

THE SCRIBBLER.

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— *Magna testatur voce per umbras.*

VIRGIL.

Deep from the shades of death, sounds indignation's cry.

In quo diversi nitentur cum mille colores.

OVID.

Here numerous objects shine with thousand hues.

— *Spuma tunc astra lacessis*

Cuncta fremunt undis ac multo murmure, montes

Spumeus invictis canescit fluctibus amnis.

LUCAN.

Down the steep fall the roaring waters rush,
The mountains echo back the stunning sound,
The white wave-boil, and foam, and thunder on,
And high aloft in clouds, the spray obscures the sky.

Montreal, 26th Jan.

MR. MACCULLOH,

You will oblige several of your subscribers by allowing me to ask one of the gentlemen from Upper Canada who made their appearance in a card in your last, a few questions which he can answer at his leisure. With the other gentleman I have nothing to do.

Did he think himself a gentleman, when he travelled from Kingston under a feigned name, and came to Montreal in disguise; and what were his motives for so doing, as well as for making a precipitate retreat, after stating that he intended to stay in town all this winter?

Did he fancy it was gentlemanly to go into a party without an invitation from the managers, and then grumble because he was called upon to pay his share of the bill?