

# THE SCRIBBLER.

Vol. VI.] MONTREAL, THURSDAY, 10th MARCH 1825. [No. 138.

*Non nostrum inter vos tantas componere lites;  
Et vitula tu dignus et hic.* VIRGIL.

Disputes like these we can not here decide,  
Nor which the calf that wears the lion's hide,

— *Nugis addere pondus.* HORACE.

To trifles giving an important air.

Hear land o' cakes, and brither Scots,  
If there's a hole in a' your coats,  
I rede ye tent it:

A chield's amang ye, taking notes,  
An' faith he'll prent it.

BURNS.

Mount Royal, 17th February, 1825.

MY DEAR MAC,

Being as well by nature, if I know myself, as by inclination and practice, open, candid, and grateful; and believing that you pride yourself; not a little, on possessing the same trio of virtues; (or vices, as the world may please to call them [1] for really, every thing appears to be so ill defined—that is by practice,—that one hardly knows what title to give even to CHARITY.) Premising thus much, you must excuse me when I, as modestly as it is possible for me, inform you that I was a little sorry, (although I have the highest opinion of your judgement,) that you were un-

(1) The world will not venture to call openness, candour, and gratitude, vices; yet all mere worldly men, think them so, or, what is the same thing, act as if they were, and not only never practice them themselves, but boldly call all those who do, fools and drivellers.  
L. L. M.