

## THE SCRIBBLER.

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When Butler or Cervantes were composing their Quixotte or Hudibras, they were as grave, and applied as laboriously to their page, as Homer or Milton; yet how many imagine that the ludicrous compositions of the former authors, were written in as ludicrous a vein, and as easily, as they appear to the world. A modern comic writer was one day seriously thoughtful; being asked by a friend, why he was so, he replied; I am making a joke for Mrs. Jordan.

D'ISRAELI—*Miscellanies.*

A celebrated Italian theatrical buffoon, and who never appeared on the stage without keeping the whole audience in an incessant roar of laughter, was constitutionally subject to the most oppressive fits of melancholy, to a depression of spirits that verged at times upon a despondency, and rendered his life miserable. He was advised to apply to a celebrated physician in a neighboring principality, who, when he had heard the particulars of his case, being unacquainted with his name and person, asked him where he came from; from Milan, was the answer; O! my good friend, said the physician, though I have no medicines that can cure your distemper, you have a remedy within your own reach; go every night to the theatre at Milan, when Carlo Buffa performs, and I will warrant you will lose every symptom of the hypochondriac melancholy that possesses you. Alas! sir, rejoined the patient, I am that very Carlo Buffa himself, and whilst I excite the most ungovernable mirth in others, am at those very moments a victim to the most morbid feelings of misery and wretchedness, groundless I will allow, but as invincible as they