

THE SCRIBBLER.

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Victa tamen vinces, oversaque Troja resurges. OVID.

The victors are subdued, arise again Troy's walls
So Scribblers re-appear and opposition falls.

Bella rediviva— SILIUS ITALICUS

The fight's again begun—

Clamor, rixa, joci, mendacia, furta, cachinni.— GUL. LILLIUS

—with clamour, joke, and laughter,
With double meanings, bold rebuke, and explanation after.

It has been my singular lot, with the least disposition in the world, [if I know myself aright.] to become an egotist, yet to be repeatedly forced, by the circumstances attending my literary career, since I first commenced this work, to allude to my private affairs.

The lapse of two months, since the last number of the Scribbler was printed, demands both explanation, and apology. In that number, a few hints were given, under the head of "Selections from the Old Point Recorder," of the then pending event, which put a temporary stop to my printing operations. The first sheet was printed off, and the last mostly set up, when, without the slightest previous notice, or communication, the persons, who pretend to be "stockholders," as they farcically call themselves, in the printing establishment then in my possession, came and demanded from me, either immediate payment for the same, or