

THE SCRIBBLER.

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Diabolus serpens est lubricus, cujus capilli, hac est primæ suggestiones, si non resistitur, illabitur.
ST. JEROME.

The devil is a slippery eel,
And if he finds the smallest hole
Unstopp'd, strait sliding in, you 'll feel
Him worming till he gains your soul.

Si tanquam ad remedium venimus, sine via veniamus, non quasi dulce sit vindicare, sed quasi utile.
SENECA.

Nevertheless, if we seek for redress, let us do it without leaving a track; and not because it is pleasant to reprove or punish, but because it is necessary and useful.

Various Scriblerian juridical decisions, and statepapers, having taken up the whole of my last number, I was forced to postpone till the present, sundry poetic favours; with which, for fear that, when I look over my budget, I may again be induced to put them off, I am determined to begin the present one.

FOR THE SCRIBBLER.

THE LOVER.

To Miss B * * *

Again, my muse, attune thy sacred lyre,
Yet once again, sweet Venus' song inspire,
Once more to soft harmonious strains awake,
And ne'er, O! ne'er, thy wonted theme forsake:
Attune to softest melody each sound;
And sing the varying charms that in my fair are found.
Her piercing look darts innocently wild,
The accents of her tongue flow sweet and mild,
And every grace to beautify the mind,
Is with exterior loveliness combined:
A shape that seems of more than mortal mould,
With all the thousand charms by thousand lovers told.