

# THE SCRIBBLER.

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—— *Inania bella gerentem.* SILIUS ITALICUS.

Waging a wordy war in vain;

*Pudet me et miseret, qui horum mores cantabat mihi,  
Monuisse frustra.*—— TERENCE.

Not to reform you, gives me pain.

*Quod sit pulchrum, quid turpe, quid utile, quid non.*  
HORACE.

But still to all I will declare,  
What's bad or good, or foul, or fair.

*Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute*, is a saying, the truth of which, I almost always experimentally feel, when sitting down to write a number of the Scribbler. Generally bewildered amidst a heap of letters, and a multiplicity of subjects, more time is taken up in endeavouring to make a proper selection, and put my matters in rank and file order, than is requisite for the penning of an elaborate essay; and I have frequently found myself more happy in the execution of my work, when I have rushed slap-dash into it, than when I have been putting on, and putting off, my considering cap, a dozen times. So, gentlefolks, although I have been nearly the whole morning, revolving and re-revolving the subjects which presented themselves to my attention, without being able to arrange any systematic plan, or rather having arranged three or four different ones, without being able to make choice of one; I will dash headlong on, and