

THE SCRIBBLER.

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, 30th MAY, 1822. No. XLIX.

Diram, qui contudit hydram,

Comperit invidiam, supremo fine domari. HORACE.

Who strikes at folly's hydra-head, and vice's sevenfold hide,
Will malice find still unsubdued, and must its rancour bide.

Maxima pars hominum morbo jactatur eodem. HORACE.

Most men are sick of that disease call'd pride.

Fascia te tunicaque obscuraque pallia celant;

At mihi nulla satis nuda puella jacet. MARTIAL.

Nor robes, nor zones, nor veils, nor frowns, nor e'en "O'fy,"
Can shield that beauteous form from roving fancy's eye.

Quebec, 20th May, 1822.

SIR,

Amidst the storms that now agitate this city, it may appear dangerous for me to venture again upon my Augean labour of altering, or rather of reprobating, the manners of Quebec. As sailed on all sides by the most virulent abuse, endeavoured to be consigned to infamy and exposed to hatred, the names of Tom Brown, and the Scribbler, seem coupled together for the purpose of being execrated by those whom we have exposed: the terrors of the law are held out to frighten us into silence, and the newspapers teem with anathemas* almost as dreadful as the thun-

* "When the cat's away, the mice will play."

Since the temporary suspension of the Scribbler, many a little yelber has come forth out of his kennel, and both the Quebec and Montreal papers have abounded in paragraphs respecting it. I mean, when I have leisure, to answer every one, sending my reply to each respective paper, which, if the editors do not insert, I will then "shame the fools and print it" in my own. I would apply to these puny antagonists Piron's line, in his *Metro-*

"Hercule expira t' il sous l'effort du pygmée?" L. L. M.