

# THE SCRIBBLER.

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, 4th OCTOBER, 1821. No. XV.

*Sed Deus, ————  
Ingemuit, flexitque rotam. ————* CLAUDIAN.

But Fortune frown'd and ceaseless turn'd her wheel.

*Alba nautis,  
Stella refulsit,  
Defluit saxis agitata humor,  
Concidunt venti, fugiuntque nubes;  
Et minx (sic dii voluere) ponto  
Unda recumbit.* HORACE.

In tranquil slumbers rest the threaten'ing waves;  
The bosom of the lake reflects the stars;  
The winds are hush'd and cloudless is the sky.

Of the mutability that attends all human affairs, examples are abundant in history; the rise and downfall of states and empires are reflected in the biographies of more than one half of all the eminent characters that have figured upon the stage of public life; and are again multiplied in the pictures that domestic histories, and those fictitious narratives which are founded on them, display of the vicissitudes of life, from the throne to the shepherd's hut, from the remotest ages of which any records remain, to the times in which we live; times pregnant with more eventful changes, with more varied instances of chequered fortune in individuals than perhaps were ever before experienced. The contemplation of particular examples of this waywardness of fate is always useful, and instructive, frequently interesting and