

House. If then, both houses could be elective, both then would become essentially French, and every English interest would be speedily sacrificed to the irreparable injury of the whole Colony.

It is gratifying, however, to remark that many enlightened and distinguished French gentlemen, who have the deepest interest in the Province, disavow the disorganizing projects of the majority. They have felt, perhaps, that many grievances have heretofore prevailed in the Colony, but they have seen so many of their complaints redressed, and redressed too in a manner so kind and conciliating by the paternal government at home, that they feel perfectly satisfied with the present system.—They undoubtedly sought for reform, but not revolution; and they may rest assured that their patriotic motives are fully appreciated. They may rest assured, too, that they will always find Britons their friends, fellow subjects and brothers, who will mingle with them at the festive board, or fight beside them on the field of battle.

We have inserted in another column the conclusion of Mr. Stuart's letter to Lord Goderich, on the subject of his removal from the office of Attorney General of Lower Canada at the instance of the House of Assembly. It is impossible to say that Mr. Stuart has been fairly dealt with, and the crying evil seems to be, that he is condemned without a hearing. Mr. S. has taken the opinion of Sir James Scarlett, and other high legal authorities in England, who declare that the Colonial Office has not extended justice to him. Mr. S. has been sacrificed to appease the clamour of the discontented party in Canada, and although the sacrifice has been made, the clamour has not been silenced, as will appear from what we have stated above. Independent of the loss of time, the expense and mortified feelings of Mr. Stuart, he is losing by his detention in London, a most lucrative practice, while the system of persecution continues unabated. His is really a case that should be brought before the Imperial Parliament, and to that place, we hope, he may yet obtain justice.

COMMUNICATIONS

For the British American

I learn Mr. White, with surprise and delight,
That a poem which smiled in your paper,*
And was certainly fine, is said to be mine,
But it ne'er knew the light of my taper.

For were I to ponder, at home, or to wander
Mid places romantic, or jasmine shade,
The maid at Parnassus would ne'er mount Pe-
gasus
To answer my prayer with a tittle of aid.

That is if I ever should think or endeavour
To libel the sex I love and excuse,
And I wonder how he who ever he be
That wrote it, succeeded in winning the
muse.

And certain it is this, prolixion of his
Was ne'er by the ladies expected,
Celestial they, I'll warrant to say
Would prefer to his being selected.

Now each fair dearest maid, in beauty array'd,
(Oh had I the power to suit—)
Believe when I say of that impudent lay,
I want not the praise, nor am I the Poet.

Another T. N.

Of May 18.

For the British American.

MR. EDITOR,—While enjoying the light of the moon a few evenings ago, I was highly amused as I passed up Water Street, on hearing the following soliloquy, which induced me to pause for a while. The insertion of it therefore in your next paper, may perhaps amuse some of your readers, and will oblige

Yours, &c.

ALIIQUIS.

"Well John, my good fellow, I hope by this time you have been enabled to overcome your difficulties, and if you have not, there are plenty more of those daring grog sellers, who still continue to fly in the face of the law, and whenever your money is exhausted, you will have nothing to do but bring me another batch, and we will get more pickings out of them; and I tell you what it is, my good Sir, the Law, I find, prohibits even Licensed Retailers from selling Spirituous Liquors on Sundays, so that you will now have a noble opportunity of increasing your funds, by bringing me a list of those persons who are in the habit of dealing out half-pints of rum, &c. on Sundays, for it is high time, John, that a practice of this kind, so pernicious in its consequences, should be checked, as it tends to corrupt the morals of society: and half the fine, you know, my good fellow, is not a bad thing these times.—and as for the ill will and the threats of those individuals, it is a mere matter of moonshine. Do not be in the least alarmed, and I will protect you, it being only natural that they should feel indignant for the moment."

Here the soliloquy ended, and I retired to my lodgings, when the rules laid down by Sir Richard Phillips, immediately came to my recollection, one of them is as follows: "A magistrate should be jealous of the influence of rewards and penalties on the evidence of the informers; he should before he commits or convicts, warily guard himself against the malignant feelings, or sinister designs of accusers."

To the Editor of the British American.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND BENEVO-
LENT IRISH SOCIETY.

"Por que puses ves la paja en el ojo
de tu hermano: y no ves la viga en tu ojo?"
SAN MATHEO, capitulo 7.

"Imperocche secondo il vostro giudicare
sarete voi giudicati: e colla misura, ond'avrete
misurato, sara misurato a voi."

MATTEO-Capo VII.

SIR,—Benevolence appears to be one of those virtues that has survived the corruption of our original apostasy, and a virtue peculiarly the favorite of heaven. It is a sight, worthy the contemplation of angels, to behold the good man administering relief to his fellow mortal in distress: so necessary is it that, "Had we faith to remove mountains, without Benevolence it is no-

thing!" I do not speak of it in its common acceptance; benevolence is more extensive:—it is an act of the mind, distinguished by kind actions, though these act of apparent kindness may exist without benevolence. When, after reciting the general precept of the law, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself," the Pharisee wished to be particularly informed who was his neighbour; his Divine Instructor, in the benign simile of the "good Samaritan," taught him universal benevolence was the characteristic of his faithful followers; may he makes benevolence the criterion of our title to Eternal Bliss; and the want of it the cause of everlasting reprobation!—"I was hungry, and you gave me meat thirstily, and you gave me drink: a stranger and you took me in: naked, and you clothed me: sick, and you visited me: come then, Blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world!"

In every community we meet with objects of commiseration: whether it be the helpless old age, sinking under a burden of years, or the forlorn widow, and her friendless orphan—the hand of pity should be extended to them, that their sorrow might be lessened. Of all the Europeans that emigrate to America, none are more forward in the laudable labour of forming charitable societies than the natives of Ireland. The design of these societies we generally two fold;—namely, by voluntary contributions, to create such a fund might enable them to meet the calls of distress; and, to form a bond of love, friendship, and unity, among the members that composed them; and as Irishmen to vindicate their national character from the insults heaped on it by persons whose road preference and honour lay across the private feelings and virtues of an IRISHMAN. It has been truly remarked, that virtue shines brightest in adversity; at least, holds good in the present instance: this little society composed of a score of members in the darkest day of its degradation, was able to progress in proportionate degree of usefulness, braving the sneers and scold of the bitterest enemies of Irishmen! Yet now, sinks into insignificance by the peevishness, occasioned by the perversity and jealousy of some of its members, at a time when external liberty should harmonize the arrangements of the Society. The cause can be traced to the arrogance of a few he would-be Rabbits, whose ambition led them to regard the rest of the Members a rabble, who should be obedient at the nod, volens, volens! The weakness of nature make us arrogant to ourselves when we regard as vassals to our will those whom fortune has been less kind than ourselves: our little minds giddy with ephemeral honours, look down from