

# ABERDEEN NEW SHAVER.

XXV.

JULY 1, 1840.

TWOPENCE.

## CITY MEMBERSHIP AND H. H. LINDSAY.

Mr. Bannerman has certainly withstood the buffetings of a many contests in the City elections—he has been victorious over the good old Provost, James Hadden—the little Admiral—and last, though not least, that “king of rats,” Horatio Ross. When James Hadden failed to triumph over the liberal electors, the pigmy Sir Arthur might have saved himself the trouble, and the Conservatives the expense, of a contest, added to the humiliation of a defeat. How “good Horatio” consented to hang himself to the skirts of the Tories’ mantles, we know not. In 1832, the liberal electors conceived him

“E’en as just a man  
As e’er their conversations coped withal”

and some thousands of good men and true left their respective avocations on the day of his election for the Burghs, to tug him into Aberdeen; and Horatio Ross then spit in the faces of the Tories, and his supporters smashed their windows—Then in a few years, we find him coming here to oppose the very man whose exertions did a good deal to get him installed in his seat, Horatio Ross then advocating exactly the same principles then which Mr. Bannerman did, and has since done. Horatio, however, was kicked out for ratting, and he fell into the arms of James Hadden, Henry Lumsden, and Duncan Davidson of Aberdeen, where, as they could find none else so foolish, he was received with open embrace. Our readers are aware of the result of Horatio’s opposition—he himself knew that his election was as sure although he remained amongst the Hottentots—where it was said he was located at the time—as though he came to Aberdeen, and he came not. He had even more discretion than the Tories, and he was determined that

“He should not be a pipe for their fingers  
To sound what stop they pleased,”

and Horatio Ross was no more heard of. He is now cut off

by the Aberdeen bungling Tories; and as they were not inclined to be left again in so unpleasant a lurch, they would have their man before their face e’er they said much about him; and now that they have got him, they allow him to speak for himself.

H. H. Lindsay won’t do yet. They are truly a set of unfortunate devils the Tories in this quarter. But we need not upbraid them—there is an old problem, and a true one—“when folk tak the thing they hae, they never want.” In good sooth, however, we do think that this Chinese juggler of a fellow is worse even than want. The *Herald* has spent wind in discussing Chinese matters with H. H., which may be all very good, in as far as it lets us a little into his character and disposition; but we must have a man locally acquainted with us—one who can be of service to us in our private as well as public business—having experience amongst us of our commercial and mercantile standing—who has ample knowledge of all our local institutions, religious and humane—in short, any body but this foreign fellow, who has spent all his life dabbling amongst the Chinese, and who, we suppose, was never before within the sound of the “Towbeeth beil.”

We had a call from H. H. the other day, accompanied by a lad Smith—son, we believe, of the laird of Glenmillan’s.—The expectant M.P. bustled into our office, with a small book like a brewery carter’s jot in his hand, and chewing the butt-end of a pencil, *a la* our friend Mr. Al. Stevenson. He shouldered into our precincts, the young chap introducing him as Mr. So-and-So. We had thus an opportunity of a five minutes’ inspection of our worthy Would-be. There is not an inch betwixt Mr. Bannerman and him in height—he wore a pair of ugly tartan breeks—a light green coat, cut away after the manner of those worn by the members of the fleshier corporation—a passable head-dress—and under it a half-Chinese, half-mustard-colored waistcoat—neither very neat, but not ill-lookin

—his legs, a good deal above the common length, appeared none the more prepossessing from the shapelessness of his trousers. His body, in fact, when standing at our table, amused itself after the ancient fashion of the eel, while his “jumps horizontal, and jerks perpendicular,” gave token of the soundness of his joints and the vigourousness of his person. He told us he was at once a Liberal and a Conservative—bolstered up the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel at a furious rate, acknowledging, at the same time, Mr. Bannerman to be a nice fellow in person, but horribly bad and dangerous in his principles. We cannily told him we were *Wig-ishly* inclined, and hated Wellington and Peel as we did the Pope and the Bishops—after which declaration, he cut a few more capers and drew his pencil from between his teeth, and “noting us down,” as he said, in his log-book, bade us a good morning and scampered off with his flunkey.

We have not yet been able to ascertain what speed he has come amongst the electors. The lad has no earthly chance of being returned—except to his old acquaintances in China: and even there, it is said that “he was better kent than liket.”—If he do think, however, of taking another trip, we would advise him to throw up his old designation of “Hoo-hea-mee,” and substitute for it something like “Ha-he-ho!” a very common expression used to convey their contempt of the Tories, by such men as Mr. Alexander Hogg, umbrella maker, and Mr. Andrew Sutherland, manufacturer, at their important public meetings for the furtherance of their own cause and the damnation of the Tories!

#### LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Mr Shaver,

“Harvey’s Meditations among the Gill Stoups” is in the press, and will appear soon, with a Lamentation for being unable to reach the half mutchkin attached. Finding that Government has put an additional duty on whisky, and his finances being disordered, he will not in future engage in such an expensive work; in consequence he has commenced a new publication, to be called “Discoveries among the Peany Glasses, and the Conveniences arising therefrom.” So close is he engaged in this undertaking, along with the warmth of the weather, that he is obliged to wear an air-holed coat and a *none at-all* shirt. The spectacles were broken in the civil war which broke out in the Privy Council-room on the hill, and the lawyer found his head snugly bedded in one of the unspeakable pots. The “inexpressibles” is the only decent piece of furniture about him.

Your obedient servant,

A Thief Catcher.

Inverness, June, 1840.

Mr Shaver,

Can you inform me what Williamson, the Advocate, and Sauty Webster’s muckle ill looking fellow of a Clerk, and several others, are always wanting here on Saturday nights and

Sunday mornings. They lodge at the wife Duncan’s house, the sign of the Six Oxen, and have it little better than a brothel. These were the same fellows who put the boatman into the water about six months ago. Their whole delight appears to be after the women, as I suppose they have gone into the houses in your town till they have been kicked out. Queerer fellows never crossed the Dee to visit our quiet little village before; but let me tell you that they will catch it yet if they do not stop at home.

Your obedient servant,  
Torry, June, 1840.

A. S.

#### Sam Sud’s Letter

(Continued from No. XXIV.)

Sir,—Now for a shave or two at certain other persons who greatly require your interference. We formerly mentioned the Doctor who sports the glazed cap, who has conducted himself in a manner for some time back but ill becoming the honourable profession of which he is such an unworthy member. We can assure him that our only object, in bringing him so prominently before the public, is to prevent him from pursuing a course which must end in disgrace. He has already, with an effrontery of which we thought him wholly incapable, called in question the virtue of our most virtuous females, by uttering the following malicious slander—“There is not a virtuous woman in Tain.” We bid the dandified little cockerel beware, else he shall find himself denuded of those wings which he is so fond of clapping; and unless he immediately make ample recantation of all that he has said or done derogatory to the fair fame of our exalted townswomen, instead of riding Ellison’s “Pickle,” he will find himself astride a “Timber Mare,” to which honour he will be elevated by those very females whom he has so grossly traduced.

We would advise the unwhiskered Invercarron Farmer to remain at home, looking after his sheep and goats, instead of dancing into Tain so often, to shew off his little velveteen coat, and something else behind, of which he seems excessively vain, but which, for decency’s sake, we should much rather that the little velveteen coat should altogether conceal.

Now for a short advice to the mighty Mountgerald, and to the swell Agriculturist from a neighbouring Parish, who carries the long proboscis and magnificent whiskers. We would counsel them to remain at their respective domiciles, instead of frequenting those domiciles opposite the Procurator Fiscal’s, or traversing, with newly-married women, the groves of North Glastullich. These doings, we understand, are to be the foundation of an action of crim con.

There are various other parties, whose malpractices I am desirous of exposing, but having already so far presumed on your patience, I shall at present close by assuring you that I shall soon again bring myself before you in the character of

Yours very faithfully,

Sam Suds.

Tain, June, 1840.

Doctor,—I see, in your last number, a young man of the name of Reid, a butler, near me, shaven; and little doubt he stood greatly in need of a rub—but there are many beards in this parish (now that you are begun) which you may try your hand upon. First, then, we have a Mr. George Rannie, mason, who lives in Tominchapel, a most notorious drunkard.

He takes his cups morning, noon, and night, in a small public house kept by a person of the name of Reid, in Roadside, and at another more fashionable domicile at Parkvillia, kept by one of the lineal descendants of Ramsay of ——. Sometimes he wends his way to the head of the Don, and gets himself gloriously fuddled at Bridgend of Corgarff—he was one of the principal performers in a very celebrated battle fought there this bygone spring, the particulars of which I shall send in good time for your next number. 2d, Mr John Law, in Cot Town—he is bottle companion to the above G R—drinks his friend drunk, and then stones him home. Of this hero's exploits, I may mention his attempt at rape on horseback with A. B., when very drunk—his selling a damaged bull for a sound animal, and how he had to take him back—his amours with so many of the fair sex, his riding from a roup drunk to the top of Morven, instead of home, &c.; but I shall give you more of this worthy in your succeeding numbers. 3d.—Mr. William Mortimer, Sheriff-officer in Tominchapel. This is a celebrated character—he drinks until he wets his small clothes—and has a cant word of saying “damned nice” to every thing when he gets elevated with the spiritual. Not long ago, he tumbled into the water of Noughty, and lay there on his back til he was taken out—he is also a great companion to the other two.

If I were to speak to you about faulters in the fornication sine, I could fill your paper. I have not time to spare at present, but may just tell you that our Session has thought fit to separate some of our bachelor farmers and their housekeepers after allowing them to bring up a child each to their *oher amies*. This is thought a hard case; but my opinion is that it is quite right—let the rogues marry. I almost forgot to tell you that some of the girls in this highland place go eighteen months with child—at least one of the name of Stewart sessioned a John M-Robert for one, eighteen months ere it came to the world. It is but fair to add that cases of this kind happen but seldom. I shall hand you something to enrich your succeeding numbers from this quarter.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,  
Strathdon, June, 1840.

Jonathan.

#### MARRIAGE IN LOW LIFE.

On Saturday fortnight, the nuptials of William Tytler, cabinet-maker, Shoe-lane, and Betty Mason, were celebrated, the Rev. Alexander Spence officiating. We know nothing of the bridegroom—we hear he was a decent sort of lad, and lived with his mother. He has now, however exchanged her homely fireside for that of Betty Mason's. And now of Betty her, self. We know not where or when she was brought into this world; but we are of opinion that well would it have been for William Tytler if, on her birth morn, her mother had cried in vain. Betty, when she grew up, was sent to the factory, and as soon as she was able to know the wickedness of mankind, she visited Peter M-Ivor's, a famous place for young ladies who have got any virtue to spare. Betty acted here in the capacities of whipper in, pie trotter, and water carrier, to suit convenience. Of course the other necessary, the man part of the play, was indulged in as an interlude to those different employments. Peter Mortimer, the large bodied, swaggering wood sawyer, cast an ungodly eye upon Betty, and, as they say in Scripture, he knew her, and she begat him a heir. We are wrong, though—Peter would not have the honour of the creature, until his fair bedfellow swallowed the pill in Court,

and, as it were, chucked the gilpin down Peter's throat. Peter had to pay for it, which he declared to be the most expensive part of the fun; but the object died, and set all right. Betty afterwards took a room of her own, and got hold of the lad Tytler. Even while courting with the foolish fellow, she used to take her fun in her old vocation. At last, she tripped him, and he fell—hence the marriage. Betty, we believe, was much affrighted at the affair being known before it took place, and little wonder. We have observed often what has come out of such unions. We yet can remember of Jane Low, and a later example we have had in the marriage of a lad Dow, and the girl Bannochie. Tytler's mother was so much deceived that when told what sort of a character her intended daughter-in-law was she held up both her hands, and declared her to be a decent servant maid. O, Moses! Ask the walls of Peter M-Ivor's bedrooms, and ask Father Mortimer. All we can say is, if she don't prove a better wife than others of her kind have done, Hugh Hart may pray, in his usual way, that God may have pity on poor Willie Tytler. We say Amen.

#### THE DEVIL AMONGST THE CARTERS.

The other day, two carters foregathered in a whisky shop on the Quay, and after having *summat* comfortable, they came to words, and not very decent words either. The parties, we believe, were one Brands and one Holder. This last gentleman solemnly averred that his antagonist was labouring under a notable disease, familiarly known amongst the vulgar by an ugly name. Brands, an expectant elder, a proprietor of some houses, and a religious man to boot, would not stand this, and off he set to Dr Dyce, who, on examination, pronounced him to be without spot or blemish. This ended the fun; and honest William Mackie declared that he had served both King and country, and never witnessed the like—he never knew such a much ado about nothing affair. Well done, Commodore!

#### MARRIAGE IN HIGH LIFE.

“There's naethng but draw in the stool and sit down,  
And sport with the widow, my laddie.”

Old Song.

Some folk fall on their feet; and if any one, who is unluckier, form a comparison of merit, it often appears very mysterious why he is passed over in the book of fate to make room for one who, in every respect, appears to be less deserving of good fortune. However,

“There's a tide in the affairs of men,  
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune”

And so it has happened in the case of Mr Peter Craig and the Widow Thomson of North Street. Robert Thomson was a good, quiet, inoffensive, honest body; and had, by careful assiduity to his trade, economised to the extent of about £200 good solid cash. It pleased the disposer of all events to cut Robie's thread, however, and about 8 months only elapsed between his disconsolate widow following his body, “like Niobe all in tears” and her marriage with Mr Peter Craig. The funny affair came off the other afternoon—the Rev. John Allan officiating as Chaplain. Five o'clock was the hour, and by that time several of the greedier of the invited came, and the ceremony being over, hack and marger was the order of the day. Those, however, who were too delicate to assist themselves sat empty—only those who could finger and thumb

thumb the eatables got off victorious. Six o'clock in the morning saw Peter and the widow ensconced between the sheets; but previous to this Peter got a snoring by the fire-side, and when his fair spouse attempted to rouse him, he involuntarily roared out, "Go to ———, you ———: you are mine now; don't it, I have only soiled one of the elbows of the coat you paid for." To bed, however, Peter, went; and at eleven o'clock in the forenoon the widow got up and procured something comfortable for herself and her lord—notwithstanding which Peter got so obstreperous that she was obliged to send for the police to keep down din! Peter, after all, has shoved his nose into a brow warm nest; and it neither has been nor will it be any thing but beneficial for his belly or back that he has got a hold of the widow! We should like to know what Robbie Thomson's fortune will be worth 12 months hence. Peter, if we mistake not, will let the wind amongst it.

An Extract from the 127th Book of the Chronicles of Muchalls.

Chap. 1st.

Ver. 1. And it came to pass in the days of our forefathers, when the Scribes wrote much in the land, and the beards of people were closely shaven, that there came a man from the north, whose name was William, and he sojourned in our land, and married a daughter of his own tribe, for he was by profession a fisher, and the father of his wife was the same, and they were of the ancient race of the fishers who lived on the banks of the lake of Genesaret.

2—And he became a great man amongst the people, for he opened his mouth and gave them council in hard matters, and for many years conducted their course on the mighty waters; he likewise at a moderate price, sold bread to the hungry, drink to the thirsty, and gave shelter to the weary and way-faring man, so that William was great above all the men in his profession. Moreover, his sons bare him sons and daughters; but she died while his family was in infancy.

3—Howbeit, William shortly bethought himself that celibacy was an evil and a dangerous life, and he betrothed a woman who had been his bond maid, for he had loved the damsel in the days of his married state, and in his widowhood she had drawn near him with kindness and much affection; so he married her, but she was barren and bare him no children.

4—And it came to pass, although William continued in his frugal and worldly disposition, yet prosperity did not follow as formerly, for he began to be in want, and poverty entered his dwelling, and this because his young wife was a lover of strong tea and other foreign commodities, and she dealt largely to her friends from his table; she secretly gave them money, as well as strong drink; she likewise entertained strangers who lived in the city, and carried in a *creel* to them the meat which he had set apart for his family; she cursed bitterly all those who had pity on William, and gainsayed her doings, and the words of her mouth were forward, and many heard them who lived at a great distance.

5—Thus did she but she went to the Church of her fathers, and bowed herself to the ground, and prayed with a loud voice before the congregation, and besought the Lord for a remission of her manifold sins, and that he would sacrifice her soul; yet her enmity to her neighbours, and her strife-stirring disposition continued more than all the women in the land. Is it not proverbial until this day she was a by-

poete, was full of malignity, and accounted a dangerous woman.

6—In process of time, however, when the family of William had grown up, his eldest son, by much industry and great economy, waxed exceedingly rich—so much so, that he attired himself in costly vesture, which was made of rare workmanship, and he being a man of comely figure, great stature, and considerable eloquence of speech, he obtained from the daughter of Cröllie four hundred shillings of the standard coin of our King, with which he traded among the merchants of the city, and he rode in coaches, which were drawn with great velocity. Moreover he purchased a gun, to protect his dwelling against the invasion of robbers, for his great wealth, the justice of his dealings, the prodigy of his wisdom, and the veracity of his speech were much spoken about for he was marvelously great beyond all the sons of the fishers in the land.

7—Now the whole acts of these people, were they not recorded in the Chronicles of the Cove, Portlethen, and Cowie, and sealed at Stranathra, anno domini 1481, by one of the tribe of Guzzhe, whose surname was Gouden Fitties.

#### A STERLING GROCER, YET NOT QUITE THE THING.

Such of our local readers as are in the way of passing up Castle Street, will have observed a man wot wears an apron, brown sleeves, and a swallow-tailed coat, stationed at the back of a counter, a signboard o'er topping the doorway, with the intimation "George Stirling, grocer, tea and spirit dealer."—This little mercantile, canny speculating body we remember to have witnessed doling out "vegetable oil" some years ago about the same quarter, in the employment of a man wot wore specs, called Anderson. He has now got a wife and a shop, however, and a "t-tum," and is withal, in his own estimation, a very big little man. What of all this? ask our inquiring readers? We admit these of themselves do not entitle him to any share of our notice, yet if a man—such, for instance, as this same George Stirling, were to marry a woman and have a child or two with her, and were, on a time, to send her to the country to brace the caller air; and in her absence this said George—of course we are only supposing the thing—were to peep into his servant maid's bed-room, and get rather near the bed, in the middle of the night, when the girl was asleep, and were farther to attempt to do things which he had no business to do—we say, if such a man as George Stirling, or any other body, were to do such things, would he not be a fit subject for our touching up? Most certainly. We do not say that this George Stirling did all this—of course we did not see him—but if our readers, who are interested in this parable, will take the trouble of looking into any of the neighbours of our small friend—say, as the nearest, and best informed on the subject, the confectioner—might be able to throw light on darkness on the affair. We dare not say more ourselves; but we may be allowed to think that if George Stirling's wife knew of her husband doing what he might have done if he had been allowed—George Stirling's wife would have cause to be a very angry woman!

We will thankful to any of our correspondents who will be at the trouble of letting us know more of the above affair.

Sir,

I would advise three girls, who reside not a hundred miles from Scott's Victoria Theatre, John Street, to behave themselves with more decency and decorum in future. It is certainly very unbecoming for young women to stand gaping and giggling about their doors during the day time; but it is too bad to remain out night after night till 11 or 12 o'clock with a cert in coxcomb of a butter merchant's clerk, (B: and R. in St Nicholas Street), annoying and disgusting decent and respectable people in their neighbourhood by their laughter, romping and noisy conversation. I will keep a watchful eye upon them; and if this has not the desired effect, so sure as St. Lawrence was roasted on a gridiron, or St. Duffan beheaded, I will expose some of their pranks in some other number of your paper.

Your obedient servant,  
Aberdeen, 12th June, 1840.

G. N.

Dear Mr Shaver,

Amongst all the excitement and conjectures respecting the attempted assassination of our beloved Queen, allow me to give my opinion that the origin of the whole affair is in Hanover. The young unthinking boy who made the attempt was no doubt tempted by the promise of a very great reward if he accomplished his diabolical purpose. He was well aware he would be discovered, tried for treason, found guilty, and sentenced to be executed; but it is well known that the same hour the Queen would die, the King of Hanover would be proclaimed, and before the deprelator would be tried and condemned, the first cause of the whole affair would be in a situation to commute the sentence, and send the culprit over the seas, to enjoy the fruits of his evil deeds in a foreign land. It is my sincere wish that the guilty persons may be discovered and punished as they deserve.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

Aberdeen, 17th June, 1840.

A Thinker.

Sir,

A long Tartan like fellow is making a call on the Electors of the town of Aberdeen, soliciting their votes for a Member of Parliament. He is saying in as many words, "Give me your vote for once, and I shall do all in my power to deprive you of it at next election; as I am a Conservative, and a great friend of the Duke of Wellington; and it is well known he was always against Reform; and had that not taken place, you would have no vote to give." I am not surprised to see great men against liberal principles—they were always so; but those very bodies who obtained their votes through reform doing all that in them lies to put those persons into Parliament who will do all in their power to deprive every taxpayer in the kingdom of the privilege he at present possesses—such conduct shews that they are either rogues or fools; if rogues, they ought to be punished; if fools, they ought not to have a vote.

I am not so much surprised at a country farmer if called on by such a fellow as Mr Lindsay, as commonly the laird goes along with him, and there are some times stronger reasons why the tenant must say with the laird; but no such reason exists in Aberdeen—men are at more liberty, and can speak their minds freely, and ought not to be led by the call of a

person although somewhat above their station. Let the Electors shew that they have an opinion of their own, and a reason too for what they say. One thing I can say is, that Mr Bannerman has done more for the town of Aberdeen, within these few years, than was done by our Members for 60 years previous to the passing of the reform bill. It is not very likely that Mr Lindsay will succeed. If any Conservative would have succeeded, it was Mr Hadden; he is a gentleman that deserves well of Aberdeen—indeed no man deserves any honour the town could bestow equal to Mr James Hadden. Had he told the people that although he was a Conservative, yet as the reform bill had passed, he was now willing to go along with its principles, no man would have been sent to Parliament but himself. There is not a gentleman in Aberdeen who has done half so much for the improvement of the town, nor the employment of its inhabitants, as Provost James Hadden.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

A Citizen.

Aberdeen, June 17, 1840.

Sir,

I beg you will give a rub with your razor to a pair of lovers in this quarter. Their names are Wm. R— and Jessie E—; the man resides at Cotton of Cluny, and the girl at Kirkstile. He has been paying several visits to her, and one night in particular they went to a widow woman's, Mrs Henry; but she being from home, they went to the girl's bed, and remained there for some time. This visit will no doubt tell nine months hence. The next time he went to her father's house to see Jessie and her father and mother; the old people went to bed, and left the lovers at the fire-side, where they sat till one o'clock next morning. Jessie went out to convey William; and in order to be revenged on the girl for telling that they went to bed, they threw stones down the chimney of the widow's house, and nearly deprived her of her senses.

Your obedient servant,

A Constant Reader.

Cluny, June 11, 1840.

Sir,

I beg you will give Alexander Gaul the hint not to go so often to the Manse of Cluny to see Betty Duncan, for she does not care about him. He might have taken the hint himself when he was at the window and could not obtain admittance.

Your obedient servant,

X.

Cluny, 12th June, 1840.

*Ginger Beer Sunday Jaunt*—Is it a fact that a lame ginger-beer manufacturer invited a female near the Bridge of Dee to a trip on a Sunday lately to Bourtreebush in a gig? Is it also true that the pop-maker actually crammed his ginger beer cart with his commodity, and that when the lady heard of her hithering to Bourtreebush to sell ginger beer in a cart, she politely refused to accompany the gentleman wot has the wooden understanding. Is it in accordance with Sabbath observance to cart about ginger beer on a Sunday? It was killing two dogs with one bone with a vengeance to sport a lady and a ginger beer cargo—profit and pleasure at one whiff—but on a Sunday, O! it was shameful.

## THE COUNTRY POLICE.

Mr Shaver,

As you are likely to have a good deal of work to do in the course of a short time, I am giving you warning to have all your razors in the best order possible. The Kirk and the Constables are almost all that is in vogue, and I can assure you they are playing a round game, and making a fine job of it. In the name of Heaven I think the devil has got the cloven foot in amongst them, and it is not likely he will rest satisfied until he get in his whole body. For instance, you see the Clergy are fighting amongst themselves, which has brought an odium on their characters which will not soon be obliterated. On the other hand, some of the gentlemen are almost come to a pitched battle, contending with each other for the representation of their respective counties; others again are wading to the knees in luxury, and I may add debauchery, while the poor of the land are in a state of starvation—that is free born Britons, for Britons never will be slaves. O what a humbug, when at this moment there are not greater slaves under the canopy, nor worse fed, than the third of the population of this nation.

And then this grand scheme you see that is established in our quarter has just put on the cope stone, which will, instead of making them slaves to work, make many slaves to vice, which is worse

Certainly now the gentlemen of the land will take great pleasure in taking a telescope view of their possessions, when not a poor person is to be seen save a constable on horseback, and dressed after the military costume too, forsooth, which exactly reminds me on the Provost Marshals in Spain, who were appointed for the detection of plunder, and transgressors of the martial law. Most certainly the poor have always been in the land, and never till now have been refused the means of a scanty subsistence. Vagrants, they will tell you, have been the cause of it. In the name of wonder, is it not easy to distinguish the difference between vagrants and poor inoffensive creatures, who have neither house nor home to resort to, but must be driven to towns out of the way, to linger out a miserable existence. Vice then becomes predominant; next comes crime; and lastly the jail, which undoubtedly must be the consequence if this foolish and ill devised plan, is not done away with, and a better one instituted in its stead.

In the name of Heaven, I say again, what blockheads they must have been that have ever put such a one into execution. Doubtless they must have more of a stomach than brains, and fitter to be managers at a drunken feast than to contemplate on the wonders of a butterfly—men whose appetites are satiated with luxury, and whetted with avarice and contempt. Who would say that such men could be justified in adopting measures for the better support of their fellow creatures, when at the same time their heads are just as destitute from knowing the matter as a cabbage stock. They have never experienced the practical part of humble life nor can they conceive the want and distress that their new project has brought and will bring upon many a poor individual. However, those who wish to controul at the present crisis, if they have the constable's staff in the one hand, they must have the magic wand in the other, else the best laid plan which they are capable of must fall a sacrifice to their ambitious views and imperfect judgment; and instead of remedying the present evils which I am now speaking of, they fall into greater ones, which

plainly shows the insufficiency of their understanding in the present important concern, and at last they will fall over the precipice of human weakness, and will be dashed to pieces on a rock of their own making.

O, Mr Shaver, for the sake of humanity, try and intercede with her Majesty on the present occasion in behalf of the poor people, and your humble servant will ever pray. Q.

Aberdeen, 1eth June, 1840

Worthy Sir,

Amidst the arduous labours for the good of your country, and your countrymen's moral worth, you have been assailed with every species of exposure—"Get thou from amongst us—thou hast stripped us of the robes of hypocrisy, drunkenness, and debauchery—so that we can no longer rejoice therein, fearless of a dread exposure;" but the sun of a brighter morn will rise and shine upon thee when ye shall be hailed by thousands of thousands, joyously shouting, "Come in and dwell amongst us, worthy of all acceptance, for through the instrumentality of that moral weapon which thou hast so long powerfully but unceremoniously wielded amongst us, we have been dragged from a miry clay." Gracefully might this fall from the lips of Mr Wm. Cruickshank, the hero of many wars, but to the contrary, for I regret to learn by carefully reading over your 1st of June publication, that you had been horribly annoyed by the frequent angry and impudent visits of him and his usual guard of defence, when he, Mr C., more than thrice haughtily demanded my name, with the intention of entering into prosecution against me for an article which I wrote upon a tea and toddy party, and which appeared in a former number of your paper, and which he said was without foundation, or at least it had strayed from his memory; but I say again its foundation was broad and substantial, whether it had strayed from his memory or not; but let me tell you, Sir, the first step Mr C. took in the prosecution, while yet furious, was that of applying to one of the town sergeants, who, on being told about the affair, was seized with such a tremendous fit of laughter, that the complainant was obliged to trudge off without redress.

If Mr C. had been still more determined, or had been prompted by an inward sensation to apply for redress to his friend the Bailie, I know not, and care not.

Mr C.'s memory being very short, for its exercise I would have him to imagine for a moment that he sees in all its delusive splendour a gorgeous feed, like that which has often been prepared for himself and rib, when the tables verily groaned with pies and puddings, mountains of bread and cheese, and oceans of whisky and porter, and being the only male present, he had to preside and keep order, and in his usual kind and affable deportment serve out in ratio the pies and porter, &c. &c., when he ate and drank, and roared and sang, till all was blue, in that large and commodious room in the Shiprow, No. —.

It appears to be a capital crime even to mention the presence of Mrs C. and family at such feeds, as she in her own good way still retains a large share of that meekness and modesty with which she says nature had endowed her before she was taken from her swaddling clothes; but I trust she has not forgotten the night on which she disencumbered the pavement of a lantern post with her nose, when plodding her way up the Windmill Brae to a joint stock fuddle which took place in or about College Street. I would also refresh Mr C.'s memory with a table in College Street, which is often loaded

with fat things for the exercise of his prodigious, powerful, but ugly jaw bones, and the depression of his rage and fury.

Further, I would recommend to him to boldly deny having any knowledge of his visiting the sick, on the Sabbath previous to that of the Communion, on which day, it is said, he was seen prowling about the streets, labouring under a severe attack of intoxication, on his way from or near by Chapel Street to College Street, which, when reaching, he imagined to be the place of his destination, and set himself down, but some good and thoughtful citizens dragged him under cover,

Where he remained full late that night,  
And slept and dreamed.

and when he awoke he exclaimed (pathetically pointing to the Rev. David Simpson's portion of the vineyard), "Ah, in the golden days of my namesake, good King William, I was within yonder walls covered with authority—

When my predominant passion fluttered in my breast,  
And like Aaron's serpent swallowed all the rest.

"My fellow office-bearers cried, with a loud voice, thou art unworthy of our fellowship any more—thou hast eaten of strange flesh and are contaminated; take up thy bed and walk, ye unclean."

As a lover of strict morality, I would scorn secretly and impiously injuring the man whom science and virtue had rendered illustrious; nor even would I attempt to inflict on Mr C.'s character a stain which would not be easily obliterated; but if I am so doing by stating truths which are in themselves incontrovertible, surely the fault is his and not mine, for nothing could be more cheering to me, nor pour more consolation into my cup, than to look upon Mr C. as a true convert and myself the converted; but the sun and moon may change their courses, the stars descend like thunderbolts from the firmament, and the thunder of the day of judgment break over his head, yet he will noc.

But he has shown himself very anxious about my name, that he may have an opportunity of controverting my statements, which he says, as I have already mentioned, are fully deniable; but it surely must be in joke that he said so. Be this as it may, I am willing, at any time or place that he may think proper, to appoint, through your next publication, to meet him, when he will have an opportunity of embracing all the congratulation I am master of; and although I am averse to physical force, he may, if he thinks good, take with him his usual convoy. This is what I call to the point.

P. S.—I would beg leave to ask Mr C. who wrote and dictated the matrimonial letters which went between Miss M. and an Inverness hatter. To this I would expect nothing but a civil answer. I would also take the liberty, in a few words, of cautioning Mr C.'s friends, especially his more influential friends, against making themselves busy bodies in his affairs. Peradventure they may entangle themselves in their own net, and an account of their stewardship may be requested.

27th June, 1840.

O. P. Q.

With all deference to our talented correspondent, who has so ably and with much originality shewn forth the failings of our friend, Mr Wm Cruickshank—which same gentleman may think himself highly honoured by our several notices—we say, with all due deference to him (our correspondent) we

think he has bestowed rather too much of the *butter* upon us and our labours—but we take the whole in good part; and, though he may think we are joking, we are heartily obliged to him, out of all fun—Ed.

*Inverness*—We a while ago administered one or two brushes off on a man named Urquhart, a carter in Inverness, which, if they had any effect in the meantime, have, we are sorry to say, been now quite forgotten. This ill-doing fellow, the other week, called upon a man's wife; and whatever he did with her we cannot say, but he was pulled up and fined 10s, for his pains. A friend of Urquhart's, in Aberdeen, told us, when speaking of the affair, that he had sent word south to him that he was actually disgraced about the matter, and asked him how he could have done any harm with the woman when her children was on each side of him, there being only one room in the house. He then said, that to hide his shame he was determined to go to America. We can tell him that if the Yankees know him as well as he is known in Inverness, that they would allow him to sing "Yankée Doodle" to himself on the outside gate of the country. What would he think of a free passage to the Land of Liberty, as good folk are there before him. If he does not behave himself, we have nothing left us but to hand him over to the care of the Saw Doctor.

*Notice*.—We cannot pass our worthy correspondents in Inverness without informing them that we have received their orders in due course, and regret that we cannot insert the others. We have only room to insert the one informing us of the little oddity in Glebe Street, alias Merrathac Bheg Dhu, a name given to her by her unworthy, vain, proud, ignorant mother, and who (the oddity) we understand, was once a teetotaller, and is now the very reverse; whose hunger at one time got to such a degree as to devour a whole bun of four pounds weight, of her mother's at one meal, and has recently got buckled to George Fraser, the busk measurer, and who had got a touch of our never-failing razor already for the very unmanly crime of taking girls' measures for the fair dames, and we hope since he has displayed his noble taste on this most miserable object in the way of buckling, that he will endeavour to buckle her tongue, and employ her inside doors rather be going about the town scandalizing her friends and neighbours, which she has very recently been doing very much.

Mr Shaver,

I would hint to two certain dressmakers not a mile from the Public Buildings, to make their night walks less frequent with the black-bearded Apothecary, for their conduct of late has been most disgraceful, by going out to walk with him when other people are going to rest. And also to use less liberty with him in the woods, for I am astonished they have escaped the pen of the critic so long, for every body has been taking notice of their disgraceful conduct for some time back. Therefore I thought it my duty to throw out some hints to them before something worse might follow. I hope this will have the desired effect to stop Andrew in his Sylvan operations in future. If not, I will be under the necessity of giving them a better cut in your next number.

Your obedient servant,

Blue Bill.

Forres, 10th June, 1840.

## QUACKERY IN COW DOCTORING.

We have this moment received the following particulars.—We are just going to press, and must postpone our remarks upon it till next. Mr George Cross, Veterinary Surgeon, &c., was called to an unwell cow—for cattle with four feet are apt to take trouble as well as those with two—about the Stocket. Well, George arrived at the place, and inspected the disordered animal—told the owner that the beast was calved, and proceeded to strip it of what is technically named “the clean,” as he was on the spot whether or not. All this was well; and after administering castigation to the owner, told him to look better after his cow ere he sent again for him, and departed.—Mr Barkway was, a week after, sent for, who soon took the animal out of trouble by delivering her of a calf! We would hint to this learned and consequential farrier to keep his diploma in his waistcoat pocket when he is again called out on a case, as the ignorant people are generally all the better of their catechism.

## DUNDEE.

Sit down, Mr John Low, Jun., and receive a comfortable shave. While you thought that Mr Keiller, Jun., hired the servant girl in joke, and that there would be nothing more about it, you declared your opinion openly that she had it in her power to bring in for wages and board wages, because he had *fee'd* her. There's the lather, John—“Boy, hand us the razor.” “Yes, Sir.” “Hold up your head, John.” “Yes, Sir, although the position is an uncomfortable one, being accustomed to hold it down rather low.” “That will do, John—now for the shave.” When the case came on, you swore that there was no feeling—no hiring—nothing of the kind. Now, John, whether did you tell a lie to your friends or perjure yourself before the Judge? Which of the two alternatives do you take with? The latter is the one which most people who know you are inclined to prefer. Ask the opinion of Miss ——— or Miss ———. You were once a proud Harbour Trustee, sitting at the Board with the best of them; but there, John, take my word for it, you will never sit again. Alas for fallen greatness! Mrs Jack of the Railway Tavern, invites you to an interview with Miss Fenton in the Tavern. She promises to embrace you for being so true and faithful a witness. “A friend in need is a friend indeed.”

Dundee, 25th June, 1840.

Mr Suds,

I would advise Peter Falconer, the plasterer, not to stand so long at the late Post Office Bowgate with Big Bet the Fly Catcher, for their appearance is more like a pair of fat pigs in a sty, or a dressmaker's sign. I would advise Peter to withdraw, for Bet has rather too many beaux already to take up her head with him. Being too fond of changes, Peter, take my advice and look about you in time, before it be too late to withdraw. It would become Peter better to be pounding snoco than catching flies, for he would find it of more advantage in the end. Therefore I would advise him to desist from it in future, and not to be obstructing the passage with these huge bodies, that people get in danger of getting their faces brushed passing up and down the street. It will do him no good, let him blame himself in that.

I would also advise some more young men to mind themselves for the time to come, for I have been keeping a

strict eye after their motions for some time back, and I will soon expose them if they do not desist.

Your obedient servant,  
Forres, 12th June, 1840.

P.

We have had a row here lately about changing our bellman. M'Combie has been very officious in this matter, for two very substantial reasons—first, Mr M'Combie's house-keeper had some words with Mennie, the old bellman; and he speaking back to her. She at the same time is very kind to her master, and he in return must use his interest to turn Mennie out of office. And again, the new bellman, it is said has a spare bed in his house, and M'Combie, when fatigued travelling about, might be the better of a rest at a time, especially as he is a widower—for these two reasons; it is said that M'Combie is under some obligations to the new bellman; but the other parishioners not being under the same restraint, are determined to retain Mennie, who is a very respectable man to boot.

O. P.

Skene, 22th June, 1840.

A correspondent wrote us the other day from Edinburgh stating the want of a hangman there, and requesting us, if we had any *orra* character about town, to send him to get the situation filled up. We know of none who would suit except it be Mr Lachlan Mackay, day policeman here. For outward appearance none could equal him—he has surely been born for a “finisher of the law”—verily he is an ugly *visaged* man. “Lachy,” no doubt, will jump at the offer. An action comes before the Sheriff on Thursday against the Superintendent of Police, for false imprisonment. “Lachy” has led Barclay into this scrape—ay, and will hook him into many a dirtier one yet.

*Alford*—A descendant of Vulcan, who lives not far from Endovie, should keep his own bed, and not go to his servant maid's; neither should he take the lash pins out of his neighbour's cart, although it may be the means of getting trade for himself.

*Sunday Decoration*—A particular friend of our's happening to pass down King Street on last Sunday afternoon, he jolted against another friend of our's, who doles out the blue damnation, near the centre of the Gaestrow, when lo, our latter friend's pocket gave a mew, and out blinked a *Pussey*—not a blind *Pussey*, but a full grown *Grumalkin*. If this is not against Sabbath observance, we know not.

What does a town sergeant so frequently visiting a public house nearly opposite to the Poultry Market gate, in Queen Street? The neighbours are beginning to twig him and his doxy.

The female polishers in the service of Phillips, upholsterers, cannot be rubbed off this month. Next number, if no reformation takes place, we will polish them off in a way they don't think of.

We would be obliged to our Forgl'en correspondent if he would send another copy of his Chronicles.

Two capital articles from Stonehaven—one about Pratt the tide water, the other about the Soiree—are in types, but they must lie over till next month.

Big David-on of Castle Street we can't get space for.

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