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Palam prostare nudam in nebula linea. PUBLIUS SYRIUS.

Nought but a linen cloud her naked beauty hides.

Lo! Appius reddens at each word you speak,
And stares tremendous with a threatening eye,
Like some fierce tyrant in old tapestry. POPE.

———— *Currit ad Indos*

Pauperiem fugiens. ———

Nay e'en to distant Canada he goes
Rather than stay at home and eat kail-brose.

I shall, as in last number, commence with a few of the favours of my correspondents. And first, my poet in ordinary, who, by the bye, is an idle chap, and will never do any thing but when the maggot bites, having just brought me his version of my narrative alluded to in No. 55, I am enabled to fulfill my promise to Mr. Tinker.

MR. MACCULLOH,

In sending you this precious morceau, I am led to suppose that some of your fair readers, with the curiosity natural to their sex, will probably feel an inclination to know who its author is.— I do not hesitate to disclose my name; but, by keeping them in the dark as to my residence, a few of them may possibly set out upon dreaming excursions; and as in these days we have professed interpreters of dreams, visions, etc.* the expounding of them may afford no small fund of amusement.

*Vide the Records of the Philological Society.