

Take 6149

THE SCRIBBLER.

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It clamor cælo.

VIRGIL.

Up to the skies the clamour reach'd.

O quantum est in rebus inane!

PERSIUS.

The world's affairs are fill'd with airy nothings.

— *Pudet hæc opprobria nobis,
Et dici potuisse, et non potuisse refelli.*

HORACE.

Shame! that such obloquy should on us rest,
Thrown in our teeth, and still must be confess'd.

Se peperisse duos, et Diis placuisse duobus.

OVID.

She could bear two, and so she pleased them both.

Being rather in debt to my correspondents, and finding the necessity of clearing my fyles before they are too much crowded by the accession of new matter, I take a few of my late communications up, promiscuously, before proceeding to the more grave matter which presses upon my attention, in continuation of what has appeared in my last numbers.

L. L. M.

MY DEAR SCRIB,

In a country, or rather a city, well known to the late celebrated Nelson, there was a chaplain to the forces of very pious memory, of whom