

# ABERDEEN NEWSHAPER.

SUPPLEMENT, APRIL, 1840.

ONE PENNY.

In the Police Report in last number, we introduced the name of Mr. Basil Fisher, as connected with a row in a loose house in the Shiprow, when all parties were taken to the watchhouse. Although we are not the least frightened at any consequences which might arise out of this mistake of our report, we consider it but justice to Mr. Basil Fisher—and we would do the like to the very meanest subject—to contradict ourselves—as, upon inquiry, we found that the above gentleman was not at all engaged in the affair and was not in the said house at the time. We are sorry when we are led into a mistake, and the only reparation we can make in this case to the innocent party thus brought forward by us on false information, is to give this public contradiction.—No.

## OUR POLICE COURT.

We think we stated that we were to take more particular note of the proceedings of this Justice dispensing tribunal than we had before done. Our reason for this is, that the rest of the press do not act fairly by the public when they allow the parties who are daily brought up there to escape notice;—in the first place, when publicity is given to such matters, as in the London papers, the community are put on their guard against the parties—for as it is, a young scamp may steal one day, be corrected the next, sent to jail or bride-well for a time, and out he comes alike unknown to the public, to commence afresh his light-fingered trade in some other corner of the town, without the least suspicion.—In the second place, we think the dread of newspaper exposure would have some weight in the preventing of crime—more especially amongst the more respectable sort, who have the remainder of a good character to lose. We therefore, for the laudable ends here set forth, purpose to give a summary of the transactions in the Police Court daily—to give the names of the parties—describe their several appearance—report the main topics of the different cases—give the Judges' remarks, and the sentences. And in doing this, we consider that we will be both amusing and instructing our readers—and guarding against the loss of their pounds, shillings, and pence, and also put a padlock on their goods and chattles. We further flatter ourselves that the work will prosper in our hands for good, and

that we shall, if we do not altogether supersede the use of the policeman's baton, the Fiscal's libels, and the Magistrate's admonition, we shall be an useful addition to those very worthy and laborious functionaries.

Our first commencement shall be on Tuesday, the 7th April.

The first panel placed at the bar was a trade's lad, James Grant, habited in a suit of fustian—his look did not betoken habit and repute, and we believe he was previously unknown to the police. It was rather a curious case, and had been continued from a previous day, to allow a proof as to the character of the complaining parties. Grant had been in the way, with a few other young lads, of frequenting a public-house in John Street, kept by a John Mearns. Sunday he had gone there as usual, about ten o'clock, rather drunk, when a quarrel between him and the parties inside took place, in the midst of which Grant committed what the Fiscal modestly called a nuisance on the landlady—in other words, he unbuttoned himself, and, turning his face to the good hostess, did what no one else could do for him, on her gown! For this he was pulled up on the previous day; and on Tuesday, when the case again came on, it was brought out by Mr. William Paterson, the panel's counsel, that this Mearns had been in the way of encouraging the lad Grant and his associates to gamble, and that he, on one occasion, took a silk handkerchief as a pledge for money lost at the table. This was a clapper—Grant was fined 5s. to teach him to go to some other place with such tricks than a matron's lap; and Mearns had a very sensible rebuke from Bailie Urquhart about the character of his house, with notice that he might take down his sign when he chose, as he would no longer glory in the title of Boniface—in short, that he was to be unlicensed.

The next case was for assault. Two carpenter lads—James Simpson and Lindsay, had, on the Saturday night, in coming down the Gallowgate, attacked a Mrs. Riach and her daughter, and had given the latter a black eye—hour of assault, 12 o'clock midnight. The fair dressmaker had been going home with a bonnet, accompanied by her mother, when the thing happened. She seemed to enjoy her discoloured blinker, however, for no sooner had the lads paid their fine—ten shillings and sixpence each—than she and her mamma were to be seen at the watch-house gate, cracking away with them quite jocosely.

By the way, we may as well let the public know that great folks can quarrel and get outrageous as well as blacksmiths

and hecklers, and that in open Court too. The case of the woman Riach and her daughter introduced us to a

SKIRMISH BETWEEN THE BAILIE AND THE  
FISCAL

—our friend John—which is particularly worthy of remark. The Fiscal, in summing up, stated that the old woman Riach had sworn to her being knocked by Lindsay, when the following interesting colloquy took place, to the great amusement of those present:

Bailie Urquhart—Stop there now, Mr. Cadenhead, the woman said no such thing (squinting at his notes).

Fiscal—But she did Bailie—she declared distinctly that she was knocked. Did you not say that you were knocked? habbered out John; and the woman squeezed herself forward from behind a multitude of the unwashed who surrounded the front.

Bailie—I won't stand that, Mr. Cadenhead. I took down distinctly that she swore to being pulled, but there was no knocking about it.

Fiscal—O, it's all the same.

Bailie—But it's not all the same, Sir; and I am placed here to administer justice to the utmost of my ability, and I am not able to decide unless you allow me to stick to my notes. I'm right. Woman, did you not say distinctly that you were pulled rather much, but not knocked?

The woman came forward, and hesitatingly whimpered out, "I was so agitated I did not know." "But," smartly asked the Bailie—"did you feel any particular pain in your body afterwards which might have indicated strokes?"—"No, I did not—I was only frightened." "Now, then," said the Bailie, walloping his quill—"did I not tell you, Mr. Cadenhead, the woman was not knocked?" and John growled out an excuse—said he had misunderstood her, and so on; and here the precious splatterdash finished, much to the credit of both parties.

We really believe, if the two honourable functionaries had been under as much drink as any poor tradesman could afford on a Saturday night, there would have been a regular stand-up fight. What a funny scene would it have been to have beheld Bailie Urquhart, armed with his own pestle, papping away at the Fiscal, while John was holding himself up at the wall, keeping off himself alternately with his inflexible leg and his authoritative cudgel!

THE IRON SHIP A HUMBUG.

We have carefully avoided taking the least notice of the "John Garrow," until we had a trial of her, whereas the *Herald* and *Journal* crammed the public ear with fulsome falsehoods and ignorant blusters about her. Now that we have seen what she can do, we have no hesitation, on the most indisputable authority, in setting the handywork of the much praise-bespattered firm of John Ronalds & Co. down as a humbug. On her way to Shields, honest "John" swallowed nearly as much water as would have sailed her—at stem and stern she shipped large quantities. No better criterion of her ricketty condition could be advanced than that every man who sailed from Aberdeen with her (the Captain and Mate excepted), left her at Shields. to go to Bombay any way she liked. She sailed on Sunday morning, manned by all the

orra characters who could be scraped together—fellows who by their appearance, seemed rather to be fitted for a "free passage" than for seamen.

To Cover for the season, in the Districts of Gallow-hill, Boynde Road, Seatown, Low and Bridge Streets of Banff,

FISCAL.

That well-known half bred Horse Fiscal, having served one season in Germany, and since that time in the above district and neighbourhood, he has proved him-self a useful animal—stands upwards of sixteen and a half hands high, remarkable for strength of bone, high carriage, good temper, and action, may be seen in the stables of A. M. every night after nine o'clock. For pedigree and other particulars application may in the meantime be made to Andrew Gray, Coachman at Duncan's Hotel, with whom orders may be left and farther information obtained.

Banff, 27th March, 1840.

FOR THE NEW SHAVER.

Extempore lines, on reviewing the numerous Caricature Prints presently on sale anent the Strathbogie case.

O' I have at Strathbogie been,  
And such a show was never seen,  
The Ministers they were so keen,  
To dance the Reel o' Bogie.

There's Dr. Chalmers bold and stout,  
Who was right keen ye need na doubt,  
And nimble he did fling about,  
And danced the Reel o' Bogie.

Bold Macnaughtan he was King,  
And nimble he his feet did fling,  
And wildly did his arms swing,  
At dancing the Reel o' Bogie.

There's limping John upon his toe,  
Into it he could not go,  
But by himself he danced Jim Crow,  
Instead of the Reel o' Bogie.

The women bodies swiftly flew,  
Until the sweat came ower their brow,  
And off in haste their mantles frew,  
To dance the Reel o' Bogie.

The Roman priest stood at the door,  
He never saw the like before,  
And to the Fiddlers loud did roar,  
Play up the Reel o' Bogie.

Auld Nick at this was unco fain,  
I trowsae swiftly he came ben,  
And danc'd with all his might and main,  
The horn Reel o' Bogie.

Old Bellman John, stood at his back,  
And loudly did the bell tongue clap,  
At every rug he gart it crack,  
The horn Reel o' Bogie.

Sir—Please insert these few lines in the first number of your Shaver concerning a young apothecary, who lately finished his apprenticeship in Banff, and is at present residing with his brother here; he is a daily visitor and a troublesome one to boot at Watsons Hotel; the cook is distressed boiling so many eggs for his supper. It is asked whether it be for love of the young ladies, or for lack of grub at home, that he pays so many visits at meal time to the above Hotel.

L. M.  
Cullen, 3d April, 1840.

<sup>e.1</sup>  
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

My honest Fellow.—I may save the trouble of introduction, as you knew me well when I previously formed a member of the Police Force of this city on day-duty. You know, Sir, how active and zealous an officer I was—how universally beloved by the citizens, and how mighty a terror I showed myself to the unlawful. When a day man, Sir, I scoured my rounds like a batter, and nabbed every one who dared dispute my authority, often whether they were guilty or not. What matter? I soon convinced the Bailie that they deserved to be punished like niggers, and my advice was of course adopted. You will remember, Sir, that I was kicked out. As this was a piece of horrible ingratitude I pass it over. Although, however, the authorities here were blind to my extraordinary abilities and unceasing troublesomeness to the evil-disposed, my light did not long hide itself. I, to while away my time a little, took a tipping shop, and here the ingratitude of the rascals followed me—yea, because I meted out drops of the blue damnation to loose women and other worthless characters, and kept an orra kind of a house, they even threatened to deprive me of my license!

The people of Banffshire, however, soon got notice of me; and I was pressed to honour them with my services. I did so, but there I could not ride rough-shod over the country folks as I had done over the Aberdeen chaps; and, most lamentable to relate, whenever I misbehaved myself, the highland creatures of Glenlivet, &c. as they said they would stand none of my nonsense, heartily belaboured my back. You are aware, Sir, this would never do with me; for though I can bully well enough when I get it all my own way, I am a most brave coward when anybody speaks back to me. As I saw the bungling state of your Police affairs here, my employers in the north did me the favour to kick me out there, that I might minister to the prevention of crime here—which, ever since my body was removed from the town, I saw had been on the increase. When I came here, I hung about a while doing any orra job; at last I got hold of the simple side of Superintendent Barclay, who squeezed me in as a night-man,—in which capacity I have done wonders, though I say it who should not say it. I am also daily employed in scampering through the streets, rather shabbily put on, and not at all like an officer of justice—nevertheless, I contrive, along with another orra-like scamp, to nab lots of baker boys, old wives, sweeps, and carters, for the murderous crimes of crossing the pavement with a basket, or walking a few paces with a paper parcel or a dirty rope.

You will no doubt highly appreciate, as you and all my fellow-citizens ought, the mighty exertions in which I am engaged; and as I expect in a few weeks to shoulder a baton as a regular day-man—which would go much to improve my personal appearance, and enable me to get rid of my suspicious-looking suit—I will call on you and have a tumbler over my good fortune.

Till then, the public's servant of all dirty work is  
Aberdeen, April. LACHLAN M'KAY.

Sir,—I would be obliged if you would hint to a certain Butler, not far removed from Bonaccord Terrace, and under the immediate eye of the Provost, that he should wait upon his wife and family in Holburn Street, rather than call so often, and spend so many nights with a squint-eyed prostitute,

long a tenant in Jess Sinclair's. Pray, Mr. Shaver—you who know every thing—can a poor Butler afford, out of his own pocket, to sport bottles of red wine as payment for his night's lodgings? It is a disgrace to witness a married man, such as this fellow, forsaking a wife and a helpless family, to correspond with a female bully of a common street walker. For his better behaviour in future, I would propound the following maxims—

1st—To cleave to his wife and family, in preference to the bed, board, and society of a villainous prostitute, who would pawn his soul, as well as she did his "waterproof," for—money.

2nd—To make a speedy call at his doxy's old lodgings, and settle the rent—pay the broken windows, and beg the landlady's pardon.

3d—Not to sport wine of any colour, red, white, or yellow, with any squinting street-tramper, more especially if the case should happen that the wine is not his own.

If these hints are not immediately attended to, the Provost, as well as the public, shall know farther particulars.

Yours truly, NOD.

Dear Sir,

An old Virgin who is house-keeper to a certain gentleman, within three miles of Milltown, will better keep at home and prepare the men's grub while she is employed tattling about the "lads" in her neighbourhood. I wonder if any of them goes to see the fair damsel; if they do, she would most likely stop at home and think upon the far distant "wedding-day,"—going to the mill and telling the young man's name that broke the window in her bed-room, will not make the wedding-day any nearer, though that happened the other night. We suppose the young men's visits to her are few and far between.

If she does not behave herself better for the future she will shortly hear from me again.

Your's truly

Rathen, April, 1840

A Looker on.

Mr. Bob Volume is respectfully requested to go earlier home on Sunday evening than nine o'clock, and particularly not to linger on the links, running after a bonnet, with a black ribbon, and a dark mantle—otherwise people may suppose he has been chasing "the lassie"—and also, not to go too near his papa's corn-yard, in case he damage his outrigger again.

The Lady will please in the meantime to except of this intimation, until next month.

Your's &c.

Jack Deadeyes.

On board the Isabela, Peterhead, April, 1840.

Mr Shaver—A certain stingy old gentleman of a Grocer, not a mile from the Public Buildings, well known by the name of Gentle Davie, took it into his head that he would have a wife, he began to pay his addresses to a young lady of excellent character; but her purse did not answer his avaricious spirit. He at last pitched upon an old Strathspey amazon of diminutive stature, with a face as red as a fiery peat; but her purse finely agreed with his views; however, it was the money he courted, and not the woman, as he cares not a straw for her—he has never been his own master since, she wears the breeches completely, and poor Davie must do as she pleases. For instance, she has made a missionary of him, and taken him from the Established Church, and pulls him backwards and forwards

where'er she likes. I would hint to Davie to keep out of black-holes, or if he does not, he may look out for something in your next number that will not agree so well with him although he has got the wife with the clink.

Your s &c.

Forres, 8th April 1840.

A Bachelor.

Mr. Strop,

I would advise a certain baker here, well known by the name Bladder'ing Jock, not to impose upon the public, by buying up the cheap and rotten potatoes, that other people wont take, and then convert them into bread. I would hint to him to stop his diabolical impositions upon the public, for they will not stand it any longer.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

Findlay M'Vicr.

Forres, March 31, 1840.

THE CAPTAIN OF THE "SCOTTISH MAID" AT HIS OLD TRICKS AGAIN.

Some considerable time since, we heard of a curious collision between the better half of the Captain and a girl who was caught sipping wine with him one afternoon in the cabin. We were applied to, as a favour, to put a clapper on the exposure we intended to make of this affair; and to oblige certain parties we did so. Ever since then, however, we have been daily hearing of some flare-up or another of the Captain's.—Surely he must be an outrageous fellow for women; and one would not think it either. He should be a little cooled now. He has been married some score of years, we suppose, and has a daughter nearly as full-grown as himself, besides a sprightly light-footed giddy spouse, who mocks age, and is as swift of foot (and of tongue too) as though she were in her teens. One would think, considering all these things, that Watson had as much at home as he could make a good use of; but no—off he sports among the young girls and widow wives—yea, even the married damsels do not escape his lecherous fangs. Every body say he is a good fellow, which we dispute not; but we cannot allow him to pass with such highly corruptible tricks in open day, without going between him and his iniquity with our moral blade, and daring him to the combat.

Our present case is as follows;—A married woman—it is said a sailor's wife—came from Banff some weeks since, and called at a midwife's house in the Guestrow for lodgings. She was taken in, and proved in the family way. The midwife, who, we believe, is a fit hand at any dirty job, found out the reputed father to be Captain Watson, and that the woman's husband had been long absent. The lady of the Captain, who is the devil and all for going through a row, soon heard of this, followed her spouse, unknown to him, to the midwife's house one night, and kicked him down stairs, charged him the length of Mealmarket Lane, and there commenced an attack with tongue and fist upon him, and in the scuffle knocked off his beaver, while he gave her a pop in the eye. The child, we believe, is now about three weeks old, and the Captain has paid the expenses rather shabbily, for the midwife solemnly vouches that she has received but "ae puir pound" for all her trouble and lodgings. The delivered wife, however is now out of the way, back to Banff, we suppose; and in the meantime the case is a little quieter. How the matter stands between the Captain and his female tearer we know

not. They seem to be both good game; and every body who knows Lady Watson knows that she can hold off herself as well as any white woman. In truth, bad as Watson is, we think him a deserving object of pity. Lord keep us from trom women who are up to wearing the breeches, tipping the crystal, and boxing our ears!

RAZOR CUTS.

"Natchy" again.—Our last daub has not, it seemeth, put an extinguisher on the old clothier's conduct. He has been in Mary Finnie's house since. On the first of May we will serve him up a dish, in which his real name shall form a part, while those of the girls and married women he is in the way of using will be mixed up as a sauce!

A Female Spartan!—Directly after our last was published, we were waited upon by a nice, fascinating girl, with black "peepers" enough to be the death of any body, in reference to the case of Wm. Whyte, the grocer. She turned out to be William's accommodation, for whom he doles out the 4s. weekly! She was in a flurry of a passion; but we spoke so sweet words to her, that, had we not been called away from her presence on other business, we believe she would have been actually nailed up in downright love with us! We congratulate William on his good taste; but we would refer it to himself if 4s. is not horribly shabby allowance, and out of all conscience? Only he perhaps thinks he may, like Tam o' Shanter, "buy his joys owre dear," and that the cheaper he can keep up his Littlejohn Street shop so much the better for his grocery one. We daresay he is right—it will be all one thank to him. We hope to see his doxy as soon as convenient, and we pledge ourselves not to let out the powder again when she enjoys herself with a glass of punch and a strange face!

We are highly gratified in announcing that Miss Christian Mackay, alias Douglas, the late trim little Missus of the defunct "Coffin" at Causewayend, and now of 41, St. Nicholas Street, is very far gone in the family way. We wonder who will be the lucky dog of a father. How happy he must be! Such a fine thing it is to be called daddy!

Birth—On the — instant (we have forgot the day), the lady of Mr George Reid, jun. Druggist, of a son. The little gentleman, we are happy to say, has shown himself unworthy of the insignificant cognomen by which he has heretofore been recognized; and here we publicly warn all and sundry that our diminutive little friend is no longer "Dock'im Short," now that he has proved himself—"aye, every inch a man!"

We have got a complaint, against a Farmer and his wife, who live near Stonehouse, Rathen, for interfering with the play ground, the schoolmaster, and his scholars. If this is persisted in, we are promised a long yarn on another subject. We advise this Farmer and his rib to mind their own business and let every other person do the same.

The same writer informs us that a young man, a stonecutter, makes too many visits to the manse; perhaps he is looking after the servant girl.

ABERDEEN:

R & W. EDWARD, PRINTERS, 5, Fourmill Brae.