

ABERDEEN

NEW SHAVEN.

XVIII.

DECEMBER, 1839.

PRICE TWOPENC.

There is nothing astirring except the marriage of our beloved Queen, who is to ally herself to the German Prince Albert. This intention her Majesty, announced herself, to a concleve of old state leachers, about a week ago. We believe that She can equally marry a subject, pity it is therefore that her Majesty, did not cast her eyes on some strong well built son of Caledonia, some scion of an ancient House, and raised his family to the throne, and established the chance of having a Royal race of hardy make, and of being eventually ruled by one of our 'own guid folk,' and not by a needy and greedy set of Germans. her Majesty has some how or other got amazingly unpopular, and we don't think that her marriage will remove the unpopularity, that is to say if she persist in keeping in the present ministry. It is said Albert is of strict Protestant principles, and that he may prevail on her Majesty to cast over board the present O'Connell and papist Ministry, we wish it may be so, and that we shall have an able and stable Cabinet, when so much evil broods over this country, in the great distress which prevails in the Manufacturing interests. The Welsh Chartists are to be tried, but they will not be hung that's flat. In Scotland the only thing moving is the affair of the Church, which are exciting a good deal of discussion.

ABERDEEN INFIRMARY.

On Saturday night last, as we were proceeding homewards to our letter box, in the Suburbs we were astonished at seeing the Infirmary brilliantly lighted up with Gas in every corner it was very late being about twelve o'clock, or we would have called to ascertain the cause, this unusual sight seemed to draw the attention of a number of people as well as ourselves, as we concluded an accident had happened. But on Monday morning on inquiry, we learned that the officials who had the charge of the Gas having got their wages on that day had taken in a little Gas on their own account, and had forgot to extinguish that of the Hospital, which continued to burn for a considerable time. Next day being Sabbath one of these

officials appeared with a turban on his head after the manner of the fever patients his however was the Gas fever, but being a church going man, he wisely went to the Quakers chapel, at which place he did not require to doff his beaver— It has been reported to us, that the elder of these officials although they had slept for several hours and had a good large bill paid nothing which is his usual practice—We trust the managers at their first meeting will make enquiry into this affair or we will give all the particulars in our next.

The actions of the widow, who keeps the public house, in Garvock Street, are not so great a mystery to us as she thinks. Her tricks with the chap Murray who by the by is her intended are shameful, and we think rather often repeated. We should think she was too tough for a mere loon, the other widow who visits her may sake this gentle hint.

The above mentioned Murray is a newly imported country kind of a chiel presently employed about Duffus work—Your attention to making of course any necessary corrections w

HUNTLY TORY MOVEMENTS.

Persona rammits.

The Huntly Solicitor :—R——n. R——d, J——s, D——n, G——e, G——b ;—The Editor and Reporter to the Aberdeen Constitutional.

SCENE.—The Editor's Room at 42.

On the first four Gentlemen enumerated making their appearance, the Editor, who was attended by his Reporter, politely bowed them to chairs, whereupon the head of the deputation, viz.—the Huntly Solicitor said:—Mr Editor, along with my esteemed friend Mr R—d, I have the honour of waiting on you as a deputation, in reference to very important political business. The meeting to which we owe our appointment was held in my Chambers, which (as your Reporter knows,) are always at the service of the good cause. My appointment was carried unanimously, or, in law terms, *mem con*, and R—d's with only one dissenting voice, viz.—That of our talented though *stoically* inclined parish Minister. We have been accidentally joined by our common friends here, whom I am sure you will make heartily welcom.

The Edit.—I beg pardon, but as this is the first deputation I have been honoured with since commencing my present labours, and this being Friday evening, as my week's cares are over, I will be glad to see you and your friends an hour hence at my lodgings, when over a glass of excellent Perrie's Mill, (which is by the way the best whisky I have ever tasted) we shall more comfortably discuss this important matter.

Reporter, faith that smells of olden times, when "our John" the Secretary, and Tam were in their glory. Your predecessors Joseph, never drank any thing but at his neighbour's expence.

Mr R—d, I will not hear my friend Dr McK. reviled by any one with impunity, much less by a contemptible underling.—Exeunt omnes.

The Editor's Lodgings, 9, P. M.—The cloth being drawn, the Editor said he was sure that all present would agree with him in thinking that his plan of ———'s business, was, to ———

Mr G

myself as your local agent; and that our plans may be more pungent, from your ignorance of local matters, it is recommended that Mr R—d superintend the bringing out of our weekly matter for some time. From the popularity which that redoubtable individual has long maintained in the district, the very circumstance of his being connected with our undertaking will work wonders! For the rest, let us have "a fair field and no favour"! Cheers.

The Edit.—The scheme is good, I hope that I and gentlemen in whose name and behalf you are here may soon be better acquainted.

Mr G—b, Any thing tending to incrase the dividends will at all times meet my approbation and concurrence.

Mr D—n, And I, though inferior in talent and popularity to my young friend Mr R—d, shall be happy to give any assistance I can to so laudible an object.

The Croupier: Gentlemen, I feel highly honoured at the confidence reposed in me by my Huntly friends. As to any opposition to my appointment by the Minister, I have only to say that I feel surprised, as in my presence, he was to a nicety courteous to me, but let that matter rest, I have certainly through *good report* and *bad report*, done my utmost in behalf of the *Constitutional* and the great cause it advocates; cheers, and without any fuss about the matter, (looking to Bruce the Reporter,) I agree to do the duty so unexpectedly assigned me, on condition that the *Herald* be *not* informed of the arrangement, tremendous cheering.

Reporter.—Now that I see Mr R—d is not a bad sort of chap, and enjoys himself well below the mahogany, although, on a late occasion, I *did* waste much of the Company's paper and time in writing him down in the *Shaver and Herald*, I promise secrecy in this matter, hear. Omnes. Agreed agreed

After some excellent songs, the company broke up at a late hour.

SPATTERDASH 'TWIXT "HONEST PETER" AND
MR. CHARLES RUNCY

Every body who knows any thing, knows that Peter Abel is a decent auld farran honest fellow; as every body also knows that Charlie Runcy, late tracle and tobacco merchant, and now a mighty shipowner, is a stupid, dottle, dogmatic *hingsmusneevie* sort of body, and so to our story. Peter our lusty friend, is well known to possess an honest-like cooperative, and he is farther as he ought to be, very careful of it, so for this purpose, and the carrying of his coal vocation, he erected himself a tent, *vidilicet*, a moveable box, wherein he might, in disagreeable weather take refuge. By the way, though, we forgot to mention his stationary office-box, loosed on a vacant piece of ground at the foot of commerce street. Well, Peter had his largest four wheeled convenience stationad up the shore, for nearly as far as the bridge; and he was about to remove it to the other standing place, when the redoubtable Mr Charles Runcy bolted out of a man Buyer's shop, and hallowed to Peter to "hold hard" as his box could not be removed to the foot of commerce street. "And for why?" Peter very justly asked,—"for why, sir?" "why?" sagely and ill-naturedly Mr Runey retorted, "because my wife will not allow it to be placed opposite her window!" Bah, chuckled Peter, "man, I have paid as much for my freedom in Aberdeen as

yourself or your wife either, and I'll set the box where I like, if it dont interupt any body, go on Jamie with the box, rumble on with it," says Peter to his man and see who will interupt ye," and off the box, and Peter and his man bundled, leaving the savage Mr Charles Runcy to pick his nails, and blowing like an overcharged bladder at the mouth, roaring at intervals after the trio, "I'll show you what you are, I'll let you see what I can do!" and with that off he set, to the Chamber, where every body laughed at him, from thence to Mr Mair the factor who laughed at him too, but who took the trouble to visit the box station, and see Peter about what Mr Runcy called a "horrible nuisance," when he laughed still more at the stupidity of the foolish and passionate Mr Charles Runcy. Now be it known to every married man, 'twixt the Quay and Ketty Brewster, that this whole skirmish arose from the dread which Mrs Charles Runcy indulged of beholding carters and others getting clear of an overstock of water against the gable of Peter's boxes, and right opposite her parlour window!—O modest Mrs Runcy! But our fat friend the coal-broker, has stuck up his boxes there, and laughs at the whole of them, and we cannot help glorying so far as to say WELL DONE PETER.

HISTORICAL DISSERTATION ON SHAVING

By a Gentleman of the University.

Instruction should be moral aim of every writer, but to attain this laudable end many and mighty obstacles are to be overcome. Fearless of reproach, and armed with conscious rectitude, we must despise the menaces of individual resentment, and brave the fray of tyrannic power. On this principle which reflection and humanity tell us is just, we have uniformly written.—On the same principle we shall continue to write,

We are aware, that as in former instances, every weapon of malignity will be employed, the rankest malignity will be propagated, and all the forces of detraction let loose to deprecate our writings, and to embitter our existance, but the worst shaft of our enemies is sped. We have long since deserted the circles frequented by our calumniators, and have brought ourselves to consider their bitterest invective as the highest panegyric. All the poisoned arrows of ingenious malice have been already pointed against us, but not yet mortally wounded we return to the charge,—“Frangas non flectes”

Besides, we are countenanced in our present undertaking by the authority of the greatest ancient and modern writers, and shall have only to lament our own inability to pursue the same path with more equal steps.

Lucilius, whom Horace describes as the inventor of satire, attacked all sexes and conditions *nominally* and *indiscriminately*, at patricians of the highest rank and character in Rome, Scipia, and Sælius did not regard this poet as unworthy of their friendship, and occasionally assisted him in his writings. They delivered up to his wholesome ridicule, the eccentric and vicious characters of the whole republic, and not even opposing the freedom with which he indulged his muse against Cæsar and Metelus, persons of consular dignity. Horace himself too, so far from dreading persecutions, or any fatal consequences from the *personality* of his writings, not content with naming the *persons*, is careful also to point out the very *quality* of the fool or knave who fall under the lash of his pen. Persius, who flourished during the reign of Nero, was daring

enough to saterise the tyrant himself. The honest but indignant muse of Juvenal, found a munificent patron in the mild Emperor Trojan, as did La Bruyere and Boileau, (whose satires upon women are universally considered as their chieff d'œuvres) a liberal protector in that sanguinary King, Louis XIV.

Our own country man Mr Pope, in a letter to Lord Bolingbrook on the subject of *personality*, remarks “that the most complete triumph he ever felt was on reflecting that wretches who appeared insensible to any thing else, were still affected by his satires.” Under the sanction of such high authorities, why then should we be afraid to give full scope to our honest indignation, that fools and rogues may rest secure in the *privilege* of transgression and enjoy tranquility.—Never would we however, knowingly, provoke a tear from the eye of innocence, nor plant a thorn in the bosom of unprotected beauty; and we should hold ourself infamous were a single line ever to escape from our pen that could add to the afflictions of poverty, or increase the measure of unmerited misfortune; such characters we have always held sacred; but let not others who yield unbounded scope for satire's rod, escape it's lash.

DOG-KILLIG, ALIAS CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

The other day, a valarous police-man did a very valarous job, which is certainly out of their common practice. A dog, and a very honest dog too, who was on chain on board the Bonaccord, having been tormented by a few urchins, took upon himself to teach them better breeding, and consequently gave one of them a snap, after which he was shoved over board, but having “like the Frenchman,” come to life again, he got to shore, and landed at the house of an old friend, where he got himself into a second hobble. He was taken to the ship again, and put upon chain, when, a little after, down came a bulky, “thirsty for blood,” “as Shakespare says,” to the ship, with a tongue message from the Fiscal, it surely must have been the half witted one, to do for the poor dog. The policeman however, was more afraid of the animal than the animal was of him, for he could not approach untill the mate of the Bonaccord, like a bold fellow, made the poor animal fast, and the policeman then, like a brave officer of justice, went forward and had the courage to beat the dog's brains out. Too much praise cannot be bestowed on the intripid bravery and boldness of the mate, and his friend the policeman, for this great engament, and it will be shabby if Captain Parker, who allowed them to smash poor Tinker, not to remember them in a handsome manner, for what we would consider courageous cowardice. We think it would not be amiss to hint to Charles that he should take the same plan with the whales as he did with the dog, as we beleive the lazy fellow never brought to a whale in all his seamanship.

THE CONVENOR'S DINNER, OLD ABERDEE.

This thing went off in the Town Hall on Tuesday week.—About a dozen of members were present, who were attended by a like number of guests both Ladies and Gentlemen, who sat free of any expence, either to the Convenor who had the honour of giving them the invitation, or to the funds of the corporation; but not so to those who volunteered their presence to support the honour of the convenor, and give their

countenance to this ancient flare up, for they paid the piper in the shape of an additional shilling, upon each admission ticket beyond its real value, for the pleasure of hearing the Provost of the City, and the Minister of the parish, on the one side, without cost, and the old and new convener on the other side, butter one another, and their especial favourites, for it was just in other words "claw ye my a—e and I'll claw your elbow."

It must surely be admitted, that this antient of days has lost all its attractive influences, when we state that the court, when duly constituted consists of no fewer than about forty members, and yet ladys, guests and visitors, inclusive, there did not sit down at this table party 46 individuals, for this falling off, it is not difficult to account, the old spirit has quite evaporated, Deacon Innes and his Taylors dined in private. We may state however, that the Aberdeen Journal was duly represented in the person of Mr J. Ramsay, so likewise was the Constitutional, by its respected Editor Mr Robertson.—Our valued friends of the Herald whom we have formerly seen "merry in the Hall," were no where to be found, it was alledged that a Tee-totlar's two-peny ticket had extinguish'd both principal and sub within the precincts of their own dark lantheron.—On the whole, it was a mawkish milk and water affair, wanting, in many of the attributes of a Convener's day of the olden time; for the Hall which used formerly to be crowded to excess, on the present occasion afforded both sitting and sleeping room, which was verified in the fact of one Lady who snoozed so soundly, that she could only be aroused by the stentorian voice of her husband's song, when calling on her "to get up and bar the door." Notwithstanding the eatables and viands, being both good and plenty, the party never came to the pitch of joviality, and seperated something under the score of true happiness, to prepare for the sports of the evening. During the interval an Ex-Convener held a Coffee Soice which was numerously attended. Through the influence of the new convener's Brandy bottle, such flow of spirits was instilled into several of the members, that when the Ball commenced, the old convener and other staggering bobs who appeared upon the boards, reeled incessantly, with or without music, until some good and kind friends led them to a place of rest; the number, however, of males and females increased to considerably beyond a hundred, and the dancing was carried on with great spirit untill four o'clock, when they seperated without a murmur.

Want of room, not of inclination, makes us keep back, for the present, several queer matters we are acquainted with, but we must tell the convener that a radical change is absolutely necessary, that he ought to take it up in earnest, it will not do now a days to rob Peter to pay Paul, he must neither be selfish nor open to flattery, it will not do to pick the pocket of one visiting convener to pay for the dinner of another and we plainly tell those husbands who lead their wives to public entertainments, at the coast of others, that it would be much more creditable to peel and eat at home, and we are conscious that if the gentlemen who were specially invited by the old Aberdeen convener, to the past dinner, had known that they were the intertained guests of a promiscuous company, who neither knew nor cared for them, they never would have shown face in the Town Hall of Old Aberdeen.

The doings at the Ball, with their partners' names and their ~~names~~, will positively appear next month.

GEORGE STREET ANNUAL ELECTION.

Pledged as we were in our last number, and zealous as we have always shown ourselves for the righteous cause, we could not without gross dereliction of duty, slip over the annual Election of the body above designated. The Election preparations were many and numerous, and Mr Alex. Duncan, without humbug, did merit the highest honour for the sumptuous and honest like table he set before the guzzlers. So much, then for the eating and drinking, and now to the election proceedings:—

Alexander Reid, stabler, in Harriot street, Bailie Hector and the old Provost, John Masson, Brewer, were sent out, when twelve votes were recorded for Reid, twelve for Hector, and ten for Masson. The old Provost then gave his casting vote for Reid, who was duly elected and declared Provost.—But honest Sawney Reid, after all, would'nt take the chair, and got up in a rickery passion, after which, a few of the bodily stout men of the company, hoisted him into the chair, placed the chain about his neck, and left him, wishing good to him in his Provostship. But a little time, however, had elapsed, untill Sawnders squeezed himself out of the chair, and swore too that provost he would not be, when Bailie Hector good naturedly stepped into it, and the busidess went on a little more orderly.

They then proceeded to elect the Bailies, when Messrs Robert Shearer, Candle-maker, and William Jameson Pyemaker, were re-elected, while Mr Nicolas Cuddie, Cooper, and Mr Craig, Saddler, School-hill, took the pieces of John Taggart, and William Stephens, as Bailies. Mr George Brebner was re-elected Treasurer; Mr John Masson was shoved out of the Provost's Chair, and made Dean of Guild, and the following constitute the other office bearers:—

Mr S. Anderson, Kirks and Brigs—Mr Alexander Roberts, Master of Shore-works, Mr William Martin, Charles Sim, Cart-wright, James Mclean, John Wright, William Morison, Wright, and Adam Mortimer, ditto Councillors.

John Cooper, Barber, Chamberlane; Alexander Duncan, Clerk; Alexander Benzie, officer, and duly elected "finisher of the law."

So here are your authorities of George Street for another year. While we have great pleasure in takin notice of every gentleman connected with the important trust, we beg in a particular manner, to appologise to Baillie Craig, Sadler, and Treasurer; George Brebner, Horse-hirer, for the unpardonable injustice we did them last year, in confounding Treasurer George with his brother coach-man William, and Baillie Criag, who is a Sadler lad, with a Tobacconist of the same name. We hope this explanation will satisfy our worthy friend the honourable treasurer, and do justice to his friend the sadler. We need say nothing in reference to those re-elected, as we before criticised their qualifications, but we are extremely grieved in heart at the loss of Baillies Taggart and Stephens. The former would have done honour to a higher station, and we cannot but designate his retirement as a "dead loss."—As for our crony "Willie," nothing can supply his place. To all the entreaties of the George Street patriots, to again be installed he lent a "deaf ear." He solemnly declared, however, although he would not fill the bench, he was a match for any of them at tossing, which was even some consolation, as it was dreaded, he intend to retire altogether, into

private life. When importuned, we believe to be numbered again amongst the authorities, he wisely shook his head, shrugged, winked, and hunched about, with 'O ay, ay, yes, yes, nae magistrates for me, na, na; I've deen wi' you, o ay, ay.' And this was his last speech connected with his late important office.

Baillie's Shearer and Jameson top the Magistracy list.—'Twould have been a pity had the light of the former been darkened by such a thing as John Paul. Nicolas Cuddie has too droll a name for a Baillie; however, in these days of change, this cooper body's name would not be a bad designation for a good mady,—Although lots of our new municipal officials cannot perhaps boast of being members of the cooper corporation, still there are more Nicolas Cuddies than Nebucadnazzar's or Solomon's, amongst them!

We have no space to follow up with our dissertations on the Councillors, &c. We are happy to observe our old friend Laird Morrison in his proper station, and we hope there will be no harm in hinting the old maxim to him:—"Friend, in counselling others, do not forget to council thy self." The Laird is a good hand. Our brother suds, chamberlane Cooper, will do well enough, but he must keep out of the hands or the arms-length of "Finisher Benzie." The toddy glass may turn some thing more pliable.—It is a gallows' shame to torture honest Saunders.

To conclude for a time. The whole affair passed off with spirit, notwithstanding the stupid attempts of John Masson's friends to carry every thing their own way. In the foisting in of John Paul instead of Baillie shearer, they were in Schedule A. None of those lawyer's clerks and warehouse scribblers were present on this occasion, but their absence was made by the spirited and lively Croupiership of Commissioner Wm. Mathews. God save the Queen was, however, rejected to be ebanted, but the will for the deed must be acknowledged, and the disloyalty must be taxed to the strength of the landlord's punch!

INVERNESS.

A rather queer paragraph appeared in the Aberdeen Herald of the 23 November last of the following tenor.

"CLAN TARTANS.—An Act of Parliament, passed in 1747, prohibits the common use of the "plaid phlibeg, little kilt, trews, shou'ler-belt' or any part whatsoever of what peculiarly belongs to the Highland garb, on pain of imprisonment, without bail, during the space of six months, for the first offence; and, for a second offence, transportation for seven years'! We suspect Lord Eglinton had not the fear of this statute before his eyes when he concocted the Tournament; and Mr. M' Dougal of Inverness must be no less bold, as he announces, in our columns to-day, a larger manufacture this season of "clan tartans" than in any previous year. The nationality of the Scotch has long been marked by an attachment to the dress of their forefathers; and the growing taste for the "Highland garb" is a strong proof that the land of Ossian still lingers in the associations of the sons of Caledonia.

We believe this Donald M'Dougal is patronised by Royalty, even by the Queen herself. The outset of this paragraph, which has been written by Donald himself or by his desire does not say much for his loyalty at all events; It sets out by saying that an act of parliament was passed prohibiting the use of the "plaid phlibeg little kelt taows &c." and goes on to announce that neither himself (Donald Mc Dougal) nor Lord Eglinton cares a straw about the prohibition, and that he (Donald) could carry on an extensive establishment in the face of het act of imperial Parliament, we do not know what call this presumptuous—to call it dare-faced puffing would be two little—a more appropriate name would be bare arsed

impudence! After going on boldly to announce that he has endeavoured this season to break the law to a greater extent than ever he had done before, Doald Mc Dougal, or his *Emanuanses* closes the puff-paragraph with a treasonable piece of oblarney about "the nationality of the Scotch", "their attachment to the dress of their for-fathers," and "their growing taste for the High-land garb," in the broad face of the act Parleament quoted by the said Donald Mc Dougal himself, or by some one for his behoof. As a finisher, we have some thing in the shape of a beautiful feeling appeal "that he hopes the land of Ossian stile lingers in the recollections of the sons of Caledonia," because, they (the sons of Caledonia) are pleased to go with the bare *Posterioris* uncovered, and to line his Highland fobs with the price of Kilts!

We would in conclusion, warn this Highland tartan merchant not to attempt coming over the folks about our quarter; he may depend that although the "sons of Caledonia" about his "lard of Ossian" are pleased to trudge bare-arsed, our friends in this corner are too much inclined to have there hurdies enveolpe'd in comfortable and decent apparel than in the treasonable habelements of "plaid phlabeg, or little "kilt, for the wearing of which Donald Mc Dougal declares that the act of Parliament provides rigorous punishment.

We sometime ago received a letter from an unprincipled scamp, of which the following is a copie. —Aberdeen 1839 To the Editor of the Aberdeen Shaver please put the inclosed *Note* in your first publication, also you will oblige me greatly by adding what you think it wants, give the girl an advise not to trouble me any more, or I will make her appear in her lighter colours in future, and by so doing you will greatly oblige a constant reader. The above *Note* referred to is a sensibly wrote letter received, by this mean scump from a young woman to whom he had made pretentions of particular regard, but finding she was not agreeable to all his proposals, he withdrew from her without assigning any reason for his conduct the girl then wrote the above, wishing him to send her an answer if he had changed his mind, and if so, to let her know the cause, which was certainly very proper; but in stead of complying with her request he sent her letter to our office for publication in the Shaver, at the sametime concealing his own name.—If the girl call at our office she will have her letters returned.

It is not every thing which frightens us, but our friend Bill Field of Wapping, has made such a row about his small tip with our keen edge in a former number, that if he were on this side the Tweed, we would dread much bodily harm from him. However he swears us down, who are guilty, but let him have a care how he pulls up the innocent. We hear he is a good fellow, and we hope he will continue a good customer to us also.—His friend Grey, also made a heidious growling but we hope he is come to his senses before now.

NORTH ELSICK, OR WESTGATE COLLIERY.

Mr Bell, coal-brocker from Newcastle, will better return home again, and take his coals along with him, the Aberdeen awa' bodies will no be cheated wi' the sweepings o' coal

pits. And we may further hint that if he does not refrain from calling at Albion Street, alias the bowl road so often, he will be shown up with the heels of his shoes down. His engagement with his dulcinea too, he was unable to fulfil, he should never encounter our northern nymphs without counting the cost, and defraying it too.—He must be aware that this hint has reference to the two shillings agreement, of which he was sixpence minus.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

All those having claims on the estate of the deceased Mrs Jean Finny, late Seragleo keeper in Aberdeen, will please lodge them properly vouched, within fourteen days from this date, with George Mudie, Writer in Aberdeen, the Trustee and Executor nominated, and appointed by the latter will of the deceased. And at the same time it is to be noticed that all those indebted to the said Mrs J. Finny, will please pay immediately, as the affairs are to be wound up *quam primuv*.

129, Union St. Aberdeen, }
Nov. 22, 1839. }

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

Johnny Kelly's wedding took place on the third inst.—The happy bride was Jenny Sangster, Johnny had sixteen other lovers, each of whom looked forward to the happy day, that she would fill the place which Jenny now occupies. Bell Milne at the Manse of Logie, was cock-sure of Johnny Kelly, and wha wa'd hae tal' otherwise, even ten days previous to Johnny's wedding, would have got their hair combed with the parson's four footed stool, but wae's my heart, the news of Johnny's wedding reached Belly's ears just as she was carrying a flower scone on the bake-board, a'tween the table and the fire, when both the scone and the board fell out o' her hand beside the girdle, and were burned to a cinder before Belly observed the accident. Betty Millie near the road-side was in the act of taking ben her father's breakfast, when a little urchin cried in at the entry door "Johnny Kelly's married y'streen." Betty fainted and fell down with the tray in her hands, when lamentable to say there was not one whole vessel left of all the breakfast service, the contents of the tea pot, milk pot and sugar bowl were all strewed in the lobby; but the worst of all was, Betty had fallen against a door standing half open, and knocked both hide and hair of a considerable portion off her head, from which the blood was flowing profusely, when the astonished father ran to his daughter's relief, the head was shortly bound up and the crockery replaced on the tea board, but the aching heart of Miss Millie has not yet recovered the shock. I shall only notice one more at the present time which is Miss Strachan house-keeper at little Haddo, she has been completely out of order ever since the wedding: She is speaking of leaving her place, as since that time she is not considered quite sound, she is always singing

Love, love, love, lasses, love is like a dizziness,

It winna let a poor body gang about their business.

P. S. I forgot to tell you that the sailor lad, Willie Webster, thought Jenny Sangster would prove as faithless to Johnny Kelly after she was his bride, as to run away wi' him, and to induce her to do it, he gi'ed her a bushel of apples the day before the wedding, which has served the new married couple for pyes ever since. I may also tell you, that sic a coun-

tra side was never seen, there was sixteen women and six men a' seen greetin' about the Newburgh the night o' the wedding. Gin ony ither strange thing come out o't l'se lat ye ken.

Whisky Sawny, a farmer in this neighbourhood, has sent all his men to a bothie to live on water brose, and intends taking up a seragleo in his own kitchen, and stands sentry on the door himself at night with a loaded gun in his hand.

Newburgh, Nov. 22, 1839.

ROBIE SIMSON.

We have much pleasure in giving place to the following:— it is from the pen of a Local Bard, now, we believe, upwards of four score years old.

WORTHY SUDS,

There is a young brother shaver who resideth in the street which is papistically called Black friars Street, within the precincts of the city of Aberdeen, who we suppose on account of his ill ordered tools, is so exceeding dilatory in getting through with his nocturnal work,, and thus by rapping at the entry door of the house, number two-chippers-united, in fore-said street, and bickering, or playing backward and forward on the stairs, by virtue, if we may so speak, of the mountain dew, in so much, that all his neighbours therein are completely deprived of sleep by his unseasonable calls. sometimes at midnight, two, three, and four o'clock, almost every morning! It is hoped therefore, and earnestly entreated, that you will please give him a hand to set and strop his shaving tools, in order to get quicker through with his male customers' beards and female customers' hair trimming. And doctor both him and his nocturnal female customers, in the sequel get so much inebriated with the fermented mountain dew, that he often needeth the nocturnal watchmen to help him home, and to knock at the door for his admission, which is, doctor, a real shame on the shaving trade, and all genteel persons who are possessed thereof but of which this young novice of a shaver, and nocturnal quaffer is entirely destitute!

MEIHUSELAH.

SIR,

I would wish your immediate attention to the expenditure and income of the town's funds. A document purporting to issue under the auspices of the local authorities has been sent abroad, and which, it may not be altogether unnecessary to take a peep into.—For this purpose I have made myself the possessor of a copy, and as a few items I submit the following:

To Mr Dawson for trouble and travel in the affair of Mr Forbes of Echt, Twenty Pounds. To Mr Adam Walker for ditto ditto in the matter of the Bank robbery Twenty Pounds, And last, not least, surplus paid to Mr John Angus for his exertion in the Harbour Bill Committee, Fifty Nine pounds.

Now let us look into the services of the above functionaries, and judge of their extravagant charges, of the first "itim first, then Mr Charles Dawson took the trouble of journeying to Edinburgh, to which place, and from it, the body of Mr Charles Dawson was paid for, both carriage and sustenance by the city Fiscal, on account of the town. Mr Dawson was absent ten days, and had his whole travelling expences saddled on the town's exchequer, and here he comes forward with a charge for trouble, of the small item of twenty pounds

to be defrayed from the very source he derives his twenty five pounds a year, for trouble in his official duties. Under the firmament what right has Charles Dawson to claim a "competency" from the town's funds, to the extent of twenty good Bank-notes, for the self same work, which, as a town serjeant, he is bound to fulfill, and for which he pockets twenty five pounds per annum.—Only Charlie is an "indefatigable officer" and this cannot be any thing but an encouragement! He besides has a good many presents, and such a compliment as twenty five pounds may do something to ease his burden, which, take every thing into consideration, he wears right lightly on his shoulders.

Then as to the second item, that of Adam Walker, nobody disputes but Mr Walker had an abundance of toil and trouble in his crusade for the Bank birkies, but as he is gone to the last bourne, we dispose of this by saying that he was a well paid servant, and that it seems he had always been so.

Aberdeen, 25 Nov 1839.

DEAR SIR,

In terms of your promise, at all times, to visit vice and vicious practices with your lash, as well as your honest pride in protecting pure morality from the insults of inordinate levity and bad breeding, may I ask you to insert the following in your Shaver:—

If a certain manufacturer of pyes and puff-paste in George Street, (not a mile from Loch Street,) would caution his daughters to be a little more circumspect, with regard to their conduct in the streets, neither their sky-larking or insolence would so much annoy the public. On Monday evening the 18th instant, at half past seven o'clock, they attacked a neighbouring woman in the Upper Kirkgate with all the names and insolence they could muster, of which, by the bye, they have an abundant stock, after which, they retreated behind the glass door of a Fiddle-maker in said street, but before this woman had time to return to her *own shop* again, they were there before her with a fresh volley of insolence, and a collection of associates of the most minor grade, all of whom they have carefully taught the same slang; in addition to which, missiles of various kinds have been thrown into this *said shop*.—These two *Nymphs* have not hesitated to stand at this same shop window, and barefacedly, to throw in such language as would reflect disgrace on either prig or prostitute.

I hope, this civil hint will prevent a repetition of such conduct for the future, if not, I may strop a little keener in your next, while you, I trust, with the best razor in your case, will cut such infamous growings up by the roots, I am,

DEAR SIR, Yours, &c.

Nov. 20, 1839.

A CITIZEN OF THE WORLD.

KIND SIR,

Having to send my respects to all my parish who subscribed to my *Gig against their will*, I cannot get a better paper than yours for circulation, and I myself am a constant reader. I have got a *gig*, a *Phayton* as 'Mac.' calls it, and a set of *Old Harness*, in fact they are *both second hand*, and very proper, because a spleet new thing might have been spoilt.—'Mac.' has promised me the lend of his *Writing Desk* for a stool when I drives out in my aforesaid old phyton, as he and myself works in the good handy way of 'claw ye my back &

I'll claw yours' Although I know that Mac. is a *sleekit Chap*, he works well with a little greasing, and who can get on wanting it? Send a lot of your shaver this way, and when you come up to Banchory give me a call and get a hurl in my *dandy old phayton*, as I will be going round to butter the wray faces of my parishinors, yours,

Strawn, Nov. 20. 1836.

A SCOTTISH PARSON.

Sir—I observed in the last number of your Shaver, you have a few offenders in this quarter, who have received a just castigation, and I would beg leave to call your attention to some new customers, but old offenders; first there is Willie the Painter. This stupid animal has painted a cloak for himself, but the materials are only hypocrisy, he thinks however that it possesses properties sufficient to hide his propensities from the eyes of his neighbours, he has succeeded beyond expectation, even Old Francie has caught the bait; and elected him scandle vender and first News Monger for the whole Town, so that in consequence we are tormented every Sunday with harangues from the pulpit about intemperance and its effects,—Willie attends all the temperance meetings, and bawls out against his drothy neighbours, notwithstanding his love of the *drap'e* when he goes into an ale-house, calls for a bottle of *ale* and says "ye ken your sel" a nod is as good as a wink, there is a gill of whisky put into a bottle of ale and set before willie, he may pretend he did not see this, yet certain it is he knows what he pays for.—So much for Willie's temperate habits.

Yours Truly Timothy Watchfull.

Sir—there is the Gig-antic Printer, who prowls about teaching and praying, nevertheless I have seen him coming from a certain spirit shop about two o'clock in the morning, in company with the Carriers Porter completely mill'd, he has also some partiality for the fair sex. I would advise him not to come again in contact with Jock of the Hotel, least he prove too heavy metal for him. Let him rather correct the errors in his advertising, and let Jock become a father to the fatherless and a husband to the widow.

I. am, &c. T. W.

SIR,

I beg to call your attention to a transaction in which I conceive there was a good dale of partiality to be discovered which I think ought to be made public. Some time before the Old Town market, an order was given out, to all the venders of drink, in and about the old town, that they must have their houses clear by ten o'clock—This order was promptly complied with, but as soon as the clock struck ten, our towns sarjents were on the alert, and did every thing in their power to detect faulters, whither they were to have any extra reward in the event of conviction, I have not learned, but it so happened that in one house two men were lodging for the night but were not drinking, and because the inmates refused turn them to the street they were brought into court and charged with disobedience, some others were, when the hour struck, in the way of bidding good night to their customers, at a house on knig street, the landlaby was selling a bottle of porter to a man who had a horse at the door, Mr. Polsons people had their carriage at there door, with a company, and the Town clerks servant in the house, waiting his Master, but no person drinking, however, all these publicans were brought into court, for

disobeying the order.—But the Judge no doubt seeing the unreasonableness of the charge, very properly dismissed them all without a fine. Now sir could you believe that these very Town Serjents, would go into a house, in that neighbourhood, after eleven o'clock, and drink several gills of whisky, if so why did not these people appear in court with their neighbours? was there any partiality in this affair but more of this afterwards.

Old Aberdeen, 21 Nov. 1839.

Yours &c. W' W.

Sir—I beg to mention that the Mail Gig has again resumed as formerly, her course to the West, and it is anticipated that Jonnie will soon pay his lovely dulcinea another visit. Should he again have the hardihood to attempt a journey to the west. We would say in friendship to him to be aware. It is to be feared however that Jonnie will be in the back ground as his dreaded rival in this Town, lately paid the one a visit and met a very kind reception.

Banff 24 Nov 1839,

Josephus.

Sir—A great chiel clerk to Mr Webster the advocate, and some others are in the practice of visiting a house in Torry, with the sign of the six Oxen, and making a common brothel of it, this happened on Saturday last. After having drunk till they were bith fou, they went roaring in search of a boat, at last having found one, they were seated amongst some swetty wives, but refused to pay the boatman's fare (only threepence,) at length they offered him a babee, which he refused, and was leaving the boat, when the Big Chiel threw him into the water, and the poor fellow was glad to get away with his life, and they were obliged to ferry themselves. Having not been seen since, it is thought they went out to the bay and nothing to eat but swetties.

V. W.

Aberdeen 25 Nov. 1839.

SIR,

Who would have thought that in a small country town like Craigearn, of Kemnay, that it were unsafe to visit young girls, yet so it was that Sandy Gilmour having paid several visits to Betty Torry, he had shortly to consult his Medical adviser, for the benefit of his health.

Yours &c. V. W.

Castle Fraser, 2 Nov. 1839.

Sir,

It was proposed by two or three individuals to give the Rev Mr Sharp minister of the quoad sacra parish of New pilsigo a pulpit gown, they canvassed town and country in a no very handsome manner and collected about eight pounds got the gown made but it cost more money the New Inn keepers son in law here was active in collecting the cash. Now it was proposed to invite the parson to a dinner on Monday the 21st ult. in the New Inn and to present the gown to him, there town and country was again canvassed for the subscribers to attend the dinner, but low all that they could muster to sit dinner was eighteen; and after deducting the Innkeepers son in law and the ministers relations there was only twelve, matters went on fair for some time until the liquor began to operate then the Parson left them this was about eleven o'clock p.m.; after that blows blood dirt and vomiting began—The way the strife commenced was they rose to drink a toast and some person turned over the plank on which they were sitting or it went by chance, so that when they sat down they all went in

the floor, George Anderson a square wright said it was Mr Malice a journeyman doctor who put it over he denied it but Anderson insisted the journeymans master doctor Sharp a brother of the ministers thought it was mean for his servant to bear with the wright so they fixed in each other and the journeyman doctor got the advantage, Balfour an agent for the weaving manufactory here interfered to give the wright fair play but the journeyman doctor returned upon him until the weaver was obliged to put the doctor into the chimney grate the noise of which brought in Gourlay the Innkeeper to ask what was the matter. Doctor Sharp the journeymans master asked Gourlay what do you want you old greyheaded b—r, but Gourlay would not be bearded in such a manner, but made the doctor lick the dust off the floor which ended the strife then the vomiting began the membermugs by this time was brimful of wash and dirt and even in the street and pavement in front of the house, they discharged their cargoes. They parted about one o'clock—Now the plain inference is they first filshed the people to get the gown, and then as far as possible executed to filsh them again to make up the Innkeeper for the services of his son in law.

Newpitsligo, November 18th, 1839.

A POETICAL ADDRESS.

To the Editor of the Aberdeen Shaver.

Hail Cheftian of the mowing crew,
An' deel defying birkie too,
May secandin' water—saip enow
an' weel strapp'd steel

Be this as lang as goat or sow
or bearded feel
Has aught to clip aff chin or mow
Or head or heel

That razor—gude sake what a blade
I'd lay my wise poetic head
That Wallace's sword was not more dread
to southern faes

I han thou art to the wh—g trade
and then thy nose
Can smell out "feich!" in neuk or bed,
o. lane or close.

I'd be thy second 'gainst the deil
With a' the clergy at his heel.
Faith, one guid rub of thy sharp steel
across his chin,

Would send him staggering down to h—ll
that tomb of sin
Where bearded goats are tethered weel
just by the chin.

Losh man! sic names as ye can ca
woud ganr a Grave stane roar out Bah!
And not a name s misca'd at a'—
thou art so sure

To hit them aff just at a blow,
and bang the door.
Of reverence on them to the wa
wi matchless power.

To be continued.

ABERDEEN:

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