

alas! the Province is not in all cases fairly represented. If it were, the Parliament houses would not, as they now are, so frequently be converted into bear gardens. The pot-house, and not the Senate Hall, is the only fitting place, if fitting place there can be, for the indulgence of language which sometimes finds vent at the seat of Government.

It is our purpose, on all suitable occasions, fearlessly to canvass these and all other questions relating to the well-being of the Province.

We regard the public acts of public men, as being public property. These can be canvassed without indulging in personalities. It is beneath the dignity of the press to call individuals by ugly names, or in any way to make mention of the acts of men's private lives. It is only when individuals in some way or other thrust themselves into public notice, that they become amenable to society for the course they adopt. Once launched upon the sea of public opinion, the worthiness of the vessel will necessarily be tested. We are ourselves open to criticism, and so far from shrinking from it, we court the free and honest strictures of those who may be opposed to us. Truth has nothing to lose by investigation. It is only error and falsehood that shrink from the light of day.

With these sentiments we present our magazine to the people. No effort shall be wanting on our part to make it acceptable to our readers. Original articles, reviews, &c., from the pen of able writers, will from time to time appear in its columns.

Our selections will be made with due regard to the movements of the times, and with a view to make it interesting and instructive.

For the purposes indicated, the *Canadian Patriot* is respectfully dedicated to the people.

—“Do you go to school?” enquired a passer-by of a little boy in St. Giles.—“No.” “Can you read?”—“No.” “What then can you do?”—“Why, drink a quartern of gin standing on my head!”

—A speaker once interpreted thus the sign of the “Blind Beggar which hung over the Tavern door.—People go in blind, and they come out beggars.

### THE SPIRIT OF PROGRESS.

THE gloomy night is breaking,  
E'en now the sunbeams rest,  
With a faint, yet cheering radiance,  
On the hill-tops of the West.

The mists are slowly rising  
From the valley and the plain,  
And a spirit is awaking,  
That shall never sleep again.

And ye may hear, that listen,  
The spirit's stirring song,  
That surges like the ocean,  
With its solemn bass along.

Ho! can ye stay the rivers,  
Or bind the wings of light,  
Or bring back to the morning,  
The old departed night.

Nor shall ye check my impulse,  
Nor stay it for an hour;  
Until earth's groaning millions,  
Have felt the healing power.

That spirit is *Progression*,  
In the vigour of his youth;  
The foeman of *Oppression*,  
His armour is the *Truth*.

Old error with its legions,  
Must fall beneath its wrath;  
Nor blood, nor tears, nor anguish  
Will mark its brilliant path.

But onward, upward, heavenward,  
The spirit still will soar,  
Till *Peace* and *Love* shall triumph,  
And *Falshood* reign no more.

## FOR LIFE.

### PART I.—THE OUTER LIFE.

‘Each man's life is all men's lesson.’—OWEN MEREDITH.

I hope I was no worse, I know I was no better than the average of medical students of my time; but as my story does not principally concern myself, I need not enter into details of my student-life further than to say, what may be well known to the experienced of my readers, that there were some among us diligent, many idlers, and many, who though really hard-working, liked the reputation of follies they seldom absolutely yielded to. In the frank horror of being thought ‘snobs’ or ‘shams,’ they often became both; assumed a careless swagger and a reckless speech, lingered on the margin of the turbid stream of dissipation, dipping now and then their feet in its foam, and with a wild bravado air were rather pleased to be thought to have plunged fully into its impurities. Some such phase of youthful perversity possessed me twelve years ago, when I accepted an invitation to a supper at a celebrated ‘wine shades’ in the Haymarket. Two fellow-students were my immediate companions, and we were to meet a set of ‘choice spirits,’ and make ‘a night of it.’ I remember being secretly much disappointed at the company and the amusements. My imagination had been either so much better or worse than the reality, that I found myself compelling hollow laughter and boisterous noise to do duty for real spontaneous mirth, and to hide absolute weariness.

Among our company was a young married man—a handsome fellow, with a frame my recent anatomical studies taught me to admire as