

Infancy and parental love : a didactic and domestic poem / by the Rev. Christopher Blencow Dunn.

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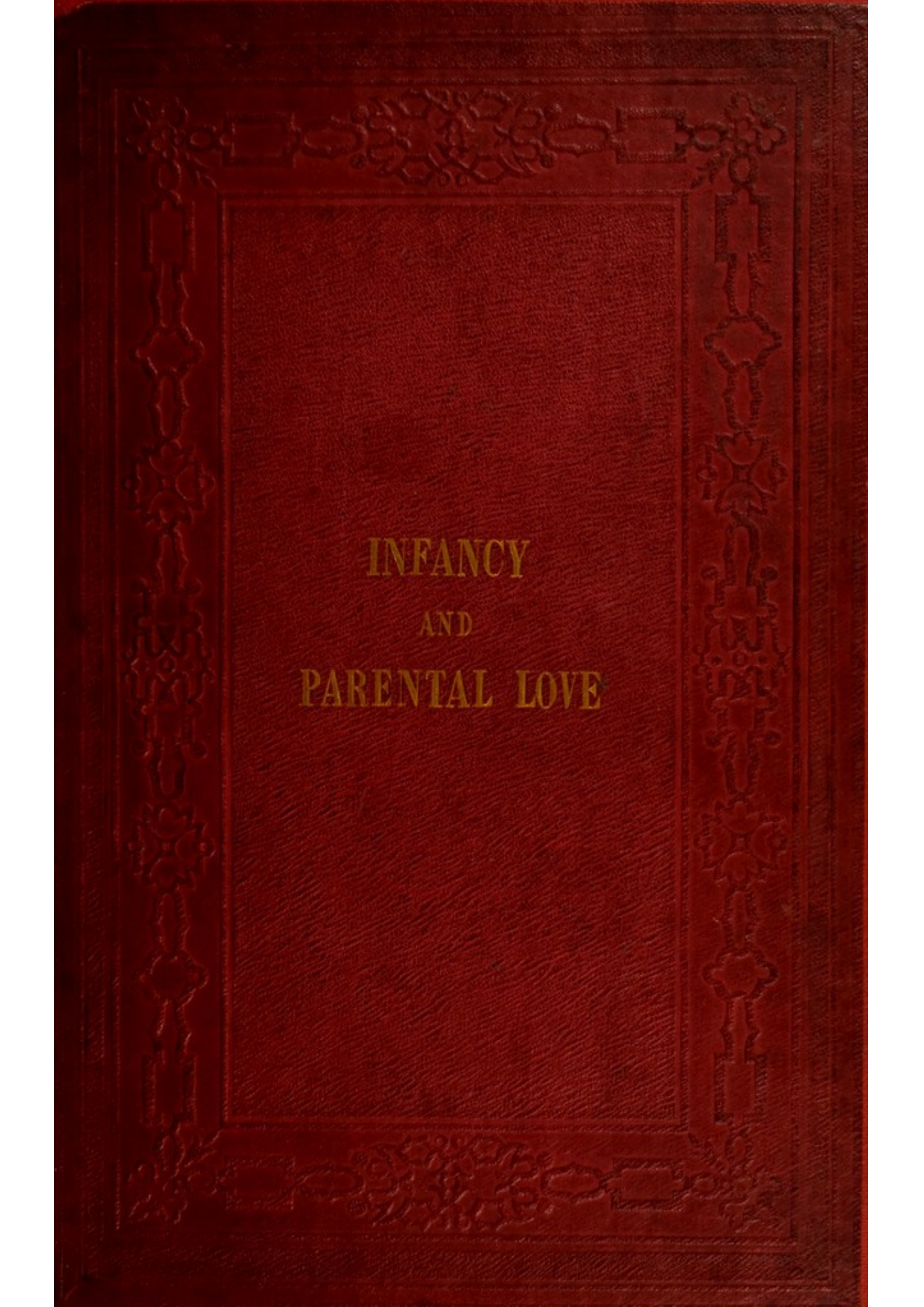
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INFANCY
AND
PARENTAL LOVE

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Edward Trotter Esq^r

Presented by the Author

Sep^r 25th 1852.

Given by Edward Trotter, Grandson

the above, to his Son-in-law

Edward Brown Meyrick. Cardigan

Sep^r 2nd 1947.

THE

PARENTAL

RIGHTS

BOOK

BY

THE

AMERICAN

ASSOCIATION

OF

PARALEGALS

INFANCY
AND
PARENTAL LOVE,
A
DIDACTIC AND DOMESTIC
POEM ;

BY THE
REV. CHRISTOPHER BLENCOW DUNN.

“ Can a woman forget her sucking child ? ”—*Isaiah*, 49 c., 15 v.

London :

PUBLISHED BY J. HATCHARD & SON, 187, PICCADILLY ;

AND


WILLIAM OSTEEL, HART STREET, BLOOMSBURY.

MDCCCXLVI.



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HART STREET, BLOOMSBURY SQUARE.

TO
THE QUEEN'S MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY,
AND
TO THE MOTHERS
OF THE
RISING AND PROSPECTIVE GENERATION,
THIS POEM
IS LOYALLY AND AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED
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P R E F A C E .

“ It is a fact well known to all medical men, that the greater portion of females in the upper and middle ranks of life, do not enjoy even a moderate share of health.”

The subjoined domestic parody of the above professional statement of Dr. BARLOW of Bath, will, I believe, be found equally correct and incontrovertible.

It is a fact well known to all enquiring minds, that the greater portion of females in the upper and middle ranks of life, are either incompetent or indisposed to fulfil the natural duties of mothers to their own children.

To proclaim and to combat these two grand social evils, is the primary aim and object of the Poem now submitted to the public.

I am not aware that there is at present any official statistical evidence to shew the existence of anything like physical degeneracy, either in one section of the community or the other; but my own observation and experience, borne out by medical testimony of high authority, induce me strongly to suspect that such, some how or other, is the case. I have strong suspicions that the prospective mothers of young England are not possessed of that constitutional stamina which distinguished their maternal ancestors, and I have ventured upon the strength of that impression, to recommend the study of a few physiological truths of universal application, as the best mode of arresting the evil, and promoting something like physical amelioration.

It would appear that the discoveries of modern philosophy in this field of scientific research are merely speculative, not practical — not meant to benefit the many, but only to amuse and edify the few. Perhaps a succeeding generation may think and act more in accordance with the dictates of common sense and a rational procedure. Finding that they are in possession of an immense amount of valuable physiological knowledge, unappropriated and unapplied, some political economist of the day may at length suggest the bright idea of making it more available in the generation of future genera-

tions, while others, still more sanguine and enthusiastic, may even go so far as to speculate upon the possibility, at some remote period, of a physical regeneration of the whole Caucasian race.

To wage a war of extermination with deformity and disease, by demonstrating the seminal origin of both, is too palpably an absurd affair to be contemplated in the present age of heroic aspirations; it might suit the military tactics of our peace societies, but who, except your infatuated philanthropist, would ever seriously think of setting about such a *very* utilitarian, not to say Utopian undertaking. Now, I beg leave on the present occasion, to disclaim all advocacy of any such visionary views and anticipations. I am a plain man, with a large family and a small stipend, and cannot afford to be extravagant even in ideas. My desires and expectations are comprised within the limits of the most orthodox morality. I only plead for the conscientious exercise of an instinct natural to the female, and therefore grateful to her maternal feelings, the contravening of which demands on her part a violent and painful effort. I only ask for good mothers, and good nurses, and a more habitual and general adherence to the truth and simplicity of nature; but then I must have mothers in reality, and not merely in name. Mothers possessing hearts animated by na-

tive instinct and unsophisticated sympathy—with heads well schooled to interpret the eloquent language of infancy, and furnished with hands prompt and dexterous to do something at least for their own flesh and blood. Mothers desirous of understanding their duties, and not too proud or indolent to undertake them—prepared to offer up a daily sacrifice of self on the altar of domestic affection, for the sake of that loved being whose plaintive cries are addressed to theirs and not to the ears of a hireling. Mothers—nurses in fact, labouring in their vocation with patient and love-strung nerves, which set weariness at defiance—heaven's own pious and beautiful handmaids, ever mindful and ready by a thousand endearing arts and winning attentions, to aid the gradual development of nature's great and gracious work—the growth of infancy.

In the following pages I have endeavoured by a few poetical embellishments, to attract the attention of my fair young countrywomen to a subject in which they are personally and vitally interested, and which ought to be sufficiently inviting without any such artificial accessories. The humble and homely materials, chiefly of a domestic and didactic character, furnished to my hands, rendered the structure, execution, and artistical finish of this poetical effort, a work of tedious and painful elaboration. But

whatever may be the faults and deficiencies of the present production, attributable to the author, he may be permitted to claim for the subject at least some favourable consideration, if not approbation, keeping in view the ulterior object contemplated by the writer, and at the same time charitably allowing for the humane motives which dictated both.

While addressing himself to all, to whom the present and future prospects and well-being of the human race are subjects of heart-felt prayer to the God of all mercies, he would select for his audience from that miscellaneous assemblage, an intellectual band of youthful and earnest disciples of the truth, to whom he would impart himself—his experience, and something too of the esoteric philosophy of domestic life. He would say to that attentive and confiding group, with the tenderness of a father unbosoming himself to his affectionate children,—young ladies and gentlemen, candidates and aspirants for matrimony and parentage, tell me with perfect ingenuousness, what are your views of the married state, and what sort of ideas do you entertain of the elements which constitute matrimonial felicity. You say that there is a natural gratification connected with it, but are you aware that there is a higher—more refined—more spiritual state of enjoyment succeeding thereto, to which all others are merely preliminary and sub-

servient ; are you aware that the quiet, the placid rapture of the parent, elicited by the aspect of infantine loveliness in his children, is as much superior to the transports of the lover, as the mental is superior to the corporeal, or mind to matter. I say, infantine loveliness, the result and reward of rational forethought and wise arrangements in co-operation with infinite wisdom,—infantine loveliness, meaning thereby a well-knit organization, combined with health and constitutional stamina, the pledge and promise of manly strength or womanly beauty to be hereafter progressively developed and matured. Much, incalculably much of these felicitous results is dependant and contingent upon causes and circumstances under your—under the parental control, and we now can only refer you to the interesting science of physiology for further enlightenment and instruction, on these and other creative processes of primordial organization.

Your education must have been very defective if you have not made yourselves perfectly conversant with those familiar physiological laws which promote the assimilation and secretion of a healthy animal structure. Permit me just to hint to you, that self-preservation is the first and most universal ordination of nature ; an instinct which ought to lead you at once to study the laws of your being, and the com-

plex mechanism of your fearful and wonderful formation. To apply with judgment our varied knowledge in order to promote the health and general well-being, both of ourselves and of those who are near and dear to us, is in fact merely to carry out the ulterior intentions of the Creator in placing that instinct within us. Our children, detached portions of ourselves, equally demand on our part the exercise of this instinctive faculty. The art of self-preservation must therefore be carried out into domestic life. Maternal love will dictate the mode and the means. If only as passive agents, we can so far succeed in co-operating with nature's gracious workings, so as not to thwart or disturb her creative energies and forces, we shall effect great and important good; with God's blessing we shall even then achieve these felicitous ends in view, and moreover, (a result not to be overlooked), escape those self-inflicted sufferings, which ignorance warring with heaven, must of necessity experience. Do *me* then, young ladies and gentlemen, do *yourselves* the favour to read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest, the didactic precepts of my stern but truthful Muse. Men and mentors, who, like your humble servant, are in good earnest in a good cause, cannot stop to smooth down their energetic expressions to meet the cold conventional standard of affected stoicism.

You will therefore have the goodness to pardon all such eccentricities. Hoping that you will not be disappointed in deriving both pleasure and profit from the perusal of my humble efforts to enlighten the inexperienced on the interesting subject of Infancy and Parental Love, I bid you farewell, praying that in domestic and parental life you may prove as provident and painstaking, and therefore as fortunate and happy as

Your obedient humble Servant,

THE AUTHOR.

KIRK SANDALL,

April 15th, 1846.



INFANCY

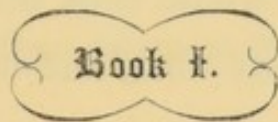
AND

PARENTAL LOVE.

BOOK I.



INFANCY
AND
PARENTAL LOVE.



I.

DIDACTIC MUSE ! impart thy wond'rous lore,
Thou beautiful figment of the Bards of yore,
Divine preceptress ! o'er our modern school
Still hold thine ancient sway and classic rule ;
So let thy son with filial deference ask,
Full powers of thee to ply his arduous task ;
Those humbler themes which household gods inspire,
Still higher gifts and nobler parts require ;
Grant him quick genius, glancing heaven-ward round,
From God, the centre, through life's depths profound,
Ideal grandeur give—words—thoughts sublime,
And practice giant son of toil and time ;
Teach him to work out with artistic tact,
Each moral truth of Thine, and physical fact ;

The earnest style of honest zeal impart,
 To graft thy lessons on his pupil's heart,
 Impart the march and music which belong
 To strains heroic of Didactic Song !

II.

Home-brightening Infancy ! young hope of earth !
 Propitious smile on thy poetic birth ;
 Thy ministrant muse would deck her lov'd-one's bower
 With beauty's emblems—bud and blossoming flower,
 Presenting sweetmeats—spices—orient myrrh,
 Appropriate offerings, worthy thee and her,
 Bidding her vocal birds from their charm'd throats,
 Pour forth May's fragrant music, amorous notes,
 Creation's children all in gleeful sport,
 Trooping around to pay to thee their court.

III.

Loveliest embodiment of love divine,
 Oh then that task, sweet Innocence, be mine,
 To hymn thine Architype August, when first
 Ideal beauty into being burst ;
 And from the pregnant god-head travailing,
 Thy beauteous brother rose on cherub wing,
 While space, all vocal, rang with jubilee,
 And the bright stars looked brighter, welcoming thee !

But chiefly hymn we *thine, our* Paradise child,
Radiance incarnate beaming meek and mild,
Shorn of heaven's sinless light, yet not, oh not
To love less bright, or dear, for one dark spot :
Parental love ! blend we with thine that strain
Of hope and fear—alternate joy and pain ;
Thy mother's duties—*anxious* cares rehearse,
Whispering her bosom's sighs in plaintive verse,
Mingling with her sweet murmuring lullabic words,
Euphonious interludes—harmonious chords.

IV.

In woman's ear, oh ! bid thy poet plead
Her darling's right at love's own feast to feed ;
The claim of pride with honest wrath contest,
To interdict her babe its natural breast,
Plead for thy moral, physical welfare here,
Then train thy spirit for its native sphere ;
For heirs with us of happier worlds than this,
Thy brightening views embrace immortal bliss ;
Do not those looks to forms celestial giv'n,
Attest thy claim to share their kindred heav'n,
Are not those guiltless smiles and sinless charms
Heaven's passport; sign'd—seal'd in thy Saviour's arms ?

V.

Theme of mine infant muse—young germ of thought,
 With future promise—fruit prospective fraught ;
 Tho' scorn'd by popular bards as vulgar rhyme,
 Deem'd unpoetic—not enough sublime ;
 Yet are the views we take, heav'n-sanctioned—bless'd—
 The interests we promote, man's highest—best—
 To hold forth Nature's truth—define her powers,
 And vindicate her rightful sway are ours ;
 'Tis our's in search of vital laws to scan,
 The lens-bared texture of the frame of man,
 Explore his being's dark mysterious source—
 Trace life's bright current on its health-borne course—
 With rhythmic skill and graphic truth pourtray,
 The vices—follies of our modish day,
 Teach earth's fair handmaids, lady, mother, wife,
 The peptic precepts of parturient life.

Religion ! heav'n ! aid, aid your devotee,
 What science is to man, be that to me ;
 Bid truth, your angel, with the gospel light,
 Precede my steps—direct my course aright ;
 And as we range o'er trackless wastes untrod,
 In dim perspective still discerning God ;
 May HE, the Father ! fix our filial views,
 And forms cherubic herald childhood's muse.

VI.

Fathers ! would you respectful reverence claim ?
Respect yourselves—revere your honour'd name,
By chaste, staid conduct dignify your caste,
With Virtue's votaries—Nature's nobles class'd ;
Your right and title to that rank approve,
By lofty, manly sentiments of love !

Love, power divine to seraph hosts gave birth,
Replenish'd heav'n with life, then peopled earth ;
The realms of light, where floods of glory roll,
Were too confined for her expansive soul,
Swift as the comet seeks the sun's embrace,
She made the circuit of celestial space ;
From orb to orb her lightning path she sped
Chaos receded—barren darkness fled,
Dead matter quickened by her genial kiss,
With earthquake throes bursts night's abhorr'd abyss.
Then the rude earth, in fierce atomic strife,
First felt the movements of incipient life,
Her void veins drank heaven's vivifying breath,
Vitality triumph'd o'er chaotic death,
Creative power bade infant beauty bloom,
And life's world teem'd from earth's capacious womb.

VII.

Hark ! paradise echoes with all joyous sounds—
 Exulting being from God's presence bounds—
 The tall giraffe steps high o'er Eden's lawns,
 Chasing young lions with her sportive fawns,
 Ranging thro' cinnamon groves, whose amorous gales,
 Sigh for the zephyr's of alluvial vales ;
 And there are goodly creatures, happy all,
 Exploring land and flood at instinct's call—
 Flocks on the plains depasturing—browsing herds—
 Sylvan recesses full of beauteous birds,
 Air's bright inhabitants upborne in flight,
 Through skies perfumed and fields of cloudless light.

Where Pison's waters murmuring sweet and clear,
 Sung their first lullabies in childhood's ear ;
 One fountain, iris-arch'd, in sunshine play'd,
 And near its margin, girt with fragrant shade,
 Drying her babe, fresh from the bath, reclin'd
 Earth's peerless queen and mother of mankind.
 Then first, oh ! Infancy, thy plaintive cry
 Pierc'd the maternal breast pulsating high,
 And painfully distended, then, then, first
 That sweetest of all streams its barrier burst,
 And dropp'd in liquid pearls on thy young heart ;
 Instinctively—unconscious, to the part,

The mother clasp'd her baby, and the boy
Drank the mellifluous draught with murmurs of fierce joy.

VIII.

Onward the mighty orb revolving flew,
And Infancy to giant manhood grew,
The spacious East from Nile's paternal plains,
To where the sea son* seeks his sire's domains,
Fill'd with o'erflowing life, and bravely bore,
Young empire's ensigns on from shore to shore.

Tribe trod on tribe, when first with war's flag furled,
The east marched forth to plant the western world ;
Death thinn'd their ranks ; along the trackless waste,
Their hordes' broad trail by frequent graves was traced ;
Scenting the dead as in the rear they prowl'd,
Around their watch-fires fierce hyenas howled ;
While, for the lost ones, love oft wildly wept,
Lifes' boundless tide, its course resistless kept.
As race on race, the fate of mortal's shared,
Stronger than death, love still life's waste repaired,
Though famine's millions—homicidal war,
Fill'd with fresh victims death's sepulchral car,
Love still triumphant with maternal throes,
Bade nations rise again, and nations rose !

* A celebrated river in China, called the Kiang-Keou or Yang-tse-Kiang,
the Son of the Sea.

IX.

Fathers ! the great unborn—the world to be—
Your heirs—successors—*their* posterity ;
Ages forthcoming, even within our ken,
Of mind-ennobled, intellectual men,
Yes, myriad being, latent, passing through
Incipient life to fructify in you ;
Cherubs, fair cherubs of millennial earth,
Your suitors, fathers, for propitious birth,
Waiting for you to fix their physical state,
And from your conduct auguring future fate :
With piteous outcries—pleadings meek and mild,
They bid you pause to bless your child, your child ;
Warn you to manage well your manhood's prime,
Considerate—provident, in time, in time ;
Charge you to move along your pilgrim path,
Perspiring dews, distill'd from labour's bath ;
Bid you life's vital stream, pure, purple keep,
As mountain rills with heath-bells mantled deep,
Yielding their mothers, your own faithful wives,
Heart-hoarded homage, love devoted lives.
Then shall their happy sire see rosy girls
Trip untaught Polkas with health's bounding whirls.
Then look for sons athletic, noble forms,
Built to sustain the shock of life's rude storms ;

Your daughters, fair as Troy's proud dames of old,
Bright incarnations of ethereal mould,
God-fearing man, lo! thus shalt thou be bless'd,
True to thy plighted troth and one confiding breast.

X.

Mothers! the world is yours—the imperial throne,
Empires and subject nations, yours alone—
Earth's populous cities ever rolling wide,
Their billowing millions' multitudinous tide;
Trades' close battalions—commerce' vast array—
All, all are yours and own your gentle sway:
Yon hosts, leagued giants, on their bannered march,
Shaking with measured tramp earth's solid arch;
Masses of men upborne like heaving seas,
Thundering and shouting to the embattled breeze;
From you this world—this mighty concourse rose
Yours dearly bought by agonizing throes,
By pains and labours—cares and anxious fears,
Spread o'er the long, long lapse of life's first years.
To you a charge, in trust for God, is given,
Mothers of earth, but ministers of heaven!
New worlds of being on times' threshold sue,
To take their types organic stamp'd by you.
Shake off pride's withering arm—be wide awake,
Attend at duty's post for love's sweet sake,

And mould those forms the sculpt'rer's eye admires ;
 Your son's, proud rivals of their stalwart sires—
 Your daughters, zoned with health and heav'n's own
 charms,
 Tempting her youth to *their* angelic arms !

XI.

Student of infancy, to me devote
 One hour of leisure—one of serious thought—
 Let us, for physical good, minutely scan—
 The texture—structure—figure—form of man ;
 Taught holy truth in her own normal school,
 Assert your right to act from her stern rule,
 Love, when mere passion, is a meteor flash,
 Leaving expiring embers—worthless ash.

XII.

To Hymen's shrine, love's worshipped altar, lo !
 In proud procession youth and beauty go.
 Dark shadowy aisles by Gothic arches spann'd
 With funeral gloom invest the nuptial band ;
 Of that gay group deck'd out in bridal bays,
 The central two attract the general gaze,
 Love joins their hearts—their hands the priest unites,
 Attested names then close the sacred rites ;

That glad event recording angels date,
 And watching conduct, write the page of fate.
 Go, bride of hope, on love's blest mission bent,
 Creation smiles, and nature signs consent—
 Thy white-robed sisters haste from Hymen's bowers,
 To strew thine homeward path with fragrant flowers—
 Joy, joy to thee—the family feast is spread,
 Assembled members wait their honoured head—
 Fair devotee! go mix with that gay throng,
 Bid music's genius soar to heav'n in song—
 Heard Cana's guests their Lords approving voice?
 Thy mirth is sanctified, rejoice, rejoice,
 Bid grace and beauty through the minuet move,
 And wit and humour echo life and love!

XIII.

THE BRIDAL CHORUS.

There's a merry, merry ring, with a ding, ding, ding,
 For the bridals at the minster—
 There's dong dong bell, with a funeral knell,
 For the bachelor and the spinster.
 'Tis love lights the sun and the seraph's bright eyes—
 Saves life's best blood from stagnation—
 'Twas the agent designed by the One Great Mind
 As the grand moving power of creation.

Trill away, bill away, pipes the throstle on the spray,
 To the dove in the lone copse cooing—
Ah me! we must part, sighs the maiden to her heart,
 Should William again come a-wooing.
There's a time to tarry and a time to marry,
 For those who don't tarry too long,
There's a time to laugh and a time to quaff,
 And a time for a good old song.

Our sires with a down, with a derry derry down,
 Made the rafters ring in chorus—
And we now sip, with a hip, hip, hip,
 Of the grape which they drank before us.
Here's health to the bridegroom, joy to the bride,
 May they enter heaven's high portals—
May they live and love, till they're joined above,
 To the band of the bright immortals!

XIV.

Brief is the bridal day, and past as soon
The festive moments of the honeymoon ;
While time, eventful, on life's mission flies,
To nature true, parental instincts rise,
Hope points to bliss which love forbids to cloy,
Bright opening prospects of connubial joy ;

And thus forewarned with secret pride prepares,
By wise provision, for contingent cares.

Hail! wedded love, art thou not doubly blest,
When union's bond can stand stern virtue's test,
When pure and honest at thy virgin source,
Sage prudence dictates passion's venturous course ;
Then bounds thy light bark o'er life's sunny seas,
Youth's silken sail expanding in the breeze,
While beauty's smile and music's syren lay,
With song and sunshine glad thy gloomiest day.

XV.

Ye thoughtful few, with me those fields explore,
Where art interprets nature's hidden lore—
With me, and science coast those depths profound,
Which mark the verge of matter's utmost bound ;
Stopped by the confines of those spiritual realms,
Whose vast extent all human thought o'erwhelms,
There, let us pondering pause, and wondering gaze,
Till mind concentrating heaven's luminous rays,
Far o'er the dark abyss her lightning rolls,
And bares the place of unembodied souls.

XVI.

God's impress—being—agency—we trace,
In works stupendous through all boundless space—

The light of science tracks the Great First Cause,
Beyond mere matter's forms and nature's laws :
Concede our sceptics all for which they sue,
Creation's raw material—motion too,
A Godless world—a brute and atheist mass,
From change to change, from age to age might pass,
Did not a Power Supreme preside—sustain—
Still without form and void would chaos reign.

A world of harmonies—art—choice—design,
Direct conviction's eye to mind divine,
Of place—form—fitness, in which these are found,
Ten thousand luminous proofs lie scattered round :
First look on man, in whose organic clay
Embodied lightnings corruscate and play ;
Mark the bright foci where minds radii meet,
Conjunctions most miraculous—God-replete,
Through which relations, nice adjustments run,
In fluxional series, blending with the sun,
Where link in link, in one vast chain unite,
Too fine—minute, for unassisted sight ;
A complex compound of creative skill,
Fraught with resources more recondite still :
With means to ends analagous to ours,
Mechanic forces and organic powers,
Combined and re-combined in whole and part,
Beyond all grasp of thought or reach of art !

Concede to man a being God-evolved,
 Life's abstruse problem is with sunbeams solved,
 That source disclaim—write *aθεος* on yon skies,
 Then darkness lights us and truth utters lies!

XVII.

Hail sacred muse! hold forth thy heaven-lit torch,
 As step by step we rise His temples' porch,
 HE, Architect August, is here—around,
 His rule and square mete out this hallowed ground.
 Mortal! that presence, even in shadow dread,
 Which earthward lightens on the path we tread,
 Here pause, and pondering read with glance sublime,
 God's hieroglyphics uneffaced by time;
 Even now with reverence kneel—adore—for none
 Find ingress here who slight Heaven's mightiest One!

XVIII.

Say, whence this wond'rous frame-work—this vast—rife
 Congeries of earth's atoms—being—life;
 Whence this elaborate mechanism, wrought
 With skill and power transcending finite thought;
 This breathing—thinking—soul-endowed machine,
 Mind's mansion, towering high with god-like mien?
 Descend we down, down low in matter's scale,
 Dividing—sub-dividing, till sense fail;

And the mind's algebra begins again,
That process of reduction made with pain ;
In those atomic regions, bordering on
New worlds of bodiless forms—there, mightiest one
Of all his peers, a globule in the blood,
A small transparent sac with life endued,
Achieves creation's marvels, till the sod
Takes angel's wings and gravitates to God !

By science couch'd, the eye of art detects
Each latent cause of seen and felt effects ;
Her lens allows our visual orb to scan
Those threads minute which knit the frame of man,
Pursues life's forms from simple to compound,
In varied substance radiating round ;
Sees light in darkness, plastic nature mould
Each organ, function, embryo germ unfold,
Prepared, wrought atoms, in themselves brute, blind,
Promptly obeying all pervading mind ;
Movements mysterious of deific might,
Revealed alone to microscopic sight.

On life's minute masonic agent then,
Full powers devolve to build up valiant men ;
Bid heart, bid lung with every breath mature
Health's bounding stream of life all bright and pure,
That vital current, at its chymeous source,
Defiled in substance, or impaired in force,

Then each secretion in the same degree,
Will more abortive, less nutritious be.

The blood, the blood, its qualities alone
Decide the stamina of flesh and bone ;
Prepare it pure, ye wise, then will your heirs
Transmit it so, untainted unto theirs.

Through all organic life, this law obtains,
'Tis in the father's—mother's—infant's veins ;
Determines structure—texture—figure—form—
In man, the lord, and each inferior worm ;
We gain a purchase on great nature's frame,
When art combines to aid her plastic aim.

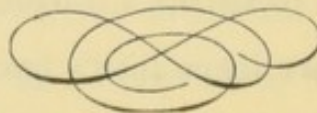
XIX.

Boon—dower divine—man's—woman's truest wealth,
Thou priceless treasure—hail—hail, precious health !
Of thy best bullion, men of every rank,
Hold rich deposits, stor'd in nature's bank ;
But spent in folly's ways, consumed on sin,
Bankrupt in health then want and woe begin ;
Yet oh, to gain thy rapture-giving life
We bare our vitals to the torturing knife ;
To buy thy heav'n, we coin our heart's warm blood,
And bid the lancet draw life's purple flood ;
For thee, for thee we leave love's tranquil home,
And slumber cradled on the tempest's foam.

We ransack earth to find thine agents there,
Explore the mine—the mountain—ocean—air ;
We test new compounds, herbs of other climes,
The mineral products of anterior times,
Force life—force death to teach their hidden lore,
And torture nature's outraged nerves for more.

XX.

See health, self-exiled, fly the busy marts,
Where trade's pale children ply their sickly arts ;
Where all is stinted—stinted as their fare,
Space, motion, time, and even light and air ;
Pent up by walls, precluding heaven's blest beams,
They dream they live, or only live in dreams.
There morn and night, the mother and her young,
Filter the puddle through the pipy lung ;
In lanes and alleys with miasma rife,
They cream the cesspool for the breath of life ;
And as they churn to blood that vile compound,
In constant contact with disease around,
Infection spreads—contiguous wealth inhales
The typhoid vapours of contagion's gales.



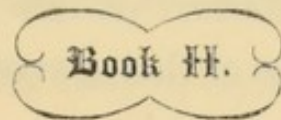


INFANCY
AND
PARENTAL LOVE.

BOOK II.



INFANCY
AND
PARENTAL LOVE.



I.

MUSINGS devout ! crowding the stage of time,
With scenic fragments of events sublime ;
Visions divine ! with by-gone grandeur fraught,
Elude not thus the graphic glance of thought ;
Shadows be fix'd ; your outlines dimly trace
The vanish'd glories of an age of grace,
When signs and wonders—mighty deeds were done,
And bright Auroras dawn'd the rising sun !
Oh bid your bard inspir'd by you rehearse,
Events time sanctified in sacred verse.
Such was Thy transit, Lord of Glory, when
Thy form refulgent pass'd from God to men !
Such Thine august, adorable descent
From heav'n's high throne to Juda's lowly tent,

When the blue concave in night's zenith noon,
 Heard angel voices hymning Syria's moon,
 And saw suspended in their glittering cars
 Seraphic figures telegraph the stars.

Then sage and shepherd wond'ring ran to see
 The God incarnate grace the Virgin's knee,
 Moist with celestial dew and glistening bright
 With scintillations of ethereal light.

What rapturous outbursts of prophetic joy
 Fill'd the fair presence of that marvellous Boy ;
 'Tis HE, Messias, Christ—the promised seed,
 Heav'n's champion doom'd to battle and to bleed ;
 A moral warrior on satanic ground,
 Yielding, yet conquering—buffeted and bound ;
 HE ! The prefigured—typified—foretold,
 Hell's time—avow'd antagonist of old ;
 Born to avert the law's—God's wrath from man,
 Appease stern justice and rescind her ban ;
 • The Lord, our righteousness ! on Calvary's rock,
 To bear our penal thunders, heav'n's—hell's shock,
 From sin's dread curse a race condemn'd redeem,
 Buy worlds of souls with His blood's precious stream ;
 Hurl the usurper, Mammon, from his throne
 And in millennial state reign Lord alone !
 'Tis HE ! God—arm'd—Omnipotent to save,
 Destroyer—Conquerer—spoiler of the grave—

On whose triumphant wings earth's saints shall rise
 And angel-convoy'd voyage through the skies,
 Till heav'n's bright portals flashing on their gaze,
 Admit the banner'd host with hymning shouts of praise.

II.

Still kneel those Magi bent in fervent prayer,
 With fixed dark features speculating there,
 And yearn not we as well for rest above,
 Hath earth less love for heav'n, or heav'n less love ? }
 Pray, man of sorrows, mourner, pray and prove : }
 Father ! to me too, Thy redeem'd, concede
 That pardoning grace for which thy suppliants plead :
 Oh may that star which gave those wanderers light
 Still guide my steps to seek my God aright,
 Soon shall the morning dawn of that bright day,
 When all these doubts like mists shall melt away ;
 Then orbs remote in vision's range shall roll,
 New worlds of being burst upon my soul,
 And Thou, the spiritual sun, shine forth, reveal'd,
 No more from mind by matter's veil conceal'd ;
 No longer known by works—effects alone,
 But oh, sublime, seen, seated on heav'n's throne ;
 Reveal'd in love—in Christ—first source, and sole
 Absorbing centre of the mighty whole ;

Thus, now, for ever, Lord, oh, let me be,
 In heart—soul—substance magnetized to thee ;
 Save—save thy servant—train—prepare while here
 His spiritual essence for its sainted sphere ;
 Make him of mind devout—of manners mild,
 A man in energy—in heart a child ;
 And having past this first novitiate state,
 Of infant being big with future fate,
 Bid him resign his clay to earth's gross worm,
 And borne on high assume an angel's form.

III.

Handmaid of heav'n ! her sub-creator, how
 Divinely form'd for thy high trust art thou,
 With organs, functions exquisitely fine,
 The same perceptions—feelings—tastes—are thine ;
 That region is perfection's work, wherein
 Life's chymeous streams their crimson course begin ;
 Your nerves detect the subtlest odours breath'd
 From jasmin tendrils round love's ringlets wreath'd ;
 Within—without—bath'd—laved in ambient air,
 At once you live, move, have your being there ;
 Why turn from dogs that lap the road side mire
 And currents filthier far unmov'd—inspire,
 The curtain'd night-air of that gas-lit place,
 The compress'd closeness of trade's crowded space ;

Those evening flowers, that dense-pack'd heated room,
Breathe vapours noxious as the hot simoon :
Day's aching head, night's fever'd pulse proclaim
The shock thus borne by your young fragile frame ;
Should love one brief, one hectic hour endure,
Ev'n it must perish in those airs impure ;
To languor's couch behold that pale one borne,
By death's blight blasted in life's vernal morn ;
Her lungs have ceas'd their full-toned vigorous play,
Her dark blood lingers on its languid way,
Consumption's throes succeed—she dies, alas !
The unconscious victim of mephitic gas.

IV.

Fly, fly those haunts where fumes like these exhale,
And breast with us that buoyant moorland gale,
Where Dearne still young by banks of brambled gorse
Through woody dells pursues his winding course ;
There with collateral grace serenely glide
The aerial current and arterial tide ;
This fills our lungs and bathes the porous skin,
That softly laves us with its waves within,
Influx and efflux, one pure fresh from heav'n,
The other back with swift transmission giv'n ;
No gross ingredients rankling in their train,
To warp the action of the heart and brain ;

Sweet be those airs, if sweetness can be found,
Which course along my veins and wrap me round ;
And, lady, that which bodies forth your sigh,
Should steal its charm from yon cerulean sky ;
What yields the rose its carmine and perfume
Apportions out the beautiful their bloom.

V.

Beauty ! thy birth day was creation's, when
The voiceful stars, their myriad heav'n's, and ten
Ten thousand hosts in anthemning chorus sung,
Beauty, bright beauty, till dark chaos rung
The chime responsive and her caverns lone,
Syllabled beauty with sepulchral tone !
Thou god-enrobing element in which
We live and move surrounded by thy rich
And bright creations ; oh ! enlighten us,
With thy diffusive beams, encircled thus,
That we may comprehend thy laws divine,
And people earth with beauty—human—thine !

Why to their Idol bend so low the knees
Of young enthusiasts, Hymen's devotees ?
Because on thee their glance entranced they turn,
And with the ardour of new converts burn.
Fair worshippers, oh then your temple raise,
High as yon peak where larks trill matin lays ;

Leaving suburban villas thither roam,
Where crystal waters mirror heav'n's blue dome ;
For there health's atoms float in seas of light,
There charge your heart—your brain with pure and
 bright ;
There too love's lyre with rapture's tremblings strike,
Upborne on angel wing, ethereal-like,
Hymn nature's truth, to beauty's centre soar,
There with devout idolatry adore !

VI.

Oh would you place in her proud father's arms
Your heav'n sketch'd features set in cherub charms,
Heav'n's artist first—his agent next consult,
Working with them to gain that grand result ;
For *you* can sculpture too with magic grace
And grave the line of beauty on that face,
Painting with your heart's blood, forms—hues more fair
Than Italy's genius ever embodied there ;
And you can injure too, check, thwart, aye, burke
With murderous pride and ignorance, life's great work,
Raising up hourly some disturbing force
To contravene creation's even course ;
We are not products of a monster dance,
Of godless atoms govern'd by blind chance ;

But the slow gradual growth—matur'd design,
 Of wisdom—mechanism—most divine,
 The sum of units rising from the small,
 To the vast climax of the perfect whole ;
 Yes, God-like creatures, knowing good and ill,
 Responsible—moral—therefore free to will,
 Free to conform, *deform*, indulge, abstain,
 As truth or error—vice or virtue reign.

Lady ! we cannot too tenacious be,
 Of personal—moral—local purity.

VII.

Conservative power ! first fruit of moral force,
 We hail with proud delight thine heavenward course—
 Angel of hope ! pursue thy prayer-spiced flight,
 Till jarring atoms, warring sects, unite ;
 And earth's fair daughters won to thy embrace,
 In vigorous beauty mould the human race ;
 Training, O Temperance, theirs and thine, to be
 To life's last hour, pledged votaries to thee.

Who spreads his table with luxurious fare,
 Makes bad provision for his future heir ;
 The varied viands of superfluous wealth
 Are not the heaven-blessed elements of health ;
 We war with nature when her plans we thwart,
 And leave her province for the realms of art :

Lavinia's mother, timely taught, declined
Phlogistic condiments of every kind,
Her diet—beverage, simple—light preferred,
And following nature's dictates, seldom erred.
Her children tower, like vigorous plants, erect,
Their blood—secretions pure—their growth unchecked ;
Spurning the sod, like birds that scent the skies,
Youth's fearless lightnings flashing from their eyes ;
On, on, o'er flowery glades, health-buoyed they move,
With instincts fluttering for bright homes above.

Would you enjoy exemption from complaint,
Exert a wholesome moral self-restraint,
Preventing thus what others fail to cure,
Dismiss the doctor grumbling from your door.

Peasants gestate in comfort—why ? because
They do not outrage God and nature's laws,
Compell'd to earn her bread, the frugal wife
Restricts herself within the wants of life :
Her good rough food she masticates with care,
She makes a meal too of the morning air ;
And laughs to scorn profusion's arts to please
Which load the tables of luxurious ease :
Rich, rich in health (wealth) hearty at her meat,
She eats to live where others live to eat.

VIII.

Daughter of Phaon ! charge thy sisters, charge
 Young England's mothers and earth's fair at large,
 To prize thy precepts, truths oracular, more
 Than all pomp covets of wealth's glittering store ;
 Give them far seeing—microscopic views,
 Tact to distinguish—judgment—skill to choose,
 Pupils of thine each practically vers'd
 In all those arts by which young life is nurs'd.

We live too much immur'd, indulge too oft
 Our sybarite leaning to the cushion'd soft :
 To yield the nerves that fine vibrating tone
 Which beats to healthful harmonies alone,
 To lend the pulse's valves a brisker play
 And send the blood meand'ring on its way,
 To teach the limb its firm elastic tread,
 And raise erect with dignity the head ;
 To swell the bust with beauty, and impart
 Fire to the eye and ardour to the heart :
 To reach—retain through life's fast fleeting hour
 This physical climax of organic power,
 By temperance—business—exercise maintain,
 The triune mind, soul, body, sound and sane ;
 Shun luxury's lures—proceed on nature's plan,
 And merge the sensual in the moral man ;

With early larks to heights Hygeian rise
And breathe Æolian airs in brighter skies.

IX.

Olivia loves to trace the trickling rills,
And climb the summit of the breezy hills,
There glancing round she pauses to inhale
The passing fragrance of the genial gale,
Kissing the sportive zephyrs as they thread
The matron tresses of her honour'd head.

Soul gladdening scenes replete with bliss unbought,
Ye sacred haunts of undistracted thought,
Through your serene retreats my feet have trod
In closer contact with the present God,
A humbler—happier man and christian too,
For truths instill'd, if not inspired by you.

Oft as I sorrowing sought yon primrose copse,
To muse unseen on life's delusive hopes,
Still would my sinless sisters chide the prayer
Ambition breath'd in wealth's proud state to share ;
See, they would say, beneath that optic toy,
New worlds of being—homes of love and joy,
Lo ! insect halls with velvet hung, unfold
The imperial purple blent with pensive gold ;
Grandeur epitomized in insect state,
The mirror'd gleams of earth's ephemeral great !

Scenes eloquent ever! nature's poets, ye
 Discourse profound philosophy to me;
 I hear a voice by science only heard,
 Echoing the fiat of the omnific word;
 And trace the ravage, wear and tear of time,
 Ev'n on your granite mountain's brows sublime,
 Picturing the lightning's bolt—the earthquake's shock,
 Diluvial wave—disintegrating rock,
 And all those mighty Agents, meteor forms
 At work unseen through winter's night of storms.

Harp of the woodlands! musical ever, thine
 Are tones that reach the heart, because divine,
 I hear thy warblings on the light breeze borne
 Preluding low the melodies of morn,
 Filling aerial space below—above,
 With reed-rich harmonies—the voice of love.
 Sweet minstrel moralists! your songs were meant
 To teach our prayers—hymns, accents of content,
 To teach proud pomp the untaught joy that springs
 From love like yours to bless earth's humblest things;
 With you I soar on rapture's trembling wings,
 Through cloud—lov'd skies where fancy holds her flight,
 Till the brain reels delirious with delight,
 Gazing on vistas of seraphic views,
 Bright scenes enrich'd with all heaven's azure hues,

Offering discursive thought far loftier field
Than all art's-wealth's clos'd corridors can yield.

X.

If ought that grandeur owns superbly grac'd
By art and nature with co-equal taste,
Could make one stoic heart at fate repine,
That feeling, Bretton, thou wouldst raise in mine ;
Spreading her modern wings and massive towers
Flank'd by ancestral trees and antler'd bowers,
That pile of beauty looking o'er rich lands,
In gorgeous solitude unrivall'd stands ;
Enthroned in park-proud state, Dearne's palaced queen,
She awes her subjects with her royal mien,
And seated there, sultana-like, maintains
The princely grandeur of her lord's domains !

That bliss I crave, because the means to bless,
Which heav'n, beneficent Bland, and you possess :
Possess without parade, no merit claim,
But do good deeds and "blush to find it fame ;"
Long may that just and generous hand be found
Like some good angels scattering blessings round !
Oh long at virtue's shrine with pious zeal
Illustrious votary—holy pilgrim kneel,
Hope, smiling charmer, listening while you pray,
With beckoning arm shall point your heav'n-ward way ;

Those kindred spirits hear the good man's call,
 And God's own Ægis guards his hearth and hall :
 May gleams of gladness there—joy's sunshine, long
 Burst forth responsive to young beauty's song ;
 May sister seraphs make that home their care,
 And rose-lipp'd *Infancy* oft visit there.

XI.

Young candidate for glad maternity,
 Say, my fair pupil, dost thou wish to be
 A beauteous model—an exemplar bright
 Of earth-born virtues on their heav'nward flight ?
 From duty's path through no temptation swerve,
 One medium course by love prescribed observe ;
 Firm hold on hopes that never fail, pursue
 Life's chequer'd path with virtue's goal in view :
 Bear and forbear. Too oft some petit strife,
 A household fiend embitters married life,
 Spleen's transient vapours, chase with amorous wiles,
 And peevish frowns disperse with love's bland smiles ;
 Let not the glance oblique of high or low
 Tinge with one passing cloud thy christian brow ;
 What conscience prompts that in God's fear fulfil,
 Let fashion's minions whisper what they will,
 None are exempt from duty's stern demands,
 Who with sane heads possess sound hearts and hands ;

Urge then no more, ye fair, pride's frivolous plea,
 Concur with heaven's—creation's wise decree ;
 Health bids you fly to those select pursuits,
 The lady's hand of taste best executes ;
 Does pale cold languor kindle love's chaste fires ?
 Are helpless airs the graces man admires ?
 Too oft that sun-lit glow which brightens—warms,
 Your mother's splendid dower—Eve's heav'n of charms,
 Your virgin bloom, ye fair, your matron prime,
 Are blighted—poison'd in pride's sickly clime ;
 Trust less to ornament and orient pearl,
 The zone of beauty girds the peasant girl,
 Art cannot cope with nature's varied power,
 Nor lavish fragrance on her painted flower.

XII.

Daughter of Eve ! can passing pangs annoy,
 Which bode thee promise of more rapturous joy ;
 Nay start not, timid one, nor fear to prove
 Those livelier pains that aid parturient love.

Mother of men ! oh beautiful, but frail,
 How could'st thou, cruel, on thy sons entail
 Throughout this long, long lapse of suffering time,
 That curse pronounc'd on them for thy foul crime.
 Pregnant with woes which still in heav'n's spite
 All eyes in tears, and make even angels weep :

But oh, attendant horror, that the fair
And fragile form of her we love should bear
Those merciless pangs that rack her gentle brain,
Till pitying nature swooning ends the pain ;
That she, life's angel, should love's martyr be,
And suffer guiltless hell's own agony.
Father ! if we repine, oh, pardon us,
Born but to die and painfully travailing thus,
We cannot—dare not in one instance doubt,
That love divine, which lives and breathes throughout ;
Love which will still, ere long, in worlds of bliss,
Evolve the mystery that encircles this :
Here sin and guilt their rampant course pursue,
Here justice still exacts her penal due—
There grace and love, heav'n's sovereign reign restore,
And those fierce pangs of travail pain no more.

Oh fear not thou, nor yet repine as though
Though had'st no Saviour in thine hour of woe ;
With pious trust dismiss all vain alarms,
Beneath thee stretch "the everlasting arms."
Kneel, suppliant, kneel, and HE who succours all,
Will pitying hear his handmaid's plaintive call :
Love, victor still, Love, mighty lord of life,
Shall triumph then, in nature's deadliest strife ;
On God repose, and in that trying hour,
His strength supplied, shall lend supernal power ;

For when faith's prayer, which acts by word and deed,
With virtue's strivings, for those mercies plead,
Then pledged to help, heaven, nature, earth combine
To yield their handmaid, angel aid divine !

XIII.

God ! with what grandeur, order, harmony,
Thy universe evolves, thus silently
Anthemning thee, the Architect Divine !
From age to age, creation's grand design
Progressively unfolded—"in the beginning," through
The past, Eternity still spread—still grew
The vast stupendous fabric :—one by one
The hosts of heaven, were marshall'd round thy throne,
And measured out their orbits then sublime
Dismissed to track their stated rounds of time !

Still thine omnific arm on vacuum hurled
The gaseous fragments of some infant world,
Freighted with laws, deputed to prepare,
Abodes of beauty for thy children there,
Through dateless cycles, hastening to fulfil
Their destined course, and do thy sovereign will.

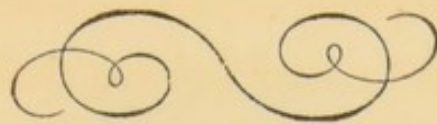
Oh infinite progression ! matter, mind,
Diffused throughout all space—distinct—combined ;
Of every bright array, and beauteous form,
From the rapt seraph, to the luminous worm !

Progression ! wise adorable decree,
Disposing all to gravitate to thee ;
Through good and ill, through trial, toil and strife,
Conducting virtue to immortal life,
Bidding perfection's germs develop here,
To bloom transplanted in a kindlier sphere.

XIV.

That new-born babe—a miniature—a span,
In embryo holds the rudiments of man :
Powers pre-assured, with future promise fraught,
With art divine embodied and inwrought,
The outline sketched in broad minute detail,
Prefiguring progress up vast being's scale,
Mind on time's course novitiate now embark'd,
Immortal soul, with heaven's own signet mark'd.
At each advance in life—each separate stage,
Our prospects brighten, mellowing into age,
The youth—the man with swelling thoughts expand,
Of nobler emprise—happier years at hand ;
To age, are higher, holier instincts given,
Glad premonitions, glimpses bright of heaven ;
From Pisgah's heights the christian's Canaan shines,
Even fairer far, as vision's strength declines ;
Hope's fluttering wings, anticipating flight,
Catch the pale gleams of heav'n's reflected light ;

Faith, flashing far within surrounding gloom,
Marks unappalled the precincts of the tomb—
Tracks being's progress through death's dark array,
Far as the confines of eternal day—
Views heaven's aurelia leave earth's verdant sod,
On angel wings careering up to God—
Sees brighter, happier worlds allied to this,
And lives through epochs of undying bliss.



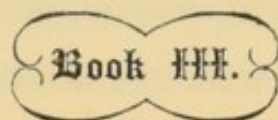


INFANCY
AND
PARENTAL LOVE.

BOOK III.



INFANCY
AND
PARENTAL LOVE.



I.

MATERNAL love! when to their native skies,
Earth weeping saw her guardian angels rise,
One pitying power, reluctant to depart,
Sought refuge, seraph, in thy sister heart.

Yes, beautiful mother! thee thy children trace,
To bowers of bliss in sinless orbs of space,
Picturing that moment of the Paradise past
When heaven's young life, first conscious, upwards cast
Glances of wonder, at each bright thing round,
Admiring most, the soft æolian sound
Of zephyrs coursing infant water-falls
With eddyng gambols, through heav'ns porphyry halls!
What were those dulcet strains which next he heard?
Was it the trill of some celestial bird

Preluding in mid-heav'n, with hautboy's notes,
 The chorus of the skies? Hark! nearer floats
 That plaintive melody! Sleep's dreamy trance
 Hums in his ear, while outward objects dance
 Before his fading vision. Now that lay
 With closing cadence charms his soul away;
 Angel! thy cherub owns the soothing strain
 Of love's first lullaby, and sleeps again!
 Hail to thee! cherished, worshipped, honoured guest,
 Emparadised now in woman's beauteous breast,
 Oh thence thy kindling luminous love expands,
 And warming—brightening, circles round all lands.
 Pure emanation of The One Great Mind,
 Mother of nations—saviour of mankind,
 This throbbing pulse—this beating heart of life,
 This being's—moral—mental—physical strife;
 All, all that world God's fiat caused to be,
 Had breathed to die, sweet seraph, save for thee!

II.

Maternal love! life's life of woman, say
 Can *Man*, thy bosom's world, unbar'd, pourtray,
 Pourtray thine inward yearnings, hopes and fears,
 Which heat thine eye-balls hot with blood and tears,
 And kindle in thy pulses, spasms that dart
 Their lava burnings through thy glowing heart,

Feeding those fires, which while they scorch, consume,
And leave behind but ashes for the tomb.
What hast thou not endured of want and pain,
Of aching, breaking heart, and maddening brain ;
Of vigils passed in tears, the long lone hour
When fever dyed in crimson thy fair flower ;
And then to watch that dear one's parting breath,
And close those meek imploring eyes in death—
Oh bless'd, too bless'd, hadst thou that hour drunk up
Thy bitter draught, reserved, of misery's cup,
Too soon it fills again ; bowed down, bereft
Of that last, dearest treasure life had left ;
Still, still it fills, and thou with shuddering air,
Loathing thy potion lookest mute despair.
For oh, to woman, say, what deadlier than
The cruel, stabbing tyranny of man ;
Spurn'd by her idol, to whose Moloch arms,
She gave, sweet devotee, her virgin charms ;
Even this, of all thy woes, sad sufferer, chief,
Thou long didst bear, still struggling with thy grief,
'Till through that ruptured heart and bosom riven,
Thy soul indignant burst to bear its wrongs to heaven.

III.

Maternal love ! yon kindred spheres among,
Thy deeds heroic are the theme of song ;

Beneath the topaz dome of solar skies,
 Where strains divine to rapture's climax rise,
 Earth's matron saints to heaven's admiring youth,
 On lyres of sunbeams chant thy soul tried truth ;
 Sing the bright hopes young being raised, when first
 The beauteous visitant on vision burst ;
 Depict the death-cold swoon thy crush'd heart bore,
 When orbs that sunn'd thee closed to shine no more.

Muse of maternal love ! the theme is thine,
 Adorn, enrich it from thy stores divine,
 Sing (for thou can'st) as one bright seraph sung,
 With lyric freedom in her sainted tongue—

Earth—earth—distracted earth !

Oh bliss, to have escaped the maniac mirth
 Of thy masked dancing daughters, feigning smiles,
 With passion's writhings fearfully convulsed.

I smiled not—for the tears
 Were all too near their fountain for my years ;
 Pressing the trampled primrose to my lips,
 I placed it in my bosom sobbing aloud.

From that flower's passionless kiss
 I learned to love, and love at first was bliss ;
 But when my babe refused the breast and died,
 Then love wrought madness in me, and I raved.

Soon spring returned with flowers,
Mindless I wandered through her budding bowers ;
But when I saw my own first love I wept,
And in its spirit's fragrance mine reviv'd.

Again, again I gave
To their proud sire, the beauteous and the brave,
And one with fatal zeal too well I loved,
He was my favourite child—my crippled boy.

A thousand leagues and more,
Through trackless wilds, that helpless one I bore ;
Climbing the Llama's path, swimming broad floods,
With him, that loved one, pillowed on my breast.

We fled before our foes :
The bloodhound's bay—the war-whoop nearer rose,
I saw their rifles flash—my boy's blood then
Blinded mine eyes—I slept, and 'woke in heaven !

IV.

Maternal love ! from thy fixt eloquent gaze,
Strange lustre radiates—soul refulgent-rays ;
And when that cherub in his own, absorbs
The luminous beamings of thy love-strained orbs,

We know what heav'n is by that glance of thine,
 See seraphs worshipping at a higher shrine,
 Contemplate something more than common light,
 An immaterial gleam intensely bright,
 The soul's sun, blazing in its zenith sky—
 Spirit struck out, and lightning in the eye!

Oh beauteous, fearful tie, by night, by day,
 To watch that small breath's flow and pulse's play,
 All tremblingly alive, to live and move
 A sensitive plant pained by the touch of love :
 Love, which survives when all else earthly dies,
 Love, which can rapture yield, and agonize,
 Stinging the brain to madness, till life's breath
 Becomes the torturing vehicle of death.

V.

See God's ambassadress go boldly forth,
 With labour's giant sons to people earth,
 Bright hope her compass, on Love's wing she flies,
 A bird of passage to antarctic skies !
 Some virgin isle remote, a sylvan land
 Receives the stranger on its pebbly strand,
 Creation, answering her apostle's prayer,
 With infant beauty hails her advent there :
 And soon her stalwart sons with bared right arm,
 Dash down the crashing forest—fence the farm,

Prostrate, around great nature's barriers fall,
Maternal love, still chartering homes for all ;
She, fearless soul, with pilgrim sandals shod,
Moves lioness-like to traverse wilds untrod,
And ere her first-born moulder in their graves
Sees empire's frontiers press on ocean's waves.

Long may earth's sons and daughters drink of thee
Sweet placid fount of life's tumultuous sea,
Oh may thy liquid love still purer grow,
With every cycle of its tidal flow,
The mighty gulf, stream of life's measureless deep
Holding its broad, bold, world—sustaining sweep,
Bearing upon its waves, embarked for time,
Man's buoyant hopes and destinies sublime,
Till like thy current warm, benign and bland,
The milk of human kindness floods each land,
And hostile nations meeting at thy source,
Exchange the murderous sword for moral force :
Hate fly to hell—intestine discord cease,
Maternal love achieve fraternal peace,
And earth exulting, taste, without alloy,
The full fruition of Parental joy !

VI.

Earth-blighting pride ! refinements fatal curse,
Withering the love-strung nerves of nature's nurse—

Shall fashion's minions, shall luxurious ease,
 Or labour's still more stern unyielding pleas
 Defeat creative love's all perfect plan?
 Forbid it heaven, humanity and man!
 She who resigns her infant charge unblest
 To alien sympathies—a stranger's breast,
 Who leaves that work, her instincts crave, undone,
 Robbing her own, to rob her hireling's son,
 Buying from lips, that bubble o'er with guile,
 The feigned caress and counterfeited smile—
 Who thus from duty flies, heaven's curse incurs,
 And nature's ban, and crime and guilt are hers;
 Dismissed from judgment's bar to meet her doom,
 The convict mother courts congenial gloom:
 Traitor to thee, maternal love, ah! now,
 With foul desertion branded on her brow,
 By nature's children shunned, of all afraid,
 She wanders forth, a conscience-haunted shade!

I have a high authority for the sentiments which I have here ventured to put forth, and I beg leave to refer the reader to the original:—

“The tender and careful nursing of children” says Archbishop Tillotson, in his 51st Sermon, “is particularly the duty of mothers. This affection and tenderness, nature which is our surest guide and director, hath implanted in all living creatures towards their young ones, and there cannot be a greater reproach to creatures that are endued with reason, than to neglect a duty which nature directs even the brute creatures by a blind and unthinking instinct. This, I foresee, will seem a very hard saying to nice and delicate mothers, who prefer their own ease and pleasure to the fruit of their own bodies, but whether they will hear, or whether they will forbear, I think myself obliged to deal plainly in this matter and to tell

VII.

Relic of our once sinless nature, why
 Redeem'd—loved infancy—do we not die,
 When young, baptized—regenerate from above,
 And meet for heaven, and Eden's bowers of love?
 Alas, this mortal life—this lingering death,
 This strife continuous for protracted breath,
 These rational—animal—godlike, fiend-like powers,
 For good or evil, through all time are ours :
 Cradled in sin, distempered from the womb,
 In sin we grow and journey to the tomb.
 Watching youth's—manhood's soul-lit glow depart,
 To feel, ere death, the deadness of the heart,
 Wrapped in the cold coil of our perishing clay,
 Growing more grey in soul, from day to day,
 With Mammon's greed—despair's tenacious hold,
 Grasping, to life's last gasp, our hoarded gold.

them that it is a natural duty, and because it is so, of more indispensable obligation than any positive precept of revealed religion, and that the general neglect of it is one of the great and crying sins of this age and nation. First, the neglect of this duty is a sort of exposing of children; it is but little better in many cases than the lying of a child in the streets, and leaving it to the care and compassion of a parish. It often happens that some secret disease of the nurse is conveyed to the child through the milk, with other bad consequences. Likewise there is a shameful and dangerous neglect of the child, especially by such nurses as make a trade of it; nor can it well be otherwise than, that, a nurse who by this course is first made to be unnatural to her own, should have no great care and tenderness for a child which is not her own. 'Can a woman,' says God, 'forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the fruit of her womb.' He speaks of it as a thing impossible!"

Despair ! ah, sceptic, fly that demon's scowl,
 Trust thou the inborn instincts of thy soul,
 Refulgent hope her *in hoc vince* waves,
 Victorious banner, o'er earth's sainted graves ;
 She looks above, beholds her guiding star,
 Sees, spread in light, heaven's azure hills afar,
 Inhales the life breath of that land of balm,
 Its soothing sunshine and soul-hallowing calm,
 And feels the dove divine, descending bring,
 Heaven's peace and blessing on her grace-spiced wing.

VIII.

Beautiful infancy ! thy placid gaze
 Might teach ungrateful man to pray and praise ;
 Immortal youth to thy cheek's bloom is given,
 Each smile-lit dream, pourtrays hope's opening heaven,
 Thy glance of love is faith's bright glimpse of bliss,
 And angel raptures greet the mother's kiss ;
 Cries are thy prayers, heard—answered, promptly too,
 As HE, our Father, will, his children's, do,
 That arm, upholding thee—encircling thine,
 Types—shadows forth HIS fostering arm divine !
 Best, purest bliss of all we prize below,
 Thee too, to woman's generous love we owe ;
 Oh, could we save those cherub lips from guile,
 Could we perpetuate that innocent smile,

And yield that happy spirit back again,
To its immaculate fount, without a stain ;
Then would our bitter tears be spared, and earth
No more bemoan the pangs that curse thy birth.

IX.

Mother ! that curse which cleaves to all through life,
Entails your portion, too, of toil and strife,
Would you, heaven-bless'd, prevent, at least in part,
Those penal pains, which make earth's thriftless smart,
And braving foes without, and foes within,
Achieve that good still yours in spite of sin,
Would you in wealth increase, in family thrive ?
Daughter of Eve ! strive, daily, hourly, strive,
Of rich or poor, not one the meed obtains
Of virtue's pleasures, without virtue's pains ;
None e'er expect, who are not mere machines,
Ends without aims, or objects without means.
Man's rational nature was bestowed on man,
To act pursuant to some rational plan,
Conformed in conduct to that love-linked chain,
Which runs through nature's infinite domain,
Which here and there in endless modes connects
The Great First Cause with all derived effects.

Accept some useful hints. Let none refuse
My homely dictates, and didactic muse.

X.

Heav'n! faithful ever, to her handmaid's care,
 Entrusts her precious charge, her future heir;
 Oh then, young mother, with Love's natural joy,
 To thy full bosom press thy cherub boy;
 Hark! knocking there, a love invited guest
 Pleads with strong cries his title to that breast;
 There let him struggle bravely, instinct-taught,
 Till life's stream lubricate his grateful throat,
 Those precious drops thus seasonably given,
 Are God's elixir—patent cream of heav'n!

Oh seize the gold of gold—the wealth of wealth,
 Contend with all your might (with prayer) for health.

Reason without experience, can impart
 But little aid to self-preserving art.

That knowledge, science yields your sex and state,
 Daily acquire, apply, appropriate.

The laws of being, studied, understood,
 Are to the wise heaven's ministers for good.

Despise not little things; by frequent use
 The simplest means the greatest good produce.

Some natural pangs, with moral firmness bear,
 Courage with caution tempering, zeal with care.

Composure seek, and consolation find,
 In the communings of a pious mind.

The prudent dictates of good sense pursue,
And let not conscience censure what you do.

Who help themselves escape heav'n's chast'ning rod,
And in need's hour have special help from God.
Advice address'd to thriftless heads and hands,
Falls powerless, fruitless, as seed sown on sands ;
'Tis practice gives their golden worth to rules,
And without practice, fools will still be fools :
What foes that house within, without, assail
Where matron ignorance, helplessness prevail.

XI.

Mothers ! with you love's first, last labour rests,
Creation's heirs are formed at your fair breasts.
Yon seraph host careering round the sun,
Measuring light's course through space since time begun,
Earth's cherubs once from those sweet fountains drew
That beauty—being, which immortal grew.

Handmaids of Deity ! feel, feel ye not
Your lofty destiny, your privileged lot ;
Tread then, more nobly tread, that subject earth,
To whose proud lords, high heaven and you give birth ;
And while the light of beauty gilds the ground,
On which your footsteps fall with silken sound,
Bid sacred ardour from devotion caught,
And musing's high, give lofty tone to thought,

Sparkling through lustrous orbs, where feeling deep
 And song unwoke, in trance seraphic sleep ;
 Lustre of intellect, not mere outside,
 The tinsel burnishing of school and pride,
 But from mind's centre with truth's radiance bright
 Sent through each feature luminous with light.

XII.

If angel souls to angel forms were given,
 Then would our earthly homes be types of heaven,
 Then humaniz'd by woman, man would prove
 A worthier object of his partner's love.

See beauty's casket void of beauty's soul,
 Pride's spurious gems without, but empty—foul—
 Mind's chambers there, with worthless litter stored,
 The goddess Fashion—Mammon's god adored.

What can that magnet's virtues, loved one, be,
 Which still attracts this bosom, true to thee,
 Which after years of contact, waste and wear,
 Retains unchanged its pristine influence there ?
 Is it that talisman by genii charmed,
 Refinements fatal gift for conquest armed ?
 No, but thy daily—hourly hands—heart's zeal
 Self-sacrifice of self for others' weal,
 That christian love still prompt at duty's call,
 That godlike aim to minister good to all,

Inspired and strengthened by the proud resolve,
 To seek heaven's sphere on earth, and there revolve !
 Oh, blest ambition, here, hereafter blessed,
 Love's fires to light, at virtue's seraph breast,
 Love warm and wise, still watchful to fulfil
 The God-in-nature's best parental will ;
 By day to nurture, mould, direct aright,
 And guard and tend the cradled couch by night :
 What though thy sex deride, and proud ones sneer,
 To kindred goodness thou art doubly dear,
 For thine are charms which through life's wintry hours
 Still yield fresh fragrance like sweet April flowers ;
 Thine is the mind-lit eye whose luminous rays,
 With sunbeams gild each object of its gaze,
 That mental sense is thine, acquired—instinct,
 With ends—means—cause—effect all chain-like linked,
 The will—the skill to bless as well as shine,
 Heaven's violet-light-tinged magnet, thine, love, thine.

XIII.

Shades of the bless'd—ye dead of cherished name,
 Whose household virtues still survive in fame,
 Ye rise in time's dark mirror dimly glass'd,
 Peopling with spectral life the shadowy past,
 Oft as we send our retrospective view
 Through bye-gone ages proudly trod by you !

Matrons of yore ! though held by prudes in scorn,
By me, at least, in pious memory borne,
Models of active lives, and useful arts,
Esteemed for sterling sense and solid parts,
That ancient worth our fathers prized was yours,
Which now small praise, and still less love, procures :
Mothers of old ! say, would you recognize
Your great grand-daughters in their modern guise,
Bedizened out, for ostentatious ends,
With all the frippery pride to folly lends,
Humming and strumming opera-song and dance,
With hearts and heads perverted by romance ;
Are these the brides to us, your sons, bequeath'd,
Their brows sublime, with painted paper wreath'd ?
With forms enveloped in huge folds of silk,
Weaned from no childlike test or taste save milk ?
These the companions—partners of our lives ;
Wise thoughtful mothers—helpful—hopeful wives ?
Ye Powers of change, those days bring back once more,
When nursling Queens the pastoral ensign bore,
When noble dames desir'd no higher joys,
Than those they shared with rosy girls and boys ;
Or grant our sons, unblest, helps meet and true,
Lovers of home, ye bless'd above, like you.

XIV.

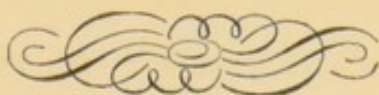
Lady ! I would not grieve nor cause you shame,
It is the system, not yourself we blame ;
Yours was an education based on pride,
Taught but to shine and little else beside,
Knowledge with good the most substantial fraught,
The knowledge of yourself was never taught ;
Train'd to admire—observe—mere surface hue,
Its gloss and glare you learn'd to copy too,
In arts more costly than embroider'd gold,
Life's living arts, unpractis'd and unschool'd,
And now you feel your helplessness—you feel
Dependent on your own dependant's zeal,
Encountering nature's—duty's stern demands,
With cries hysteric, powerless head and hands.

XV.

See that good angel—that home-cherishing wife,
Beneficent spirit, minist'ring to young life ;
Yes there, Creation's pride, love's—beauty's queen,
Enthron'd—enshrined, a form divine, is seen :
To her high Heav'n powers high as Heav'n confides,
At once she preaches—teaches—governs—guides,
There in that temple watch'd by cherub eyes
She moves, earth's priestess, training for the skies ;

To officiate there, fair ministrant, and feel
 The glow that answers to devotion's zeal,
 To breathe her soft responses in his ear,
 That worshipp'd one, most lov'd of all and dear ;
 To cull for him her fairest flowers and fruits,
 Once paradise joys, are still her priz'd pursuits ;
 Her family altar, redolent with prayer,
 Gives forth the fragrance of her daily care ;
 Sweetest the incense which her censer breathes,
 Of all that heaven-ward floats in spiral wreaths :
 She with the sun, and sun-like, leaves her bed,
 Love's mellowing beams on life's young buds to shed,
 Some new enchantment marks each passing hour,
 Her touch a talisman of magic power,
 Whose bright creations then reluctant close,
 When beauty breathes her prelude to repose.
 Delightful tasks ! engagements ever fraught
 With pleasing anxious cares and busy thought,
 Ye feminine—graceful arts ! 'tis your's to prove
 Man's treasur'd comforts stor'd in woman's love ;
 Oh, while the world its servile homage pays
 To grandeur surfeited with envy's gaze ;
 While fools admire what men of sense despise,
 Mere ghosts of pleasure mask'd in splendour's guise ;
 Give me that well-earn'd bliss which never cloy
 My heart's best sympathies—my bosom's joys,
 And I can well dispense with Mammon's jingling toys. }

To folly's haunts let fashion's daughters roam,
Thy votaries, *Virtue*, live and love at home.
There earth's fair cynosure in heav'n's own sphere
Pursues with genial glow her bright career,
For higher orbs ordained to furnish bliss,
The passing angel makes a heaven of this ;
With step assured life's even course she goes,
Tongues once censorious, muttering low applause.
Calm is her evening's close, her sun sets bright
To rise in glory in the realms of light ;
Minstrels unseen, throughout her dying day
On harps aerial, strains seraphic play,
Soul ! quit thine earth—enfranchised spirit, rise !
Heaven waits thee, sister, welcome to the skies !





INFANCY
AND
PARENTAL LOVE.

BOOK IV.



INFANCY
AND
PARENTAL LOVE.

Book IV.

I.

IGNORANCE ! foul Afrite, eyeing heaven askance,
And blackening nature with thy negro glance ;
Monster ! engendered in the womb of time,
With sin coeval and primeval crime,
Outgrowing all thy peers, of Titan mould,
And wielding empire's sceptre uncontrolled ;
Colossal power ! in passive grandeur great,
Cimmerian gloom invests thine awful state
With darkness, seated on thine ebon throne,
Around, supine, benighted nations groan.

Ancient of days, Arch-god of Gods, no more
All-powerful now—ascendant as of yore

Thy maniac legions spread o'er time and space,
Possess mankind and demonize each race.
Some new delusion each oracular boasts,
Fanatic madmen head thine ignorant hosts,
Fresh bands of Mormons swell the Babel shout,
And close the rear rank of that Bedlam rout.

Earth, in thy length and breadth, beneath each roof,
Are left the footprints of the demon's hoof,
Stamped on the monuments of ancient lands,
Graven in sweat and blood on Egypt's sands,
Thy coffin'd surface, unctuous with the bones
Of entombed empires, heaves sepulchral groans
Oft as the night wind shuddering howls in dread,
O'er realms upraised by strata of thy dead!

II.

Genius of evil! when the death-fraught storm
O'er pallid nations sweeps, thine awful form
High towering shrouded in sulphureous night,
Seen but by flashes of volcanic light,
Heralds destruction's hosts, hell in thy train,
Thugging the maimed that slaughter left unslain.

Malignant spirit! ever engendering hate,
Angry with God and man, and man's estate,
Blowing white hot the elements of strife,
Till crater-charged with lava floods of life,

The dread explosion bursts a nation's heart,
And horror rampant reigns where thou, dark demon, art.
 Ignorance ! thou hast my malison, bestowed
With execrations, deep, and long, and loud,
When hast thou ceased one moment since time's dawn,
To swell earth's wail of woe—oppression's moan ;
Curse, fatal curse, to body soul and mind,
To death—damnation, dooming half mankind,
Yes, hecatombs of men, lost, ruined, thine,
Are murdered, Moloch, on thy monster shrine.

III.

Titan ! thy feet are smeared with blood and brain,
Thy march is on the neck of nations slain,
By severed limbs and gore thy track is traced,
A widowed, orphaned, desolate, howling waste ;
Where birds and beasts unclean, by night and day,
Gorge and disgorge their execrable prey.
Foul incarnation of brute force, to thee,
In vain imploring pity bends the knee,
With brandished arms Briarean, threatening heaven,
In impotent revenge, to madness driven,
Thou stamp'st on thy crush'd victims bellowing forth,
Thus ignorance mangles, mars, God ! thine, man's earth.

IV.

Antagonist power ! and potent but for woe,
Man's first, last, deadliest, formidable foe,
Leading in arms a minor hostile force
Marching with passions fierce, on ruin's course ;
Thy victories, gained without the aid of Mars,
Are more destructive than ambition's wars,
Driving gaunt packs of wolf-eyed, ravenous poor,
To beg dog crumbs even at the bankrupt's door ;
But oh, more murderous far thy slaughtering charge,
When plague stalks forth o'er populous realms at large,
When leagued with death, to spread pest's poisonous gas
Among earth's passive, multitudinous mass,
Thy Moslem creed heaps up his horrible pit—
'Tis Allah's will, doom'd wretch, despair—submit.
Ignorance ! loathe we, of all thy murdering host,
Fierce superstition's monk-eyed visage, most :
Impious pretender to superior light,
Dark, dark art thou, and cold as polar night,
Remorseless, cruel, as the arctic bear
Dragging the shipwreck'd to his iceberg lair ;
I hear thy chuckling laugh, satanic saint,
As writhing wretches 'round thee death-racked faint ;
I mark hell's engines, horrible iron, damp
With fear's cold sweat, and pain's spasmodic champ.

Grand master fiend ! by thee the keys are borne
 Of horrors dungeons, where thy pale ones mourn,
 Muttering deep curses, which shall be forgiven
 When thou art passed to thine, and these to heaven.

V.

Foul miscreator ! poisoning Life's first springs,
 Detested author of all odious things,
 With nature's laws and human weal at war,
 Yoked to dread Juggernaut's colossal car,
 Resisting grace—truth-thwarting, heaven—mankind,
 Opposing barriers to the march of mind,
 Maiming God's image—marring nature's truth,
 Distorting—torturing—crippling—beauty, youth ;
 Grim, hateful monster, earth's deformity
 Is thine, thine—sacred—consecrate to thee,
 Incense, grand Lama, offered on thy shrine,
 Sweet smelling savour, Tartar god, of thine !

VI.

Nor less thine influence from time's dawn we date,
 Through empires—ages—on man's infant state.
 Speak, Baal, speak, thou horrible Kronus, tell
 What victims fed your holocausts of hell :
 Ye gory phantasies ! unveil to view,
 The martyred youth your superstitions slew,

Earth's virgin flowers heaped on your demon pyres,
 Till their young blood has quenched those impious fires.
 Oh, tell, old Time, thy tale of childhood's woes,
 Depict maternal love's infuriate throes,
 The frantic mother graving up the sod,
 With clenched fist raised on high, upbraiding God.
 Bid China's waves give up their strangled dead,
 Her fish disgorge the flesh on which they fed,
 The child-bed murders of each Hindoo tribe,
 Their dark interments—deeds accursed, describe,
 Bare the small bones earth's conscious caverns hide,
 Till outraged nature shrieks "Infanticide!"

VII.

Ignorance! thy synonyms most, most akin,
 Are folly, vice, improvidence and sin,
 Heaven storming sin, sin threatening to o'erturn
 The throne, the altar, arm'd to raze and burn;
 Vice, like a wave diluvial, rolling wide
 Its turbid waters—never ebbing tide,
 Bearing up, buoy'd with foul corruption rife,
 Its decomposing, putrid, luminous life.

Indigenous ignorance, native to the soil,
 And nurtured there with small expense of toil;
 Too often fostered to luxuriant growth,
 By coarse neglect, and manners, modes uncouth,

Thy fertile regions, roamed by Goth and Hun,
Present wide wastes impervious to the sun,
Where bush and briar, fierce thorn, barbarian like,
Still at each turn protrude the bristling spike ;
Where from those boughs, which put forth Upas shoots,
We gather poisonous berries—bitter fruits,
Breathing with labour, in pestiferous gloom,
Dank, moist miasma, or the hot simoon.

VIII.

Ignorance ! thy trail along life's track is traced
By evil's relics strew'd o'er times dark waste ;
At each survey of that soul-harrowing scene
Fresh horrors rise to tell where thou hast been,
There sit thy judges ! lo, the learned, the sage,
Branding with witchcraft, innocent, helpless age ;
Yes, history's page records the damning fact,
That legal murder was thy last bright act,
For thou dost do thy work like one sin-mad,
Till angry comets glare, and heaven looks sad,
Creation shuddering as thy shadow's blight
Invades the ether of her isles of light.
To thee we trace wrongs—bickerings old and new,
All, all our folly, half our misery too,
Effects untold with woes unnumbered fraught,
Reaching through time to ages—realms remote,

Sins national—social, all earth's infamy
We trace, malignant power, to thine and thee!
From thy foul source ten thousand evils spring,
Consuming being like a cancerous thing,
Ten moral—physical, few faintly scan,
Thy secret agents victimizing man;
Whate'er with gloom the past's dark vista fills,
Time's long appalling catalogue of ills.

IX.

Lo! sovereign ignorance still her sceptre wields,
O'er subject cities and suburban fields;
Her chariot wheels in liveried state convey,
Their regal mistress on the public way,
Through streets of palaces superbly proud,
Grinning and grinn'd at, by the vulgar crowd.
In antique guise she bears the rod of rule
O'er many a college, and o'er many a school,
Ready to deal out her pedantic thwacks
O'er anti-classic and rebellious backs,
Torturing with heathen verbiage youth's glad age,
Till heart—soul, sicken o'er the senseless page.
Foul incubus! old hag, no longer fright,
Nor strangle genius struggling into light.
To mix up pagan lore with christian truth
Is not the way to school ingenuous youth,

Is not the plan that wisdom would devise,
To make her pupils great, and good, and wise.

X.

See ignorance scowling fierce, at power's right hand,
Arresting measures meant to bless the land,
See her defeating wisdom's patriot schemes
Till cautious age rejects hope's idle dreams,
And round the horizon, in incendiuous skies,
Beholds, appalled, portentous omens rise.

Yes, tyrant, thine are all those traitorous laws,
Which cramp our sinews while they nerve our foes ;
We trace to thee those fierce, infernal crimes
Which stamp satanic aspects on the times ;
The discontent that darkens toil's swarth brow,
Blackening with negro hues all things below ;
That morbid, rabid appetite, which feeds
On those vile vermin its own venom breeds,
With all that base-born progeny beside,
The hybrid brood of ignorance and pride !

XI.

Prolific mother, travailing to the birth,
With biped things that stalk like fiends o'er earth,
Unfinished, bestial objects of disgust,
Half man, half brute, foul satyr-forms of lust,

Whose miscreations, with hot steaming breath,
 Through human dens diffuse the gas of death.
 Thy moral monsters, protean-like, assume
 Each villainous aspect hatched in nature's womb ;
 From griffin fangs protruding scorpion stings,
 Pestiferous—venomous—leperous—lecherous things ;
 Arm'd to the teeth, they charge with bison roar,
 And first their dam and then their children gore,
 Kind—country—kindred, in one onslaught fall,
 And ignorance reigns, rhinoceros lord of all.

XII.

View half the globe—huge wastes of being view,
 Prey'd on by biped beasts of every hue—
 See motley packs, earth's savage regions scour
 With hell-hounds, linked to kidnap and devour,
 Scenting their carnage feast, halloo'd, whipp'd in
 By demon hunters, drunk with maddening sin.

Nor yet extinct is earth's carnivorous breed,
 On helpless mortals, still, foul ogres feed ;
 How oft has India seen her mammoth wolf,
 At one huge meal, whole hecatombs engulf ?
 Still Mammon's cloven chew their offal cud,
 With lynx-eyed catamounts digesting blood ;
 Fierce Creole crimps with human victims gorg'd,
 Victims first ravished, then death-toiled and scourged.

War, hell-bigot, black hate her homicide nurse,
 With avarice' vampire crew fill up life's curse,
 Pale, pining, want and infant suffering toil,
 Sow dragon's teeth till arm'd men burst the soil,
 While havoc's torch by hands vindictive hurl'd
 Flares ignorance' triumph 'midst a blazing world !

XIII.

Dark ignorance, rays which light and warm man's soul,
 Reach not the abyss where thine eyes vacant roll ;
 Thou idiot, groping on thy twilight way
 Hedged by the splendours of the blaze of day !

Those horrible eye-balls gleam a spectral glare,
 And when I would escape their meaningless stare,
 Indulging through lone fields my cynic wrath,
 Thy mindless apparition dogs my path
 And all communion with my kind repels ;
 There where the lark sings sweetest, human yells,
 The shouts prolonged, of boors, with liquor dram'd,
 Grates on heaven's ear like orgies of the damn'd ;
 Discord in harmony, with groans beneath,
 Preluding howlings there and gnashing of teeth.

See Hodge, gruff Hodge, with cart-horse limbs and
 trunk,
 Stretch'd on deal settle, settled to get drunk ;

Unmannered blackguard, with thy sensual glance,
 Thine impudent brazen front, and leer askance,
 Thou opiate-loving, drinking, drivelling sot,
 Belching thy blasphemous slang o'er pipe and pot ;
 Thou bloated steaming mass of morbid life,
 Where are thy children, wretch, and weeping wife !
 Oh ! lost to manhood, lo, thy rational dog
 Shames with thy loath'd alliance, obscene hog—
 Go, herd thee, swill-tub, with thy kindred swine,
 On brewers' grains thy wife and children dine—
 Is there no trough for thee, thou pig, as well ?
 Yes, and dramm'd liquid fire, damn'd soul, in hell.

XIV.

Ignorance ! thou sightless Titan ! what, dethrone
 Jehovah—Jesus—would'st thou reign alone ?
 Ah ! impotent ! down to the Dragon's den
 A thousand years—arch-murderer of men.

Go, sacred knowledge, through the wide world pass,
 And preach thy gospel to Earth's ignorant mass ;
 Amidst the marts of trade, the cities' din,
 Through streets and alleys, sinks and wastes of sin ;
 Go, cry aloud, and east, west, south and north,
 Bid thine enlightening—warning voice peal forth.
 Spirit divine ! impregnate with thy breath,
 This second chaos, rife with moral death,

Thy children of the desert—Ishmael's seed,
 The Indian, Hun, the Persian and the Mede,
 With all who roam the wide Pacific shore,
 To thee, to favour, hope and heav'n restore ;
 Teach States that boast refinements, arts of pride,
 That plain good sense improved is man's best guide ;
 Efface Cain's brand—Heav'n's penal curse remove,
 And be thy badge and banner Christ and Love !

XV.

Ignorance ! thy sister Darkness sees the light,
 Your empire is invaded powers of night,
 The polar winter of your reign is past,
 The morn of knowledge brightens, beams at last.
 On yon cloud-cleaving peak, a noble band
 Watching the distant dawn, exulting stand,
 And see the rockets rise—the signal gun
 Booms o'er the world—it is, the Sun ! the Sun !

XVI.

England ! the clouds that o'er heav'n's disk defile,
 Impinge their shadows on no fairer isle,
 Nor see their amber folds reflected, shine
 From crystal waves with purer tints than thine ;
 Thine armaments o'erspread the land—the seas,
 And brave, combined, the battle and the breeze ;

Thy steam-wing'd argosies each hour depart,
 Freight'd with wealth for earth's remotest mart,
 Whose haughtiest tyrants veil their trembling crowns,
 When bent on them they mark thy lightning frowns.

Ah! grandeur—glory too, too, dearly bought,
 Wrung from the hard-hoof'd hands of toil untaught;
 What from fame's worse than worthless breath is gain'd?
 Is virtue—peace, promoted, vice restrained?
 Do ills decrease, hopes rise, and good abound,
 Auguring millennial aspects gathering round?
 Are truth's—love's ranks with ardent converts swelled,
 Hailing that promised boon, too long withheld?
 Does moral power, while bent on social weal,
 From clamour's rage to reason's voice appeal?
 No! human passions at earth's surface glow,
 Fierce as the central fires that rage below;
 O'er disaffected realms dark spirits brood,
 Filling men's minds with spectral fields of blood,
 Haunting, in paper garb, the crowded way,
 Murderers of hope and suicides are they.

Where now are England's champions? What do
 those

Who razed the feudal holds of freedom's foes?
 Did faction, did reverse their ranks disband?
 No! like the ramparts of their native land,
 In granite grandeur, lo, unmoved they stand,

Breaking the ocean swell—the restless roll
Of ever heaving, agitated soul.

May wisdom's laws make labour's sons more blest,
And national virtue, ruin's course arrest !
Then too shall order—moral force, secure
Those grand results time hastens to mature,
When India's happier destinies ordain
Her tenth Avatar, and Victoria's reign !

XVII.

Victoria ! Queen of Nations ! Albion's pride !
Long may'st thou live and love, young, happy bride ;
Oh ! may the mother soon, with tears of joy,
Place in her Albert's arms, his royal boy,
While round the globe Britannia's thunders bear
The birth auspicious of her empire's heir ! *

Then shall one mother's lips, sweet Infancy,
At nature's own tribunal plead for thee
With eloquent outpourings, and a tone
Soft as the hautboy's breathings, from the throne
Gracefully flowing, make all hearts vibrate
In sympathy with hers for thy lost state,
Witnessing that royal bosom bleeding so,
O'er misery's dark abodes, thy nurseries of woe.

* These lines, written at the period of Her Majesty's august nuptials, are still, for obvious reasons retained in their original loyal form and expression.

Ye statesmen, councillors who preside and plan,
Vicegerents under God for good to man,
Ye legislators, princes, prelates, peers,
August precursors of eventful years,
Projecting your dread aspects into time,
And fating lives of peace, or blood and crime !
A mine in rich Bonanza—human ore—
Upheaving masses—heaven's own spiritual store—
Mind's raw material—yours to re-create—
Achievement glorious, worthy of the great—
Offers its unwrought lodes of wealth unknown
To grace your state—the altar—and the throne.
Think that of each poor child neglected, rude,
A subject peaceful, useful—parent good,
A being noble, dignified, refined,
Your power might yield your country—queen—
mankind.

Hark ! loud, more loud, through sympathising skies,
To heaven's—earth's throne the prayers of myriads rise,
Save us, they cry, from monsters threatening life,
From carnage' red right arm—fierce battle's strife,
From ignorance—misery—crime, your country save,
And grant the boon, the boon her son's sons crave.
Knowledge—aids—means to think and act aright,
Efficient knowledge, intellectual light,

The power to judge, discriminate, reflect,
 Mark, weigh, connect, cause, consequence, effect,
 Power to appreciate power. Then will be seen
 A loyal people and a happy Queen !
 She speaks : her eyes with darker lustre glow,
 The crown's rich gems gleam brighter on her brow ;
 Applauding senates to her prayer accede,
 The cause uniting each conflicting creed ;
 Close by God's house, its best support, that pile
 Sacred to knowledge, girds her grateful isle ;
 The hum of childhood conning heaven's own book,
 Lispings its syllables with meaning look,
 Floats on the breeze, inviting as he goes
 The way side wanderer reverently to pause.

XVIII.

Knowledge ! thine empire, once barbarian, rude,
 With heavenward glance now metes infinitude ;
 As space recedes into apparent night,
 Creation flashes forth intenser light,
 Still sun's and systems in perspective rise,
 And mind expatiates in abysmal skies.

Hail power supreme ! uncaus'd intelligence !
 Sole centre of this vast circumference,
 These demonstrations, thine, dread Lord, denote
 Resources, powers, transcending human thought :

We send our tube-borne glance bewildered, far
 Through nebulous regions rich with many a star,
 See, worlds on worlds beyond, in vista dawn,
 Heaven's sovereign seated on a loftier throne,
 See earth receding—vanishing away,
 And suns extinguished in that vast survey !

Mightiest ! thus mirror'd forth, thy smiles great God !
 With rapture greet us from earth's flower-gemm'd sod,
 That intense beauty scintillating round,
 The poetry latent through all nature found,
 The music breath'd from all below—above
 Adumbrates Thee, and shadows forth Thy love !

XIX.

See knowledge ! first born of the Infinite Word,
 From mind to matter, thence to man transferred.
 Embodied deity ! to mortal gaze
 Revealed all bright with inspiration's rays,
 Giving forth glory, glowing more intense
 As knowledge strengthens mind's perceptive sense,
 Till that same Word which "spake and it was done"
 Shines all refulgent as a mental sun !

Not less divine a moral radiance, then,
 Through brightening media poured fresh light on men :
 The One Great Teacher arm'd ten thousand more,
 Saints preached inspired where hell blasphemed before,

The church, heaven's chartered treasury, amassed
In trust for us, rich records of the past,
Still grasped her honoured priests and martyrs bold
Truth's golden chain in their tenacious hold,
A power unseen led on the bright array,
To gild with triumph that millennial day,
When science' hosts, with christian front sublime
Shall tread faith's bridge across the straits of time.

XX.

Go education ! train thy normal bands,
And charge the ignorance of barbaric lands,
Complete—perfect, religion's work of grace,
Till good supreme, evangelize the race.
On Niger's banks, and up the winding Nile,
Bid infant schools on village gardens smile,
Thine honour'd priests with sacred vestments robe,
And make their order reverenced round the globe !



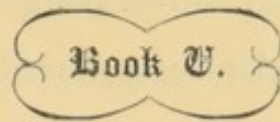


INFANCY
AND
PARENTAL LOVE.

BOOK V.



INFANCY
AND
PARENTAL LOVE.



I.

FAIR Infancy ! thy friend—thy faithful muse,
Once more that theme, so long delayed, renews :
Oh, may the world too prone to trifles, deem
Weal—weal, the end, not wealth, the means, supreme,
And scouting—scorning each fallacious plea,
Begin heav'n's work, sweet innocence, with thee !

View then, young sire, with manhood's glow of
pride,

The child-gemm'd bosom of thy matron bride,
Oh, fairer far than when in maiden bloom
Her lip first left on thine love's rich perfume ;
Lo ! there deck'd out in woman's peerless charms,
Her priceless jewel glistening in her arms,

She yields that babe the nectar of her breast,
Loving and loved—caressing and caressed.

Oh fount elysian, exquisitely sweet,
Where love's exuberant life streams mingling meet,
There, as those lips spontaneously extract
Their treasured store with instinct's marvellous tact,
Love's Alchemy, transmuting woman's blood,
Secretes her offspring's pure, appropriate food.

How much we owe of muscular, moral force,
To that endeared, loved, interesting source,
How much of personal beauty, mental power,
And wealth untold, maternal love's rich dower.
Ah! why then tainted so with sin's foul leaven,
Thou spiritual, fine, embodiment of heaven!
For oh! creative beauty breathed through thee
Her own bright essence—living poetry,
Shedding a glory o'er thee and a grace,
Too, too voluptuous for our recreant race;
There, arteries, lighted by the ruby's glow,
Bid purest pearl in streams lactiferous flow,
Currents of life, bright life, when undefiled,
The mother's self, transfused into the child,
For there, fair Infancy, when rosebuds close,
Thy cherub cheeks in cushioned bliss repose,
Seen with lips moving, as if still they quaffed
In dreams elysian that delicious draught.

II.

Hail, fair young mother, now to strength restored,
In triumph led to grace love's festive board,
There 'girt with cordial friends and generous cheer,
Loud gratulations greet and glad thine ear ;
Joy, joy to thee, proud mother, health to thine,
We pledge you both in bumpers of bright wine,
A welcome guest at nature's feast art thou,
Eat, drink, luxuriate, 'tis thy medicine now,
Yourself—your child, renewed refreshment crave,
Go, nourish then that glad young life you gave ;
Whene'er the natural wish for food you feel,
Go, uninvited, make a sumptuous meal,
On generous diet, dashed with sparkling ale
With zest, enhanced by abstinence, regale,
That fine rich chyle those suckling veins devour,
Shall mellowed juices through your infant's pour.

Oh laws adorable ! to wisdom true,
Heaven's own paternal love we trace in you,
How cruel then, nay impious too, to thwart
Those righteous dictates—instincts of the heart ;
By low self-love constrain'd, or fashion's ban
To interdict the first best food of man.

III.

Now light of heart, bound forward light of limb,
Your harp strings echoing hope's ecstatic hymn ;
Love's glad hours caroling as they glide along
With artless, playful, blithe, spontaneous song.

Match me of strains below, that thrill—rejoice,
The reed-rich ravishing tones of woman's voice,
Of all choice combinations of sweet sound
Breath'd out of heav'n her sweeter lips abound
The most in melting music heard then best
When hymning infant innocence to rest.

Fair minstrel ! young enthusiast, again
Become the pupil of Love's witching strain,
And take fresh lessons in thine art—acquire
Force—pathos—feeling from thy young heart's lyre,
Acquire the fullness—richness of that tone
Which modulates the mother's voice alone,
The soul's own natural music whose key note
Is pitch'd to heavenly unison's and taught
Her vocal daughters by a baby boy :
Now warbling placidly love's new-born joy,
A thousand sweet accompaniments are thine,
And pretty cadences and preludes fine,
All strange to that young bosom, tho' so long
The practis'd triller of Italian song.

Ha! fear'st thou, timid warbler, fear'st thou then
The scowl sarcastic of stone-hearted men?
Young muse of genius! sweet, melodious bird,
Dying of strains, unutter'd and unheard,
Body thy feelings forth, despite control,
The deep, pure, fine emotions of thy soul,
Charm'd by that paradise creature, nestling there,
Give—give thine heart's vibrations to the air.

What? do those strains which breathe love's fond
delight

With chords discordant jar on ears polite,
Does pride with taunts your matron efforts treat
Where in cold coteries fashion's despots meet,
And dar'st thou, influenced by low views like these,
Renounce thine arts to soothe—thy powers to please?
Obsequious follower of refinement's school;
Yes, court thy tyrant's unrelenting rule,
Put off the woman—sear that callous heart,
And when thy feminine grace—warmth—soul depart—
Ask truth, stern truth, thy lineaments to sketch,
Ask nature's artist for thy likeness, wretch,
A bandaged mummy, withered heart and head,
A shrivell'd corpse, sepulchral, dry and dead.

IV.

Be humble—natural—be the mother then,
And not of manikins, but valiant men ;
The means provide—the end proposed secure,
Be active—passive—prompt to do—endure—
With skill'd right hand and sage experienc'd thought,
Your calls domestic answer as you ought ;
Woman's abandonment of duty's post
Of all her sins incurs heav'n's vengeance most,
Her ignorance injures health's best functions more
Than skill can cure, or years of care restore.

Then do not, cruel, tear from your fair breast
Those lips which plead their title to be bless'd,
'Till hostile teeth the weaning war declare,
And leave love's playful indentations there.

V.

Thus councill'd one who school'd to scan the whole
Trac'd great effects from multiples of small,
And following nature in her varied mood
By simple means wrought miracles of good ;
Skill'd to interpret life—events—and men,
She read fate's future page with sibyl ken :
Mothers, she said, oh sacrifice not thus,
Those righteous instincts heaven reveals to us,

Life pines and dies for want of woman's care,
 'Tis ignorance here—'tis dissipation there,
 When nature's handmaid thus from duty flies,
 Degenerate nations bid fresh Vandals rise.

Learn then that lore, divines disdain to preach,
 Replete with wisdom, schools refuse to teach,
 Wisdom despised, because embodying truth,
 That last-learned lesson of confiding youth.

Well may our modern belles accuse their stars
 Of aspects influenced by malignant Mars,
 Who through life's course, with fatuous pride oppose
 The sovereign dictates of creation's laws :
 Can love's warm gush in hearts distracted swell ?
 Can inward peace with outward tumult dwell ?
 Can health's bright blood in veins compressed pulsate ?
 Or nerves unstrung, to joy's fine touch vibrate ?
 Ah no ! 'tis semblance all—foul mockery, vain,
 A frivolous, morbid being, mixed with pain.

God grant us grace, and give us heads and hearts,
 To know and feel each truth his word imparts,
 Avert that sentence, there, the traitor's doom,
 Read by the flickering flames that light hell's lurid
 gloom.

VI.

Neglect parental ! monster crime of all
 That marks love's outraged course since man's first fall,

Odious in *him*—deep stamped with sin's broad curse,
 On woman charged, worse—infinately worse :
 “ Offend these little ones ” ’twere best for thee,
 Thy neck, rock-wrenched, was anchored in the sea.

Infantine beauty ! bud of healthful stem,
 Earth's sweetest flower art thou, her brightest gem,
 With joyous sparklings, innocence lights those eyes,
 Where heaven in mirror'd softness sleeping lies,
 As though this world of sin was peopled by
 Fair cherub beings, exil'd from on high.

Why droop those lips so pale—why does that cheek,
 The sick wan hue of blighted life bespeak ?

Oh, ignorance, murderess, lo, the work is thine,
 Thou arch-destructive, drunk with opiate wine,
 Thine are the graves of myriads born in vain,
 By thee, infanticide, untimely slain,
 By thee, consigned unconscious to the tomb,
 Stabb'd in the dark, or poisoned in the womb.

VII.

Young nurse ! life's manly form—youth's—beauty's
 charms,

Are moulded, stripling, in thy trusted arms,
 And yet no school by matron wealth endowed
 On thee, the lessons, love demands, bestowed,
 In coarse neglect, and abject misery nurs'd,
 Train'd to thy trade, a tyrant from the first,

“ Dragg’d up ” by blows laid on with step-dame glee,
To deal on others what she dealt on thee.

And what from thee do duty—love, demand?
The thinking—feeling—working head—heart—hand,
Thy pressure, touch—soft—light—tenacious too,
To him, thy charge—to love—to duty true,
In action, graceful—look, alive—alert,
In each department of thine art expert,
Voice, song, of winning softness—eyes that shine,
With borrowed lustre (heaven’s) young nurse are thine!

VIII.

Borne through the skies that bless the sunny south,
Heaven’s bird, while young, attains gigantic growth,
Breathing the breezes of her native rock,
Her eyrie sheltered from the tempest’s shock,
“ In pride of place ” she sits secure and proud,
Her curtain space, her canopy the cloud.

Mothers! how hostile then to health robust,
Your close, pent atmosphere of floating dust,
Where wing of zephyr never swept the floor,
To chase the mote clouds through the open door.

Within that temple, sacred all to thee,
Idol of love—endearing Infancy!
Thy priestess prompt—in nature’s auguries wise,
Each wish interprets and each want supplies—

Hears thy small voice, obeys its softest calls,
And whispers peace within thine hallowed walls,
Where strains, low-breathed, sleep's gentle reign prolong,
And hushing echo, lend their soothing song.

IX.

Cradled treasure ! pearl of beauty !
Worth a world of gold and gem,
Can that love, which prompts to duty,
Ever barter thee for them ;
Leave thee to a hireling's mercies,
Feigning love and feeling none,
Ill-suppressing inward curses
At thy cries, thou helpless one ?

Succour'd infant—thriving—sleeping,
Softly heaves that bosom now,
Lo ! thy mother, watch is keeping,
Chasing fever from thy brow ;
Still o'er thy lone couch she bendeth,
Bendeth on the suppliant knee,
While her faith-winged prayer ascendeth,
Blessings to invoke on thee.

Yes, thou loved one, sweetly slumbering,
 Father's—mother's pride and joy ;
Prayers untold, thy hours outnumb'ring,
 They have breathed for thee, my boy ;
Breathed them o'er thy pillow faintly,
 Uttered loud to heaven alone,
Echoed by thine angel, saintly,
 Pleading there at mercy's throne !

Ha ! young dreamer ! art thou waking,
 Or to other orbs upborne,
Where the light-winged hours are making
 Music with the beams of morn :
There with infant Peris sporting,
 Inmates of immortal bowers,
Other loves than earth-born, courting,
 Other, blander smiles than ours.

Envied slumbers ! happy sleeper !
 Give me one magnetic kiss,
Charm thy mother, sweet, and steep her
 In thine own bright trance of bliss ;
No, rest, rest without distraction,
 Love is not that opiate power,
Love like hers means action—action,
 Even at this midnight hour.

Mightiest instinct ! love parental !
Moving in thine hallowed sphere,
Woman's being—moral—mental,
Grows to angel stature here.
Darling, haste, those veins are swelling,
Where thy lips at feast should be,
Love in liquid pearls is welling
From that breast which bleeds for thee !

X.

Sweet cleanliness ! nymph of the woody dell,
With shining shoulders dripping from the well,
Where thou didst lave thyself at morning tide,
'Till breeze and wave enamoured, kiss'd thy glossy side ;
Oh ! thou art fragrant as the violet bed,
On which the pendant rose its dews hath shed,
And in thine eye a vivid brightness beams,
Like golden light glistening on silver streams,
Creating passionate longings to impress
On thy fair, ruby lips, love's chaste caress.
May the pure atmosphere of mine and me,
For ever breathe, delicious nymph, of thee,
And painter, pencil on each polished brow
Thine azure streak inlaid in blushing snow ;
For thou art health's sweet handmaid, morn and night,
Twin sister too, to beauty—love's delight

And Infancy's best friend, whom all esteem—
Lov'd—loveliest Naiad of the limpid stream.

XI.

'Tis not for us, my countrymen, to boast
The sun-beam'd breeze that fans Sicania's coast ;
We cannot boast, however we may prize,
The milder fervour of Italian skies ;
Our midland hills the lagging mist o'ershrouds ;
Above impend sun-intercepting clouds ;
Winds from the east their lurid vapours cast ;
We shivering meet the hyperborean blast.
So rude a clime asks art's impervious vest
To clothe man's sinewy limbs and stalwart chest ;
Yet pride's cold hands would bare to Britain's storms,
Her stripling son's refined exotic forms ;
Forms which with softest symmetry combine
A texture highly vascular and fine ;
Oh ! 'tis an outrage, man, to all intents,
An outrage, nature in her wrath resents,
Emptying the veins to close the porous skin—
Hoarding the blood's fine particles within—
Driven from her post—cut off from her supplies,
At length she quits the camp with all her brave allies.

Mothers, your flocks contend with treach'rous climes,
Prepare, prepare your fleecy robes betimes,

Guard well the fold, the foe lurks near, ye dams !
Consumption's wolves still prey on England's lambs.

XII.

In many a pine-built hut, whose chinky door
Admits the sunbeams flickering on the floor,
There rolling free, a fine barbarian boy,
Stretching his naked limbs in savage joy ;
That first best model of mankind behold,
The child of nature fresh from beauty's mould ;
In many a woodland glade or mountain glen,
We find the finest specimens of men.

Thus fares the race in each Hygeian clime,
Where nature holds an even course with time ;
Where luxury's arts no dire diseases bring
To poison life's pure current at its spring ;
Free from those fetters—fashion—pride, decree,
From tastes perverted—views, fallacious free ;
No functions there, contend with pressure's grasp ;
No bodiced bosom's suffocating gasp ;
Unknown the death-gripe of the stay-girt waist,
With spines distorted and with ribs displaced ;
But sound in heart and brain—in limb—lung sound,
O'er Alpine heights like hunted stags they bound,
Ethereal airs, elastic power impart,
And send galvanic batteries through the heart.

How great the contrast when the pain'd eye meets
 Consumption's children staggering through our streets,
 The wreck of forms in which love once could trace,
 Health's bouyant beauty and her gliding grace :
 Name not *that* life, which sickness shares with death,
 A morbid action for a stinted breath :
 Name not that living—dying—day by day,
 Consuming—wasting—vanishing away.
 Life ! God's own breath of life, yields with each gasp
 A soul-proud conscious power and giant grasp,
 Evincing energy in every form
 Ready to brave the battle and the storm.

Oh ! by those truth-stamp'd laws which never lie ;
 By life's great instincts which refuse to die ;
 By higher mandates still of sovereign love ;
 By all your hopes and fears—below—above—
 We charge—adjure you, mothers, at each stage
 Of being's progress up to riper age,
 Strive first—strive last—late—early—all you can
 To nurse the stamina of the future man.

XIII.

Jenner ! thy name breathes fragrance, like those bowers
 With mellowing fruits perfumed and blossoming flowers,
 Breathes of our own sweet buds, whose virgin hues,
 From black contagion's blight and death's dank dews ;

Preserv'd by thee, still boast their first bright bloom,
Ere sin's dark spot veil'd Eden's sun in gloom,
That name, I say, that modest humble name,
Fiend-brands the murdering demigods of fame.

Oh! born to save a doom'd, death-hunted race,
Plague's pack, fell hell-hounds foremost in the chase,
Say, who can sum time's long amass'd amount
Of earth's vast debt to thee? Who, who can count
Thy victories o'er young life's destroyer, arm'd
With science and the lancet, vaccine—charm'd?
Yes, health to thee, life, beauty, love we owe
Youth's roseate bloom—the spotless polish'd brow,
And full protection for each child unwean'd,
From loathsome low disease, pest's foulest fiend.

If earth postpone thine apotheosis,
Yet heav'n will not, for there enthroned in bliss
Thy sainted spirit hears harps cherub-strung,
Lauding thy virtues, saviour of the young!

Here too thou hast thy worshippers, even those
Whose grateful lips kiss love's unpitted rose,
Venial idolaters—ere long to raise
Temples and shrines to thine and heaven's own praise;
There on thy natal day, young minstrel bands;
May's floral offerings garlanding their hands,
Shall sing sweet pæans with their sweeter breath,
Hymning the great antagonist of death.

XIV.

Ye laws of being ! laws—profound—sublime,
Acting—re-acting, through all space and time—
Causes—effects, combined and recombined
Moving in concert with One Master Mind !
Ye harmonies of nature in the small
Elaborate—great, as in the mighty whole,
You hymn the power which made you, and confess
His greatness—wisdom—infinite—no less !
We groan in soul to trace the long, long chain,
Of your vast operations—vain—in vain ;
Space yields no parallax to mete heaven's scale,
Of sun-adjusted systems—lines—signs fail :
We mark the grand result—adore—rejoice—
And wonder-awed suppress our puny voice.

Ye mountains ! let me climb you, your high throne
Is vacant—I would sit and muse alone.

Silence and solitude ! ye seem to me
Thought's boundless empire bordering Deity—
An intermediate region, where the course
Of matter ends, and spirit takes its source ;
Etherealized by you, rais'd—rapt—refin'd,
Sense—passion—matter, but encumber mind,
For all is here perceiving, and the soul
Exults in its own essence—spurns control.

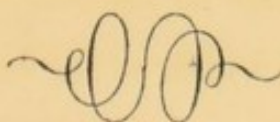
Ye harmonies of nature ! here, even now,
Your music's softest undulations flow ;

Earth's lays of love melodious hither rise ;
Aerial voices hymn these lark-lov'd skies ;
Around—below, exuberant gladness floats,
Song-warbling—trilling—blithe—articulate notes.
“ Praise God the Lord ” 'tis nature's anthem, heard
From instinct's thousand tongues of beast and bird,
The rapt expression of her eloquent voice,
Bidding her children in life's life rejoice ;
Air's tiny minstrels fill each buzzing pause,
Beating the sunbeams with their gilded gauze ;
These mountain harps obey the laws of sound,
Æolian strains sweep audibly around ;
The tall pines vibrate to their own bass boom,
Lashing with storm-bowed stems the forest's gloom,
Swelling sublime, with multitudinous bray
The diapasons nature's organs play ;
For now the wind-god's moans are long and loud,
Electric flashes pierce his misty shroud,
And light his screaming eagle's earthward track :
Remote, I hear the flood-fed cataract
Grinding the ponderous rocks which break his fall,
While nearer thunders, pealing over all,
Roll their voluminous echoes multiplied,
Down the deep gorges of the mountain side,
Whose eddying winds in concert fiercer blow,
Basing earth's Babel chorus far below.

XV.

Ye streams that hear meandering, murmuring run,
 Bathing your bright young waters in the sun,
 Ye virgin rivulets ! you speak to me
 Of love, and gentleness, and purity ;
 Of hearts which heaven in tenderest union binds ;
 Of sinless thoughts flowing through innocent minds ;
 You tell me, babbling brooks, of happy hours,
 When Ouse first bade me love my native flowers,
 Hours, dear to childhood, dear to memory too,
 Hours yet enjoyed, my own dear babes, in you !

Yes, infant rivers ! to the ravished sense
 Of listening love, your flowing eloquence
 Imparts emotions sympathetic, fraught
 With sanctified, and deep, and holy thought.
 Ye purified of heaven, you fell in showers,
 To bless with fruit the loves of earth's fair flowers,
 Now from your caverns gladly ye leap forth
 To fill with life and joy all things on earth ;
 Go, sportive rills, your downward gambols play,
 Through brake and briar pursue your winding way,
 With still augmenting volume sweep the plain,
 Then rolling onward mingle with the main,
 To rise and fall, and flow and rise again.





INFANCY
AND
PARENTAL LOVE.

BOOK VI.



INFANCY
AND
PARENTAL LOVE.

Book VI.

I.

Ah! what avails mind's luminous range of thought,
In time and space, through ages—realms remote,
Her analytic and synthetic arts,
Titanic power, mechanic skill imparts,
And all that science, heaven and earth reveal,
Apart from moral good and social weal?

Just, just as worthless is the poet's rhyme,
Which mocks man's cries for help with flights sublime;
Is that a time to drawl such puling strain,
When England's great heart inly bleeds with pain?
When vice and misery travelling hand in hand,
With vagrant hordes oppress a weary land?
Hear piety pleading loud, heaven's cause and man's;
See mind maturing her stupendous plans;
Diffusive knowledge, pouring forth her stores
In copious streams, like water, to men's doors:

Hear voices thundering o'er the Atlantic wave,
 Demanding freedom for the foreign slave ;
 Beneficent aspects—omens, that presage
 Approaching triumphs for some happier age,
 When christian equity shall compass earth,
 And fathers welcome every infant's birth.

Dawn, days of bliss—I hear the sufferers sigh
 Cycles millennial, hither earthward fly ;
 Bid sovereign grace now ante-date the hour
 When HE shall come, joy's harbinger, with power ;
 Let earth, of heaven sweet foretaste now partake,
 For gentle woman's—tender childhood's sake ;
 Thy bowers, lost love, bid patriot saints restore,
 And truth prevail, and hearts weep blood no more.

II.

Who first, fair childhood's flexile being moulds ?
 Hope's bud of promise, say, who first unfolds ?
 To what bland influence does young beauty owe
 That smile which radiates on her sunlit brow ?
 Who stamps on youth that dogg'd, and sullen mien,
 The morbid index of habitual spleen ?
 Mothers ! you make—mar—modify your child,
 As tempers sour'd prevail, or manners mild,
 On you, their looks, your pupils wondering turn ;
 Their first rude lisp from your fair lips they learn ;

Those eloquent smiles of your's suffice, alone,
To teach love's lyre through life its tenderest tone ;
Your sayings—doings, are the embryo seeds
Of future thoughts which ripen into deeds ;
Effects you cause, and now too late foresee,
Extend through time, and reach eternity.
Why plead then, ignorance of that moral lore
Which others teach, but which you practice more ;
Alas ! those truths most fraught with social good,
Are studied least—least prized—least understood.

What answer give heaven's oracles of truth
To all who guide the wandering feet of youth ?
Train up a child in duty's path, and when
In manhood's prime he will not err, even then ;
Words prized of old as of God's word a part,
Quoted at discount now in Mammon's mart ;
By modern dandies voted out of date ;
Deemed meet discourse for evangelic prate.
“ Train up a child ” true—true we preach in vain,
Children themselves, how can earth's parents train ?
Too helpless some—too heedless—heartless more,
Too late to mend them now—too soon before ;
Race after race unchanged, still rise and fall,
Degenerate—wretched—ignorant beings all.

III.

To call forth virtue's infant instincts first ;
 To cherish nature's best—restrain her worst ;
 To gain the heart to good—the soul to win,
 And check the rise, betimes, of inborn sin,
 That grace-blest work with heaven's own zeal pursue,
 By means preventive and remedial too.

Allowed to spread exempt from all control,
 Sin's serpent virus saturates the soul ;
 There still the foe unseen in ambush lurks,
 There still hell's agent at man's ruin works ;
 Additional years but subtler venom bring—
 A keener fang supply—a fiercer sting ;
 But vices more atrocious—monstrous breed,
 Asking vile meats to sate their lustful greed.

IV.

A beam of light, a soft and gentle strain
 Pierce the young nerve which vibrates to the brain,
 Reflexion wakes—the first perceptions rise,
 Visions of beauty fix our wondering eyes ;
 Material forms—sounds—colours—tastes produce
 Impressions varied stored for future use,
 Influences, good, or bad, or both combined,
 Dispute their power to bend the ductile mind.

Slow is the rise of conscious feeling—slow
 The birth of young sensation ; as they grow

Each reflex image darts with plastic force,
 Through passive inlets, from an active source,
 To the soul's central being—faint the beams
 Of mirror'd splendour, whose first conscious gleams
 Call forth perceptions glimmerings—dim the dawn
 Of mental day, ere darkness is withdrawn,
 And all is light. The young ideas though rude,
 Expand and brighten from without renewed,
 And simple—complex—gathering—strengthening still,
 They first coerce and then controul the will,
 True to their archetypes, or fair or foul,
 They mould an angel's—man's or monster's soul.

V.

Thank Heaven for her fair reflex, beaming forth
 With radiant truth from all things here on earth;
 Thanks for that light and beauty, whose fierce blaze
 Dims, with excess of lustre, even the gaze
 Of seraph eye, by science couched to scan
 The complex physics of creation's plan.
 Day dawns, and solar splendour blinding bright,
 Emits intolerable glory. Night
 Mirrors forth God, lo! seated on his throne,
 In stellar vastness—unapproached—alone.
 The earth too, beauty-mantled, bids her flowers
 Repay with lavish sweets heaven's rainbow showers,

Imbuing deep, with light's prismatic hues,
The glistening lens of rose-diluted dews.
Ocean her phosphorescent radiance rolls
To lave Aurora lightnings round the poles ;
Where iceberg peaks, stupendous crystals, rise
In emerald grandeur under sapphirine skies.
Clouds, thunder-charg'd, sublime electric piles,
Coasting space measureless seas and sun-lit isles,
Descend in Alpine showers, whose sparkling streams
Fringe with rich gold the glacier's roseate gleams ;
There fix Milano's maids their looks at even,
Till beauty's star directs each eye to heaven ;
To heaven she bids you turn to find, ye fair,
Her transcendent pure quintessence there ;
Oh ! beauty's orb revolves in that high sphere,
Her substance there—the faint, dim shadow here !

VI.

See art on matter light's fine rays impinge,
Fix form—fix feature—shade's minutest tinge ;
See line on line by heaven's own burin etch'd,
The varied landscape in a moment sketch'd ;
There all is truth, the withered flower is there,
The incipient wrinkle and the silvered hair ;
There all is truth, for God with his own light
Hath mingled in that picture dark and bright.

Light's photic action leaves some trace behind,
Even on the texture of the infant mind ;
That spot, the most which love through life endears,
Haunts, spectre-like, our path in after years,
And childhood's home in memory's mirror gleams,
A fairy region bright with life's young dreams.

While plastic art, thus beauty's footsteps prints,
Embodying shadows, light's pictorial tints,
Or etching on the marble's polished face,
Ideal grandeur—intellectual grace,
Lo ! music's genii with mechanic skill,
Bid wealth's pet plaything, strains seraphic trill,
Whose optic toy with gems more brilliant shines,
Than all that glitter in Golconda's mines.

To these direct youth's placid prying look,
Interpreting each page of beauty's book.

And now, that eye, familiarised with flowers,
Next shew the hand its geometric powers ;
The springy foot instruct to spurn the ground,
And teach the ear the harmony of sound ;
Each sense develop—to exertion rouse—
Attention fixes as perception grows :
Those early habits strengthening with the strength
Advance—expand in intellect at length.

VII.

Heaven's health-charged gas bids beauty's laughing boy
Inhale large draughts of its salubrious joy ;
Heaven's moral breathings, virtuous, pure, refined,
With chaste emotions fill the youthful mind :
To them, that fine magnetic power is given,
Which points the heart's poles ever up to heaven.

Alas ! but few imbibe life's streams so pure,
And virtue's dews baptize the brows of fewer.
The vice-fraught air yon town's young inmates breathe,
Is like the fluid filth which flows beneath,
And who its puddles stir, its steams inspire,
Pollution's stains contract, or passion's fire.

Influence, attractive, daily—hourly—seen,
Of virtue's magnet and mesmeric mien,
When through the eye—the ear—by gestures mute,
Maternal love prefers love's tender suit ;
Sowing the seeds of promise ; calling forth
The juvenile pledge of manhood's moral worth ;
Yielding youth's generous nature, tried by time,
Warmth to hibernate in the world's cold clime.
Influence not less repulsive ; doubly so
When vice and misery work their children's woe ;

When all external objects, sight and sound,
Combine with these to spread defilement round.
Such are those civic dens of filth and slime,
Our infant schools—yes, nurseries of crime,
Where life's first looks encounter aspects dark
With murder's lowering glance—Cain's demon mark ;
Where envy, hatred, passion, desperate grown,
Through brows of bandit-breadth, ferocious frown,
Stamping each moral feature, scar and scowl,
On childhood's—boyhood's sensitive heart and soul.
Hark ! shrieks too, woman's wail the pained nerve pierce,
With blackguard voices bandying curses fierce ;
Loud idiot laughter ; strife's hyena yell ;
The bullying orgies of the drunkard's hell.
When evil's powers, let loose to prey at large
On souls and bodies, thus achieve their charge ;
Training their imps for demons, from the womb,
Well may incendiary brands spread general gloom ;
No wonder pastors preach to hearts of ice—
To adder's ears pre-occupied by vice ;
No wonder Europe—England hold a brood
Of maddened men whose eyes glare wild for blood.

VIII.

Ah ! different far, my own dear boy hath been
Thy glimpse of life, to each such harrowing scene ;

Thine upward glance first gladdened eyes that glow'd
With rapture's gleamings eloquent and proud,
(Love's gushing joy, in matron fervour strong,
Now poured in prayer—now bursting forth in song)
That glance, excursive, then essayed to roam
The pictured precincts of thy decent home,
Where peace and order strove with tact and taste
To teach congenial good—the pure—the chaste ;
Where each bland influence shed a smiling ray,
And brought the best emotions into play.

IX.

See rational men, and agents counted free,
Slaves, tyrant habit, abject slaves to thee :
Hail ! power supreme, whose universal sway
The prostrate nations passively obey ;
Thine are the laws which still through every clime
Resist the love of change—the lapse of time ;
In either hemisphere—in every zone,
Thy subjects are the loyal ones alone.
The ermined autocrat, whose frantic nod
With murderous gesture mocks the gracious God ;
Slave of a higher despot, bends the knee
Imperial potentate, to thee—to thee !
Go, conqueror of conquerors ! assume
The dictatorial wreath—the victor's plume,

March through the world with virtue in the van,
To subjugate to God the tribes of man.
Thine is the power omnipotent to yield
Immortal conquests in life's battle field—
A power for good, that asks but heaven's own grace,
To raise—refine—reform our fallen race,
Power, long for evil rampant, through all time
Branding earth's brow with cruelty and crime,
With satyr hoofs disfiguring beauty's mien,
On virtue's altar offering things obscene,
Till outraged heaven with sin-avenging frown
Applied war's scourge to lash the monster down.

When Rome's vast thousands, 'midst the arena's strife
Yell'd forth the requiem of departing life,
Man, then inured to conflict's hideous scars—
In human shambles trained to butchering wars,
Gloated on carnage with lust's ogre grin,
Hell shuddering, shocked at earth's excess of sin.

X.

Time was when Europe saw the pedant rule,
With rod despotic o'er her civic school;
Then ancient wisdom in those palmy days
Adhered from habit to the good old ways;
And long, and hard she bored her gothic brain,
To train her trainers ever to mis-train,

Admiring folly, pleased with verbal cant,
 Heard nonsense rave and pompous bombast rant.
 Schools cramm'd their tyros with monastic lore,
 And made *that* darkness which was light before.
 Each sophist praised his academic sage,
 And learned logic mystified the age.

Are there not then, blind leaders of the blind,
 Habits of action—passion—manner—mind,
 Lo! at each step, life's juvenile course along,
 You trace their rise and growth for right or wrong,
 Too oft, like weeds, their spike-like forms expand
 In bristling ranks to wound love's tutoring hand,
 Should such rude plants reform's late efforts foil,
 Blame—blame the want of culture, not of soil.

XI.

See, right and left, still coming—going—gone,
 Bundles of habits, stumbling—blundering on,
 All awkward squads of Trivia's raw recruits,
 Hammering the paviour's path in creaking boots.
 The clown, the clerk, knave, hypocrite and fool,
 Train'd by one master—tutor'd at one school,
 Shew the same agent's motions, more or less,
 In spite of thin disguise of modern dress,
 Bad, worse and worst, good, better, best we find,
 Of every stamp, class, character and kind,

And taught in fact to analyze and scan
 The true component moral parts of man,
 We prove, thus tested to their full extent,
 That habits average ninety five per cent !

Grave doctors, tell, say, men of lettered grade,
 When were these splendid moral conquests made ?
 Whence is it each self-doating soul derives
 These firm fast friends, companions of our lives ?
 On you, high titles, duties high devolve,
 Pundit's profound the moral problem solve !

Ere reason dawns, while life is in its spring,
 To infant forms the flexile habits cling ;
 First, a large class, the physical, we seize,
 Seen in each gesture—in repose—at ease,
 Our various movements to the simple bound
 Which gains the foot's firm purchase on the ground ;
 Each style of action—modified—acquired,
 The low, uncouth, or manly and admired,
 Skill's critic eye with backward glance pursues,
 To childhood's tottering steps and creaking shoes,

XII.

'Tis much—most, Imitation, great—how great
 Our nature's instinct ever to imitate
 Example's words and deeds—prone to transgress,
 And copy vice with marvellous address.

To sin's attractive centre, each and all,
 With more or less consenting proneness fall :
 Grant our impetuous youth their reckless scope,
 At one bold plunge they leap hell's facile slope ;
 Urge them with vigorous steps that steep to climb
 Where science points to altitudes sublime,
 They pant, and pause, and pray for breathing time,
 Resent with stifled rage correction's rod,
 And yield to nothing but the grace of God.

In that straight gate where Zion's pilgrim's walk,
 Train, train betimes your young ones to the yoke,
 Now spur them on—now gently rein them in,
 Estranged from vice, if not exempt from sin,
 Bid them bear up, true, faithful to the cross,
 And not bow'd down to earth by Mammon's dross.

XIII.

Were aught on earth exempt from sin's foul leaven,
 Faith's prayer would be that element of heaven,
 From thence inspired, its own ethereal air,
 That holy breath exhales in incense there ;
 Full of the God, the prayer-rapt soul can trace
 With faith's clairvoyance mysteries of grace,
 In sacred trance, she sees with second sight
 Celestial scenery, visions of delight ;
 Attracted heaven-ward to her source she soars,
 And coasts with angel wing Elysian shores ;

Borne down at length by this too ponderous clay,
 Grieved to retrace so soon the luminous way,
 Sin's demon tempters from her presence fly,
 Awed by that chastened look and prayer-lit eye.

Nor are thine accents, child, less dear to Him,
 Who glory-girt with anthemning cherubim,
 Hears both the lark's first lay and chirp of joy,
 And thy lisp'd hymn of praise, my christian boy,
 Blent with that peal of song each musical sphere
 Pours forth throughout all space in heaven as here.

XIV.

Hear, gracious God, the prayer and praise,
 Thine earth-born children heaven-ward raise,
 Thy ransomed, thy redeemed, are we,
 Young angels on the wing to thee.

Father ! thine agent, nature, asks
 A respite from day's arduous tasks,
 Creation's balm, sweet sleep, accord,
 And fit me for fresh labours, Lord !

This Spirit is a ray of Thine,
 A spark of intellect divine,
 O ! may the search of Sacred Truth
 Prepare it for immortal youth.

Each evening ere mine eye-lids close,
O'er memory's page, Lord, make me pause,
My course of studies conn'd before,
In pillowed musings ponder o'er.

In Truth's bright mirror make me view
My morals, manners, habits too,
Avoid each fault—avert the rod,
Corrected by thy grace, my God.

Lord ! grant me as I grow in stature,
An innocent and noble nature,
And may I the beloved one be,
Of Him who lived and died for me.

Teach me self-knowledge—self-control,
Adorn my mind—enrich my soul,
Direct my heart and judgment right,
And guide me by thy gospel light.

Oh may I love that moral beauty,
Which charms with graceful acts of duty,
Nor value least, what best imparts
Expertness in all useful arts.

Thus early with discretion train'd
In virtue schooled, from vice restrained,
Thus labouring, learning, still amending,
Lord, make me thine, world without ending.

Amen.

XV.

Ye moral elements! diffused throughout
Our varied being—life—within—without,
Mixed up with conduct—character and all
Events and actions—passions, great and small,
To your stern teachings—influence and control,
God destines man's probationary soul.
Ye active agencies! to whom are given
Ethereal essences in trust for heaven,
Fulfil your work of grace—of love assigned,
Oh! save—reform—regenerate mankind.

XVI.

Father! love's spell is on you. Love, the great
And good enchantress, on your moral state
Exerts her magic power and potent charms,
Granting to your large hearts and strong right arms,
An Afrite's energies—a giant's soul—
The high resolve which brooks no mean control,
Yielding both mind and motive to pursue,
Those sterner duties which devolve on you.

Oh! waste not powers like these in vulgar strife,
But wield them manfully for life—for life!
Omnific love and God's own grace, supply
The Christian father strength for victory:
HE, like a good, kind Providence, spreads wide
His fostering arms to shield his cradled pride;
Name! highest—holiest—emphasized in heaven,
To HIM, man's—angel's great Creator given,
Heard, though in whispers, like the midnight gong
Struck by red lightnings, echoing loud and long,
Charged with strange power to make even dead men
start,

As though, that moment, galvanized at heart.
Father! that summons warns you, up! improve
The incipient impulse of paternal love,
Go, join the ranks where Virtue's flag unfurled,
Triumphant waves defiance to the world;
Within that thronged arena, you are one,
Wrestling—contending—perhaps trampled on;
When struggling hard in hostile fortune's spite,
Let home and love re-nerve you for the fight,
Oh! yield ye not, but in the battle's brunt,
Present the same bold gladiator front,
In self-possession strong, and soul elate,
Demand, enforce, the just decrees of fate.

XVI.

Father ! in trial's hour be iron nerved,
 From envious murmurings by faith's prayer preserved ;
 Superfluous wealth is Mammon's worthless dross,
 Her pomp and state, cold, heartless glare and gloss ;
 Confound not things that differ, pride and peace,
 External grandeur and internal ease ;
 That high excitement luxury lends the brain
 Is languor's presage—health's insidious brain ;
 Let the gay meaningless hum of fashion's throng,
 The sybarite voice of pleasure's syren song,
 Thy peace of mind's disturbers, pass unheard,
 Charmed with the bower which holds thine own sweet
 bird,
 There by thy love-girt hearth, oh ! taste with her
 That bliss unbought, pure guiltless joys confer.
 That Eden yet usinn'd away, still ours
 In spite of Mammon, hell and evil's envious powers.

XVII.

Oh ! great and good ! of earth's nobility,
 Most valued—first—because the best are ye !
 Patterns illustrious of parental love,
 With kindred high-born souls, ye rank and move,
 While pride bruits forth her patron's pompous name,
 Worth, *work, true virtue*, your high caste proclaim,

Therefore on you approving heaven shall pour
 Soul-gladdening sunshine in time's gloomiest hour.
 When folly rous'd by conscience-stricken fears,
 Sighs o'er the lapse unblessed of life's best years ;
 Faith's firm conviction of contingent weal
 In bright reversion your staid souls shall feel
 That pious trust, which in meridian day
 Upheld your steps, shall still direct your way,
 'Till weaned from earthly ties—your duty done,
 The victor's crown achieved—the battle won,
 A few brief tears to tried affection given,
 A kiss from those on earth for those in heaven,
 One natural pang—one sacramental prayer,
 And anthemning angels hymn your advent there,
 Hail! Hallelujah! welcome faithful pair !

Parent beloved! fear not funereal gloom,
 Posthumous praise shall echo from thy tomb ;
 Ere long that vault which shrouds a father's clay
 Shall see those children love's last tribute pay.
 See bands of pious mourners gathered round,
 To bless the precincts of that hallowed ground,
 Bidding the chisel mark the marble's line—
He did his duty, Reader, go do thine !



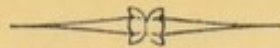


NOTES,

PHYSIOLOGICAL AND MORAL.



NOTES,
PHYSIOLOGICAL AND MORAL.



Then look for sons athletic, noble forms,
Built to sustain the shock of life's rude storms.

Book I, IX.

Nothing is more certain than that, other circumstances being favourable, robust and healthy parents have robust and healthy children. In the vegetable world, for example, quite as much importance is attached to the quality of the seed, as to a good soil, and good cultivation. Among the lower animals the same principle equally operates; the genealogy of the race-horse, of the hunter, or even of the farm horse is looked upon as a sure criterion of the qualities which may be expected in its progeny; we calculate with perfect certainty on the reappearance of the qualities of the parents in their young. Man himself, as an organized being, constitutes no exception to the general law, and it is a false and injurious delicacy which would try to divert attention from a truth so influential on happiness.

The circumstances in which the highest order of minds most frequently appear, are, where the father is healthy and active, and the mother unites an energetic character with vigorous bodily health, or with some high and sustaining excitement, animating all her mental and bodily functions: the mother of Bonaparte was of this description.—*Abridged from Combe.*

'till the sod
Takes angel's wings, and gravitates to God.

Book 1, XVIII.

The cellular tissue is found to consist of a series of minute globules, the physical character of which is precisely the same throughout every modification of the animal structure. The general conclusion deduced from innumerable physiological observations is, that every animal solid consists of molecules, all of which possess a primitive form and determinate bulk, and that these constitute the elementary particles by the various combinations of which all the tissues of all animals are composed. The red globules of the blood are composed of two parts, of a sac, and of a central corpuscle; this central corpuscle, when divested of its external envelope of colouring matter, is found to present the same appearance and to be of the same diameter as the elementary globule of the different tissues; the diameter is estimated at about the 1-8000th part of an inch.

Recherches Microscopique, par M. H. M. Edwards.

Then each secretion, in the same degree,
Will more abortive—less nutritious be.

Book 1, XVIII.

Secretion, we may state generally, is that process by which is separated from the blood every species of animal fluids, and indeed we might say, of animal solids, inasmuch, as all parts, even the most compact of the frame, are built up as it were through the medium of the secretory process. This function is one of the most astonishing which vitality unfolds, for from precisely the same fluid are elaborated matters, both widely different from each other, and as different from the blood itself.—*Encyclopædia.*

And those whom death in doubtful pity spares,
Bequeath pulmonic ailments to their heirs.

Book 1, XI.

In the mining parts of Staffordshire and Shropshire, in Leeds and its suburbs, &c., the deaths of infants, *under one year*, have been more than 270 out of 1000 deaths of all ages, while in the northern counties of Eng-

land, in Dorsetshire, Devonshire, &c., the deaths at that age out of 1000 of all ages, scarcely exceed 180, shewing the destructive influence of bad air and a want of the comforts of life in towns and in the manufacturing districts, compared with the healthier rural localities.

The Registrar's First Report.

And, lady, that which bodies forth your sigh,
Should steal its pureness from the sapphire sky.

Book 2, IV.

When we contrast the robust constitution of a healthy peasant's child, in the country, with the feeble organization of that of a delicate mother living in the midst of the enfeebling dissipations of a capital, can we imagine for a moment that the mode of life of the parent has had no share in the result: if we cannot, does not that mother incur a heavy responsibility, who thus, from ignorance or the selfish pursuit of immediate pleasure, perils the safety and permanent happiness of her offspring. From the moment of conception indeed, it is the obligation on the part of the mother to secure for herself the highest state of mental and bodily health of which her constitution is susceptible.—*Treatise on Infancy.*

Lavinia's mother, timely taught, declined
Phlogistic condiments of every kind.

Book 2, VII.

There is no period of life at which it is of so much consequence to observe moderation and simplicity of diet, and avoid the use of heating food and stimulants, as during pregnancy. Not only is the general system then unusually susceptible of impressions, and apt to be disordered by the slightest causes, but in nervous constitutions the stomach is the seat of a peculiar irritability, accompanied by a craving and capricious appetite, to which it requires much good sense and self-denial on the part of the parent to refrain from giving way. The pregnant female, who observes a suitable regimen, will, *cæteris paribus*, always enjoy more tranquillity, both of mind and body, and incur much less risk of injury to herself and child, than she, who giving a free rein to her appetite, indulges it to excess, or in the use of improper articles of food.—*Drs. Eberle and Combe.*

With early larks, to heights Hygeian rise,
And breathe Æolian airs, in brighter skies.

Book 2, VIII.

Exercise is indispensable to the preservation of health : it increases the circulation of the blood ; attenuates the fluids ; promotes a regular perspiration and a due secretion of all the humours ; accelerates the animal spirits ; facilitates their distribution into all the fibres of the body ; strengthens the parts ; creates an appetite and helps digestion. Weakness of the nerves and obstruction of the glands never fail to accompany a life that is past in inactivity. The dreadful effects which proceed from these two causes it is impossible to enumerate.

The knowledge, science yields your sex and state,
Daily acquire—apply—appropriate.

Book 3, X.

In the best regulated families it is rare to meet with a mother, who before becoming such, has devoted the least attention to the study of the infant constitution, to the principles on which it ought to be treated, or to the laws by which its principal functions are regulated. The parent, in fact, enters upon the important charge entrusted to her care with less previous preparation for its proper fulfilment than if it were a plant or flower which God had committed to her management, instead of a living being, in whose existence and happiness her whole soul is centered.

See that good angel—that home cherishing wife,
Beneficent spirit, minist'ring to young life.

Book 3, XV.

A large family is a complicated machine composed of a great number of subordinate and individual parts. In order to conduct it properly, there must be an accurate conception of the powers of each separate wheel or individual agent, and a just notion of how it can be employed to the best advantage, and likewise, a distinct view of how the whole is to be set in motion so as most easily to produce the desired effect. Now, it is clear that the direction of such a machine requires that generalization of ideas which a comprehensive and intellectual education alone can bestow ; the

mistress of a family who is capable of it, does more in minutes than others effect in hours. This generalization of ideas is not more necessary to a minister of state than to a mistress of a family, and thus we perceive that the management of a family, so despised, from its being considered of a mean and degrading nature, does in reality call forth the highest faculties of the mind. The great defect of the modern education of woman is this; she is taught upon artificial, not upon natural methods, she is prepared for an artificial existence; she is tutored into notions, and feelings, and habits, which are artificial in all their ramifications; artificial are her acquirements, as regards her ever understanding first principles, and artificial her sentiments, as regards her relationships with the whole machinery of social life. Her heart, instead of budding forth with the natural spring-shoots of sempiternal truth, is hung round with the artificial flowers of French politeness; open hearted candour is veiled under the meretricious guise of exquisite affability: to enable her to disguise real feelings, rather than to bring into subjugation evil passions, is the object of modern education.

Antagonist Power and potent but for woe,
Man's first—last—deadliest—formidable foe.

Book 4, IV.

In spite of all the optimists, it *is* a grievous reflection after the race has had on earth so many thousands of years for attaining its most advantageous condition there, that all the experiences, the philosophy, the science, the art, the power acquired by mind over matter, that all the contributions of all departed and all present spirits and bodies, yes, and all religion too, should have come but to this, to this, that in what is self-adulated as the most favoured and improved nation of all terrestrial space and time, a vast proportion of the people are found in a condition which confines them with all the rigour of necessity to a mere childhood of intelligent existence without its innocence.—*Foster's Essay.*

No functions there contend with pressure's grasp—
No bodiced bosom's suffocating gasp.

Book 5, XII.

The three grand sources of ill health in the present training of females are, first, the want of sufficient bodily exercise; second, constrained postures; and third, the pernicious use and abuse of stays; and they originate

in the over-anxiety of the parents to obtain for their children the three following supposed benefits; first, a great number of accomplishments, as they are termed; second, a genteel carriage, and third, a fine shape: never were objects more completely defeated, the actual results being the following lamentable evils; first, a smattering of various kinds of knowledge which are found of little practical utility in the actual business of life, with a great deficiency of those kinds of knowledge which would really be so; second, general impairment of health, and third, a bad carriage and figure, and too often actual deformity of body. Stays impose impediments to the motion of the ribs and prevent perfect respiration, the heart becomes unnaturally excited, the pulse accelerated, and in time palpitation is superadded; all these result from mere constriction of the chest. The pressure also extends its malign influence to the abdominal viscera, by it the stomach and the liver are compressed, with various other functional derangements.—*Penny Magazine*, 1833.

Mothers! you make—mar—modify your child,
As tempers soured prevail, or manners mild.

Book 6, II.

Continued gloom and depression during infancy, debilitates, as well the body as the mind, and whatever enfeebles the constitution vitiates it. Under the irritation or the melancholy that attends harsh treatment or a want of natural enjoyments, the animal secretions receive a poison which breaks out in the temper and constitutes at length a malignant character. It is in the sunshine, literally, and the sunshine, metaphorically, that the human body and mind reach their blooming perfection; under unpropitious circumstances in early life intelligence passes off towards cunning, recklessness supplants courage, and worst of all a cold selfishness settles down upon the entire character. It is in this way, often, that a ferocity is engendered, to which no crimes can be startling.—*Home Education*.

Train up a child in duty's path, and when
In manhood's prime he will not err, even then.

Book 6, II.

Training may either be intellectual, physical or moral; intellectual training may be carried on distinctly and separately, so may physical, but moral training, while it in a great measure includes the other two, yet in itself is a loftier and more elevated cultivation than either.

The meaning of the term training will be best understood by contrasting it with that which in school is usually substituted for it, we mean teaching; teaching, however, is not training although it is included in it.

Teaching may be stated as the infusion of principles, and training as the formation of habits. By infant or juvenile training is meant the development and practical cultivation, not merely of one, but of all the principles of an infant or youth.

Moral training is, or ought to be, the primary aim of all national education, to the accomplishment of which, simple teaching is not sufficient, there must be called out into exercise the intellectual and physical, above all, the religious and moral faculties of our nature.

Intellectual education is conceived by some to possess, itself, the power of forming a virtuous character; but such persons seem to forget that we also possess physical and moral natures which powerfully influence our conduct in life and which necessarily require a separate and distinct cultivation, and not only so, but all must be cultivated simultaneously, otherwise the child is not under complete training.

The training of a child in its intellectual department is not so much the affording instruction, as it is giving to the mind a habit of thinking, of thinking correctly on every subject. The same may be said in regard to the moral affections, it is that of training the child to feel aright, and also in regard to the bodily organs, it is that of training to the habits of acting aright.

From these considerations we conclude that while teaching is not training, infant and juvenile training is just the fulfilment of the Bible precept, "*Train up a child in the way he should go,*" as a physical, rational and moral being. And here we observe that the divine command is not simply teach or show the child how he ought to walk in the way, but *Train* him in the way, which implies personal superintendence and example.

As a precursor to the exercise of training, development must be three-fold, coporeal, intellectual and moral; under the first head we have the modes of sitting, standing, walking, running, the holding of a book or slate, distinct articulation, the modulation of the voice in reading or speaking; under the second head of infant and juvenile training we have the development of the strength or weakness of mental powers of whatever kind, calculation, reasoning, illustration, all must be developed ere the mind can be cultivated or directed, in other words, ere it can be TRAINED.

Under the third head, or moral affection, it has been wisely remarked that children should be taught, most carefully, those things that will be longest and most constantly useful to them, and that the education of the heart should always take precedence of the head. The development of moral character and habits should be carefully attended to, such as order, regularity, speaking the truth, showing kindness, fidelity to promises, sub-

mission to parents and teachers, and we may add personal cleanliness and neatness. The *negative*, likewise, of all these requires training!

Moreover, without training, the child is not fitted for the duties of more advanced life; he must acquire habits of obedience and docility, habits of truth and kindness, habits of attention, perseverance and self-control, his selfishness, pride, or obstinacy must be checked or overcome. Habits are of slow growth, obstinate, however, when formed, how important therefore is it, that both mind and body should be early subject to a moral training; moral ends must be brought about by moral means, it is true that God alone can change the heart, but our duty is to use these and other appointed means not simply to teach, but to "train up a child in the way he should go," and the promise will assuredly be fulfilled, that "when he is old he will not depart from it."—*Stowe*.

Each sense develop—to exertion rouse,
Attention fixes as perception grows.

Book 6, VI.

The first commencement of the education of the infant is the cultivation of the faculty of perception. As soon as the sight is perfect, a child must be led to behold the objects before it, but it is not till capable of some degree of attention that it can have what may be called a true perception of the object. This faculty of attention begins to display itself, in thriving children, about the third or fourth month; caught by some lively colour, some gay appearance, the eye fixes in eager though short-lived examination commonly ending in a crow of delight.

The tone of nature ought then to be followed; when its grave looks denote fixed attention do not interrupt that short reverie, but if possible, by submitting the object of attention to the touch, allow the two senses the opportunity of judging. In the cultivation of the perceptive faculties we lay the foundation of that quick discernment, which is equally necessary in acquiring just notions of things and in discovering the true path of moral rectitude.—*Elizabeth Hamilton*.

