

# ABERDEEN NEW SHAVER.

No. XV.

SEPTEMBER, 1839.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

## JESS SINCLAIR'S DEAD.

Died, at her own house, on the 28d August, without the benefit of clergy, JANET SINCLAIR, long known by the ungodly of Aberdeen as the notorious Jess Sinclair. We can say of her departure from this world, what we could not say of her while she lived, moved, and had her being in it—"her latter end was peace."

### ELEGY.

Ye Aberdonians one and all,  
Hang down your heads in sorrow,  
The brightest lass in a' your town,  
Will buried be to-morrow  
Jess Sinclair's dead.

Young men and old oft called on her,  
When nights were getting dark;  
She would oblige a chimney sweep,  
As soon's a lang town clerk.  
Right kind was Jess.

She took it sair to heart, I'm told,  
When Duncan left his shop;  
She always said he was the man  
That sold a right good drop  
Of Usquebae.

She always found him very kind,  
When her folks got a drappie;  
They always liked to call on him,  
And not on Mr Mackie,  
His neighbour near.

Not that they did despise his goods,  
But it was quite alarming;  
For every gill he sold to them,  
He also gave a sermon,  
In his own way.

But Jess herself said Mackie was  
A very honest trader;  
And would oblige them night and day,  
Although a staunch seceder,  
And almost blind.

But she is gone, alas! alas!  
Now who will fill her place;  
Or who will have the look of her,  
In body or in face.  
Alas! poor Jess.

Oh, what will Angus Strip say now,  
As also Jensie Crone;  
Yea, even some Reverend coats will mourn,  
For Jess that's dead and gone,  
Waes me for Jess.

You, Duncan, skilled in masonry,  
So as to lay the devil,  
To let poor Jess slip off so soon,  
In faith it was not civil,  
You've murdered Jess.

Why she, and her seraglio,  
Made you both skin and bone;  
And put the pennies in your pouch,  
And made you a good Sir JOHN  
DUNCAN, I say.

Why we have lost a good old friend,  
Duncan we don't thee thank,  
If you could not save her yoursell,  
You should have got Cruickshank,  
Our brother tin.

He would have brought her to hersell,  
He's as quick as any weazle;  
For Alexander and himsell,  
Once eat an old bull's p-zzle,  
The Souter great.

Who now will take her knocking shop,  
Pray, Duncan, can you tell?  
For Miller's dead, and Jess is gone,  
Why man take it yoursell,  
And make mair cash.

Or if you don't, do let it out  
To your fat friend Jean Matthews;  
Whene'er we in her courts appear,  
The Devil sure he hath us,  
In his safe grip.

Yet she will well conduct the same,  
And sell the other drappie;  
And when she does get drunk hersell,  
She'll trust to country Eppie,  
A servant true.

Now Johnny Masson he declares—  
The man that sells sma' ale—  
That Eppie is a sterling lass,  
And sound from head to tail,  
She is quite pure.

With sorrow let each heart be fill;  
Let crape adorn each head;  
Let young and old now mourn wi' me,—  
The loss o' Jess that's dead,  
Foul fa' the death.

And let a monument be raised,—  
And be it raised with speed;—  
Subscriptions Duncan will receive,  
In honour of the dead—  
Then farewell Jess.



## POLICE COURT.

*Pulling-up of Publicans for Sunday Morning Tippling.*

For some weeks past, a continual bringing-up of publicans has taken place before the Police Court, Baillie Forbes sitting in some cases, Baillie Urquhart in others. It was droll to see some of the accused—how exceedingly blue some of them looked when they appeared in the panel-box, and how queer they scrambled in their pockets when they were convicted. The "Green quarter," as they say in summoning out special constables, seems to be a real haunt for the bulkies—not a conviction or a charge occurs, but we have some sinner from the Green. We have had more than half a dozen spirit-dealers from the Green quarter all in rotation. All round the town, and out of the royalty even, they (the town-sergeants) are giving proofs of their "indefatigable" zeal for the "public interest," their own, and John Cadenhead's the fiscal. We really don't see why the word of a town-sergeant should be taken before that of an honest publican and tax-payer; and it is an outrage on common decency to allow Charles Dawson, however good a thief-catcher he may be, to stand up with a memorandum in his hand, and mete out justice to the lieges on one side the bar, and James Horne pricked up on the other with a similar indictment, determining the issue of the information—themselves, at the best, only acting, in strict justice, as simple witnesses. We find no fault with the baillies, however, nor with their servants, the town-sergeants; but we think, in concluding, we cannot do better than hint that, if Mr Mollison is pulled up for so puny an affair as he appeared for—to wit, kicking three men down stairs, before the town-sergeants, who came to his house to have drink on a Sunday forenoon,—surely the Lemon Tree folks, and Isaac Machray, and the rest of the aristocratic publicans should be as strictly looked after. We do not like to see fish made of one, and flesh of another; if such strict regulations are to be enforced, let us see every one get fair *hotter*. Was there not, on a recent Sunday morning about one, some of the red-coated informers going the whole hog in Mrs Ronald's? It would have been droll enough for the patrol of the night to have "outridden the constable" in such a place, and laid information to that effect. Would Mrs Ronald's license have been threatened? We wot not.

*Wanton Mischief in a Cockney Fop.*—Opposite the shop of John Duncan, the tobacco man, in Union Buildings, a poor young child was singing for a street pittance from the passers by, on a day lately, say about a fortnight since. A contemptible fop, who was indulging himself in Duncan's shop at the time, hit upon a scheme very worthy of himself and the shop-keeper. He set about heating a halfpenny, and when sufficiently hot, the wicked mean rascal considered it a fine joke to place it in the poor child's hand as alms. The consequence, of course, was that the poor thing was severely burnt; and the case being put in the view of authorities, John Dodds was brought up, charged with wanton mischief, before the baillie. It is useless to enter into the particulars—the magistrate very praiseworthily fined the conceited Cockney vagabond in L.2 2s., with 10s. expenses. John Duncan was brought up as witness; and, after hearing his evidence, the Fiscal, as well as Baillie Urquhart, agreed in regretting that they had not included him in the complaint along with Dodds. Now was

it not a most impudent and disgraceful trick to injure a poor orphan—and made too by a pretended gentleman? A gentleman, forsooth! No punishment could be too severe—no degradation too low, for the empty, mean, monkey of a contemptible creature. Dodds—John Dodds—really we cannot conceive why he was not sent to imprisonment, knowing that a paltry fine was no punishment on such a fellow. And Duncan, too, was as bad—his own evidence convicted him—At the conduct of such a thing as Dodds, we are not much astonished; but at Duncan's, we are surprised. We had really a higher opinion of our snuff-merchant than to conceive him capable of winking at, or aiding or abetting such a disgraceful trick. We mark Dodds—let him not show his face in Aberdeen again. It is out of our power, we daresay, to shame the creature, but we will put his impudence to a trial. Henceforward let our friend Duncan keep him at a distance; there are too many monkey-fops lounging about his door and shop, and we take this opportunity of giving him the hint. Let them dress as they will—smoke cigars and amuse themselves as they list, but let not the observations of the decent unobtrusive citizens be outraged by beholding the poor creatures playing their "fantastic tricks" to such an extent as heretofore. The brats are brainless, and perhaps harmless enough too, but a few of them lounge about Duncan's, and other places, to the disgust of every body passing the receptacles where they are encouraged. Let Duncan send them to the right-about for his part, for really one don't like to go into a shop for the purchase of any thing, with a few monkey-faced "catter-wallops" of creatures gaping over him. To many else this hint would be applicable enough.

## CHARTIST MOBS.

Last month the Chartist gatherings have been as plentiful as blackberries. We have had Carden's-howe mobs; Links mobs; Inches mobs; Denburn mobs; and mobs in every corner. The "sacred month" of cessation from labour has all gone to pot, but the Aberdeen demagogues are attempting to make up for it by increased demonstrations of Chartist foolery. At every meeting they make Lord John Russell their stock in trade, bedaubing the pigmy Home-secretary with all sort of foul mouthed epithets. A man, M'Donald, with a white jacket, is the most ferocious fellow of the whole clique—at the Inches meeting, he held up both his hands, and, with stentorian lungs, denounced the church extension schemers as "wishing to cement their additional kirks with *human blood*—the blood and the marrow of the starved millions!" What gross, abominable trash!—how beautifully fitted is such a mad-headed fanatic for swaying the destinies of an empire!—God keep us from all such fiery-branded demagogues, Mr. M'Donald, however, in concluding, gave an anecdote, which we cannot pass over as it so delightfully illustrates the character of the redoubtable faction to which he has the honour to belong. Here it is,—A private family in England, we think he said the family of a poor law guardian, were alarmed one night by an unusual noise; and they set it down as proceeding from the ferocious Chartists; every member of the household took to arms, and stationed themselves at the back of the door, fearing an invasion. Morning dawned, however; and what was set down as the blood-thirsty Chartists, turned out to be a donkey and a calf amusing themselves about the Guar-



dian's door! O, how we thank thee, Mr M'Donald!—Donkies and calves—Chartists to a T! Here is the grand similitude which hundreds have been labouring and scratching their brains to find out—here it is at last—and from the mouth of a high-blooded Chartist himself. Nobody could compare the start-up faction to anything half so applicable—no wonder that the poor man and his family had been put to their wits' end to discover the difference between the biped Chartists, and the four-legged donkey and the calf! It was only when morning came, and the astonished family discovered the outward appearance of the animals, that they saw their mistake—they could not distinguish the difference between the Chartists and their two representatives by their *braying*!

The gathering at Carden's-howe was a failure—a few grown up people, with a host of children, who their mothers had brought to see the fun, made up the assemblage, and the old sing song was roared by a shoemaker man, Duncan, and the honourable the delegate, Strachan. He is a horrible dirty looking creature this Strachan—could he follow the example of Pontius Pilate, and hold up his hands, at any meeting, or his face either, and say he is clean? No, verily. And we are told, besides, the man has a regular muck-hole of a house, with poor starving children and a helpless wife, and here we have him throwing his awl and his last at his heels, and going out on the by-ways and highways, and roaring for the People's Charter. Would it not be more seeming if he would first endeavour to *mend* the condition of his family by *mending* shoes at home, rather than spending his *awl* by *patching* up such a rickety hot-brained cause as that of the Chartists? Yea, verily.

The Denburn meeting we did not attend; and we lost nothing—the mad Souter Duncan harangued the few assembled, along with the man with the white jacket, (M'Donald.) They kept showering their ten-times repeated nonsense in the ears of the crowd until the meeting grew “small by degrees, and beautifully less.” The stupid men are going the whole hog. God grant that they may soon be brought to a better mind.—With this prayer we leave them and their agitation forever.

To the Honourable the Provost, Magistrates, and Town Council of Aberdeen, in Council assembled, the Petition of the undersigned Accommodation Housekeepers in Aberdeen,

Humbly Sheweth,

That your petitioners have long contributed to the comfort and convenience of the lieges, and even to some connected with your honourable bench, and are therefore entitled to a respectful hearing.

That, while your petitioners assert their equal duty with the rest of your fellow-townsmen to obey the law, and the “powers that be,” they consider themselves equally entitled to the redress of their grievances.

That, with respect to the fama which has heretofore infamously gone abroad in reference to the character of their vocations, your petitioners would wish your honours to bear in mind, that prejudice and envy have beset many great and good men and women too—as for example the late dastardly attempt to sully the character of the respected, pious, and reverend lad, Baillie Whyte's son, the minister of Methlic; and the late Queen Caroline.

That, for these, and sundry other reasons, your petitioners would humbly beseech your honours to grant unto them a free and undisputed right for the carrying on their ancient vocation, with the benefit of a license for retailing, and disposing of otherwise, all exciseable liquors.

Satisfied that your honours will hearken to the just demands of so useful portion of your constituents as are your petitioners, the which can be attested by certain of yourselves, and sworn, too, by many of your principal servants, as well as by many of your liege subjects in the city and environs, we hope

It may therefore please your honours to grant unto us, your quiet, peaceable, and loyal subjects, more of the premises than we can ask or think. And your petitioners shall ever pray.

(Signed) Mrs. JOHN ELMSLIE.  
Mrs. MARGARET M'IVOR,  
ANN BEVERLEY  
MARY FINNIE.  
Mrs. M'KENZIE, who was fined  
the other day for selling drink.

And all the rest of the *respectable* in our line, but who depone they cannot write.

My Dear Sir,—I suppose it will scarcely be believed by those who were not previously aware of it, that a fellow of the name of In—s, (who was lately a shoemaker, then a packer to Souter the druggist in town, and now a dandy clerk) not an hundred miles from Broadford manufactory, is in the habit of regularly attending at J. E's, Guestrow. This fellow makes a profession of true holiness, and one in his company would believe him to be a rigid saint; but I do assure you he is only a whited sepulchre. Such behaviour is ridiculous!—Fye upon such sanctity!—Shame upon such unprincipled conduct!

Your inserting the above in your valuable production may prove a special blessing to the party concerned, as well as a favor to his friend.

A Lover of Consistency.

Venerable Sir,—Even since your commencement, I have looked with an anxious eye from our “guid town, Auld Reekie,” for some strictures on the conduct of a few in my neighbourhood. I am sorry to say, however, that I have been as often disappointed. I am not aware on what condition articles from a distance are received or inserted. Do you exact payment for such communications, or in what way could they be sent so as to insure insertion? I should feel extremely obliged by you informing me, as well as many more, by answering the above.

A Southron Shaver.

Edinburgh, Aug. 12, 1839.

Nothing will afford us greater pleasure than cultivating the correspondence of our “Southron” brother. We allow nothing to be charged for the insertion of any communication, at home or from a distance, only letters exceeding a penny postage must be paid. Edinburgh is a place where our moral strop ought to be exercised unmercifully; and therefore our friend and correspondent is particularly invited to lend his able assistance.—Ed.



**A DIRTY JOB**—This case came into the Sheriff Small Debt Court, on Thursday the 23d August. A publican in the Upperkirkgate, having ordered five gallons of whisky from Mr. Webster, spirit-dealer, in the Guestrow, who sent his servant with five gallons of water to his customer,—she having paid him a balance of a former account at the same time; and then proceeded to empty the vessel into her stock cask, but was surprised at its colour; and on inspection found it to be, not only water, but *dirty* water, which spoiled the whole of her stock. She immediately called on Mr Webster, and that gentleman treated her with incivility, ordering her out of his premises. Upon which she brought the case into court. But the defender dreading such an exposure of his conduct, offered the following compromise,—He paying all the spoiled whisky in her stock cask, with the expenses which she had incurred, cleaning the cask at the door, and making an apology. We are certainly at a loss to account for Webster's motives for such a mean transaction.

### PUFFING OUTVYING PUFFING.

We have been very much delighted since our last, with a splendid specimen of modern literature in the shape of an advertisement, from the pen of William Mackie, Watch and Clockmaker, 51, Upperkirkgate, or from some of his cronies.

How he has contrived to get it inserted in the public prints, we will not determine; but this we say, and we will lay a bet of half an impression of Shavers to a bottle of common Scotch, that he never was, nor never will be able, (meagre as it is, God knows) to write such an advertisement.

We fell in lately with a letter, or rather the scroll of one, which had dropped from Willie Mackie, when he had been in a place, not many yards from our office, doing what nobody else could do for him, which may serve as a specimen of what proceeds from his "heat oppressed brain." We insert *verbatim et literatim* :—

DEREST JEANE,

I have to apologise for my not keeping to our appointment on Feirsday last. It grieves me to the core of the hart to think that such a LUMP OF HUMANITY should this disappoint you, feirest of wimen. I want language to tell you, but I think that your natur contrastet with min is of no komin-kind, but bordering on what, I think, Buchan in his domestec medecene calls angel like (angelic, we suppose.) Excuse all this gibberish, and if you wanted a song on Feirsday, you shall get two the next time we meet, with every other consolation which can be beshtowed by

Your most loving lover,

WILLIAM MACKIE.

P.S. By the by, I don't think I ever sung to you the song of my "Ain Fireside," the song which I sung at the Reform dinner in the Assembly Rooms with so much applause. You shall have it next. W. M.

Mackie would make us believe that no body can afford to sell watch glasses so cheap as himself; but we find that an advertisement of our friend the notorious puffer, John Walker, late of Broad Street, that it is of no novel thing, for he has been selling glasses cheaper since June 1838. There issuch

a similarity between the two advertisements, (the article "the" being only omitted,) that it is impossible to banish from us the idea of pelfering. We give both advertisements in parallel columns.

WALKER'S PUFF,  
June, 1838.

The Lunette Glasses, usually charged 2s 6d, fitted for 6d; the Patent Glasses, usually charged 9d, fitted for 4d; the Flat Glasses, usually charged 6d, fitted for 3d; the Common Glasses, usually charged 4d, fitted for 2d.

MACKIE'S PUFF,  
August, 1839.

Lunette Glasses, usually charged 2s 6d, fitted for 6d; Patent Glasses, usually charged 9d, fitted for 4d; Flat Glasses, usually charged 6d, fitted for 3d; Common Glasses, usually charged 4d, fitted for 2d.

We have repeatedly declared our antipathy to the puffing system, and this of Willie Mackie's stands amongst the foremost. Here is a poor lad, who we give some credit to for his pushing habits, but who is acknowledged by every friend and companion to be a right scurvy fellow in business or otherwise—here is this lad presuming upon the good nature and gullibility of the public by issuing stupid manifestos such as the above. Only one feeling can be manifested in his favour, and of which he need not be over proud—the feeling of sheer pity.

For sale, that beautiful first-classed brig, Jean Cardno of Fraserburgh, built after the Dutch fashion. This superior vessel since her arrival at Fraserburgh has undergone complete new repairs, for the owners have spared no expense in fitting her up in a neat and elegant style; besides her model being a little altered, and her top seas being strickly looked after. She has received a complete set of new canvas,—including main-sails, fore-sails, top-sail, &c. &c. She is built of superior scotch fir, reared near the water of Rathen, is copper fastened and an excellent sea (bed) boat. For farther particulars apply to Mr Sherar, at Mr Kidd's, Peterhead.—Aug. 12, 1839.

### COAL MONOPOLY.

For several months bygone, occasions have been frequently occurring in the coal trade, which demand the most severe and unpardonable castigation in our power to inflict. We have heard of the Islington monopoly—of monopolies in corporations and otherwise; but here is a monopoly, or an intended one, got up by a few interested individuals, in order to check the honest endeavours of a single individual in his praiseworthy project to give to the poor coals at as cheap a ratio in small quantities, as the rich have the opportunity of procuring, while possessing themselves of large cargoes. Here we must stop—we find we have out written our limits already. Next month we shall honour the coal monopolizers with a column or two.

If our brother Shaver in Holhurn Street, be guilty of such tricks as has been represented to us, he must be a mean scamp. We must throw him off, and commit him to the castigation of the female society. Indeed we have recommended to our old friend, Mary Brodie; we doubt not but she along with her old committee go the whole hog with him. Trusting that this notice will have the desired effect, we leave him for the present.



## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Upper Banchory, 24th Aug. 1839.

Dear Doctor,—Do hint to a man Philip, a farmer, at Upper Banchory, to give up annoying his more quiet disposed neighbours, allowing his cattle to destroy their property, himself all the while enjoying the amusement. I can tell you, Sir, that the same pretended religious fellow is an evil-intended character, and I wish you to let him know that those who have an eye after his conduct are—

LEGION.

Newcastle, 24th Aug. 1839.

Dear Sir,—Would you warn a certain public house-keeper not in many leagues from the Broad Char, not to indulge so much in gambling as he has done hitherto, and otherwise to conduct himself more decently and soberly, else he may fear the consequences of his contumaciousness.

Z.

N B—As I have just now another opportunity by a ship, I send the above hint, hoping you will have room for it, and my former Newcastle letter.

P.S.—Would you also hint to Mrs. Anderson, the public house wife, to control her tongue a little, and not put her customers to the blush by her eternal clatter.

Sir.—Would you be kind enough to look down the way of Yeats Lane, Canal Terrace, and at No. 5, you will find sufficient iniquity to reward you for trouble. There you will discover a set of the most lazy, dirty subjects of women you ever tried your razor on. They are continually in the way of emptying nuisance utensils on the very street; and the daughter of a skipper, along with several others, is regularly addicted to gaping about the doors to the annoyance of every decent, quiet neighbour. If I have again occasion to send you a complaint from this quarter, I shall condescend on certain droll things about the skipper's daughter and the rest of her associates, which may not prove so pleasant to either of them.

Yours, &c.

Kirsty Busy-body.

Sir,—I have seen with pleasure the late proceedings of the Court of Session anent the Sunday offerings at church doors. I have observed with peculiar satisfaction, Mr Editor, your formed remarks upon this subject, and I am exceedingly gratified that your opinions have been proved, by the highest authority in Scotland, to be sound. It has been decided by the Court of Session, that the whole and undivided collections at every church, whether dissenting or otherwise, must be appropriated for the sole benefit of the parish paupers.—And, in this conclusion, the Lords are borne out by Act of Parliament, many extracts of which you have favoured us with through your periodical. What will my Gilcomston brethren say to this?—how can they now reconcile their pelfering the door offerings for the furnishing of communion elements, or meeting precentor's salaries, beadles' pittance, or new vestiges? I observe the Old Machar poor rate managers have been talking of this new version of the story, and that

they have instigated a committee of inquiry anent it. We shall see what this body do; at all events, I would earnestly impress on my Gilcomston church friends not to tamper with the law as laid down by the Lords of Session, by again appropriating the poor's pittance to the extraneous uses for which they have already pilfered too much.

Yours truly,

A Gilcomston Parishioner.

Dear Mr. Editor.—I am quite astonished you have passed a spirit-dealer so lightly as you did in last number.—His intercourse with a female upholsterer, has come under my own personal observation; ay, and even when his wife was alive, the filthy fellow used to keep up correspondence—and even carnal correspondence—with many young girls whom I could mention, which assertions I am ready to substantiate soon as required. I have no ill-will at the man, but he has made a good deal of talk about his appearance in last number—little to your credit, if people believed him—and I think I could not do less than inform you of his true character, and let him understand that his reputation is not so valuable as he holds out. I have only to say, that, if he disputes the above general observations on what he calls his character, I am ready to condescend on particular instances and places, which cannot fail to say

"MUM."

Sir,—As I was taking a walk down the shore, a wag from Union Street was amusing himself throwing stones into the Canal Basin, and sending in his dog to bring them out again. At last he made a spring and throwing a stone a considerable distance into the water, but being unable to stop he was as soon in the water as the stone; the dog went after the stone and brought it to shore but took no notice of his master, who after getting a good ducking, reached *terra firma* amidst the shouts of the by-standers

Sir,—Since commencing "to labour in your vocation," like all great and fearless reformers of your species, it has been your lot to have your characters and lucubrations both misunderstood and misrepresented. It is impossible to account for the strange extent to which this has been carried, in any way, than by recollecting that if it was a vice you had to lash, you have never sacrificed truth to situation; you have never exalted worthlessness or hypocrisy to shine with the oil of your flattery, or become sweet with the perfume of your prostituted praises; if the subject for your infliction called for the lash, you have invariably "pursued the even tenour of your way" in laying it on, whether that subject was the Lord Provost, their honours the Baillies, or any common peasant or citizen. If, at the outset of your career, you had only assured those persons who are spared of the reprovers whom themselves procure; if you had but given a pledge that you would never look at their follies and improprieties—then there is not the least doubt but they would have given us the whole community besides to lash at, and welcome. Had it not been that these persons felt the cloak falling from their own hypocrisy, and the light of disclosure streaming in upon their own vices, you would never have been assailed with their execra-



tions; and your little moral work would have been allowed to take its place in the library along side of *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, and the *Scottish Christian Herald*; and any thing too great or learned for squeamish understandings would have been allowed entirely to have escaped notice, as falling under the category of the excusable, and even necessary exuberance of genius. Utterly regardless, however, of such animadversions, as you have shortly, and merely to serve an ulterior purpose, condescended on, you are still resolved to prosecute that perfect distribution of fearless chastening, which in times past, you have been wont to prize as the most precious jewel in your character, and which has placed you at the very head of the human family, who are able, and can dare to take vengeance upon such vices. In short, in the trite language of Shakespeare, I hope you will be "sharp and sententious, pleasant without scurrility, witty without affectation, audacious without impudence, learned without opinion, and strange without heresy."

CENSOR.

## SINGULAR DECISION—IMPORTANT TO THE LADIES.

## LAW IS LAW.

Elgin, 12th August, 1839.

Sir,—A young girl in this place having, as the old song says, dealt in contraband goods, the clerical revenue officers lodging information with the *Holy Court*. She, as a matter of course, was cited to appear before said tribunal; and the whole black coat regiment having sat in judgment on her slender waist, it was unanimously agreed that she was an undoubted smuggler, and a strict interrogation put as to who was her partner in this unholy traffic. Having named the offender, he was cited to appear on the following Sunday.—He was prompt to his attendance, denying the whole; at which Zion's watch-dogs growled forth their abhorrence of the filthy crime, declaring, at the same time, that both of the unsanctified traders should have to appear at the hour of court, on the day of cause. This done, the heroine maintained her suit, but the Holy Court afraid for the cause of the Lord suffering through the concupiscence of one of the unfaithful, or really believing the defendant innocent, their interlocutor was given in exculpation of the defendant, with special advice to have his oath taken by a magistrate in confirmation of said interlocutor: the pursuer acquiesced in this, and his oath was taken by the Provost. The heroine finding herself balked in the first attempt, had recourse to a second, and charged another with being the father of the new brought forth child. This he denied; and the Holy Court spurning such conduct would not cite him to compare. However, a legal man of great celebrity summoned him, the second father, before the Judge Ordinary, and a litigation began, when replies, duplies, triplies filling, God knows, how many pages, (you know it is a lawyer's interest to have a good margin) and occupying a period of about 18 months, the judge, with the wisdom of Solomon, though he did not say "divide the child," referred it to the female. In this was the omnipotent and second time called to witness who was the foul faulter; this was certainly a strange, yet an important decision; not that I mean to insinuate that there was anything unjust on the part of the judge.—No; he is a just and an honourable man. Simply this, that the amorously

inclined ladies of all the shires of Scotland, should endeavour, when about to cross the breed, to look out for an inhabitant of Murray's land, and if he has any tincture of the ass's nature, they are empowered, under that dispensation, to apply to another, and obtain ample redress. But let it not be imagined that there was any Court trickery in the matter,—such as a bribed judge or an amorous advocate. No; "they are all just and honourable men." All that this is intended to show, is to throw a little light on the cadaverous mazes of law, and to serve as an enlightening taper to the female world, that although they are once baffled in father-finding, they can have an ample precedent for making a second attempt. And, in conclusion, I say that I do not so much as suspect the advocate to have had any queer dealings with the girl; nor the judge to have swallowed the bribe, as a hungry trout would swallow a fly. No; it was from a principle of justice, for they are both *just and honourable men*. If you can favour me by giving this a place in your far-famed paper, I have some more important law suits for your next.

NICOL NOVIT, D. A

Fochabers, Aug. 14, 1839.

Sir,—Haunts of dissipation and vice are not alone confined to populous cities: No, in the midst of rural life they often lift their soul destroying heads, snapping asunder all domestic bliss,—such unfortunately is the case with this place. There are here some of the most notorious brothels under the "cloud capp'd canopy"; and it is no uncommon thing to see men using in a most brutal manner the wives of their bosoms thro' the baneful insinuations of the inmates of these dens of guilt. A short time ago, not a *Garden-er*, but a knight of the thimble, notwithstanding he being married to a portioned female, paid a visit to one of these haunts of infamy and vice. After loading himself with enjoyment he took his departure to his wife, carrying along with him one of Egypt's choicest deserts. On his getting home his rib began to interrogate him concerning his absence; in an instant the angel was metamorphosed into a demon, and smash went the crockery, demolishing, at the same time, one of the windows of the vatican. I advise his filthy paramour long Maddy, not to send him home again in such a humour; but I think he will better refrain attending such infernal haunts. There are others here which I shall show up to life.

CORMACK.

Stonhaven, Aug. 15, 1839.

Sir,—You have very frequently of late visited our little town with your valuable moral mediator, not, however, so often as is necessary. Of drunken citizens we have enough—of lecherously-inclined fellows our town is crammed. The young scamps I cannot enter upon in this month's epistle—many there are in lawyers' offices, and in the banks, and otherwise, demanding your special notice and superintendence. I pass them over in this note, with the information that I intend, with your permission, to fill a corner of your paper monthly with the freaks and adventures of some of those characters. Meantime, I would call your attention to the case of one Mason, clerk at the Glenury Distillery, who seems to be



more in love with the acqua of Glenury than the book-keeping. On a late night, the said clerk got exceedingly groggy, and in calling at Mrs M-Leod's, an old friend of his, it seems made some noise with a girl Hutcherson, the servant maid in getting in. What happened, it matters little in this instance, only I would drop a hint to Mason and his better-half, to conduct themselves in a manner much more sober and decent than heretofore, else, as you intend being in Stonehaven in a day or two, I hope you will personally make yourselves acquainted with the real moral depravity existing here, amongst the victims of your razor none being more appropriate than the clerk and his wife. I hope to see you soon, and converse with you in your mortal form; meantime only addressing you at a distance. I am, Sir, yours &c.

PETER TELL-TRUTH.

Dundee, August 15th, 1839.

Dear Doctor,—Having a particular regard for all the Aberdonians, especially of the fair sex, I am sorry to inform you that one of them, who answers to the name of Jeanny, and lives within a stone cast of Edwards' mill, has been going astray of late. An old sweetheart of hers having come from Perth to see her, but not having convenience in her lodgings for their tales of love, they both went away to a public house, and got glorious fou; and the first sight of Jeanny, at her lodgings, was seven o'clock next morning;—so if that be the right way of doing well, I'll leave you to judge.

Yours, X. Y.

Sir,—I do not know what sort of a fellow you are personally, but if we may form a notion of you by your works, you're a devil-ma-care kind of a chap. You have raised a pretty commotion about Newcastle; and the Liverpool Street folks could see you at the devil. The coal-fitter, at the Quay, danced about his paragraph a week—he is now cool, however, and swears that he intends tickling up some of the lads with long beards here. I have a deal of stuff to forward, but as I see you don't like to pay postage, and as a ship is just now leaving for Aberdeen, I take the opportunity of sending it by her. Next month, I shall let you hear again from

Newcastle, 14th Aug. 1839. A Newcastle Shaver..

My Good Fellow,—Though I am a tar afore the mast, yer honour will not refuse me a corner in your amusing log-book, to overhaul some lubbers whose beards are as stiff as a bowsprit, and as long as a foremast. I refer to the master, the mate, and the ship's husband of the Inconstant—a craft which I was in for some time. The lubber of a ship's husband, you may belike have a notion of, Rob Levie the shoemaker.—His conduct in regard to me and my ship-mates, before I left her, was shabby and mean in the extreme; and all who have ever had any dealings with the scurvy fellow will sing the same song. I don't mean to lumber up your paper with a long yarn—all I would say is, that the less any of my craft have to do with such ships' husbands, as Rob Levie, the more for their own profit; nobody would shove in the meanness of the fellow until they had once tried him. As for Alect Levie the master, I have less to say about him; but I would advise

him to behave himself better at sea, with the lubber of a mate, Peterkin, and to treat them afore the mast a d—d sight better than even he did me. I have no ill-will at the master, but the mate and the ship's husband, are both well worthy a tight scraping. I may hint also to Alect Levie, that more than he thinks of his land, as well as his sea cruising, is well known to

JACK JUNK.

### RAZOR CUTS.

The other day, a case came before the Police Court, in the form of an assault, upon a man Cumming in the Gallowgate, committed in his own house. It is needless to enter into the particulars, as both parties are of too little consequence to warrant us spending time upon them. A corkcutter lad Bannerman had been in the way of frequenting Cumming's house, and it was said that the green-eyed monster had taken possession of Cumming about his wife and the corkcutter. Bannerman visited them on a night lately, to communicate something about Cumming's son, who had left his master's shutters unsecured that night, when a skirmish took place, in which Cumming got a black eye, &c. This of course led to the prosecution, and the corkcutter was pulled up and fined. The wife came forward as a witness; and from what we could see and hear, Bannerman and her had been on good terms. It is all stuff, however, to say anything now about the matter—if the corkcutter has no better taste than correspond with an old wife, he has not the spirit of a louse. He was warned not again to visit Cumming's house; and if he does so, it is a pity the low fellow don't get a proper drubbing.

Would our correspondent be kind enough to explain what Captain it was that was seen to enter Peter M'ivor's on broad-day light; and in what place of the country K—e lies? When we are served with the necessary information, we shall be happy to lather up the lecherous veteran.

A foolish swaggering lad in St. Nicholas Street, will be certain to expose himself to our mercy, if he don't keep better company. No doubt "Charlie" is able enough to pay all the scores, but the souter may look *Gray* some day about it.

We are informed that a girl in the parish of Dyce, who goes by the name of Miss Impudence, is in the practice, along with an accomplice, of writing letters to young men with a wrong name exhibited. If such be the case, we advise her to give over such a practice, as she may bring herself into trouble.

CAUTION.—We would beg to dissuade a certain amiable, and, in point of view, an accomplished young man, in the employment of an extensive silk mercer in Union Street, from following up the line of conduct which he has been hitherto pursuing, in beaving a certain Miss, who in stature is no bigger than a *clod*. Their pranks have of late come under our observation, and altho' "Willie be a wanton wag," still neither he nor the lassie must be permitted to pass with impunity.—By the bye, we would ask this young sprig why he is so foolish and silly as to walk Union Street of a Sunday with his intended mother-in-law? Does he think we didn't see him?

We would caution a housekeeper in the Green, to make fewer remarks on her neighbours, and others as they pass. We should think she and her companion should be otherwise employed than looking out at the gable window so frequently. If this hint is not taken, we shall condescend on particulars next month.



There is an Englishman, a lodger in Marischal Street, whose conduct requires to be improved, especially on the Sabbath day. If he be a fair specimen of his countrymen, the fewer that comes this way so much the better; but the old proverb perhaps holds good in this empty monkey, "that chaff is easier blown to a distance than the wheat." We have observed his conduct towards some young girls on the opposite side of the street, we bid them beware or we shall let Mr. S. into the secret.

## COUNTRY CUTS.

### INVERNESS.

We would once more caution Jumping Julius's doxy, — namely, Miss Hindmarch, not to be so much in the way of displaying "false delicacy," or by the art of *salmon fishing*, we will be under the disagreeable necessity of applying our keen edged razor on the chin and chops of *Geordie*. In the meantime, however, we would fain pause. To proceed, as "second thoughts are said to be best," unless there are speedy signs of contrition displayed in the characters here alluded to, we shall do ourselves the honour of visiting Miss H. and her Adonis by the first steamer from Aberdeen. *Geordie*! beware. As to Miss Hindmarch's dispensing with Miss W. — as bed-fellow, or we should rather say bed companion, during her mother's attendance on a certain sickly lady in Telford Street, we do not pretend to say; however we will allow that "flee to the wa'."

We are sorry that it has become our painful duty to record an accident of rather a serious nature which has befallen our *spouting friend* of the mercantile craft, in having got a severe cut from a yelping, growling cur, which along with Donald *Iron's* useless dog, appeared to have been for sometime previously the dread and annoyance of the public by attacking everything, particularly during the by gone dog-days, when everything seemed to attract them. I think this animal is of the bull pug tribe, if there be such distinction amongst the canine race; but let him be bull pug, or bull terrier, or whatsoever other bull he may be of, certain we are, that he is of *mappach Jock's* breed. He was sometime ago handed over by a limb of the law here to the owner of a wood yard in London; but owing to his noisiness and impertinence to customers during day, and his lecherous propensities for lurking during night, (by which means, we understand, he contrived to leave a few specimens of his obnoxious breed behind him,) his owner felt perplexed whether to commit him to the Thames, or return him to his former master; which latter resolution, we are sorry to find, he has adopted, to the no small personal injury of our foresaid spouting friend, and the serious annoyance of many other peaceable folks; and we would now take leave to warn this dangerous animal's master, whom we believe to be the senior barrister of the city, immediately to kennel up his favourite *Sabo*, and relieve the good citizens of Inverness of such a tormenting Satan.

Some 3s. 6d. tailor of the name of Macintosh, citadel, Inverness, frequents a girl Cameron in the Haugh almost every evening; after leaving which place, he repairs to Susan in the Meal Market Close. We would ask at Charlie how he intends to support a wife, or to which he intends to give the

R. Cameron and the stolen pig; Rose, the tailor, and his late adventures; with several other long-bearded Invernessians, will be provided for in our next.

If the poor fellow Sutherland, the petty foreman to a shoemaker in the Lochgorm, has really got the *sack*, it would be cruel of us to publish his daft ride to Fort George, on a Sunday lately, with a Contin colt, (which he *Beat-on* at an enormous rate) accompanied by a Cambleton ass, and some other beasts. We are much afraid he will not now be so able to gorge curds or cream, or pay for them, or fly big suppers in his mansion in Petty Street.

Was it from Sergeant Connolly of the 28th, that the girl Sutherland of Dyer's Court, received the *shally* and the *muslin-de-laine* frocks?

Hints have reached us about two women called Isabella Fraser and Jean Gordon, and their recent adventures in Drummond Wood; but if it be really true that they are low customers, what is the utility of our spending time upon them?

MIDMAR.—We advise the young man at Dockmill if he pay more visits at Waukmill to do it at seasonable hours, as we are now on the out look, and shall certainly report.

DUNDEE.—We have heard for some time past of the outgoings and incomings of the fair proprietor of a millinery and dressmaking warehouse, 37, Union Street, and the too frequent visits of a certain raw, young seedsman looking chap; although she may admire the shape of his nose, and may be flattered by his gallantry, we hope she will see the propriety of discouraging such visits, at least, during business hours.

A certain young girl from Lochee has been, for some time past, in the practice of lounging about a certain shop in Union Street, until the shopman gets away. We have just to say, that if such practices are continued after this warning, we will tell this said Miss Y——g some of her transactions at Logie kirkyard.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received several communications, which, from their nature, we decline inserting, till we are favoured with the names of the writers. All such intimations will be considered as confidential, and shall extend no further than to the Editor.

Liberal though we be, we certainly most heartily concur with Tobias Pluck, in thinking that the Public Writing Master, whatever way he may employ his private hours, has no right, either by act of council, or any other act, as a matter of course, to dismiss his scholars twenty minutes before the hour, so as to accupy *their* time in advancing the interests of the new Candidate. More, however, hereafter of the management of this seminary,—as Dr. Forbes would say—"in our own time and way."

An essay on the conduct of a certain landlady for an attempt to calumniate an official on one of her Majestys letter carts, in our next.

Strictures on the conduct of the burly headed merchant in his night rambles shortly.

ABERDEEN:

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