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*Eheu! fugaces, Posthume, Posthume,
Labuntur anni!—*

HORACE.

Behold! how fly the years away!
Then ever on each New Year's day;

*—partique dedere
Oscula quisque sua—*

OVID.

Kiss all the ladies, while you may.

*Omnia, quæ in rebus humanis fiunt, sicut docti censue-
runt, aut honesta sunt, aut turpia.*

AULUS GELLIUS.

Whatever things mankind do, must, according to the
learned, be either good or bad.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

I wish you all many happy returns of this sea-
son of felicitation. I hope you may all enjoy eve-
ry rational satisfaction you can wish for, during
the ensuing and numerous succeeding years. But
by no means, improve in your manners and hab-
its too fast; for if you become too good, although
I should take more delight in panegyriizing than
in satirising, alas! I should not find readers, and
then, not only would my pot cease to boil, and my
roast beef to smoke on the table, but, what is far
worse, the want of a censor, the want of my fe-
rula, would bring about again such a state of
things as I found existed in the community in Can-
ada, when, three years ago, I began my career.
This, it is true, would arouse other censors and
other satirists, for like Poor Robin's song

War begets poverty, poverty, peace; &c.