

From a London paper.

THE MOTHER TO HER CHILD.

WELCOME, thou little dimpled stranger,
 O! welcome to my fond embrace;
 This forest reward of pain and danger,
 Still let me press thy cherub face.

Dear source of many a mingled feeling,
 How did I dread, yet with thee here!
 While hope and fear, in torns prevailing,
 Serv'd but to render thee more dear.

How glow'd my heart with exultation,
 So late the anxious seat of care,
 When fell thy voice of supplication
 Stole sweetly on thy mother's ear!

What words could speak the bright emotion
 That sparkled in thy father's eye,
 When to his fond paternal bosom
 He proudly press'd his darling boy!

Oh! that thou may'st, sweet babe, inherit
 Each virtue to his heart most dear;
 His manly grace, his matchless merit,
 Is still thy doating mother's prayer.

While on thy downy couch reposing,
 To watch thee is my tender toil;
 I mark thy sweet black eyes unclosing;
 I fondly hail thy cherub smile.

Smile on, sweet babe; unknown to sorrow,
 Still brightly beam thy heav'nly eye;
 And may the dawn of every morrow
 Shed blessings on my darling boy!

ST. AGNES' WELL.

A story there runs of a marvellous well,
 Near fair Florence city (so travellers tell)
 To St. Agnes devoted,
 And very much noted,
 For mystical charms in its waters that dwell.

With all new married couples—the story thus
 goes,
 Whichever drinks *first* of the spring that there
 flows,
 Be it husband or wife,
 That one shall, for life,
 On the other a *yoke of subjection* impose.

Young Claude led Claudine to the church as
 his bride,
 And wedlock's hard knot in a twinkling was
 tied;
 But the clerk's nasal twang
 "Amon!" scarce had rang,
 When the bridegroom clod'd from the good
 woman's side.

Away, like a hare from the hounds, started he,
 Till reaching the well—dropping plump to
 his knees,
 "Dear St. Agnes," he cried,
 "Let me drink of thy tide,
 "And the right of the breeches establish in
 me."

He quaff'd till nigh burbling—again turn'd
 to quaff,
 Till the bride, in pursuit, reach'd his side
 with a laugh—
 Lifting briskly his head,
 To the lady he said,
 "I'm *first* at the well, Spouse; so bow to the
 staff!"

The Dame to her Hubby replied with a sneer,
 "That you're first at the well after marriage
 is clear—
 "But to save such a task,
 "I fill'd a small flask,
 "And took it to church in my pocket, my dear."

DIVERSITY.

FROM THE GLEANER.

From the Desk of poor Robert, the Scribe.

I SHALL dedicate what few remarks I have to make in this number to my fair readers, whose interest I have been extremely anxious to consult. From my youth upwards I have been an admirer of the tender sex, and never better pleased than in seeing them pursue the path of rectitude and honor. There is something in the character of a fine woman so truly estimable, and so surprisingly calculated to enchain the feelings, & to charm the heart of man, that it would seem next to impossible for her so far to undervalue her "good name," as ever to depart

in the least degree from the sphere in which nature intended her to move. I shall accordingly address a few observations to them by way of hint or inuendo, sincerely hoping that the source from whence they are derived, will entitle them to some small share of attention.

My aunt Tabitha, whom I have often mentioned, is a fine old lady. It is enough to do one's heart good for one to sit and hear her arguify any interesting topic. Although not much skilled in the lore of metaphysics, aunt Tabitha is an excellent reasoner, and I dare say that even if that shrewd old fellow John Locke was now alive, she could prove to him satisfactorily, that her blue stockings were not white, without a single argument a fortiori or a posteriori. Aunt Tabitha has three or four fine rosy-faced daughters, upon whom she bestows her constant and undivided attention. She loves them as all parents ought to love their children, and with unwearied diligence is employed in rendering them happy and contented. Not long since, as is my custom every fortnight, I spent an evening with aunt Tabitha, when among other topics of discourse, she dropped a word about "bringing up girls," and as I well knew that nobody was better acquainted with a subject of this kind, I desired her to give me her mind freely upon it. The good old lady immediately put herself into her accustomed talking attitude, with an elbow on each knee, and a full pipe of tobacco in one hand, and after some half a dozen whiffs, began.

"Girls," says she, "require much more care and attention in bringing up, than parents generally suppose. Some people think it sufficient if they can get their daughters early introduced into what they call good company, make them acquainted with all the newest fashions, and teach them a kind of slippancy of tongue and pertness of manners; but I am of a very different opinion. I never found that girls were generally esteemed for any of theseinsel arts. On the contrary I have almost always found that the kind of assuming forwardness which belongs to some females, renders them disgusting to their associates; while a meek, modest deportment as often insures to them a general esteem and respect.—It has always appeared to me as one of the greatest misfortunes that can befall a young lady, to be called or to be thought the belle of the town, & to be surrounded by a cavalcade of languishing admirers. I scarcely ever knew a lady of this character, who did not meet more than her full share of public reproach. The lips of the malicious and envious are ever prepared with scandal, to endeavor, if possible, to bring such a person down upon a level with themselves in the public estimation. Besides, girls that are constantly surrounded by a multitude of beaux, are not in a situation to place their attachments so judiciously as those who are more recluse, and consequently have more time for sober reflection. I have known many young ladies captivated by what I should consider a very trifling accomplishment in a young man, while at the same time they would neglect the overtures of one, who in every respect was vastly his superior.— Now I cannot account for this in

any other way than from an error in bringing up. Had they been early taught to prefer the substance to the shadow; to admire solid rather than showy acquirements, it is not probable their judgment would often lead them amiss. I consider it also very improper for a lady to have any particular gallant continually dangleing at her side, month after month, without his making any advances of love or even friendship. If a young gentleman is really fond of a young lady, and wishes to make her his wife, his intentions ought to be made known, and it is most unquestionably the duty of the young lady to discard him, if he do not make proffers of attachment after a suitable acquaintance. I have known the characters of many young ladies suffer very much from an inattention to this particular.

"To prevent girls from forming improper attachments, I know no better rule, than to learn them to be domestic. Girls that are fond of home, will seldom if ever be troubled by the officious galantry of a conceited fop.—They will be likely, moreover, as I observed before, to make proper distinctions between the truly valuable and the artificial; between the man of real sense, and of imposing ostentation. It has always been my plan in bringing up my girls, to endeavor to make them pleased with home, and to furnish resources of amusement for them under my own roof; and I think I have succeeded very well, as every other parent may do. I have been desirous of giving them a solid rather than a specious education, and have taken care to make them well acquainted with household affairs. At the same time I have never wished to debar them of rational amusements abroad, but have always wished to make them prefer home to any other place."

Here aunt Tabitha's pipe went out, and her speech was brought to a close of course.

EARLY RISING.

THE celebrated naturalist, Buffon, was in the habit of rising with the sun, but it was not without great difficulty he conquered his natural indolence. He thus relates the manner in which he accomplished it. In my youth I was extremely fond of sleep, and that fondness robbed me of much time. My poor Joseph, a domestic, who served me sixty-five years, was of the highest utility to me in overcoming it. I promised him a crown for every time he should make me get up at six o'clock. He failed not the next day to rouse and torment me. I abused him. He came the day following, and I threatened him. Friend Joseph, said I to him at noon, you have gained nothing, and I have lost my time. You don't know how to manage the matter. Think only on my promise, and never heed my threatenings. The day following he gained his point. I begged, entreated, then abused, and would have turned him off. He railed me by absolute force, & had his reward, every day, for my ill humor in the moment of waking, by thanks, and a crown an hour after. I owe to my poor Joseph at least ten or twelve volumes of my work.

THE peculiarities of Swift, in regard to domestic concerns, are the more remarkable, because they lessen his dignity as a man of letters.

As he expected punctual, ready and implicit obedience, he always tried his servants when he hired them, by some test of their humility. Among other questions, he always asked whether they understood cleaning shoes; because, he said, my kitchen wench has a scullion that does her drudgery, and one part of the business of my groom and footman is constantly to clean her shoes by turns. If they scrupled this, the treaty was at an end; if not, he gave them a farther hearing.

His kitchen wench, however, was his cook; a woman of a large size, robust constitution, and coarse features, whose face was very much seamed with the small-pox, and furrowed by age. This woman he always distinguished by the name of Sweetheart.

It happened one day, that Sweetheart greatly over-roasted the only joint he had for dinner; upon which he sent for her up, and with great coolness & gravity—"Sweetheart," says he, "take this down into the kitchen, and do it less." She replied, "that was impossible." "Pray, then," said he, "if you had roasted it too little, could you have done it more?" "Yes," she said, "she could easily have done that." "Why, then; Sweetheart," replied the Dean, "let me advise you, if you must commit a fault, to commit a fault that can be mended."

BON MOT.

A gentleman who had raised himself into notice by obtaining a large prize, was extremely anxious to acquire the character of being thought a man of taste; and, amongst the different methods he practised to adopt it, was that of giving private concerts very frequently to his friends. Though he knew not a note of music, he was fond of standing by the performers, and appearing to understand every thing they played; when observing one with a violin under his arm, he angrily demanded why he did not play? The man pointed to the book before him, saying, there were so many bars of rest. "Rest," he exclaimed; "what do you mean? I pay you to play, not rest!"

Two mechanics, not long since, conversing, one of them observed, that he could not work at his occupation in the winter season; consequently, he devoted a considerable part of the winter to reading:—"Many an hour (continued he) have I sat by my fire, and dozed over a number of huge volumes." "Are you fond of reading history, (said the other) or do you prefer novels?" "Novel!" answered the wise gentleman, "I have read almost through, and think it an excellent book!"

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