by many. After the ceremony was over, a convivial party sat down to a tableful of fine potatoes and herring, with plenty of Devanha; and the bridegroom and bride (having been as good as married for some months,) did *not* interrupt their hilarity by retiring, but kept up the festivity until an early hour. Great praise is due to Miss Finnie for her conduct during the feast.

DYCE.

To the Editor of the New Shaver.

Manse of Dyce, February 9, 1839.

SIR,—Whoever you are, I must be plain to tell you that you are an impudent dog. I got a vile thing put into my hands the other day, which I discover you publish, where I beheld myself villified, along with my respected friend, the worthy schoolmaster of my parish—charged with hiring a servant of a Sunday—drinking punch together, and (your villainy had no bounds.) resolving ourselves into that state which is below the level of my own pigs. Now, Sir, I am the minister of Dyce, Sir; and remember, I exercise as much authority in the Presbytery and Synod of Aberdeen, as I do over my own cow-herd—therefore, Sir, I now warn you that, if you do not make full and complete reparation to me, within sixty days, I shall gratify myself, some day that I come to town, by sending you into another world, without the benefit any of my “order.”—To libel my dear friend Rae, too—the man who sticks to me as I do to my stipend—who collects all the village tattles, parish news, and church scandal for me; and who would even do something for me which would be indelicate to mention. My friend will let his scholars turn the schoolroom upside down rather than refuse running my errand; or lose the perusal of our admired organ, the *Constitutional*—and I acknowledge he and I do have a tumble of punch of an evening when I have no engagement at a neighbour's, where I generally make myself at home by partaking of what his house affordeth. Before concluding, I may explain thus far, that your paper is a vagabond, lying paper. You say, Sir, that Rae hired a servant, by my orders, on the Lord's day. A lie, Sir, he did not; although I grant ye I did hint to him to set about engaging a man for me on that day, yet the engagement did not take place—not owing, of course, to any neglect on the part of my vigilant schoolmaster, but to the confounded obstinacy of the fellow himself.

Now, Sir, although I have thus explained matters to you, I am hot in the least cooled down to your villainous exposures of myself and my friend. I therefore demand such instant satisfaction as is due to the sacred characters of those whom you have wantonly attacked in the disgraceful paper which carries with it your name.

W. R. PIRIE.

P.S. By the by, something has just struck me. If you pledge your character—such as it is—to let Rae and I alone, and to back my efforts in squeezing an extra acre into my glebe from the miller's ground, I will say quits with you, and you shall have a good dinner and a thumper of toddy first time you come to Dyce. Will you go in with my proposals?

W. R. P.

No, we won't; we shall have nothing to do with the proposals of W. R. Pirie, or any one else, when these are meant to harm any honest man. The minister of Dyce may take consolation, if he likes, by our assurance, that we will not be bought over with his mutton or his punch; and if he had not an easier way of getting these luxuries than many as worthy a man, we suspect neither Schoolmaster Waggle-tongue nor himself would fare so well.—[ED.]

HART'S EPISTLES.—No. III.

To the Editor of the Aberdeen New Shaver.

My old Friend,—I did not intend doing myself the pleasure of addressing you this month, as I have had a deal to do with that Greek babbler Henderson, and his stupid letters to the members of my Chapel. Now, I am not to bother myself or your readers any more about this cowardly fellow, for my hearers don't value his letters a pig's tail. There has a crack-brained shoemaker, of the name of Strachan, taken up Henderson; but Strachan is a greater fool than his opponent, and cannot be taken as a sample of my flock: in fact, I wish Henderson not to notice him at all, for the fellow is not countenanced by me or my sensible people. With this I drop the man Henderson and his nonsense for ever.

What I wanted with you concerns myself personally, and the new markets. I remember me, that of all our citizens, none were found honest enough to come forward and oppose that cursed new speculation but a few of the butchers. The most sensible petition was that in your paper, written, if I remember rightly, by a Mr. Hugh Gauld, sen. This gentleman is a man after my own heart; and if you could introduce me to him, we shall have a hearty glass and a Buchan kebbuck in my house, when, with your able assistance, I think we shall yet be able to knock that bastard market bill to the devil. I have neither seen nor heard of any body who takes so just a view of the subject as this Mr. Gauld, sen.; I will stick up, along with him, for compensation; and I warrant, if he and I lay our heads together, we shall make them pay, and sweetly too, for their impudence in threatening to demolish my chapel, and to ruin what he jocularly calls his “tee-fa,” where there is no doubt he turns over a good few pence, as well as myself in my spiritual shop. Not only shall I be happy in the acquaintance of my persecuted brother, but I shall direct my missus to make a weekly purchase of a couple of skinks—next to a good kebbuck, I adore skinks above all things—from one who so much deserves encouragement for his honesty of principle and high public spirit.

Your unceasing admirer and unflinching supporter,

Dee Street.

HUGH HART.

SKETCHES OF THE CITY CLERGY.

No. II.

THE REV. JOHN MURRAY.

We have endured the wrath of sundry mistaken christians or our last criticism on the Clergy; some have even assured us that they who meddle with kirk folk cannot thrive; hence, by our unholy interference, there is reason to dread that we are included amongst the doomed. We cannot see what “divinity doth hedge” a parson, or an elder, or a beadle, that they should be allowed to sleep under their own fig-tree without being called on to account for their conduct. It is a very convenient doctrine of the Rev. Mr. Davidson's, that he is “amenable only to God” for his actions. Why, in that case, although he were to strip the pulpit, carry off the big bible, and the precentor's testament, no civil law has any business with him, as business with him, as the matter rests between God and his own conscience. Such an assumption is most ridiculous; but we suspect Mr. Davidson would find many of the lightfingered

gentry to go the whole hog with him, as they would rather settle matters according to his code than before a bench of long wigs and black coats.

We set out with Mr. Murray, but have digressed. A good many years ago, he left Dundee, to put up as a candidate for Trinity Chapel here, in which he succeeded, although there was said to have been some foul play in the election. After a little, he took to wife a daughter of Provost Brown's; for which kindness in relieving him, the Provost used means to exalt him to the East Kirk, where he preached for sometime in conjunction with Mr. Foote. The North Church was then built, and Mr. Murray was removed there, where he still remains. He cannot be said to be a popular preacher—his principal characteristic being fiery declamation. He is a wicked body, when opposed; and so proverbial was his fierce ill nature, and his unceremonious consignment of his opponents to a certain uninviting dominion, that a curious trick was played upon him. Be it remembered, we do not say in how far such a hoax was creditable to its concoctors, neither, in fact, are we certain that it ever came off; but, true or not, the story runs as follows:—A traveller for a brimstone house in England being in Aberdeen, and literally boring the merchants for orders in that commodity, for which they had little demand, a few of the more waggish—or rather wicked—amongst them direct him to the worthy parson's house, whom they recommended as a gentleman who dealt very extensively in his sort of merchandize. The man went—but the sequel may be judged when he discovered, in the person of the brimstone dealer, a venerable parish minister! Things were explained, however, but little to the satisfaction of the traveller, who had been in expectation of a round order, and less to the milder temperament of Mr. Murray's blood. We would not have thought this worth while of turning over, were it not to record the evil dispositions of this generation, when even the sacred and dignified character of a parish oracle could not protect him from such an iniquitous insult.

Mr. Murray's church is not more than half-filled—it has never paid the town, at whose expense it was erected. Whether the fault lies in the preaching, or the high seat-rents, opinion is divided. Charity would lead us to say, that both are blameable, the preaching being too much below the value paid for it, and the seat-rents too far above it. Three hundred pounds yearly is a pretty thing for a couple of hours or so in a week; for Mr. Murray does not trouble himself running about much amongst his flock, except it be the more genteel of them. We believe the Bowl Road and its vicinity forms a corner of his vineyard; but the roads, and the people who live thereabouts, are so dirty and miserable, that he don't care for trobling them often, although, upon the whole, he is very willing that some other body should have the dirty job; for although he is not inclined to allow them to sit amongst the nabobs of the North Kirk, he has no objection that the public erect a kirk befitting their station, and amongst their own filthy houses, where some hungry schoolmaster could be placed at the public expense, whose duty it should be not only to preach to them, but to bore his nose into all the nasty places where there are any body to be converted, and bring them into the living way by the cords of persuasion and love! If Mr. Murray think his situation does not suit him, let him give it up; nobody will care very much about him, we suspect—what right has he to gabble about another kirk and another minister in his parish when he preaches weekly to a congregation

similar to the scattered tribes of Israel. Let Mr. Murray fulfil his duty, and visit his parishioners, in whatever circumstances placed—if he neglect this, somebody will easily be good who will be glad to do it. All our parsons are too much engaged in squabbles amongst themselves and in the newspapers and their flocks may scatter and perish for all they care. We cannot but think, if all our spiritual guides would pay more attention to the duties which they are well paid for, and less to matters which do not concern them, and keep in remembrance their own prayer, to lead “godly and peaceable lives,” that there would be less need for dragging them so often before the public, as it is unpleasant to have to point out and laugh at men who should be living examples to all around them in every good thing.

Queries to the Editor of the New Shaver.

1st—What has become of Miss Mary Ross since the marriage of *Paper M'Combie*? Has he acted the part of a hard-hearted libertine—toyed with her charms until tired, and then cashiered her; if so, he ought to be horsewhipped—or does he keep her in his pay, in case of an *emergency*. The latter way, though not very seemly, is better on the whole. Did all seducers give the seduced a little assistance after they desert them there would be fewer nuisances in the town in the shape of starving postitutes.

2nd—Is it true that Dickson Hogarth has *some* concern with the new establishment in *Kidd Lane*, I hear that they have a heavy run of business, and that they *keep it up* in no ordinary style.

3d—Whether was it a “gentleman from the country,” or a puffing mercer's assistant, that Peter Littlejohn thrashed the other night? Is it true that the knight of the counter and yardstick vowed to have revenge (even unto the death!) of poor Peter?

4th—What was the cause of Joshua Hart attempting to cut his crag? Was it a *ruse* to slacken the strings of Pa's purse, or was it an awakened conscience upraising him for having united himself to such an infamous old stager as Miss Ann Cumming?

Our correspondent, no doubt, expects we are to answer each of the foregoing queries. He will, we sorry to say, be disappointed. As to the girl Ross in *Kidd Lane*, and somebody called “*Paper M'Combie*,” we have heard nothing; but this we do know, that the girl Ross, along with a sister in iniquity of the name of Milne, keep a brothel, in which a certain Captain was safely delivered of three pound notes lately. So although a military veteran, the old fellow can't carry a musket in the wars of Venus, having had to sound his retreat, after paying pretty handsomely for his whistle!

To the Editor of the Aberdeen New Shaver.

SIR,—Would you oblige your readers here by hinting to the minister's wife to behave more circumspectly in church, and particularly to forbear laughing there. As her conduct after this will be watched, you will likely hear from me again in a short time.

P. Q.
Aboyne, 1839.

COUNTRY CUTS.

DUNDEE.

To the Editor of the New Shaver.

SIR,—Last month, I enquired if you had an agent in Dundee, and hinted that you might publish a list of the towns in which you have regular agents, but you took no notice of my letter. Would you be good enough to notice this in your March number, and favour,
X. Y.

In answering our Dundee friend, we may inform him that in Stonehaven and Montrose we have agents, and should be happy to treat with any well known sort of person for an agency in Dundee. Besides the *honour* of the thing, our agents enjoy a very liberal per centage.

William Allan Flowerden, Esq and the Police Dirt.

We have just got to hand a lengthy article relative to the above subject, but want of space prevents us from treating our Dundee customers with it this month—next number we may recur to the subjct. Meantime, we must say Mr. W. A. F's mean and puerile behaviour regarding the Editor of the *Advertiser*, cannot be too much deprecated. Were any silly body to attempt to put *ill milk* between ourselves and our proprietors, we should certainly most unceremoniously horsewhip the intermeddler; and we think Peter should doff his speck, and pepper the scurvy lawyer.

EDINBURGH.—We beg to draw the attention of such chaps as James Gordon, Johnnie Anderson, Samuel Martin, &c., to a unique specimen of puffing which is to be found in the Edinburgh papers. It emanated from Waterloo House, and is certainly the grossest thing of the kind we have yet seen. The folks here are mere novices in the art of puffing—by attending to the above hint, they may learn something useful.

PETERHEAD.

DEAR SIR,—Considering the many friends you have in this quarter, it is rather surprising that so little notice is taken of our doings. Perhaps you are not aware of the extent of comforts and accommodation to be met with in our good town.—For instance, in 47, Marischal Street, you can have rooms, singing, company, cigars, toddy, beds and bedfellows, all of the first water. The landlady, understanding that some neighbouring wives had been unable to receive customers in clean linens, begs to assure her friends that they will meet with nothing in her establishment but what is pure as the driven snow. No gossips entertained at the kitchen fireside who are given to carry tales, nor pipers admitted, since he of Dundee left town. Ladies not allowed to be riotous in consequence of their husbands or cronies being there.
O.

Peterhead, Feb. 1839.

D1NGWALL.—We are aware of the conduct of some young men here towards Doctor Mackintosh. They should have more respect for their own character than to adjourn to the Royal Hotel—make sport of the Doctor, and get themselves *mortal fou'*. Though the *Accoucheur* may be a little simple-minded, they should bear in view his valuable services during the prevalence of the *Cholera*, a certain disease which some of them suffered cruelly by. It is not our intention at present to enter into a detail of their proceedings (of which we are fully aware); but to give them a friendly hint, and at the same time remind them that, unless they desist using their Council-

lor in such a manner, we will annoy them in another sort of way. We may explain to their leader that it will be casier for him to walk a 'Sunday's Journey' to Inchvannie than to come under our cognizance.

INVERNESS.

We have been informed that the Gauger noticed in our last was promenading the streets of Inverness with a brace of pistols, threatening to blow out the wicked brains of the individuals who had the audacity to expose his conduct with the ladies mentioned. He should call upon us, and we will set his mind at ease, and, farther, give him some proofs that will astonish him. Let him not repose in the idea that he has nothing to answer for but the burnt ale and draft which he gormandises.

Lost or strayed, a sky terrier, of the dark breed. He was last seen at the Caledonian Hotel, and was covered with a pea-jacket and glazed cap (in imitation of an officer). He answers to the name of *Grishernish*. Any person who may find the same will receive a liberal reward by applying to the well-known Inchbarrie.

A fat-bellied Doctor in this town is in the constant habit of applying a dozen of times in a day at both the coach and post offices, to ascertain whether any parcels or letters have come for him, when, in fact, the fellow was never yet honoured with the receipt of either a letter or parcel, except those put by his own hand into the letter-box. We just merely hint, that unless he discontinue this habit, which is inexpressibly annoying to the individuals in these offices, we cannot, in justice, let him escape a polishing rub of our never-failing razor. So he may look out.

The members of the Tee-total Society in our next, and the chairman, Geordie Bain.

At a late wedding, there was, amongst the guests, one Gullon, clerk in the mail-coach office, who proved himself a spirited champion of Venus, for he actually led the bride's-maid to an adjacent field, where he was discovered by one of our correspondents, who declares that, if a young chip make his entry into this world ere twelve months, that he will pledge his word—which is worth something—that it is a young Gullon.

SKENE.—We pledged ourselves to visit Garlogie last month, but we considered, having heard of the iniquities about Skene, that we would go up that way, and bestow upon the backsliding a touch of our well-meaning blade. And strange to say, in that place, with such an exemplary minister, we found plenty to do. We cannot undertake this month more than one case, but that a very criminal one, involving the modesty of one of the Elder's daughters of the Kirktown, who endeavoured to cur-tail a young fellow of a member of his co-operation! We would also hint to the daughter of a brother elder to have less to do with the young men about this village, who are well worthy of a faithful scrape. To the several Elders' daughters, and others in and about Skene, we would drop an advice to be guarded in their conduct, as we shall again visit them before another number.

ALFORD.—We have a dozen of things on hand about the folks of this place. The most conspicuous refer to the Bridge of Alford Inn; and whilst they eulogise the good management of Mr. and Mrs. Wattie, they let out some queer things about some of the servants. We shall give all particulars in our next.

THE COAL BROKERS AND THE "ORRA"
COAL FOLK!

On a recent day, there assembled in the Baillie Court of this city, Peter Abel, James Mellis, James M'William, William Riddel, and a lot more of the brokers, to bear testimony to the bad character of those coal-men and carters, who applied for a renewal of their licenses. The general objections urged were, that certain of the carters had procured coals from the brokers and had not paid them—therefore, they made a stand against the renewal of the licences of those who had failed in settling for the coals they received. Baillie Simpson, who was on the bench, took John Angus' advice, and over-ruled the debt objection. Therefore the brokers' opposition went for nothing; and the men had their licenses, with this provision, that some man Forbes would see that their coal bags and horse harness were in proper repair. And so ended the matter.

Now, a word, as to the propriety of this decision. It was stated that if nothing was advanced against the *moral* character of these men, allowing them to be never so deeply indebted to the brokers, that a renewal of their licenses was, in strict justice, necessary. We differ from the gentleman who advanced this argument. Why, the Magistrates are bound actually to trace the moral character of the persons they license, and taking a view of the question in the way of the coal-men's advocate, we cannot see that a man who cheats his neighbour, whether in peats, coals, or any thing else, can be strictly a man of good *moral* character; and, therefore, we consider those men who were indebted to their respective brokers, should have each of them been obliged to settle his accounts with the brokers ere a renewal of his license took place.—The Baillie said that it was only a common debt, and that they could have no recourse for it but before the Sheriff. Now, with the facts staring him in the face, that these coal-men had cheated the brokers: what man, who knew common sense, and common justice, would grant a license to a man who had abused the privilege, and who was ready, as a licensed coal-man, to take every opportunity to outdo the brokers. The decision of Baillie Simpson may be in accordance with the law, but it is queer justice; and if the heads of our city countenance such fraudulent rascals, by granting them liberty, and giving them, as it were, a legal right to have an opportunity of cheating their neighbours after such evidence as was brought before them, we consider that it sets a very bad example to others, and while the Magistrates should be "a terror to evil-doers," they seem to be an encouragement to them.

Upon the whole, however, although the matter was unjustly as we consider, decided against them, Messrs. Abel, Mac-William, and Mellis, deserve thanks for their endeavours to check the wholesale system of roguery, which has been too long carried on by the carters at the brokers' expense.

FOUL PLAY ABOUT THE SOUP KITCHEN.

Partiality, in public matters, is hateful—it is much more contemptible, however, in charitable affairs. There, now, as to the supplying the Soup Kitchen with beef, the butchers in general were never allowed to put in estimates, though they had

been willing: but the job was wheedled round a corner to a man Stewart and one Sangster in the Wales' Street Market. We do not grumble at the price charged for the meat, nor at the quality of it, all we complain of is the cursed partiality which is carried on by interested parties in such institutions as the present—partiality which disgraces the responsible persons, and which often hurts a charity like the Soup Kitchen. Look, now, in former years, when estimates were taken, the fleshers each contributed something to the institution—one gave a skink—the other a piece of something else—and so on. What was the result of the close system this year? Why, the butchers, almost to a man, have withheld their wonted donations,—not on account of the profit that could be had from the estimate to any one, but from a sense of hatred at the hole and corner work carried on. We have several other instances in point, but not having space this month, they must lie over.

Last month we noticed the scandal abominations of a Mrs. Reid, about Gordon Street, for which we have been much commended by her in friends. We had hoped we would work a reformation her. We daresay we are deceived, for she has as yet given no signs of penitence.—So far the contrary, that she broke out, at sight of our paper, into a volley of the most vixen-like execrations against us, and a number of individuals whom she charged with showing off her scandal propensities. We do not wish to aggravate this decent man's wife, but really if she would disengage herself of her scandal appointments, we take the liberty of saying, that she might procure time to carry her own water pails, as it is unseemly and lazy-like, on her part, to allow her hard worked husband to carry a supply of water to the house after work hours. We hope Mrs. Reid will pardon us for making these suggestions—if she consider them well, she will find them to be marvellously proper and easy of digestion.

A "Necessary" Plug.—We are authorised to state, that if any body has the hardihood to attempt an entry to the privy, No. 8, Dee Street, the consequential shoemaker, who asserts his independent right to this convenience, will scourge them with a common whip. He begs to record the important fact, that he is self-appointed privy officer, and that he means to exercise his authority, in this line of duty, in a rigorous way. So the folks who were heretofore bold enough to push their noses into this condemned necessary, may look out for a stinking reception! The shoemaker of No. 8, Dee Street, says so.

To the Editor of the New Shaver.

SIR,—In your next publication, will you take notice of the conduct of a girl Milne, who disturbs all in her neighbourhood by associating with young sparks at late hours. The most prominent is not unlike a tailor from his appearance, whether his name be Troup or not, is another question. There seem, however, to be some clerks, shopkeepers, &c. who visit this fair one, and who add to the disturbance.

By giving her a hint, you may do her good, and her neighbours a great service. By paying attention to this hint, you will oblige

Prince Regent Street, Footdee.

DECENCY.

RAZOR CUTS.

Porter Stealing!—Little more than a fortnight since, four fellows—Simpson, a shoemaker, and Cobban, ditto; Coutts, a carpet weaver, and Murray, a painter—happened to enter a public-house of one Coutts at Rubislaw. After priming themselves well with whisky, they proceeded to enter a press or cupboard, out of which they purloined ten bottles of the landlord's brown stout—drank two of them before leaving the room, and managed to sneak off unobserved with the remaining eight! They came to town, and after disposing of the contents, they actually sold the bottles for three-halfpence a-head, and drank that too! We could say a deal more of this job, and of the fellows also, but we wish not to hurt the parties. We only wish to record one additional proof of the grand benefits resulting from our operations:—the porter stealers, soon as they received the hint of our knowledge of the affair, forthwith set out for Rubislaw, and defrayed, to the uttermost farthing, the expence of the bottles and the porter, bestowing, besides, a whacking dram upon the landlord to shut his mouth on the subject! It would not have done for us to have passed over the matter altogether; but having a little respect for the beadle, and a little terror for the "sutor-Fiscal," we now drop it—not, however, without pronouncing it to have been a nasty trick, and a greedy! Landlord Coutts has us to thank for his fingering a penny from his four precious customers. We hope he is a reader of ours.

A Fat Case—"Miraculous the II." at Hull.—A son of Neptune, who is not at all related to the late Duchess of Sutherland, went lately on a cruise to Hull. He had not been long ashore when he was hailed by a frigate of the first class; and after a mutual recognition, Andrew and his fair friend went aboard to have summ'at to raise the steam. How matters went on for some time we cannot tell, but when taken by surprise, he was found firmly clasped in the fond embraces of Venus. We shall expect to hear soon of And-[erson]-rew's son having been shipped, per steamer, for Aberdeen. This chap we would advise to keep a good look-out a-head, and mind matters at home. We have something more in store for him, which he will get soon enough.

If the frail rib of a tailor in Broad Street, and a Slop Shoe-shop keeper there, intend to continue their unseemly correspondence, they must endeavour to be more private with it, and not annoy the neighbourhood with their conduct. Their adventure on a late Sunday night, during the inebriety of the poor cuckold, has reached us; and it is only our innate modesty that keeps us from making it public—it was so very smutty!

NOTICE OF MOTION.—We hereby give notice, that, sometime previous to next election of Town Councillors, we shall move that a certain *modest* and *unaspiring* young gentleman, well known as "a man of some science," and a conductor of experiments at the public expense, do report as to his *water-work* experiment upon a certain man's *Collie* in Constitution Street; after which we shall communicate such information as has come under our own observation on this highly important subject.

We would, in a kindly manner, hint to Archy the Architect, that it is neither safe nor creditable to have his watch bandied about in Hadden's wool mill, by a young woman upon whom he now and then calls, and lodges with for the night,

in an attic in Carmelite Street. We are quite cognisant of 'Jeanie's' abilities in the way of appropriation; and if Archy does not watch his ticker, it may some day or another disappear, and its ghost be seen in the likeness of a new dress or a tartan cloak. Things as queer have happened; and 'Archy,' some night when groggy, is as sure to be relieved of his time-piece, as if he already had taken farewell of it.

An Advocate lad in Broad Street, whose direct descendance from our first parent is certified by the adoption of the name, Adam the younger, is advised, for his own credit, not to pay so frequent visits to Mrs. Craig of Jopp's Court, as she no longer carries on business on the sly, but openly and above board. This lawyer, with his chum Reith, may go the whole hog in Peter M'ivor's, but let us not hear of him again tripping into this woman Craig in her husband's absence. We believe the poor cuckold is or was steward on board the American Brilliant, and is completely hoodwinked by his ill-doing rib. There is a clerk, who is also publisher of a liberal paper in the neighbourhood, that pays his respects likewise to the steward's wife, along with a host of old and young lechers, whose designations may have a place. They are in our note-book.

We would caution Miss M'C., daughter of an Upperkirk gate pawnbroker, now deceased, to be more guarded in the company she keeps. Does she think that, by blackguarding other people's characters, she whitewashes her own? (her intended object, by the way.) We could whisper in her ear a few of the scenes which terminated her nightly perambulations with that common bully, Alexander K.; but for the present we forbear. We are glad that she has at length made a discovery about her late admirer, Skion F. It has not surprised us in the least to hear of the Skion's state of health. Is Miss M'C.'s discovery a personal one? If so, she will better let that "flea stick to the wa'."

When "Daddy," the coachman, in Bonaccord Lane, is out of a job, he ought not to employ his time in visiting and tampering with his neighbour's wife. Although her husband water both his whisky and his milk, he is not such a fool as allow this coachman or any body else to go between him and his better-half.

A wright, or cabinet-maker, at Newbridge, known by the name of "Timmer," is told to give up all intercourse with Hector's servant-maid, as she does not care a fig for him; and farther, it is a horrible shame for him to think of another wife, when his last one is dead only six weeks or two months ago. We have heard of the Sunday gig jaunt of "Timmer," along with a brewery carter, when, in coming home, they loaded the vehicle with turnips, which were delivered to Hector's maid by 'Timmer,' to have a feast on what is called beef brose day! We can tell 'Timmer' that, if he do not give his suit up, he will only get himself laughed at.

We have nothing more to say to the 'Guidman,' alias the 'Stucco General.' If the old sinner can find any amusement in toying with the public-house wife at Bridge of Don, and visiting her after church hours on Sunday, and if she like his kindness, it is all right—they can *plaster* the matter up between them.

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