

THE SCRIBBLER.

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, 20th JUNE, 1822. No. LII.

*Per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum
Teiidamus.*

In various vehicles, through various ways
We travel, as we censure give or praise.

With what new cheat the gaping town is smit
What crazy Scribbler reigns the present wit. CHURCHILL.

*Jamque opte crepi, quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignis,
Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetustas.* OVID.

The structure's rear'd and roof'd, nor will the great man's
frown,

Nor oaths, nor force, nor gold, succeed to throw it down.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCER, No. IX.

The mysterious disappearance, reported death, and unlooked for resuscitation, of a certain celebrated personage in this place, has afforded an inexhaustible fund of conversation, for about six weeks past. About the middle of last month Scriblerus Centesimus, Esquire, who, for a considerable time had been in the habit of making his public appearance at least once a week, and sometimes oftener, in this town, vanished from before the sight of his friends and the populace. The consternation was great and inexpressible, and though one or two persons of great credibility assured the multitude they had actually seen him embark in a steam-boat, rumours of the most incongruous description were afloat, and groups of wonderers were assembled at the corners of all the streets, in the stores, on the wharves, at the church-doors, etc. listening to the various conjectures and surmises that were started relative to this important event. Some maintained