

ABERDEEN

NEW SHAVVER.

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PRICE TWOPENCE.

AGITATIONS OF THE MONTH.

WITHIN the past month, we have had Corn Law agitation—“Chartist” agitation—Tee total agitation—Theatrical agitation—and drunken agitation. The first took place in a meeting held in the New Inn hall, called by circulars, consisting of folks who would not march through Coventry with the Broad-hill Chartists. Mr. Thomas Bannerman was called to the chair, and our M.P., Mr. Adam, Bailie Forbes, and Mr. A. Hogg, umbrella-maker, took part in the proceedings. We do not wish to enter into the arguments advanced for the destruction of the Corn Laws; every speaker seemed to assume that, if we were once rid of the Corn Laws, we would be a mightily blessed nation. Not so, however, thought some of the Chartists, a few of the more impudent of whom “came in at the death,” and wished to get up an amendment after the resolutions had been unanimously passed. This could not be allowed; and although a fellow M’Kenzie was backed by that uproarious brawler in all sort of meetings of the people, Ogilvie, the Chartists were sent to the right-about, and very properly told—what any sort of good breeding might have dictated to them—that they had no business to interfere with the meeting’s proceedings. Outraged at this insult on their principles, a Chartist meeting was held in the Temperance hall next evening, at which the Editor of the *Herald* attended, and gabbled with M’Kenzie, the New Inn rioter, and Mitchell the chairman, about Corn Laws, Universal Suffrage, and starvation. The Chartists told Mr. Adam that he and his clique were gathering money to feed hungry barristers, and the Editor taunted them with getting up penny collections to feed hungry members of the National Convention—upon which both parties were like to get to loggerheads. The matter was settled, however, by Mr. Adam buttering the Chartists as being “shrewd, honest, and intelligent,” and the chairman, on the

“claw ye my back” principle, buttering Mr. Adam as being the “most talented newspaper conductor in Aberdeen!”—At last the humbug—for the whole was sheer humbug—ended, and we thanked God for it, as we were squeezed between two stout, able-bodied Chartists for the murderous space of two mortal hours! And the effects of this concussion have not left us to this day, for we, being of short stature and weak bodily powers, were tossed and tumbled about amongst the long legs of the aforesaid tall Chartists in a most unchristian sort of manner. When we got released, we made a rush to the coffee room, in our flight almost overturning the body of our little friend, landlord M’Donald! We had sixpenn’orth of coffee, &c. and bolted home.

THE TEE-TOTAL AGITATION.

Has consisted in the performances of a little, black-a-vised Southron, called Sloman, who, the bills said, was brought here at an extraordinary expense, and who could remain only a few nights. ’Tis more than a month since his arrival, and we are not aware that he has left yet, being detained the extra time the bills gravely declared, at immense sacrifices! We understand this Mr. Sloman rented the London Colloseum for some time, which the proprietor can tell to his cost! We have seen the little fellow, however, and confess we were not a little amused.

This very moment we have got an obscure hint of a Peter-head jaunt of M’Donald’s and Sloman’s, at which place they had been driving an entertainment. They are reported to have so far lost sight of tee-totalism as to have upset themselves and their conveyance, and had to be drilled home in a hackney coach. If this is fact, we shall not lose sight of the matter—if a false report, nothing shall give us greater pleasure than the contradicting it in our next, as act of justice towards Mr. M’Donald and his little friend.