

# THE SCRIBBLER.

Vol. III.] MONTREAL, THURSDAY, 16th Jan. 1823. [No. 81

*Aimez vous la muscade on en a mis partout.* BOILEAU.

*Nunc te, Bacche, canam.* VIRGIL.

And now to Bacchus pour the song,

*Et mihi res, non me rebus, submittere conor.* HORACE.

To men nor customs do I wish to bend,  
But try to bow them all, to serve the end  
Of rightful satire, equal foe or friend.

## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCER, No. XVII.

(Continued.)

Mount-Royal, 28th Dec. 1822.

DEAR GOSSIP,

The earth has made fifteen revolutions round her axis since, walking along Notre Dame street, I heard a *dos blanc* ask Mr. Selkin, who was standing at his shop-door, if he could tell him where Monsieur Tan lived. Selkin, mistaking Mr. Coldhead, who was passing at the time, for his lordship, pointed him out, *le voilà*, there he is. Off started Jean Baptiste, and overtaking him, addressed him, *bonjour monsieur*, and without waiting for an answer, continued, "*je vous ai apporté deux jolies filles ;*" "*Pour moi ;*" cried the astonished young gentleman, "*Oh, oui, les plus jolies du campagne.*" "*Pour qui donc me prenez vous,*" rejoined Mr. C. his visage lengthening in proportion to the joke. "*O assurément pour monsieur Tan,*" cried Garlic, in a tone of certainty. Upon this the *meprise* was explained, and Baptiste, after almost going down on his kness to entreat secrecy

on the part of Mr. C. went his way, and, no doubt, soon found his consignee, who, you may be sure, paid him well for his cargo.

SMOKE-EM.

SIR,

I think it was about the festival of St. Andrew, that I witnessed a scene that I think may make a figure in your paper. It was in Notre Dame street, along which I was leisurely walking, when I saw a gentleman brandishing a cane with remarkable dexterity, and following another *à grands pas*. The first, I perceived, was Mr. Nabob Rivers, who I am convinced has long been ambitious of being immortalised by you, at least if excentricity of conduct is a sign of it. To great talents he unites more *ctourderies*, with a character of perfect good nature, he indulges in ebullitions of passion; & his natural good sense, is obscured by his follies, which have in fact lifted him into notice. As I was saying, he brandished his cane over the head of one of his fellow lawyers, Mr. Rebours, who, more dead than alive, used the utmost speed his legs could give, in order to escape. Intent upon his sport, which I am told had only for its object, to ascertain the strength of his antagonist's nerves, Mr. Nabob, pursued him with as much celerity as he fled, even into his own dwelling, exhorting him as they ran, not to display so publicly his want of firmness. Although the rencontre has been represented as being merely a sportive sally of Mr. Nabob's manual wit, I can not avoid conjecturing that it may have had its origin in some of those elegant compliments, and polite innuendos, with which the gentlemen of the bar in this place, are occasionally in the habit of tickling each other in court.

CANDIDE.

In the fore part of last month a temporary fall of snow gave to our streets, and the roads in the vicinity, the usual enlivening appearance that the comforts of winter afford us, and many were the turns out, intermixed with a few turns over that were displayed. It is, we believe, recorded in the logbook of the driving club, that their first cruise this season, took place on the 11th. Commodore Foresight led the van, under a display of white streamers; the squadron\* was not very numerous. One of the most characteristic commanders, was lord Goddamnhim, who wore the appropriate and elegant costume of a groom, being in the same livery as his servant. Dr. Drugwell, it is reported, did not join, fearing that, by his lady carrying a full sail, they might be upset in a squall, as they had been in danger of a few days before, near the bath; of which incident the following account was given us by one of our runners.

My attention having been attracted by a groupe of persons, on approaching them I found it consisted of a number of nobs who were considering of the most effectual means of repairing Dr. D's sleigh. Lieut. Spoggy, who was among the foremost, said he would hold one end of the rope, while the doctor untied the knots that were in it. The Rev. Mr. Rantall, after enquiring about Mrs. D's health, and hoping she had received no injury, &c. of which he was convinced as she sate unmoved amidst

“the wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds;”†  
said it was an unpleasant affair, though unravelling of knotty points was in his line, he did not much practice it, and as to making any altera-

\*Some copies read *squad*.

†Worlds, by syllepsis, for fashionables.

tion, he could alter another parson's sermons sufficiently well for a Mount Royal congregation to swallow it as his own, but could alter nothing in the present case; he would however, lend a helping hand; seeing, therefore, there were so many able assistants, I retreated, and left them all in deep consultation.

During the time the snow lasted, the city was amused one *Sunday* morning, (being of course the most appropriate day for a masquerade frolic) by the raree-show of two gentlemen green-coats, carrioling through the streets in the character of *dos blancs*. Check-shirts, blanket-capots, bonnets rouges, and black pipes, together with their natural complexions, enabled them to sustain the part to the life. Some people went so far indeed, as to say, that they appeared much more at home in this costume than in their regimentals.

REPORTED NUPTIALS, AMATORY INTELLIGENCE, &c.

The accomplished widow Fitzwilliam, beautiful as a mould-candle, and sprightly as her own soapsuds, has at length determined upon again entering into the *melting* joys of wedlock. In vain have been the suits of monocular and unipedal lovers, nor have pillgerent quacks been more successful; it is a *saddler* she has preferred to be harnessed to, as by putting the saddle on the right horse, she expects to keep the whip band of him.

It is said that the daughter of the countess of Cork is certainly to bless with her hand, the brave captain who behaved like a soldier during the war; and that she intends to retire to *Holland* after the ceremony.

Report says that the courtship between F. C. Drawblood, Esq. and Miss Kitty Allspice, is fast drawing to a conclusion, as the parents of Mr. D. are anxious to secure a good match for their accomplished son. Rumour also adds, that the brother of this gentleman, being much struck by the genteel appearance of Miss Glair, was induced seriously, to pay his addresses to her, but she was in her turn, so much struck with his resemblance to one of the genus *Simia*, that she begged leave to decline the honour.

Maister Wolly Mac Robert of the honourable Ratcatching



company's service to Miss Rek the elder, of Peat-reek-lane.

Mr. Kedge, to Miss M'Giles, although it is said that her uncle Mr. Jemmy Tight is against the match.

Mr. Tomorrow to Miss Roderick of Goodland ;

Now weal befall the happy pair,  
The maid as good as she is fair ;  
The youth an honour to the land,  
To Worth here Beauty gives her hand.

Mr. Nabob Rivers (the gentleman just celebrated in this paper) to Miss Straw. The straw in this instance, is not all chaff, for it is said there is at least 8000 pounds of good wheat in her bags. As the gentleman has probably sown nearly all his wild oats, he will, no doubt, make an excellent husband.

Mr. Sabrecut Bluesmile, to Miss Rocky, of Rock, ditto, ditto.

It is confidently reported that Mr. F. W. Carrier, intends to lead the accomplished Miss McThomas to the altar, during the holidays, as the parents of Mr. C. are anxious that he should sow his wild oats before he goes abroad. Query, has not this match already been noticed ?

Mr. Shepherd is to take, for better for worse, Miss Bigwood of Butchertown ; the lady is in her ninth lustre.

Major Kisseem is making great progress towards obtaining the hand of Miss Reaper. N. B. The Major is the best man in the world for taming a romp.

*The lady of Mr. Justice Gobble is particularly requested to see that his honour has a pocket handkerchief in his pocket when he leaves home, as he may otherwise be reduced to the unfortunate necessity of blowing his nose in his fingers, and wiping them on his everlasting brown surtout.*

Gentlemen, especially widowers, are cautioned to be particularly careful, and go always in the dark, when they visit the blacksmith's daughter in Dorchester-street, who being kept by lord Goddamnhim, would lose her best customer, should her petty infidelities be discovered.

MR. EDITOR,

I witnessed a scene a few days ago, which I shall transfer to my comic muse, and if she prove able to manufacture a ditty worthy of a place in the pages of your immortal paper, you shall have

it in a few days. I will now give you the subject, so that if you do not receive the verses ere-long, you may use it as you please.\*

Lord Goddamnhim was seen and heard by myself in St. Gabriel-street, to hand a five dollar bill, to a nymph of easy virtue, accompanied with these identical words. "There, damn you, You cost me more than *any four whores I keep*, Goddamn you."

MONTEZUMA.

ONE FARTHING REWARD.

*LOST, by a lady in the broad part of St. James' street, on the 14th day of November, the moment she saw the Scribbler, an indispensable, which the French call bonne humeur. She has sought to regain it in vain; and servants have been deafened, and doors slammed and torn from their hinges, to no purpose. Her relations and friends offer the above reward, to whoever has found, and will restore the article.*

TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION, the first day of first week of three Thursdays, at Stephen's Green, alias Yankee field; by order of the proprietor.

10 old brooms

33 old boots and shoes

3 rusty razors

2 pair of pantaloons, no seats

2 pair of stays, one being more than enough for his wife

4 petticoats, none the better for wear

with sundry other saleable articles.

They will be sold without reserve, as it is to defray the expenses of a dinner given, or intended to have been given, on New-Year's day.

HE-HA-HUM, Auctioneer.

We congratulate the fraternity of FREE AND ACCEPTED MASONS, on the high honour done

\*I have to request this correspondent's pardon for having mislaid the verses he subsequently sent me. I have not been able to find them, and thinking the incident too strictly characteristic of the individual, to be longer delayed, have inserted it as it is.

L. L. M.

them by the appointment of SIR PLAUSIBLE POM-  
PUS MCKILLAWAY, as provincial grand master.\*  
That gentleman's great urbanity, extreme conde-  
scension, experienced gratitude, unequalled mild-  
ness, and total freedom from all manner of ran-  
cour and vindictiveness, are guarantees that  
they will flourish under his sway, like thistles on  
a Scotch heath.

FASHIONABLE DEPARTURES. The Hon. TORY LOVERULE  
and BARON GRUNT, for Government-city, to take their seats  
at the board of green cloth. MR. GANDER and LORD GOD-  
DAMNHIM, for the same place, to be mustered at drill, a-  
mongst the rest of Mr. Loverule's recruits. His lordship's  
departure has occasioned great consternation amongst all the  
ladies of pleasure in town. A seraglio it is said, however,  
is to follow his lordship, for which four sleighs, ten carriages,  
and six traineaux have been put in requisition. It is expect-  
ed that the sisterhood at Government-city, who hope to profit  
largely by his lordship's residence amongst them, during his  
parliamentary duties, mean to dispute the admission into their  
purlieus of the cortege from Mount Royal.

### POET'S CORNER.

PARODY ON THE EXILE OF ERIN.

*Tunc. Erin-go-bragh.*

O'er the Papineau-road, as homeward they wander'd,  
The guests of the *Miller* oft wish'd to return,  
To the strength of good stingo their heads had surrender'd,  
And their hearts in their bosoms already did burn ;  
But the church-spire attracted their eye's sad devotion,  
Whilst each in his turn, betray'd an emotion,  
To empty their stomachs, a very wise notion,  
E'er home they return'd from their new-years hurrah !

O sad is our fate, said some of these top-boys,  
Mechanics at home to a warm bed can flee,  
But our customers we must attend to, like shop-boys,  
Indulgence or rest remains not for we ;  
Nor to-morrow can we sleep away our sick hours,

---

\*Thank God I don't belong to any lodge of masons in  
Canada. L. L. M.

Nor wander in gardens, nor loiter in bowers ;  
 Tho' our heads ache, and hearts quake, O yet by the powers !  
 We'll repeat the same frolic next new-year's hurrah !

See all things turn round, or is it our brains, sir ?  
 Good drink is a *Scalder*, and makes our brows *Burn*,  
 But martyrs we are, and don't care for the pain, sir,  
 Drive fast or you'll *Do ill*, before we return.  
 On the planks in the parlour our feet kept their motion,  
 Till our heads got too heavy for Bacchus' devotion ;  
 Take us home, Dr, Spink may yet give us a potion,  
 To banish th' effects of our new year's hurrah !

These *Gay* scenes we've witness'd, we long shall remember,  
 And talk of 'em e'en when our tongues scarce can speak ;  
 The new year is come, and gone by is December,  
 And jovial and merry, we'll be all the week.  
 Our horses were *Penf*, or *grass* they'd have search'd for,  
 We thought not of this, or hay we'd have march'd for ;  
 Our shirt-frills grew soft, tho' well they were starch'd, sir,  
 All soak'd as we were, at our new year's hurrah !

*Much ill*, here was done, strong *Porter* by drinking,  
 Had they stuck to the spirit, 'twere better I think,  
 Ha ! *Milton* himself while on *Paradise* thinking,  
 Would have sung more divinely, had rum been his drink ;  
 But his taste was for nonsense, Heaven lost, Heaven gain'd  
 sir,  
 Now, we in one night, gain Heaven without pain, sir,  
 Except sickness and head ache, and some ancles sprain'd, sir ;  
 But what's that for the sake of a new year's hurrah !

JANUS.

*From the Government-city Advertiser.*—A great buz of light, not unlike an eruption of Mount Vesuvius has shewn itself near the theatre in this city. Should this light continue to burn as brilliantly as it now does, no doubts are entertained of the success of the projector, particularly when we reflect on the well known zeal of sir Billy Thom in engineering assisted by the knight of the brush, whose jolly phiz, would answer the purpose of a pair of patent lamps, were it ignited and who on this, as well as on every other, occasion, despises all offers for gain. Sir Billy now daily sports his Sunday black coat, faced with a pair of patent military whiskers, and looks wonderfully big.

*Beware of your horns.* A tall old stag of the Turkey-breed, belonging to the magistracy of this city, lately broke



loose from its keeper near the gaol, and ran towards Dorchester bridge by *Inspector-street*; in St. Roch its beautiful, long, and branching horns came in contact with a lamp-post, to which he was suspended nearly fifteen minutes, to the great astonishment of the gaping multitude who had collected: but through the exertions and humanity of Mr. Justice Lamely, who was passing by, the poor animal was extricated from his perilous situation, and conducted by his deliverer, by the snout, to its keeper.

It is at last fixed that the beautiful Miss Sally Fitzmaurice, of St. Lewis ward, is to be joined in wedlock's bands to Capt. Sansculotte, of *Lottville*. The courtship it is said, did not exceed five years. The lady's father is much pleased with the match, and is determined to give the ladies and gemmen, what he terms a damn'd good blow-out, and make them all "as drunk as Chloe." Cards of invitation have been issued to *axe* his friends to the Hymeneal treat. Report says that this match was finally settled by Dr. Gallipot of Murray-Bag, where the lady and family spent the summer, to enjoy saline bathing, but this wants confirmation, as it is well known that the doctor is particularly averse to match-making.

Mrs. Longfin begs leave to announce to the public, that she intends to give lessons to the ladies of this city, in the mode of knocking at doors, with grace and dexterity, for the sake of frolic, and then running off with a becoming giggle. She flatters herself, she will be found deserving of encouragement, and can produce certificates of her proficiency in the abovementioned genteel accomplishment, from a number of inhabitants of this place, both in the upper and the lower town. Hours of instruction, from ten till eleven at night, when the moon does not shine. For terms &c. apply at the yellowhouse, chez *Monsieur, Membre du Parlement, Capitaine de Milice, Marchand en gros, et Proprietaire*, or to JACULO.

*Printed and published by DICKY GOSSIP, at the sign of the Tea table.*

*Fort Stark, 3d Jan. 1823.*

MR. MACCULLOH,

The festivities of the season, have commenced in this quarter and we have had a ball here, on the 31st of last month, of which, in default of a better reporter, I will give you a few particulars. The managers were Mr. Joey Rose, and Mr. Jemmy Harry, and with the aid of Mrs. Rose,

every thing was conducted in swimming style, and much to the satisfaction of the company. A few ladies perhaps repined at the lead taken by Mrs. R. and muttered something about consequence, and a kitchen, but that was hardly to be wondered at, as she outshone most others as well in the tastefulness of her appearance, as in her knowledge of the etiquette of a ball room: If any fault could be found in her dress, it was the exuberant size of her turband, which seemed as if it was emblematical of the Turkish dominion, and meant to overshadow all *Greese*. The dowager Dutchess of Normandy, was under the escort of Mr. Jemmy Harry, who, since he has been a widower, has been paying his addresses to most of the young widows in town, (one at a time, that is,) and having met with the mortification of being refused by all others, had hopes of prevailing on her grace of Normandy, and hired a sleigh for conducting her to Fort Stark; but it is said in the course of this eventful evening, he met with a repulse, the dowager, who is a woman of experience, having understood that Harry was not a man of such standing as he formerly was reputed to be. Amongst the ladies, Mrs. Cursewell was not a little conspicuous, and in addition to looking remarkably well, gave a zest to her vivacity, by a dash of harmless coquetry. Miss Loggy had the misfortune to be taken ill shortly after she entered the ball room, and was obliged to retire, followed by her beau, Mr. Black, (whose knowledge of the mechanical powers, particularly the lever and the screw, are highly extolled,) but in twenty seven minutes and three seconds, she reappeared quite recovered. By the bye, the intended nuptials between Mr. Black and Miss Loggy ought ere this to have been reported to you, especially as the Miss Switcher-

sons, it is said, had both set their *caps* at the gentleman, and have made many jaunts to the Methodist-chapel to no purpose.

The old year was danced out, and the new year danced in, and the company retired, not ill pleased with their entertainment; telling our governess at the fort, she might expect them again soon.

Q. IN THE CORNER.

---

*Instructions for Mr. SPASM, to observe whilst Editor of the Mount Royal Gazette.*

1. Every communication that is received, and every editorial paragraph you write, must be taken by yourself to the Hon. Tory Loverule, and you are blindly to follow his instructions, as to what you are to reject or admit; and with respect to your own compositions, be sure to alter them as he may direct, taking especial care never to contradict the great mon, and invariably to compliment him on the excellency of his suggestions, propriety of his style, and immaculacy of his judgment, matters of which, in fact, both you and he are equally good judges. While the Hon. gentleman is at Quebec, you must send all this down, and never venture to insert any thing of your own head.

2. When it is discovered that, in consequence of your own utter ignorance and incapacity, your paper is full of the grossest blunders, in orthography and typography, write a letter from your compositor to yourself, taking the blame and apologising for that, the guilt of which lies at your own door. The trick is rather stale, it is true, but it will do again.

3. Be sure when any particular day in the calendar comes in your way, to make some notable discovery as to its origin or object, and commu-

nicate it to the public, as you did with respect to Christmass-day, on which occasion you stated for the edification of your readers, that "all you could at present say, was that it is a festival of the christian church, in memory of *the nativity of the birth of our Saviour.*"

4. When you have occasion to use a French phrase, never spell two words together correctly; as thereby you will shew the contempt you entertain for the Canadians, and that it is beneath you to study even the commonest expressions in their language. This will be peculiarly agreeable to your masters, as the ignorant are delighted with ignorance.

*The above are permanent instructions, the following supplemental article is merely a temporary measure of explanation.*

5. In your next number, publish this circular ;  
 To my worthy patrons and humbuggees ;  
 Having in vain endeavoured to monopolize the printing business of Mount Royal, by my sneaking, undermining, and untradesmanlike conduct, I am sorry to be under the necessity of informing you that all went do ; and, am afraid the Gazette is dwindling away. My first step, after I became a printer, was to go to those amongst you, who are auctioneers, saying I would advertise for one half of what the other printers charged, and would print your catalogues and handbills both better than others, and at half price, (having smuggled two boxes of type from the United States,) By this palavering and soap, I partly succeeded, and some of you, gentlemen auctioneers, withdrew your advertisements from other printers, and gave them to me. It is true I had not much of your custom in printing catalogues, as, not being accustomed to the business myself, nor having any body about me that un-



derstood it, those catalogues I did print were obliged to be converted to another purpose, and others printed at another office. Yet, as before-said, I am sorry to inform you all won't do; and I have made up my mind to print only one sheet per week, instead of two as I began' with; and as my journeymen's wages take up all the profit and more, I am now going round to you, the auctioneers, to say I can't advertise any longer for you, unless you give me the same price as you do to others.

To those who interest themselves for a man, who aspires to be, and do, every thing, for which he is fit or unfit, I beg to state, under the rose, that I am in hopes of getting the postmaster's situation, as the man is very infirm and can't live long; and then nothing is to hinder me from intriguing to get the situation of deputy-post-master-general at Quebec. I have likewise made application to the governor for the situation of collector of the customs, in the room of the deceased Mr. Bill. I had also in view a short time since, to add to my appointments that of His Majesty's printer, in Mount Royal, of which tho' I am silent at present for certain reasons, I have not lost sight.

In consideration of which, I hope you will all be contented to be humbugged a little longer, by

Your obedient servant, and

faithful humbugger,

TOMMY CHANGELING.

*It was intended to have extended these instructions to Mr. Spasm, to a greater length, but it is feared his head is not adequate to hold more at a time, for possessing, as Pope says,*

——— "a skull

Of solid proof, impenetrably dull"———

"Who knows how long thy transmigrating soul

Might from Bœotian to Bœotian roll ?  
 How many Dutchmen she vouchsafed to thrid ?  
 How many stages thro' old monks she rid ?'

TOM-COME-TICKLE-ME.

It is singular I should have received the two following pieces nearly at the same time, from different contributors.

L. L. M.

FOR THE SCRIBBLER.

HER LOVELIEST MOMENT.

How lovely is woman suffused in tears !  
 When soft streamlets trickle adown from her eyes !  
 Not a rose in the morning such loveliness bears  
 Deep blushing, and sparkling with dew from the skies.

Ah ! how beautiful she, tho' I sigh to behold,  
 Her raven hair over her bosom when falling,  
 Thro' tears her eyes shining, like gems set in gold,  
 Or rays of the East, thro' the mist day recalling ;

Tho' lovely she is, both in motion, and rest,  
 Or walking, or dancing, reclined, or when sleeping,  
 When deck'd for a ball, when drest, or undrest ;  
 Yet loveliest always is woman when weeping.

SOLOMON SNEER.

HER LOVELIEST MOMENT.

I ever thought her handsome, and had paid  
 Homage to charms that o'er all hearts had sway'd ;  
 Had gazed with rapture, when, with witching glee,  
 She shone in scenes of festive revelry ;  
 Where, like a goddess, o'er the sportive hour  
 She reign'd, triumphant in her beauty's power :  
 Had fondly seen her in domestic life,  
 Far from the cares of fashion, or its strife,  
 The various duties of her sex fulfil ;  
 Yet, was the same, was fascinating still :  
 But ne'er, methinks, she lovelier look'd, than when  
 One day her spouse sore vex'd her ; for she then,  
 With sweetest meekness, which all language mocks,—  
 Clench'd her small fist, and fell'd him like an ox.

SKIMMERSHORN.

## TO KATHLEEN O'NEILL.

Go, false one, go—the spell which bound  
 My soul to thine, has pass'd away ;  
 And I, alas, too late, have found  
 The mockery that led me astray :  
 The soft-breathed sigh, the beaming smile:  
 No longer shall my heart beguile ;  
 'Tis callous now ;—love's dream is o'er.  
 And I will be deceived no more.

Go, false one, go—yet, parting thee,  
 (Oh ! that I had but loved thee less,)  
 I feel, despite thy cruelty,  
 A something, language can't express :  
 'T will prompt me oft to breathe a sigh  
 To cheating dreams of bliss, gone by,  
 To all that memory fain would keep ;  
 And o'er the dear delusion weep.

Go, false one, go—this heart will ne'er  
 Pay homage to another shrine,  
 Since all it held on earth most dear,  
 Was vainly sacrificed to thine.  
 But now nor tear, nor sigh, nor smile,  
 Nor charm of thine, shall it beguile ;  
 It spurns them all ;—love's dream is o'er,  
 And I will be deceived no more.

NABOCKLUM.\*

A letter on the legitimate subjects for satire, and the system and principles pursued in this work as to them, to which the motto from Horace, prefixed to this number, alludes, is shut out. It will appear next week.

*I regret much that any gentleman should take offence at being called upon to pay in advance, and beg to repeat that it is only from necessity that it is done. When, likewise, they consider that the collection can only take place, during a fortnight in each quarter,*

\*If Mr. Macculloch is not acquainted with the Irish language, I beg leave to explain the meaning of this, apparently strange signature. It signifies,—“never mind me.”

they will, I trust, do me the favour of a punctual and cheerful contribution of that payment which is now in course.

To the many demands made for complete sets from the beginning, I beg to say, it will be necessary to reprint many of the early numbers, so that it will be full two months before any full set of the first volume can be provided, when the price will be 22 shilling Halifax, for that, and 17 s. 6 d. for the second.

In the mean time sixpence a piece will be given at the Scribblers Offices, No. 26 St. Laurent-street, Montreal. and No. 7 Palace-street, Quebec, for each copy of the following numbers, that is not torn or soiled, viz : No's. 9, 14, 15, 18, 19, 24, 26, 28, 30, & 31.

L. L. M.

---

## BLACK LIST, No. III.

Persons to whom the Scribbler has been sent for approbation, and with a request to return it if not approved of, who have not returned it, but have continued to receive it, and when applied to, have refused either to send back the numbers received, or to pay for them.

THOMAS M'VER, Esquire, Colonel of Militia, Justice of the peace, post-master at Isle aux-Noix, storekeeper, &c. &c. &c.

SAMUEL POTTS, Esquire, Justice of the peace, &c. &c. Chambly.

(To be continued.)

---

A work is announced in the Upper Canada papers to be published in the ensuing month, entitled *The Militia of Upper Canada*, the last hope of the country, by Trueman Spooner, of Prescott. From the prospectus it appears to be of an historical, biographical, and technical description: it is to contain views and portraits, and to form 2 volumes, price 30 shillings, neatly bound.