

# THE SCRIBBLER.

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, 11th APRIL, 1822. No. XLII.

*Inspicere tamque in speculum  
Vitas omnium jubeo.*

TERENCE.

As in a glass I'm bid to range these pictures,  
And mend men's lives and manners by my strictures.

*Quærendi pecunia primum  
Virtus post nummos.*

HORACE.

Money's a god, Virtue's a ragged fool.

Extending by degrees, and in rotation, the circle of my intellectual vision, I have just received the following communication, which I beg to recommend to the residents of the place alluded to, and hope to have the honour of having my paper circulated amongst them, which I believe is not yet regularly the case.

MR. SCRIB,

During my winter-rambles I had opportunities of discovering the state of society in various villages round about this good city. Their dons appear to be actuated by the same low principles as those of this place. They are all equally fond of their Pic Nic routs, balls, teaparties, etc. but their attempts to mimic our little great folks are rather ludicrous, particularly in a certain village in the county of York, W. from this 21 miles. Nose-pulling, caning, and cuffing are quite *à la mode* amongst the married ladies and gentlemen, which