

# THE SCRIBBLER.

MONTREAL.

THURSDAY, 30<sup>th</sup> AUGUST, 1821.

No. X.

*Mox ubi lacteolas et dignas matre papillas  
Vidit*———ANDR. NAUGERIUS.

Her milky bosom heaves with love maternal.

*Agnes arrive en une hotellerie  
De Jean Chandos prend la culotte, et passe  
Les cuissés entre, et l'aiguillette lace.* VOLTAIRE.

*Si felix annos regnes per mille ; quid inde?  
Si rota fortuna se tollit ad astra ; quid inde?  
Tam cito, tamque cito fugiunt hæc, ut nihil inde.*  
INSCRIPTION AT BOLOGNA.

What tho' Imperial sway for years was thine,  
What tho' ambition and thy fortune raised  
Thy might to front yon star-bespangled sky ;  
Quick all is past, and nought remains but dust.

A FAIR correspondent, who has honoured me with her commendation of the ballad inserted in No. 8, in terms too flattering to allow of my repeating them to the public, though highly gratifying to my self-love, adds, however, a delicate, but not a pointless, censure upon what she considers as too great a levity in the general tone of other poetic trifles that have appeared in the Scribbler; and, with graceful politeness, thanking me for my apparent devotion to her sex, hopes I will make the virtues of the female mind, their maternal, filial, and conjugal excellencies, as much, if not more, my theme than the at-