

We have received a Letter signed a *Catholic*. It is caustic and witty, but very mysterious. It is full of hieroglyphics, and as we do not claim the skill of *Œdipus*, we must leave the solution of the Riddle to the *Illuminati* alluded to by our correspondent. We have ventured to form a conjecture with regard to the Universal Letter Writer, who, according to a *Catholic*, is such an adept in the science of legerdemain, but if our surmises be correct, we think it a pity 'to break a butterfly on a wheel.' This poor butterfly is not so much to blame as the "company of parasites and flatterers, that with immoderate praise, and bumbast epithetes, glozing titles, false elogiums, so bedawb and applaud, gild over many a silly and undeserving man, that they clap him quite out of his wits. *Res imprimis violenta est laudum placenta*, as Hierom notes: this common applause is a most violent thing, (a drum, a life and trumpet, cannot so animate) that fattens men, erects and dejects them in an instant. And who is that mortal man that can so contain himself, that 'if he be immoderately commended and applauded, will not be moved? If he pronounce a speech, he is another Tully or Demosthenes: if he can make a verse a Homer, Virgil, &c. And then my silly weak patient takes all these elogiums to himself; if he be a scholar so commended for his much reading, excellent style, method, &c., he will eviscerate himself like a spider, study to death:

Laudatus ostentat avis Junonia pennas:

peacock-like, he will display all his feathers."

The author from whom the above quotation is taken, though quaint of speech, is a keen observer of human nature. And, if we do not mistake the identity of this hair-brained letter writer, we would seriously recommend him, when his mesmeric and somnambulist studies are finished, to devote himself to the modern languages, and not 'to waste his sweetness on the desert air' of Nova Scotia, by bombastic and sesquipedalian 'words of learned length, and thundering sound' which the very children are now beginning to laugh at.

TRANSATLANTIC EPISTLES.

[To the Editor of the Cross.]

Sir,

For the last few months the Cunard Steamers from Liverpool have creaked beneath the ponderous weight of sundry Epistles, both private and public, in which the 'Great Moral Power' and 'Majesty of

Intellect' of some of the 'Finest Minds' in Europe, were exhibited to the wondering gaze of the *Illuminati* in Nova Scotia. The contents of one were hardly digested when the ravenous appetite was ready to swallow the succeeding dose. Expectation was on tiptoe from Steamer to Steamer, when lo! at the appointed time

— "Verbosa et Grandis Epistola Venit
A Capreis."—

What pen can describe the mysterious whispers, the nervous bustle, the sly winks and 'quaint' leers of 'the knowing ones' on the arrival of each Dispatch.

But, alas, alas, I have every reason to believe that it is all BUNKUM, and nothing but BUNKUM. This *Slickian* phrase is not very select, it is true, but it is uncommonly expressive. I certainly could not find in the folio Edition of Johnson a word that would express my meaning better, or one, which less 'needs an accompaniment of commentary.' It is all BUNKUM and nothing but BUNKUM.

With the wise, the good, the really intellectual, in our community, I have long enjoyed a hearty laugh in private at those periodical 'Flashes,' because I knew their transparent folly would speedily be seen through. And if I allude to them on this occasion, even in 'mirthful mood,' it is, because, as a lover of Religion I cannot, in conscience, see the small flock of Junco Gulls, together with a few of the more venerable Birds, exposed any longer to the derisive shafts of an amused public, who already begin to cry out, 'You're a glorious set of dupes!'

Verily, of all the cant in this canting world, the cant of hollow patriotism is the vilest, and of all the pretensions in this world of hypocrisy, the affectation and silly attempts of poor scholars by 'sound and fury, signifying nothing' to get themselves accounted 'Men of Mind' are the most ridiculous.

Thus far have I written, not in the 'luxuriation of sober sadness,' nor 'with the flattery of a Parasite,' but 'with the candour and correction of a Friend.' However, perhaps at some future day, if this gentle admonition should fail, I may be tempted to analyze the 'numbers, matter and source' of those precious lucubrations, not indeed in a spirit of envy, for

"Non equidem invidio, miror magis."

though I hardly think they should excite my wonder either as "it would be a miracle in every order, if they should be any thing better than they are," and as 'they inherit their parent's feelings, the state of things contains the germ of its own perpetuation, and destroys hope.' Epistles passim.

I remain, Sir,

Respectfully yours,

A CATHOLIC.

Of course every classical scholar knows where the beautiful Island of Capri is—in the middle of the enchanting bay of Naples it was in this lovely spot that Tiberius Nero, the *Claudius Beresford* of his day, took up his abode.