

**THE ABERDEEN
WORTHIES; OR, SKETCHES
OF CHARACTERS**

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The Aberdeen Worthies; or, Sketches of Characters by W. Bannerman

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W. BANNERMAN

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WORTHIES; OR, SKETCHES
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THE
ABERDEEN WORTHIES:

OR,

SKETCHES OF CHARACTERS

RESIDENT IN ABERDEEN

DURING THE END OF THE LAST AND BEGINNING
OF THE PRESENT CENTURY.

BY

W. BANNERMAN.

~~~~~  
"How sad it is, yet sweet,  
To look through memory's mirror to the days  
That shone like gold, yet melted down like brass."  
Mrs. HERMAN.

ABERDEEN:  
LEWIS SMITH AND SAMUEL MACLEAN.

MDCCCXL.

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BY GEO. CORNWALL.

## PREFACE.

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In submitting this little Work to the Public, the Editor begs leave to remark, that the greater number of these Sketches were originally written as private correspondence, merely for amusement, without any intention of their meeting the public eye. A few of them, however, found their way into the *Aberdeen Observer*, and were well received, not only by the elder citizens, but likewise by many individuals of acknowledged good taste, to whom the originals were entirely unknown. For these reasons, the Editor has been emboldened to originate and carry out the present undertaking.

It has been suggested by some, perhaps rather fastidious critics, that there was an impropriety in introducing such respectable characters as Provost Crodes in the same group with Peter Wilson, and others of his grade; he can only say, in answer to this objection, that there was not, nay, there could not be, the most distant idea of meaning any disparagement to the worthy magistrate by so doing. It is most willingly allowed, that he was a highly respectable and honourable man, and an excellent member of society.

Some other individuals sketched, are admitted to have been exuberant. Society, however, is composed of many different shades of character, and death levels all distinctions. "Dead Lords rank with Commons."

Every possible care has been taken to avoid giving offence to living relations and friends, and some sketches of well-known characters have been suppressed (perhaps to appear at some future period), on purpose to avoid causing unpleasant reflections to connexions, even although nothing offensive had been written or meant.

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The following Letter from the Author to the Editor accompanied the first Sketch:—

LONDON, January, 1832.

DEAR C.—Sitting one cold, raw night in the *Salopian*, rather in a solitary mood, and having read the leading articles in the different papers of the day, from some accident I was led into a train of thinking upon times long gone by, of early homes, parents, children, and

"The dear school-boy spot,  
We ne'er forget, tho' there we are forgot."

bringing with it a train of pleasing associations, and the recollection of our earlier happy days, and grave pursuits of ripe manhood, and each succeeding year bringing along with it, slowly, important events, which have listlessly (and, with me, unprofitably), rolled away since that period to the present. I thought of the companions of my boyhood—made them pass in review before me—mustered them, and found, with a few exceptions, that they were only as those that had been, and that they had passed away, and were now numbered among the millions of former ages. I thought of the neighbourhood, the Plainstones, and the Cross, with its regular supporters, who, from my earliest recollection, took their stand, every lawful day, at its different angles; and without any previous intention, but the whim of the moment, I selected one out of the group, and thought it might amuse you to endeavour to sketch the man, as he appeared to my mind's eye to have been some five-and-forty years ago. I went on, and, growing pleased with the fruit of my labour, I have continued (when in the humour), till it has arrived at its present bulk, and if you enjoy some portion of the pleasure in reading, which I have had in writing, I shall be satisfied.

I must confess, it was sometimes a pleasure of a melancholy nature, yet it was still a pleasure of a superlative kind, which, while reason and memory hold their seats, neither poverty nor riches, nor change of circumstances, or climate, can either alter, impair or destroy.

W. BANNERMAN.

To Mr. W. CHISHOLM,  
*Aberdeen.*

*Note.*—To his friend, Mr. Chisholm, who first proposed, and has got up this publication entirely at his own expense, the Author would thus publicly make offer of his most grateful thanks.

To other individuals who have kindly taken an interest in the little work, the obligation is sincerely acknowledged.



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## ABERDEEN WORTHIES,

&c.

### STATIO ROSS.

Who, of half a century's standing in Aberdeen, does not recollect old Sandy Ross, *alias* Statio Ross, *alias* the Flying Stationer? Saunders, when young, must have been a fine, tall, straight man, of I should think, six feet high; rather thin, but sufficiently muscular for any ordinary occupation; a face long in proportion, and a little pitted with the small pox; of a dark complexion; and his general outline of features not indicating any great originality, or otherwise. I think he belonged to the fraternity of Crispin; but if he was a *snob*, he had more strings to his bow than a birse en', and certainly preferred inhaling the fresh breeze that came from Marischal Street, to boring his nose over the sweaty insole of an old shoe.

Sandy was certainly a man of importance in his time; he was a fellow of "rare jest and exquisite fancy," and one who (considering the limited stage of his existence) played many parts. He was the