THE SCRIBBLER.

MONTREAL. THURSDAY, 31st JANUARY, 1822. No. XXXII.

Lusisti entis, edisti satis, atque bibisti, Tempus abire tibi. HORACE

Of feast, and sport, and wine, and dance, Your's had enough, so homeward prance.

Natio comada est.

JUVENAL.

Each country is a stage, its people players.

To Inspector General Macculloh.

One of my scouting parties has fallen in with one of the enemies spies. Among the papers found upon him was the following extraordinary document which I have had transscribed verbatim, with great care to preserve the style, orthography, &c. and have the honour of transmitting it to your Excellency. BLUNDERHEAD.

New Bostown, Jany. 12, 1822.

Dear Neffew.

It is a great while since I did myself the pleasure of righting to you: In the first place of all I must tell you that I have set up keeping tayern about tue miles off of Montreal under the patronage of the Mr. Gabs who you know used to carry on the sheepskin manufactoring bisness but they have got monstrous rich by doing Government jobs, getting married, and a thousand other choses, which you know they possess a mighty geanous for. I have a right down good run of custom, consisting of all kinds of folks.