

THE SCRIBBLER.

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, 4th APRIL, 1822. No. XLI.

*E vincete in ogni impresa
Quando vengono alla contesa
La bellezza e la virtù.*

METASTASIO.

Victorious oft are beauty's eyes,
With bright cerulean humid hue;
But, when with beauty, virtue vies,
Blended, resistless they're in you.

*Una de multis face nuptiali
Digna.*

HORACE.

There's none mote worthy of the nuptial torch.

La Chine, March 29th 1822.

MR. SCRIBBLER,

As in a former number of your miscellany you intimated a wish for having foragers in the different villages in the vicinity of Montreal, I beg leave to offer you my services in that respect for this speck upon the habitable globe. Independant of its own circles of society, which I can assure you, are really unique in their kind, its proximity to your fashionable city renders it an agreeable place of resort, especially during the summer season, for parties of *Tonish Bigwigs*, fonder of sporting about than of paying their debts; *Honest Cits*, who are seeking a temporary escape from the toils of business; *City-Bucks*, who intend to cut a shine and astonish country-folk, mounted on dashing bits of blood got on tick from a livery stable; imperious *North-Westerns*, with their subordinate slave-drivers, dispatching their brigades, masters and men being all pretty nearly equal in