

We agree with the learned gentleman in his assertion that the most powerful auxiliary to every disturber of the peace of Ireland is misgovernment, and nothing else. All friends of reform, all friends to the unbroken integrity of the empire, must co-operate towards disarming "agitation" of its superinduced and factitious power, by providing to the Irish people that England is their best and surest friend,—that from her they may look for redress of all real grievances,—for protection of their rights, and pity in their sufferings."

ERRATA.

In our Correspondent, Edward's article of last week, line six, for, *first* of the trifle,—read, *third* of the trifle.

COMMUNICATIONS.

For the British American.

Ignorance in the Critic makes the criticism contemptible."

MR. EDITOR,—In perusing the British American of the 30th ult., my attention was arrested by a communication signed "PLAIN TRUTH," wherein the writer [alluding to a publication signed "Egomel," which appeared in your paper of the 23rd March] says, "*Egomel's ideas appear to be both limited and perverted.*" Now it may be a question whether this is not better than having no idea at all; or, if any—dears little removed from idiotism, unhappily the case with "Plain Truth." However, "*from those to whom nought is given, nought can be expected.*"—but to my purpose. "Plain Truth" says, "It would be too much of the grovelling outpourings of 'Egomel' and his many-eyed secretary to notice its details, more than that, '*the fool is wise in his own conceit.*'" This is certainly a curious notice of "*its details!*" But Mr. Editor, he dare not notice them, at his own cause, (probably that of—) injured thereby; and because, forsooth! "Egomel" respectfully names the highest personage in the Island, he must have the most malicious intentions" attributed to him, and his pen designated as polluted! "Plain Truth" says, "*There is no doubt Mr. White,*" (to whom by the way he has given four distinct titles in something less than forty lines) "*that 'Egomel' and his secretary are closely allied in nature as well in shape and manners,*" and then informs us that

"Passions bind congenial souls together."*

and the language that is rarely heard, except in the parities of Queen-square dur-

*It is but justice to say, that this word is written in PLAIN TRUTH'S M. S. and that the addition of the making it bimis, is a typographical error.—EDITOR.

ing two months in the year, is worthy of such a critic's pen:

—"*O the good Gods,
How blind is pride! what eagles we are still
In matters that belong to other men,
What Beetles in our own!*"

Now, Mr. Editor, (or as "Plain Truth" styles you—"Mr. Editor, Mr. Printer, Sir, and Mr. White") were it not that, the production of "Plain Truth" carries with it indubitable evidence of its author's incapacity for the profession he has thrust himself into, I should pass it over with the contempt it so justly merits; but, the writer who assumes the office of Censor, or the Critic, who is convicted of incapacity deserves to be chastised; and, as "Plain Truth" has shewn so little tenderness for others, he can have no reason to expect any for himself.—"Egomel" and "Plain Truth" are alike unknown to me, but the exposure of the latter luckless driveller is my object, and truth and justice require that to expose. He may possibly take in high dudgeon the few remarks I have here strung together. He may suppose, judging others by his own meanness, that, I have some PERSONAL object to gratify, or that, I am "Egomel" himself under an assumed name:—He is at all liberty to suppose whatever he pleases; but thus much he may rest assured of,—and I would impress it upon his idiotic and grovelling mind, (if such a mind be capable of impression) that whenever he comes forward to offer his gross personalities to the public, and while his remarks are characterized by such scurrilous vulgarity of expression as to defile almost every sentence, I shall never be backward in wielding my humble energies, to expose such overweening arrogance, ignorance, and self sufficiency, which, resting upon such grounds, I believe to be almost without a parallel.

"Let the galled jade wince."

I am Mr. Editor, &c. &c.

FAIR PLAY.

April 4, 1835.

To the Editor of the British American,

"Thy beard and head are of a different dye;
"Snort of one foot—distorted in the eye;
"With all these tokens of a knave complete,
"If thou be honest, thou'rt a devilish cheat!"

SIR,—A scribbling dolt in your last number, intrudes himself upon the public under the cognomen of PLAIN TRUTH, though the title of ARRANT FALSEHOOD would suit him, and the effusions of his dogged pen much better,—since a word of truth is not to be found in his medley of broken English, interlarded with semibarbarous Latin, softened with occasional poetic stanzas; for, from beginning to end, 'tis nothing but a tissue of the most notorious falsehoods and calumnies. His object evidently is to

disseminate dissention amongst "the highest personages in the Island," when he accuses *Egomel* of naming "The highest personage;" what a crime, to enquire whether *Ursa Major* and *Ursa Minor*, i. e. "great B and little B" were speaking to the House, or to His Excellency personified! *Egomel, Egomel*, I fear thou wast paying thy libations to "*St. Patrick*," otherwise thou would'st not be guilty of such a crime!!

Plain Truth, I think, was at the T-s-y ball the other night, as he seems to have received the pass-word, in council-cant, to designate such as have the courage and honesty to differ from them, and the pampered well-paid Troop in their estimation of private right! The unfortunate wight who falls not in with the Latitudinarian views of the "*Collected, and consolidated wisdom*" of a few demi-Republicans, must be greatly "*Limited and perverted in his ideas*" indeed!!!

I would not stoop to notice his vile, scurrilous communication, as void of sense and connection as the base incoherent mind from which it emanates, were it not that he adopts the last resource of vulgar acerbity, that of calling nicknames, and of aspersing individuals innocent of what he lays to their charge, in his Billingsgate phrases!—perhaps such hereditary wit may amuse his companions in their bacchanalian humours, for as he himself observes in his quotation:

"Congenial passions, souls together bind;
"For even 'upstarts' mingle with their kind!"

Such alas! is the property of little minds—their vision is too much circumscribed to perceive any thing great or noble! They therefore indulge in the mean propensity of calumny, the never-failing characteristic of ignoble souls; and surely such must have been the motive of veredicting Plain Truth in his party-colored literary patch-work! or perhaps he wants to distinguish himself among the rifle-men of the Troop, and their *Generalissimos* in their paper-war; for,

"Where fools have scribbled, fools will scribble more,
"As dogs will p—ss where dogs have p—d before!"

I shall inform Plain Truth, that the writer of this is neither "*Egomel, nor his many-eyed Secretary*;" if such he have, but one who, (though Plain Truth may imagine him "*wise in his own conceit*,") is yet able to "*Answer a Fool* according to his folly!" and who can drag to public light, and hold up to well-merited odium the dupe and willing tool of an unprincipled party, however shielded he may imagine himself from popular indignation.

"So keen thy hunter, and thy scent so strong,
"Thy turns and doublings cannot save thee long!"

ANTI-MENDAX.

Charlotte-Town, April 4.