

THE SCRIBBLER.

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Addunt et affingunt rumoribus Galli. JULIUS CÆSAR.

And like a rolling snow-ball, multiply reports.

————— *E Belzebub in mezzo*
Co' mantice, col foco, e con gli specchi. PETRARCH.

There snug amongst them Belzebub behold,
Esteem'd a saint since he abounds in gold.

O sanctas gentes, quibus hæc nascuntur in hortis numina.
JUVENAL.

O happy land, O glorious state of things,
Where dung-hills bring forth deities and kings.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCER, No. XII.

We hear it is in contemplation to establish an academy in this place for the instruction of young editors of newspapers, and the edification of those who aspire to the honour of being admitted as privileged correspondents. The rival candidates for the professor's chair for *Editorial Tuition* are, it is said, the well known Tommy Changeling, and that aspiring character, sometimes known by the appellation of Uncle Toby, but more appropriately Empty Tub, Esquire. The latter has, however some scruples of conscience whether he may with propriety take upon himself more than one office of emolument, whilst he is receiving pay from His Majesty George IV. On the other hand whatever scruples Tommy might have once had, conscience has been pretty well seared when he was a blacksmith, for that has been one of the many pursuits of this Jack of all trades.—