

THE SCRIBBLER.

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, 25th APRIL, 1822. No. XLIV.

Quid deceat, quid non, quo virtus, quo ferat error.—HORACE.

What's right or wrong impartially I paint.

—*Exordia pugnae*—

VIRGIL.

The fight's begun—

*Nam sive optatam mecum trahit ille quietem,
Sive facili iotum ducit amore diem,
Tum mihi Pactoli veniunt sub tecta liquores,
Et legitur rubris gemma sub æquoribus.*—PROPERTIUS.

"Metinks if e'er with me she spends the night,
Or kindly wastes the day in dear delight,
Beneath my roof Pactolus rolls his stores,
And gems I cull on Erythrean shores."

La Chine, 10th April 1822.

MR. SCRIBBLER,

As the good folks of this neighbourhood would conceive I was paying them a very bad compliment were I not to notice them first in my foraging details, and as I well know many of them have a longing desire to appear in print, no matter how, I will commence with giving you a rough sketch of a few of our principal worthies; in doing which I shall strictly adhere to the rules of precedence in placing them according to their merits. First then there is Big Jack, or Gros Jacques, as the Canadians term him, a would-be nabob, who endeavours (to pass himself off as a diamond of the first water, but unluckily fails in the attempt. Like most of the folks in this country who have got above the world, he considers nothing but the wealth and rank in life of those around him,