

THE SCRIBBLER.

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, 18th APRIL, 1822. No. XLIII.

*Quisnam igitur liber ? sapiens ; sibi qui imperiosus ;
Quem neque pauperies, neque mors, neque vincula terrent ;
Responsare cupidinibus, contemnere honores
Fortis et in seipso totus.*

HORACE.

That man alone is free, alone is wise,
Who fears nor poverty, nor death, nor chains,
Scorns to be bribed, and dares refuse to bow
His head to ermined pride, and illgot wealth ;
Stroug in himself, himself his only lord.

*Edita ne brevis paret mea charta libellis
Dictatur potius ton d'apameibomenos.*

MARTIAL.

Rather than leave my page half-filled I'd scrawl,
" A cobbler there was and he lived in a stall,"

To INSPECTOR GENERAL MACCULLOH,

I have had the good or bad fortune to intercept another of these singular productions of nature, which I lose no time in communicating.

BLUNDERHEAD.*

My dear Neffew,

I rit to you some time ago jist to inform you that I was keeping tavern a little ways from Mont-

* This letter came with the following note :

SIR,—You may think me an odd sort of a wight to send you such frivolous communications as the inclosed, but in my opinion there is no better method of putting a stop to people's using or indulging themselves in such low vulgar language than to shew it in the most ridiculous light possible.—The other *Ant Peg* was so well received that I hope you will give this a place in your next Scribbler, and oblige a friend.

INCORNETO.