

ABERDEEN

NEW SHAVEN.

XXIV

JUNE, 1840.

TWOPENCE

THE REV. HUGH HART, AND THE NEW MARKET COMPANY.

"Hugh is a man, take him for all and all,
We shall not look upon his like again."

HUGH HART is a droll boy. So often have we given proofs of this that it is more than a "thrice told tale." His Welsh prototype and predecessor, Sir Hugh Evans, was given to "prubbles and prabbles," but Hugh Hart, besides being a queer, is an extraordinary man. Ever since he shouldered a musket as a militia-man, down to the present moment, he has done wonders. He used to walk into a pulpit with his soldier's coat with as little ceremony as he would fall into the ranks at drill; and from one thing and another, added to a laborious life and a single-eyed attention to the pounds, shillings and pence—for, in indulging in his *spiritual* amusements while Sergeant Hart, he never lost sight of the "ever-needful"—he has brought himself to the situation he now figures in, with a comfortable competency, and a pleasant trade at his fingertips. In the present article we did not intend to devote much space to talk of Hugh's abilities—he is a working apostle—a man who labours in his own way as assiduously as any mason's labourer.

The Reverend Hugh is also a very knowing chap. His affair with the New Market Company illustrates his tact in this respect most beautifully. Hugh's kirk was a great obstacle to the proceedings of the Company—first, they had to satisfy Adam Bennie, the laird—then to do a more difficult job, deal with Hugh for his life-lease. Wily Hugh would not stand a jury—it was rather a delicate matter to count *his* stipend; and he was wise enough to keep them in the dark as to his income gathered from seat-rents, collections, back-door movements to bring down the dust, subscriptions from factory girls, &c.—After putting the Company upon their P's and Q's for a considerable time—after having been offered an insurance of his life,

or £300 hard cash, and have done with it, Hugh drew their leg, or rather their purse, to £500, which he has received, we believe, thump down. O he is a sly rogue, Hugh, and a real boy not to dispose of his chickens on a rainy day.

The other Sunday, a sentence was introduced into one of Hugh's prayers which well betokened his chuckling satisfaction at the settlement he has come to with the New Market folks—In more than his usual emphatic style, the following was given forth in an impressive way:—

"May God himself, in his infinite mercy, bless the Market Company, and shower down the outpourings of his Spirit upon Messrs. Adam and Anderson"!!!

Capital, O most capital! Who says this is blasphemy know little of Hugh Hart. To finish off the thing, something resembling the following is required:—"And may the Lord, in his bounty, be very kind to Archibald Simpson the Architect, and may each fulfil his several duties to the satisfaction of the public and the glory of God." We recoil at the blasphemy of the whole affair; but we have only followed out the prayers of a man who signs himself "V.D.M." and glories in his separation from the "wickedness of his endowed friend over the way, David Simpson," and points the finger at his fellow gospel deliverers, saying, "Get thee back and hide thyself—I am holier than thou." God knows, if Mr. Hart's prayers can do any good to the Market Company *personally*, most of them have burning need of them. We have no doubt also that Adam and Anderson will be any the worse for them—but O grant that Archibald Simpson may be as much benefited by our prayer as though it had come out of the mouth of Prophet Hart himself! Few indeed would be happier than we if we could be the means of drawing Archy from the errors of his ways, and presenting him spotless before the Market Company and the public, having his sins and his iniquities remembered no more against him! We are timorous, however, that until

he forsake the company of his present associates—pack his lady-love back to her mother in Mortlach, and set his face against all his wonted uncleannesses, that “Jensy Crone” will be still the old boy—albeit the Ethiopian may change his skin and the leopard his spots!

ANOTHER DRIVE AT THE BAWDY HOUSES AND THEIR INMATES.

O Heaven that such companions should'st unfold,
And place in every honest hand a whip,
To lash the wretches naked through the world.

Ever zealous, ever active in our exertions for the moral and social health of our fellow-creatures, we have laboured with a willing hand and an anxious heart for the unconditional extirpation of those hostleries of the devil, whether those frequented by the most depraved, or the more aristocratic. We fight from principle, and the “lords of the creation” alike share with their more inferior reprobates, the sharp penetrating slash of our triumphant blade. We have on foot a new system now—a system which, in most circumstances, we detest, but one which we are obliged to resort to. We do evil that good may come. We have taken hold of the spy system, and borrowed a leaf from its working, to enable us fully and effectually to drag from their concealment into the open blaze of day the frequenters of those detestable nuisances—the brothels. How needless is it to waste time in exhortations, expostulations, and reasoning with the wretched inmates of those hovels—wretched whether clothed in purple and fine gold, or their nakedness concealed by filthy rags. Whenever an unpleasant circumstance is consequent on our exposures, then we are assailed. Hold we up the married libertine, we have ruined the peace of his family—take we by the horns the debauched, libidinous wife, O we have brought her husband and her poor family to misery—we have introduced hate and suspicion where only dwelt love and harmony—we have, with our remorseless blade, cut asunder the chord of goodwill and regard between brother and sister—driven to desperation and prodigality a husband or a wife; and we are denounced as dangerous, nay cut-throat members of society! Do we a good action—drive we from his infamy—infamy practised for years—an aged man, a father of a family—degrading pastime worthy only of brutes—yet seated and “grown with his strength, and strengthened with his growth”—no tongue sounds our praise—no voice is lifted to say the simple “Well done, good and faithful servant, though thou art dangerous in many things, yet we give thee credit for redeeming the 100th, although mayhap the 99 thou has injured.” But enough in this strain—it seemeth not good to apostrophise more in our own praise. We said we had adopted the spy system—go to, then, we shall follow it out. In our Supplement we shall commence a series of articles under the title,

A PEEP BEHIND THE SCENES OF THE BAWDY HOUSES ABOUT TOWN.

Where we have already sown the good seed, we shall cultivate it. Our first peep, then, shall be into “Annie Beverley's, alias Brown, Shoe Lane.” The best criterion of the good effects of our to be found in the exclamation

which this old bawd groaned out when we put a clapper on the visits of her best friend. Quite frantic she exclaimed, in her usual incoherent manner, holding up both her hands, “O its hard, hard—O its hard—my very best, my very best.”—This old strumpet—herself the worn-out remains of her kind—the betrayer of innocence—the encourager of all filthy recreations for the sake of gain, was visited, would it be impious to say with a judgment from her Maker, some time since, which disabled her bodily powers, and impeded her speech. Nevertheless unheeding she pursues her trade—nurtured in it from her infancy—she fostered it in her womanhood, and herself now worn out in the service, she administers to her declining years by keeping an undisguised bawdy-house! We have set a spy upon the house—the outgoings and incomings of male and female—gentleman and lady—will be watched by our quick-eyed servant, who will be closer at the elbow of the visitors and inmates than they think of. Even their winking will be watched. We shall be able to recount the number of her visitors—what they spend—how much, ay every glass of what is consumed—what they pay the landlady—what the female object of their visit. Not the turning of a straw will be neglected. The name, character, and appearance of every woman who either resides in or visits the house—when they go to bed and when they rise—what they have for breakfast, and at what hour—how much each eats—what for dinner, and the quantity—how much porter is sold (where's the license?) and so on, shall be noted as particularly as the framing of a pawnbroker's catalogue. We shall let them know what it is to dispute our powers—we will show them that we can be a very disagreeable incumbrance for them. On the 15th of this month we shall commence our exposures, and we will let the public see, and those wretches feel, our strength. The stars may cease to shine, the world may cease to move, but we have no hesitation in avouching, that, within three short months, we shall play the devil with this nest of corruption, and then for another All shall share the same fate. Their hour is come.

MUCHALL'S MAY SAIL;

Or, The Chronicles of the Wise Men of Cookney Parish.

Verse 1. In the third year of the reign of Victoria the first, sundry of her subjects living in Cookney parish said, “Go to, let us have a night of mirth, for it is the first day of May.”

2. And *Murray* the smith, and *Lyon* the salmon, got meat and drink, and fixed the hour of meeting.

3. Howbeit it was late at night when the feasters assembled, and they filled the mill of Mill of Muchalls, and the sound of feet made the building ring, and they roared, and ate, and drank.

4. And *Geordy Milne*, commonly called the “Gowk of Pityot,” perceiving a *Coast-guard-station old Hackney coach*, who he took for a sweetie wife, at the back of a door, said, Woman, let us have a gallop or a dance with thee; but she said, Nay, my son, I am a lady of honour.”

5. And an ass named *Aiken* chewed voraciously, and helped to empty the sowins sieve of meat: and he gulped up oceans of punch, and grew sick.

6. And the female barber, *Annie Findlay*, said unto him, What aileth thee, *Aiken*? But he spued tremendously, and made no reply.

7. Moreover, the *Witch of Baldarroch* danced, arrayed in a scarlet robe; but she was carried away drunk, and laid upon the top of a dyke to cool.

8. And a Hog-f eder danced like a bear till she fell in the floor: and Sawney Reith, a *tremendous turbot*, commonly called *Dawson*, lifted her up, and he gaped and bullied, and appeared so terrible a fish that the boys made a show of him.

9. Howbeit, Johnny Gran. went round the loft intoxicated, and kissed all the lasses twice—then said some of the young men, let us see what Aiken is doing.

10. They took him then out of the cask, and put him in a barrow, to wheel him home, when lo and behold, an effluvia arose which compelled the men to leave him, and he wallowed in the mire.

11. And the Gowk of Pityot was seized with a fit of swearing on the road going home, and he blasphemed for an hour, and terrified the inhabitants of Muchalls with his oaths.

12. Moreover, the rest of their deeds—how *Aiken* boiled his trousers, and how Wallace's female barber scrubbed him, behold are they not written in the *Chronicles of Fetteresso*, by the hands of Nimrod the Hunter?

Netherley, May, 1840.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Worthy Sir,—I am now in my glory. 'Tis a happy deliverance for me, for my own clothes were at the back of a day, and I doubted whether I would ever get them renewed. I am now in full swing as a day-policeman; and no one will have cause to dispute my vigilance. Every body hates me—deil a hair cares Lachy. So long as I am allowed to wear a policeman's coat, I will punish the scoundrels. I was kicked about my business for my dirty tricks before, but they have been obliged to take me into the fold again. I have not yet called to give you the tumbler—I will be hard-up for some-time, till some of my old scores are cleared up. Then I will see you and do the trick.

Having now done with my dirty spy system, and cast aside my old battered square-tailed fearnothing coat, you need not be ashamed to speak to me. I am a very proud man, let me tell you quietly, for, to speak truth—a fault which I am not always guilty of—my promotion was not exactly deserved by me; and stupid folks do say that I am an impudent fellow when I would shove my nose into a situation where I was driven out disgracefully before—but such delicacy is all nonsense—I have none of it—I am fit for any thing. My brethren of the force may depend that if I find out any of their tricks—whatever I commit myself—there is no one fitter to do them a dirty action than

May 15.

LACHLAN MACKAY.

Dear Doctor,—I wonder, in the various branches of your profession, you have never yet applied the keen edge of your razor to the chins of those intolerable nuisances who style themselves *Professors of Dancing*. There's your Professor Sinclair, Professor Macdonald, (commonly called Highland Donald.) Professor Kennedy, (commonly called Bubbly Jock, from his polite practice of wiping his nose with the forefinger of his right hand, and spreading the contents with the palm of his left, to save his handkerchief, which he always keeps in

his hat.) Professor Fettes, and his sister and father; and a great many more *Professors* too tedious to mention. These go ferretting out people who have families, and bore them to send their children to their *academy*, to learn the polite art of dancing and deportment.

I am astonished at one respectable gentleman who has sent some of his family to one of these flying gentry, instead of patronising our own steady teachers, who are always at their post, and conduct themselves, publicly and privately, in the most proper manner. When those nondescripts of the polite art come to town with introductory letters, extorted from individuals to acquaintances here, they sometimes succeed in getting an idle lady or gentleman to run through their friends, and point out to them all the faults of our resident teachers, and state all the excellent qualifications of the new comers, who are every thing excellent until once we find them out to be both ignorant and impertinent. One of these *Professors* has often called upon me to insist on my sending my family, and after failing in that, he had the assurance to call on my wife and try what could be done with her. If I had come in at the time, I suspect he would have been in some risk of going through some *steps* with me, which might have damaged the style of the *hop* merchant.

I wonder respectable people would attend to these cattle at all. If our teachers are bad, let us get others, but do not let us give away our money to support pretenders in any line.—Let us support our regular people, who keep themselves respectable, and make every exertion in their power to do justice to their employers. We have many quacks in other professions, which I shall take notice of in another communication.

Meantime, I am, Sir, yours very truly,

April 5, 1840.

An Original Subscriber.

P.S.—I forgot to mention one thing—the utter incapacity of most of them as musicians. It is no unusual thing to go wrong in playing a simple air, and blame the pupil for going wrong in the steps, and begin again. Now, all know that, when dancing is taught, the music ought to be good and well played, instead of having such out-of-time scratching as would rather give young people a disgust at music from such dunses. A dancing master ought to be a first-rate gentleman in manners, and able to speak, even in common conversation, grammatically; but the *Professors*, of the class above-mentioned, hardly know the difference between a waltz and a Welsh wig.

Sir,—Happily the days have ceased to exist when public matters were confined to a few, and disposed of by them as their caprice or interest directed. It is with reference to this matter that I now beg to address your readers. When the rights and privileges of individuals are intruded upon, they are prompted to take measures to ensure at least some satisfaction. The office of Precentor in St. Clements having become vacant, a number of candidates appeared for it, and accordingly it was agreed to fill it by competition (the seat-holders of course understanding that they were to have a vote.) After the candidates had exhibited their vocal abilities, the day was anxiously looked for when every individual would have an opportunity of recording his vote in favour of the person that pleased him most, but that day was never announced, and we heard no more of the matter till we saw the successful candidate take his seat about a week ago. In

quiry being made, it was ascertained that a snug little meeting had taken place the day before, composed of Andrew Brands and his worthy colleagues in the Eldership—this body thereby concentrating the power and authority of the congregation, no less than their will and judgment. The inference to be deduced from this is, that we see an individual specially set apart for the purpose of singing to a few fishermen, a baker, and some others, despite the taste and disposition of the people. This comes with a very bad grace from persons professing themselves staunch non-intrusionists. It will incline some to think their zeal in that cause hollow and insincere.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

A Seatholder.

Aberdeen, 27th May, 1840.

RAZOR CUTS.

The "Man of some Science" is still in the way, we hear, of frequenting the Shipmaster's wife in Constitution Street. Is it for the purpose of proving that a Druggist, as well as a Superintendent of Police, can do his duty on a sofa, as well as any where else? Surely it cannot be true that the Lady's great man of a brother actually acts as pimp?

The Tonn Clerkship.—Old Carnegie having departed this life, numerous rumours are afloat as to his successor. Some say *Fraser*, Hardie's assistant, will get the Tonn Clerkship, while John Angus will remain in *statu quo*. We cannot credit this. John Angus has been a very indefatigable public servant since he entered his office as depute. And now when he has performed all the duty, Carnegie pocketing the whole of the profits for so many years, surely even Whiggism could not swallow the pill of inconsistency so tremendously as to bar him from the income of a situation of which he has all along performed the whole duties zealously, with little remuneration, now that his old master's head is laid under the sod, to be powdered no more!

We see our friend John Maclaren's marriage is trumpeted in all the Aberdeen papers. We never heard that John, with all his faults, ever was a woman-monger. Now that he has got Bobbing Leslie's daughter for a bedfellow, he will have no need to go a-scrampering after strange women. His worthy father-in-law, though, is a terrible body for bobbing after the lassies.

We learn that a person who lives in Frederick Street, and who follows the occupation of one of Pharaoh's household, would wish, besides, to be chief miller over the household. We would advise this "Jolly" cowherd not to soar beyond the bounds of discretion, in case we hold him up, not as Joseph, who was charged innocently by his master's wife, but as in the case of Abraham and Hagar. We would advise this man of plenty to amend his ways, lest there come a famine upon him.

Three young dress-makers, above the new confectionary warehouse, 129, Union Street, are in the ugly habit of giggling to young men in Church, especially when they wish to display any new dresses. It will be long ere such foolishness gain them the esteem of any sensible body. We beg of them to desist from it.

Woodside.—We would advise a certain knightess of the thimble, residing not a stone cast from Church Lane, Wood-

side, to pay more attention to her work, settle her Saxony dress and silk cloak, and not encourage, for filthy purposes, the visits of a blacksmith lad, residing and working at the Printfield. Some fellow with *crooked-shanks* did the same dirty job before.

We do not say that any harm—either moral or otherwise—takes place through the frequent calls of a red-headed candle-maker named B., at No. 12, Constitution Street; but certainly the lady, for her own character, should not countenance such visits, in the absence, in England, of her lawful husband. She should, in such circumstances, be like Cesar's wife, not only pure but unsuspected.

Lost and Found.—John Riddler, gardener, Skene Street, being absent for a track of time at all the diet hours, and late at night, search being made, he was found driving Jean Bisset's mangle, in Chapel Street, and cutting Scripture afterwards in the back room.

Marriage Extraordinary.—Mrs. Murray, tavern keeper, head of Windmill Brae, it is intended to buckle, for the third time, with one of Machray's strappers, who glories in one eye, and a short leg. Due notice will be given of the affair, as a collection will take place amongst his brethren for money to get a pair of hale breeks and a clean shirt to him.

We have been much alarmed of late for our corpulent friend, A. Davidson, of Castle Street, owing to the very serious indisposition he was labouring under lately. Hoping he will soon recover his fair friend which the late barber, now draper at Printfield, has deprived him of, and wishing him every success at Bexly Cottage, where he seems to have a special understanding, we take leave of him in the meantime. We shall report progress in a future number.

Queen's Birth-day Novelties.—On Monday evening week, the Windmill Brae presented a very lively appearance, by the display of fireworks, &c. in honour of her Majesty, and for the amusement of the Artist's sweetheart (an old customer of ours). The display commenced with a round of twenty-one from a shattered *Munse Meg*, succeeded by a splendid explosion of *French rockets*, and concluded by a variety of Pratt and Keith's best remainders, &c. being blown into the air. The happy artist, along with his chum, then retired to the refreshment room in No. 49, when a game at all-fours, and a plentiful supply of creature-comforts, wound up the entertainment, much to the satisfaction of the parties. The funds for this glorification were handsomely contributed by the Messrs. Pratt & Keith, under the able superintendence of one of their shopmen.

We do not like to interfere much with the fair sex, especially those of the widowhood, but really we cannot refrain from giving a certain widow, not one hundred yards from the foot of Broad Street, a hint, that if she perseveres in dogging the officers of the Barracks so much with "black and white," especially married men, we will shave her till she will require a wig from a certain Union Street hairdresser, who answers to the name of the Conqueror of Waterloo. Verily we have been told her concupiscence exceedeth that of all other women. She should apply at the Star Inn to get her wants satiated, and not interfere with other women's *private* property, but she says the kilt draws attraction, and may be compared to that luminary whereof she is a sister. If this hint has no effect, we will shave her as short as a *kill*.

THE RURAL POLICE

Are out; and we hope they will do much good. We cannot see, however, what actual inroad upon the real roguery in the country they can effect. They may scare away a few poor, helpless trampers, the maimed, the halt, and the blind, who, rather than lounge upon the town, dogging from shop to shop to cater a subsistence, throw themselves upon the more extended benevolence of farmers, who afford them food and lodgings at least, if not money. We say these poor things have been driven through fright into the several towns, where, not being able to dig, they must take the other alternative—beg; but that any real preservation to the country people will be afforded by these policemen, we do not believe. They are a set of ugly jiggers, and would make a good show if they were obliged to trot to the different fairs on snub-nosed donkies, with straw bridles, and switch tails!

DOING THE SLY!

Nothing gives us more hearty satisfaction than dealing out a tartar to the hypocrites, and exposing the villainy of those who pretend other things. A very short time ago, the medical attendant of a certain institution where people are sent who are discovered to be the worse for want of their wits, discovered, in one of the men servants, an appearance of a certain disease which is disliked by Jew and Gentile. The poor fellow was interrogated about it, but denied knowing any sign or token of the foul trouble about him. After a little, however, he was brought to, and made confession, good-naturedly remarking "if there was ony thing o' that sort the matter wi' him, naeboddy had gi'en him it but his ain wife."—"Lucky" was sent for, who denied still more stoutly than her unsuspecting husband; but the point was soon settled by "Lancet," and the discovery made that the unfaithful spouse was over head and ears in the calamity. Well, what was to be done? After shuffling and whinging, the wife at last let out the powder, and put the whole blame on the shoulders of an extensive merchant, not far removed from Crown Court, and who has more than once aspired to Guildry honours.—Through the instrumentality of a South Parish Elder—some say Dr Macrobine—for ourselves, we don't know—the filthy merchant and the husband and wife were brought into contact, when, through the Elder again, a peace offering to the husband closed the affair! Since the interview, the husband looks better than he has done for many a day, and the neighbours remark that his new coat and "Lucky's" braw new gown has settled all the hubbub, at the expense of the merchant. What does Jamie Black think of his man now? Will he set "foot below mahogany" again with him? This affair, in Jamie's own phrase, has gone off "like hot loaf"—albeit little to the credit of the South Church pillar, whoever he is. Think of an Elder winking at a case of this abominable sort? Had it been a poor tradesman lad, who had got a poor girl in a way which ladies like to be, all the artillery of the Kirk would have been set a going against him, and he would have been assailed with "unclean, unclean!" Here is a man who should sit in judgment on all such offenders, winking and shuffling over a case of a married man ruining the peace of a poor man's family by not only cohabiting with his wife, but leaving behind him the pitiful cuckold—

"Horned and c—p—d and a'!"

a laughing stock to his neighbours and an example to all henpecked husbands.

POLICE COURT.

Wednesday three weeks, James Taylor, carter, was brought up before Bailie Urquhart, for negligence of his horse. Monday previous, James stopped, as he used to do, at Taggart's gate, leaving his horse in charge of the hostler. Having finished his business in John's house, he dropped into a neighbouring spirit shop, when, at the moment, Bailie Forbes came swinging down the street, with little Peter Taylor, and accosted the carter, in his usual habbering way, charging him with leaving his horse in a dangerous position. The carter smiled, and made no reply. The Bailie indignantly demanded if he was laughing at him? when the carter very properly acknowledged, in his own way, that "he saw nae occasion to greet at him." With this, the Bailie demanded his name, when the carter as good-naturedly replied "James Taylor's my name, Sir—what's yours?" "Bailie Forbes!" was the announcement, and off he marched. This was a clapper, and James was ordered to appear at the bar of the Police Court, which he did on the day ordered, Bailie Urquhart being on the bench—Bailie Forbes was first sworn, who said that the horse was standing head across the street, and that Peter and he could scarcely pass for the obstruction—a number of children being puddling in the gutter, said the Bailie, who were in danger of their lives. The Bailie also declared that the carter looked so ferocious that he would have horsewhipped him (the Bailie.) There would not have been much harm done, by the by.—Peter Taylor came next, who contradicted Bailie Forbes, in so much as the horse's head was towards Union Street, and that there was only one child near the horse or cart either—which was corroborated by the shopkeeper, who swore also that the carter was not exceeding 3 or 4 minutes in his premises. Similar evidence was given by the hostler; yet Bailie Urquhart in his conscience fined the carter 5s. which he paid in copper. Bailie Forbes has little credit by the transaction; but he can't see even an old wife empty her chamber-pot but he must have his tongue in it. We have no wish to be severe; but we cannot see the justice of taking even a Bailie's oath in preference to that of three as honest men as Bailie Forbes, and that too against a poor man, who is just as honest in his own way as the best of them.

THE KIRK

Is turned so stale a subject, that it stinks in the nostrils of every body. The Assembly has met, and just gone on as they have previously done, in riotous debates about their superiority in matters Ecclesiastical. We should like to see them push the matter to its full extent, without any finching. Kick out the disobedient Parsons, and let us see what will come out of that. Depose and excommunicate them—try that, and then we'll see the fun. Lord Aberdeen's Bill is out of the question. For all his Lordship's cummy way of going about the matter, he has not satisfied the Parsons. What would;

Sir,

The cook at Mrs Colouel Forbes's, Silver Street, by getting groggy on Saturday, is unable to accomplish her work, and is therefore sometimes to be found at her cooking on Sabbath morning. Although she may have a liking for Coachee, she ought not to neglect her work on his account. He must be a mean fellow to induce any woman to throw away her work and dally with him. He must be a mean fellow to induce any woman to throw away her work to dally with him. I shall keep my eye on them in future and report.

Your obedient servant,
Aberdeen, 24th May, 1840.

S. S.

Dear Sir,—As your razor is very useful in many places, you will favour me by giving a call at a certain farmer's son not many miles from the Windyedge school room, who is following after cart and plough making. I have two complaints to make against this sprightly young *Pin* of a fellow—first that he is proud, and thinks that there is no person equal to himself; second, that he is in the practice of charging three times for his work. If Johnny does not take this as a hint, I shall give more particulars respecting him in a future publication.

Your obedient servant,
Fetteresso, May 14, 1840.

A Scrapper.

Mr Chin Mower,

You will be pleased to hint to a fellow in this northern town, known by the name of the "heathen," when he goes to Church on Sunday, and seats himself with one of his brawny legs across the other, not to use such familiarity in public with a certain member of his body, especially before the Ladies, and in Church. It is a delicate matter to speak of such things in a publication which finds its way into so many female hands; but the disgusting practices of this road contractor deserve your severest punishment. Please hint to him to apply to "Canty Jockie" if he cannot overcome this abominable practice; he may perhaps cure him, which would be a peculiar favour to all decent Church-goers.

Your most obedient servant,

Forres, 28th May, 1840.

Gaudy Bill.

Dear Suds,—Be so good as advise a certain she shopkeeper not a thousand inches from Campbell's woodyard, in George Street, not to be sitting in broad daylight with her clothes tucked up under her chin, and her legs placed on a chair. As it is such a dirty story, and so rum a one that I cannot put it into words suitable for the occasion, I can only tell what I saw with my eyes.

Your's truly,
George Street, May. 1840.

Bo-Peep.

P. S.—I almost forgot to mention that she has an awful tongue in her head, so take care of your reputation. If you would likewise advise her not to cock her cap at a certain old tanner in George Street, for he declares upon his bones, soul and body, that he has got plenty of teuch hides in his store already.

Our Souter's Grumphy is killed and eaten.

Mr Shaver,

Seldom, I think, do you receive communications from Ross-shire, and Tain, its capital, has as yet afforded but little for animadversion. This, I am proud to say, proceeds from the general morality of the inhabitants, which has from time immemorial called forth the admiration of all visitors. I may however remark, that a sharp rebuke administered by you had a very salutary effect in ridding us of a nest of vermin who had visited this quarter, some time ago, in the character of "Professionals," and this circumstance has induced me now to address you, in the hope that in the present instance a similar result will be produced. About 4 months ago, a Kangaroo-looking officer, called G—t, took up his quarters here, and he was shortly afterwards joined by a comrade named H—e. Upon the arrival of this last, who, I am told, gained for himself in a foreign land no small notoriety as an adept in the art of female seduction, and whose sinister look would at once point him out as a fit agent in any dirty work, a regular marauding system was forthwith set a-going. With the assistance of that active pointer, Wattie, suitable paramours were scented out and selected, and Olympic games, under the light of the moon, were celebrated nightly in the Doctor's park and the neighbouring fields. It would have been well had the "military men" confined themselves to this sort of gambolling, but no, they must have variety; and therefore, in company with the dandy Doctor, who wears the glazed cap, they some nights ago insulted and otherwise annoyed certain highly respectable Ladies, who were returning by the Knockbrake road from an evening party in the country. No sooner, however, did the gallant triumvirate perceive that in the company of the Ladies there was one of their own sex than they displayed that cowardice which is the constant attendant of blackguardism, by quickly taking to their heels, and well it was for them they did so, for thereby they avoided a pummelling, which must have prevented them, for some time at least, from carrying on their nefarious schemes. When they did find their way into the Church, their disgraceful conduct attracted the notice and raised the indignation of all present. Their purpose evidently was to draw the attention of the Ladies, and this they endeavoured to do by looks and gestures fitted only for houses of a certain description, in the manners and customs of which we give them credit for being well initiated, and where we presume they find themselves more at home than in a pew. We could tell you of many disgraceful scenes in which they were the principal actors, but we refrain from shocking your delicate ears, and content ourselves with stating that a pair of uglier, immoral, and despicable knaves never disgraced our streets. If they do not speedily make off, we tell them, and let them not suppose we are joking, our worthy scavenger (who also has the honour of acting as town drummer) shall be put in requisition, with his melodious instrument, to drum them out of our capital, to the tune of the "Rogue's March."

Your obedient servant,

Sam Suds.

Tain, May 28, 1840.

We have no room for more of this letter from our learned friend in the north. In our next we will give the rest. We shall be happy to hear again from the same quarter, at the earliest convenience. He seems to be endowed with the genuine spirit of quizzing. —ED.

Mr Shaver,

A. P., a young grocer residing within ten miles of No 58, Union Street, Aberdeen, made our borough a visit a few days ago, with the intention of paying his parents a visit; he had, however, no sooner arrived than he directed his steps towards E. C. S., but to his disappointment found the door fast; his hopes not being altogether blasted, he resolved to pay the fair one another visit—accordingly he did so, but found that she left home that morning, merely to avoid him. We would advise him, when he comes to Fraserburgh next, to make her fewer visits, as the girl does not want him.

Your obedient servant,

A Constant Reader.

Fraserburgh, May 26, 1840.

Dear Sir,

Would you hint to a cook at Ballogie to conduct herself with rather more propriety. It is a fact, Sir, that her beard is not only observed by every body, but it is getting disgracefully long.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

A Birse Man.

Mixtrath, May 21, 1840.

My dear Sir,

A traveller for a wholesale grocery warehouse in Aberdeen having finished business here, left for Cullen. I was astonished in beholding him the next day (Sunday) return again and sporting a certain merchant's daughter here, whose name is L—m. I am certain it is not for love of this fair one.—I shall not at present say what his object may be; but if he persists in it next journey, Forbes may expect a touch of a sharper razor than he has been accustomed with.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

R. Rory.

Portsoy, May, 1840.

Dear Mr Shaver,

At a soiree held here last week, we had the honour of a deputation of the swell mob, namely, of Dandy Lieal, Esq. of Gilchristhall, who figured so illustriously in the drama of "Does your Mother know you're out"—likewise the great Goat of Bashan, who keeps an emporium of drunkenness and debauchery, to the great satisfaction of Jock Neil, Andrew Dale, and the snuffie Miller. Likewise was observable Jock Paul Pry, Customhouse tool, and the heathery-headed Scribe of the North of Scotland Bank. We think he would have put more value upon his Daddy's baps than committed them into a respectable gentleman's pockets while engaged in conversation with a young girl. Their leader, the magnificent Exciseman, contrived, to the no small amusement and admiration of the company, to swallow no less than thirteen cupsfuls of tea and coffee, and by the people in Church he was seen in a front seat, eating raisins and cracking nuts during all the time of the sermon. There is, we are informed, to be a raffle of oranges, the plus, we believe, left by Fumbling Madge, spruce to Johnny Gilgish, of prolific Willowbank.—Paul Pry, of Mudiedubs, along with his accomplice, the Goat of Bashan, made an attempt to throw nuisance on the respectable meeting, but we are happy to say their designs were frustrated, to the no small disappointment of Jean Milne's bairn's papa. It is thought that he will be obliged to dispose

of his watch guard to pay the fornicator's fee. If they don't mend their manners for the future, we will be obliged to bring to Mudiedub's recollection his adventures with a certain wench of the Boddam breed.

Your obedient humble servant,

An Observer.

Peterhead, May 7, 1840.

Rathen.—The stonecutter (or more properly the flying mason) is still visiting Betty at the Manse. They got rather a surprise some nights since, by the cripple tailor, while they were engaged together. We would once for all tell them that we will look after them in another way, if their conduct is persisted in.

Monymusk.—James Fraser, the blacksmith, and William Yeoman, will better give up visiting the Minister's women. One would think they got as much on a night lately as would have settled them. The next time his Reverence catches them, they may not get off so easily. He locked them in the last time, and ran for Mr Ragg and the Doctor, but the chaps took their flight ere the witnesses arrived.

Kingswells.—We have a letter from this quarter, but the only thing that we can make out is, that it is in the parish of Newhills, and that some Jemmy Low is married to some Jane Milne. We can't say what more our correspondent would be at. Really if we receive stuff we cannot read, it cannot be expected we can make use of it. We are willing to assist our country friends in getting forward their stories, but we beg of them to send forward two or three lines of the simple facts, and we will try to manufacture the matter for ourselves. We will not be bored reading over pages of rubbish, and we would wish our country friends to take this hint in good part, and let us have no more of their persecution. A few lines will serve a better purpose than scores.

Ballogie.—We are urgently requested, for her own good, to hint to Miss Margaret Smith, housemaid to the lady of Ballogie, not to cabbage the infamous works of Aristotle out of the young men's bed rooms, and to take a little better tent what she says amongst the servants. She is described to us as an in-kneed, padded, dun-faced, old maid; but the woman can't help that. But by the way, it says little for the young men's moral inclination, when they have such books lying about in their bed rooms. Surely they might soon get better, more instructive, and useful companions.

Crying Iniquity in Stonehaven.—A thousand complaints have reached us, blowing us up for our negligence of this little vicious town. We beg as many pardons. Not us, but our numerous engagements, otherwise were to blame. The most notorious case, just now, seems to be that of a girl Knox, whose conduct with a well known butcher in Stonehaven has been, and still is, horrible. The butcher has been dogged going into her father's house, and it seems she has no more to do, when she comes to purchase flesh—which she is rather fond of—especially this butcher's—at his shop, but to point to what she fancies, and off with it. We believe their intercourse is carried on against all decency. We wonder that the girl's father—who is a respectable man—allows such infamous proceedings. We have a score to settle next month with more of our Stonehaven friends, as well as an additional one with the filthy butcher fellow. Is it true that Miss K. also takes a walk now and then to the carding mill, to meet a writer fellow. If so, she has two strings to her bow.

Mr Shaver,

I am very much surprised that Mr Reid, Slave Driver, House of Refuge, should have escaped your notice so long. He mounts the rostrum with a face as grave as a Saint, and the moment he dismounts he goes through the house dogging every one at the heels, especially the women. He pushes the poor creatures to do more work than they are able.—One woman, to my knowledge, he slapped on the side of the head, for no other reason than speaking one word back when she was perfectly in the right. I can perceive he is a wolf in sheep's clothing, and a downright hypocrite—a very fit object for your respectable razor. This is just a mere outline of the fellow's conduct. You may perhaps hear from me again.

I am, Sir, your very obedient servant, Q.
Aberdeen, 8th May, 1840.

We have given the above without any comment. If the statements are untrue, we would consider ourselves favoured by information from a respectable source. If they be not contradicted, we shall likely be able to give more statements from the same quarter in our next. We hope, for the sake of the Institution, our informant is at fault. We shall see however.—Ed.

A PAUL PRY VISIT.

A decent looking man, attired in blacks, accompanied by a working man, looked in upon us on the day after our last publication, hoping, in the words of his great prototype, that he did not intrude. We nodded good naturedly, as much as to say, by no means—invited our friends—for so we took them to be—to our back premises, and asked them to reveal their business. On this we were presented with a tattered copy of our paper, which looked as though it had gone thro' a carding mill, and asked to look at an article which had reference to a Picking Room feed which had taken place in the Green. The gentleman with the white face and the black coat introduced himself as the Mr William Cruickshank referred to in the article, and his friend, who we at first took for a Sheriff-officer, did the same as the Donald Nicholson, croupier of the feed. They demanded the author, which we refused—they still persisted, and we stuck to our point, when both parties learnedly came to the conclusion that we were obliged to do as they wished. We said "Nay" for the third time, and both waxed a little wroth, telling us it would be better for us. We said we could not help it; and Mr C. told us he would not care so much for himself had we not stigmatised his wife and family as greedy attenders at tea and guzzling parties. We said it was very cruel for us to do any such thing, and then Mr C. told us he could not have been fuddling in the Bailie's in College Street on the fast day and been in the Church too, and we replied that neither he could; and then a fourth time the author was demanded, and a fourth we shook our head, which is as much as to say "Nay verily" with the Quakers. The parties then removed themselves from our bar, and we went to our labour of love, thinking it was all over. Another call Mr Cruickshank made, however, and another, and very angry calls they were—at last, and we have not seen him since, which we are sorry for, as we like to see all our friends frequently. We were halloed near our office by him, along with two young lads, one of the pair a white-faced orra like lion, with a frock

coat, named Milne—the other, habited nearly the same way, with ugly-coloured whiskers, named Robb, who had come to take care of their Picking Room friend, we suppose. An imperative demand for the author was again made; but as we considered that was the old story over again, we decamped, as though he had been a creditor—the more particularly as our dinner was getting cool; and although Mr Cruickshank might not have been the worse for that, judging from his appearance, we ourselves have a particular notion of hot broth!

THE POLICE.

Many ups and downs have taken place in the establishment for some time back. One man has been dismissed for drinking a bottle of small beer with a daughter of Deacon Fyfe's, on which occasion the Magistrates, Forbes and Urquhart, defined the law, so as to bring persons, whether keeping public house house or private house, into a penalty, for offering a policeman, night or day, or even a scavenger, a simple drink of swipes, during duty hours. That such harshness was contemplated in framing the Act, is nonsense. But now-a-days, we suppose, people in the police service won't be allowed to take snuff on duty without asking leave. The police affairs are in a ricketty state. We shall take a more minntè look in'them at our leisure—they may not be the worse for our inquisitiveness.

Ballater.—We have heard from this quarter of the country the continued misbehaviour of a fellow named Brebner, a shoemaker, who has been for some time carrying on a system of uproarious and offensive conduct ever since he commenced on his own account, leaving his former honest master rather in a queer way. We would hint to the foolish lad to forbear running after the women if he cannot see them but by breaking branders and smashing windows, which he did the other week in the Inn here, to gain an interview with his doxy, who then held a station in Mrs Ross's kitchen. We would warn, in a serious way, this Souter lad to bethink a little, for he doth most horribly affront himself in female matters. The breaking of the windows by the brander is the least of his faults. Next month we will condescend on something even more unpleasaut.

We have been induced, by repeated notices and complaints from Inverarnen, Strathdon, to hint to a certain butler about said place, either to throw up his situation or behave himself in a more friendly manner amongst his fellow servants. It is very hard that decent people cannot live peaceably on account of the conduct of such a puppy. We will make a Reid figure of him if he does not improve. We shall look after him.

The Honourable Geordie Ogilvie, Ballater mail driver, will appear on the 15th, with a history of his transactions about Peterhead; and on the road, and how he was kicked off; and a particular account of his conduct since he got on the Ballater mail.

Our SUPPLEMENT for June will positively appear on the 15th, containing numerous town and country drolleries.

ABERDEEN:
ROBERT and WILLIAM EDWARD, PRINTERS,
5, Flourmill Brae.