

# THE SCRIBBLER.

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*Nec lusisse pudet, sed non incidere ludum,*—HORACE.

To sport's no harm, but ever to be sporting.

—*Hic toto tecum consumerer ævo.*—VIRGIL.

Here could I live, and love, and die with only you.—DRYDEN.

WIT is a most dangerous quality in the possession of either man or woman; and most difficult to be kept within the bounds of discretion and even within the limits of excusable vivacity. Its greatest danger may be said to be in the almost irresistible temptation it affords for exposing the foibles of our friends and acquaintances. Many men, by an indulgence in their sarcastic dispositions have totally lost their most powerful friends, and ruined all the prospects of their lives. Self-interest being the main spring of action in these degenerate modern times, however, there is not much danger amongst our young men, whose chief vice is a superabundance of prudence, of their wit running away with their caution. Of minds infinitely more independant, not bound in the trammels of avarice or yoked to the wheels of ambition, and with fervid imaginations, and excursive fancies; the other sex stand perhaps therefore more in need of a curb in that respect. The natural vivacity of the Canadian ladies (and by Canadians I do not here solely mean those of French descent, but generally those who are natives) when not damped by sectarian austerity, or wrapped up in the glooms and sullens that they put on in