

was unluckily called off the stage—not of time—but of this district, before the grand consummation. And we learn that he is now in Dundee, walking the streets with spectacles on nose and hands in pocket, and that his voice has not been heard in a public meeting since he left Aberdeen, giving himself now up wholly to prayer in private conventicles. Next came Mr. Warden—the literary member of the Reform Operatives. This gentleman had been Editor of a paper here, but which was defunct before the Reform question was settled—he being at the time slackish, gave much and important aid to the cause, and cut many a figure about that time. It was he who was said to have declared that the Champaign with which he and the rest of the southern bodies were filled at Rossie's Dinner was "as guid brandy and ginger beer as ever he had tasted in his life." These two worthies often bickered between themselves, as did, in fact the whole leaders, but the "cause" generally cemented all their quarrels. So anxious were they to divide the honour, that on the night of the Great Amphitheatre Meeting, the one of them, before the dismissal of the assemblage in Castle Street—to which they walked in procession from Crown Street—proposed three cheers for the King; and the other three cheers for the Bill. Another great name in this list is Mr. J. Davidson, writer. Mr. D. both spoke and wrote in the cause, and gave more *efficient* service than the whole—and where is his reward? By the way, we even wondered why Mr. D. made his appearance in the Reform Area among the Working Classes? Then came Duncan Hyde, a well known Reformer, as his poor widow knows at this day. Duncan wrought night and day in the cause, Sunday and Saturday—acting door-keeper, whipper-in, bill-sticker, &c. to all the meetings. And where was his reward? In the grave; the man caught a deadly cold (as did many more) at Rossie's procession, which eventually cost him his life. The Gentlemen Committee (several of them at least) subscribed some five and forty shillings for the widow, on being called upon—others would wait for a more convenient season; and some said if he had been at his work instead of the procession, he would have been better engaged. This perhaps was true, but it was very ugly in them to say so. Cant got hold of this 45s. and the public would stare if they knew *how* it was got out of his hands—we beg pardon, we don't say it *was* got out—at all events the widow got the full sum. Another great name in this clique was J. Miller, Lochside. This man is or was a pipe-maker, and piped away at the Reform Meetings at a fearful rate. It was he who, having the same name, so often gave offence to the other J. Miller, Loch-side, who did business in another line, and who being a more public character than the pipe-maker, was always taken for *the* J. Miller. It was this J. Miller also, who at the supper in Machray's, given by the Gentlemen to the Operatives' Committee, used so much impudence with the expectant Member, as to thank him to help him "to a wing o' that fool;" and it was the same J. who, on the same occasion, behaved so independently, that the expectant Clerk, then Secretary, swore he would throw him over the window. Another great character in this society was, Mr. J. Thomson—it was he who acting also as door-keeper, performed the office of Conductor-General of the Reform Broad-hill Meeting, declaring to Sir Michael Bruce and others, that if God Save the King was played, he would not be accountable for the peace of the city. Thomson was certainly, next to one Deans, who appeared often as Procession Leader, the best marshal at these sort of get-ups. There was one Logan also, in those days, who was for the Bill—we recollect on him in the Amphitheatre standing up and proposing, as we think, for he spoke very fast—habbering-like, and we are most dull in the apprehension, that the doors of those who did not illuminate for Rossie's Election should be marked—for what purpose Mr. Logan did not explain. On referring

to the Chronicles of those days, we find also that, among the number of those for the whole Bill, there was one Fiddes, a Currier, somewhere about Old Aberdeen. It was he who harranged the people from off the stairs of the Assembly Rooms on the Jubilee-day, and made a good speech of it, and afterwards drew the corks of porter bottles to the Procession, on the High Street of Old Aberdeen—and latterly became one of those who presented Sir Michael with the Cup Present. We see that this Reformer has been presented to a seat on the bench, along with Mr. Councillor Philip and others, on the management of the Grand Provincial Mason Lodge. And where was his reward? Why, that he was put in schedule A for a vote, being, after a long enquiry, in which his private and public affairs were pulled up, to prove a joint and legal occupancy, rejected by the Court. We believe, he was placed on the roll last year, in respect of a Lodge Walk premises, but as it has now been given up, it is to be supposed that he will this year be displaced. However, the Bill did pass, and these things are all now quiet—and the Reformers are also quiet. A few of the disappointed Radical Reformers attempted to raise a new reform on the Reform Bill, in the shape of Political Union agitation, of which, and some other of our Local Reform Boards, and institutions, and persons, we will speak in our next.

## POETRY.

FOR THE ABERDEEN SHAVER.

### SOMETHING FRESH!

Is there any truth in song?  
Some say not, and those are wrong—  
Read, abundant proof you have  
In Anacreontic stave.  
"Honor is an empty bubble"  
That gives men a deal of trouble—  
Takes away their precious lives  
From their offspring, from their wives;  
Plunging all in deep affliction  
That have any near connection.  
None this truth can e'er disarm  
While we have what's called "chalk farm."  
Gents, on that same field or lawn  
Crack their skulls at early dawn.  
Leadless pistols seldom there  
Spend their force in empty air;  
Savage fury clouds each face,  
And degrades the human race.  
This, howe'er, is not what I  
Purposed to have in my eye,  
'Dopted by a gentleman,  
"Stationed" on the Castle Hill—  
Who could doubtless fight and kill—  
To attain a certain end  
Which I don't at all commend.  
*Gallant friend*, upon my life  
You shouldn't lead a *private's* wife,  
In the watches of the night,  
To perform what shuns the light.  
All men's "ogles" are not shut—  
None elude a "razor cut."  
Rest assured the *Shaver* knows you,  
And unsparing will expose you;  
Customers he still looks "after,"  
*Cuts* them up, and makes them *smarter*;  
And will soon, altho' 'tis galling,  
Cure you of this caterwawling:  
Her husband may, so much at stake,  
Crack *your* skull, and no mistake.  
Here a *loving* wife we see,  
The mother of a family,  
By *vile* protestations led  
To defile her husband's bed,  
Which is done as well, methinks,  
'Neath night's curtain, on the links,  
As within the Barrack Court—  
Now my Pegasus stop short.