

# THE SCRIBBLER.

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*Rura mihi et rigui placcant in vallibus amnes  
Flumini amem sylvasque inglorius.*

VIRGIL.

Me, rural scenes, inglorious, riv'lets, lofty trees,  
Green glens, and woody dales, and limpid waters, please.

I must have liberty  
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,  
To blow on whom I please ; for so fools have :  
And they that are most galled with my folly,  
They most must laugh : and why, sir, must they so ?  
The why is plain as way to parish-church :  
He, that a fool doth very wisely hit,  
Doth very foolishly, although he smart,  
Not to seem senseless of the bob : if not,  
The wise man's folly is anatomised  
Even by the squandering glances of the fool.

SHAKESPEARE—*As you like it.*

FOR THE SCRIBBLER.

JOURNAL OF A DAY'S JOURNEY IN UPPER CANADA,  
in October, 1816.

(Continued.)

No longer could I bear to stay,  
But up the river bent my way,  
And sought the old, paternal spot  
Where first existence frail I got,—  
Where first the breath of life I drew,  
And first my mother's kindness knew.  
Serene in mild effulgence drest,  
The sun was sinking down the west,  
And Erie murmur'd on his shore  
A gentle, dying, soothing, roar.  
The well known sound I quickly knew—  
My boyish rambles rose to view,  
Distinct in idea, though away  
On time's swift flight full many a day.  
In youth how often did I lave  
My limbs in Erie's limpid wave,  
Or sat me down upon the shore  
To hear the tumbling billows roar,  
Or have I climb'd the hill and stood