

THE SCRIBBLER.

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*Ille sedet, citharamque tenet, pretiumque vehendi
Cantat, et æquoreas curmine mulcet aquas.*—OVID.

Then on the dolphin's back his lyre he strings,
And grateful thus his watery passage pays,
The waves subside, and smoothen as he sings,
And winds are hush'd whilst listening to his lays.

On the day dedicated to St. Cecilia the patroness of harmony not a whisper must be breathed in denial of its divine influence, or in derogation of the *ars musica** so much extolled

“By saint, by savage, and by sage”;

and, smothering my heretical opinions on that subject, I fulfill the promise made at the close of my last number, since

“MUSIC HATH CHARMS.”

Sure music hath a powerful charm
To quell the tumults of the breast,
The sting of anguish to disarm,
And lull the labouring soul to rest.

Its soothing strains, in healing streams,
Pour balm into the wounded heart,
Which, sweetly lost in pleasing dreams,
Forgets the wound that caused the smart.

The plaintive chord awakens soft
The dormant feelings of the soul,
And gently bends the stubborn will
To bow to its divine controul.

* See an obscure corner on the last page of this number for an anecdote illustrative of this expression.