

THE SCRIBBLER.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, 25th MAY, 1822.

SUPPLEMENT TO No. XLVIII.

Fiat justitia, ruat cælum—Do justice and be damn'd.

*Felices ter et amplius,
Quos irrupta tenet copula.*

HORACE.

Thrice happy are the chosen few, whose joys,
In wedlock center, and whose love ne'er cloy.

— *Sive lapis, sive ex desertus in agro
Stipes ab antiquis tu quoque nomen habes.*

OVID.

Whether a foundling; thou of field, or town,
To thee an ancient name is handed down.

In the course of my morning reading, as a late learned law lord used to say, I have met with a sketch of the character of a judge, which I think may not be uninteresting or uninteresting to my readers, and which I have curtailed in order to suit the space I can devote to it.

EUBULUS is a judge in one of the courts of law. Eubulus believes himself a very honest judge, and it is but doing him justice to allow that he would not for any consideration, knowingly, give an unjust decision; yet Eubulus hardly ever gave a fair judgement in any cause where he was connected with, or knew any thing about, the parties. If either of them happened to be his friend or relation, or connected with his friends or relations, Eubulus is always sure to see the cause in a light favourable to his friend's connections. If on the other hand one of the parties happens to be a person to whom Eubulus