

THE SCRIBBLER.

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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