

THE SCRIBBLER.

Vol. VI.] MONTREAL, THURSDAY APRIL 14, 1825. [No. 140.

Partem aliquam, venti, divum referatis ad aures. VIRGIL.

The winds dispersed the lover's selfish prayer.

————— *Per me quod eritque, fuitque,
Estque patet. Per me concordant carmina nervis;
Certa quidem nostra, est nostra tamen una sagitta
Certior, in vacuo quæ vulnera pectore fecit. OVID.*

What was, what is, what will be, here appears;
And pœsy is cut with critic shears;
Disputes, replies, retorts, and all the rest;
And Satire's keenest dart to pierce thro' Folly's breast.

DIALOGUE.

Somebody.—Why Luke, why did n't you put in that about Colonel Drummondville, and major Niglor, into No. 139 ?

L. L. M.—I don't know what you mean. I had no communication about them.

Somebody.—O, I mean their disappointment at McKillaway-lodge; you must have heard of it.

L. L. M.—I heard of it, indeed; but had n't the particulars. If you know them, give me the whole story.

Somebody.—Well this is it. You know Sir Plausible Pompous McKillaway?

L. L. M.—O, yes—the present Lord High Commissioner of the Canadian Fudge Company.

Somebody.—On the arrival of Sir Plausible, who had been