

# ABERDEEN NEW SHAVER.

: SUPPLEMENT FOR JUNE, 1840.

ONE PENNY.

## THE SHAVER IN TROUBLE.

"Blessed are they who are persecuted for the truth's sake," say the Scriptures, and surely to none does this consolation add more relief than to our humble selves. We have been often threatened with exterrmination, but we have weathered out in defiance of all the plots which have been laid to o'er-master us. How long we may be so lucky we know not, for at present, although we are in good fellowship with all men, "many and sharp are the numerous ills" which we have to contend with in more than one way. It would be imprudent to condescend on further particulars in the present stage—all we hope is, as they say in horse-racing, that the best side may gain!

## TRICKERY IN REGARD TO LICENSES.

Greed is the only ruling god about the Council Chambers—in Police Court, and every where else. A more than common roguish trick was played off at the late granting of licenses. About 70 were refused; and out of that number 60 appealed, upwards of 40 of whom had their licenses. Now, the roguery of this is not at first sight discernible—the last thing the old Clerk did in this world worth mentioning was to pocket Fifteen Pounds from the appeal trick, as much as would have discharged the half of his funeral expenses!

## DUNDEE.

The inhabitants of Dundee were amused, a few days since, by a curious circumstance which happened at the top of Dallfield Walk. It appears that a female there, by name Kate, had been receiving the addresses of two tars. One of her devotees being absent for four years, Kate thought she would take the advantage of the first offer (forgetting the absent yet ardent lover)—she accordingly prepared to get huckled to the other, while the absentee was posting from London to tie another knot with the same unfortunate Kate, and without stopping hastened to the house, where he expected to find her, but lo! when he entered, which was but a minute too late, the ceremony being over with the other, when, awful relate, a dreadful rampass got up, which no pen can des-

cribe, and which ended in the total discomfiture of the disappointed one. Kate, however, after the rampass was over, would not consent to bed with him, and indeed I am not sure if she has done so yet.

We have our eyes on "Dobin" and some young Ladies which he visits. If he does not give over, we will give the particulars in our next. Also the new Knocking Shop in Dock Street, occupied by the Misses Clark, in our next.

*Hart's Elder.*—This worthy personage was tormented lately with a desire to pay a visit to the inside of a brothel, which he did one evening the other week, and having made rather free with one of the inmates, on retiring found himself relieved of two pounds, besides his watch, which appeared to vex him considerably; and being observed by a female on the street, to whom he made known his misfortune, she sympathised with him, which so wrought on his feelings that he took her into a house to give her a glass of whisky, and tendered a twenty shilling note for the payment. The landlord returning the change, put it on the table, when the girl picked it up, and made her escape, leaving the Elder to congratulate himself on the profit of his frolic.

We are determined not to allow the conduct of a certain Officer pass, although at present in the capital of Scotland, without warning him that if he continues in his diabolical practices of dogging Ladies whom he knows nothing of, and making use of the married officers' names, when on the spree, for his own wicked ends, no delicacy will be observed to bring him to the notice of his commanding officer. Secondly, that females are not to be trifled with in this town;—and thirdly, that he stands a chance of losing his commission by his own folly. Such unmanly conduct cannot pass without just punishment. Should this not be sufficient, we are neither so far afraid of *kilt* or *sword* as to allow this impudent fellow to carry on his impudent conduct with impunity—

"Propter requitiam felix esse negius."

The gentleman who handed us the exposures about our old friend, Mr. William Cruickshank, of Paul Pry and of Picking Room notoriety, has sent us a capital article, called forth by our report of the visits favoured us by Mr. W. C. at our office. In going over several droll charges against his antagonist, our correspondent has exhibited a good deal of humour. We will find space for it in our July number, and our columns shall be equally open for Mr. Cruickshank's reply, albeit we don't wish to be bothered with his personal visits.



## A HORRIBLE HOAX UPON A DEAD MAN!

"The time was once, that when the brains were out  
 "The man would die, and there an end."—SHAKESPEARE

We said in our paper of the 1st that old Carnegie was dead. We do not intend to find fault with the newspapers for tolling his knell in their own way; but really we were not prepared for the speech of the Provost at the last Council Meeting, in behalf of the memory of Mr Wm. Carnegie. Provost Thomas Blaikie got to his legs, and said—but surely he must have been joking—that "it afforded him a melancholy gratification to take the earliest opportunity of expressing the regret of the Council at his (Carnegie's) loss, and the respect they entertain for him as a public officer, a warm friend, and an upright and honourable gentleman!!" And as if this were not enough to set the Council in a roar, the Provost went on—"Those who knew Mr Carnegie intimately must long hold in remembrance his kind and agreeable manners in private life!!!!" "O horrible, most horrible!!!" How did the Council look at this? We think we see Alexander Webster chuckling to Treasurer Crombie—he winking to Mr Nicol, and he again pushing the fun round the board, until the whole laughed the thing off as unanimously the sentiments of the Council! Who that ever knew old Carnegie would believe one tittle of all this stuff of Provost Blaikie's? Why, the old fellow used to hobble about the streets; and the only sign of animation which this man exhibited besides, was a "Hoy, hoy—hughie, hughie"—and a flourish of his brown stick, whenever any one approached within six inches of his feet! God help us!—the man, besides filling his own belly, and taking care of himself, never did a good action in his life, dead where he lies; and as to being a "public officer," we suppose, in addition to drawing his "stipend," as our friend the late Dr Kidd would say, he never did, even in his office, one single action to entitle him to be remembered with "regret," as Provost Blaikie laughably said, by any body. About his being "agreeable and kind in private life," we leave those who have ate and drank at his expense to boast; but a more useless incumbrance, and a sulkier, uglier, stupid buffer was never sent for to populate the other country! Peace to his manes! We earnestly hope he will not follow the example of the man's wife, and come back again, for we have had enough of him with a blessing!

## QUACKERY AT WORK AGAIN!

We hate stuff—we abhor long speeches, long advertisements, long bills, long trowsers, long boots, and last, but not least, long women. Above all, we hate long puffs. Perhaps the person whose advertisement calls forth our present notice will thank us—and he has good reason—for condescending to take a glance at him or his puff either. We dare say, in his whole connection with his famous employers, "Melrose & Co" he never had the like honour done him. We have a good object in view, however, and we cannot pass by the advertisement of somebody "D. Gray," who has stuck up a new tea and grocery establishment in Union Street. No one could find fault with any body for exposing his goods, be they tea, whisky, blankets, or umbrellas; but there is a decent way of doing so; and it is for overstepping this mark that we call in question this "D. Gray." We have been

tricked with your flying tea gentry before; and "D. Gray" has too much blarney about him to be depended on exactly. Few but old wives care about tea; and what old woman would abuse what she has left of her sight in reading over a thing like this "D. Gray's" introduction to public attention? Why, it borders upon the length of the East India Company's catalogue, and withal is so replete with trashy stuff, that we at once set this "D. Gray" down—"connected," as he has been, "for several years with one of the most extensive tea houses in this country"—as a draw-my-leg. We may be mistaken—we are not often so. If there be as much "deleterious" stuff in his tea as in his advertisement, Lord help the drinkers of it!

## THE MARKET COMPANY.

"The prayers of the righteous man availeth much," and after the blessing of the Rev. Hugh Hart, no wonder that the New Market preparations proceed apace. We think, upon the whole, while every body are bestowing laurels on Adam and Anderson as the managers and projectors of this new speculation, that profit and popularity are the main objects which propel those gentlemen. See how sweetly the North of Scotland Bank folks were taxed for Messrs Adam and Anderson's trouble—do, the North of Scotland Assurance Co. Catch lawyers work for nothing—and we are much mistaken if, from this New Market affair, they have not a good fingers-licking.

THE BIG HUMBBUG OF PUBLIC DINNERS  
THE COVE GATHERING.

Our attention has been attracted just now to the horrible hydra-headed absurdities attending what are called public dinners, by hitting upon the report of one given at that rendezvous for fish and fowl, the Cove, as trumpeted in the *Herald* of the 6th. The object of this feed was Alex. Muir, Esq., the proprietor, we may say, of the Cove altogether.—Now, we don't dispute that Mr Muir is a good fellow; and that he deserved to get for nothing as much toddy as he could drink, and as many haddocks and roast beef as he could masticate, we deny not. We are far from questioning the propriety of the Lieutenant of the Coast Guard, and of Mr Gray the Advocate, Mr Kilgour of Woodside, and the rest of those who fed Mr Muir, having a blow-out with his tenantry in expressing any sense they liked of Mr Muir's "urbane and obliging disposition"—but in the name of quietness and sociality, why are the public bored with reports of such things in the newspapers? Why could not Mr Muir's friends have met together quietly of an evening, and like Falstaff, who was as fond of what Paddy Weekes called the "ating and dhrinking" as any of them—enjoyed their ease and a social glass in their Inn, without trumpeting it about as though it were a Queen's Levee? But we see how it is—our brother of the *Herald* was there; and hence the report in his paper. The getters-up of the feed being cronies of the Editor, communed one with another, and invited Mr Adam to his dinner, so that the affair should be blown off in his paper, for he can keep nothing private where he himself counts one—nay, even a simple street conversation! It is sure'y very droll that a few fisher bodies could not meet and eat a had lock with their aird, but it must be celebrated by a half column in the news-



papers! We should not be surprised to see before long such affairs blown about the streets in ballads or made public by the same means as a murder, a dying speech, or an execution, "at the small charge of one halfpenny!"

### LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

#### NIGHT WATCHMEN'S BIG COATS.

Sir,—I hope it will not be deemed altogether intrusive in me, a simple tax-payer, to convey a word in season to those having circumspection of our Police affairs, in connection with the Watchmen's great coats. I happened personally—who am a great enough man, if all were told—to be passing a very crowded thoroughfare, and observed a hubbub, verging upon a regular skirmish. I observed also that the main party took to his heels, and that the watchman made after him—but the tails of the pursuer's coat wore rather heavier than those of the pursued—and the latter was soon out of sight. This read me a lesson, that the night watchmen should have some other accommodation for their night duty, combining their own comfort, and affording them sufficient leg-room to take the wind after runaway criminals. How absurd it is to see a fellow gaping at the corner of a street, with a thing like a blanket round his posteriors? Let the watchman be habited in coats suitable both for warmth and alacrity. Give the night-quiet keepers something to make them comfortable, but keep every incumbrance above the knee—give them elbow room, as the saying is, else they have little chance of overtaking, in a chase, depredators, who are swift of limb, light of foot, and slender clothed. I may hint also that many of our night men are quite unable to fulfil their duty—some through actual inability, some through age, others from a different sort of debility.

These remarks are from a person who can with confidence subscribe himself

A Friend to Justice.

Union Terrace, June, 1840.

Sir,—I would, through the medium of your far-famed paper, caution a young female, nurse to a certain M.D., not 200 yards from the Commercial Bank, not to allow a certain young spark of the law to go in so often at the kitchen window, in case she will have cause to repent nine months thence.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

Decency.

P.S.—I think Miss Chirsty might make a better choice than have any thing to do with a man of colour as he is.

Elgin, 4th January, 1840.

Sir—No one has a greater sense of the propriety of rigidly scrutinizing the conduct of public servants than myself, yet I do not wish to see the most servile menial reduced below the level of a common citizen. Actuated by these motives, I appeal to you, as a sensible discreet, and judicious judge, if the interpretation of the Police Act, as given by Bailies Forbes and Urquhart, was either fair or just towards the poor man. They twisted the Act so "that no person was at liberty to a Ford policeman, scavenger, or barrowman, in the service of the Police, a simple quaff of small beer during the hours of

their duty, under the penalty laid down in the Act." Now, what disregard to all sort of justice is this? Nor policeman, nor police barrowman, can enter into a house, on a parching day, and treat himself, or be treated, to a glass of small beer, without the ale seller being liable in a penalty—and the policemanial under the risk of losing his situation? Why, in the most strict quarters, a drink of small beer, or any unintoxicating (a Jonathan like word) liquor is allowed, and why har the police servants, if they don't go over the bounds, from indulging in a like luxury—or rather necessity—as well as their other fellow-townsmen? Why, if a poor scavenger will be denied a glass of small beer, and if the shopman who affords him it be under a penalty for so doing, the police service is nothing short of slavery—worse than any other situation we know—and calculated to undermine all social intercourse. I am as far as any one from wishing that the police servants should be encouraged in the neglect of their duty: but if they are to be debarred from tasting a drop of "small ale," as they are strictly by the Police Act, then I hold that Police servants are held in worse than Egyptian bondage.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

A Police Servant.

Every month we have proof upon proof that people make greater fools of themselves than we do of them. Just let any body read the following, and think of the foolishness exhibited by this George Brebner in sending such a thing to us. We said very little about him—he has said much more about the matter than ever we intended. He must be a foolish lad—we hope the seeing of his own lucubrations in print will teach him a little wisdom. We give it just as sent—letter for letter—word for word—so it has the merit of originality; and if there is any credit about it, George Brebner has the honour of being the author. We have not altered a single iota of it.—Ed.

Sir,—I understand that some person or persons has been for some time back in the practice of trying to show me to the publick through the means of your periodical and I here take the same means of declaring that he is the writer of a falsehood and hath said what is altogether what is unfounded and I wish them or him to know that if they have any thing bad to say to me or my character to save them of writing so much to the publick I will meet them or him at any time or place if they be not afraid to come and discuss the matter ourselves I will meet them either alone or in company for I find they are alwise hinting at my character by their alwise alluding to the queer way which I left my old master &c. I have some reason to suspect the person but if he claims the honour of a man I expect he will give his name so that I have it in my power to speak to him personally if he has any thing to say to the dishonor of my character and I expect after this notice that he will let me know who he is if he be not some cowardly clown who is only making himselfe proud by inserting falsehoods for which he is afraid to let his name be known.

Sir, by inserting this in your first paper you will oblige yours &c.

Sir, if you would have the goodness to put this into your paper you would greatly oblige me and perhaps you will hear from me soon and I wish to sign my name in full.

I remain yours &c.

To Mr Edward.

George Brebner Ballater.



Mr Shaver,

A certain tailor here, well known by the name of Dun Meg, had the impudence to enter a certain gentleman's house here when all the inmates were in the embraces of Morpheus, and took the opportunity of locking himself in the embraces of the maid. He had not enjoyed himself long, however, when one of the Ladies, hearing a whispering below, came down to ascertain what was the matter, when, on entering the kitchen, she beheld the tailor sitting jocosely at the fire-side in his shirt. She immediately inquired who he was, when the maid palmed him off as her uncle. Mr Button happened to be younger than his fair niece! I would seriously advise the tailor to drop his boyish tricks in future, and attend to his goose and lapboard. I hope also Miss Dunbar will withdraw her matrimonial connections with him, and let him take up with the party he made a broken term to.

I would advise Mr Forsyth, his shopmate, who is but a stranger in the place, to mind his eye for the future, for his conduct has of late been most disgusting, particularly on the Ford's day, by cutting so many monkey airs with his fair ones. If he holds on, he is the only one who is likely to rival Dun Meg, and I think such is his aim.

Your obedient servant,

Roderick Random.

Forres, 5th June, 1840.

#### THE BROTHELS.

We have not left ourselves space sufficient to condescend upon our particular exposures this month. We beg to submit an extract from the letter of a correspondent, touching upon the conducting of those houses. No doubt our friend has paid sweet for his knowledge. He seems to be quite familiar with the trickery practised in those dens of filthiness. He winds up with the following:—

Now, a word as to the manner in which such houses are conducted. Say that the old beldame has 6 or 7 of a seraglio—3 of whom are out and out accommodations for every customer. Well, a gentleman (?) calls, and one of the 3 is sent to him, immediately on the door being opened there you find the old bawd stationed at it, to rob the poor girl of any small pittance she may have received for her horrible traffic; and if it is found that the sum is meagre and not likely to entice the rest of the victims, who surround the kitchen fire, the knowing old vixen slips a pound note into the girl's hand, who skips in amongst her apparently less fortunate rivals, holding out the temptation. Then the rivalry commences, and as it is understood that the twenty shillings will be laid out to decorate its owner, her sisters in iniquity are excited to try their fortune in the same way, and to attend every fellow who enters the house at the suggestion of the landlady, in order to be able to cope with their lucky friend. All the time the trick is to excite the poor things to push for prostitution, while the only profiter is the old renegade herself. Out of whatever the miserable creatures receive the landlady must have her share—besides which she taxes them five shillings a-week for their lodgings; and the girls who don't come down liberally with the dust are packed about their business, often almost naked; for if it unluckily happens that any of the inmates are unable to discharge the

lodgings, although they should throw away all the fruits of their prostitution in treating and guzzling with the landlady and her staff, no excuse is taken, the victim must dispose of her last shift to satiate the landlady—else, deprived of every thing, cast off by her friends, and often sunken in filthy disease, she is driven out, to wander the streets for a subsistence. From this may be traced the lamentable number of poor street girls—Catch those seducers of innocence, and encouragers of infamy, harbour a poor thing even one whom they have been the means of ruining, when once she loses a relish of customers. No, none but the useful and profitable are allowed to “waste their sweetness” in the filthy air of a bawdy house! How much have women such as this M'Ivor and the host of others of her kind, to account for, in carrying on such hideous traffic? How many bodies have they ruined in this world—how many souls have they perished in the next?—souls, whose blood will be treasured up against them when they themselves are called from their present scenes of disgrace, to give an account of their own deeds before a tribunal where all will be judged according to their works!

*Advertisement.*—J. C., Esq of Merryhill has just received a large stock of Reid Seed from the West Indies, which he can recommend for being of good quality, and is selling off at very moderate prices. He has also a great many Grey Chickens, which he is disposing of on still lower terms. He thinks he will make more profit than coming to see our Banff Ladies.

Merryhill, 19th June, 1840.

We are happy to learn that the young gentleman cobbler in Ballater has been so highly gratified by the notice we have taken of him in our last number, that he is boasting to every person of the honour we have conferred upon him, and justly maintaining that it is only people of consequence we deem worthy a place in our paper—Bravo, Geordie.

We are annoyed with communications from Dundee respecting a Miss Mitchell, who is said to perambulate in the evenings, and then retire to Will Braes, in company with young gentlemen of the rum sort. We beg to tell her that we have our eye on her, and shall report as we see cause.

The Chronicles of Forglan in our number for July, as also the cases from Forres, Stonehaven, Banff, Glenrines, Rathen, Peterhead, Fraserburgh, and Inverness.

Our Stonehaven friends are getting rascally lazy. Why have we not monthly intercourse with them? Sure we are it is not for lack of iniquity. Why, then, are the Procurators Fiscal for morality asleep? Let us not have to complain of this again.

The honourable George Ogilvie, of the Ballater mail, must get a respite till the first of July. We have mislaid our correspondent's epistle, but as we have sent him notice to that effect, we expect a new and improved version for our July number.—We have no doubt but that, through our instrumentality, we will make the name of Geordie resound like that of a Lindsay, a Scott, or a Fraser.

The conduct of the lad Griffith, at Bexley Cottage, will be noticed in our next.

ABERDEEN:

ROBERT and WILLIAM EDWARD, PRINTERS  
5, Flourmill Brae.