

# ABERDEEN NEW SHAVEN.

XVII.

NOVEMBER, 1839.

PRICE TWOPENCE

## THE PROVOSTSHIP.

THIS office has gone almost a-begging, our good old friend, Provost Milne being out. Blaikie, Crombie, and Webster were talked of, and, since the election of Councillors, Webster was said to stand a good chance. As for Lewie Crombie, it was ridiculous. We don't say but what he has as much talent as any of the other two, but he has no standing—no presence—a qualification we always swear by, and, besides, he is an insignificant, waddling body, and incapable of commanding the least reverence from a stranger. Sandy Webster, O nonsense! who would elevate him to the Provostship? Even his own cronies, political, clerical, and otherwise, would never have attempted such a thing. But let us drop them, and have a look at the real provost.

Thomas Blaikie is provost of Aberdeen. Now let us see what qualifications are requisite for such an office. First, the candidate must be of pure moral character; he must not be suspected of corresponding with loose women, when he has an amiable good-looking wife of his own; he must not be known to have had a child through such correspondence, nor send the girl to Edinburgh; nor must he be known to contribute to the support, in Longacre, or otherwise, of any woman of pleasure. This is so much for private character, and Thomas Blaikie is the man who is a second *Daniel* as to purity. No body in Aberdeen can hold up his face and say that Thomas Blaikie, Plumber, has ever had, even by the blasting breath of slander, such things imputed to him. No no; virtue in private life, and consistency and uprightness in public, are his characteristics. Who, then, is fitter to enjoy the civic chair? None say we; and we have no doubt but his *private* and public character will strictly bear out our expectations.

Mr. Leslie Clark fills a baillie's seat. We don't suppose but what he may do well enough; but we dislike his manner.

Perhaps he does not prove as he looks; but he has an unprepossessing appearance; and, for all that John Forbes may say to the contrary, he has something like a bleachgreen fence about him, as much as to say, "I am Sir 'Consequence'!" And in his forehead, the inscription, "those transgressing will be prosecuted, the ground being private property." We will be able to judge by his actions however. We have between Bailie Urquhart and him, however, a good mixture—cream of tartar and copaiba to treacle and soft soap.

This closes the election, and within a few short weeks, we will be able to comment on the sayings and doings of the honourable, the newly-elected members.

## GEORGE STREET MAGISTRACY.

THE election of this venerable body has not been behind its brother, the great municipal. A sad falling off there has been this year, the Dean of Guild, Bailies Taggart and Stephen were absent, the two former for dread of home wrath—petticoat government—and the latter, because "ye see," he was some fou' in the afternoon, and was busy amongst the "parcellies." We would have willingly spared room for a list of those elected; but, on enquiring at every eligible quarter for information, we were informed universally, we could not expect to see so-and-so, as he had never been sober since the election! Therefore we will require to postpone our report till our next, when we shall treat our friends with a full, true, and faithful account of the evening's proceedings.

We cannot believe that the amiable daughter of Peter Abel could be guilty of what malicious people lay to her charge, in galloping over night with certain spree fellows. We know honest Peter would despise to countenance such conduct, although he is himself a dro'ld enough old fellow. Let him see to this hint, then.

## RESULT OF THE TOWN COUNCIL ELECTION.

COUPLING with the Town-Council election one momentary cessation from our laborious duties, in reference to our postponement, we have a heavy "blow" to deal out to the so-called liberals. Whether it be a "great discouragement," we know not. Every body, as well as our sensible self, did laugh, and not without cause, at the police-election humbug; but we looked forward to a political revival in connection with our Town-Councillors. Seeing how piteously and how meagerly our scavengers and watchmen were supervised, we did conceive—and we are not very often in the wrong box—that our enlightened and pushing liberal friends would have hoisted their colours, and borne them aloft on as conspicuous an eminence as that from which king David of old beheld the virgin watering herself. How are the mighty fallen! How is the gold become dim! We need not say the fine gold changed; for we never did think much of your growling, disaffected cattle, however much we might have admired the glories of the face of the bright never-fading sun of reform.

To return, however,—the fair face of the sun of Liberalism has become at length muddy, and the clearest-sighted champions of the "whole bill" will not require to don their "never-failables" to perceive the deplorable hobble into which those whom they fought for politically, have consorted them.

Our municipal Election, then, for a year is over. For the first ward, we have Alexander Webster, Robert Catto, junr. and James Nicol. No one will dispute Mr. Nicol's qualifications, who are aware in what manner he used to hedge in about the old Provost, (Hadden) when a Commissioner of Police. He is a good man and true, and honest. As for Alexander Webster, he should, we think, have been contented with his situation as head Teller and Cashier in his dividend chambers, in King's Street, as an earthly employment, and as Priest, King, and Prophet in church matters; that is to say, in the south church and others.—And otherwise engaged in religious societies, &c.—We say, and we pass our opinion humbly, that Sandy, we think if his weaver connexion, to which honourable body his father belong'd, though never in the corporation, himself

should have kept out of the turmoil of politics, municipal or otherwise. And another feather in our cap in expressing our wise opinion that he is a cankered girning body, and in reference to his being accessible, he is as changeable as a weather-cock. We need not condescend further on his fitness, than to say, that if the above character of him, which will be sworn to by half the community, be any recommendation; Sandy Webster ought to be the Alpha and Omega of the Council Room.

Next on the list appears Robert Catto junr. What will things come to? Look at an old experienced local dignitary such as Provost Brown lauding a beardless urchin who has nothing to recommend him to the public but being bed fellow of Councillor Webster's amiable and only daughter. How can a thing like Robert Catto junr. know about such a responsibility as a Councillor of this great City? Newly removed from the back of the counter, and now runner to his father in shipping and other concerns, well might Provost Brown cock up his head and butter up Mr Robert Catto junr. as a fit and proper person to superintend the "interests and the trade of Aberdeen by his extensive connexion and experience!,—But it is on a par with the rest of the fulsome stuff which is used to foist on the refuse of the factions on the public.

For the second ward we have our old comical friend Wm Philip. He will now be exalted as he was before, like the portly Philip in Alexander's Feast.

*"Aloft he sat in awful state,  
"On his tremendous Bum."*

And delight us with his off hand nonsense. If they were all like Willie Philip, for all his drolleries, our council Board would not be to complain upon. Bailie Phil HE MUST BE, there is a sort of prophetic doom about it, and when we take into consideration his intended Bailiership at the commencement of his municipal reign, we hesitate not to pronounce our opinion that Willie Philip was begot, born, and fed, to be a Bailie.

Then as to his brother, Leslie Clark, we have another feeling. Surely Mr. Clark must have a horrible itch after office. He had a mouthful of the sweets of it while Dean of Guild, and he must be satiated. He had a smell of the the bait, and his greed for a belly-full of it has put our worthy provost in Schedule A. It has been reported that if Provost Milne is out, it was his own fault—that he pricked Mr. Clark on to stand as candidate to keep out Mr. Philip. We are authorised to give this an unqualified contradiction, and we are some inclined to think that Mr. Clark or his totters (among whom Robie Watt in the Gallowgate and his own traveller were conspicuous) got up this ruse to deceive the constituency. From a like source we are warranted in asserting that the provost repeatedly expressed a wish that Mr. Clark would hang out for the First Ward, before Mr Jopp started. But only one feeling is abroad, in reference to Mr. Clark's conduct in this matter. Every one admits that the provost should have gone out of office voluntarily—that is to say, resigned; but when he saw fit to appear again, he ought certainly to have been remembered; though for nothing else than one of Rob Roy's best reasons to Bailie Nicol Jarvie, "for auld lang syne."

As to the Third Ward, matters stand much as was to be expected, with the exception of Mr. Gordon getting his leave. Mr. Chalmers is an experienced man; but we question much if he would wish a retrospection of his conduct while in the rotten Council. Things are altered now, however, and his conduct will be seen and read of by all men.

Then Mr Smith of Glenmillan.—He is rather old wife-ish, but we confess we would have been a little sorry had he been disappointed at this time, as he has been as anxious to get "a little brief authority" as is a hungry mason for his breakfast, or a parson for his stipend.

Lastly, we have Mr Wm. Fraser, who is a good and efficient councillor. By the way, this gentleman, was equally zealous about his seat, he actually on Monday, being a drizzly day, dispatched messengers, east, west, north, south, and up by-ways, and down dirty closes, offering a carriage conveyance to any elector whose ambition was more for a dry back, than to exercise the franchise, if the day turn'd out rainy. A pressing invitation was specially dispatched to an old hosier in the Green, who laugh'd in his sleeve and accepted!

As to the rejected of the several wards, we say nothing, as we can give them no consolation, so we withhold additional mortification. At Mr Torrie's attempt every body laugh'd, and he evidently took the whole affair as a joke himself. He got droll receptions in various quarters, and was genteely allowed to walk out when he did not take the example of the

well bred dog. We think it unnecessary to say more about the election, of how the lucky candidates eat and drank, and cramm'd ther *tools*, and the hundreds of queer tricks attempted to forage votes for the respective candidates.

We understand the conduct of an elector—we hear, some John Forbes about the top of Broad Street—has been rather d.oll. He pedged to Mr. William Philip; then wrote to that gentleman, and withdrew his pledge, and afterwards went to the poll and gave Mr. Clark a plumper—all the while, he it remembered having no vote! He removed a few days before from the premises in which he qualified; and the only party present who knew the circumstance was John Clark, advocate, the candidate's nephew and poll clerk, who was dishonest enough to accept Forbes's vote, knowing him not to be qualified. Such dirty tricks are always seen to recal on the heads of the guilty party, and neither of these have much credit by this mean and discreditable attempt to raise the poll in Mr. Clark's favour.

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THE MID LOTHIAN METHODIST,

SIR,

The hero of my story being a little fatigued after a glutinous repast, at the launch of the *Arethusa*, so that he considered himself unable to superintend the few labourers committed to his charge, took a walk towards Castle Street, where he met a young woman, with whom he was but partially acquainted, he however after a little conversation, invited her into a spirit shop, where he called for some of their best 11 O. P. which she rather declined drinking, and he seeing the place none suited for his intentions, they retired, the girl on her way home, up Broad Street, was followed by the said long faced methodist, and at Raggs Lane he intreated hard to get her seduced into another spirit shop, promising she should have her choice of drink. She simply went, not doubting that such a religious character, who had so short time ago left his own wife and family would have laid his hands on any young woman. However on being shown into a genteel apartment, she seated herself on a sofa, and as soon as the table was furnished, he flew at her, determined, there and then, to have himself satisfied. She resisted with the bravery of a virtuous young woman, but he still persisted, promising as he had not money he would settle with her on Thursday when he got his wages. She had at last no other resource but call aloud for assistance, wheu up came the inmates and bounced him down stairs, nearly without his inexpressibles, when he scampered home on his heels to Commerce Street, poring over the money he had so vainly spent; took his supper, took snuff, said prayers, and mounted his old gig. Now Mr Shaver, such transactions from such a hypocrite deserves one of your best Sheffield's.—I shall be strict on the out look, and if he come to your shop again he shall be more severely dealt with.

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If the two girls Mr. Duthie's, Meg and her female companion, the oil manufacturers of Footdee, who had the impudence to ridicule their neighbours, and to giggle and laugh at the oratorio, be not more modest on a similar occasion, they will receive such a scrubbing as will remodel their behaviour, and chastise their previous delinquencies.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

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UPPER BANCHORY.

Sir,—It has been long a matter of wonder to the inhabitants of this place, that your far-famed *razor* has never found its way to a small cottage, not a hundred miles from the bridge of Feuch, inhabited by an old lady, who is often absent from it months together, leaving it under the protection of a gardener and two or three female servants, whose beards are growing so notoriously long, that no razor of common agility could penetrate them. I doubt not but it is the easy virtue, rather than the beauty or good principles of some of those females, that has drawn about them so many *cowcombs*, of which, at present I shall only mention the names of two, that is Grant and Roger—the latter of these having lately procured for himself a white hat of no ordinary size and shape. I would advise him not to put it on, when he goes to admire the virtues of the fair sex alluded to.

There has also been, for sometime back, some young men the neighbourhood, gardeners by trade, who have been seen making some visits to the above mentioned cottage. Should they not discontinue these visits, I will expose them more in your next. I am told the gardner, who is a married man, is very obliging to these females, in providing for them a draft of the mountain dew to cheer the hearts of the young men. I am told also he makes no scruple to work every other morning for hours together, raking out the feet marks of the previous night visitors. I doubt not he has his reward. I would advise such a person, if he regards his own reputation, to keep more by his own habitation, rather than to encourage such conduct in his mistress's absence.

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TELL TRUTH.

SIR,

The election is now over, and Provost James Milne is not elected into the Council. In my opinion, the Second Ward have acted a very ungenerous part. Provost James Milne has fought the battles on the liberal side ever since the reform Bill was passed. He has given himself a great deal of trouble for the cause, I believe more than any man on the present Council. Indeed, a more straight-forward man than Provost James Milne does not exist; and I, for myself, do say that such a set of electors do not deserve the trouble that Provost James Milne has bestowed on their behalf.

I am, Sir,

AN ELECTOR.

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TO THE EDITOR OF THE SHAVER;

SIR.

As an additional good effect of your Paper, I am happy to adduce the amicable re-union of one of the Wales Street deserted husbands, water Robie:—At a select party, consisting of, among the rest, his brother Peter, the second marriage was celebrated, and now Robie and his spouse are one flesh again; I hope such a praise worthy example will be followed by the other parties, and I am, Sir, Yours, &c.

JUDAS.

FRASERBURGH GOSSIPING  
EXTRAORDINARY.

One of the wonders of the World, a heinous monster in human form, the circumference of whose body would measure not much less than one hundred feet, lives in Castle Street, and enjoys the title of the Castle Street Bailie, no doubt from his corporal dimensions; for actually one would be apt to imagine, were it not a little contrary to nature, that he was with child. Perhaps 'tis from this that he takes so much the propensity of tattling about the important females who are some times seized with dropsical complaints in this quarter, but who on examination are pronounced curable after the space of nine months from the commencement of their disease. He continually prowls about like a Lion seeking his prey, and no sooner does he get word of any fair damsel having gone astray, than he puts on his steam, full power, and drives about, blowing his trumpet without intermission, till every corner of the Town is resounding with the echo. But besides this his besetting sin, he has many other degrading propensities, which if removed would raise him in the scale of civil society. In conclusion I may add, that he possesses an extraordinary faculty of commenting on the professing qualities of the fair sex, and in fact this is the only subject on which he can speak a mouthful of common sense.

You are no doubt aware, that from the size of the animal his beard must be uncommonly rough, and that before beginning to scrape, your blade will require to be stropped in such a manner as will take off every hair that grows on his gentle carcass, for altho' in general your case is effectual, I am somewhat afraid, that in its ordinary state it would fall to pieces before the face of such a gentleman.

CIVIS.

DEAR DOCTOR,

Your efforts towards reform have not been without their good effects in the parish which emboldens me to lay the present case before you, and I have little doubt that the hint convey'd will have more general effect than you or I are aware of. A Harvest Home you must allow should be a meeting where no exclusive sport should appear, yet at such an occasion last week, not a hundred miles from our Post office, such a manifestation did take place.—The party met, all of whom were servants, and after enjoying a few reels, a hint was given to adjourn to supper; some half dozen (among whom was a female) were overlook'd, and could not help looking queer that they were not considered fit company, even for fiddlers; they were left in the barn, without any thing to eat but straw. A herd boy, commiserating their deserted plight, brought to them the half of a roasted haddock, which however sent them to their homes, the servants were put by themselves, but after discussing the substantial the Master retired to rest.

Whether such partiality proceeded from ignorance or pride I cannot say, but it will be long before Auchray establish either his character or importance by such conduct.

Craden, Oct. 15, 1839.

INVEYNESS

We would recommend to the presumed Royal Whisky La Buley, not to play so many tricks on the Fair Sex

viz.—Taking them on towers of pleasure to the North, and after destroying their characters landing them in Inverness, & then withdrawing his promise of marriage.—And we would further advise him to change his stable, and not to make widow T. his Groom, and paying her in the stable after the horse is fed, he had now better attend to the proceeds of his labour, and make his offspring his Groom, and give Widow T. a superannuation for having been a faithful servant. If we hear any more of his pranks we will sharpen our razor and shave close to the skin.

We would also recommend to a certain Excise Farmer near Beaully Bridge, to be more aware of who comes about his home on Sundays, unless he wishes to cross some of his highland stock with the Buchan poled breed.—Kilt and Dirk are always ready for service. He should be aware of a fast and clean nosed Pointer who runs five miles an hour on Sunday mornings, to Innes, to hear mass, and back again the same day to act as gate keeper at Kirk-Hill Church, waiting the fair Lady who he thinks will give him the best dinner.

We would advise the Buchan Bully, L. M. not to annoy the good people in Inverness with his ill fitted Kilt and imitation Gold spectacles, silver chains and dandy rings.—If he does, we shall tell their quality.

H.

We understand that a certain cook is in the habit of picking up fowls belonging to some of the poorer classes in the neighbourhood, and, instead of attending the poultry market, she pockets the cash, and serves her master's table with these fowls. She is also in the habit of treating two petty street shoemakers, and the "dandy serjeant" on Sunday nights, and we are informed, that, if they are not supplied, they make themselves quite at home, and seize every thing within their reach.

We would caution two girls on Petty street, who are in the habit of calling names, and making allusions to a great many of the working classes who have occasion to pass that way, and to give up their abominable custom of visiting the neighbouring grog shops, especially in absence of one of their brothers, otherwise we will come out with something which will put them to the blush.

A tailor in Huntly Street, and his female companion, should behave themselves better when they go to the Gaelic church.

If a "stiff shoemaker" does not cease from playing tricks upon the public, he will not pass so easy if he comes under our notice hereafter. Let him be more attentive to a near relative, or he may depend upon getting a touch of our instrument.

John Rose, a clerk and tailor on high street, is, we understand, in the habit of frequenting a public-house in the Market close, on Sunday nights, and call for Wine, Gin, Rum, Brandy, &c., knowing perfectly well that they keep none of these liquors, and, besides, that he is unable to pay for them—he having only 7s. per week.

INVERNESS.—We would advise the master tailors of Inverness (with three honorable exception, to be more regular in paying their workmen and give up their nasty practice of disappearing about paytime on Saturday nights, if they do not show signs of immediate reformation, we will be under the necessity of naming them in our next,

MY DEAR SHAVER,

I beg to call your attention to a pair of worthies, and, considering their scandalous behaviour, it is surprising they have not come under your razor before this time.

One of them is, like yourself, a trimmer of ladies' matters, and thinks himself no small dirt, because he blazes up under the name of the "hero of a hundred fights." The other chiel brags of being descended from a hero of Sir Walter Scott's, viz. the black Douglas; but he is better known as Tom, alias Bergammi, alias Black Rollers.

The pair may be often met with at a certain widow's, not a hundred miles from Burnett's close. Indeed it is hinted that Bergammi has offered himself to the fair widow, and to coax her, gave her his large gold ticker to sport the last time she was in Edinburgh, and who provided the blunt for the flaming ring she *flares* up, alias Tom, alias Bergammi, alias Black Rollers.

§ We bid the noble Duke beware; our eye is on him; his tricks in the back room, and coming into the shop with his breeks hardly hardly up; also his wishing to *cross* the breed somewhere about Inverury, are all known, and shall appear.

I am, my dear Shaver, your sincere friend,

SUSIE.

SIR,

Some time ago a Precentor was wanted in the Church of Gilcomston, and among the candidates was one, commonly called singing Sandy, a Brewery carter, near Skene's Square, the day was appointed for him to appear, which Sandy did in his best coat and Sunday's Hat; Sandy's appearance in the desk attracted little attention until he began to sing, then the appearance of the audience was more like a Theatre than a Congregation met for divine worship, and report saith that the Minister sent Sandy word not to make his appearance in the afternoon, which notice he attended to.

Sandy has been so tormented with his fellow servants ever since, that he has been considered in a state of derangement, as a proof of which, one day he was in one of his insane fits, as a poor woman was walking down the street. Sandy fell to her with his whip, and so abused her, that she has scarce been able to be out since.

Y.

Steps of Gilcomston, Oct. 22, 1839.

SIR,

A young lad of this place is in the practice of going to Aberdeen with a young woman to let his old father and mother see his sweetheart, and often sporting her through the streets, they land in a public house, and drink until they are unable to keep their feet. If the old people countenance such conduct, they may soon have cause to repent of their folly. Such doings may shortly appear in their true colours. They have been seen on the way between Aberdeen and this place in way which reflects little respect to either party. If such a practice be persisted in, I shall give you word by next month.

I am yours truly,

A. M.  
Hillside, Oct. 14, 1839.

To the Editor of the New Shaver.

DEAR SIR,

The conduct of the two girls in Prince Regent Street is grown so notorious of late, so much so, that I am astonished that it has not come under your eye before this time, they are regular every night very late prowling about the Links with a chap Carter, a Wright, at John Carter's North Street, and a chiel Macaldowie a Clerk at Gilcomston; they have several times asked me to accompany them to the Links but I would not consent, but one night, shameful to tell, I caught them in the very act.

They have been balling on for some time, and had one on Sunday last, on which night the two chaps named above were present, a number of other Devil may care sort of chaps, along with a lad Norrie from London, who all sat, ate and drank, danced and spread until four o'clock in the morning, at which time it was moved they should leave the disgraceful scene, sa after being compelled by the united efforts of the Watchman and myself we got them out, but determined as they were for a blow out, they all resorted to a house in the Port.

I hope you will give this a place in your paper and oblige, yours,

DECENCY.

Aberdeen, Nov. 1, 1839.

DEAR DOCTER,

I am now to inform you of a kind of Ball which took place in Prince Regent Street on Friday evening, the occasion of it was, a Loon from London, who fled from his folks with a little Brass because of no good behaviour.—He is now come to Aberdeen, and anoying it with his dirty pranks; he repaired to Clerehew's houses in the above street and made a flare up, and collected all the Skippers' lasses he could; Barbers, Taylors, Clerks, Advocates, Shop Boys, &c.; graced the audience with Fiddler Hardie. A Clerk who was rather late in coming, made such an infatuated bow on entering the room, that he tore his white trowsers prodigiously and fled to the street, leaving the company in a roar of laughter, this was the beginning of the affray, as it grew late they got the more drunk, and one proposed privately that they should resort to P. McIvor's which was agreed to; so after guzzeling till four o'clock in the morning, the company broke up, and two Clerks were seen by the watch-man making way for the bucks with a couple of winches. I hope you will insert this in your far famed paper, and oblige

A CONSTANT READER,

Aberdeen, 29th Oct. 1839.

We had remonstrances from two bald-pated town sergeants, in reference to the stolen watch in M'Combie's Court, twice before noticed. They state that they have been brought up by their spouses at home, and threatened with the utmost rigour, if they cleared not themselves. We may state, without vouching for the truth of the report, that is abroad, that Mr. George Lyell was the party referred to; but we are inclin'd to doubt the fact.

We state the above from the Authority of a Correspondent merely.—

E.D.

A loud complaint has reached us from Marywell Street, setting forth the drunken, idle, ill-tongued conduct of the women in No. 2. of that street. It is said that the husbands live a cat-and-dogs life with them, and that it is no uncommon occurrence to hear the harmony of the tongs and poker rattling about their ears. Our correspondent very naturally concludes that the results frequently are "blue eyes and bloody noses." We are afraid any thing we could say would be lost upon them; but, as Bailie Urquhart wisely says, mixing mercy with justice, we trust the "ends of justice will be answered," by giving them this warning. Perhaps the moral opponents of the *Shaver* will prate in this case of "breaking the peace" of the families above referred to! There is however less harm in breaking peace, than in breaking heads, and we suspect the husbands in No. 2, Marywell Street will agree with us.

In reference to the Tee-total or Social Meetings, a correspondent states that there are numbers of profligate young women attend them. He instances a case of his own, that, on entering the hall one night lately, a girl waived him to a seat, which he had not long enjoyed ere he felt her hand approaching the bottom of his fob. Our friend mentions that he is a stranger in Aberdeen, and could discover no farther traces of the girl, than that she worked at Bannermill.—There may be some truth in the above; whether or not there can be no harm in the general hint.

A correspondent wishes to be informed if one of the candidates for superintendant of Police was at any time an officer in the Queen's Lancers; if so, how came he by his commission? Report hath it, that, on his promising to marry a young woman of some property, she purchased it for him; but, after receiving the commission, he refused to fulfil his promise, and the girl found means to deprive him of it. If the above be the fact, is such a person fit for the situation.

Notice has reached us about the tricks of a Merchant at the Printfield, who, report saith, hath a wife in Ireland, of which country he is a native, but who left her to look out for herself among the butter milk and bogs there. This fellow is a regular *Fisher* among women, as it is said, he, night after night lodges girls in his bed-room, amongst whom his favourite is Sally, who enters by a back window. Our informant vouches for the truth of the above, and we therefore warn this tea and tracle dealer, that though a couple of miles from our establishment, our soap-brush is smelt at far more remote corners than the Printfield.—So we bid him lok out, if we have again occasion again to soap him, we will scrub him with a vengeance.

A young rascal, who is in Grant's clothiery shop in Broad Street, is, besides frequently visiting Elmslie's, in the practice of beating his father, especially one night lately, when coming home from the above brothel. If this young scamp perseveres in his tricks, we would advise his friends to take some more summary way of dealing him. Even the neighbourhood is said to be disturbed by the freaks of this little "nick'um."

The accountant of the N. S. Bank, we are desired to say, need not be in a fury about his last touch, as, besides proving what was before advanced, our correspondent says he has an additional store, which the said worthy may be thankful if he escape. We have nothing to do with the matter at all ourselves.

BIRTH.—At Banff, on the 28th ult., Meg Mitchell, Lady of William Gall, Esq., of a son.

At No. 3, Netherkirkgate, Aberdeen, Mrs. Alexander of a son.

At Back Wynd, Mrs. John Wilson of a daughter.

At John Street, the lady of Mr. John Paul, of a son.

Since we asked the question in the supplement about John M'Laren, the general agent, we have had numerous applications to allow an answer to be given to our query, Why he was so hated amongst the trade? We are sorry that we have to apologise for our not giving place to the answers sent us until we have enquired into the circumstances under which they are proposed. No body will be happier than ourselves to do every justice between the parties in our next.

A correspondent wishes to be informed in what part of the parish of Newpitsligo the potato of three-pound weight grew, as he intends to order his winter potatoes from that quarter, as the people here have not the command of an old gas retort to grow his potatoes in, as a certain mason at the Aberdeen gas work says he grew said potatoe. in.

We understand there is to be a new professorship established in Marischal College, and that Dr. W. F. Preshaw, Esq. of Fettercairn will be presented to the chair.

#### NOTICE.

Mr. KENNEDY begs respectfully to inform the inhabitants of Aberdeen and the public in general, that, having within a few Lessons completed his time of apprenticeship (one quarter) with that celebrated violin-performer and teacher, John Ross, Old Aberdeen, he intends commencing business on his own account, and he flatters himself that he will be enabled to give entire satisfaction to those who may be pleased to employ him. Public dinners, private parties, assemblies, &c. &c. attended very cheap. For further information apply at T. Jamieson, Fiddlemaker, Upperkirkgate; blind Jock Ross, Spittal; or at the "Rising Sun" inn, Concert court, Broad Street, Aberdeen. Copies of music wrote with neatness and dispatch.

An apprentice wanted to learn the art of dancing. None will be accepted without he have a good ear and big feet.

RATHEN.—The toll wife's daughter in this place will better reform her conduct. Her visits to Miss Strachan, and the liberty she takes with her neighbour's characters to that lady, are not unnoticed. It may be proper that Miss Strachan make a little inquiry into the truth of Jane's stories before she place much dependence on them. One would think this girl would be sparing with her neighbour's faults, as she may not be without a few herself. She may be reminded of the merchant and the story of the eggs, and, although unmarried, she may be able to produce as many living witnesses of her folly, as some married couples in the parish where she resides can testify. She should bear in mind the old saying, that people who live in glass houses should not throw stones."

ABERDEEN.—What did Mr. Cameron, Advocate, intend with the girl at Burnside. It was too bad to pursue the woman through the field, and tear her clothes. Although he told her he was a gentleman of honour his conduct was of a very different kind—there are some scamps who sport a fine coat and white neckcloth, whose conduct point them out as complete blackguards. Such fellows ought to be ashamed of their conduct, when respectable women cannot walk the public road for them. We have heard of a low scamp, calling himself a gentleman, attacking some girls in Concert Court, and was so belaboured with eggs that he could not appear for several days. Was this Cameron an Advocate,

## BANFF.

Most Excellent Shaver,

You know its now a long time since you visited this quarter with your never failing steel, and really your long absence is begining to make some of our citizens perfect monsters, for their beards are grown to an unsufferable length of late; the last time you shaved some of our Councillors you improved them mightily, and they have great reason to thank you for being so kind to them; but that is not what I want to be at just now, I wish to inform you that we had a Great Dinner here last Monday, in celebration of the Anniversary of the Birth-day of the Right Honourable the Earl of Fife.—So you must understand, on the Saturday previous, that some of our worthies thought that they would be the better of a good Dinner on Monday, so a deputation of the most respectable Gentlemen went to John Duncan to order the dinner, but were told that he could not appoint them in such short notice, but our heroes were not to be daunted with this, so they went to Mrs Cassie who agreed immediately. and dinner was forthcoming. At the hour appointed better than sixty of the respectables were all seated in the Hall ready to get the command, "rise Peter, slay and eat." Among the rest were Honnie, Printer Paterson, Barber Miller, and the spindle shanked Druggist who had starved himself the day before to get a good belly-full, for he goes to all such dinners for the purpose of getting a good devocr, for he is ashamed to eat enough with his wife, for the creature has a wife and a lassie too. So when they were seated, who came but the good man the Priest, which when our mentioned few saw, they rose from the side table at which they were seated and took a seat at the other, out over from the good man; so much for the christian spirit of these church bigots. The dinner was at length ready and Convener Joiner called to the chair, with all his joints moving as if all the needles ever he sewed with were sticking in him. They got past the dinner, and every one like to choke, the drink was produced and our worthy Chairman, shaking better than ever, like the leaf of an Ash Tree, and after plenty greasing like himself, proposed the health of Lord Fife, with a long harangue "that would have deav'd a millar." At length the horse shoer, Stewart, proposed a health to Barber Millar, for, said he, there is not a more officious man in all Banff! well, God knows that is true, for certaiuly he is a prying soul, and likes to have a hand in every play, for which the worthy Perfumer returned his cordial thanks. This is a very imperfect outline, for time would fail to tell you how they got on, and the many blunders they committed, they would have made a dead horse laugh.

A Friend and constant Reader.

AMICUS.

LANARK.—Died here, on the 7th current, James Mudie, Esq. (commonly known under the name of *Feel Jamie*) of Aberdeen, aged twenty years and seven months, much and justly regretted by all the boys and girls of Lanarkshire who had the pleasure of his acquaintance. It is but justice to state that Mr. Mudie lived and died in the fear of no man. He passed two seasons at his country residence, top of Rose Street Aberdeen.

## RAZOR CUTS.

An instance of determined blachguardism has come under our notice this month, although we were not previously unaware of the ill-doing propensities of our subject. A flesher of respectable connexions, and who is in partnership in a respectable firm (who was also before his marriage in the way of cohabiting with a common prostitute), most barefacedly carries on intimacy with a young prostitute named M'Kay, and her associates. We have at our finger ends all his late behaviour, as also the house he frequents with the girls, and, if a reformation takes not place before our next' we shall consider we are doing ouly our duty to himself, his friends, and his respectable wife, to make the whole affair public. We shall watch his movements, and he will require to be very wary of his conduct, if we don't find him out.

From Hillside we have got an invitation to come out the length of the sixth milestone, and call upon a lang, raw looking chiel in the corner, who is in the way of accompanying some of the lasses there to Aberdeen, and getting fou' over the jaunt with numerous other tricks, which, for the sake of the girls, we will look over this month. If, however, we find either of the parties misbehaving themselves so ridiculously on a future occasion, they may not get so easily away with it.

To be let at Stonehaven, a fishing on the opposite side of the street from Mr. George Mackie, Vintner. The above fishing was for a long time possessed by an old Knight of the Star, and latterly by his son. The fishing tackle consists of a four-footed stool; a plaiding coat; a white hat; a large snuff-horn taining one half pound of Fyfe's best Blackguard; a copy of the speech for the occasion, which will be furnished by the present tenant. The rent, with other conditions, will be learned by applying at the premises.

Is it fact now that the mastachioed engineer of the Peter-head "Harlequin" is bagged, that he has led the proprietors to dance to the tune of £600, and that it will require some very considerable sum before she can go to sea again? Little wonder that plenty of London Porter was at Mrs. Bell's fireside during the winter season—which, with her long pipe, and her daily half ounce of twist, must have made her pretty comfortable. Will she enjoy the same recreation, now that her worthy husband is to labour as metal man again in town? *Hem!*

We have got to hand about a dozen epistles relative to a baker in Skene Square, and an *Irish* baker's daughter and servant maid, about the far end of Bonaccord Street. If all be true, this Skene-Square chap must be a sure foal-getter. We shall enquire into the particulars before next month, and, if all be facts, a prominent place, and a handsome reward ought to be guaranteed to the gentleman of baps; but it is rather ominous that he lives so adjacent to the Lunatic Asylum.

We would caution a certain Respectable Lady, who keeps most respectable Lodgings at No. 19, Union Buildings, to be more cautious in her frequent visits to places of public amusement, especially in company with such low grade, as a certain Clerk, in aa Advocate's office, not a hundred yards from the foot of Guestrow, we would also advise the husband of the aforesaid Lady, to keep more regular hours, and not allow so many visitors to frequent his domicile, as he some morning may have to boast of a crown of horns. We have had said parties frequently under our notice, and shall consider on farther particulars in our next, if this hint is disregarded.

## JESS SINCLAIR'S FUNERAL PROCESSION.

Bear with me, friends, now, for a while,  
Though I be getting graver;  
Don't think I act the hypocrite  
While I write to the "Shaver"

About poor Jess:

Her funeral now is past and gone  
Yet I did not neglect it;  
All who attended it I swear  
Were very much affected

At losing Jess

Jean Mathews said it was her wish  
Yea even her sole desire  
To follow Jess to her lang hame,  
She pnt on male attire—

She look'd right weel

Auld Jobney's trowsers she tried on  
They would not fit at all  
But Jenney soon appointed was  
Honest H ——— y G ——— ll

Her ready frien

All being conven'd they look'd about  
No persan wns seen there,  
So 'twas agreed that Watker should  
Indulge them with a prayer

Or something like

Then Jenny Mathews she spake out  
Walker, it makes nae odds, now  
If you cant pray, we'll get a word  
Frae honest Willie Godzman

Our guid auld friend

Now Willie started to his feet,  
And gave to them a strong ane;  
Indeed it was not very short,  
Na could ye ca't a lang ane,

But it was gweed.

His prayer being done, Duncan got up  
To hand ronnd wine and cake—  
He said that he wouln do't himsell  
For fear of some mistake.

'Twas kind of him.

Then having got their drops of wine,  
And Willie asked a blessing,  
Jean Mathews said it was a shaw  
The persan was a missing.

What disrespect!

Though none of them went to the house,  
They were seen in the crowd,  
And some of them had eyes inflamed,  
And some were sobbing loud

For their frien' Jess.

Now Jess is taken to the hearse.  
And Jean has ta'en the leave,  
And a' the rest hae ta'en their place,  
As Duncan had agreed

That they should do,

At either side of Jeau he placed  
A man, they were late,  
The one was like lang town clerk,  
The other Sandelans Paul,

Or something like.

The next that came, they got a place  
Right close at Jenny's back—  
Their names, I think, were Flensy Crone,  
And gallant Copper Black—

Jess's true friend.

And next to them came one well known,  
And honest Mattie Grey,  
They war so grieved they hung their heads,  
And nothing did they say.

Their friends war gone.

The next that came, they well known,  
The purple eating pair;  
It would be stange if Cruickie and  
His fat friend were not there

When drink was rife.

Now Georges Street was in a flood,  
'Twas like the river Jordan;  
And ankle deep in his own tears  
Stood far famed Gammie Gordon,  
For Jess that day

An now that Jess is under ground  
Laid fairly ou her back  
A committee has form'd itsell  
The chair man copper black  
A right guid hand

They have resolved very soon  
To fill poor Jessie's shoes  
And when that chaunge does come about  
I'll send you all the news  
Farewell just now

## To the Editor of the Shaver.

SIR,—Can you or any of your correspondents inform me why Johnny Wright, the toy mannie, lately in the Upperkirkgate, and now residing at 72, Union Street, has such an ill-will at the Bonnet Bazaar. It is certainly quite out of his way, and cannot infure him in his business; therefore any improper remarks from him must proceed from a malicious spirit, and is certainly unworthy of notice.

I observe in a shop, of cheap notoriety, nearly opposite the Bonnet Bazaar in Union Street, the following notice:—Just returned from the Scottith Markets, then followed, at very low prices, a great many articles, said to be from these markets; but, on enquiry, I found that although a gentleman from that establishment was sent to Glasgow, Dundee, etc. to purchase goods, he returned with the following, viz: six pieces of fents; or, as his grandmamma would say, "joint cotten," from the celebrated house of J. & W. Cambell and Co of Glasgow. His purchaser in Dnndee consisted of six pieces of print goods, to sell at two yards for sixpence, and at Stonehaven, ten pieces of gauze ribbon, at twopence per yard selling price, together with a pair of inexpressibles for two shillings and sixpence, which this celebrated traveller sports of a Sunday. So much for this high-flown and far-famed cheap-sale establishment.

A Gerrie Jaunt.—'Tother week the hostess, who is a wanton widow of a hostlery on the shore, set off on a gig excursion with a mustachioed booby of a mongrel Englishman, named Lewis, who has before figured in our columns for his impudence. We hear, by the way that this fellow complains loudly that, having come amongst us to spend his money, he has a right to be respected, and swears it is d—'d hard that such a trashy lot of fellows as ourselves should be allowed or have the will to annoy him. Poor fellow, he little knows us if he suspects he can get on with his Jeremy Diddler freaks here with impunity; but to the point.—We have always considered this widow, who we must own is a clean, tidyish body, a little warm in the constitution, but we never could have conceived that she would have allowed her dear body to be packed in the same curricule with such a clodpole as this half witted fop seems to be. We need not hint at the many scenes which must have transpired between the happy pair in the gig, the inn and otherwise, during the day and part of the night they were absent—suffice it, the servant maid at the Gerrie hotel winked and whispered to the customers throughout the day of the jaunt, as much as to say, 'does your mother know you're out?' And a knowing one she is this same chambermaid, and quite up to snuff in all the outs and ins of courting. We have no objections to our friend the widow enjoying herself, but let it be with some creditable person, and not with such a harum-scarum looking monument as this pretended nabob. We may hint, in reference to his blarney, that some folks may have to pay for his benevolence some day yet.

ABERDEEN:

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