

shape itself into some more definite and consistent creed.

And that the "middle course" of the Whigs is sheer incompetence, eluding the question, temporising with every difficulty and removing none.

As each party is the representative of but one portion of the community, it is hopeless to expect any one doctrine shall be dominant over the minds of men, so that, according to its principles, society might be peaceably carried on, each element finding its proper place, each activity its proper sphere. Suppose Toryism suddenly invested with the entire power; all opposition to cease; all its views, if not adopted, at least acquiesced in; all its theories to become the laws of the land. One week would be sufficient to show the hollowness and impracticability of its dogmas; its absolute incapacity for in any way carrying out the real objects and wishes of modern society. It might be a Cabinet Council. It might be omnipotent in Downing Street, but it would be powerless before the "Condition of England" question.

This holds equally good of the other parties. There is a theory sometimes put forward, however, and which finds especial favour in the eyes of philosophic Whigs, to the effect that owing to the happy structure of our "Constitution" this antagonism is a blessing. The lovers of Liberty prevent the friends of Order from being stationary; and the friends of Order prevent the lovers of liberty from being anarchical. It is a tolerable antithesis, but a detestable theory. You may, grammatically enough, out of two negatives make one affirmative; but out of a retrograde doctrine (wishing to throw back society into the condition from which it has laboriously evolved) and a destructive doctrine (whose sole aim is to get rid of the institutions built up in the past), how to make a political theory capable of organising society is not so apparent. Two errors will never make a truth. And even admitting that the friends of order and the lovers of liberty have each of them only half a truth; they have not the two halves of the same truth, and you cannot make them coalesce. Toryism and Radicalism are as fire and water; if they come into collision the one is left a cinder, the other flies off in vapour; the dead past and the vague future cannot be made one, by any means we have at present.

The Tories have no Order, save those derived from a past condition of things: their doctrine is essentially feudal. The Radicals, on the other hand, declare, that the feudal condition having passed away, feudal institutions should in justice follow. How reconcile these?

In one sense, however, this theory of antagonism is acceptable, as I shall show when treating of Whiggism. I mean inasmuch as it keeps the question an open question—leaves the public ready for the reception of the true doctrine, when that shall appear; and meanwhile prevents any serious collision, as well as the tyrannical predominance of an imperfect doctrine.

This is somewhat humiliating, I own. To be forced to bestow our approbation upon a state of intellectual confusion, and to feel that it alone keeps us from a state of political tyranny or social disruption, is not flattering to our philosophy. But so it is. The three great parties are, one and all, incompetent to the task of social organization; but they, one and all, are necessary to prevent immediate disruption. They each embody an idea of incalculable importance. They each take their stand upon a "great fact."

When I say that each party stands upon a great fact, and embodies a great idea, I not only mark out to each its distinctive purpose, but also absolve each from the imputation of any disreputable motive. Once clearly apprehend this, and you will be sparing of recrimination—that malady of our press. Understand that no political error is wilfully maintained. It may be blindly accepted, passionately sustained; but it is not by its partisans known to be an error. To you it appears incongruous, tyrannous. To them, be assured, it is a truth. They regard your opinions with vengeance and distrust as great as you do their opinions. That sleek, foolish, five-bottled old man, who dribbles forth such servile twaddle about the king, the church, the nobility, and the mob; as, as he is, he is not insincere. The opinions which he holds are to you gross prejudices, slavish maxims, or worse. To him, they are honest, deeply rooted convictions; upon them depends the well-being and security of the country. You think him a "red hot, caating Tory." He thinks you a "revolutionary rascal." Each of you sees only the false aspect of the other's doctrines; each sees only the true aspect of his own.

[To be Concluded.]

## Communications.

[For the Gleaner.]

### YOUTH.

YOUTH, that period of our existence succeeding to childhood, is a peculiarly interesting portion of our life. Childhood, with its characteristic desires, feelings and objects, have just passed away forever; and youth, with its brighter hopes and loftier pursuits, have taken its place. The toy that once pleased and attracted, now lies broken and neglected. Childish amusements are treated with contempt—perile feelings and desires are substituted for lofty aspirations—the imagination is filled

with bright anticipations of the future—and the eye beaming with the fire of ambition, looks forward with desire to the busy employments of manhood. No sooner has the youth thrown off the restraints of childhood, than he begins to imitate the man—he chides the tardy lapse of time—and longs for the moment when he shall engage in the busy scenes of life. Every thing is novel, attractive and interesting to his eye, and he looks only on the brighter side of the landscape of life, as it stands portrayed on the horizon of the future, in rich and beautiful colors; worldly honors are pictured to his fancy in all their delightful attractions; fine with her trumpet-tongue speaks loudly in his ear, and hangs out to his ardent gaze the chaplets she has wreathed for the brow of ambition; and opulence, with the respect she commands, the influence which she wields, and the pleasures which follow in her train, stand out in bold relief to the eye of his imagination. Ah! poor mistaken youth, thou little dreamest that these bright anticipations are born but to be blasted; or if they are at all realized, 'twill only be through a long and continuous course of care, anxiety, and disappointment. But it is natural for youth thus to look on the bright side of life's picture. His mind is just unfolding, and the faculties of his soul are just expanding in all their intensity and vivacity. He has not yet engaged in the busy scenes of life. His heart, untouched by the cares, the anxieties, and the trials of more mature age, is still buoyant and happy. He has not yet learned that worldly honors are to be obtained only through strife; that the cup of pleasure contains a bitter ingredient; that the flowers strewn along the path that opens bright and enchanting to his view, conceal prickling and galling thorns; that his brightest hopes are born only to be blasted; sown in joy, only to be reaped in sorrow.

Without hope man would indeed be miserable. 'Tis hope that sustains the student at the midnight lamp, and prepares him for the achievements of the future; 'tis this that guides the votary of worldly honors to the pinnacle of fame; 'tis this that sustains the soldier on the field of battle, and the mariner amid the bounding billows of the mighty deep; 'tis this heaven-born principle that forms the chief ingredient in the cup of earthly happiness. How fortunate for youth that he beholds not the disappointments which are in store for him with the eye of anticipation—that he knows them not till called upon to bear them. Were it otherwise, despondency would take possession of his soul, and that portion of his life which ought to pass happily and gaily away, would be spent in a course of pitiable and wretched misery. [To be continued.] S.

Chatham, July 10, 1847.

[For the Gleaner.]

### THE SCHOOL TEACHER.—A PARODY.

With limbs all weary and worn,  
With temper sorely tried,

A school-teacher sat in a thread-bare coat,  
His rod he just had plied.

Teach! Teach! Teach!

No rest from year to year,  
And he groined forth this mournful lay,  
His heart all cold and drear.

Talk! Talk! Talk!

And never a lesson known;

Teach! Teach! Teach!

'Till into despair I'm thrown.

It's oh! to be a slave,

In the land of the barbarous Turk,  
Where men do never of learning rave,  
If this be christian work.

Talk! Talk! Talk!

Till the weary tongue lacks vim;

Teach! Teach! Teach!

Till the brain begins to swim;

Greek, and Latin, and French,

French, and Latin, and Greek;

Till over the task my patience's lost,

And I am not able to speak.

Oh! men who have learning's joys;

Oh men with intelligent wives!

Think of the school-teachers sad and worn,  
Who are wearying out their lives.

Teach! Teach! Teach!

The stupid and careless boys;

Who rival in nothing ever seen,

But making a deafening noise.

Teach! Teach! Teach!

My labour's never less,

And what are its wages? witness

My worn-out thread-bare dress,

This battened hat—those patched up shoes,  
Antidiluvian smalls,  
My coat that's seen, twelve years I ween,  
An umbrella for rainy squalls.

Teach! Teach! Teach!

From weary chime to chime;

Talk! Talk! Talk!

As must Sisyphus climb.

Greek, and Latin, and French,

French, and Latin, and Greek,

Till I my sufferings dire,

On the poor wretch's wreek.

'Tis said that "learning's fruits are sweet,  
Though bitter the root may be;"

But never yet has anything sweet,

By teaching been taught to me.

I teach, and talk, and toil,

From early morn to night;

And yet my prospects all are dark,—

They'll never, I fear, be bright.

With limbs all weary and worn,

With temper sorely tried,

As a teacher thought of his hapless lot,

'Twas thus he sadly sighed:—

Teach! Teach! Teach!

My sprightly youth is fled,

My hair is gray, my sight is dimmed,

My brightest hopes are dead;

Yet, Teach! Teach! Teach!

Oh! still must I teach for paltry pelf,—

I wish I never was taught myself.

KAI TA LOIPA.

Sackville, June, 1847.

[For the Gleaner.]

### "NEVER GIVE UP."

"Never give up!" 'Twere wiser and better  
Ever to hope, than once to despair;  
Shake off the load of doubt's cankering fetter,  
And break the dark spell of tyrannical care.

"Never give up!" Though the burden may  
Sink you,

Providence wisely has mingled the cup;

And in all troubles and trials bethink you

Of the watchword of life, bold "Never give  
up."

"Never give up!" Though the grape shot  
Should rattle,

And the full thunder cloud ever you burst;

Stand like a rock midst the storm and the battle  
And little 'twill harm you, though doing its worst.

"Never give up!" Though cautiousness  
Troubles,

And mingles the bitter in Hope's honied cup;

Let the sunshine of life explode gloomy bubbles

And let's sing the bold watchword of  
"Never give up."

"Never give up!" though fortune oppresses,  
Providence wisely has mingled the cup;

And the best comfort in all your distresses,  
Is the stout watchword of "Never give up."

SHADE OF SCIPIO.

Mr. Editor,

The following articles, being part of a more extensive collection of curiosities, are at the service of the Miramichi Mechanic's Institute, as soon as they shall have provided a suitable place for their reception. Will you be kind enough to notify the committee of the fact.

ANTIQUARIUS.

Item. The identical apple which the Goddess of Discord rolled into the room at the marriage of Thetis. N. B. Part of the inscription lost in the subsequent scuffle.

Item. The identical key given by Bluebeard to his wives.

Item. A marlinpike from the wood of the phantom-ship.

Item. The two gunflints with which Baron Munchausen killed the bear.

Item. A snuff box made from the jaw-bone of Colonel Crockett's crocodile.

Item. An eye-tooth of the pet bear owned by the same illustrious individual.

Item. The identical horn-book out of which Eve taught Cain his letters.

Item. A small fragment of the conscience "Jonathan" once had.

Item. The mitten the man got.

Item. One of the snow-white locks of John Anderson my Joe.

Item. Three patches of the identical quilt made by the Lilliputian women for Gulliver.

Item. The original challenge sent by Fin McCool to the Scotch Giant.

Item. One of the "weights" carried by the nightmare.

Mr. Pierce,

You are doubtless aware of the very preva-

lent opinion that the affairs of our Quarantine have been sadly mismanaged; and as it is but fair that men acting in a public capacity should know the grounds of dissatisfaction, I beg to mention a few of the leading questions which are constantly being put:—

Is it true that the Inhabitants of this County have been assessed upwards of two hundred pounds for the purchase of Sheldrake Island?

Is it true that this island was conveyed to the Sessions for the purpose of a Quarantine Lazaretto?

Is it true that the Sessions have leased the Island for a different purpose, and so put it out of their power to apply it as intended?

Is it true that the Justices at their last January Session must have known, that in all human probability, Emigrants would introduce infectious disease into our harbour this spring?

Is it true that no preparation was made to ward off infection until it had reached our very doors?

Is it true that all the money which has been and is being spent for buildings, will be lost to the public, because expended on private property?

Is it true that the *Looshtauk*, with upwards of 300 passengers labouring under Typhus Fever, lay five days in our river without medical aid?

Is it true that this vessel was towed up within a quarter of a mile of the town, because the Health Officer would not visit her below?

Is it true that when the Health Officer did visit the ship, he would not go over her side, though 300 human beings were dying for want of medical assistance.

Is it true that when the passengers were landed, over 200 were huddled together in a building not sufficient for the accommodation of one half that number?

Is it true that over 100 more were left to spend the night on the wet grass for bed, and the open canopy of Heaven for shelter; with a cold easterly breeze to chaunt their death wail?

Is it true that about ten o'clock that night, the Lazaretto Surgeon came up in a boat to solicit old sails and covering for the protection of these poor creatures?

Is it true that while he lay off the Wharf, inquiring for one of the Committee, that person charitably gave directions to stone him?

Is it true that when Mr. Cunard interfered, and informed this magistrate and committee man, that these people would perish if not sheltered; he replied in his characteristic style, "let them die," "let them die?"

Is it true that Doctor Vondy was required to remain on Middle Island, that he might not convey infection into the settlements.

And yet, is it true that for three weeks after the passengers landed, Messrs Williston or Letson, were daily going on the Island and returning to the Town.

Is it true, that in defiance of the solicitations and remonstrance of Dr. Vondy, all the passengers were kept together, so that several took the fever a second time and died?

Is it true that notwithstanding the repeated application of Dr. Vondy for hospital servants, there has been but one man and a boy to attend upon over 200 fever patients who were unable to assist themselves?

Is it true that Dr. Vondy had frequently, with his own hands, to assist in turning the sick in their beds, and with his own hands to administer medicine to each of them twice a day?

Is it true that to do this he was required to spend eight hours each day in a pest house, and had frequently to visit the sick at midnight?

Is it true that notwithstanding all his exertions for the relief of suffering humanity, and the public weal, he was not only neglected by the committee, but by one of them treated with utter barbarity?

Is it true that for one or two nights he had no other shelter than a piece of canvass and a buffalo skin?

Is it true that for 3 weeks, and up to the period of his illness, he had neither shelter from the rain, or a dry bed?

Is it true that the committee were frequently made aware of this state of things, without making the slightest exertion to remedy the evil?

Is it true that for three weeks they disregarded or neglected his repeated solicitations for an old sail to cover the roof, and a small piece of sheet iron to put up a stove pipe?

Is it true that when Dr. Vondy sent a written remonstrance, one of the committee abused him in the most brutal manner, and in that style of language which is peculiar to himself?

Is it true that a few minutes before Doctor Vondy took to his bed, and when he was too ill to resent insult or injury, this person told him "the place was good enough for him," that he should have no better, and that he (a magistrate sworn to preserve the peace), "would kick him?"

Is it true that so gross was the language and treatment on this occasion, that his fellow committee-man has said, if he had been in Dr. Vondy's place, and had the means, he would have shot him?

Is it true that carpenters are working