

THE SCRIBBLER.

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Hæc scripsi, non otii abundantia, sed amoris erga te.

CICERO.

I scribble not, because I've too much leisure,
But, for your good, I do it still with pleasure.

*Uti ridentibus arident, ita flentibus adflent
Humani vultus.*

HORACE.

With the jocose, to laugh, and with the austere, to
frown ;
Shed tears with those who weep, and mimic with the
clown.

*Admiranda cæno levium spectacula rerum,
Exiguam gentem, et vacuum sine mente propellum.*

ADDISON.

All light and trifling things my verses shew,
Mobs, bears, and fairs, and brainless puppies too.

Cum tabulis animum censoris sumet honesti. HORACE.

But in the critic's, or the censor's, chair,
My praise or censure, both, I trust, are fair.

Continuing the desultory manner adopted in
my last number, of availing of the favours of my
correspondents ; and, hoping that my readers will
make allowance for those parts of them, the inter-
est of which has, by the lapse of time, and change
of circumstances and seasons, almost faded a-
way ; I next take up one from

Point Levy, Sept. 1823.

FRIEND MAC,

Without occupying much space, by way of in-
troduction, I take the liberty to state briefly, that