want anything prettier. Then there's no bother of society ——"

"Some people don't think it bother," interpolated Vivia, quietly.

"Well, I do. There's nobody to stare at you, and gossip about you, and say how badly you dress, or what a horrid temper you are to your wife; there's no dressing for dinner, no hot crushes, no white gloves——"

"In short," interrupted Vy, "there are no *agrements* of life at all. There is no intellectual element, no thought beyond just what we shall eat, and wherewithal we shall be clothed; no existence better than that of the animal, who has instinct enough to make his lair and kill his prey! Some people, you know, Mr. Goring, like the white gloves of existence, and I am one. The ambition of having the best butter, cutting the most timber, and sticking the most desperate pig, are such as I can't sympathise in; nor can I fancy any man lowering his intellect to them."

"Well," said Tom, rather crossly, "I suppose William De Rohan's a man of intellect, and at one time he wasn't above seeing the delights of pig-sticking, and had serious thoughts of joining me."

"William De Rohan!" repeated Vy, her eyes flashing, and her colour varying. "Yes, he might think of New Zealand as he thinks of the moors, or a week's fishing in the Tay—as a month's sport, not as a life's aim and end. He can enjoy his days among the blackcock or the trout. Any man worth anything likes sport, but the trout and the blackcock alone would not satisfy him. He may not know himself, but I know him; and I know, too, that with his talent, and social attractions, and warm heart, the narrow aims and insolated life of the Bush would be utterly insufficient for him, and that he would sicken and weary for a higher existence——"

Vy stopped short and coloured as the door opened, and the man announced Mr. De Rohan. Willie's eyes fell on Vivia and Goring as they sat close together, Tom bending eagerly forward. Vy's face was hidden from him by the back of the chair; he hadn't caught what she said, and I saw, as he noticed their tete-a-tete, his lips closed tight, and his cheek grew paler. Vivia felt caught and confused, and as Willie came up to her coldly, she grew as stately with him as a lively young lady of the kitten tribe could.

"Good morning, Mr. De Rohan. Quand on parle du loup——We were *just talking of you*——"

"Indeed," said Willie, listlessly.

"Haven't you any curiosity to know what we were saying?" asked Tom.

"No. 'Les absens ont toujours tort.' So I don't suppose I should be much gratified," said Willie, with a short laugh.

"Sceptical people are often very unjust," said Vy, carelessly.

"But they are often right, Miss Lessingham. If I imagine my dear friends are blaming me, I shall be nearer truth than if I let my vanity mislead me into fancying they are praising me," said Willie, taking up the *Times*, and glancing through it. "Good Heavens! Mount, Julia Valletort is married to that old Bloxham she used to quiz so mercilessly. Upon my life! it's disgusting how women marry now-a-days. So that they get a good home, they'll take up with a paralytic, or a hypochondriac, a drunkard, or a gambler—no matter what."

"Was this unfortunate Julia Valletort an old love of yours, that you speak so bitterly about her marriage?" asked Vy, quickly.

"Love? No," said Willie, contemptuously. "I never saw the girl half a dozen times, but I know she's young and pretty, and has, for the sake of being called 'My lady,' sold herself to an old roue of seventy-five, that she hates and ridicules. But he's a baronet, and can give her a first-rate establishmeht, and that is all ladies look at. They never show much taste in actual life for the love in a cottage that they are given to talking of so pathetically. Just state your value, and promise them a good dowry, and any man may have a wife who likes."

"*A* wife, of course," said Vy, impatiently; "but perhaps not *the* wife."

"Yes, *the* wife; unless, indeed, she has a more profitable speculation in her mind," said he, looking at her with a haughty sneer.

"What women you must have met!" cried Vivia, rising impetuously. "You cut them all down in your bitter sarcasm like a mower cutting down hay—you forget that with the rank grass you may chance to destroy a corn-flower here and there."

"Well, the prettiest corn-flower is only a weed," said Willie, with something of his old smile. Nobody has a chance against him in the tournament of repartee.

Vy gave a short quick sigh, and busied herself playing with the kitten and detailing its manifold perfections to Goring, talking as fast as ever she could, while Willie, seemingly absorbed in the paper, watched her over the top of it. Soon after he got up to go. Vy was standing by the cockatoo's stand, and as he went up to her with a very chill "Good morning," she looked hurriedly up at him. "Are you vexed with me? are you angry about anything?"

Willie kept his face cold and impassive as statue's. "Angry? Dear me, no, Miss Lessingham, why should I be so?"

Vy dropped his hand and turned away.

Willie bowed with the grace of the vieille cour, and turned away also.

"Will," said Tom, suddenly, that night when we were at his lodgings, and the men who'd been playing at whist there were all gone, "I don't think that girl would like the Bush."

A sudden gleam of joy like a sun-flash passed over Willie's face for a minute; then he said, carelessly, "Don't you?"

"No, I don't," said Tom. "Certainly. I don't mean that she wouldn't go if I asked her, because, poor little thing, she's no choice between marrying now and governessing by-and-by. But I don't think that she'll be happy there. You see she likes all the things that I couldn't give her: society, and new books, and intellectual talk, and all those weaknesses. She's not the smallest taste for farming, and you can't get her to see any interest in butter. No, I don't fancy she'd be happy there, and you know I could never stand a wife always with tears in her eyes, and home-sick, like a child the first half at school. So I've been thinking—it's a great sacrifice, because there's no pig-sticking here, and I hate evening parties, and I shall miss the free, jolly, sans gene life and the camping-out, and the splendid sport, horribly—but I really think I shall stay in England, be content with my two thousand a year, turn over the whole affair to my partner, and take a house somewhere here such as little Vy will be easy in. Don't you think it's the best place, Will?"

Willie got up to open the door for a cat to come in, and made a great business of it. When he came back to his arm-chair he looked grave, and his lips were pressed together.

"Do you think Vy likes you, then, Tom?" I asked.

"Well, she don't dislike me," answered he, tranquillly.

"That isn't much to go upon," said De Rohan, shortly.

"Well, I mean I think she likes me quite well enough not to refuse me," continued Goring, with the same complacency. "I can give her what you fellows say will buy any wife in the present state of things, when they average three women to one man, and two-thirds of the crinolines must be doomed to single blessedness. I suppose that's a merciful provision for us, because each of us has several dozen loves in the course of his existence——"

"And will you be content, Tom," interrupted Willie, with most unnecessary bitterness, "then, to be accepted for the sake of the house you can hire and the servants you can keep? Will you stoop to a pretence of love, made to you because you are in an 'eligible position?' I should have thought you had more pride, more sense, more spirit. No man with proper self-respect would marry a woman who didn't love him for himself."

Tom took his pipe out of his lips and stared hard at him.

"*You* talking romance, Will? I should as soon have thought of seeing St. Paul's set itself down in Nelson. You thought of seeing St. Paul's set itself down in Nelson. You thought it seem to have a very low opinion of me, old boy, to think it such an utter impossibility for any woman to tolerate me. I know they like you much better, and you had a way with 'em I never could get, but I don't fancy I'm such an ogre. Vivia may like me for myself; it's possible——"

"True. I beg your pardon, Tom," srid Willie, with an evident effort at his usual manner, though he spoke with his teeth clenched hard.

"No need, my dear fellow. I've known you too long, and liked you too well, William, to take exception at it when you get on your stilts and sneer a little bit at me," laughed Goring. "I bet you Miss Vivia and I shall have settled matters soon, and you may hold yourself in readiness to be garcon d'honneur."

Willie gave a slight shudder, and turned to the mantelpiece to light a fusee.

"Poor old fellow!" thought I; "with all his vows never to marry he's in for it at last."

*(To be concluded in our next No.)*

## Correspondence.

### P. E. ISLAND STATESMEN.

Mr. Editor,—A communication, over the signature of "Moderator," appeared in a late issue of the *Islander*, upon which, with your permission, I will make a few remarks.

The writer appears to have taken umbrage at some very just strictures, written by you, sir, on the intellectual and literary disqualifications of the Hons. Messrs. Yeo and Laird.

"Moderator's" ideas of the qualifications necessary to constitute a colonial statesman are, unhappily, neither original nor profound. He says, "no man could be more delighted to see all aspirants to place and power distinguish themselves by their ability and learning than I; but, in my humble opinion, there are other qualities which should be preferred to these in the members of our Executive." Heaven defend us from rulers who possess neither learning nor ability. However, the absurdity contained in the above quotation is somewhat mitigated by the scarcely less absurd sentence which follows it. It runs as follows: "Moral weight and influence, unbending integrity, natural shrewdness, and soundness of judgment, I consider far higher qualities." Higher qualities than what? The context furnishes me with no other answer than "ability and learning!" Moral weight and influence, unless possessed and wielded by a man of liberal and enlightened mind, render their possessor a powerful instrument, as well for evil as for good, in the hands of moveable and enlightened men. The unbending integrity of a narrow-minded bigot gives intensity to his prejudices, and makes him one of the most mischievous characters that ever a state was afflicted with. If natural shrewdness and soundness of judgment are not the groundwork of all ability, I don't know what is.

But after all his display of fine writing, what are the statesmanlike qualities that "Moderator" attributes to the gentlemen whose cause he has volunteered to advocate? Has he shown from Mr. Yeo's long political career that he possesses the legislative capacity, the political foresight, and that breadth of view and grasp of intellect, which are necessary to constitute a statesman in any age and of any country? Does he assert that he possesses the less brilliant but not less useful qualifications of a politician: those of a hearty love for the people, and of his always having recorded his vote in favour of those measures that had for their aim the intellectual advancement and social melioration of that people? Nothing of the kind. Instead of giving the readers of the *Islander* a rapid and comprehensive sketch of Mr. Yeo's political life, and thence proving his fitness for the high station he now occupies, "Moderator" uses the exploded and futile *a priori* argument, that the man, who, by hook or by crook, has been able to scrape together an ample fortune, must of necessity be possessed of the qualifications necessary to make him an effective statesman. Even were I disposed to admit the force of the above argument, which I am very far from doing, the case of Mr. Yeo would convince me that it was not generally applicable. It would show me that a man might possess, in an eminent degree, the qualities necessary to success in mercantile pursuits, who had not sufficient ability to make him a fifth-rate politician. Every man who is out of Mr. Yeo's debt, let him belong to what party he may, is forced to acknowlege, that his success as a merchant presents a striking contrast to his failure as a politician; and that were he divested of the "*moral weight and influence*" yielded him by his ledger, there is not a constituency in Prince Edward Island that would return him to parliament.

Mr. Laird has little reason to feel flattered when he contemplates the picture that "Moderator" draws of him. An honest, but ignorant and obstinate bigot, is not exactly the ruler that a community composed of numerous conflicting sects requires. Were I to retouch the portrait, I fear that I could not, in honesty, soften its shades or add brilliancy to its lights. I cannot see how the circumstance of his having four or five clever, ambitious, and intelligent sons, adds to his efficiency as a politician. The Opposition may console themselves for the loss of Mr. Laird by the reflection that men of his stamp are more troublesome to their friends than dangerous to their enemies.

I conceive the tasks and trials of the leaders of the present Government are neither easy of performance nor light of endurance. To humour and instruct the men of the Laird school, of whom they have a goodly company, is a duty which requires both wisdom and patience; but, to be bullied by a man who can boast of neither the urbanity of a gentleman, the intelligence of a scholar, nor the geniality of a boon companion—one who exercises the power he derives solely from his wealth, with such unbounded influence as renders the Government so bullied deservedly unpopular, is a trial particularly hard to be borne by men of spirit, refinement, and education.

I.

Prince County, Oct. 6, 1859.

### To the Editor of the Examiner.

Sir—Among the many edifying communications appearing in the *Islander* of the 2nd inst., I was not surprised to observe one over the signature of Fair Play. The writer, desponding as he appeared to be, having lost the substance grasps at the shadow for a support, seemed to commence his flowery epistle with the view of falsifying my statements that appeared in your paper of the 8th ult., respecting the new Government appointments in this part of the Island. But before proceeding sufficiently far to tell us the subject of his fire-brand communication, he, as in keeping with his style, makes a straggling and inconsistent reference to another letter, making a slight comment on Mr. Warburton's in the same No. he says, "Mr. W. feels very bad," &c., &c.

Fair Play's style of writing is too well known among those whose particular attention he would wish to attract, to sign any other than his real signature, in which he formerly took such pride. When Mr. Haywood lacks in ability to defend himself from the legitimate reproaches of a dissatisfied public for allowing himself to be imposed upon them, Fair Play shows very shallow wit to espouse his cause, and act as his tool, particularly when he proved so inefficient in defending his own, in August, 1858, when his incapability was pretty clearly shown out by "Domo." It goes farther to show the man's recklessness of character, when he pens statements of H's fabrication, to show his own comparative worth, calculated, if possible, to injure Mr. Ruggles's private character, who individually did not feel the least disturbed about the removal of the office, and whose character should not be unjustifiably attacked because of the public's murmuring against Mr. Haywood's being appointed. It is sufficient to say there is not a scintilla of truth in Fair Play's statements, as will be hereafter clearly shown. Had the *Islander* correspondent given the names of the parties that bought the Kildare River Bridge to repair, which of course he could not do, a credulous public might be more inclined to censure; but, as it at present stands, and Mr. Ruggles's statements advanced to the contrary, which will be presented to the Editor of the *Islander* for publication, and to which he can affirm on oath if required, it will only show the meddlesome pedagogue's tenacious resolve to publish what is positively false. But Fair Play's principle of displaying his high style of composition in vilifying private characters, is doubly reprehensible when we see him duped by B. H. to incur the public odium with the latter by thus endeavouring to defend him. To prove Mr. H's exclusive "suitableness" for the office he holds, on which grounds he was appointed thereto by F. P's statement, I shall advance a few facts, furnished by the aggrieved themselves, and to which they are willing to attest, if required.

On selling certain parts of the road on the Miminigash shore last spring, Mr. Stephen Kelly happened to buy in one part, which, having been finished, was passed by the Commissioner. S. K. applied for the order for the amount thereof, but on doing so, was told that he, the Commissioner, was in possession of none at the time, or did not know when he would. This unsatisfactory reply naturally elicited an expression of dissatisfaction from S. K.; but he was replied to by our Commissioner by being told he could not engage to him the time he could give him the order so demanded, and finally advised him to take flour and meal for the amount. This Kelly was partly forced to do at the price the former chose to charge. Also, in Kildare, a piece of a road was bought in by four persons for a trifling sum, and after performing their contract, according to orders, as explicitly understood by the four, the Commissioner would not pass it till made four feet wider than at first made known. This additional labour was certainly imposed upon the poor people from the fact of their unwillingness to deal with him, as he seems wholly inclined to sell to none but the French, with whom he can batter the more easily, and secure their orders for himself, while he makes more than an ordinary good market at his own door of his flour, meal, &c. And to show his sectarian bias, which makes him the more objectionablo to every liberal and impartial thinking man, and proves his utter unfitness the more glaringly, he has not only appointed his own co-religionist in a precinct where one only existed, as Overseer, but has taken a man from an adjoining precinct in opposition to the law, and appointed him Overseer over a Catholic section of people. This was the case in Horse Head, where Mr. J. Thompson was appointed Overseer, having been taken from his own precinct on the west side of Black Pond.

These facts, Mr. Editor, together with the man's deficiency in other respects, without alluding to his want of as much education as would enable him to fill up the blanks on the road notices and orders, would not vouch for Fair Play's sincerity in attaching his name to a communication in which he would fain defend Mr. Haywood. It also should be sufficient to convince the latter that he should be content with being occupied in his own domestic affairs, and view office seeking as an aspiration beyond his province. Had Fair Play adopted the truth telling principle for which he affects to keenly reproach others for not having done, he would find himself utterly unable to assume Mr. H's case, and to handle it that it might savour favorably of Mr. H's conduct. His eagerness to bring all his political opponents under the general stigma, meant to be inflicted by his letter, has caused him to mention with bitter sarcasm the name of P. Doyle, Esq., between whom and the late Commissioner he makes an awkward effort to draw a relative comparison; but was he as reserved or possessed of half the amount of quick discernment and judgment as P. Doyle, Esq., with which traits he justly secured the confidence of the people, Fair Play would think more seriously before allowing himself to be duped by B. H., to act as a medium of slander.

Deeming the present case unworthy of any further consideration, as it is not generally interesting. I shall feel obliged by your giving attention to these remarks, which it is hoped will prove effectual in silencing Fair Play, whose scribbling for the future will be unnoticed by me, and considered by the public to betray the character of the author.

Esteeming your strenuous advocacy of the country's welfare, I remain yours, most respectfully,

Lot 1, Sept. 15, 1859. L. C. M.

### ADDITIONAL POSTSCRIPT TO MENTOR'S LETTER.

To the Editor of the Examiner.

Sir—You will please permit me, without violating my promise to His Excellency, as this communication is not addressed to him, "to have done with Junius for ever"—to daguerreotype that vain writer as faithfully as if he had sat for his likeness in the fraternal apartment, where a native artist, to the credit of the Colony, competes more successfully with itinerant talent than does his more ambitious but less gifted relative, the subject of this Postscript. Sir, it is painful to pronounce an opinion which savours of egotism on the merits of a writer, characterised by "Ecolier" as "as one who makes a long circumlocutary bombastic speech in which the words 'great,' 'grand,' 'glorious' and 'magnificent,' are heard until they have entirely lost their meaning;" but as the task is forced upon me, and as I have never shrunk from what I considered a public duty, I must discrown this presumptuous pretender to literary superiority—hurl him from the giddy height of assumed greatness to which his arrogance has raised him—reduce him to the level of common men, and make him know and feel that he is mortal. Who then, is "Junius?"—this *powerful* writer who re-writes the slanders of Exeter Hall—trades in the lies of Shaftsbury—reviles in the Billingsgate of Drummond, and cants with the sanctified whine and shameless bigotry of Spooner? List to the servile sycophant of Orangeism, hear his stale rehash of charges against Rome, a thousand times refuted, when he insultingly asks, after his "all very fine, gentlemen," "where is liberty to be found, and on what soil does it flourish even in 1859? If bigotry has disappeared, how is it that Rome, the very centre of purity, under the direct eye of the Sovereign Pontiff himself, is the veriest type of anarchy and degradation? How is it that Austria, Naples, Spain, Portugal, Tuscany, Mexico, and every Roman Catholic country in the world, are but so many nurseries of civil and religious tyranny? Where amongst them are Protestants allowed to worship their Maker according to the dictates of their conscience?" I answer, divinely appointed popular conservative liberty, which guards the altar and throne, and recognises the privileges of the people, is found and enjoyed, irrespective of creed or country, beneath the mild sway of the glorious Pio Nono. Witness the free and unrestricted worship of Protestants in the Holy City. Liberty, conservative liberty, popular and highly rational, is found and enjoyed beneath the glorious, the conquering French tri-color, which shields from insult and wrong three millions of French Protestants, surrounded by thirty-nine millions of Roman Catholics, and pays the French Protestant clergyman twice the sum—because he has the orthodox appendage of a wife and family—paid to the Priest of the national faith.

Contrast the liberality, the state bounty, the protection in the exercise of their religious privileges afforded the Protestants in Catholic France, with its nearly forty millions of Catholic inhabitants, two millions of whom can at any moment extend the Empire to the extremities of Eastern and Western Europe—contrast, I repeat, these principles of civil and religious toleration with the bigotry of the Northern nations—Protestant Prussia, Sweden, Denmark, so powerfully depicted by the Hon. William Young in his lecture before the Mechanics' Institute and the inhabitants of Charlottetown last summer. That hon. and learned gentleman stated, without contradiction, that no liberty, either civil or religious, was allowed to even the Protestant sectaries, and therefore could not be expected by the Roman Catholics. Lutheranism, he stated, reigns supreme—is conservative of its exclusive rights—proud of its name—monopolizes the whole power of the state, and will not admit any Protestant rivalry near the throne—punishes dissent, and dooms to servitude and death the recusants to its purely orthodox creed. Why did not the Spouter General of the Institute, the Demosthenes of the Island, confront the orator of "Old Chebucto," the gifted Haligonian, and repel the slander uttered against the Protestant nations of the North? He could not—he dare not, and so he was silent?

Liberty, constitutional liberty, happily conjoined with social order and the highest developement of industrial prosperity and personal freedom, is found in Catholic Belgium, with her Protestant King. The other Catholic States of Europe are likewise in the enjoyment of similar blessings, although "Junius" is too ignorant to be acquainted with the fact, and too bigoted if he knew it to make the admission. And here, too, in the new world, real republican liberty is only to be found in the south, where, in the language of Sheil, "liberty from the summit of the Andes unfurls her standard over half the globe." Here, in the new world, the adopted home of persecuted freemen, Maryland, a Catholic State, gave an asylum to the persecuted Protestants, who fled the fanatic rage of the Pilgrim fathers, and their cruel persecuting progeny; and Maryland, in the language of Bancroft, presented a glorious spectacle to America and the world, its Catholic inhabitants—who had fled the vengeful rage and exterminating cruelty of English persecution for conscience sake—affording a safe asylum to the Protestants, cruelly persecuted by their more *sanctified* but less charitable sectarian brethren.

The unfortunate Orangemen, disgraceful as they are, are certainly to be pitied, if they have employed "Junius" as their champion—he has sold the battle, betrayed their cause, and afforded Mentor an easy victory. If he has volunteered his services in their defence, it is quite clear that his vanity prompted him to undertake a task far above his ability. But like all vain personages—"fools who rush in where angels *fear to tread*"—he must have his say and see his lucubrations in print. Mark, however, his inconsistency—note his testimony as regards the cowardice, faintheartedness—the unfaithfulness to death of the Orangemen, whose "aim," ambiguously expressed, he says, "is to encourage that spirit of loyalty to their gracious Sovereign and her Government which will raise our Empire still *higher* in the scale of nations, powerful enough and ready to breast a world of tyrants, who envy her glory and abhor her religion." In his first letter he said Orangeism was "Protestant supremacy." His last contains the following:—"Orangemen are not formed to deprive any of liberty, but to support the rights of all to an equal participation of political power." *Is this* "Protestant supremacy?" Yes, the "Protestant supremacy" of the late Premier, the Earl of Derby, who felt the justice and saw the imperial necessity of placing the Catholic chaplains of the Anglo-Indian Army during the late revolt upon an equal footing with that of their Protestant brethren in the ministry—who blotted out the foul disgrace from the statute book which prohibited the blessings of education to the orphans of the Catholic soldier who crimsoned the burning soil of the tropics with his life-blood in defence of the British Crown, unless they became Protestants—who granted, for the first time from the period of the Reformation, Catholic chaplains for the British Navy, whose flag proudly waved on the Euxine, mingling its folds with the French tricolor, over which floated the glorious and triumphant banner of the French Admiral, exhibiting the image of the immaculate Virgin. Glory, honor and benediction to the noble house of Derby, and may its present illustrious chief, whose talents and patriotism have added additional lustre to the halos of glory which encircle his family escutcheon, never prove recreant to his motto, *sans change*—never change from doing good—never cease to remodel the British constitution, until it is restored to that liberty and independence which his Catholic ancestors, the Barons of Runnymede, wrested from king John, and which they bequeathed to "Junius," whose prejudices will not permit him to acknowledge the source whence they sprung. The Orangemen must feel grateful to "Junius" for the following testimony of the cowardice and dread of death, and the reluctance to gain the martyr's crown on the part of the Protestants during the rebellion of 1798. He says:—"The only means of escape left to the Protestant prisoners, and which was adopted by many, was their baptism by the Priest, and consequent *conformity* to Rome." I doubt not but that "Junius," in case of emergency, even afraid without the danger of death, would adopt the same course, and prove himself recreant by his apostacy to the faith which I am happy to know he enjoys in such security. Thank God, however, "Junius" cannot record such unfaithfulness on the part of the Catholics to the faith of their fathers. The tortures inflicted by the Roman Emperors—the rage and vengeful cruelty of the followers of Mahomet—the horrors of modern persecution—the fiendish cruelties of the Irish penal code—found Irish Catholics faithful and true to the religion of Rome—the religion of Patrick. The vengeful howl of nativeism in America—the proselytism of the fanatics—the disloyal combinations of Orangeism—the raving of the bigots, and the filthy outpouring of the vile American press—have proved ineffectual in exterminating that glorious Church—with the Pope at its head—the Church of the Austins and Augustines, the Cyrils and the Basils—the Church of the Polycarps and the Tertullians—the Church of the Charlemagnes and the Alfreds—the Church, in the language of a great Irish orator, priest and patriot, "which was founded by Jesus Christ, reared by his Apostles, cemented by the blood of martyrs, and consolidated by the lapse of ages," whose ancient superstructure Orange bigotry would raze to the ground, in order to erect upon its ruins a new conventicle, according to the modern style of spiritual architecture. I feel, sir, that I have devoted too much space to the senseless bigotry of "Junius," and shall never again take any further notice of his ignorant effusions.

Sept. 30, 1859. MENTOR.

N. B.—Two more letters, and I shall have done—one to show the people of Prince Edward Island the cruelties inflicted upon the Irish Catholics under the British constitution—cruelties which "Junius" himself deplored while descanting on Cromwell's Saints and the incidents of the Long Parliament—the other, an Address to the people of Prince Edward Island, to preserve that social intercourse, and cultivate that christian friendship which have hitherto blessed their labours in the land of their birth and the land of their adoption, despite the rage of bigotry and the howl of faction. M.

[Our correspondent will observe that we have again taken considerable liberties with his MS. and erased several passages which were entirely too personal for publication. Editors of newspapers, and a very large portion of their readers, can rarely be expected to take such an interest in the disputes which anonymous correspondents may choose to get up, as to publish and read with satisfaction all the harsh things that the heat of controversy may provoke. It may be true enough that an editor is not responsible for the opinions of his contributors, but he is responsible for the general tone of his periodical, and should avoid, as far as possible, in the discussion of public questions, either by himself or his correspondents, irrelevant and personal allusions.

With regard to Mentor's intention to prepare two more letters on Orangeism, we must say that we can see no reason at present to reconsider our resolve of excluding further new matter on that subject. So long as Orangeism is not aggressive in this community, we can perceive no good in fighting against it. We understand, however, that it is Mentor's intention to publish the whole correspondence in pamphlet form. We need, of course, raise no objection to that proceeding; we have no doubt the letters will be interesting to a large number of readers; and if they should have the effect of repressing any tendency to offensive displays of Orangeism, no one will more heartily rejoice at their publication than ourselves.—Ed. Ex'r.]