

THE SCRIBBLER.

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HORACE.

Some rallying, some praising, bantering some,
Things past, things present, and things yet to come.

Ha sunt impiorum furia, ha flamma, ha faces. CICERO.

It is conscience is the hell of guilty minds.

*Nec non Atonii, Troja gens missa coloni,
Versibus incomptis ludunt, risuque soluto,
Oraque corticibus sumunt horrenda cavatis.*

OVID.

"Thus Roman youth, derived from ruin'd Troy,
In rude Saturnian rhymes express their joy;
Deform'd with vizards cut from barks of trees,
With taunts and laughter loud their audience please."

SUPPLEMENT TO THE DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCER, No. XXII.

SELECTIONS FROM OTHER PAPERS.

From the Trifluvian Reporter. The Great-great Grand Jury of the petty court of quarter sessions of the peace, of the town of Trifluvia,* district of New Bzotia, have been employed for several days in endeavouring to find out who the distributors, and agents, are, of and for, a certain blue book that has given great annoyance to their high mightnesses the conscript fathers of the senate under the empire of the Autocrat Pride, and his imperious consort Stupidity; but their exertions have been in vain, and the said blue-book continues to plague their high mightnesses aforesaid, worse than the mosquitoes, or the shad-flies.

*Trifluvia derives its name, it is said, from the trifles which the nothing-to-do gentry of the place are so fond of employing themselves about—this is an etymology better adapted to the place, than the idea of some ancient authors, that it was derived from Three Rivers forming a junction there, which is not the fact. Q. B. D. Note by Antiquarius Censuratus.