

The reason assigned for passing over all the members of the Canada bar, of whom there are many well qualified, is, that the Government at home are desirous of filling the important stations just mentioned, with persons free from any bias or party influence in reference to the local politics of the colony. By this measure it is supposed that impartial persons will be secured, and no farther triumph given either to one party or the other; which might not have been the case if the selection had been made from the heated ingredients contained in the cauldron of Upper Canada politics.

We learn, furthermore, that other changes and perhaps removals, will take place; but it is to us a source of unmingled satisfaction to state, that none of these will extend to the head of the Province. That distinguished and patriotic individual is found to be so invaluable, and so eminently qualified for the discharge of his high duties, that he cannot be spared from his present station.

The spirit of emigration, from all the information, public and private, which we derive from home, is unbounded, and Upper Canada is the land of promise. Even Mr. Hume, we have authority to say, who has heretofore valued our colonies so lightly, is now alive to their vast utility as an outlet for the excess of British population, and as a market for British manufactures. We see, then, nothing but prosperity for Canada in the long vista that now appears before us. Let us hope that the party fees will not marso many advantages.—*N. Y. Emigrant.*

In addition to the hope expressed in the article taken from the Emigrant, we may be permitted to express our regret that two such deserving officers as the Attorney and Solicitor Generals of Upper Canada should have been removed by so summary a process from the Colonial office. However good the intention in securing the service of individuals divested of any political party or bias, the mode in which it is carried into effect, is severe in the extreme, and calculated to wound rather than conciliate our fellow subjects of the Upper Province. We can only hope that the wrath of Lord Goderich is appeased by the ejection he has accomplished, and that further dismissals have not been projected. The supervision of the Colonies is now confided to a new and certainly an abler hand, in the person of Mr. Stanley, upon whose measures we shall be rejoiced to pass our approval.—*Albion*

QUEBEC, MAY 12.

The port of Quebec has now assumed its right appearance; ships arriving or lying at anchor, flags flying, boats and small crafts moving in every direction, all be-

speaking the arrival of that industry which gives animation and comfort to a whole people.

The country is also favoured; vegetation is a fortnight in advance of the same period last year; the first sown wheat up, three inches long, healthy and thriving; the fields in good condition for the other crops, and the pastures recovering their verdure.—*Gazette.*

Mr. Hall has been appointed Collector of His Majesty's Customs, and Mr. R. Hamilton, of Quebec, Comptroller of ditto, at the port of Montreal.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN AN IRISH LANDLORD AND TENANT.

Agent—Good morrow. What brought you?

Tenant—To pay my rent your honor.

Agent—All in the nick of time: I close my books this evening.

Clerk—This fellow registered his vote, Sir.

Agent—(angrily) What affair is that of yours. Sir. Make out his receipt.

Agent—You have obtained your franchise.

Tenant—I do not understand your honor.

Agent—You were at the Registry, and got a certificate to vote at the election.

Tenant—I did please your honor.

Agent—And how will you vote?

Tenant—With my country, your honor.

Agent—What do you mean by your country?

Tenant—I mean, and what could I mean but old Ireland: I never was out of her a day since I was born.

Agent—Tell me, is not your landlord a good man?

Tenant—Wisha the devil a better in all Ireland, though I have never seen him, and I am his tenant these 40 years please your honor.

Agent—Will you give him your vote?

Tenant—Why to be sure, if he asks for it.

Agent—He wishes you to vote for Lord Bernard.

Tenant—Lord Bernard—please your honor, is he not a Conservative?

Agent—Come Sir, none of your affected tricks, you must vote for him.

Tenant—Master, the d—l a vote I'll give him if he don't put down the tithes.

Agent—Who gives you land?

Tenant—My landlord, please your honor.

Agent—What, supports you?

Why, I support myself, and I pay my rent, and my debts, and I give Poll and the young ones plenty of potatoes and a drop of milk in summer.

Agent—Ah, ah! This is then all the doing of your priest.

Tenant—Oh by my own soul, he has no thing to do in it. Why then master do you think I would be foolish enough to give the priest or the minister, my tenth potato, or tenth sheaf! Bad luck to the man that first thought of it.

Agent—It was the priest and ministers who first introduced tithes.

Tenant—God knows Master they had no better luck for it. They are now obliged to work for their bread. The devil's cure to'em.

Agent—You are an extraordinary fellow, you have no respect for priest or minister.

Tenant—Oh Msster do not take me so short, I have respect for every good man; but I like to see every body earning his bread like myself.

Agent—But you promised to pay your tithes when you took a farm.

Tenant—I did to be sure, and how could I help it, your honor.

Agent—Will you keep your promise?

Tenant—Troth! I wou'ld if I can help it, your honor.

Agent—The law tells you to do so.

Tenant—Sure, Master, I had nothing to do with the law; and I heard a very learned man say the other day, that the people ought to have a voice of their own.

Agent—Oh, oh, oh. You, I perceive were at school.

Tenant—Faith, it is time for me to forget my learning. This, please your honor, more than thirty years since I was at school with Tom Pigott, for two seasons at the market-house; and it would be hard to make much of it from him, for he hadn't it himself.

Agent—Well, my good fellow, I am not displeas'd with you, you have not been impudent like others. Clerk pull the bell and order the poor fellow a glass of whiskey.

Tenant—Long life to your honor, and that you may live longer than the tithes or ministers.

Clerk—The devil poison you, can you not take your dram, and say nothing about tithes or ministers.

Tenant—Eriwisha avicko, every body knows where the shoe pinches him. If you were as sick of ministers as I am you would not easily forget them.—*Weekly Messenger.*

THE BRITISH AMERICAN.

JUNE 8, 1833

Yesterday the Steam Boat arrived here from Pictou, without the Halifax mail. Report says, when the time arrived that the Eastern mail should have been made up at the latter place, a signal was made for the English May packet, which deferred the closing, and prevented its arrival at the former place in time for the Steamer. Should this be correct, we may expect by the next boat, not only an English mail, but intelligence 10 or 20 days later than by the brig *Amy*.