

per honor of places and pensions, he evidently wishes to increase the fees of the Priest of Hymen, in which capacity he occasionally officiates, for in page 3, he pathetically deploras the fate of "young persons in farmers families who have long been looking out for a place to settle in, with the *object* of their affections—Now Mr. Editor, he should have known that in this Island *no lady* is allowed to have more than one husband, and Heaven knows! no christian man in his senses, [with all their attractions] would like to have more than one wife—I would therefore say with the Quaker in Walter Collyton, "Read Malthus, young man! read Malthus!"

He all says that "In England every post is occupied." Now I would beg the gentlemen to recollect that there is little chance of their getting *posts here*, as they are all taken up by the members of the House of Assembly, or their favourites. What a proficiency he must have made in Cocker, when, after telling us in page 4 that the Emigration to Canada last season was 50,000, he shew us that this is "the twentieth part of a million." Oh, rare J. L. L.!! In page 5. he says "shivering and chattering of the teeth are very unusual here." If he were at the Supreme Court he might have seen people's teeth *shivering*, if his experience as a J. P. has not already convinced him; and as to "chattering," Heaven help us! mine have done little else this month past. The note on page 6 has enabled him to sport a little of the sublime—as he says "there are no wild extravagancies of scenery here." Oh! fie, fie! J. L. L.!! I have heard of the beauties of nature—but never that she was a profligate spendthrift; then again, only think of a "sentimental ocean!" busy craft! &c. &c. Truly Mr. White J. L. L. should not quarrel with nature, as this tract has enabled him to shew, that had he made the Island it would have been a Paradise. On second thoughts, I think that he should attend the *Legislative Examinations* at the Charlotte-Town Grammar School.

In page 7 he proves himself also an agriculturist of the first water, when he triumphantly asks "What judicious farmer would prefer a heavy clay, to a *fertile sand*?" Hear that Mr. Cobbett! But as J. L. L. says "shoes are hard to be obtained," and wishes to increase the exports of the country. I have a plan to obviate this, and think in making it public I confer an obligation on the human race. What a delightful prospective, that my name may be blessed by posterity, perhaps as much as that of the author of a "Brief account of

Prince Edward Island." Now Sir, there are some ideas between honour and profit entering that part of my cranium where the brain should have been, which I may give the public through you at a future day, like J. L. L. I have my delightful anticipations, which I might communicate to you, but I recollect I was talking of my Leather Plan, and I am sure every person must see its utility and necessity, it is simply this:—Let the Club, or some other Patriotic Body, offer a premium for the best machine that can enable the inhabitants yearly to cast "*their own hides*." Now Sir, as there are nearly 40,000 inhabitants in the Island there would be so many hides created every year, which at 10s each, would be 20,000*l.* clear profit to the country, this would enable the farmer to pay the Civil List, without the dreadful consequences to our Treasury Notes, that a certain Orator seems to fear. Well Sir, I have a plan of one, that I think would effect this, and by a little additional improvement it might be so constructed that members of the House of Assembly could retain their hides *a posteriori* and have them tanned on J. L. L.'s principles. I would also suggest that this right should be confined by letters patent to members of Public Bodies; and perhaps in a few generations, this distinguishing appendage might descend to the children of those thus ennobled. Sir, I love my country, and foster a wish that those who provide for it (*and themselves*) should be accommodated as they deserve, and as *Patriotism is profit*, I humbly hope that J. L. L. and myself may be allowed to wear the distinguishing garment, and be paid 10s. per day [that being I believe the current wages of those who think for the public] as a reward for our present, and past services.

To be continued.

A TRUE COPY.

SIR,

Wad ye hae the guidness to also this scral to be put into your guid an' valuable British American; for the information of our Kirk o' Scotlan' folks. As ye ken I dina naw ye, ye maun excuse me for this trouble; ye ken I cam' frae a pert they ca' Locheunnoch, i' the wast o' Scotlan' whar ye ken they ketch a great monny o' those black sleekit beastis they ca' Locheunnoch leeches, I dina mean hoar leeches, I mean such as sucks human blood, nu ye ken I maun gie ye a little o' my ain pedegree. My feather was a guid faithfu' kirk o' scotlan' man, god bles him, an' my puir guid deer mither was, I believe, what

they ca' a Paseupalian, or a Caskupalian, ye ken that's the English heigh Church, for shi was frae a pert they ca' north Cumberland, in som toon or perish i' that quintry: she was weel bred, an' brought up, i' the hoose of an hairass, as my puir dear mither aye ca'd her, wha nu is mared to a great nan, frae Ireland, they ca' him the Markus of Londoney or som sic a name. Nu ye ken, I maun gie ye a hint o' what I wad wish ye to tell me, an' unco sair, o' sair, sair, I am to be under the needessity an' it gars a' my hair stan' upo' a' when I think o' t'. Ye ken I cam letly frae hame I mean frae Scotlan'. I dina ken the ways o' the folks here fu' weel yet, but I ken whan my puir auld fether was belman o' the kirk at Locheunnoch, a' the Elders was o' the best an' maist guidly folks that could be picked oot o' a' the perish. Ye maun ken I was the other day i' this toon, whar I gied to see a Magestrets Court as the ca' it an' good Lord hae mercy on us, what was on the carput, but a man sood for sum det belonging to the kirk, by one o' the Eldars, to my great extonishment an' freeth, it was knist up to the Eldars very teeth; i' the presence o' the Magestret, an' a' the folks i' the Court, that he was vandy fond o' wenching, what they ca' in my Quintry runnin after the lasses to pier the nu, an' ye maun gess what follows. The Lord help us, what is war than a' they tel ushe has a guid wife o' his ain, an' a when weans; a mon. mon, dreadful, dreadful. Ye ken if an Eldar at hame o' the kirk o' Scotlan', wad be guilty o' sic lic crime, he wad be placed upo' the cutty stool seven lang Sundays, an' neer wad be alood to pat his foot i' the inside o' the kirk Seshon Hoose again, an' mair than a' this, its unco currius, as I am tald there are but twa Minsters o' the kirk o' Scotlan' i' this Islan' wha na doot kens the regulation an' rules o' the kirk, wha sats doon an' taks ther diner an' super, an' som drink we a man o' sic lic habit; guid lord man its dreadful'. Ye ken folks tel me ye are a very candid man, all I want of ye is to ken wad ye advise me to writ hame to my Feather the belman o' Locheunnoch kirk near Glasgow, we this dreadful' story, wha wad I think gar a' this to be printed i' the Heelan Messenger, wha nae doot will mak' a' a fu' sturr about it, an' prevent sic a karakter to be in sic a guidly office again. Ye mana be angry wi' me to ax ye