

THE SCRIBBLER.

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, 23^d MAY, 1822. No. XLVIII.

Partim quæ prospexi his oculis, partim quæ accepi auribus.
TERENCE.

Part with these eyes I saw, part with these ears I heard.

Perjurâ ridit ætiantum. OVID.

Tho' men may smile at lover's perjury,
Fond woman deeply wails the injury.

MR. SCRIB,

According to my promise I now resume the description of the Dons in my western department. The next character I have on my list in the same place is Mr. Girouette. This worthy could never have been intended to live in such a remote spot, as no person could be better calculated for the bustle of a large city. You will find him joining in every party, reporting all that has been said or done, encouraging every quarrel, and taking an active part in each. Although a magistrate, his name graces the rolls of our quarter-sessions, as often as that of any bully of the place. Doctor Tromphe comes next, "né tans les tomaines tu roy di Brusse, étukié à Vienna, tou il dient ses tiblomes de l'unifirsité re cedde cabidale," yet, notwithstanding his place of nativity and his parchments, he has never got above extracting teeth and bleeding. Woe be to them who call upon him, for if he does not despatch them to their long homes, which does them up one way, the last shirt is taken from their backs, to pay his bill, which does them up the other. But it is a pity to say any ill of him,