



POETRY.

FROM THE CHRISTIAN SPECTATOR.

The following lines were written on parting with a gentleman at the door of one of the Protestant churches in Paris, immediately after divine service.

STRANGER! I know thee not by name, And yet my heart is knit to thine; Our Heavenly Father is the same, And thy Redeemer, too, is mine.

Stranger! I read it in thine eye, And in thy accents meek and mild, And in thy words of charity, That God has chosen thee his child.

The moment was a fleeting one, In which we felt the Christian tie, But while these eyes beheld the sun, Sacred shall be its memory.

Perchance beyond this world of care, God may permit our souls to meet, And in the realms of bliss to share Remembrance of an hour so sweet.

Meanwhile his guardian care attend Thy pilgrimage where'er it be; The blessing of his grace descend Into thy bosom constantly. T. H.

Miscellaneous.

FROM THE NATIONAL ADVOCATE. DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

There is no subject or special duty, which is so much vital interest, and so little understood as the management of children. I am confirmed in the opinion, from attentive observation, that this branch of domestic economy is very much neglected, and that children were better governed, some twenty-five years ago, than they are at present. Parents, as well as society at large; the interest of country, and the welfare of mankind, depend, in a great measure, on early impressions—on a proper impulse and direction given to children's mind; and this cannot be neglected without violating those great obligations which morality imposes. I am excessively fond of children when they are not rude or noisy, and can possibly have no higher gratification than in mixing in their innocent amusements and participating in their joyful gambols. I take great delight in conversing with a sensible, modest boy, and can nurse a rosy cheek'd infant for hours, if the urchin does not cry. With such feelings, I accepted an invitation, from a friend, to dinner, who had a large family of young children, and who seasoned his invitation by assurances that I should meet some gentlemen of intelligence, as well as being gratified with the sight of a promising family. These were sufficient inducements; and at the appointed hour I was there, for nothing is more rude than to keep a family waiting dinner beyond the hour of invitation. I met with a friendly welcome; and the young ones, consisting of three boys and a girl, were severally ordered up to shake hands with me, and be exhibited. They each made some residence, shuffled off a little, and came very reluctantly. I did not augur well from this specimen of breeding; a child should be instructed to approach a stranger with a respectful confidence, divested, alike of assurance or timidity. I would not judge hastily, and dinner was shortly announced. The children were almost the first seated, and there was some indecent scuffling for chairs, which required the interference of the father to stop, and which was done not without some difficulty, as mama begged him not to create a riot. Order being restored, I began to eat my soup, but with little comfort; the young ones were again noisy and clamorous: one did not like mutton—the other vociferously demanded the ship of a turkey—a third called for beer, with an air of authority—and papa whispered the

fourth to ask me to drink a glass of wine with him, an honor which I could have declined, but was fearful of hurting the feelings of the other, who was thus ruining his mild, by teaching him maxims of high life, and customs of mature age, while yet an infant.—We got through the dinner after some wrangling: a few tears, expostulations from the father, and opposition from the mother. The desert was introduced; and the young ones made a dash at the finest of the fruit—helped themselves plentifully—and, while two were fighting for a peach, they knocked over a butter boat with sauce for the pudding, which they safely lodged, partly in mama's lap, and partly on my black small clothes. I was very near losing my temper on the occasion; it fretted me to see children so much neglected. However, while the urchins were busily engaged in destroying whatever they fancied, I was conversing, with a gentleman who sat opposite to me, on the subject of manufactures, and the means of decreasing pauperism, and giving employment to our poor; but this deeply interesting topic was interrupted by the nurse entering, with an infant in her arms, and a boy, of two years old, leading by the hand. A new scene of uproar commenced: the children seized the baby—the baby squalled for fruit—the young one grasped at every thing in his way—a perfect riot ensued—and it was with great difficulty that the room was cleared, after bribing each of them with something eatable. I took my departure with pleasure, happy in terminating this unpleasant interview.

Times are strangely altered, or wholesome doctrines have become unfashionable. When I was a boy, my breakfast, with several others, consisted of milk and water, or very weak coffee, which was placed in a large earthen pan, and each of us had a tin cup, and two good slices of bread and butter: all of our meals were served up, in this manner under the superintendance of one of the family, and we were despatched to school at the proper hour; we had a reasonable proportion of delicacies reserved for us, and at night we joined the family party, who were all pleased to see us, and that was the season for mirth and judicious hilarity: our education was not neglected—our appetites were not pampered—our minds were not ruined by extravagance, and our principles were not vitiated by bad examples. Nothing can have a better effect than adopting a system with children, and never departing from it, if the principles are sound. A very sacred and solemn duty is imposed upon parents, not only to feed and clothe their children, (for that seems to be the boundary attention with many persons) but to preserve their mind and morals pure—to inculcate by precept and example, lessons of prudence, economy and industry. This can only be effected in one way; by decision and judicious severity. Unless a child fears his parent, he will never obey or respect him. This severity does not consist in beating a child—but keeping him at a respectful distance; admitting him only at stated periods into his presence, and at those periods conversing rationally and affectionately with him; crushing in the bud every attempt at wit, or what is called, smart sayings, the precursors only of insolence, rudeness and ill-manners: but, on the contrary, imprinting upon their waxen minds, lessons of mildness, temperance and industry. Some will say, that by this cold and repulsive course, you teach children to hate you; but it should be remembered, that familiarity destroys respect; and where there is no respect, there is no fear—where there is no fear there is no obedience. A child may fear his parent; but in time he will discover the good qualities of his father, account for his severity and love him; and that very severity will induce a child to do nothing that may offend him. Let him live hardy when young; partake of rough, but whole-

some fare; abstain from luxuries; dress plainly; give them little or no money; teach them to earn it; give them a trade when they are able to work, or a suitable profession; see that their time is employed, and compel them, while under your care, to obey your commands, and they will turn out good citizens. It is a fact, which is undeniable, that seven-eighths of the bad characters, who disgrace the world—who are useless to themselves—of no credit or service to their families, have been thus reduced to extremities from the culpable neglect and unpardonable indifference of parents.

HOWARD.

THE POOR.

From the National Intelligencer.

In all civilized countries the amelioration of the condition of the poor, and the best means of extending them relief, have uniformly furnished to the statesman and philanthropist topics of great interest and importance. There is no doubt that the most permanent and effectual remedy for the evils of pauperism, will be found in a system of education which shall bring home its advantages to every child of poverty, and at the same time introduce and establish habits of industry and economy. Such a system, however worthy the early and earnest attention of men who are desirous of realizing a sound state of society, and, by a necessary consequence, to promote the happiness of the people, will not meet the urgent wants of those who stand in need of immediate assistance. Winter, the most inclement season of the year, is rapidly rolling forward on the wheels of time. By the combination of various causes, which it is deemed unnecessary to detail, the number of those whose situation will demand the sympathy and assistance of their fellow citizens, will, it is apprehended, be greater than has heretofore ever been known. We are, by the bounties of Providence, supplied with an abundance of the products of the earth, to enable us to still the cries of hunger; and this is a duty most meritorious in its nature—it should seriously arrest the attention of all. But economy, considering the waywardness of the times, in a general point of view, is highly necessary, and, in fact, indispensable, in the distribution of alms.

The following plan for supplying this unfortunate description of our citizens with cheap, nutritious, and salutary sustenance, was kindly furnished by a highly respectable English gentleman, very recently arrived from his native country. It has just been adopted in Liverpool, with complete success. Its author is that eminent merchant and public spirited, benevolent man, so advantageously known to our countrymen who trade to that place—Mr. James Cooper. It is really surprising to find at how small an expense our positive wants can be supplied.

Cheap, wholesome, and savory food.

Take one pound of East-India rice, steep it in cold water for at least one hour, [longer would be better;] then put it into boiling water, and, if previously steeped enough, it will be sufficiently boiled in about five minutes; then pour off the water, and dry it on the fire, as in cooking potatoes.

Use it with the following gravy, or sauce; two or three ounces of mutton suet, fried with onions until done enough; then add some flour and water, [as in making gravy,] with salt, and about as much Cayenne pepper as will lie on a six-pence, [or a twelve and half cent piece,] the different ingredients, however, may be varied to the taste.

At the present wholesale prices of East-India rice, the above would only cost about three pence, [a fraction more than five and a half cents,] and would be a sufficient meal for a family of six persons.

The East India rice, in consequence of paying in England a much lower duty than from this country, can be obtained on better terms, and

on that account its recommended by Mr. Cooper. But here our own, which is of a superior quality, can generally be purchased at a price quite as low as the former in Great-Britain. All the other ingredients required we can procure in any quantities, on lower terms than our trans-Atlantic brethren. Benevolent individuals and charitable institutions are invited to try the experiment. The worthy gentleman above mentioned, although much of his time is actively employed in his public capacity of President of the Infirmary, spreads a table twice a-week, at his own expense, and under his own immediate superintendance, for a considerable number of the destitute. Let us imitate every good example, waited across the Atlantic, from the smallest matter connected with domestic or public happiness, to the noble circumnavigation of charity performed by Howard.

Philadelphia, October 3.

Editors of newspapers throughout the United States will probably subscribe the cause of humanity by republishing the above.

EXCELLENT ADVICE.

Letter from M. Colbert, Minister of State, to his Son, M. De S.

I am sufficiently satisfied with your studies, but it is necessary to redouble your application, and to consider well what I have often said to you—that, until you desire more gratification from study than from pleasure and amusement, I shall not be persuaded that you will ever have merit and virtue sufficient to follow my example. Again, in regard to your manner, I am not quite satisfied; and wish you would pay attention to four essential points, concerning which you have so often heard me speak: The first is, the obedience and respect which you owe to your masters, with a perpetual application to the tasks which they set you; this obedience and this respect ought to be accompanied with a great docility, and you ought more particularly to submit to it, because your nature is disposed to resist it.

The second is, the friendship and good nature which you ought to show your brother, taking care never to treat him ill; on the contrary, when he commits any fault, never reprove him with ill nature, nor in the presence of any one but admonish him in private, with gentleness and good nature. The third, that when engaged in any sport, and on all other occasions, you learn, when in fault, to condemn yourself on the spot, without employing yourself in disputes, which are always wrong when you know you are in fault.

On the same subject I must add, that every time you doubt whether you have done wrong or not, it will always be better and more useful for you to condemn yourself, than to lose time in fruitless disputes. The fourth is, that you shall endeavour to receive all your companions with civility and good nature; and that affability and politeness may be perceived in your conduct to all the world.—Such are the qualifications that will render you beloved; instead of which, if you persevere in the roughness and incivility that is observed in you, you will be hated by every one.—Do not fail seriously to consider these four points. I wish on every Saturday you would write to me an account of how you have executed these directions, and how you have corrected your faults.

AN ENGLISH SUMMER.

Description of an English Summer, in the year 1768—extracted from a Letter of Horace Walpole, dated June 15.

I perceive the deluge fell upon you before it reached us. It began here on Monday last, and then rained eight and forty hours, without intermission. My poor hay has not a dry thread to its back; I have had a fine these three days. In short, every summer one lives in a state of mutiny and murmur, and I have found the reason: it is because we

will affect to have a summer, and we have no title to any such thing. Our poets learn their trade of the Romans, and so adopted the terms of their masters. They talk of shady groves, purling streams, and cooling breezes, and we get sore throats and agues with attempting to realize these visions. Master Damon writes a song, and invites Miss Chloe to enjoy the cool of the evening, and the duce a bit have we of any such thing as a cool evening. Zephyr is a north-east wind, that makes Damon button up to the chin, and pinches Chloe's nose till it is red and blue; and then they cry, this a bad summer, as if we ever had any other. The best sun we have is made of Newcastle coal, and I am determined never to reckon upon any other. We ruin ourselves with inviting our foreign trees, and make our houses clamber up hills to look—at prospects. How our ancestors would laugh at us, who knew there was no being comfortable, unless you had a high hill before your nose, and a thick warm wood at your back. Taste is too freezing a commodity for us, and depend upon it, will go out of fashion again.

There is, indeed, a natural warmth in this country, which as you say, I am glad not to enjoy any longer—I mean the hot house in St. Stephen's chapel. My own sagacity makes me very vain, though there is very little merit in it. I had seen so much of all parties, that I had very little esteem for any; it is most indifferent to me who is in or who is out, or which is to set in the pillory, Mr. Wilkes or my Lord Mansfield. I see the country going to ruin, and no man with brains enough to save it. That is mortifying; but what signifies who has the undoing it? I seldom suffer myself to think on this subject; my patriotism could do no good, and my philosophy can make me be at peace.

Dysentery.—A correspondent wishes us to publish that he has been twice cured of this complaint, the present season, by drinking a strong tea made of the root of Dewberry Vine. A pint of this tea, made strong and sweetened with as much loaf sugar as it will dissolve, is the remedy he wishes to be made known. N. J. papers.

Wil.—The company of wits is courted; but we prefer the intimacy of a man of thoughtfulness and reflection. The most we can promise ourselves from the former, is diversion and merriment; but we depend upon the latter for solid substantial services. The first is like sunshine without rain, pleasant but unprofitable; the second like a moist but fertile climate, which, though cloudy and less enlivening, yet repays the dweller with plenty.

The Human Heart.—The heart in a healthy man, in one hour, beats 3600 times; discharges 7200 ounces of blood, and conveys through the whole mass of blood in the body not less than 25 times. In the space of 24 hours, the whole in the body circulates 600 times.

The lightning played about his head.—A thunder storm which lately took place at Botzen, Germany, was attended with some singular effects. The electric fluid entered the apartment of Dr. Rich-Holzer, melted some louis d'ors on his table, burned the goose quill he was writing with, struck the Doctor on the head, carried off half his wig, and thirty three per cent of his right ear.

The ventriloquist, CHARLES, lately visited a woman in Albany, who made a profession of telling fortunes. While in the act of telling his, with great mystery and circumstance, he caused a voice as if from the dead, to emanate from beneath her chair, warning her of her falsehood, which frightened her completely out of her prophetic faculties. She fled in dismay; while the ventriloquist and his friend walked leisurely away, enjoying the confusion and discomforture of an imposture.—Phil. Uri.