

ABERDEEN NEW SHAVER.

No. XIV.

AUGUST, 1839.

PRICE TWOPENCE

OUR SUMMARY.

Nothing worth while has occurred in Parliament since our last; and whether there had or not we care not—ours is not the dry, mechanical duty of looking after the “things o’ the state.” We have a higher aim—the moral and social regeneration of our fellow-subjects. The penny postage is a grand boon, and has placed Government in an enviable position with the mercantile and commercial classes. In fact, this measure is the only one which has emanated from the present administration worthy of mentioning.

Then as to the political news of our locality, we have a new candidate in the person of a gentleman, whom the *Journal* has buttered up as a “soldier and a statesman.”—Sir George Murray, who is to oppose the liberal interest in the city representation. We care not who rule, if the cursed stamp law were sent to Hackney, to allow us to see our friends more frequently. Is it not a burning shame that we, quiet, peaceable, and loyal citizens—aye and useful members of society, are prohibited from amusing our constituents as often as we please. In Aberdeen, we have daft Willie Brown, *alias*, “Homer”—Brown glowering over us; and at Edinburgh, we have a thing who signs himself “Chas. Bremner, Assistant-Solicitor of Stamps, ready to receive any information against us which the feather-brained, mad hottentot stamp-collector of Aberdeen pleases to convey to him. We are independent of them all, however; and if they meddle with us as they were wont to do, they will have stout mettle, and a ticklish opponent to contend with!

By the bye, we have too long neglected to pull up our country friends for sending in letters unpaid from a distance. We have no objections to prepare their lucubration for press; but above a penny postage we won’t pay, and there’s an end on’t.

FIT SUBJECTS FOR THE SHAVER.

Sir,—Do ye know daft young Willie Clyne; and do ye know a chap Waddel, at Leys, Mason, & Co. I do not at all wish to detract from their moral standing in society while I reprobate their habitual depravity, in keeping, and in forming connexions with girls below their sphere. That daft chiel, Willie Clyne, may be a little excused for his ignorance, and other small connexions, he being a bachelor, the which may perhaps propel his penchant for the fair sex; but for Waddel, a sensible young lad, no such excuse can be accepted. In sober truth, both are liable to our solemn castigation, and they shall have it. Clyne and Waddel each procured a girl from Broadford Works, and took premises for them separately—The parties continued each to sustain his mistress, and Waddel declared solemnly his intention of espousing legally the object of his affection. Little time elapsed, however, till both gentlemen found out the secret, that it was both an unprofitable and troublesome affair to have such effeminate burdens on their shoulders, and after making presents to the girls of fancy dresses, the keep-masters forsook their doxies; Waddel, in breaking up the connexion, demanded back his gown piece, which at the time lay in the dressmaker’s. The cause of Waddel’s dislike turned out to be that his faithless charmer was in the way of looking in upon Peter M’Ivor’s folks, and sharing the favours with others which Waddel asserted a sole right to. In short, Clyne and Waddel conceived they had long enough kept up the connexion, and, as they wished to change, they sent the girls to right about; and after decoying them from their work they shook themselves out of the noose, and left the poor creatures to shift for themselves.

Morality.

We advise our friends, especially the ladies, to call at No. 2, Head of Shiprow, second door from Union Street, and they will find a good honest fellow, who lived seventeen years in the midst of gold, silver, and paper money, amounting to many thousands,—we say again if our friends will call they will find it for their advantage.

THE PUFFING SYSTEM.

That obnoxious dirty system of puffing has long since, in every vocation, we are happy to say, found its level. 'Tis not worth while now to take the least notice of these puffing gentry; as we are aware our readers look upon them as mere quacks, endeavouring to empty the public's pockets by their dirty blarney, knowing right well their commodities, few would purchase on their own merits. While, however, the system was practised only by the parties interested, less could be said, but a more gross, palpable, and diabolical system, has been introduced, a specimen of which will have been observed in a late number of the *Herald*. An independent paper, forsooth, the *liberal* Editor dubs it—the worth of its independence may be estimated by the following little bit of a paragraph, an equal to which, for its space, never happened to meet our eye:—

“Aberdeen can now boast of having one of the most splendid Jewellery and Fancy Warehouses out of London—Mr. J. Walker's in Union Street. A profusion of expenditure has been laid out in fitting up the whole of the premises with the greatest taste and elegance, so that they cannot be surpassed—a fact which will at once appear when we mention that the squares of plate-glass in the windows cost upwards of £30 each.”

John Walker may well be proud of having for his pimp so worthy an auxiliary as the *Herald*; but what will the public think of this? Why, neither more than less than that the conductors have been bribed into this scurvy truckling. We say again bribed—we care not whether by toddy, cake, or pudding, or anything else—the *cause* we look not into—with the *effect* we have only to do. And now let us touch upon the effect of the attempt to puff off the wax-dolls, penny trumpets, kettle drums, and the other trumpery of John Walker. This lad, it is well enough known, had rather a curious (we call it by no worse name) commencement in business; yet he deserves some degree of credit for the knowing way in which he has managed it. He may be said now to have reached the climax of his ambition, for the *Herald* gravely declares that they are not altogether aware if he is equalled in London—passing a happy, and, of course, merited eulogium on the panes of glass, and the outside of the house, and the finely painted doors, and the glittering toys, and the decorated windows, summing up the whole of its blarney by vouching every thing inside well worthy the attention of the public! Well done, Sir Herald, a capital puff this; and if John Walker reaps no benefit from it, surely he will give you credit for honesty of intention. A wax doll or a twopenny trumpet, (not to sound your own horn, for God wot, we have plenty of that as it is) but for the little children—a pin cushion to the “missus,” and a crown bowl to self, would but be poor remuneration for the lustful manner in which you have walloped him (John Walker) and his toys through your columns! Three weeks tuck of drum from George Banner-man and his assistant would not be a drop in the bucket to it; proclamations at kirk and market would sink into utter insignificance; even a brandish of our best blade would fall to pieces before the magnanimous, the hydra-headed beef-eater rumble of the big brass drum of the *Aberdeen Herald*!

Crathy, 3d Juiy, 1839.

Dear Doctor,—This parish has been in an uproar for six weeks, by the misconduct of “old showdie,” the drunken sailor. This jack of all trades is employed by the master tailor of the parish, and during orra and after nours, took it into his wise head to build a boat, which he finished with pitch and colours, and painted in large white letters on the stern, as the name, “Carry Sweet.” He was so delighted with his work, that he got gloriously fou, and coming home at the “wee short hour ayont the twall,” went to look at his hobby boat with a candle, the light touched the pitch, and, sad to tell, the boat was burnt to the ground, without an eye to pity, for “Showdie” was blin’ fou, and the neighbours asleep; but, when he recovered, he persuaded the master tailor that the fire was raised by some of his *many* enemies round about; to show this true, he was ably assisted by his fellow-servant, “Judas, the *Howdie's* son, the *brute-bleeder*.” This Pharisee being the tailor's *foreman*, and in *power*, began a *dear* inquiry, which ended not in smoke, but in nothing! except that a few honest lads were blamed, because they opposed the tricks of “Showdie” and the fellow who failed in *dying* colours.

Yours, &c.

A Constant Reader.

DUELLING BY FISTS.—A regular stand-up fight took place on the Broadhill the other Monday, between two chips of the learned professions—the one a lad Watt, from Tarriff or thereabouts, a student of medicine; and the other a clerk in an extensive advocate's office in Union Street. The cause of the mutual fall-out was somewhat curious. The lad Watt, and the lawyer had been in good fellowship for a long while, each having come from about the same quarter of the country; and had, in fact, lodged together in Marischal Street for some time. The bed fellows, however, fell to odds about some private matters—the gentleman of the lancet had undertaken the cure of his friend of the law in a *certain* disease; and had administered various lotions and potions to his patient, which nostrums the afflicted lawyer found of no benefit to his body, while they proved of serious injury to his purse. The lancet wielder had occasion to visit the country, and his friend took the opportunity of specifying his complaint, and the applications for its cure, he had received, to another man of science, who immediately informed him that he might have swallowed a little German ocean of such stuff, and have, after all, found himself as much recovered as though he had administered nothing. Whereupon Mister Lawyer waxed into a mighty passion, and cursed his quack doctor and bed-fellow, declaring him either to be a big fool or a d—d blackguard. Watt came home, heard of this, and, without farther parley, sent a challenge to his diseased friend to meet him on the broadhill, and defend his ill-tongue with his fists. The parties met—to it they went—right, left, and every way, until the one and the other got a hearty good drubbing. Watt's left organ was as black as the tail of a chimney sweep's jacket, and the lawyer received a couple of blinkers, when the skirmish finished, the lancet having stuck his foot in it, and dropped it, thinking, of course, he had had enough, and his antagonist not venturing

to dispute that he was equally satisfied. Was not this a pretty farce now between these two fools, all arising out of *such* a dispute—a dispute about *clap* mixture! A friend whispers over our shoulder that this northern medical aspirant should not have been quite so hasty, considering that the lawyer has more than once left his bed, at the lancet's request, to make room for some of his female patients—no doubt he had been to exercise his vocation on her, apply a prescription, or mayhap afford professional consolation.

We cannot pass over this foolish affray without mentioning the seconds, a cock-and-dog bully, a brother chip, was for the lawyer; and a boy, a mere beardless urchin, Williamson, also a student, for Watt. We don't like to say much, as we are more given to peace than to disgrace ourselves by going it dog or cock ways upon a midden head; but we cannot forbear expressing an opinion, that it wouldn't take some folks much time to have peppered the whole lot, principals, seconds, and all. It was a rare pity that they did not get as much as would have made them dream of their nonsense for four-and-twenty hours.

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.

In the Sheriff Court the other week, a case was brought forward by a lad Robertson, a sort of a surgeon and midwifery lecturer, against a brother practitioner. The case we could not gather from the proceedings in court, but we have applied to a correspondent, who is in the same learned profession, from whose information we extract the following:—

“Robertson pledged himself to administer 150 lectures on midwifery to a certain number of a class, amongst whom was the defender in the action referred to. I can avouch 90 lectures were never delivered; and the reason is not wholly unknown—the lecturer got groggy over night, and of course the blue devils had the ascendancy in the mornings over his lecturing propensity. This was one item of the court proceedings. Another was for professional attendance on the wife of the defender, for which and the class, the amount was laid at L 4 14s. Now as you ask me about the affair, let me inform you from my own knowledge, that the midwifery lecturer had a regular practice of attending his friend's house, not to deliver lectures, or administer advice, but he made his visits real cake or pudding ones—he would have called in the forenoon, taken breakfast, and the time glided away in emptying bumpers between his friend and the learned Mr Robertson, till dinner—the surgeon dined—took tea, and as much toddy after it as made him stumble reeling down stairs, and get home in a precarious state of rabid intoxication. This, Mr Shaver, I stick to as truth, for the circumstance detailed, I have once or twice had good reason to observe. I do not inquire what came of the learned apothecary's poor patients while he was guzzling so—it is no business of mine to pass any remarks on the shabbiness and greed of this paragon of midwifery and surgery—it is of no consequence to me whether he lectured next morning, or was incapable of it—all I have got to say is this, that, considering the intimacy which subsisted between his brother practitioner and himself; considering how often he has primed his appetites by meat and drink at his table; considering how he danced attendance at every occasion when he thought his friend's house afforded anything to his grovelling greed; I say, considering all this, and not even forgetting that, on one

occasion, the learned Surgeon Robertson condescended to use a certain utensil before his friend and his wife barefacedly; a good cheek he had to come forward and stick up his impudent jaw for “professional attendance,” and midwifery lectures, from the very party he had so often filled his belly, and whose board he had so often left in a state of morbid drunkenness. Professional attendance, forsooth, they would not be very particular who would court Surgeon Robertson's attendance, either professional or any other way; and I wish you to understand, in making use of this information, I give it in an unqualified manner—you can make what use of it you please; and if the worthy lecturer of midwifery venture to dispute a tittle of it, my name is open to him, and every satisfaction will be afforded him by me, which a “professional” booby can claim from a gentleman.”

We are certainly under obligations to our friend and correspondent for his gentlemanly tendering of the above information, and we thought we could not do better than make use of his statement *verbatim et literatim*. What a foolish figure the great midwifer of authority does cut in the above specimens of his gentlemanly deportment, liberality, and genteelity.

NOVELTY.—THE NAPOLEON STEAMER, *alias*, “THE GREAT WESTERN.”—Our newspaper conductors are a lot of the most careless devils we know of. If any mountebank, say Anderson, the magician, or Scott's pantheon, infest the town, nothing is wanted but an advertisement sent in to the several papers, and then commences each editor or reporter to puff off all the fulsome lies and blarney about them, which would disgrace a Billingsgate herring establishment. And here has an enterprising individual (Captain Ross, we believe) made a purchase of one of the most trim, little crafts ever afloat upon salt water—propelled by an entire new invention of an engine, and which skips through her native element like a water witch; and no notice, not even a three line paragraph has appeared to welcome her. And the Napoleon, besides, has been purchased and brought from Newcastle solely for the pleasure and enjoyment of our townsmen; yet the pimps of the Aberdeen press have not lifted a pen, nor devoted a corner to announce an additional comfort and recreation to the public.—We have always laboured to mark our respect for our readers in informing them of any new worthy amusement. We pulled up the mountebank Anderson, because, in our heart, believed him to be a humbug—yea, while all the public press echoed the same sing-song in his praise, we honestly denounced them and the object of their dirty laudations. We gave our verdict against a parcel of low fellows, whom Scott, an itinerant strolling magician, player, and market clown, infected our town with, while our neighbours roared and bellowed in his praise. Little, then, may the proprietor of any praise worthy object expect at the hands of such a batch of literary panderers; but in this instance Capt. Ross of the Napoleon may think himself gifted in having one honest advocate. In short, we intend to take the Napoleon under our especial protection—from the voice of calumny, we shall guard her as the apple of our eye—and with candour shall we state her merits. Encouragement she need not fear while she sails under our banners; and as we believe she is now on the stocks receiving decorations, &c., we promise our readers a regular two hours' treat by availing themselves a trip in her when ready. She

has been where never steam-boat was before—she has made herself acquainted with the old bridge of Dee, and shaken hands with the old fabric of Balgownie. Captain Ross, without flattery, (for we and all our sensible readers hate 'it) is a regular jovial, obliging, good-hearted tar—and our readers will only be enabled to appreciate the truth of our statement when they have made themselves familiar with the Captain, and his trim little water-fly, the Napoleon!

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

BAILLIE "BROTH-POTS" TO DR. SUDS.

Dear Doctor,—As I have no acquaintance with your honour, I hope this note will do for me what I have long wished for—introduce me to you. I consider it my duty as a magistrate, not only to possess myself of your acquaintance, but to say a few words in commendation of your glorious labours. The *Shaver* does more for the cause of morality, than the whole of the city clergy. They only teach the theory of moralism, while you teach the theory and practice, and reclaim sinners from their evil ways. I, myself, am a great moralist; for when any person is brought before me, and I discover that they are immoral, I take devilish good care to double their punishment.

Several reports have gone abroad, tending to bring me into contempt; but I hope you have still a good opinion of me, as these idle reports and nicknames are only the fruit of the tree of scandal. That Irish "pratee pot," the editor of the *Constitutional*, called me the "blanket" baillie. Why, if he had shewn such disrespect to a baillie about half a century or more, he would have been tossed in a blanket, tarred with soldier's broth, and feathered with the feathers of a goose! The latter commodity would become him excellently, as (according to the *Herald*) he was goose or sub-editor to the *Liverpool Mail*. There was a ridiculous noise raised about the Castle-hill "broth-pots"; for my part, I saw nothing to laugh at, in a stupid labouring man imagining that soldiers got tar for broth. Speaking of broth, my cook makes it first-rate; and if you will just step in some day about half-past three, you shall have a plateful, and a small bit of mutton or beef, as the case may be. But perhaps you will prefer to call upon me at night, so that we might have a snug chat over a tumbler of punch; if so, you can come any night after eight o'clock.

I am, Dear Doctor, yours,

P.S.—I am a devilish bad writer, for my ideas crowd so fast upon me, that I forget them before I can write them down. I saw in your last, a report of the proceedings at a dinner given by Mrs Provost Milne, upon the occasion of the elevating of her husband's cock, although a majority of the council was there, I was not. The fact is, I was not invited. I'll tell you the reason. I speak so much that the Provost can hardly get in his oar; so the Provostess is wroth with me.

July 15th, 1839.

Sir,—Glancing over the last *Shaver*, I find that you drubbed up a clothier in Broad Street very deservedly; but allow me to explain to you that, instead of him being what your cor-

respondent calls a "lang ill-looking tripe of a chiel," he is as smart and brisk and handsome too, as any of his line in Broad Street. But he has a worse fault, Sir, and that is by being led off by evil company. Even although a master clothier, he has not as much good sense as keep clear of Copper Black, and his lecherous gang. Often has he been seen by me, who am a lodger opposite the house you mentioned, reeling in with the filthy wine-merchant at all hours of the night and morning. Let me caution the gentleman of the soft profession, if he values his own character, and as a married man, the which we have seen small sign of late, to forsake the company of such a contemptible, filthy, low dispicable booby as the cork leg wine-bibber; and let him stick to his own home and his own wife—who we hear is an amiable woman—and not go on in his former abominable ways, and depend upon it, Mr Editor, I will be the last that will lift my pen or my tongue against him.

P.S.—I hear he was threatening to prosecute, God help him! it would take little trouble to prove all that has been advanced against him; I heard afterwards he had renounced is intention—it was a mercy for him—flattering myself it is a sign of repentance.

Yours, &c.

Decency.

Aberdeen, 26th July, 1839.

Dear Sir,

Allow me, through the aid of your valuable paper, to give my opinion of our Provost and Baillies. Provost Milne is a gentleman which no one can find fault with; he has discharged the duties of his office with honour to himself and credit to the city. He has been on the Council for many years, and never did I hear his name spoken of but with respect. I wish the old gentlemen many happy days.

Baillie Blaikie, although a tradesman, has conducted himself with propriety, and I hope to see him fill the same chair whom his brother filled for some time before him.

Baillie Simpson—a good honest gentleman; has maintain a good character for many years, and has not disgraced the bench.

Baillie Forbes I much respect for his honest integrity, although he has some wild notions, yet if he err, I believe, it is an error in judgment.

Baillie Urquhart, a man with the best of intentions, yet I think the people missed their mark when they made him a Baillie.

Mortlach.—The story of a fellow Campbell, lodging in Collie's Inn, Dufftown, repairing to the wood of Tininver, with Grant, the tailor's wife, will appear next month; as also the affair of Farmer Cocker, Parkbeg, with his servant girl at the peat casting on the hill of Glenmarkie.

We advise a certain spirit-dealer in the Village of Mortlach, to be a little more circumspect in his behaviour, and not admit young ladies at unseemly hours into his back gin shop; and recollect, Mr Innes, if you don't profit by this hint, he shall hear from us next month.

We have received the following letter from Cork Barracks, which we give verbatim:—

Cork Barracks, 12th July, 1839.

Gentlemen,—You will contradict the statement contained in the last number of that abominable publication of which you are the printers, (and of which, when I was in Aberdeen, John Grant was the editor) regarding me, for remember if you do not take this warning, and declare it as false, I shall immediately enter law against you.

You will also bear in mind that I am a British soldier, and will not be trampled upon by such as you; and besides such insinuations tend greatly to lower me in the eyes of my friends and the public in general.

I am, Sirs, yours.

A. AYRE, Lieutenant 74th Foot.

We care not for Ayre's blusters about his entering law process against us. We know more of his tricks than he is aware of, and we are ready to prove all we have said about him.

THE POLICE COURT AND THE EXPENSES.

That most unjust and rascally imposture and bugbear—the expenses in Police Court cases, has been and is continued after the remonstrances of ourselves and the other honest advocates of justice. Why, in the name of everything upright and fair, should such a sheep's head as John Cadenhead, the Junior Fiscal, be allowed to pocket a crown from a one shilling fine, and that even exacted frequently under great exculpatory evidence. We do not question the decisions of magistrates—in most cases they are willing to judge honestly; but to have a crabbed, cankered object like John Cadenhead, seated to interrogate and bamboozle the panels or their witnesses, and endeavour to force a conviction in the most trivial, petty cases, is past endurance. We can tell John Cadenhead, that the public hold him and his Fiscalship in due abhorrence, and he even seems to know it—the man cannot control his temper more than his greed for expenses. And when the sitting Bailie's conscience, after he has imposed a fine of one shilling on some poor unfortunate victim of drunkenness, revolts at the infamous charge of eleven shillings expenses on such a case, and asks the clerk the purpose of such exorbitant extortion; the clerk refers to John Cadenhead, and John Cadenhead refers it back to the clerk, until it is settled that the poor devil of a panel must either come up with the cash, or, as Bailie Forbes dignifiedly expresses himself on the bench, “see the inside of Bridewell.” In short, the Police Court, and its proceedings, together with that horrible imposition, nicknamed “expenses,” is an Augean stable of corruption and injustice; and if a sturdy broom, and a fine renovator do not do something shortly to cleanse us of such a nuisance, it will resolve itself soon into a mire much more filthy and polluted than in the most corrupt days of Tory dominancy. Why, in the brilliant enlightenment of the new sun of Reform, has not the light shown its glorious rays in our minor courts; and why is every thing, and every institution for justice to the poor man left in a state of moral degradation and infamous extortion. Every one who has to pay expenses should demand their purpose, and let the infamy rest on the heads of the greedy and overpaid recipients.

DR. CHALMERS—HIS VISIT, RECEPTION, AND DEPARTURE.

The great and pious champion of the Scotch Kirk, was announced in Aberdeen some weeks previous to his arrival—His intended visit produced a powerful sensation amongst all classes, who figured out the doctor as something extraordinary, transcendent, and angelic; at last the real flesh and blood Doctor appeared, and as was to be expected, the parties who had bolstered up a hydra of a religious bravo, were sadly undeceived. They opened their eyes, and beheld, instead of the object of their creation, a little, waddling body, with a white head, a carnivorous looking countenance, and a shocking gate. They opened their ears, and they heard the earth-born sounds of a diminutive mannie, gabbling broad Scotch, and going through a lot of stuff about Church extension, which people had heard echoed a thousand times before; and, in fact, as we overheard the Rev. Mr. Angus in leaving the East Church, while the Doctor was holding forth, express himself, was “the old song over again.” We are Churchmen, and however the Kirk folks may sneer, they may be proud of the connexion; for we have stuck up for their interest when we thought their cause was just, through thick and thin,—aye and with better effect too, than their more favored organs.—Yet for all that, we would caution our brethern, lay and clerical of the Kirk, to shake themselves clear of Dr. Chalmers—the Doctor is carrying the joke too far. Besides being totally inadequate as an orator to fulfil the expectations of the several communities which he visits on his begging excursions, he is stark, staring, yea even outrageous mad about Church Extension; and he is depend upon it, in his frantic, hot-headed jaunts, leading the Kirk folks a dance, which some of them will have to pay the piper for at no very remote period. In Aberdeen he boasted of his collections—let him not be vain-glorious—it may be all very good to have Churches erected for the poor destitute highlanders, and in some country parishes, but all the Doctor's logic won't free the empty pews of the North and other Churches—till which consummation, it is water spilt upon the ground never to be gathered up again, to attempt to procure the erection of new churches in towns where one half of the present established ones are barely filled, and pews in several where the public may have accommodation for themselves and their walking sticks, and ladies with their lap-dogs. Droll indeed is it for Dr. Chalmers to set up a cheek of parchment for more churches, considering the empty state of many of those connected with the establishment. The plain truth is, the Doctor and his Church Extension abettors have committed murder—self-murder—they have strangled it by endeavouring to strengthen it. As how?—Why, they should have confined their application to Government to the really *known* religious destitution in the highlands and lowlands. We do not wish to fall out with our brother churchmen—all we wish is to record our disapprobation of the manner in which Dr. Chalmers has abused his station as a great pillar of the Church of Scotland; and to lay open our prophecy, that, as assuredly as eggs are eggs, the glorious idol of the biggotted Scotch Churchmen has led them into a mire, from which it will take them a little trouble to get extricated.

Sad Catastrophe.—Narrow Escape.—We understand that a few thoughtless young men undertook a voyage in a boat up the river Dee, on an evening lately, and, in returning, retired to the toll-house at Craglug, from which they removed in a state of intoxication to enter their boat. No sooner was the vessel afloat than she stuck in a quicksand in the centre of the river,—boat half upset, and passengers very drunk. The parties, however, jumped into the water—some to one side—some to another, and kept pushing aft and starboard, imagining to relieve their conveyance. Their exertions, however, prove of no avail, and the boat was as firm a fixture as the Craglug bridge. Each party then commenced plodding amongst the water endeavouring to reach terra firma, with the exception of two delicate young men, whom the others pledged themselves to escort over dry shod on their shoulders. Every one got on shore, only a catastrophe occurred which, however, we are happy to say, ended very harmlessly. A gentleman whose *caput* was ornamented by a profusion of red heather, was the bearer of one of the delicate young men—a stout able bodied fellow volunteered to land the other. Mounted they were, each on his own biped, and off they set—but lo!—just on leaving the boat, down tumbled the burden, and the bearer leaving the poor little victim puddling in the watery element. The little chap, however, was a chap of good pluck, neither turning to the right nor the left till he reached the shore in safety, leaving his deceiving pilot astride in the water. No sooner was the other delicate young gentleman astride on the corporation of his guide, and approaching the side, than down he plunged into a deep puddle and was soaked most sacriliciously. We cannot pass over this watery scene without giving great credit for valour and courage to a strange gentleman, who, we believe, stuck his trade in his country, to embark for a foreign land. This gentleman enacted more wonders than a man—he stripped and set off to the toll-house for a boat to land his suffering fellow-passengers. We take all the rest in slump,—the clothier's traveller in Union Street, was the one delicate gentleman, and the other was the writer hereof. Both, considering every thing, must be sympathised with,—so we drop them. A porter dealer made some fun, and swilled his a—e to his heart's contentment, by trudging up and down the river, neither wishing nor endeavouring to get to one side or another. A foolish lad Joss got himself also well ducked, and he was cheap of it, for as far as we can learn his blood had much need of a cooler—how every body did laugh to see his distress; we, of course, could not enjoy such a scene, having a careful respect for the lives and properties of our fellow-creatures. To sum up all, a little round faced laughing gentleman tumbled about in the water, but he got out, and he thanked God and his own exertions for getting once more on his native soil. The captain, too, was a prominent actor in this water row; but, as he made all the exertions possible to pilot his passengers in safety, we shall say no more of him than that he got as 'piper bitch fou' as there was any use for, and he laughs at the fun, and the ducking, and the drinking, and the getting home, even until this day.

It is but fair to mention, that the sailing master, Campbell, had the honour to escort the strange gentleman to his lodgings in the Guestrow; albeit, it was the bblind leading the blind.

Let it never be blotted out in the remembrance of those

who are given to antiquarianism in centuries to come, the eventful night, and the providential escape of the Craglug water-kelpies.

EDITORIAL IMPERTINENCE.—We were overwhelmed with shame and astonishment at our contemporary of the *Constitutional* last week; speaking of the inconvenience of the public offices in town, and the propriety of memorializing the government in order that they be removed to some more central situation, he launches out in praises of the fitness of Messrs Philip & Taylor's establishment, and hints that these premises ought to be taken for the accommodation of the public offices. We presume he meant that P. & T. were to be ejected. Now is not this a gross piece of insolence; Philip & Taylor—men who are respected by every body, to be literally kicked out of premises they have occupied for some twenty years, and at the instance of the Paddy Editor of the *Constitutional*. It is good for Messrs P. and T. that the recognised has exceedingly little influence. Were it otherwise, it were worse for many a useful citizen.

By the bye, speaking of public offices, we think that the Athenæum building would do well for the purpose, or the stance at the foot of Broad Street.

COUNTRY CUTS.

INVERNESS.

A certain carity headed chap, who cuts no small figure among the dram retailers of Inverness, has been for a considerable time back, in the habit of enticing some young girls to walk with him upon Sunday evenings when they should be in church—now as this is a heinous crime, and what divines would call sacrilege, we intend to let him know, by a mere hint at first, that we are not entirely ignorant of the matter.—Upon a Sabbath evening lately, he prevailed upon a young girl to *Grant* her consent to walk with him. They proceeded in the direction of the canal, and while, as the immortal Burns expressed it,—

“The souter told his queerest stories,”

and lectured to his fair companion upon the wonders of nature; time insensibly wore away, and they continued their walk until it became quite dark. As we only intended to give him a mere hint, we shall not mention the particulars at present, but leave it to himself to consider them attentively, and repent. But, by the mysteries of our art, if he does not shew immediate signs of reformation, and if, whatever he does in the way of the publican, he dares to play the sinner so publicly again, we will take him, and, by the power of our never-failing steel, give him such a shave as will clear him of every hair growing upon his silly body, not even excepting his bonny whiskers.

A certain clerk in the employment of the great *Jamie Daviason*, has been of late cutting a splendid figure with a few servant girls—one in particular who was recently in the service of Mr Law the jeweller. We are intimate with the whole of his proceedings with this nymph, and will not fail to make them public. We should suppose from the high standing which Jamie Davidson himself holds in society, that he would

endeavour to put a stop to the stupid conduct of his silly clerk. If he does not think proper to do so, we shall ourselves cure this fellow of his lecherous inclinations.

We have received many communications respecting Angus M'Bean, in High Street, better known by the appellation of the *spouting merchant*, as to the manner in which he has hitherto behaved at a debating club recently established in Inverness. We may mention that the two fellows who generally support any motion which the spouting merchant brings forward,—are Sandy Dallas of the castle, and Hugh Cameron, both of celebrated notoriety. We find that Mrs Kennedy was obliged to remove her shop from Lochgorm on account of these dirty fellows. Dallas and Cameron, we hope will be *Cumming* to see us some of these odd days.

Since the above was in type, we find that Mrs Kennedy is, at present, in Aberdeen, so that our friends Dallas, Cameron, and M'Bean, will not have much difficulty in getting a *job*.

MUIR OF RHYNIE.—We have heard it asserted over and over again that no place of its size can cope with Rhynie for romping, mad-headed queans—and we now have a demonstration of the fact. On a night lately, the servant girls of the manse, (just think of the additional iniquity, the manse) headed by the parson's own daughters, resolved to have some sport, and a neighbouring unoccupied smiddy was hit upon as the scene of their rant. It was proposed that the manse china set should be put in requisition, and a regular tea fuddle was threatened. Off accordingly the whole party set for brookie's kitchen, china, sugar, tea bread, and all, about ten o'clock at night; and they had enjoyed themselves unmolested for, at least, a couple of hours, when the affair got wind, and several chaps of the village repaired to the scene of the tea blow-out. As they approached, the alarm was raised of the appearance of the enemy, and the maidens commenced huddling the tea service out of view, intending to make a general bolt the nearest way. The lads, however, were not to be foiled, and entered the tea synagogue, amidst the cracking of the dishes, the screaming of the tea-nymphs, and a general hubbub, such as was never in smiddy before—not a very quiet retreat in common. Matters were, however, soon made up, and it as yet remains a paradox whether or not the manse virgins may not bring forth living witnesses, in testimony of the smiddy tea-party in a legitimate time. The worthy parson has often, no doubt, inculcated the scriptural maxim, "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days." Let us see whether or not, in nine months hence, the bread cast upon the hillock sides and corn fields may not have to be gathered up as witnesses of the iniquity of this eventful night.

AUCHINTOUL.—He must be surely a stupid fellow Knox, the clerk at Auchintoul, else why would he have weighed a lot of scabbed wool in the meal house, and in the very machine used for weighing the meal. The clerk, however, was as knowing as to lock a servant into the meal house, to get the rubbish of the scabbed wool cleaned out before the laird knew of it. Although the laird, perhaps, don't know the circumstance, we have got word of it; and if this sheep's head of a clerk do not behave himself in a more decent way, the people of Auchintoul will not only consider him a bigger fool than they have hitherto done, but the poor fellow may soon find himself outshipped, which would be a great pity, considering that the poor lad would find no other means of subsistence amongst any who knew of his scabbed wool job.

NEWCASTLE.—We believe we have never before extended our razor to Newcastle—iniquity, as in most other places, where there is counteraction, has flourished there speciously. Better late than never, however, and we promise our steady attention to this Border colony in future. On our table lies a multiplicity of Newcastle matter, but this month we are only enabled to devote a corner to warn certain brokers, who reside in a lump in a certain terrace, of our intention to deal with them in an unpleasant way, if they do not pay fewer visits to the ale-house, known by the name of Elsinore, after business hours. We have heard that some of these worthies have a regular practice of frequenting the Elsinore, and remaining there till they get "blin' fu," as we say on this side the border. This hint is given in the meantime; next month we shall make it our purpose to cultivate our correspondent in Newcastle in his praiseworthy motives in forwarding the moral regeneration of his fellow townsmen. Therefore, the ungodly of Newcastle may set themselves down as victims—amongst the first of which we class the coal-brokers. These parties do not know what havoc we have made in the camps of the unrighteous in Aberdeen—we shall teach them as we have our own townsmen, that it is better for them to be door-keepers in the synagogues of the godly, than wallow in the sensual enjoyments provided for them by the hostess of the Elsinore.

Portois, a running fitter, or out clerk of Losh, Wilson, and Bell, will as well pay fewer visits to Liverpool Street, else we shall have to take him over the coals in a way which may be not so pleasant to him. His frequent fuddling with the skip-pers in tipling shops, on the quay, will better be shortened, otherwise a doze of our lather will be the consequence. Let him take the hint,—we shall do him every sort of justice.

OLD ABERDEEN SABBATH BREAKING.—We caution the Old Aberdeen Brewery Company not to allow their people to follow after their work on Sundays, else we shall protest against drinking their liquor. For some Sundays past we have taken a walk the length of the Auld Town in the forenoons, and have invariably seen the people about the Brewery, either carrying water, or lounging idly about as if waiting for the proper time to begin their work. If the clergy wish to prohibit public business (such as the post-office) from going forward on this day, we think they ought to pay some attention to private people and companies.

We would advise two giddy-headed young girls from Fraserburgh, now or lately residing in a lodging house, less than fifty miles from the Gallowgate, to behave themselves with a little more decency and not annoy their neighbours with such unbecoming language as they have of late been practising: they may rest assured that the grave dames in that neighbourhood will not allow such impertinent ogling; and if such conduct, as is unbecoming of the fair sex, is not discontinued, we shall take the liberty of exercising our newly invented instrument on them, and some more of their connections.

A PUPPY.—It is wonderful how so many people court notoriety, and how ingenious some are in their choice of the means to attain to it. We have long had an eye toward one of the North of Scotland Bank clerks, a long ill-put-together chield, with an effeminate phizlog; he appears to pinch his stomach in order to get such toggery as will be likely to make people look at him. We envy not his silly vanity, but merely to hint, that, from this date, we shall endeavour to prevent his absurd

pranks by exposing them monthly; meantime, he must doff the broad brimmed hat, and the very leetle coat, as also the very thick stick.

No observer has as yet been taken of our remarks, in last number, of the house of Chalmers' in St. Nicholas Street, occupied by Miss Christian Mackay, alias Douglas, as a brothel. We have ocular demonstration of her keep master, and we have only to state to him, in a friendly way—(as our practice is to warn before we punish)—that if he do not give up his visits to that said woman, or at least take her and her establishment out of a decent neighbourhood, we shall condescend further on his own character, and that of the base reprobate whom he thus shelters under his wing. He must surely be a fool, (but there is no fool like an old one) if he considers that he is the sole possessor of what common people like ourselves call the charms (God wot, such charms as she has!) of Kirsty Mackay, or is the only frequenter of her St. Nicholas Street seraglio.

Stolen or strayed on a night in the beginning of last month, James Ellis, labourer, then employed at the Infirmary, Aberdeen. Whoever shall give information of him at the Shaver office, or at his late lodging house, Beattie's Court, Gallowgate, which he left in a dirty low manner, will be handsomely rewarded.

We will be obliged to resort to harsh measures with a lot of women and girls, who eternally lounge about the doors, 1, 4, and 7, Wellington Street, Footdee, if they do not adopt this hint, and leave off so filthy and unbecoming a practice. It is truly a hard matter that quiet people can't pass said doors without being annoyed by the impertinent ogling of a few lazy gossiping women.

If Mrs Whitecross, sick nurse, who lives in Shoe Lane, have no better service to render to families who employ her than her Cornhill affair, we would advise her to stop at home.

Our friend and customer, the lang, light-headed, feather-brained druggist, at the top of Broad Street, is still, we observe, going on in his foppish, dancing-master fits. This, however, is quite harmless amusement; but we caution him seriously against collecting lots of lazy "burly burghers" around his door, and gaping after, and making strictures on every passenger worthy of their dignified notice. It is disgusting to observe "our Johnny," as his mother affectionately dubs her overgrown laddie, along with the jeweller's son inspecting every girl while passing, and loudly remarking on her qualifications. Let this childish and abominable practice be discontinued, else we shall control their tongues by other measures.

MOST GLARING IMPOSITION.—To get on in the world by hook or crook, fair means or foul means, seems to be the principal object of the Rev Hugh Kite. We think we are justified in making this remark from the following circumstance. On looking over the Aberdeen Directory, 1839-40, we find this announcement, "J. & E. Hart, Surgeons and Apothecaries, 22, Castle Street, h. 70, Dee Street." In the name of all that's wonderful when did they assume these mock honours—Joshua and Ebenezer Hart, Surgeons and Apothecaries! honourably distinguished, in an honourable way. The proverb says, "Like father, like son," and they have adhered to it by pawning themselves upon the public as curers of bodies,

surgeons, and apothecaries, in the same manner as their father did, as a curer of souls, a Reverend, a V.D.M., or as one of his members interprets it, a "veteran drummer in the militia" a more appropriate title for him than "minister of the word of God." The endeavour-to-gull system seems to be a hereditary disease in the family. We have no design to daunt or discourage these promising young men from their vocation, for we daresay about the quarter of the town where they are, there is many wanting both the surgeon and the divine; but we hate to be imposed upon—we will not, we shall not. Does Joshua ever for a moment suppose that he will pass off in Aberdeen for a surgeon, when every body knows that he was expelled his class for bad conduct, before the half of his studies were finished; or that he will ever pass off for an apothecary, for his few months being under Alexander of the Aberdeen Dispensary! Ah! Surgeon Joshua we know thee well. But what astonishes us most is "Ebenezer Hart, Surgeon and Apothecary." What! the boy who goes about with the sergeant to baptisms, weddings, &c. to take home some "Finnan haddies," and "Buchan cheese," to Mrs Hart.—Impossible! It is a blessing to the inhabitants of Aberdeen that two such skilful surgeons have come among them.

FORT AGUSTUS.—A respectable engineer connected with our own civilised part of the country, who some time ago emigrated to Fort Augustus, wishes us to take into our most serious consideration, the piteous case of Mr Sandy Fraser, superintendent of Highland Locks and Padlocks. He says that owing to the want of barbers in that place, shaving has gone quite out of fashion. Sandy's beard is as long as Aaron's.—But what alarms him most is Sandy's love for women and whisky; he says that in his drunken fits he is in the habit of going up the canal side to make nocturnal visits on Jenny.—Unless he shews immediate signs of returning wisdom, he will require to get a lodging in Bedlam, the only place fit for these sort of customers.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

What are our friends at Dundee about? Have we so effectually administered prescriptions to the ungodly in the south, that the physicians is not again required, or is it the apathy of our correspondents we have to blame; we wish to know much in what state the morals of the Dundee folks at present are; we are much inclined to think they are not in a very healthy condition.

On account of an immense push for room, we must lay aside for a month the exposures of Miss Jane Ross, the female apholsterer. We shall resume the subject, however, in our next, and lay open some queer things which may force a blush, which, if all stories be true, is scarcely possible, from the modest cheek of Miss R. Has she forgotten Henry Fenellit, and his adventures with her? besides the lad Morrice, the lawyer, and several others well worth knowing?

Two chaps with Pratt and Keith will better have an eye after their conduct—some of their recent tricks we shall disclose, if no reformation commences.

The Britannia Tavern article, which treats upon the conduct of a fellow Duff, and a printer in the *Journal* office, will appear in our next.

R. & W. EDWARD, PRINTERS, 5, FLOURMILL-BRAE, ABERDEEN.