

COMMUNICATIONS.

TO PHILOMATH.

Since an answer in prose you'll not take,

In verse I shall shew unto thee,

That $99 \frac{9}{9}$ will make

The 100 proposed; and agree.

That 9 and $\frac{9}{9}$ subtracted

Will leave the 90 exacted.

March, 20, 1833.

O.

Answer to Philomath's Question.

Two nines first place them side by side,

The other two let each divide,

The Ninety-nine and quotient one,

Will certain give the proper sum.

From ninety-nine I'd now subtract

One nine, and ninety leave exact.

The other nines, pray discharge too

An answer Philomath you view.

JUVENIS.

ARTICLES FOUND IN A KITCHEN DRAWER.

Three aprons, two dusters, the face of a pig,
 A dirty Jack-towel, a dish-clout and wig,
 A foot of a stocking, three caps and a frill,
 A busk and three buttons, mouse-trap and a quill,
 A comb and a thimble, with Madona beads,
 A box of specific for chops in the hands,
 Some mace and some cloves, tied up in a rag,
 An empty thread-paper, and blue in a bag,
 Some pieces of ribbon, both greasy and black,
 A garter and nutmeg, the key of a jack,
 An inch of wax candle, a steel and a flint,
 A bundle of matches a parcel of mint,
 A lump of old suet, a crimp for the paste,
 A pair of red garters, a belt for the waste,
 A rusty bent skewer, a broken brass cock,
 Some onions and tinder, and the drawer lock,
 A bag for the pudding a whetstone and string,
 A penny cross-bun, and a new curtain ring,
 A print for the butter, a dirty chemise,
 Two pieces of soap, and a large slice of cheese,
 Five tea-spoons of tin, and a large lump of rosin,
 The feet of a hare, and corks by the dozen,
 A card to tell fortunes, a sponge and a can,
 A pen without ink, and a small patty-pan,
 A rolling-pid pasted, and a common prayer book,
 Are the things which I found in the drawer of the Cook
 Amen.

SIR,
 On the columns of your Journal, I perceive the address of a *King's County Elector*, not only to his fellow Electors, but to the inhabitants of the Island at large; and as this is a subject of vital importance to the Colonists—and as you seem inclined to hear *both sides* of the question, I hope you will allow me, through the medium of your valuable paper, to answer, if not refute, some of his sophisms; and as he assures those whom he addresses, that the *British American* will thunder them through the very recesses of the pericrania of their Representatives, I lest that *pure unsullied fount of unerring wisdom*, should be polluted by his, (I think), *false reasoning*, hope the dying reverberations of your Heaven shaking thunder will, gently as zephyrs, whisper in the ear of the COLLECTIVE WISDOM, *my refutation of his fallacies!*

Last year, a few demagogues, no doubt with *disinterested motives*, sounded the *tocsin of alarm*. ESCEAT! ESCEAT!! ESCEAT!!! was the cry from every bawler you could meet from the North Cape to the East Point: in every village they swarmed together like pismires on an ant-hill on a sunny day; indeed it was, "*devil take hindmost!*"—well, proper officers were chosen; and babblers who could only pronounce *Escheat*, (*Escheat*) commenced *speechifying*, "*RESOLUTIONS*" were framed—and "*thundered*" from the Royal Gazette; Aye faith, "*to the very brains of their Representatives!*" they, rightly thinking the *Vox Populi* to be *Vox Dei*, passed the *Magna Charta*, the ESCEAT BILL, and that too, mind you, without a *suspending clause*, it was forwarded to the Court of St. James's, but was sent back to us as an *Ignus Fatuus*, to warn us, if we had as much brains as musketoes, how we should break our *shins*, or run through swamps and mire after *Jacks-o'-the-lantern*; but faith, that won't do—another despatch sets our heads *avool-gathering* after another *Will-with-the-wisp*, I mean the *Civil List*.

The King's County Elector commences by assuring his readers, that "*a highly important crisis has arrived!*" this I readily grant him, when the hitherto peaceable minds of our community is disturbed by the machinations of agitators—self-interested agitators; no wonder if commotions, such as the present, would set the minds of our people at work to seek, to them a real good, to me an imaginary one; this is not to be wondered at. 'Tis a principle in the human mind to search for the most good, with the least mixture of evil, but the means to attain it is the thing I am about to consider.

The Elector, like all *would-be-Patriots*, assures us his *motives* are disinterested, the *canvass-word* of many who have made a gain of the loss of others, but as I have not

the honor of knowing the gentleman, I shall, for the present, take him at his own word!

He says in No. 1. "We will shortly be obliged to pay our Civil List;" I believe we shall; but whether in five, or ten years, I believe is as equally unimportant to him as to me. The truth is, poor John Bull whose limbs are tottering under him, more from a heavy load of *debt*, than from *age*, should be exempt from paying, I may say, a few sinecure officers, "*kept more for ornament than use!*" to amuse us!

The Elector next asks, "How are we to pay our Civil List!" He very logically answers himself, "By a *Land Tax of Six Shillings for every one hundred acres!*" Admirable financier! "This will amount to 4000*l.* per annum, after deducting the expenses for collecting." I'd risk my life were he to be the collector, the greater part of this sum would be unable to pay the expense of collecting. I shall, by-and-by, produce a document to shew, that this *cheap* collecting, verifies the old adage of "*Eating the calf in the cows belly!*"

He has a long tale about *wealthy absent proprietors, poor farmers, Permanent Revenue*; a curious calculation of the imposts on what he is pleased to call the comforts of life, but, in reality, useless nay; pernicious superfluities, namely: *Rum Tea, and Tobacco!* In my opinion the *Elector* is a travelling merchant, who might sell like 'Cheap Jack,' were these obnoxious duties removed. I think he has a notion of taking a farm too, and of ceasing from his perigrations, as he hints at "*The most effectual escheat ever known in America!*" Oh how keen sighted! Who could have foreknown the glad tidings! Thanks to the Temperance Societies! The '*Elector's*' solicitude for the farmers paying duty for *grog*, that sweet comfort of life, may soon cease! I hope a Tobacco and Tea Temperance Society may spring up among us, to ease him of the rest of his uneasiness; and as to the *advalem* duty, we may avoid it, by making our own clothing, and we then may dispel our fears as long as we remain sober and industrious, and not trouble our heads about what Government may do for *permanent Revenue!*

The Elector lays great stress on the number 4000! I believe he makes it the number of the *beasts*, which, in 1591 amounted only to 666! He ingeniously calculates that, one fourth of the Island is settled, and therefore only subject to pay one fourth of the *tax*, that is 1000 pounds, the other three fourths in a wilderness still subject to pay 3000*l.* Now at 6 shillings per hundred acres, 20,000 acres will amount to 60*l.* Three fourth of which, (forty-five pounds) the proprietor has to pay. Now the quarter of 20,000 acres is 5000, which, the occupants together, must pay