

mind, I am almost tempted to forego my present purpose; yet when a senior scans over his almost now oblivious actions, and finds so great a portion of them may be attributed to vanity, he becomes sensible of the penalties to which those are exposed who are unfortunately over-tinctured with that "*omniregens pestis*." Therefore not only from fellow-feeling but also from *a fear of certain presentiments becoming validated*,* I would advise, in the following letter, a personage in Quebec, not to deviate from that sedateness expected in a man of his age, and to stick more closely to his avocations in life as a store-keeper, from which scribbling must necessarily draw his attention.

To my old friend B——,

My dear Sir—Had you ever been qualified by a common grammatical education, you might perhaps be justified in writing a line to a correspondent, but when you are not perfectly able to write your own name, I really am of opinion that you would act much better, if you would pay a little more attention to your store. If I had not other means of information to know who *VIS* and who *VIM* is, (two names, by the bye, not at all calculated for either of you,) yet old men are garrulous by nature, and young ones from thoughtlessness, and where the vanity of being known as a "correspondent of the Scribbler," intrudes itself, then the garrulity of both is greater. Pray keep in memory that those who meddle with edge-tools and know not how to use them, are very likely to cut their fingers. Yes, my old friend, it behoves you and I to sit quiet, and like the Gods in Homer, rather "weigh the

* Though I do not comprehend the meaning of this phrase, as my correspondent has underlined it, I presume both that he understands himself, and that those he points at will likewise understand it.