

## POETRY.

*From the New-Bedford Gazette.*

"Fame and Hope and Wealth and Friendship, are all a dream—Love alone is a reality."—ANONYMOUS.

And what is Fame? An idle dream  
That flits across the brain!  
Just like a bubble on the stream,  
That swift dissolves again.

And wealth is but a gilded god—  
The creature of an hour,  
It flies before misfortunes' rod;  
'Tis transient as the flower.

And hope is like the gorgeous hue  
Of yonder setting sun;  
Fleeting as morning's early dew—  
A dream but just begun.

And what is Friendship? Ask not me,  
Who never saw her face  
Perchance such feeling there may be—  
Though faint must be its trace.

Then what is Love? A ray of light  
Sent from the world above,  
To guide us through this realm of night—  
Heaven's sweet missive dove.

'Tis this alone that gives a glow  
To this cold hearted sphere,  
And makes the stream of gladness flow  
In pleasure's sparkling tear.

For Hope and Wealth and Friends and Fame  
Are fickle, false, and cold;  
They live in fancy or in name,  
They're glittering brass, not gold.

But love is of a heavenly birth,  
A part of God himself  
A rainbow sent from Heaven to earth—  
'Tis happiness itself.

## VARIETIES.

## TEMPERANCE IN DIETING.

*The opinion of a few enlightened Moralists and Physicians.*

ADDISON.—"For my part, when I behold a fashionable table set out in all its magnificence, I fancy that I see gouts and dropsies, fevers and lethargies, with innumerable other distempers, lying in ambush among the dishes."

HANNAH MORE.—"It has been observed by medical writers, that the sober excess, in which we may indulge by eating and drinking a little too much at every day's dinner, and every night's supper, more effectually undermines the health, than those more rare excesses by which others now and then break in upon a life of general sobriety."

DR. CHEYNE.—"Most of all the chronic diseases, the infirmities of old age, and the short periods of the lives of Englishmen, are owing to repletion."

DR. FRANKLIN.—"In general, mankind, since the improvement of cookery, eat about twice as much as nature requires."

DR. FOTHERGILL, of London.—"It has been thought that more people suffer by hard drinking than immoderate eating; but

my observation leads me to take the opposite side."

*Laconics not to be found in Lacon.*—The taxes of state are more oppressive than the state taxes. Private comfort and public magnificence constitute the perfection of society. The cheapest government is not the best, but the best government is the cheapest. Philosophy is a fire of rotten stick, flickering in a desert, while all around is cold and dark. Religion is the glorious sun, cheering and illumining universally. What an annoyance are long speakers, long talkers, and long writers!—people who will not take time to think, or are not capable of thinking accurately. Once, when Dr. South had preached before Queen Anne, her Majesty observed to him "You have given me a most excellent discourse, Dr. South; but I wish you had had time to have made it longer." "Nay, Madam, replied the Doctor, "If I had had time, I should have made it shorter." The model of a debate is that given by Milton in the opening of the second book of Paradise Lost. The long poems and few ideas we daily see issuing from the Press prove what "great things arise from small." Our little patriots, like little birds, only open their mouths so wide—for something to put in, to stop them. The man who can only reply by force to an argument resembles St. Denis, who carried his head in his hand.

Mr. Seth T. Hurd, the famous lecturer on English grammar, in explaining to his pupils how that the noun was the foundation of all the other parts of speech, said it was like the bottom wheel of a factory, being that on which all the parts of speech depended, in the same manner as the upper wheels of a factory depended on the lower one. Having occasion afterwards to examine his pupils, in parsing, he asked a stout lad "What is a noun?" when the other replied with an air of confidence, "It's the bottom wheel of a factory."

*Effect of Music on a Wolf.*—As a Scotch bag-piper was traversing the mountains of Ulster, he was one evening encountered by a half-starved Irish wolf. In his distress the poor fellow could think of nothing better than to open his wallet, and try the effects of hospitality; he did so, and the greedy wolf swallowed every thing that was thrown to him with the greatest voracity. The stock of provisions was soon exhausted, and the piper's only resource was to try the virtue of his bag-pipe, which the wolf no sooner heard, than he took to the mountains with greater precipitation than he came down. The poor piper could not so perfectly enjoy his deliverance, but that with an angry look at parting he shook his head, and said—"Aye, are these your tricks? Had I ken'd your humor, you should ha'e your music before supper."

Lord Charles Somerset was telling a story about his walking in the woods at the Cape one day, when he came suddenly upon a huge shaggy lion. "Thinking to frighten him," said the noble Lord, "I ran at him with all my might." "Whereupon," said another, interrupting him, "he ran away with all his mane." "Just so replied his lordship.

*A Gentleman.*—In the true definition of a gentleman it is not meant to draw a line that would be invidious between high and low, rank and subordination, riches and poverty. The distinction is in the mind. Whoever is open, generous and true: whoever is of humane and affable demeanor; whoever is honorable in himself, and candid in his judgement of others, and requires no law but his word to make him fulfil an engagement, such a man is a gentleman, and such a man may be found among the tillers of the earth."

When we look at a field of corn we find that those stocks which raise their heads the highest are the emptiest. The same is the case with men. Those who assume the greatest consequence have generally the least share of judgment.

*Gaming.*—I look upon every man as a suicide from the moment he takes the dice box desperately in his hand; and all that follows in his career from that fatal time, is only sharpening the dagger before he strikes it to his heart.—Cumberland.

*Dispatch.*—False dispatch is one of the most dangerous things to business that can be. It is like that which physicians call pre-digestion, which is sure to fill the body full of crudities and secret seeds of diseases. I knew a wise man who had it for a by-word, "stay a little, that we may make an end the sooner." On the other side, true dispatch is a rich thing, for time is the measure of business as money is of wares; and business is bought at a dear hand where there is small dispatch.—Bacon.

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