

THE SCRIBBLER.

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Nititur in vitulum semper, cupimusque negata.—OVID.

Forbidden wares we always do desire;
When nymphs deny, 't serves but to raise our fire.

Unguis in ulcere.

CICERO.

A nail in the sore:

Corruptissima republica, plurimæ leges.

TACITUS.

As the republic becomes corrupted, the laws become
more numerous.

—*Pol me occidistis amici;*

Non servastis—cui sic extorta voluptas—

HORACE.

By heavens! you 'll kill me friend,
To make me laugh so without end.

THE TRIO, a Tale.

[The explanatory notes by L. L. M.]

(Continued from last number.)

But, as I was about to say,
Just when, by chance, I got astray,
That, though this temple of our own
May not be, as a wonder, known,
It still possesses gems within
That might a hermit tempt to sin,