

THE SCRIBBLER.

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— *Amoto queramus seria ludo.* — HORACE.

From gay to grave, we turn, from grave to gay.

— *Dic mihi, si fias tu leo, qualis eris?* — MARTIAL.

If thou a lion art, thou art a droll one.

— *Quid oportet*

Nos facere, a vulgo longe lateque remotos. — HORACE.

Far from the vulgar herd removed, we care not,
Do as we like, or do what others dare not.

In fulfilling the duties of a reviewer I labour under a considerable disadvantage which those who follow the same path of literature in other countries do not. There, a number of literati contribute to the monthly critiques of new publications, and each takes in hand those works, which his peculiar profession, pursuits, or taste render him best adapted to investigate. Being as yet here the sole *arbiter literarum*, I derive no assistance from others, and consequently can not enlarge upon, or probably do justice to, such works as come not within the immediate scope of my studies or experience.* The two first pamphlets that present themselves for observation are on subjects that I profess to know little about, beyond what a general education and occasional information bestow upon an inquisitive

* The continuation of the review of Harmon's journal from No. 25 has been delayed in expectation of receiving some information from England as to the Act of Parliament which was smuggled through the house by the manoeuvres of the honourable, disinterested and patriotic men whose avaricious and time-serving purposes it is intended to sanction and promote.