

THE
SCRIBBLER,

A SERIES OF WEEKLY ESSAYS,
ON LITERARY, CRITICAL, SATIRICAL,
MORAL, AND LOCAL SUBJECTS;
INTERSPERSED WITH PIECES OF POETRY.

By **LEWIS LUKE MACCULLOH**, Esquire.

Nos. 53 to 78.
From 4th July, to 26th December 1822.

FORMING
Volume II.

Sic parvis componere magna solebam. VIRGIL.

Each vice, each passion which pale nature wears,
In this odd monstrous medley, mix'd appears,
Like Bayes's dance, confusedly round they run,
Statesman, coquet, gay fop, and pensive nun,
Spectres and heroes, husbands and their wives,
With monkish drones that dream away their lives.

ROWE.

PUBLISHED IN MONTREAL, LOWER CANADA,
And to be had of the proprietor,
SAMUEL HULL WILCOCKE,
AT BURLINGTON, VT.

1823.

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THE SCRIBBLER.

Vol. II.]

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, 14th NOV.,
1822.

[No. 72.

Neque ostrea illa magna capta potuit paululum suscitare.

VARRO.

Yet those large oysters did not tempt them much.

At ego inspectavi e littore. PLAUTUS.

As on the shore I stood I saw the plunge.

Fient ista palam, cupiunt et in acta referri. JUVENAL.

They hide not what they do; such are the men, sir,
Who wish to shine in my Intelligencer.

DISTRICT INTELLIGENCE.

My dominion over the district of Three Rivers, having hitherto been little recognized, and symptoms having even appeared of a degree of refractoriness, in submitting to my Scriblerian authority, which would afford a very bad example in the districts of Montreal, and Quebec, now wholly subdued; I determined to send a body of forces into that quarter, under the command of my Deputy Inspector, General Tickler. By the following dispatch, it appears he has succeeded in reducing the chief place of that district; which had been left almost entirely unannoyed, notwithstanding my summons to the garrison to surrender at discretion, in No. 47. My newly reduced subjects may rely upon the lenient and merciful exercise of my sovereignty, though it is necessary, at the commencement of my rule, to make some examples, that they may see the propriety of early reformation, and unconditional submission.

Three Rivers, Oct. 25, 1822.

MR. SCRIB,

I fully believe there does not exist in any part of Canada, a more unsociable set of beings, than those which form the higher and middling classes of society of this place. A cold, ceremonious, system of conduct is observed in their intercourse with one another, which effectually tends to prevent familiar and social habits amongst them.—A certain etiquette—yes, etiquette! though you will probably laugh at the idea,—is in vogue, which is as ridiculous in itself, as contemptible in the individuals who observe it, or expect it to be observed towards them. A specimen of this affected system of formality, I am going to lay before you. Some time ago

a few hearty fellows, who laugh at ceremony and its forms, when placed in competition with social intercourse, agreed on having an oyster-feast, to which a certain select number of friends were to be invited; cards of invitation were accordingly written and sent, and all seemed to go on smooth enough, till the appointed evening arrived, when, behold! like the parable of the feast in scripture, “they all with one consent began to make excuses,” which poured in from every quarter, and out of a dozen that had been invited, only one attended, in propria persona, to grace the revels, leaving the projectors of the treat, to enjoy it themselves, (which they did, in spite of such mortifying neglect,) or else to follow the scriptural example, and “go out into the streets and lanes of the city, and into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in.” But Mr. Scribbler, whatever were the excuses sent, and there were actually among them those “who had married wives & therefore could not come;” when the real causes which had produced this consentaneous procedure came to be inquired into the next day, various singular discoveries were made. One individual did not attend because *Esquire* was not attached to his address in the invitation-card.^[1] Another because his next door neighbour had been first invited. The auctioneer thought it beneath him to sit in company with a respectable master-tradesman; who, in his turn, could not bear the idea of making “hail fellow well met!” with a shop-keeper’s clerk, (the only poor wight who honoured his card by swallowing some twelve dozen of oysters or so.) The brewer swore he’d be damned before he made one of such a *mixture of all sorts*; and his neighbour, the notary public, when he ascertained the fact of the brewer being invited, invoked perdition on his soul, if he joined such a *beastly crew*. Lawyer Blank would have come, had not his wife, poor woman, kept him at home, for fear of his doing naughty things when out of her sight. Two justices of the peace alleged, as their reasons for not making their appearance; one, the extreme delicacy he should feel in sitting in company with a man whom he had grossly injured, by a wrongful commitment to jail^[2]; the other, because the aforesaid auctioneer had paid, as he thought, a bad compliment to his better half, at a vendue once, in not knocking down a lot of china ware to her at her own price. One knight of the lancet, in his defence, said he was not in the habit of mixing with low company; and another was afraid the company was too high for him. This, I think, Mr. Scribbler, will give you an insight into the *suaviter in modo* so prevalent in this comparatively speaking insignificant place, where

Tag, Rag, Bobtail, rule the roast
Each frowns upon his brother—
Where none can have great cause to boast,
For one’s as good as t’other.

I propose making an excursion to Berthier, and perhaps to L’Assomption ere long, and shall send you a regular report of my progresses.

JEREMY TICKLER.

[1] The abuse of the title of Esquire is no where carried to a greater height of absurdity, than in Canada. I mean erelong to issue an ordinance, pointing out who may in future be so distinguished, and who not, which will no doubt be found highly useful.

L. L. M.

[2] This is so extremely common an accident in Canada, that I wonder it should excite the least sensation of injury on one side, or of compunction on the other. Wrongful commitments are such matters of course, that they are deemed quite unworthy of thought or comment.

L. L. M.

La Prairie, Oct. 24th.

Mr. L. L. MACCULLOH,

Sunday being particularly devoted to—drinking drams and pleasure-parties, we were surprised at seeing fewer visitors than usual on the last Sabbath. Has the air of the rapids lost its numerous salutiferous qualities? or are the handbills of our just-ass less attractive, less elegant, less puffing, than before? No, the salubrity of the river air remains indisputable; and the style of our J. P. has unquestionably not retrogaded, even into common sense. We can therefore ascribe the small number of our visiting friends to nothing but the bad state of the weather. But there are some undaunted characters who are not to be intimidated by the lowering sky, nor the pelting storm; who, when avarice lures, can brave the utmost inclemency of the year, and take old winter by his icy beard. One in particular, who perhaps from the name he bears, thinks he can *march* through thick and thin, without feeling the effects of wind or weather, was returning late in the evening from Mount Royal, with his noddle filled and puffed up with the most extravagant anticipations; a *horse* pistol under each arm, he stalked along, like one of Ossian's heroes, in the pride of his power. The world seemed as if it were his own. Tea, tobacco, Canton-crapes, silks, medicines, *Scribblers*, etc. with every article of prohibition and proscription, passed and rolled before his bewildered and gratified eyes, in unbounded and rapid profusion. Places and pensions flitted like phantoms in the background. Wealth flowed in in tides, the effect of his *happy discrimination* in the seizures he contemplated; no fears intruded of burning his fingers by illegal stoppages; and his fancy revelled already in laying plans how to make use of his riches; part he determined to place in the bank, with part he would purchase a seignory, with another part he would—when, like the poor milk-girl in the fable, his heated imagination made him leap for joy, and, woeful to relate, down he came plump, souse, slapdash, into the cold river. Away flew teas, and silks, and harmless blue covers,—away flew wealth, and banks, and seignories; and up he rose like a dripping water-god, benumbed, almost drowned, and convinced that October was as bad a time for bathing, as poor, bleak, and blustering *March*. Recovering his sensation a little, he bethought himself of his pistols, and down he ducked again like a loon, groping and shuffling, and then, like an otter, or seal, rising again above the surface, to snuff the air.

—At last he found his weapons, but of what avail were they, wet and muddy, a score of smugglers might have passed, unharmed, and laughed at his disaster. If you are not aware of the circumstance, Mr. Macculloh, it may be as well to inform you that this was the same genius, who shewed his judgment not long ago in seizing the bag of Scribblers, as a customable or excisable article, but he found them too hot for his crow'sfoot, and resigned them to the proper person though not without reluctance. In returning from the field, or rather the flood, of his renown, he is said to have exclaimed,

My fairy dreams of wealth, behold, are fled;
Half drown'd; my pistols wet; my prospects dead;
But tho', like NAP or CÆSAR. I am hurl'd
From empire, and can now no smugglers kill,
I'll NAP them yet, I vow, for, in the world
Informers still remain, and I'll be SEIZER still.

NICODEMUS WATCH-EM.

La Prairie, 28th Oct.

MR. SCRIBBLER,

The other day, as I was sauntering along after dinner, to see what I could discover,

“My custom always in the afternoon,”

I chanced to peep through a partition, and perceived, assembled in a private chamber, a secret tribunal, consisting of a certain magistrate, and his crony Johnny, who were examining a witness—not a willing one—but apparently forcibly detained for the purpose, the room being locked. The case before this august court, from what I could hear, did not seem to concern either of the worthies, and yet there must have been, some reason for the interest they took in it,—but that must be left to be guessed at—all I want to know, Mr. Scribbler, is, whether this is the way you permit justices to act in this country? But now to *another* subject.

Mr. Larry Goat's talents as a painter and glazier, do infinite honour to the respectable stations he fills. He dabbles in every thing, and has, it is said, more trades and less wit, than any of his neighbours. His indefatigable exertions in his magisterial capacity, do not interfere in the least with his extensive retail-business; nor his Sunday-school occupations, with the important duties of his Penny Post. How finely contrasted too, is not his every-day visage, with his Sunday-face? the one insinuating and keen, the other unmeaning and sanctified.

We have an additional ornament to our town the person of a custom-house officer, recently promoted, who, some say, is a *piercing* kind of a fellow, and a great beau: he comes from the town of Backbite, from which famed place, we have also Mr. Informer Burdock, a worthy, who enjoys a great degree of esteem for his conduct to the noble Arabian bird, for no doubt is entained that he has been the cause of her not taking her

accustomed flights towards us. Mr. Cockroach, it appears, has availed of my former advice, and since the *long lad* from Waterloo, has left him, he rests in undisturbed repose. Old Squire Bluebeard asked a *habitant* t’other day how he looked, *comme un seigneur; n’est ce pas? Un seigneur, mon dieu! un marchand de guenilles tu veux dire, avec ton vicux butin.*

Yours &c.

BOPEEP.

BILL EAVESDROPPER AND SON’S CHAMBLY JOURNAL, NO. III.

(*N. B. Nos. 1 and 2 are lost, stolen, or strayed. Whoever returns them to the owner, shall be immortalised in the Scribbler, and no questions asked.*)

1822
Sept. 9th.
Monday. Squire Cap and son, gone off to Balldown-Springs—no doubt they’ll be introduced to Joseph Bonaparte.

10th. A grand display of fashion and beauty, at Mr. Mercy-on-us’s wedding—first carriage, general Fleabite and the bride—second ditto, commissary Dyer & spouse—third ditto, colonel Thunder and gloom—two other carriages, though at some distance after, finish the procession.

11th. Bridegroom and bride unwell—the former is sent for by Col. Thunder, but can’t attend before sunset.

12th. Both recovered, and able to partake of some breakfast.

13th. All classes of society pouring out curses against Lewis Luke Macculloh, for not forwarding the news (little dreaming lord Northland was to blame;) says one, O, he has got our money, and now he has cut stick; I’m glad I didn’t pay him says another; but says a third, perhaps the big wigs have shut him up again; never mind, says his neighbour, he’ll find a hole to creep out of; and one to creep in at too, said the old lady.

14th. A pretty little child sent to Mr. Curb’s inquiring if papa might have the loan of the last Scribbler for a few minutes.

17th. A party consisting of Mrs. Brown Stout, Mr. Joe Fry, and several others set off to escort Bill Tellit to the Isle of Bullfrogs.

19th. Somebody was very obstropolous last night, disturbed the family, and wouldn’t let the landlady go to bed.

20th. Captain Great-gun baits his spouse’s hook, although she has caught fish before now without his assistance.

22d. Commissary Dyer’s family in a great bustle, fitting out the countess of Northland for her intended journey to Quebec.

23d. Honesty Hooper, (some say disgusted at their great parade,) suffers the steamboat to leave port, without even firing a signal-gun, whereby the countess is disappointed in her intention of going by water.

24th

Commissary Dyer so irritated that he gives old Shylock a contract, whether he will or no, in order to vex Honesty Hooper, who used to have such contracts formerly; mem. no more presents of hot bed frames, &c. wanted; for extra large *carrots* are not now in particular request.

25th

An exhibition of a grand capsizes near Sorel, by driving too fast, in order that the captain of one steamboat, might have the mortification of seeing the countess step into another.

31st

Commissary Dyer in great anger with Mr. O'Fee for not paying due reverence to him, when spoken to. Gets into a bad way—flies into a rage at Honesty Hooper, about the batteau sail. 'Tis sent to your house, says Hooper; 'tis not, says Dyer; it is, says Hooper; you don't know what you are about, says Dyer; and so the ball is kept up, till Dyer damns himself and all about him—then have at poor O'Fee again, he'll ruin him, and be damned to him; has some private letters which he will print and circulate, *à la mode du Nord Ouest*, that will send O'Fee to hell.

(*To be continued.*)

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCER, No. XV.

MR. GOSSIP,

In your last number you have very unaccountably, I think, in giving the names of the Nabs of Mount-Royal, who attended the drawing room, given by lady Viceroy, omitted that of one of the most distinguished of the guests, namely, the well known Tommy Changeling, Esquire. The numerous avocations in which this gentleman has figured,^[3] and the many titles he has derived from them, render it the more extraordinary that you did not afford him a conspicuous place amongst the *great men*, for I am sure he would not have taken umbrage at being made to associate with taylors, &c. who, as you very truly observe, instead of supplying their customers with dresses on the occasion, were busily employed in cooking the cabbage for themselves. But, Mr. Gossip, you will do both Mr. Changeling, and those for whom he caters, a good deal of service in rectifying this omission in your next publication; for he was so blinded by his vexation, at not seeing his name in your catalogue, that, intending to have a treat with a barrel of excellent oysters the other day, instead of purchasing a good one, as he thought he did, alas! when the barrel came to be opened, they were as rotten as—lord Goddamnhim himself.^[4] This sad additional disappointment, so tormented our noble veteran, that he marched up and down the office, humming, biting his nails, and spitting like a weasel, till at length he desperately drowned his vexation and his appetite in a bumper of brandy.

A CHIP OF THE OLD BLOCK.

^[3] It has been conjectured, that as this gentleman has always some new project on the *anvil* and is so fond of *turning* from one business to another, he intends learning the art of cookery; for

which Mrs. Slapsly has offered her services; but Mr. Spasro has engaged to instruct him in the art of making kail-brose, haggis, and other delicacies of the Scotch kitchen, in return for which, he is to get a slice of *roast beef and plum-pudding*; vide his remarks!

[4] A report has reached me that Mr. Changeling was not the only person who bought a barrel of bad oysters for good ones.

L. L. M.

POET'S CORNER.

JOCALITY *versus* REALITY.

Gilrex, a doctor not o'erstock'd
With brains, was lately in the Court
Well play'd upon, and fairly mock'd
By *Real* wit, and all in sport.

From his fair dame he wish'd good cause
That he should be divorced, to shew,
But by her side she had the laws,
And what is more, the lawyer too.

The jalap-monger felt the sneers,
And said, they shall not laugh at me all;
So next day seized the lawyer's ears,
And for his wit he horsewhipp'd *Real*.
JEALOUSY.

Quebec, 1st October.

MODERN LOVE.

Language has not the power to declare
My love for thee, most beauteous, heavenly fair;
Words must fall short t'express indeed that love,
I bear that beauty which stands far above
All others else—It's charms, e'er since 't was made,
Were never known to, and will never, fade;
I ever shall adore it; in my breast
My heart beats for—your gold—for I protest
It's all a whew! without your iron chest.

NICK.

6th. Oct.

MR. GOSSIP.

You will confer a great favour on a disconsolate lover, if you will insert the following lines, to my mistress. I have of late, had some serious ideas about matrimony; but having wasted all the oratory I am master of, to no purpose, and without obtaining any other reply than—No!—to my importunities, I have determined upon addressing these lines.

TO MISS BARBARA CRABTREE.

O tell me, fair maid, why forever say no?
Since 'tis but a trifle I crave;
Pray restrain that cursed word, so much fraught with woe,
Lest you hasten me into the grave:
And when I next ask, rather blush, and say, yes;
For I vow I'll require nothing else but a kiss.

LYCHURGUS.

It is rumoured that a certain LaChine poet, having retired from business, is about disposing of his stock in trade; consisting of a number of doggrel effusions, on various subjects, an unfinished tragedy, entitled *Lawyers' clutches, or an honest man bedevilled*; an old Murray's grammar; a tattered edition of Walker's rhyming Dictionary &c. &c. Report further says, that the editors of the Herald and the Courant, to signify the extreme concern they feel at losing their poet laureat, alias Jack of all work, intend to put their papers into mourning, as soon as they are officially informed of the circumstance.

N. B. It is said that the editor of the Scribbler, was lately under some apprehension that this poetaster intended to quarter himself upon him, but has been relieved from his alarm, upon understanding that the gentleman had expressed his contempt for that work, and his wonder how people could demean themselves by corresponding with it. So much the better, we shall not therefore, be troubled with him.

People should be cautious of what they say of the Scribbler, for fear they should *burn* their fingers, and get reprimanded in it, for *their own rudeness and insolence*.

MEDICAL INTELLIGENCE. Dr. Bushywig M'Stephen, with some of his learned brethren, intend to establish a college of their own, for the extension of the sciences of medicine, surgery, mangling, cutting-out, soup-making, and fiddling.—Dr. Spink, Dr. Slack, and Dr. O'Dodge, are also to be professors. The two last, have received their diplomas in due form, from Dr. Bushywig, who, when they could not get regular licenses to kill, *secundem artem*, declared there was no reason why taylor's or fiddlers should be excluded from the college, and at once dubbed them doctors *sud auctoritate*. Dr. Slack is to be demonstrator in anatomy, and an old coat and pantaloons, are always to be kept ready, properly stuffed with shavings, as a subject for dissection. Dr. Spink is to teach the art of walking upon one leg, and to explain the physical causes of hops and jumps. Dr. O'Dodge, will analyze the various soups and broths that may be brought to him for inspection, and will amuse the pupils with music; fiddles, flutes, flageolets, &c. being kept at hand for that purpose; it is on account of the dreadful antipathy entertained by Dr. O'Dodge for a dead body, that the anatomical lectures are to be illustrated in the novel and ingenious manner above described.—We are promised some further details of the intended operations of this learned association; who are, moreover, it is said, to *try experiments* on the patients admitted into the general hospital, that being well known to be the principal end of hospitals.

Dr. Carriole, intends to resume his lectures on craniology; for which purpose a large supply of skulls will be wanted; N. B. brains can be dispensed with. It is to be hoped that the doctor will take the hint thrown out by the very *learned* and *correct* editor of the Gazette, and “endeavour

to discover that membrane denominated political idiocy, which *gall and surziem* throughout their whole phreniology have declared their belief in.”^[5]

^[5] How came the ingenious Mr. Spasm to write no more epistles from his printer to himself?

Fellows who pretend to be *gentlemen*, (altho’ they may happen to be police magistrates,) ought not to get into stages before ladies, refuse to make room for them, and bid the coachman drive on, leaving them with their trunks in the middle of the road.

Lost at the late Mount Royal races, by a gentleman wishing to show off, on horseback. 1st his balance, 2d his presence of mind, 3d his stirrups, 4th his WIG, and 5th, his patience. Whoever has found any of these articles, will please to leave them at Mr. Sheriff Brute’s.

“Go fetch my cap from the *furriers*,” said Sir Samuel. By and bye comes the messenger back; “the man’s gone away, sir, and they say they know nothing about your cap.” “The devil he is, so I shall lose it I suppose; where did you go to?” “I went to the blacksmith’s.” “The blacksmith’s you fool.” “Yes, sir, the blacksmith’s a *farrier*, and you told me to go to the *farrier*’s.”

EXPECTED NUPTIALS, AMATORY INTELLIGENCE, AND SCANDALOUS REPORTS.

The long protracted union of Lord Goddamnhim and Miss Foresight is to take place as soon as sleighing commences, (that is, if his lordship’s physician will then report him sound;) the lady’s courage is greatly admired in venturing upon this *match*.

He rough, and black, and filthy did appear,
Unseemly man, to please fair lady’s eye;
Yet he of ladies oft was loved dear,
When fairer faces were bid standen by;
O who does know the bent of woman’s fantasy!

SPENSER.

His lordship has given directions for a sleigh capable of containing sixteen persons: whether it is to be made use of on the occasion of his nuptials, or for promenading his illegitimate bairns, is unknown. A treaty is on foot between his lordship and the Misses Armytinkers, for the purchase of one of his carriages, as they have determined upon discarding the old marchedonc. Madame N’importe-qui from the neighbourhood of Chambly lately paid a visit to lord Goddamnhim, for the purpose of selling her husband’s house, who knew very well, good easy man, that a fair lady is always the best negociator in such cases. She walked into the yard behind the ci-devant furstore of the ci-devant Ratcatching Company, now full of timber, stones, lime, etc. *Mais mon dieu, comme vos jupes sont salies par derriere; oh, c’est que je me suis crottée quelque-part.* In result the lady is to call again, when the bargain is expected to be completed.

Mr. Jean Le Brun to Mad'lle. Marechal: this will be no bad match, though some say the degrees of consanguinity are almost within canonical prohibition.

Mr. Matt. Calf to Miss Coil. Much ado about nothing.

Mr. Pussycat to Miss Jenny Cursewell; it is to be feared that on this occasion, a certain quack-doctor will have cause to *mourn*.

Mr. Billson, the knight of the pestle and mortar, to Miss Nancy Flatt.

Miss Middlebury it was expected would be united to Mr. O'Jay in the course of this month; but some difficulty has arisen, as the old lady objects to having a son-in-law from the peace-office, saying her daughter is worthy of "de furse genteelhomme of de place;" nor is she far wide of the truth. The young couple, however, are not discouraged; if you shut love out at the door, it will creep in at the window, and courtship can be carried on, though only in dumb shew, from the street to the garret-window.

It is confirmed that the dowager lady Bustle, after a widowhood of about twenty-one months, is to re-enter the state of wedlock with Dr. Andronicus. The weighty charms of the lady's purse have had their usual effect. A young lady, living in the family of the dowager, who once considered herself as the object of the doctor's addresses, is inconsolable.

The match that is to take place between Miss Hairy and Mr. Scaldier, some say, was made up on their way to chapel; but by better intelligence, it appears to have been fixed upon, on the day after the gentleman laid his head on the lady's pillow. She was so much in the pouts on the occasion, she could eat no breakfast, and there was no remedy but wedlock. It is forty to twenty, therefore, that this *young* lady won't die an old maid.

The nuptials of the widow Nonpareil with Mr. Brownbeard, will not, it is presumed, be much longer delayed; the lady has presented Mr. B. with the watch of Sir Blazon, as a token of her affection: there is likewise a latent motive for hastening the ceremony, as it is said that a certain gentleman, has demonstrated that, however hollow he may be himself, the sporting widow is no *empty tub*.

(A supplement to the Domestic Intelligencer in next number.)

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS. SKIMMERHORN will appear next week, when it will be moonlight. A HALFPAY OFFICER has been unavoidably, though reluctantly, postponed. GERMANICUS, MARCUS TULLIUS, and DARIUS, will also appear, the first opportunity, with some alterations; neither will two other communications without signatures, relative to the letter of SEMPRONIUS, in No. 66, go unregarded. M. T. is particularly thanked for his information; I always correct the press myself, but, having to print and dispatch the Scribbler from the place of my residence, two days before it is published in Montreal, it may happen, that I am not so attentive in my

hurry as I could wish; perhaps, however, he alludes to some wilful deviation from his MSS. if he will point out anything that does not meet his ideas of propriety I will explain, and, if necessary, correct. AN OLD WOMAN came too late. MONITOR in next number. SIMKIN rejected.

BLACK LIST, No. I.

MRS. BRACKENRIDGE, formerly of the Steamboat hotel, subscribed for 6 months, declined at the end of first quarter; owes 5s. 6d. ever since October 1821; sometimes promised payment; and at other times says she owes nothing; has repeatedly been dunned without any effect.

A. J. WILLIAMSON, owes 8s. for the first 18 numbers, has left Montreal, but had the discretion to call, and say his circumstances prevented him from paying what he owed; which is therefore recorded more to his praise than his dishonour.

JACOB MARSTON, late high constable, owes 6s. for the first quarter, ever since October 1821; repeatedly dunned; pleads poverty.

WILLIAM SCOTT, a clerk with Messrs. MOLSON, gone away to the West Indies, owes 11s.

DAVID DICKIE, & Co. Cabinet-makers, owed for one quarter when they failed.

NATHANIEL WILLING, Joiner, ran away, owes 5s. 6d. ever since October, 1821.

N. B. This is the commencement of a long list, which will appear piece-meal as room will permit; as will also the list of such as borrow the Scribbler, though they can well afford to pay for it.

TRANSCRIBER NOTES

Misspelled words and printer errors have been corrected. Where multiple spellings occur, majority use has been employed.

Punctuation has been maintained except where obvious printer errors occur.

[The end of *The Scribbler 1822-11-14 Volume 2, Issue 72* edited by Samuel Hull Wilcocke]