

# THE SCRIBBLER.

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*Si genus humanum et mortalia temnitis arma,  
At sperate Deos memores fandi atque nefandi.* VIRGIL.

“ If our hard fortune no compassion draws,  
Nor hospitable rights, nor human laws,  
The gods are just, and will revenge our cause.” }  
DRYDEN.

*Relevi dolia omnia.* TERENCE.

The tub is empty.

*Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia libant,  
Omnia nos.* LUCRETIVS.

As suck the bees, in meads with flowers bedeck'd, }  
From every plant ; so we from all collect,  
And sweet from sour, and gold from dross select. }

FOR THE SCRIBBLER.

## THE NEGRO'S SOLILOQUY.

... CONCLUDED...

How long, O nature ! shall thy sooty son  
Be doom'd to bleed beneath a rod of steel—  
To shrink before a monster's lowering eye ?  
How long my skin his bloody scourges feel ?

How long e'er I my native groves shall greet.  
Freed from this thrall, where first my infant eye  
Peep'd on the light, and saw the fervid sun  
That sheds eternal summer on their sky ?

Why did the demon seek my native soil,  
And tear me from my parents, friends, away ?—  
Ah me !—he dragg'd me from the whole I loved,  
To groan in bondage cursed, from day to day !

'Till then, blest freedom (O how sweet !) was mine,  
I roved at pleasure o'er the flowery hill ;