

# THE SCRIBBLER.

MONTREAL. SATURDAY, 11th MAY, 1822.

SUPPLEMENT TO No. XLVI.

*Sunt mihi semidei, sunt rustica numina fauni,  
Et nymphae, satyrique, et monticolæ sylvani.*—OVID.

Behold where demi-gods, and rustics swell the croud,  
Nymphs, satyrs, witches, imps, and all the motley brood.

*Et modo tam celèrea mireris currere lintres,  
Et modo tam tardes funibus ire rates:  
Et nemo omne satas intendet vertice silvas,  
Urgetur quanti Caucasus arboribus.*—PROPERTIUS.

“Go view the rapid *steamboats* cleave the tide,  
Or drawn by cords the barges slowly glide;  
View the tall trees their cultured ranges spread,  
Like woods that burthen'd Caucasus o'er shade.”

I have been favoured with the following communications by country-correspondents, and insert them (as I may continue to do similar accounts) under the head of

## DISTRICT INTELLIGENCE.

Thursday se'night the town of Backbite was enlivened by the long promised masquerade, ball and supper of Mrs. Cotty O'Giggle, formerly the admired miss Pimento of Woollyhead island. This elegant, and, in this part of the world, novel, entertainment, was given at Rifleman's Lodge, near the romantic spot known as Mount Sunk Hulk. The band of the neighbouring garrison of Fort Formidable, viz. drum and bugle, attended, with that celebrated violin Monsieur Petite Maundry and his assistants, forming altogether a most respectable orchestra. The internal arrangements, decorations, &c. at the lodge were under the direction of Padreen Priest, and the whole went off with surprising éclat. At eight