

SUPPLEMENT TO THE

ABERDEEN

NEW SHAVER.

OCTOBER, 1839.

PRICE ONE PENNY

FAST DAY.

“There was racing and chasing on Canobie Lee.”

The most prominent affair of the fast-day was a four-wheeled police-cart looking vehicle, which started, four in hand, from Harrison and Smith's, with a bumper of fellows bent upon desecration. Inverury was their destination, at which place they arrived after not a little skirmishing. In coming home, however, they dined agreeably enough at Kintore; but such a feed it was as Burnett won't weary for again. Really we are told the conduct of some of the parties was horrible—they eat, and drank, and spued, and began again, till several actually besh—their selves! A poor fellow, who, out of sympathy, was forbear to taño note of, was so stultified that, instead of going to do something for himself in the outhouse, he actually turned up on the staircase, and committed the foul fact! Such scenes as these were so plentiful that to enumerate them were needless—suffice it, the whole party embarked for Aberdeen on their ricketty conveyance. They had not proceeded far, when a skirmish took place, which broke out in a regular battle at Blackburn, when a fellow Smith, a clerk, a student lad Watt, one Francis Pirie, and a chap Leslie, with Bailie Stewart, engaged in the scene. In the midst of the hubbub, the vehicle drove off, leaving the combatants to cool their blood by a tramp to town. We understand that amongst the rest of the blessed crew, wae the far-famed Charles Edmond, and a squat-footed clod of grocer fellow. The parties, we suspect, will not again attempt such another Gilpin race.

We have pleasure in informing our readers that next publication we will treat them to a poetical effusion on the late Jess Sinclair's Funeral Procession. Also a report of the speech of Mr. Robert Stephen, and others, on their election as Commissioners.

Stonehaven.—On your fast day, as is usual on such occasions, we had a good many of your wags visiting our town—one young man with a girl came here pretty early, and after stabling their nag they had breakfast with something after, and then retired to the woods of Dunottar, where they remained under cover, till about three o'clock, when they again made their appearance at their lodging, and had dinner in a private room, as they declined joining a few of their townsmen in another apartment,

They left this about six o'clock in the evening, and when a little past Limpet Mill, the young man was seen emptying his stomach at the road side, and the girl standing holding the horse. After lying on the road side some time, the girl was assisted by two gentlemen that were passing at the time to put him into the gig when the girl took charge of the horse, and arrived in Aberdeen about eleven o'clock. We would caution horse hirers to be careful to whom they give out their horses—would it have been any wonder, if an accident had occurred, in this case, indeed the wonder was that they reached Aberdeen without accident, as the young woman had to drive her par amour home like a bagful of horns, as he did not lift his head until he was within a little of town; but where could the fellow find the money—his father could not give it to him, he could not save it out of his wages, the thing is impossible—we are persuaded it came from his master's till. Your Union Street merchants should have an eye on their servants, especially when they find them taking such foolish jaunts.

We must beg our correspondent's forgiveness for not inserting “Drolleries of the Young Bailie, No. 1.” In our next we shall do ourselves the pleasure of attending to his article.

Wanted, by several parties in Wales Street, four women, to serve the purpose of wives. Good encouragement will be given by application at any of the deserted husbands, who all domicile under one roof.

We would seriously caution a carpet weaver and spirit dealer named Mortimer in Park Street, not to indulge in the brutal practice of beating his wife; and it is disgraceful to reel home after expending his wages, and rob his poor wife of her industrious earnings.

Some of the London Steam Navigation Co's clerks may look out. A nod is as good as wink.

POLICE ELECTION.

There was once on a time, not a hundred years ago—nay to speak plainly, not ten years ago, that the Police of this northern city were managed by such men as Thomas Burnett, G. Still of Millden, George Clerihew, James Ross, William Duncan, and others, who had a name and a place in the burgh. And it happened even that with such men in the management, John Booth, jun., and others of the dissatisfied of those days, growled against the men, and the measures—and Police Reform they must have; and when it did happen that the Water Bill question—one of the best measures which ever was adopted in the city—came above board, the growlings of the clique grew loud and furious, and one would have thought that if they had only popular election granted them in Police, all their wry faces would have been balmified for ever. They had it: the people—in a very extended sense of that term—had the election put into their own hands. We need only say on this part of police history, that the status of the Commissioners fell biennially, until, in 1839, it has fallen to a pitch which renders comment almost impossible. In fact, most people think the electors have been running the rig on the populas system; certain it is, that no one who, in 1829, heard the groanings of the police patriots, would have believed that the present intellectual and “honourable” (they sit under an act of Parliament, and are “honourable” by courtesy,) citizens would have ever graced the Board with their presence. But indeed they could not well have been accounted unworthy in 1829, as that period most of them were not—some, in those days were wrapt in swaddling bands—others sported light blue petticoats and jackets of blue baize, and their legs ungraced by a pair of Commissioner Wisely’s stockings, while several did not “occupy” to the extent required by the Bill—in fact, some of them worshipping mammon, to use Mr. David Dunn’s expression, “under the open sky.” However, here they are now, “honourable” Commissioners; and let us for a moment dip into their public history and police qualifications. Serialim, then—

1. Andrew Oldman.—A stiff, Toryish-spirited man, but a liberal for office sake; but as he means to resign, we must in his place take up No.

2. George Jamieson, merchant, King Street.—A very young and younger-looking boy than he really is. We suspect his attention has been rather much of the counter-backish kind to render him an efficient Commissioner. He is a better judge of treacle than of dung; and knows better how to sell light to his customers than to manage the Police lighting department. But let him try.

3. James Williams, cooper.—We have no objections to this man, and count it lucky we have him to grace the “droll (we don’t adopt Burns) infernal clan” composing the new part of the Board.

4. James Simpson, builder.—This person will furnish notes critical, illustrative, and explanatory, on every question which comes before them, by a reference to *London*. In fact, not an iota of business can occupy their attention but he can tell them how they do such a thing in London. He cannot, we apprehend, boast of very much original genius or contrivance; but when he will bring the talents of the lions of “London” to bear on our police operations; and of course he will be worth his chair!

William Matthews, jun. leather merchant.—The election of this gentleman is worthy of all approval. He is well known to be a man fearing God and hating covetousness; and holding successfully at bay “the devil, the world, and the FLESH!” Hath he not taught Sunday schools? hath he not realised a handsome competency, giving unto every man his due? In private life, he is happy in the joys of wedlock, and is an example unto all married men. Like the mourner he goeth about in the streets, and, as Wisdom, crieth even in the night watches, “How long, ye silly women and simple ones, will ye love simplicity—turn unto me.” A man like William Matthews is quite lost in a Commissionership; some of these *odd* days he must be Pope or be *Provost*, that’s flat; and he will not be particular as to which; and if he confer as much honour on honour on his civic connection as he has done on his church ditto, he will promote its interest with a vengeance!

6. William Clark, druggist.—This small gentleman will, by dint of his musical talents, greatly promote the *harmony* of the Board. We would therefore strongly recommend that he should never attend a meeting without his fiddle, which he may conveniently stow up his back, and thus be provided with what, in the language of the counter, he would call a double defence! He is noted for *scraping*, and confessedly draws a *good long bow*. A *spit box* will of course be his constant *vade mecum*. We seriously advise him to take up the question of water meters, and see whether one could not be constructed on the principle of “Barker’s Mill.” His “scientific” partner will be able to afford him a few useful hints on the subject.

7. George Wisely, hosier.—This gentleman may truly be said to be a plain man dwelling in tents, forasmuch as he rejoiceth in a “stan” at the market cross on Fridays—selling *wheelan*, *fingeran*, and other worsteds, penny *clewies*, *trocosies*, *kilmarnocks*, comforters, and other kinds of fleecy hosiery.—We like this *open* way of doing business; the new Commissioner *wisely* courts observation, and careth not though on market days he is seen duly at two o’clock taking his frugal repast of good substantial broth, conveyed to him in a whiteiron flaggon, by the hands of his mindful spouse, into which he ever and anon dippeth a *horn cuttie* with the one hand, while the other is very properly employed in ministering to his watering mouth the comforts of a thumping “clod” of the kind called “souters’.” We are glad to know that Commissioner Wisely has been for sometime back qualifying himself for office by cultivating a familiarity with the watch house, where in fact he is quite at home, often smoking a soothing pipe and guzzling a social pot with the *bulkies*. For such of his constituents as may be curious about his local habitation, we may mention that he hangeth out at the north side of Castle Street, at the sign of the “Leg-board!” Is it true, by the by, that he signed the necessary document on “qualifying,” with his mark, thus—
X?

8. Robert Stephen, grocer. 9. Andrew Sutherland, manufacturer. 10. Alexander Reid, cartwright.—These three we could not find in our heart to separate. Close and brotherly have they been while fighting among the *outs*, and now when among the *ins*, they shall not be divided.

Of this trio, Robert Stephen alone deserves our particular remark. He has all along given himself out as a patriot of the toughest metal. Who could have thought that on this occasion he would have been found going, hat in hand, to the Tory Haddens for the alms of their votes? Well may Sandy Ban-

nerman say, how is the gold become dim, and the most fine gold perished! We trust that his professions of Toryism are sincere, and that he will be found voting for the conservative candidate at the next election. With his extensive knowledge, his cool judgment, his amiable temper, his enlightened experience, his gentlemanly manners, and his persuasive and overwhelming eloquence, he prove a burning and a shining light to the Baard. He is fitted to be the very oracle of scavengers. Ye single women, who occupy garrets in Fowler's and Renny's Wynds, and in the Bulwarks, have a care how you empty your weekly accommodations, for assuredly Mr. Robeat Stephen has a nose for your perpetrations, and with his son Sandy for an aidecamp not a *jordan* will escape him!

Mr. Alexander Reid has long been known as an oracle principle in church matters, and also cut a figure in a small way on the new police bill since then he has *wheeled* his *barrow* in politics, and once on a day met along with Robert Stephen and Andrew Sutherland in Mollison's to choose a Provost. Mr. Reid will be useful in overlooking the contract of carts and barrows, which, of course, he cannot take himself, thus losing somewhat by his patriotism; but he will not allow himself to be *trammelled* by self. Mr. Reid is a good hand at a grievance, and will *plough* out and *harrow* up all the faults of the late Board—in fact, he will be *spokesman* in this department.

As to Mr. Andrew Sutherland, we are quite at a loss to speak. He has so much to do in public matters, that we don't see how he can get on at all. He is busy in kirk matters, even to a fault. He it is who returns all the Councillors for the third ward—that is, so far as the electors of this north district—over which Mr. Sutherland is king, priest, and prophet—can do so; he is also the right-hand man of the City Member in his locality; he is a member of the Board of Taxers, and is on bible, and missionary, and anti-patronage, and church-extension, and religious tract committees, with other offices in Church and State affairs too numerous to mention. How his shoulders *can* bear such a load of office we cannot imagine. Truly he *might* have declined the very onerous duties of the Police Board.—It requires some leetle knowledge in matters into which Mr. Andrew Sutherland never dipped, to discharge these duties properly and protect the city peace, and the very large property of the Police. There is an odds between a warping-mill and the water-works at bridge of Dee; one may know the quality of a watchman's great-coat, without being at all aware how to manage the flesh and blood below it; and the management of a few weavers' intromissions, or the accounts current of a Glasgow manufacturer, are decidedly much easier wound up and provided for than the finance of the Police of Aberdeen. There is another thing—one may be very eloquent, and escape detection of a lapsus linguæ at the back of one's counter, but when one ventures to speak at the Board of Police, there are chiefs takin' notes, and one may catch it. We will be quite intelligible here, we presume.

11. John Rose, stabler.—Jack Rose is no bad chap at all, and can show a "presence" with any of them, and would, as was said by Mr. Alexander Webster at the Board, of the late Mr. Robertson of Glenburnie, "mak a capital *bishop*, as he had great big feet!" Mr. Rose may be useful on the *water* Committee, as he has had something to do in that *line*, having been of the number of those who go down to the sea in ships. He may know how to *stow away* a carrier's cart, but scarcely how to regulate the great department of scavengers' barrows;

and he will find some difference between the management of a stables treasury, and the finance of the Police of Aberdeen. It is much easier managing in a carrier's quarters than over the nine quarters or wards of Police; and there is no comparison between catering entertainment for men and horse, and providing work and wages for the police force of the Board, and "legal interest" for the creditors thereof; yet though we think that, in Mr. Rose's case, the post of honour would have been the private station, we are quite certain he will do his best, and even exert himself to serve the public (which is a thankless job,) in the neglect of his own private interest.—Speed him in his new office, and may he bear his blushing honours meekly.

12. William Clyne, jun.—This lad is an old Commissioner; and we did say of the Board when he got into it in 1829, how are the mighty fallen! but we are glad of him now, and, with the old boy's advice, he may do well enough.

13. George Leys, brewer.—We take in this person, as, if the votes of certain of his supporters who gave him plumpers be sustained, he will sit instead of William Clyne, jun. If a knowledge how to blow out his own belly with stinking pride, and those of her Majesty's subjects with villainous small beer, he has it—and so much for Boniface!

14 and 15—John Gibb and William Duthie.—These two will resign, and Footdee will be unrepresented. Tell it not on the south side of Castle Street, publish it not from Marischal Street to Waterloo Quay, that this ward, in which there used to be so much stirring strife at police elections, only four persons "exercised their boon," as poor Sandy Garden used to say. It is well that the clique at "Spark's corner" are among the things that were—how they would howl and grieve for the desolations of Footdee.

16. E. J. Ferguson, M.D.—This boy, who now can glory in F. R. C. S., and M. D. and Police Commissioner, is very green indeed in police matter, however learned he may be in the green sickness. He may be very good, to use a *family* phrase medically, at *easiny* such of the lieges as have a watch in each pocket, but he will not be very efficient in the *watch* department of police. He may do very well in the case of those who carry a lantern in their poop, but he is fairly *down* in the matter of watchmen's *boots*, and he is certainly not up to the committee on public *lamps*! We at first wondered how he had his status—which proceeds, we now understand, from a part of the anti-Malthusian castle in Union Street, as may be seen from a brass door plate, somewhere about the dimensions of the bottom of a police barrow, the old Moloch himself rating on his *sacrificial* occupancy in the Green.

17—20.—Of John Smith, Neil Smith, Archy Simpson, and Lieutenant John Fleming, we shall say little. The two first will be of some use, the one having plenty of time, and the other of tongue, with a leetle talent, for the office. Jency Cron will not act; and we suspect the Lieutenant's mind is too much disturbed by the *dust* of this world, lost by the Marquis of Huntly, to accept the office of dirt collector for the city and suburbs; nor, in the event of their resignation, is it very likely that James Johnston, sen. clothier, would prostitute his trim suit, or *fyle* his well-scented and gold-ringed fingers, or affront his own sweet dandyism by turning superintendent of dung and scavengers; and Capt. Ellis too much of a gentleman to take his seat in a certain company!

In a word, we would say to the Police Rate-payers, there be your gods o' Israel, and much good may they do you! You place at their responsible disposal a trifle of some seven thousand a year, of which many of you grumble to pay your quota. To these worthies—retailers of salts, hanks of worsted, treacle and train-oil—entertainers of men and horse, and venders of leather, elastic as their own conscience have ye committed the charge of upwards of £30,000 worth of a water establishment, and the peace and comfort of this great community!

To have done. We cannot conceive what could have led the electors to make such a return, or why respectable men were not solicitous about the office, when such a fuss is making about getting into the Council. The latter office may give a control over the "common good" of the burgh in terms; but certain we are that the common good of the community, in its most proper sense, is vested in the hands of the Commissioners of Police.

Since writing the above, we understand that Messrs. Oldman, William Clark, and Neil Smith, have resigned. What could have led Mr. Clark to throw off his honours, we cannot imagine; perhaps he has taken fright at the plight of his partner; perhaps a sense of his own insufficiency—or what is more likely, an unconquerable love for Number One, which is, with him, paramount of every consideration of any public character!

THE MARQUIS OF HUNTLY'S FAILURE.

The public must have heard (and some of them *felt*) that this old codger has stopped payment. Such a sensation has been produced! The old fellow was governor of sundry joint-stock concerns, all of which he has smote confoundedly. Connected with one of these—the North of Scotland Bank—there is a lamentable consequence in the case of a man Dunn, a partner, who was so affected by the tidings, that, by his more than usual sullenness, and his more than ordinary strides as he glided along the streets, he gave evident symptoms of being damaged in his upper works. Some of his friends were for taking him "out of the way," but by a gentle allusion to his good fortune in steam navigation and other shares, and by breathing the sweet air of "Jacky Horner" soothingly into his ear, he came round, and his attack now only exhibits itself by his constant allusion to the "Marquis' failure" to every body he meets. Willie Spark the watchmaker, Dr. A. Fraser, little Captain Fleming, and Johnnie Kelly, are amongst the individuals heavily "*done*" by the "most noble" bankrupt. Lazarus Myers is safe!—and he swears that "greet for de grate interest has led dese peoples into de scrape, and dat it is very cheap on dem."

POLICE.—Mr. Alexander, the captain of Police, has been allowed to resign! As to his successor, we who sneered at as we may be, know "what is what" infinitely better than the Board, tell them decidedly that he must be a citizen—a long residenter—one who knows all the in-and-out-about of city life and town trickery. A respectable man, too—for one can be respectable even with *such* a knowlege—and one who possesses a *responsibility*. Until such a man is procured, the police arrangements for the detection of crime and the preservation of peace will never be effective. Let the Board see well to this appointment.

The report of the Town-sergeants' feed, in connexion with Machray's dinner, with the speeches of Mr. Charles Dawson, chairman, Mr. William Walker, croupier, and others, will appear in the 'Shaver' of the first November. Also, a little light will be thrown on the lost watch in M'Combie's court, which happened the same night.

What is the occasion of John M'Laren, general agent, being so universally hated amongst the trade? If none of our mercantile correspondents can answer the question, we may do so ourselves.

We are requested to use means to prevent the notorious attendance of two girls at the factory-gate at Putachie-side every lawful day at ten and three o'clock, where gape up with a lad Mackie (not the watchmaker), and a certain elecutionist. We would advise the latter to attend to either of his two occupations, and not affront himself by wasting his time with young wanton girls, else the 'White Sergeant' may let him both hear and feel it. The girls are said to be glove makers for men—let Queen Esther J—s take care that Mackie does not attempt to create fingers for gloves; and their masters, if they knew their conduct, would feel themselves justified in telling the other girl that her name is "Walker." These girls' tricks we shall expose more fully in a future number, if they do not repent.

A labourer at the Shore, residing in Long-acre, is in the way of regularly cohabiting with a girl Anderson, a gardener's daughter in Shuttle Lane, who supplies him with money, drink, and clothes, and frequently accompanying him to public houses and other places. This impudent trollop is only nineteen, and her companion is a married man, with a wife and helpless family, and receives nothing for her support from her brutal husband, whose name we believe is William Forbes. We give this hint in the meantime, and we shall take care that it will be attended to.

We advise all our readers who have a fancy for badger-bating, to attend every Friday at Little Wales Street, at eight o'clock, p. m. to witness the exploits of Dingwall's wonderful badger. Tickets for the boxes may be had of Mr. James M'Adam.

A number of persons have asked us why Peter, the Spring-garden clerk, was not pulled up at the Police Court for running away with the iron gate next close to Peter M'Ivor's?—In answer, we may say that several were as *black* in the row in the clerk, and we know them.

As the highland sheep markets are now going on, we would advise some of the "Tollohill," or Banchory fleshers to have their long whips in order as they used to have, and their fathers had before them; and as mutton is very scarce at present, we hope they will be always able to offer *purse-at-will*, as was the case on former occasions.

Our correspondents in the country need not be disappointed at us leaving out their communications in this number, as it is intended only as a town supplement. Our usual attention will be devoted to our country friends in our next, of whose favours we have an extraordinary supply.

Our Cruden correspondent will be attended to.

A B E R D E E N :

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