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Societas nostra lapidum FORNICATIONI simillima est, quæ casura nisi invicem obstarent, hoc ipso continetur. — SENECA.

Our society is like unto the stones——

“Oh! pray, Mr. Macculloh, there’s a dear soul, don’t translate it.”

Don’t be alarmed, madam,—it is only—
like the stones that form an arch—which, if they did not support each other, would fall in.

Quod genus hoc hominum?

VIRGIL.

What kind of men are these?

Nam variis velut orta plagis, gens dispare vultu est.

DUFRESNOY

For varied as the soil, so various is mankind

At this season of festivity, of parties, and of that social leisure which the climate in this country gives to the commercial world, many and various are the calls made on me to record the memorable events of a ball, the eager onset of a dinner, the te-deums of exhilarated bacchanals, the gossipings of tea-table scandal, and the eloquent, half-whispered tales of romance or love, that breathe their re-vivifying influence, in the recesses of curtained windows, or spread a charm over the lounge’s sofa, and the seat behind the stove. It is both morally and physically impossible to give any thing like a correct account, a fashionable log-book, as it were, of the parties & entertainments, that succeed, and shoulder, each