

*Est genus hominum qui esse primos se omnium rerum volunt,
Nec sunt : hos consector.* TERENCE.

A set of strange fellows, who wish to be first,
And think in themselves all savé is shut up
But, out with my carving knife, and I'll be curst,
If, like geese as they are, they a'u't roasted and out up.

Montreal, 6th Jan. 1822.

MR. SCRIBBLER,

As I have undertaken to transmit to you accounts of the movements of the Montreal fashionables, and as my last communication has been most favourably received, I can not allow so important an event as the Pic-Nic dinner of the Driving-club to pass without a particular and appropriate notice. With the nature of this elegant institution, its rules, and regulations, your readers are doubtless well acquainted. I shall therefore merely remark *en passant* that its "fundamental feature," * to use a ministerial metaphor, is the strictest selection. No one below the rank of a merchant or store-keeper (the terms are synonymous here) is admissible. All shop-keepers, clerks, and tradesmen of every description, however wealthy or respectable, are rigidly excluded. Military men and government officers have the

* This figure of speech claims the Marquis of Londonderry for its author, and it is a phrase which, by its frequent repetition, his lordship feels can never tire. It is, however, the fate of merit to induce envy, and accordingly we find that the originality of this delicate idea is disputed by some persons, who cite the following anecdote in support of their opinion. About the time when the fashion of naked backs amongst the ladies first came up, a very fat lady, with her shoulders pinioned back, took her seat in the pit of the opera-house. The attention of Lord W——, who sat a short distance behind, was strongly attracted by the strange appearance of her back, and after viewing it attentively for some time, he took out his opera-glass for a more accurate examination. Unable to satisfy his doubts, he applied to a companion, who informed him that the object that had engaged his attention was the back of the dashing Mrs. B——. "And pray, sir," said his lordship, "is she on her heels, or on her head?" "Why," replied the gentleman, "she is sitting in the usual way." "Upon my honour," rejoined lord W—— "I mistook it for quite another feature."