

## POETRY.

## THE MELLOW HORN.

At morn Aurora gaily breaks,  
In all her rich attire,  
Resplendent o'er the glassy lakes,  
Reflecting liquid fire.  
All nature smiles to usher in  
The blushing Queen of Morn;  
And huntsmen with the day begin  
To wind the mellow horn.

At eve when gloomy shades obscure  
The Shepherds tranquil cot,  
When tinkling bells are heard no more,  
And daily toils forgot;  
'Tis then the sweet entrancing note,  
On Zephyrs gently borne,  
With watching cadence seems to float  
Around the mellow horn.

At night, when all is hush'd and drear,  
And startling on the deep,  
When lambskins hous'd from ev'ry fear,  
Are lull'd in balmy sleep;  
'Tis then the blighted lover flies,  
With faxen locks unshorn,  
Beneath the cottage window sighs,  
And winds the mellow horn.

## VARIETIES.

## Extracts from Coleridge's "Table Talk."

**Love.**—Every one who has been in love, knows that the passion is strongest, and the appetite weakest, in the absence of the beloved object, and that the reverse is the cause in her presence.

What is love but Youth and Hope embracing, and so seen as one?

**History.**—If men could learn from history what lessons it might teach us! But passion and party blind our eyes, and the light which experience gives is a lantern on the stern, which shines only on the waves behind us.

**Metaphysics.**—No studies give such a power of distinguishing as metaphysical, and in their natural and unperverted tendency they are ennobling and exalting. Some such studies are wanted to counteract the operation of legal studies and practice, which sharpen, indeed, but, like a grinding-stone, narrow whilst they sharpen.

**Keeness and subtlety.**—Few men of genius are keen; but almost every man of genius is subtle.—If you ask me the difference between keeness and subtlety, I answer that it is the difference between a point and an edge. To split a hair is no proof of subtlety; for subtlety acts in distinguishing difference—in showing that two things apparently one are in fact two; whereas, to split a hair is to cause division, and not to ascertain difference.

**Philanthropists.**—I have never known a trader in philanthropy who was not wrong in heart somewhere or other. Individuals

so distinguished are usually unhappy in their family relations, men not benevolent or beneficent to individuals, but almost hostile to them, yet lavishing money, and labor, and time, on the race, the abstract notion. The cosmopolitanism which does not spring out of, and blossom upon the deep rooted stem of nationality or patriotism, is a spurious and rotten growth.

**Mechanics.**—If there is any situation truly enviable, it is that of an industrious mechanic, who by his own unaided exertions, has established a respectable place in society; who commencing in poverty, by his skill and perseverance overcomes every obstacle, vanquishes every prejudice, and builds up for himself a reputation whose value is enchanted to others. And let it be remembered that this situation is attainable by all who have health, and practical knowledge of their business, industry and virtuous ambition are seldom exerted in vain.

**A Mother's three holidays.**—The interesting Cora in the tragedy of Pizzaro, thus describes the three holidays, "allowed by nature's sanction, to a fond mother's heart."

When the white blossoms of his teeth appear, breaking through the crimson buds that did encase them, that is a day of joy. Next, when from his fathers arms he runs without support, and clings laughing and delighted to his mother's knees, that; that is the mother's heart's next holiday; and sweeter still the third, whenever his little stammering tongue, shall utter the grateful sound of Father, Mother. O, that is the dearest joy of all!

**Negro Philosophy.**—John Canepole was a small man, a pocket edition of humanity. He had a black servant who was a stout fellow; and being a privileged joker, Sambo let no occasion pass unimproved, where he could rally his master upon his diminutive carcass. John was taken sick and Sambo went for the doctor. The faithful negro loved his master, and upon the arrival of the physician looked up in his face anxiously. Examining the symptoms, the doctor pronounced his patient in no danger. Reassured by this, Sambo's spirits returned, and he indulged his natural disposition for drollery. "I tell you Dr. Massa Canepole will die, cause he got a fever!" "A fever, you black dog, said the patient, "does a fever always kill a fellow?" "Yes, massa, when a fever get into such a little man it never hab room to turn in him, and if de fever no turn, you die, sartin!"

**Reducing a Story.**—There lived away south, a famous sportsman, who not only made long shots in the field, but likewise at the board. In a word, he was fond of telling very large stories. Being aware that he carried this practice to a somewhat unwarrantable length, he commissioned his favorite black man, Cudjo, to give him a

hint, whenever he found him stretching the truth to much.

One day dining in company with sundry other gentlemen, he told some prodigious large stories; and among the rest of a fox which he had killed, which had a tail twenty yards long. Honest Cudjo thought this quite too extravagant, and as he stood behind his master's chair, he gave him a nudge.

"Twenty, did I say? Perhaps I'm a little too fast. But 'twas all of fifteen."

Cudjo gave him a second nudge.

"Eh! let me see. 'Twas ten at least."

A third nudge.

"'Twas every inch of five."

A fourth nudge.

"'Twas three any how."

A fifth nudge.

The sportsman took these hints in good part until he received the last; when thinking his story was already cut down enough, he turned suddenly to his servant and exclaimed, "Why, the d—, Cudjo, wout you let my fox have any tail."

**Exercise.**—Persons whose habits are sedentary, deceive themselves into a belief that mere physical exercise will preserve health; and accordingly take daily walks for that purpose, while the current of their thoughts remain unchanged. This we conceive to be a radical error. The only exercise that can produce a really beneficial result, is that which breaks up the train of ideas, and diverts them into new and various channels. An eminent writer has said, that it ought to be the endeavour of every man to derive his reflections from the objects about him; for it is to no purpose that he alters his position, if his attention is still fixed to the same point. This is no doubt true; and in order to the attainment of any advantage by exercise, especially walking, the mind should be kept open to the access of every new idea, and so far disengaged from the predominance of any particular thoughts as easily to accommodate itself to the entertainment which may be drawn from surrounding objects.

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Halifax, July, 1835.

Printed by H. W. BLACKADAR, at his Office, head of Mr. M. G. Black's wharf.—Terms, five shillings per annum—half in advance.