

THE SCRIBBLER.

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, 28th FEBRUARY, 1822. No. XXXVI.

Sit mihi fas audita loqui.

VIRGIL.

I only tell the tales I have been told.

Nil non permittit mulier sibi.

JUVENAL.

For woman will do what she did of old.

——— *Vestemque relinquere ut anguis
Gauderet, prælonga senex aut cornua cervus.*—LUCRETIUS.

Pleased with each change, once worn attire she scorns;
And adds new antlers to the old stag's horns.

DEAR SCRIB,

Or rather Mr. Scrub, for your camel's hair pencil begins to scour like a scrubbing-brush; you're all the go. What say you to tagging to your "Domestic Intelligencer," a savoury bit of "Scandalous Chronicle," as a relish, like anchovy or olives to the wine after dinner? I have invented a few articles to put you in the way; they will suit the *Tea-table* admirably.

PEEPING TOM.

The fashionable shop of Mrs. Beat-All, is as much frequented as ever, in the day time by all the ladies of rank and character, and at night by all the debauchees in town, old and young. They are all suited with the objects they come in quest of, such as canton crapes, laces, silks, fans, dolls, furriery &c.; but it is said that assignations are sometimes slyly made at the counter.