

Infancy, or the management of children, a didactic poem in six books / [Hugh Downman].

Contributors

Downman, Hugh, 1740-1809.

Publication/Creation

Edinburgh : J. Bell, etc.; London : G. Kearsley, 1788.

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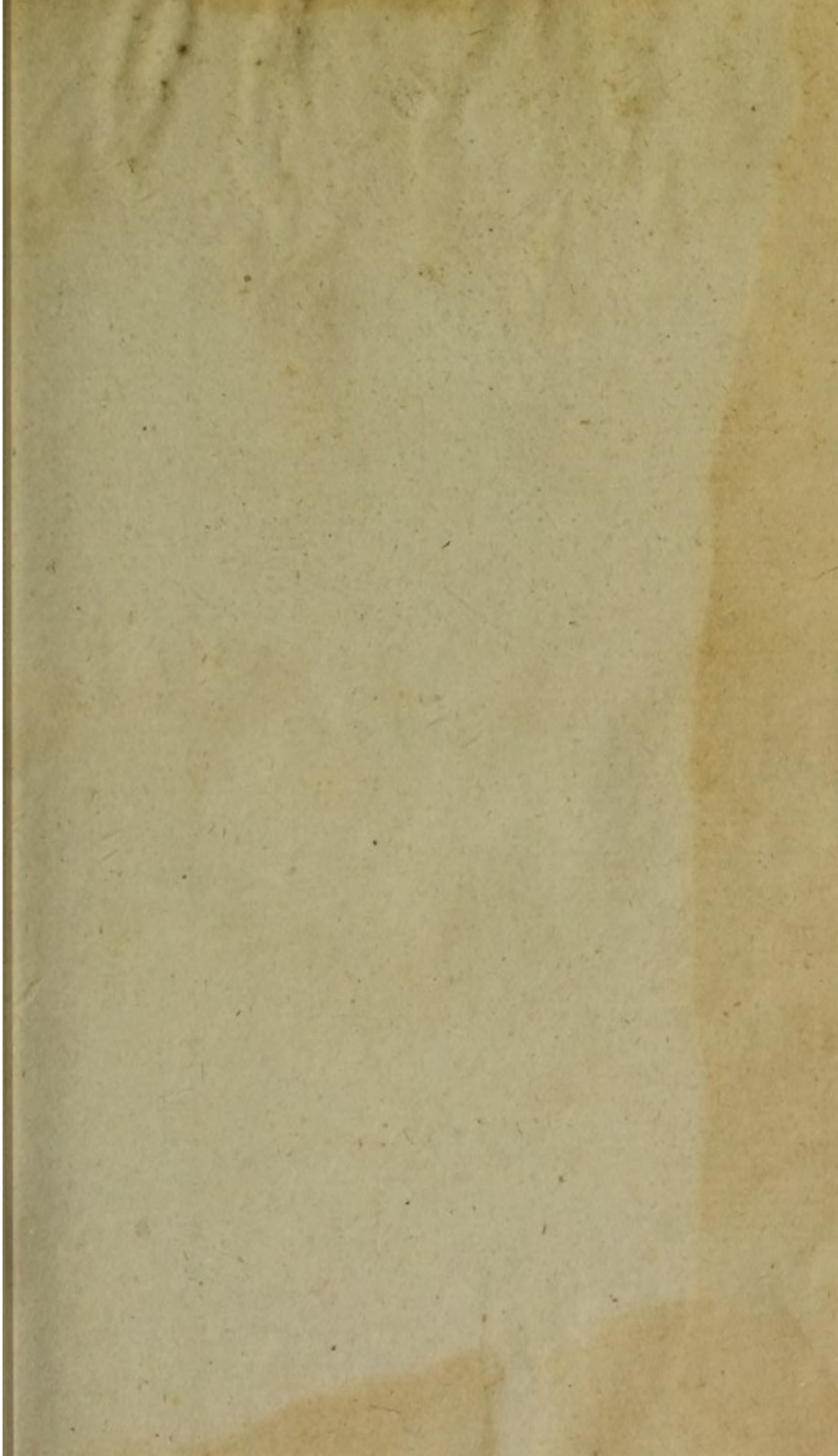


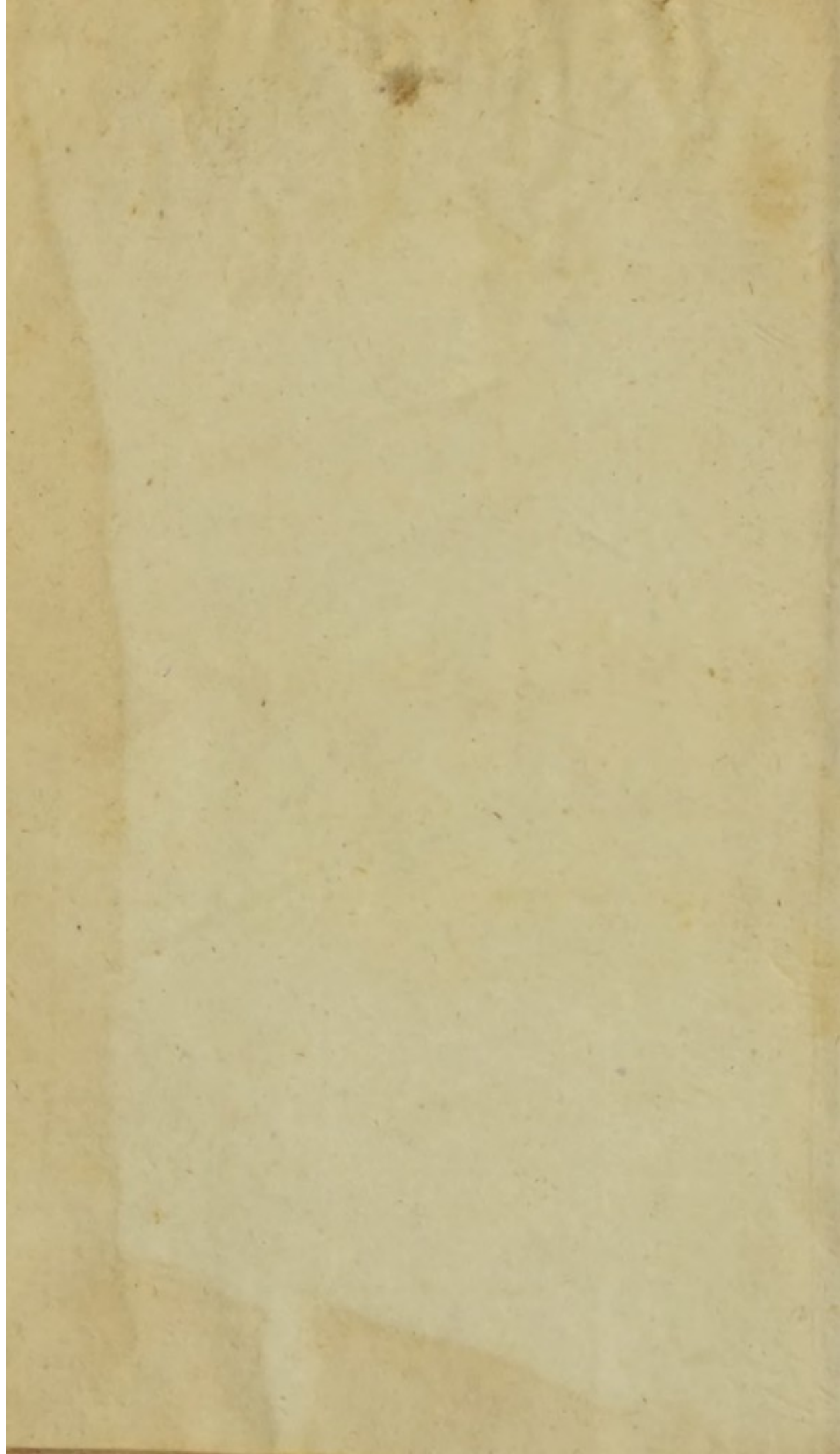
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H. Grimston

I N F A N C Y,

O R T H E

MANAGEMENT OF CHILDREN,

A

D I D A C T I C P O E M,

I N S I X B O O K S.

T H E F O U R T H E D I T I O N.

By HUGH DOWNMAN, M.D.

E D I N B U R G H:

PRINTED FOR JOHN BELL, PARLIAMENT CLOSE :

G. G. J. & J. ROBINSON, G. & T. WILKIE ;

AND G. KEARSLEY, LONDON.

M,DCC,LXXXVIII.



A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

THE three last Books of this Poem have been written for some years; but they remained in an incorrect state, and here and there wanted the insertion of connecting passages. This circumstance will account for allusions to persons, and things, which in a recent work could not have appeared with propriety. A New Edition of the former Books being required, the Author has been induced to revise, correct, unite and publish the whole.

THE HISTORY OF THE

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I N F A N C Y.

A

DIDACTIC POEM.

A R G U M E N T.

The Invocation, and Introduction.—Health is the greatest Blessing of Mankind.—It should be the chief aim of Parents to procure their Children the enjoyment of it.—Nature and Instinct therefore are to be followed.—Pernicious custom of giving Children some drug soon after they are born.—The best remedy at that time, is the first milk of the Mother.—Various reasons and motives for the Mother's suckling her Children.—An amiable duty.—Apostrophe to tender affection.—Directions how to choose a Nurse, if the Mother cannot perform that office herself.—Cities destructive to Infants.—Recommendation of the Country.—The Mother should oversee the conduct of the Nurse.—The Nurse's usual manner of life should be altered as little as possible.—Address to Habit.

B O O K I.

O DAUGHTER of Philosophy! not Him
Of gesture arrogant, and brow severe,
Whose fullen metaphysic eye, inwrapt

A

In

In darkness, never deigns a cheerful smile
 To dissipate the gloom: but Him who leads
 Instruction by the Graces drest; attend.
 Tho barren be the subject, thou can'st deck
 Its rugged wilds, with verdure not their own,
 And blooming flowers. With me then turn thy sight
 On the prime Infant-state of helpless Man: 10
 On the first dawn of life, when Nature now
 Ushers her tender offspring into day;
 Observe the young ideas how they wake
 In gradual order, till at length matured
 By time, they speak a living soul within.
 View too the transient flash of mirth; the ills
 Not real, yet agonizing; the quick thought
 For ever varying, glanced from toy to toy.
 Then constant motion pleases, then the ear
 Catches at every sound, the eye untired 20
 Darts its wild ray, and every object thrills
 The new-born sense with joy. Come Virgin, teach
 How on the government of these first years
 Depends the future Man; no vulgar theme,
 No fruitless task, experiencing thy aid.

We write to reason: Hence ye doating train
 Of Midwives and of Nurses ignorant!
 Old Beldames grey, in error positive,

And

And stiff in prejudice, whose fatal care
Oft death attends, or a life worse than death. 30

O YOUTH, whoe'er thou art, to beauty's charms
A slave, to th' inexpressive loveliness
Which native modesty and truth bestows
On their more beauteous minds, and which exalts
Britannia's Daughters o'er the female world!
Is thy Beloved propitious? Doth the God
Prepare his nuptial torch? And dost thou wish
The name of Father, amiable, humane?
To view thy little Progeny around
Happy, well-form'd, and strong? Attend the Muse: 40
Th' instructive Muse shall teach thee to complete
Thy heart's desire. And say, wilt thou fair Nymph,
Not deign to scan with favourable eye
The moral lay, refined and pure? To thee
Custom hath given, while active life shall call
Thy Husband forth amid its' boist'rous walks,
Domestic rule: Thine is the nursery's charge;
Important trust! from him what absence hides,
Thy constant anxious care shall well supply.

HEALTH is the greatest blessing Man receives 50
From bounteous Heaven; by her the smiling hours
Are wing'd with transport; she too gives the soul

Of firmness; without her the hand of toil
Would languid sink; the eye of reason fade.

To this then bend thy care, O Parent Mind;
Array thy Child in health; a nobler dress
Not gorgeous Majesty can boast; the thanks
Of future gratitude thou wilt receive,
More than around him from thy treasured hoard
Then showering sums profuse; or giving all 60
Thy herds, and bleating flocks, tho thousands range
Thy spacious meads, or cloath thy ample hills.

WOULD'ST thou thy children blest? The sacred voice
Of Nature calls thee; where she points the way
Tread confident. No labyrinth is here;
No clue of Ariadne wilt thou need,
To Theseus given: Fair is her open path,
And strong the steady light she casts around,
Instinctive light, the surest safest guide.

THY Child is born. See, where the treacherous nurse,
Or Priestess of Lucina, in her hand 71
The ready medicine brings! Forewarned, beware;
Within the fatal drug lurks death; by this
Thousands from yet untasted life retire,
Thousands of infant souls; yet sanctified
By custom, other reasons are assign'd,

And

And Nature is accused of impious deeds
 She ne'er committed. Nature will preserve
 Whate'er she frames: Is phyfic needful then?
 She has remark'd it well, and taught the Child 80
 To seek its' remedy: Before the sun
 Hath from its' birth encircled half the sphere,
 It asks, plain as expressive signs can ask,
 'The Mother's breast: Without a moment's pause
 Hear the mute voice of instinct and obey.
 Know the first efflux from the milky fount
 Is Nature's chymic mixture, which no power
 Of Art presumptuous can supply; this flows
 Gently deterfive, purifying, bland;
 This each impediment o'ercomes, and gives 90
 The young, unfetter'd springs of life to play.
 Hence too the Mother is secure: The streams
 Her Infant's health promoting, flow to her
 Salubrious; otherwise confined, or urged
 Back to their source, what evils may she dread!
 Sicknefs and giddy languor, shivering cold,
 And heat alternate, dire obstructions, pangs
 Of sharpest torture, cancers, by the juice
 Of boasted hemlock not to be removed.

O MOTHER, (let me by that tenderest name 100
 Conjure thee) still pursue the task begun;
 Nor unless urged by strong necessity,

Some

Some fated, some peculiar circumstance,
By which thy health may suffer, or thy child
Suck in disease, or that the genial food
Too scanty flows, give to an Alien's care
Thy orphan Babe. Oh! if by choice thou dost—
What shall I call thee? Woman? No, tho fair
Thy face, and deckt with unimagined charms,
Tho sweetness seem pourtray'd in every line, 110
And smiles which might become a Hebe, rise
At will, crisping thy rosy cheeks, tho all
That's lovely, kind, attractive, elegant,
Dwell in thy outward shape, and catch the eye
Of gazing rapture, all is but deceit;
The form of Woman's thine, but not the soul.
Had'st thou been treated thus, perchance the prey
Of death long since, no child of thine had known
An equal lot severe. O unblown Flower!
Soft bud of spring! Planted in foreign soil 120
How wilt thou prosper! Brush'd by other winds
In a new clime, and fed by other dews
Than suit thy Nature! From a stranger hand
Ah, what can Infancy expect, when she
Whose essence was inwove with thine, whose life,
Whose soul thou didst participate, neglects
Herself in thee, and breaks the strongest seal
Which Nature stamp'd in vain upon her heart.

O LUCKLESS Babe, born in an evil hour!
Who shall thy numerous wants attend? explore 130
The latent cause of ill? thy slumbers guard?
And when awake, with nice sedulity
Thy every glance observe? A parent might;
A Hireling cannot; tho of blameless mind,
Tho conscious duty prompt her to the task,
She feels not in her breast th' impulsive goad
Of instinct, all the fond, the fearful thoughts
Awakening: Say, at length that habits' power
Can something like maternal kindness give,
Yet, ere that time, may the poor nursling die. 140

BESIDES, who can assure the lacteal springs
Clear, and untainted? Oft disorder lurks
Beneath the vivid bloom, and cheerful eye,
Promising health; and poisonous juice secrete,
Slow undermining life, stains what should be
The purest nutriment. Hence, worse than death,
Long years of misery to thy blasted child.
A burthen to himself, by others shunned,
He wishes for the grave, and wastes his days
In solitary woe; or haply weds, 150
And propagates th' hereditary plague;
Entailing on his name the bitter curse
Of generations yet unborn, a race
Pithless, and weak, of faded texture, wan;
Like

Like some declining plant, with mildew'd leaves,
Whose root a treacherous insect gnaws unseen.

BUT, whether lost in pleasure, in the round
Of modish life, and dissipation gay,
Misnamed polite, the welfare of her child
The fair Barbarian looks on with an eye 160
Distant, and cold; or imitating her,
As faults of higher station always gain
Followers in humbler life, in vain the Muse
Hath to the Mother's ear attuned her lay,
In the worlds' middle rank; she shall not cease
Desponding, weightier arguments for them,
More strenuous, more coercive she can bring,
To which perhaps self-interested love
Will ope their listening sense. Of mental joys
And pure delight, they would not understand, 170
Or relish, the description. But if health
They covet, nor before the genial prime
Wish the stern Fates to cut their vital thread,
Those hearts may prove susceptible of fear,
Which instinct, love, and duty could despise.
Nor seek We fabled incidents, to strike
With superstitious dread the mind, but truth,
Plain, honest truth, inspires the homely song.

She

SHE who refuses to her Young Ones' lip
 Her swelling bosom, each returning year 180
 Conceives; and each returning year sustains
 The pangs of child-birth. Harass'd by fatigue,
 The strongest constitution droops; but soon
 The weaker system, like a blighted flower,
 Falls underneath the shock. The nursing time
 Was meant by wisest Nature, as a stay,
 A vacant interspace, in which the nerves,
 And threads of life unstrung, might re-assume
 Their native tone, endued again with strength,
 And corresponding freedom, to support 190
 The day of toil: As a sure medicine,
 To root out many an illness, else untamed,
 From the soft female frame: T' invigorate
 The fragile texture, and with grateful force
 Astringe the fibres, morbid and relax'd.
 But if not e'en these motives can persuade;
 T' improve her charms, new beauties to possess,
 Is Woman's utmost wish. View then the Fair,
 Who to this sweet employment turns her mind!
 Delighted Health sits on her polish'd brow, 200
 And shews the veins beneath: Spreads o'er her cheek
 The vermil glow; her eyes with lustre fills;
 Decks her with radiant smiles, and all her form
 With grace ineffable, and comeliness
 Invests. Enough of these—The Muse beholds

With rapture some of other kind—Oh! hail
 Ye real Mothers! Ye whose hearts are full
 Of sensibility! Who highly pleased,
 Would not, for all the gewgaws Pride can boast,
 Loosen the magic knot, which joins in one 210
 Your Babes and you; or see a Hireling share
 The love, which to a Mother sole belongs.
 O Thou, to whom, one of this pious train,
 I with esteem and veneration bend!
 Lead on with decent step, uncheck'd by fear,
 To those domestic haunts, where Peace expands
 Her wings, and Harmony delighted dwells.
 Let me behold thee, rivet thy fix'd eye,
 On the young infant Form, then press it close,
 Close to thy throbbing heart, then on its' lips 220
 A thousand kisses print, thy eyes with joy
 O'erflowing, in each feature tracing out
 The fancied likeness of its' much-loved Sire.
 And lo! where pleased, beyond expression pleased,
 To see thee in the loveliest task employ'd
 Of female duty, where thy Husband hangs
 Enamour'd o'er thy fostering breast! the night
 Which gave thee to his arms, gave not a joy
 To this superior; piercing to the soul,
 Sincere, and home-felt. O true name of love, 230
 Tender Affection! Genuine Source of bliss
 Immaculate, and pure! The transient blaze

Of Passion soon subsides, thy steadier fire
 Time but increases! Soft coercive band,
 Connecting souls! Without thee, what is life!
 Sweet Halcyon of the breast, whose summer wing
 Lulls each tempestuous care! To thee the wise,
 The good still sacrifice; the soul refined
 From vulgar stains; nor any but the dull,
 Or grovelling, in her parsimonious mood 240
 By Nature form'd, or whom with iron hand
 Tyrannic Custom rules, despise thy sway.

THRICE happy She, by inclination led,
 By nought with-held, to add this pleasing link,
 This heart-endearing bond, to the sweet ties
 Of married love! But should'st thou e'er be doom'd
 Votares of truth and virtue, to resist
 Th' impulsive warmth by their eternal hands
 Implanted; to resist the liberal call
 Of duty and desire; condemned by ails 250
 From causes unforeseen to tear the Pledge
 From thy fond bosom; while thy sickening heart
 Bleeds at the thought, condemn'd to render up
 Unto another's care, the Babe, thy love
 Beyond expression doats on: Let my lays
 Direct thy choice for the momentous task
 Whom to retain, what Parent to adopt
 For thy unconscious young one; for from her

Not only nutriment perhaps he takes,
 To life and growth subservient, but who knows 260
 How far the stamina yet unevolved,
 How far the soul herself as yet unformed,
 For texture, vigour, passions, intellect,
 On this thy act depend? Far from the bounds
 Of the rank city, let some trusty Friend
 Explore the straw-rooft cott; there, firm of nerve,
 Her blood from every grosser particle
 By hardy labour and abstemious Fare
 Sublim'd; the honest peasant's mate shall ope
 Her hospitable arms, receive with joy 270
 The infant Stranger, and profusely yield
 Her pure balsamic nurture to his lip.
 But since the keenest eye may be deceived,
 And vice will lurk amid the country haunts
 To innocence devoted, it were meet
 T' investigate among the village Tribe
 Their Neighbour's mode of life. Heeds she the laws
 Of matron-like sobriety? Her fame,
 Is it from all suspicion clear? Her soul,
 To wedlock true? Feels she a Parent's love? 280
 To her own Offspring tenderly benign?
 Does she her husband's constant heart possess?
 Nor seeks he foreign pleasure? Every doubt
 Extinguish'd here; still curiously persist,
 Nor terminate thy search; examine round

Her

Her little mansion, see if there, in spite
Of poverty, the step of cleanliness,
Attractive Nymph, unhesitating treads.
Her age too claims thy notice; let not time
On restless wing have stolen from her face 290
The bloom of youth, nor be she green in years.
For torpid, or impaired by frequent use,
The flexile vessels which convolved in maze
Wrapp'd within maze, secrete the purer stream,
Their office will more sparingly perform,
Or less nutritious particles supply.
And if thy nurse be young, the thoughtful mind
Of prudence, would not to her charge confide
What claims exactest assiduity,
And serious vigilance. There are who think 300
Too subtle in their theory, the Nurse
Should with the Mother aptly coincide
In age and temperament; but heeding well
The precepts we have given, thou may'st neglect
Such trivial niceness; Health from each extreme
Removed, is not to colour of the hair,
Or to complexion tinged with red or brown
Confined: Excess thou should'st indeed avoid
Of plump or lean, nor would I choose th' adust
And highly bilious, or the sable hue 310
Of clouded melancholy. Be it then
Thy primal care to fix on vigorous health

Adorn'd

Adorn'd with smiles, the lovely progeny
 Of constant cheerfulness, and sweet content.
 Nor would I (tho confess a quality
 Inferior in its' kind) not prize the voice
 From harshness free, whose soft tone can compose
 The froward Babe, or gently bid it wake,
 And view the young-eyed morn. O thou, who help'st
 To throng the crowded Town, restrain'd by force 320
 Within that court of death, where every gale
 Is tainted with pollution; did the Muse
 If some sad cause forbade thee to pursue
 The Mother's genuine office, to the fields
 Serene, and rural Lares order forth
 Thy tender Infant? not from needle's fears
 And vain precaution, did she dare to thwart
 The dictates of humanity. She sees,
 What do not to thy eye perhaps appear,
 The dreadful train of ills, which swarm within 330
 Th' unhallow'd precincts. Well she knows how few
 Out of the many myriads city-born
 Survive, in just proportion scann'd with those
 Who bask in freer day. Much can, no doubt,
 A Parent's warm and unabating love,
 And hard it is to part. But can'st thou purge
 Th' unwholesome atmosphere, gravid with seeds
 Of latent sickness? Suffocation fell,
 Angina, Aphous Sores, Eruptions dire,

Pertussis

Pertussis fierce, and squalid Atrophy? 340
 Say, can'st thou bid the flagging South speed by,
 Nor stagnant, o'er his much-loved mansion brood
 With darkening plume, of poison and of death
 Prolific? When each danger I review,
 Shudd'ring with fear, I scarce would bid thee prove
 The Nurses' task, tho nought should intervene
 Of fatal accident, and thou art bound
 By every tie of nature to the deed.
 For can'st thou round thy Infant's brow entwine
 A magic wreath? Or cause an Angel lift 350
 His shielding arm? Thou can'st not: Follow then
 The precepts of experience; yet let oft
 Maternal fondness guide thee to the place
 Where rests the little sojourner, there view
 How cherish'd, how improved, and lingering chide
 The rapid step of still-progressive time,
 Which hurries thee reluctantly away.

But can the Mother change unblamed the town,
 For some sequester'd villa? What denies,
 Her bed of sickness quitted, to retreat 360
 And seek the haunts, where Peace on flowers reclined
 Lifts to the warbling songster of the grove?
 Or from the gently-rising hill surveys
 The grazing herds, and rivulet which winds
 Meand'ring thro the distant vale? Where Health

Sports

Sports on the level green, and young delight
 Smiling attends: Where bounteous Nature sheds
 Her choicest blessings, and with guardian wing
 Protects her favourite progeny. Retire,
 My fair Disciple, haste to scenes like these, 370
 And underneath thy roof invite to dwell
 The Fosterer of thy child. Despise, with me,
 Th' insipid train of vanity and pride;
 The foppery of custom; quaint parade
 Of ceremonial visit; idle farce
 Of masquerade, or ball, where real joy
 Ne'er entered; conversations gayly dull,
 Unblest by exiled friendship; glare of courts;
 And mummary of the Great. Be't thine to walk
 With Reason, and enjoy th' harmonious voice 380
 Of conscious Rectitude, whose soothing strain
 Can lift the soul beyond what vulgar thought
 Can distantly imagine. If thou must
 Require another's aid thy place to fill,
 Her conduct thou direct, and regulate
 The manner of her life, a pleasure this
 Inferior, yet affording ample room
 To gratify the finer nerve of love.
 To see thy Substitute at stated times
 The life-sustaining food supply, to mark 390
 How thrives her young Dependent, and each day
 Appears addition manifest to gain

In size and stature, while his eyes beam forth,
At least to Fancy's peering search, the dawn
Of future reason, and intelligence.

HERE, as in all things, Nature opens wide
Her page instructive. Did'st thou not behold
How in her homely dwelling, Health imbued
With roseate, tint the cheeks, and firmly strung
The muscles of her elder boy thy Nurse 400
Hath left behind? She was not surfeited
With dainty cates, and high luxurious fare
When him she suckled; never did a draught
Stronger than water pass her thirsty lip;
Pernicious ale she knew not. When released
From short confinement, to her various wants
No Friend, no Servant minister'd; her Babe
She fill'd, then gave up to the soft embrace
Of sleep; meanwhile no sedentary life
She led, she spun the woof, in order meet 410
She set her cott, the viands she prepared,
With which at even-tide to welcome home
The Husband whom she loved: Or in her arms
Bearing her grateful burthen, out she hied,
Braving the summer's heat, or winter's cold,
And as she walk'd, caroll'd th' incondite lay
Of rustic merriment. Seek not to change

Her usual regimen, for if thou dost,
 Should she escape the fever which impends,
 Expect thy Child, attack'd by cholic pangs, 420
 To writhe in torture, or perhaps at once
 Convulsions fierce shall snatch him from the world.
 For now her stomach, which from diet hard,
 By habit's force, and potent exercise
 Elaborated chyle of blindest sort,
 Oppress'd by crudities, corrupts the blood
 With viscid recrement. Or else the Brain,
 That source of motion, urged by sympathy,
 Creates new impulses of morbid kind
 The vital threads affecting, and from thence 430
 Th' elastic arteries, and ruddy stream
 Within their coats contain'd, the glands from it
 Their various store secreting, nor escapes
 Among the rest the lacteal tide, the food,
 By nature, of thy Child, but now his bane.

O HABIT! Powerful Ruler of Mankind!
 Great Principle of action! Reconciled
 By thee to every clime, the human Race
 O'erspread this globe; around the frozen pole
 Scorn the stern brow of Winter, nor beneath 440
 Th' equator's torrid influence, dread the shafts
 Of vengeful Phœbus; thou presidest well-pleased
 Over

Over th' innocuous vegetable meal
 Which on the banks of Ganges, or of Ind,
 Satiates the temperate Bramin. Thou can'st tame
 To wholesome nourishment the sanguine feast
 Of th' ever-roving Scythian. To thy laws
 We subjugate the willing neck, profess
 Thy vassals; nor the mental faculties
 Dost thou not sway; by thee inwapt in maze 450
 Of subtle politics, the Statesman plans
 His fraudulent schemes unceasing. Thou sustain'st
 The Sage who labours for the public good
 With patriot care, though oftentimes assail'd
 By black ingratitude. The midnight lamp
 Of meditation, trimm'd by thee, reveals
 To keen Philosophy Truth's awful face,
 And all his toil is pleasure. Led by thee,
 The Bard retreats from Vice's noisy reign,
 And in the secret grot with Fancy holds 460
 Delicious converse, while her hand withdraws
 The veil from Memory's ideal store,
 And all th' associated tribe of thought
 Displays before his view. Still may I bend
 Before thy shrine, O Habit, when thy rules
 With Nature's disagree not, neither then
 May we unpunish'd break them, else in vain
 Shalt thou attempt to fasten round my heart;

For know, that Reason, and her Sister Form,
Fair Virtue, can untwist thy magic cords, 470
And to their will, tho not annihilate,
Can all thy laws attemper and refine.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

I N F A N C Y.

A

DIDACTIC POEM.

A R G U M E N T.

Introduction, and Address to Humanity and Simplicity.

—Importance of the subject.—Nursery, not unworthy the notice of Fathers.—Aliment of Infants.—Milk, the only provision of Nature.—Folly of giving them various kinds of food, and especially of feeding them by night.—Productive of ill consequences both to them and the Mother.—The Cradle to be banished.—Exercise, and additional food when Infants gain the age of two months.—Well-fermented bread boiled in water, and mixed with milk, the best additional food.—

This to be given with moderation.—Not to be fed in such a quantity, as that their stomachs may reject the Aliment.—Erroneous opinion that the Infants' vomiting is a sign of health.—Apology for Mothers being led into error.—Description of Prejudice in general.—Aptness of Mankind to be influenced by it.—The age at present more enlightened.—Mothers likewise should strive against its power.—Ill effects of repletion, even in grown persons.—Convulsions, Fevers, and every ill symptom of Dentition, occasioned by too full diet.—Nature to be satisfied, not over-loaded.—Healthy appearance

pearance of Children temperately brought up, and pleasing prospect of their future behaviour in life by that means.—Weakly Children, though sometimes of quick apprehensions, not likely to perform the active duties of life, even if they arrive at Manhood.—Healthy state of the Child brought up by, and of the Mother who attends to these precepts.—The Storgè, or natural affection of Parents to their Offspring, may be carried to excess.—Women should follow not only this instinctive guide, but be governed by Reason.—Weaning.—The fittest time when Children are about nine months old.—Before this, proper to accustom them to other food; not solid, till they have cut their teeth, but fresh Broths, Milk, with Bread, Rice, &c.—Vegetables alone, the cause of many complaints to Children.—Importance of the female Character.

B O O K II.

AR E there with pride elate, who cast a glance
 Of supercilious scorn on strains like these,
 Stiling them low? While sweet Humanity
 Attentive listens, vain the Cynic sneer,
 Or Cynic frown. She, her warm cheek suffused
 With blushes sprung from conscious virtue, owns
 She thinks no task too mean, no work too low,
 Whose end is public good; would save a life,

Rather

Rather than deck herself in glittering robes,
 And boast of titled honours; sooner give 10
 One ornament to grace the Common-weal,
 Than purchase a whole emporium of wit.
 Come modest Dame, and o'er my numbers meek
 Preside; come with Simplicity, who hates
 The swelling phrase bombast, th' insipid term
 Pompously introduced, as Artists vile
 O'er forms uncouth their dazzling colours spread,
 And mock the eye: She too shall bid the train
 Of haughty Ignorance (for 'tis the curse
 Of Pride to be with Ignorance conjoined) 20
 Keep far aloof, nor read the hallow'd lay.

YET not alone to Women do We write,
 The Nurse or Mother. Subjects such as these
 Oft have the Sages old of Greece or Rome
 In studious mood employed; full well they knew
 That from the birth those Heroes must be form'd,
 Whom Athens might with future joy admire
 Or hardy Sparta: Heroes who might urge
 To their sublimest pitch the rights of men,
 Brave every danger for their Country's cause, 30
 And make the Persian tremble tho' inclosed
 By countless Millions: Heroes who might act
 Deeds which the Gracchi would not blush to own,
 Or Scipio, bravest, noblest of mankind.

Themes such as these employ'd the generous soul
 Of Locke, when with the patriot spirit fired
 Of Plato or Lyncurgus, He assay'd
 The manly task, from custom's harpy claws,
 And the soft lap of luxury, to snatch
 The Babe t' enervate idleness's foredoom'd, 40
 Or sickly languor; to connect his mind
 With vigorous organs, its' impulsive will
 Apt to perform, and run with ease and strength
 The great and difficult career of life;
 Desirous to behold our British Youth
 Out-rival ancient fame. Come then ye Sires,
 Whom love of Offspring, or of Country sways!
 You will approve my verse; the Nursery's care
 From you will gain attention. Wisdom's voice,
 And deep philosophy to you have taught 50
 Its' consequence, and worth. Oh! aid the toil
 Of a fond Mother, with your reason guide
 Her gentler faculties; invigorate
 Her virtuous weakness; to your well-known voice
 She will, she cannot but with pleasure yield,
 And follow precepts sanctified by You.

WHAT aliment the tender Babe requires,
 How best sustain'd, the Muse proceeds to sing.
 To Nature then attend: She hath prepared
 No food but milk alone, and if it flows 60
 In

In plenteous rills, abundant is the store.
Thus fed, the lamb over the grassy turf
Sports frolicksome; the patient ox who turns
Sweltering all day the stubborn glebe, by this
Nourish'd at first, his present strength acquired.
And will thy Infant cease to thrive, supplied
With this nepenthe? Rather He will gain
New vigour every hour, and healthful smile
Tho sickness scowl around. Yet some there are
Who fill from morn to noon, from noon to eve, 70
Nay thro the hours of night, the suffering Child
With various cates, heedless of nature's lore,
Cruelly kind, unknown that they thus
Fatten a victim for the hungry grave.
For from repletion every ill severe
Which threatens childhood, arm'd with double force
Invades the tender frame. How oft 'twere fit
The Suckling should imbibe the milky stream,
From the first dawn of morning, till the sun
Set in the west, experience must evince. 80
All do not feed alike, some greedily
Drain at a meal the lacteal beverage,
Others more nice require the frequent treat.

YET when Night spreads her mantle o'er the Globe,
And leads on sleep and silence, it is meet
T' obey her mandate; rest thy careful head

O Mother, let thy tender Nurseling rest.
 Why wilt Thou anxious to thyself create
 Unnecessary pain? At evening close
 Forth from her den starts the fell Lioness, 90
 And thro the gloomy desert urges on
 Eager for prey her rapid step, She leaves
 Her sleeping young one, nor expects he food
 Till she return with morning's early beam.
 Yet this is He, who shall hereafter reign
 Lord of the forest, and with kingly voice
 Appal his listening subjects. But thy heart
 Is soft, and cannot bear thy Infant's cries.
 Oh! Heaven forbid that I should wish thy breast
 Steel'd to his real misery! But these 100
 Are cries which evil custom hath begot,
 And blind indulgence; unalarm'd sustain
 A few short trials, bear unmoved the shock
 At first; indulged not, He will fret no more.
 Believe me, nor from hunger, nor from pain
 These wailings spring. How different is the shriek,
 And agonizing groan, from sobs like these,
 'Transient, and humorfome! To cloath thy Child
 With health some little violence endure:
 Nor to the dictates plain of candid truth 110
 Thy ancient Nurse's doating saws prefer.

THE Stomach ever full, is ever weak :
 But from refreshing sleep and abstinence
 Digestion thrives, and kindliest nutriment
 Th' absorbent veins inhale, wherewith the warm
 And plastic arteries by due degrees
 Upbuild the human fabric ; or by which
 Each slender thread and fibre is evolved,
 Gaining mysteriously their destined bulk
 And firm elastic motion. Robb'd of sleep 120
 The Warrior droops his head, and longs no more
 To plunge amid the fight : The Rustic faints,
 Vigorous e'erwhile, nor strains his finewy arms
 Holding the plough, but nerveless and unmann'd
 Presses his homely palate, sending forth
 Vain wishes to the Power who from him flies.
 And can the gentle frame of Woman bear
 Constant disturbance and unrest ? Her strength
 Melts down apace, the bloom forsakes her cheeks,
 A peevish listlessness succeeds, she pines, 130
 And over-sedulous is now unfit
 To fill that office which she most desires.

WOULD'ST Thou thy Child to pass the hours of night
 Wrapt in sleep's downy plumage ? Banish far
 The lazy cradle, useless but to give
 Relief to th' indolent attendant race,
 Who fain would batten in perpetual sloth,

Who shrink at slightest toil, and ill deserve
The viands they devour. At first indeed,
During the circuit of a moon or twain 140
'Tis fit thy Charge should only eat and sleep;
Nature demands it. Afterward contract
The hours of sleep by day, and in th' embrace
Of carefulness let exercise divert
The lively Infant; chiefly when his eye
Now looks around unknowing what he sees,
Now when he springs, and spreads his little arms,
And smiles, and utters sounds which strike thine ear
With wondrous pleasure. Tho We now permit
Some added food, its quality regard, 150
As of important consequence. We praise
Above the rest, the farinaceous tribe,
Bread well-fermented, unadulterate
With deleterious alum, this with milk
And with the limpid element decoct.
Yet always mindful of the golden mean,
Be even this with moderation used,
Nor ever glut the stomach till it loathes,
And the superfluous aliment rejects.
The wrinkled Sibyl laugh to scorn, and all 160
Her dreams fallacious, when pronouncing this
A sign of health. Nature indeed is kind,
And various her attempts t' evacuate
What would be noxious, and 'tis well thy Child

Hath still sufficing strength. But he, poor Babe,
 Had he the sense to guide his appetite,
 Would shun this consequence of mere excess,
 No proof of health, disgustful to the eye.

WE blame thee not for yielding to the voice
 Of error; if beneath the solemn garb 170
 Of old experience hid, and self-convinced,
 Not meaning to deceive, how should thy young
 Untutor'd mind resist her lore? But when
 Truth meets thy sight, and pointing shews the way
 To Nature's bower, thy blind associate quit,
 Enter the hallow'd shade, converse with her
 Pure Nymph, peruse her lineaments divine,
 And to her voice impartial ope thy heart.

It is not strange that Prejudice should gain
 Access to thy soft bosom. Who can boast 180
 His freedom? Wide and potent is her sway.
 No Fiend in stronger bonds hath held enslaved
 The groaning nations. In Cimmerian gloom,
 Where light ne'er penetrates, but Darkness sits
 In fixt essential majesty enthroned,
 Unconscious Sloth, by Ignorance compress'd,
 Brought forth this Monster. To the haunts of men
 Taking her way, the stars grew pale; her wings
 She spread incumbent o'er the subject world,
 Nor

Nor suffered men to view what slender bounds 190
 Divided them from brutes; in torpid state
 Plunged deep, they lay supine for many an age,
 Till Ægypt first rebell'd: Mother of arts,
 And boasted fount of wisdom. Yet, tho bold
 Th' adventure, She to burst the galling chain
 Strove unsuccessful. Mid the twilight groves
 Of sacred Memphis, on the banks of Nile,
 Prolific, wondrous stream, or round the walls
 Of hundred-gated Thebes, in union close
 With Superstition dwelt the Pest abhorr'd; 200
 And underneath her hieroglyphic veil
 Incongruous forms commingled. Nor in Greece
 Reign'd she less absolute; her Sages hence
 Built their fallacious systems, airy shades,
 And phantoms of the brain; with wordy war
 Fought in defence each of his waking dream,
 And suffer'd Truth with Socrates t' expire.

How long beneath her power did Europe bend!
 Prompted by her, Ambition eagle-wing'd
 Taught ancient Rome amid the lust of sway, 210
 Intent on crimson conquest, to neglect
 Humanity and virtue; till the pile
 By valour rear'd, fell from its giddy height,
 Shatter'd within by luxury, without
 Assail'd by savage fierceness. Then what depth

Of native gloom, of thick incircling night,
 Witness'd her presence! Every art was lost,
 Each effort of the mind; or else sunk low
 Crouch'd to the yoke; while o'er the puzzled schools
 Exalted, shook his worse than iron rod 220
 The Tyrant Stagyrte; and Physic awed
 By Galen's fullen Genius dared not heal.
 Each lovelier grace, each elegance unknown,
 Each genuine ornament, till Taste, o'erwhelm'd
 With death-like Sleep, in Leo's age revived.
 Philosophy extinct, till Bacon rose
 The morning star of science, by whose beams
 Transfixt, as erst the fabled Python fell,
 Lay vanquish'd huge Authority. Then first
 Experiment with radiant lamp disclosed 230
 The stores of bigot Time, and taught with nice
 Laborious hand from each fictitious gem
 To separate the true. Hence day by day
 The rigid shackles fall self-loosed, or brace
 Mankind less strictly; we for Nature's laws
 Read Nature only; Wisdom smiles serene,
 With freedom bless'd, and Fools alone are Slaves.

AND say wilt Thou in this enlightened age
 O Mother, single stand, and lend thine ear
 To hoar, and quaint Tradition? Wilt thou treat 240
 Thy Child by their opinion, whose advice

Thou

Thou would'st not follow in one act beside?
 Judge by thyself. What languor, what fatigue
 Attends the fuller meal! What dire effects,
 What tumults oft from the crude surfeit rise!
 And why is reason thine, if not with care
 To govern him whose yet unripen'd frame
 Of sense is vacant? Tho with greater ease,
 His stomach may the superplus expel,
 Than older gluttony, yet caution dreads 250
 Events unfortunate, the nerves convulsed,
 Fever, and each ill symptom which attends
 The growing teeth. Unskill'd to curb himself,
 His appetite guide thou: So, duly fed,
 Each meal affording what may satisfy,
 Not burthen nature, on thy happy Child
 Hygeia shall with eye propitious look.
 His shall be comely vigour, winning smiles,
 Freedom from pain, protection from disease,
 And stamina well-knit to undergo 260
 Each future change of ever-varying life,
 Each toil, each danger, nay perhaps a base
 On which hereafter may be firmly rear'd
 Each virtue, social, public, warm, refined,
 Each intellectual, moral excellence.

For tho the Child of weaker nerves may seem
 With quickest parts endow'd, yet should he rise

Thro numerous perils to the height of Man,
 Oppress'd with listless torpor, how can he
 Brave the meridian ray of public life? 270
 Reflecting on himself, how shall his mind
 Expand t'ward others' feelings? Nay too oft
 Those blossoms immature of sense, on which
 We gaze with pleasure and astonishment,
 Spontaneous from the blighted stalk descend,
 Or yield harsh tasteless fruit. This stroke severe
 Thou shalt avoid, more rationally kind.
 If form'd by nature delicate, thy love
 Guided by judgment, shall his strength improve;
 At least his weakness, or th' effects it brings, 280
 Shall not proceed from errors of thy own.
 Thou wilt not gorge thy Child; and all night long
 He sleeps serene, an interval of rest,
 In which the stomach clear'd of every load
 Fortuitous, its healthful state preserves.
 He wakes alert, prompted by hunger keen
 T' imbibe the draught nutritious. Thee too Sleep
 Hath charm'd with opiate rod; no froward cries,
 No tortures of thy Infant, caused by crude,
 Unwholesome, or accumulated fare, 290
 Have broke thy tranquil slumbers. Thou too seest
 Placid the break of morn, and to thy Babe
 The well-secreted, copious aliment
 Preparest to give; which, sad anxiety

And restless hours (in her, who idly fond,
 And painfully solicitous, hath watch'd
 The night, for other purposes design'd)
 Rob of its balmy essence, else derived
 Sprightly and plenteous from the genial chyle,
 A weak, thin, vapid, unsubstantial juice; 300
 Whence to the tender organs of her Babe
 A morbid irritation, which destroys
 Their natural, and necessary tone,
 Till haply dire disease, or death ensues.

Is there a stronger principle infix'd
 In human nature, than the zealous warmth
 A Mother t'ward her Infant feels? Yet thin
 Is the barrier dividing right from wrong,
 Virtue from vice. The noblest qualities
 Indulged t' excess, a different hue assume, 310
 No longer noble. Courage may be changed
 To brutal force; to prodigality
 The generous sentiment; to licence rude
 Freedom's bright flame; and tender nuptial love
 To mean uxorioufness. What finer joys
 Inspire the soul more exquisitely form'd,
 By vulgar minds unheeded! But beware
 Left sensibility itself, uncheck'd,
 Extinguish its' delights; lest pity bleed
 At every pore, intolerable smart 320

Enduring

Enduring; lest the softer passion urge
 If unsuccessful, to the wan abode
 Of madness or despair; lest taste exact
 Turn to fastidious niceness, coveting
 With vain desire, among the works of men,
 To find perfection. Thou too curb thy zeal
 O Mother, that impulsive ardour rule,
 That love inordinate, which urges on
 To weakness, and perverts to criminal
 The sweetest, best emotions of thy soul.

330

WHENCE is this nameless Energy? this power
 So forcibly attractive? who entwined
 Its' subtle threads? and round the willing heart
 Braced firm the cord mysterious? Who, but He!
 The prime Intelligence! Who first call'd forth
 From warring Chaos this fair frame of things!
 Who bade each part with animation glow!
 And what He will'd t' exist, in order due
 Not of continued, but successive life
 Will'd to preserve. Who taught the winged race 340
 Among impervious shades, with matchless skill,
 To form their nests, and guard their callow brood.
 The Natives of the fields, and desert wilds,
 A fit retreat to seek, the rocky cave,
 Thicket, or mountain high. Who gives them all
 A thousand wiles, a thousand stratagems
 Of crafty policy, from hostile force

To save their Young; and to defend them, fills
 E'en the most timid with impetuous strength,
 And sense of prowess never felt before. 350
 Instinct alone, their Tutors and Guide;
 But Instinct and superior Reason thine.

Thus while nine Moons have known increase and wane
 Taught to proceed, the pleasing task of care
 Is still unfinish'd, much remains unsung.
 Now is the Season by experience deem'd
 Most meet, an arduous duty to attempt.
 Arduous to some; but not to thee, whose mind
 Reason enlightens with a clearer ray,
 Shewing the bounds between parental love, 360
 And its fond foolish mimic. Thou canst look
 Beyond the present, no dull slave of sense,
 And for a lasting good, most willingly
 Endure some transient pain. Thy Child long time
 Fed by thy vital fluid, now requires
 Dismission from the breast. Yet not at once,
 As some have taught erroneous; such our frame
 That every rash and sudden change may prove
 The source of harm. More wise and cautious Thou
 Break thro the tye of habit by degrees; 370
 And ere the stream maternal be refused,
 His taste to different nutriment incline.

BESIDES th' increafe of food ere while allow'd
What diet do we grant? Some would defer
To years more vigorous, all, that tyrant Man,
The univerfal glutton, from the race
That grazes on the plain, or skims the flood,
Or cleaves with nimble wing the yielding air,
Culls for his ufe; and would not that the child
Should taste of aught but what the fruitful earth 380
Plant, herb, or grain produces, with the stream
The lowing kine afford. There are no doubt
Who to the lateft stage of life arrive,
Thus always nourish'd. On the fhores of Ind
Checkt by religious fears, whole Tribes refuse
To bathe their hands in blood, left thro the wound
A kindred foul fhould fly; yet fome pafs thro
A century of years (fo fame reports)
By ficknefs unſubdued. Where high aſcend
Our Caledonian hills, the hardy North 390
A gallant Offspring boatts, whom Fate denies
T' indulge, except in vegetable meals.
Yet when their country rouses them to arms,
Waving her ſtandard to their view, they ruſh
Impetuous forth, and terrible in war,
Dread as the Lion hurt, in every clime
They fight, they conquer, hearing but their name
The diſtant Foe grows pale. Yet prone to doubt,
The Sage theſe fair examples will not truſt

Implicitly

Implicitly believing. He will judge 400
 Not from a race of men by habit sway'd,
 By custom harden'd, not from every rare
 Occurrence of longevity ; or those
 The minions of their clan, who seek the fields
 Where rages fell Bellona. He requires
 A strict impartial list, to know if more
 Of these, compared with others, ere the force
 Of potent use hath nature's influence changed,
 Escape unhurt, and reach life's grateful prime
 Active, proportion'd, vigorous. And here, 410
 These distant facts still undetermined left,
 Th' instructive Muse shall teach from what her eyes
 Have clearly seen ; though social, not inclined
 To luxury's various table, tho humane,
 No follower of the Samian Sect. Howe'er
 The Infant form'd perhaps with stronger nerves,
 Or of peculiar nature, may escape
 The blasting hand of sickness, or may thrive
 On vegetable fare, yet oft we view
 Where poverty more generous food denies, 420
 Tottering Rachitis seize its' helpless prey ;
 Or slow-consuming Tabes ; or within
 His mazy labyrinth, the tortuous Worm
 Finding a sure asylum, multiplies
 His noisome produce. Hence th' unwieldy head,
 Distended joints, limbs variously incurved.

Hence

Hence the sunk cheek, the hollow lifeless eye.
 Hence loss of balmy sleep, and appetite,
 Convulsive motions, agonizing spasms,
 And symptoms which in order to describe 430
 Had foil'd the Coan Sage. For maugre those
 Who idly speculate, by fancy ruled,
 Or superstition ; Nature, we assert,
 Form'd us, with mingled diet, herb, root, feed,
 And animal, to gratify our taste,
 Or foster life ; a truth, th' Anatomist
 Plainly demonstrates ; nor will Reason's mind
 Admit a doubt. The crude or sluggish juice
 Which vegetables yield, with toil perspired,
 Weakens the stomach, whose contraction fails 440
 Not justly stimulated : while the skin
 Its pores block'd up, or e'en its texture changed,
 Is cover'd o'er with incrustations foul,
 Scarcely, if ever, by th' absterfive wave
 Of tepid bath removed. But if by fate
 These viands are refused, condemn'd to taste
 Nought but bird, fish, or beast, a putrid mass
 Is gender'd, which pollutes the vital flood,
 And taints each humour, till the general frame
 Dissolves as in a thaw. These truths regard ; 450
 By Nature heeded, when with care She form'd
 The lacteal fluid ; a peculiar Mixt,
 Skilfully blended ; by digestion due,

Or in its passage thro the lacteal glands
 Animalized, and render'd fit to tame
 The ferment of acidity, to which
 Childhood is prone. Whence we conclude, that now
 When from the breast exiled, as far as Art
 Her nicer laws can imitate, 'tis right
 T' adapt its food, and mingle aliment 460
 Of alkalescent quality, with that
 Which might t' incorrigible acid turn.

THIS to prevent, haply the bounteous streams
 Of Pales, from each wholesome leaf, each soft
 And verdant shoot, secreted, which invest
 Grateful, the dewy meadow, tho conceived
 Of virtues rare, and th' intermediate link
 Of animal and vegetable kind,
 Will want sufficient power. We fear not then
 To bid thee from the herd or flock derive 470
 Part of thy Infant's sustenance ; but still
 With licence circumscribed. As yet the spoon
 Retaining, covet not with firmer meats,
 To satiate hunger, till the rising teeth
 Spring from their latent feeds, and deck the mouth,
 Two rows of clearest white. The Fibres else,
 Impacted, will not to digestion yield,
 A harden'd, tough, indomitable mass :
 Nor will the salivary Glands emit

Their

Their needful liquid. By compulsive fire 480
 Rather extract the pure nutritious juice,
 Mix'd with the virgin lymph; with this combine
 The generous gifts of Ceres; and behold
 The Dairy offers its' nectareous store;
 And Carolina sends her pearly grain.

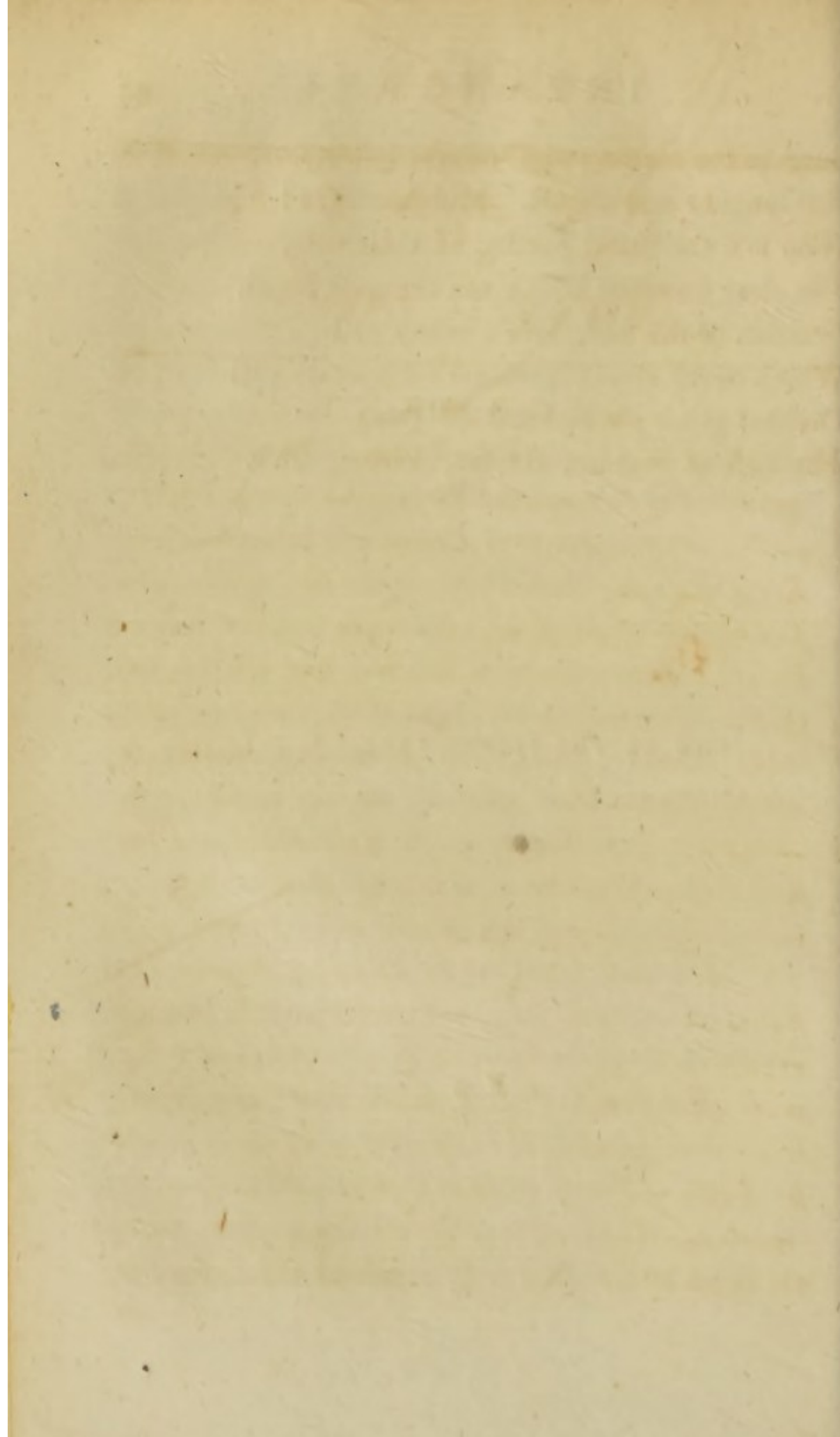
RARE, and more rarely, now thy breast unveil,
 Nor to a distant day protract the time
 Of final separation; He requires
 No farther aid of thine; thee other cares
 Haply demand, thee other duties; go, 490
 Thou wert not form'd for One alone, tho dear;
 Go, bless thy Husband with a numerous race,
 Beauteous like this, like this with health adorn'd.

How high the rank in life of Womankind!
 Their station how important! Hapless He
 Who lives unconscious of their worth! The Fool
 Of grosser sense, or airy Libertine
 Who draws his judgment from the forward few,
 Or yielding weak, and dares with impious tongue
 Pronounce them all the slaves of vanity, 500
 By passion ever led, by flattery won.
 Their frame like ours', but with ethereal touch
 More delicately limb'd. The same their souls,
 More soft, more sensible, and more refined.

Each uncontaminated Briton owns
And feels their virtues. Polishers of life !
Sweeteners of savage care ! Who tune the breast
To harmony, or prompt to glorious deeds
And emulative toil. To friendship's flame,
To gratitude, how exquisitely true ! 510
Who tender confidence repay with love,
Integrity unshaken, faith most pure,
Warm, zealous loyalty. With honour clad,
As with a robe, and beauteous ornaments
Of unaffected modesty. Well-skill'd
To form the growing soul, and on its young
And opening bud to fix th' impression deep
Of every generous thought, which stimulates
The future Man, to love of Parents, Friends,
Offspring, and sacred Freedom, while as yet 520
Corruption suffers, in her favourite Isle
The Goddesses to reside. Far hence, away,
Ye groveling Sensualists, to Eastern climes !
Where lust, and barbarous jealousy immure
The passive slaves ! What joy can beauty give,
When strays th' unfetter'd will ? Or when in calm,
And thinking hour, the mind unsatisfied
Contemns the looser Objects of desire,
Pining for sympathy ? And feels a void,
Which roving licence never can supply ? 530
The wanton dance, the soft voluptuous strain

Sung to the melting viol, nought inspires,
But languor and disgust. Mistaken Men!
Who lose the better portion of their time,
The dear domestic hour; the converse bland,
Fruition of the soul, love's balmy zest
Which never cloy; parental cares conjoin'd;
Divided griefs; reciprocal delights;
The Life of Nature, Reason, Virtue, Bliss.

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.



I N F A N C Y.

A

DIDACTIC POEM.

A R G U M E N T.

Introduction.—Address to Dr Cullen.—The diet before mentioned to be continued for twelve months longer.—The unvitiated taste of Children to be consulted.—Error of giving them whatever we like ourselves.—Description of artificial, and more polished life.—Progress from thence to Luxury, and all its' bad effects.—Particularly the abuses of the Table.—In our colder climates, spices, and stimulating condiments not necessary.—More especially noxious to Children.—Instinct leads them to relish more bland and insipid food.—Ill effects of indulging them with wine.—One meal a-day of any simple animal food, with vegetables and bread, to be allowed to them.—The flesh of the wilder, older, and darker grain'd animals require a larger proportion of vegetables, as being more alkalescent.—Pickles, salted meats, and sweet-meats condemned.—The only drink of Children should be water.—Praise of that element.—Fruits recommended.—When arrived at the age of four years, the meals of Children to be regulated and confined to the

the common stated times.—Other meals, besides dinner, to consist of broths, milk inspissated with rice, or other of the Farinacea.—Advantages of a Child, thus brought up, over others.—Remainder of the subject mentioned.—Thoughts of the Author there-upon.

B O O K I I I.

A GAIN from busy care, from thoughts which prey
 On the reflecting mind, from the rank walks
 Of Men, where folly dwells, and base design,
 And flattery mean, and servile complaisance,
 From the dissembled Friend whose hollow heart
 Professing service, aims but to deceive,
 I seek the Muse ; whose charms can softly steal
 Affliction from itself, whose power can smoothe
 The paths of rugged toil, can heal the wound
 Of discontent, and calm the throbbing breast 10
 Of indignation. To my theme again
 Well-pleased I turn, and view the simple race
 Of Infant Innocence, as yet unwarp'd
 By education, blameless nature theirs',
 And passions undebauch'd, from envy free,
 From guile, and that assembled crew of ills
 Produced by commerce with a tainted world.

And say wilt Thou (to whom long since had flow'd
The grateful strain, if apprehensive doubt
Had not shrunk fearful from the public eye, 20
And dreaded lest thy praises should appear
Link'd to our slighted numbers.) Say, wilt Thou,
CULLEN! Unrivall'd Master of thy art!
Of soul acute throughout the winding maze
Of every devious system, to pursue
And mark the steps of error! By whose aid
Edina rears her Academic palm!
While to thy precepts listening, gathers round
Attentive Youth from each far-distant shore,
And bigot envy droops beneath the ray 30
Of thy superior lustre! In whose heart
Dwells candour, inmate of the truly great,
And modest diffidence. Whom judgment sage
By long experience taught, directs to fix
The bounds of theory, ne'er own'd a guide
But where observance faithfully severe
Hath ceased to pry; yet by her labours skill'd,
As with a glance, nicely to separate
What vulgar minds by seeming likeness caught,
Absurdly blend; and deem thy conduct rash, 40
Till they behold with wonder health array
Those cheeks in rosy mantle, lately view'd
As deaths' pale harbingers. For to thy eye
Memory her fairest tablet swift presents,

And

And method gives that readinefs of thought
 By them afcribed to fancy, but which fprings
 From painful application. Say wilt Thou
 Accept our tributary verfe ? Thou wilt.
 For in thy breaft the fofter graces dwell,
 Nor hath Philofophy with ftern controul
 Leffen'd the milder virtues of the Man ;
 Thine is the breath fincere of friendship, thine
 Compaffion's unaffected ardour, thine
 The Husband's and the Father's tender love,
 And warm benevolence incircling all

50

At length, from ftricter vigilance, the Child
 Is freed O Mother, wean'd from thy embrace.
 Yet tho refused thy bofom, ftill attend
 With guardian mind, ftill prize our lays, for thee,
 For Him, attuned : fincere, however elfe
 Wanting due ornament ; nor haply needs
 Important truth the vivid drefs of words,
 The tinfel decorations which the fong
 Inferior claims. Nine moons are paff, twelve more
 As we have taught, proceed ; fuch thrifty fare
 Is beft ; thy Child's pure nature doth not ask
 Variety of meats. He thrives, He grows,
 His cheeks unfullied bloom, his foul expands,
 Thou feeft his fmiles, his gay incessant voice
 Thou hear'ft ; what more wilt thou defire ? And now
 His

60

70

His strength increased, his more elastic limbs
 By constant motion exercised, his teeth
 Given for utility, not shew, demand
 Food more substantial. Yet, by every grace
 Which doth, or ought t' inspire the female breast,
 By holy temperance, by every nice
 Exciting sensibility, but chief
 By that internal sting which goads the soul
 To potent love of offspring, I conjure,
 I charge thee, Mother, Friend, with strict regard 80
 Consult thy Child's unvitiated taste.
 Oh ! as Thou would'st th' invenom'd adder shun,
 Renounce their false opinion, who seduced
 By ignorance misjudging, think whate'er
 Delights their grosser appetites, will please
 Will suit his unhabituated lip ;
 And thus unknowing but with liberal hand
 Cherish their Babes with poison. Wretched Race !
 Unconscious Criminals ! Murthering thro love
 The hapless Beings they would die to save. 90

By social laws estranged from Nature's paths,
 We lead an artificial life ; and feel
 Unnumber'd wants, which indolence begets
 On fond imagination. Polisht high,
 The cultivated manners yield no doubt
 Joys of superior kind ; hence speaks the stone

At sculpture's touch, the breathing Canvas lives,
 And Poetry and Music fire the soul.
 A thousand nameless elegancies mix
 Our jarring minds, and by collision soft 100
 Vanquish their native roughness; modest Love
 Binds her enchanting Cestus; on our steps
 The Graces wait; we drop the tear humane
 Of sacred pity; and Benevolence
 Tho powerless to relieve; affords a sigh.
 The chaster Genius of convivial mirth
 Around our table smiles, and drives far off
 Brutal ebriety; profusion yields
 The place to neatness; and th' internal sense
 Is caterer to th' external. Thus upraised 110
 By slow degrees from barbarism obscure
 Man gains his elevation. Oh! how blest,
 Could ever-roving Fancy be content!
 But always on the wing She strains her flight
 In quest of novelty. Hence every thread
 Fine-stretch'd before, must still be finer drawn.
 Our polish'd manners turn to frivolous;
 The soul of Art neglected, We behold
 The outward shew; unskill'd to comprehend
 The large design, on parts minute, on toys, 120
 And splendid colourings we doat; reject
 The strain emphatic, curious of the phrase
 Uncommon, or sonorous period round;

And

And music must surprize, not charm the heart.
 To elegance succeeds the spurious brood
 Of soft voluptuousness. Love, holy love,
 The fairest flower life's garden e'er can boast,
 Falls to the ground, and changeful wantonness
 Rank particolour'd weed springs forth, sure bane
 To every virtue. Pity dwindles down 130
 To mean self-love; and seeming generous,
 We're but the slaves of vanity. We seek
 We covet the protracted meal, and still
 Goad, as it palls, our jaded appetite
 With new incentives. Ranfack every clime,
 Commerce the boasted cause, for every rare
 And stimulating condiment, spread o'er
 Our northern boards the spices of the south,
 Adapted to its' habitants, to us
 Noxious, and only fit to gratify 140
 The sense debauch'd which loathes its' proper fare.

For by cold gales our muscles firmly braced
 Act with due force: Or else th' ethereal stream
 Perhaps condensed, flows stronger from the brain,
 And gives to every limb its healthful tone.
 Not so beneath more torrid Heavens, there sink
 The vital powers, to mortal languor doom'd,
 Unless excited by the quickening warmth
 Of aliment more active. What to them

Nature commands, to us her laws forbid. 150
And tho unconscious of immediate ill,
At length the stomach, harraſt and o'erworn
By this licentious diet, fails; the pulſe
Weakly contracts, each nerve decays, old age
Haſtes immaturely on, and round the brow
Scatters untimely ſnows. The ſofter Sex
Indulging thus, beſides the common lot,
Suffer peculiar accidents, which well
The ſkilful Muſe, if ſo inclined, could ſing.
E'en accidents which thwart the general law, 160
Nor to their much-deſiring ſouls allow
To claſp a Child, and bear a Mother's name.

BUT whether Thou beneath the fordid yoke
Of luxury wilt not bend, and truly wiſe,
Refined, but not enervate, view'ſt with joy
The plain and frugal table, ſuch as eſt
Angels and Patriarchs ſought: Or whether warp'd
By tyrant cuſtom, as we bluſhing own
Many there are in theſe degenerate days,
Women, the worſt of Epicures; remove 170
Far from thy Children each high-ſeaſoned diſh,
Each ſauce impregnate with the ſeeds of fire,
Each ſpice, and pungent vegetable, none
Admit, of foreign or of native growth.

SHORT is the time stretch'd to its utmost date
Of Man's existence; to contract thy own
Intent, yet spare thy Child; draw not a veil
O'er the young morn of life: From thee He springs,
Would'st thou so quickly trace his setting beam?
Plunged in death's fable wave ere thou hast run 180
Thy own brief day? Daughter of Fashion! no.
Tho all thy relative affections fade,
And every soft sensation droops beneath
The sickly blast of pleasure, tho thou flit'st
On giddy plume and thoughtless, mid the wilds
Of vanity and folly, we acquit
Thy devious soul of wilful homicide.
Read then our moral page, and better taught,
Know right from wrong, and sense, by action, prove.
Should'st thou reject our lays (as who can scan 190
The deeds of mad caprice?) well-pleased we turn
From gay saloons, from courts, from haughty wealth,
And midnight riot, to more gentle scenes,
Sure of the spotless heart, and its' applause.

LEARN from thy Child, O Parent! He will teach
Full oft the diet suited to his frame.
View with what marks of loathing, He at first
Rejects the hot and acrid; instinct dwells
Within, a faithful guard; his rapid pulse
And native warmth by these are quickly urged 200
Beyond

Beyond their bounds. He relishes the bland,
And to thy taste insipid; these controul
Each motion, nor permit his heat to rise
Above its' due degree. Nor less he shuns
Destructive Bacchus; why then will his Sire
By frequent repetition strive t' o'ercome
Nature's dislike? why, but because himself
Fond of the rosy God, and led astray
By reverend prejudice, he wholesome deems
The fever-stirring draught? Nor wants he names 210
Of high authority, Physicians sage
To justify his creed. But Use destroys
The benefit He seeks, and if disease
Should wines' assistance claim, it then may lose
Its medicinal power. To every word
Each act attentive, Children imitate
Whate'er they see or hear; this principle
Strongly within their little breasts alive,
Impels them oft to venture hardy war
Against antipathy. Of this beware, 220
The struggle nicely mark, and point their aim
To proper objects. Nor because You praise
The circling glass, and they with many a sip
Vanquish their feelings, deem that Nature prompts
To what, except more rarely, it abhors.

INDULGE aversion, combat with desire ;
 A maxim safe and just ; for this, by Art
 Missed, may urge to danger, but t' abstain
 Will prove at least innocuous. Nor believe
 That from ourselves We judge, and interdict 230
 What our own taste refuses. When the frame
 Is perfect, when the fibres have acquired
 Their utmost growth, more steady are the laws
 Of our corporeal organs, less disturbed,
 To change less subject. Never would I shun
 The friendly intercourse of souls, which wine
 In moderate draughts augments. We know its power
 To cheer the wretch desponding and forlorn
 Upon the sickly couch ; to mitigate
 Stern fevers' putrid vehemence ; excite 240
 The torpid heart, till it propell anew
 The languid-circling blood in every vein
 More strenuously alive ; to calm the rage
 Of phrenzy, and imagination's tide
 Vague-shifting to controul, till reason smile.
 Full well we know its power to raise the strength
 Of drooping age, and in his sluggish limbs
 Awake the latent fire. But Childhood needs
 No foreign aid to stimulate the brain.
 Ever with rapid speed from forth that fount 250
 Of heat and motion bursts the nervous stream ;
 Each irritable fibre is full-fraught

Almost

Almost t' excess, nor asks the least supply.
 Canst thou improve on Nature? She this store
 Puts to its proper use; this urges on
 In due proportion each increasing tube,
 Muscle, and bone, and ligament. Canst thou
 Direct her actions? Rather shalt thou find
 T' exceed, will cause defect, thy Child curtail'd
 Of his just size and stature, weak, and wan. 260
 And should He rush hereafter, madly rush
 Amid th' intemperate herd, and daily seek
 The noisy rout of Comus, how, too late
 Wilt thou repentant mourn thy rash exploit,
 His appetite first led astray by thee,
 His early relish of the fervid bowl!

NICE, and perhaps erroneous in their plan,
 The younger animals as yielding less
 Of due nutrition, and digested flow,
 Some disallow. That, food prepared from those 270
 Of growth mature, thro th' intestinal maze
 Less tardily proceeds, we not deny:
 More acrid are the juices it contains,
 Whence stimulating more; its' fibres hard
 With labour wrought to chyle. The young are bland,
 Composed of humours suited to the young,
 Viscous, nutritious, slower in their course.
 But as th' absorbents greedily imbibe

Whate'er

Whate'er is nutritive, by this delay
 They drink their fill, and to the solids add 280
 The mild tenacious substance. Yet, not bound
 To partial theory, without reserve
 We bid thee take thy choice of all the tribes
 Which bounteous Heaven affords, and common use
 Before thee sets, of every age and size.
 All but the stall'd, and cramm'd, by filthy sloth
 And gluttony, perverted from the state
 Of wholesome nature; send the mass corrupt
 Of nauseous humours, and of rancid oil
 Far from thy board. In simplest manner drest, 290
 Of these one daily meal we grant thy child
 But not commixt, his be one dish alone.
 Grudge not with these of vegetable store
 A plenteous portion, nor permit the bread
 To lye untouch'd beside him. Thus indulge
 His appetite, and let him freely eat
 Till hunger be sufficed. This rule observe;
 All animals which wildly range the earth,
 Or fluid air, and all of vigorous age
 With flesh of darker grain, experience finds 300
 More alkalescent, these the freer use
 Of plants and herbs acescent will demand.
 The tame, the young, and those of whiter hue,
 Require them less. Heed well what we condemn;
 All things which housewife art with care preserves,

Acid, or salt, or saccharine : all cates
 Of unfermented flour composed, or those
 Of fulsome sweetness, and enrich'd with wine.

THESE let thy Child avoid. And be his drink
 The purest element, with which of old, 310
 Heroes, and Champions at th' Olympic games,
 Sated their thirst, and glorious deeds perform'd,
 In war, and manly exercise; or He
 The Heaven-devoted Nazarene, to whom
 Cords were as threads, when fired with holy zeal
 He burst his bonds, and with his single hand
 Hew'd down opposing armies. Hence each spring,
 And limpid fountain, every stream which flow'd
 Soft-murmuring o'er its pebbled bed, was graced
 By wise antiquity with hallowed forms, 320
 Pure nymphs, and gentle Naiads. Well they knew
 The virtues of the chrystal wave, e'er vile
 Fermented liquors had enslaved their taste,
 And thinn'd mankind. Pass we th' Atlantic foam,
 Where Britain o'er her Alien Sons now claims
 Disputed sway; a hardy people there
 Inhabited, bold, active, in the chace
 Unequall'd, patient of fatigue, to foes
 Tho' unrelenting, yet to honour just,
 True to their plighted faith, to strangers kind, 330
 Not

Not one of limb deform'd, or trembling nerve
Among them dwelt, and numerous were the tribes.

WE did not root them out with savage hand,
And bathe their fields in blood, but to their lips
More slyly proffer'd the Circean charm.
They drank the poison down, and by degrees
Relinquish'd their paternal fields to us.
Rare, scatter'd are their clans, some quite extinct,
Potent of yore, ere the destroying draught
Was introduced. The remnant are corrupt, 340
Perfidious, treacherous; European cups
Have taught them every European vice.
Still flourishing perhaps, had they disdain'd
The snare, contented with the simple streams
Which issue from their rocks. Give then thy Child
The blameless fluid, friendly to mankind,
From whence Hygeia fills her sacred urn,
Nectar of paradise; nor will He gain
Unless debauch'd, a liquor to his taste
More grateful. Nay, would'st thou, if age permit, 350
And strength unbroken, thy example add,
Trust me no other beverage will so well
Assist digestion, none the spirits cheer,
Inspire with calm serenity the mind,
And make the night glide by in tranquil sleep.

But lo! where with Vertumnus comes the Nymph
 Presiding o'er the garden, in her hand
 Waves Amalthea's horn, whence prodigal
 Her freshest store descends. She asks me, why
 This long neglect? And bids me sing her gifts. 360
 Her various fruits, whose juices the warm sun
 By secret fermentation hath matured
 From aqueous, acid, bitter, and austere
 To rich luxurious flavour. Hither lead
 The Childish train indulgent, let not fear
 In scanty measure to their taste impart
 The ripe and wholesome banquet. Still while roll
 The summer months along, while heat intense
 Darts through our frame, and stimulates our nerves,
 Till languor each o'erlabour'd thread subdue, 370
 And in each tube the purple current teems
 With seeds of putrid violence, to them
 The summer months innocuous roll along,
 Innocuous glows the fervid sky, controul'd
 Their baneful influence by Pomona's aid.

For them, unsparing (for we scarce can set
 The limits of restriction) pluck thy fruits,
 Nature's delicious antidote gainst all
 The hidden venom of the sultry year,
 Mild, cooling, saponaceous, nutritive. 380
 For them the blushing berry underneath

Its verdant leaf is hid, for them adorns
Penfile its thorny shrub, for them depends
The clustering currant from its smother stem.
For them is deck'd each tree. The ruddy peach,
The golden apricot, the cherry, boast
Of Kentish soil, the fragrant nectarine,
The plum, green, purple, azure, the moist pear,
The apple, theme of the Silurian Bard,
In fulness of profusion grow for them. 390
Nor would I when by chance more vigorous suns
Its' harshness meliorate, nor cull for them
Th' autumnal grape, nor to their lips forbid
The well-rear'd melon, nor th' Ananas' rich
And poignant crispness. They are form'd for all,
And all for them. More cautiously supply
Whate'er by rough or bitter husk and shell
Is circumscribed, and all the hoard which asks
The mellowing hand of age. Or those we gain
From climes far-distant, ere they have acquired 400
Their just perfection gather'd; shaddock crude,
Pomegranate, orange. Let Hesperia's Sons,
Let th' Antillean Planter, or the Tribes
Of fertile Asia, gratify their taste
With all th' unlabour'd bounty of their soil;
Yet is not ours' ungrateful; industry
Here cloathes our fields, our gardens, and our groves,
With plenty all its' own; Pomona smiles;

For

For cultivation oft bestows a zest,
Which wild exuberant Nature would deny. 410

ERE yet we close the strain, one error more
The Muse will combat. Tendernefs will prompt
Whene'er thy Child fhall ask thee, to bestow
The needlefs viand. In his younger days
We bound thee not to rules. But now when o'er
His head four annual funs have roll'd, advise
That he be taught fubmiffion to the laws
Of focial life, which ftated hours appoints
For action, and repaft. Nor heed the voice
Of ignorance, which talks of exercife, 420
And quick digeftion. Often well we know
The vicious tafte of idle wantonnefs
Demands reftRAINT. But left to thee it feem
As real hunger, from the coarfer loaf,
A pure, tho homely nutriment, fupply
His craving ; thus, with certainty detect
Fictitious appetite. His other meals
Yet undirected, both at morn and eve,
Be fresh-drawn broths, and milk in various forms
With rice, or other farinaceous grain 430
Infpiffated. We would not ftint thy Child,
And know his growth requires a conftant flux
Of plaftic fluids ; nay, 'tis beft to err,
If err, in quantity ; the flexile tubes

Of Children, will perhaps with ease transpire
What is redundant. But with heed observe :
Add thy discretion to the Muse's lore :
And reason, and experience be thy guides.

Now duly taught by thy maternal care,
O never may He turn his vagrant steps 440
Aside, to dwell mid the polluted tents
Of bestial luxury ! We would not wish
A stoical indifference, to fly
Forever those delights which sway mankind,
Th' exhilarating bowl, which opes the heart ;
And festive banquet, where preside the powers
Of wit and decent mirth ; but may He live,
Born for society, no hermit sour,
Or driveling moralist, absurdly grave,
And singularly dull. Temperate by choice, 450
But not austere abstinence. By thee
Is the foundation in his primal years
Firm laid, by which he need not sacrifice
To rigid niceness ; but with health his friend,
Will not start back from every little change,
Which weaker habits must with caution shun,
Or cannot with impunity indulge.
Thine is the work, and gratitude shall then
Repay the debt, the filial debt he owes.
Then shalt thou feel, tho strong th' instinctive tye 460
O

Of blind affection, what sublimer joys
Reason affords, the generous mutual bond,
Thy tender love, his tribute of the soul.

Thus far the Muse Didactic hath assay'd
Her purposed theme, scattering before the steps
Of Truth and Science, o'er their toilsome paths
The not unfrequent flower ; the sweets which bloom
On those delicious banks forever green,
Fed by translucent rills which murmuring sweep
O'er sands of gold ; where Fancy loveliest Nymph 470
Delighted strays, or with the Sylvan powers,
Dryads, and Fauns, disporting, joins the dance,
And sings her wildest note ; or silent stands,
Her roving eye, her giddy step enthrall'd,
Attentive to Minerva's heavenly voice,
Enamour'd of her wisdom ; and from Her
Receives the potent wand by Judgment form'd,
And waves it o'er her works, which thence remain
Unfading and immortal. Rest not here
O Virgin, still be Infant Man thy theme ; 480
And what of cloathing, what of exercise
He needs, relate : nor his diseases scorn
With hand benign to paint, and teach the cure.

Thou wilt not, if the sharp inclement air
Of cold neglect freeze not thy vital warmth,

And

And in the cave of solitude fast bind
 Thy wings aspiring, which shall shed their plumes
 Of varied die, or fold thee ever round
 In fullen indignation. Rather far
 From thee be thoughts like these! Stoop not thy soul 490
 To fears of vulgar nature; high above
 This fordid earth direct thy piercing eye,
 And view where rear'd beyond the gulph of Death
 Stands Fame's refulgent dome, to living Wight
 Aye inaccessible. Still, as of yore
 Thou fought'st th' Ascrean, or the Mantuan Bard,
 Thy visions spread before my raptured sight,
 And soothe my ear with those celestial strains,
 Which on Olympus' lofty top reclined,
 Charm Jove himself: while virtue, reason, truth, 500
 Humanity, and love, each sound applaud,
 And bless th' unprostituted lyre. Oh! hail
 Ye pure, ethereal Bards, who nobly stoop'd
 To teach mankind! who round the flowing locks
 Of fancy, cast the sacred wreath, inwove
 By the fair fingers of Utility,
 Which scorns caprice, and whim, amusive toys,
 And trifles vain, th' unprofitable gawds
 Which catch the light and airy mind of Youth,
 Or vacant Pleasure! Hail again ye Bards! 510
 Nor only ye of Greece and Rome, who first
 Stole from the croud profane my chastened thoughts,

And as I gazed upon your page, inspired
 The holy frenzy of ambitious love,
 Aiming with ardent, but successful toil,
 To emulate your beauties ! Ye too hail
 Ye Sons of Britain ! Masters of the song !
 Thou AKENSIDE, late wept by every Muse,
 Whose skilful hand unlock'd the sacred source
 Of mental pleasure, founded in the new, 520
 The graceful, and sublime ! Nor blind to worth,
 Tho still upon this wave-worn shore it stand
 Of troublous life, by envy's blasts assail'd
 Be thou ungreeted, ARMSTRONG, in my verse,
 Thou Parent of the Prophylactic Lay !
 Nor MASON, thou, whose polish'd taste instructs
 To form the English Garden, mingling art.
 With rural wildness, and simplicity !
 Nor BEATTIE, Friend of Truth, whose Gothic harp
 As if from magic touch, emits such tones, 530
 That e'en Apollo might his lyre forget,
 And wonder at the harmony ; while pleased,
 In Edwin's ripening Genius, we behold
 The progress of thy own ! Hail too ye Friends
 Of Nature, and the Muse, of soul refined,
 Of judgment unimpair'd, by slavish Art
 Unmaled, who feeling, dare confess
 The pleasure which Ye feel ! who mid the scenes
 Of calm retirement, from the genuine cup
 Nectareous,

Nectareous, virtue-crown'd, drink true delight ! 540
 While the mad riotous crew at distance heard,
 Disturb not your pure ears, nor aught inspire
 But pity and contempt ! To you alone
 These Bards have sung, to you alone I sing.

O LET me mingle with the hallowed band,
 By you exalted ! Let me scorn with you,
 The base, luxurious, dissipated Great ;
 Who to the yoke of every foreign vice
 Bow down the neck disgraceful, and retain
 Only the name of Britons. Strangers They 550
 To every wish, each thought of nobler kind
 Absorb'd in selfish joys, of public good,
 Of private virtue, heedless. Skill'd to game,
 To waste their trifling hours beneath the shade
 Of indolence, to steer the fragile bark
 O'er the smooth wave of folly. They applaud
 What taste condemns ; their highest excellence,
 To deck with richest offerings the vain shrine
 Of those Musicians, who distort the most
 The native elegance, and most pollute 560
 Each charm of Melody, or those who urge
 The human voice divine to heights which well
 Madness might emulate : While JACKSON'S strains
 Breathing in every note the soul of love,
 Of passion, feeling, sense, and sentiment,

Flow unrewarded ; save that Nature stands
 Listening, and drinks in every thrilling sound.
 Delicious, but unprofitable meed
 Of elevated Genius ! Fond of shew,
 Of pompous scenes, of barren novelties, 5700
 Of tortured incidents, and poor finesse,
 Filch'd from the Gallic, or Italian stage,
 They relish not, while they pretend t' admire
 Our Shakespeare's matchless energy. The voice
 Of wisdom they despise ; the sacred lyre
 They trample in the dust ; a catch, a glee,
 A song obscene, a libel, which destroys
 Some good man's peace of mind, and blasts his fame,
 Strikes their weak souls with rapture. Wedded love
 They flout to scorn ; posterity with them 5800
 Is lighter than a shade ; a rapid whirl
 Of vice fantastic hurries on their lives ;
 And e'en the Flatterer whom they feed, would blush
 To praise their memory. Is this the Race,
 O Britain, Nurse sublime of Heroes old,
 Of Patriots, Sages, who thy state have raised
 To its' all-envied height ! Is this the Race
 Destined to guide thy counsels ? form thy laws ?
 Croud thy once-awful Senate ? Against these,
 Must public spirit idly strain the nerve ? 5900
 To these, must worth, and modest merit yield ?
 The reptile spawn of insignificance,

Corruption-foster'd ? Then farewell to all
 Thy boasted glories ! Stile thyself no more
 The Queen of Nations ; levell'd with the mean
 And undistinguish'd kingdoms of the Earth.
 Thou hast been free ! The Æra will arrive ;
 Thou shalt be free no more ! O'er folly, vice,
 Aristocratic faction shall usurp,
 Or bold, and enterprising Monarchy 600
 With justice claim dominion. 'Tis most fit.
 Amid th' extensive records of mankind,
 It ne'er was found, that freedom could survive
 Where honour dwelt not ; where with careless eye,
 Or, but intent on pleasure, Luxury sat
 And view'd her chain, unmoved ; where love of fame,
 Where the keen hopes of future praise, no more
 Awoke the generous deed, the grateful praise,
 Paid by posterity to liberal souls,
 Who plan the good of ages. Yet, at once 610
 Quit not this Isle O Virtue ! In the scenes,
 The lower scenes of action, linger still.
 Far from the plague-struck Capital, inspire
 The honest individual ; in his soul
 Cherish the warm affections ; let him feel
 The joys of unpolluted love, and think
 His offspring worth his care ! Still may'st Thou walk
 On Isca's banks where thro the blooming vale
 Its' lucid stream meanders, and receive

The Orisons, which there thy Votaries pour 620
 From hearts unconscious of deceit, untaught
 The false refinements of superior life !
 Blest by the Muse, in nuptial friendship, blest,
 Forbid th' external sight of things, within
 Illumed by goodness, and the beams serene
 Which taste, which wisdom, and contentment shed,
 May BLACKLOCK still enfold thee ! May'st Thou dwell
 From pride far distant, from the tyrant sway,
 And noon-tide glare of vanity, with Him,
 And his Compatriots ! Drop th' expressive tear 630
 O'er GREGORYS' tomb ; in whom alive, combined
 All, that the sapient head, or feeling heart,
 Proclaim ; and admiration, and esteem,
 And reverence, move ! Then cast thy eyes around,
 And own Thou ne'er beheld'st a soil more pure !
 A soil, where manly parts, and sense acute
 Spontaneous grow, and every female grace
 Adorns with innocence and chaste reserve
 The Matron's bosom. Spite of Southern pride,
 The rancorous lye, or partial ridicule, 640
 Its' Sons and Daughters perfect in their kind.
 In bravery, worth unquestion'd, strength of soul,
 In modest tendernefs, domestic charms,
 Tho equall'd, ne'er surpass. Thus may'st Thou still
 Preserve a Few from the contagious air
 Which luxury breathes ! A remnant whence to learn
 What

What Britons erst have been ! Preserve them Heaven !
And when they cast the page of flattery by,
Let them with kindred warmth these notes approve,
And say, The Strains are ours', for Us attuned, 650
And for the sake of Children yet unborn.

END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

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I N F A N C Y.

A

DIDACTIC POEM.

A R G U M E N T.

Introduction.—Address to Mr Codrington.—Subject of the Book proposed, viz. Cloathing, Heat, and Cold. Nature still to be attended to.—Infants not so susceptible of cold as is generally imagined.—Other causes occasioning their first cries.—Might bear even severity of cold though naked.—Their Cloathing to be light and perfectly easy.—Animadversion on different treatment of them, not so necessary now, as when Swathing was more in use.—Description of that custom, and its' ill effects.—Daughters were confined still longer.—The unnatural attempt to procure them what was called a fine shape, ridiculed.—No part of the body to be loaded.—The head, the legs, and feet to be uncovered.—Cleanliness insisted on.—Regard due to good Servants, and Nurses.—Excess of heat to be avoided, whether communicated by contact, or by weight of bed-cloathes.—Communicated warmth when particularly useful.—Cold Bath recommended.—Apostrophe to the Springs, Rivers, &c.

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 B O O K IV.

SWEET is the breath of Fame, and o'er the soul
 Of Youth, on Fancys' pinions wafted back,
 The daring Visitor of times unknown,
 And future ages, like a spicy breeze
 Steals her delicious fragrance; like a breeze
 From Zeylon or Sumatra, which enchants
 The Sailors heart, tho night involves the coast,
 And hides its' lovely foliage from his view:
 While in his mind He sees the blooming groves,
 And haply thinks them fairer than they are.

SWEET o'er my bosom stole the breath of Fame
 In early life, on Fancy's pinions borne;
 Th' ideal prospects rose supremely fair,
 And in extatic vision I beheld
 Perennial bays distinguishing my tomb.
 For not unuseful, or of light import
 The strains I sung. And tho mid glades obscure
 Dwelt the sequester'd Muse, from riot far,
 From pomp imperious, and the lordly board
 Begirt with servile flatterers, yet her breast
 By human kindness sway'd, where'er had pierced
 The British language, manners, arts, and arms,
 Revered the Good; and base-born Envy dead,

Or vanquish'd, or engaged with living worth,
 Exulted in th' esteem of times to come,
 And Virtues' mutual friendship unreserved.
 In distant Continents, where horrid War
 Now stains with Brothers' blood the guilty soil,
 In distant Islands, mid their nodding palms,
 And growing sweets, her eyes survey'd with joy 30
 The willing Parent bending o'er her lay.

DEAR to the youthful mind, ye Prospects hail!
 Ye Visions wide-removed! for deep Ye thrill'd,
 Fixing, as real, all your traces there.
 And, if illusive all, yet riper Age
 Can scarce believe the flattering scenes untrue,
 Or cease the vivid colours to behold
 Bright glowing thro the shadowy lapse of years.

MEANWHILE, O Codrington! whose generous heart
 Blames not the tenor of my partial song; 40
 By whom uncensured flows the self-applause.
 Whose temper, mild as an autumnal sky,
 No cloud obscures; with feelings warm, yet ruled
 By cautious judgment, in whose breast resides
 Friendships' pure Heaven-descended flame; alive
 To all a Parents' fondest love; yet both
 Under superior reasons' nice controul
 Directed to their truest end and use!
 For thee, and such as thee, an audience small,

In space and number circumscribed, by wealth, 50
 By rank and titles undebased, again
 I venture the Pierian spring to seek,
 And tread on sacred ground. How difficult
 Where, thro the laurel groves, and myrtle shades,
 The verdant alleys, lawns, and rising slopes,
 Thick strewn with flowers of every various hue,
 Of every various season, Elegance,
 Coy Nymph, unsated wanders, on each scene
 With curious eye commenting, from the sweets,
 The never-fading blooms, each virid arch, 60
 Selecting meetest garlands, to suspend
 Upon the tree of Taste, most eminent
 In the poetic region, underneath
 Whose fragrant shelter, Phœbus and the Nine
 In chorus met, attune their happier strains
 Of rarest harmony: How difficult,
 By Health and Youth attended, to pursue
 The bashful Maid, attract her favouring eye,
 And wooe Her to bestow a single wreath!

CAN I then hope, whom sickness long hath drench'd 70
 In her Lethæan dews, with feeble limbs,
 And wan complexion, from her hands to bear
 Those gifts, which unpossesst, my lays must creep
 Dully monotonous, nor touch the heart,
 Nor win th' approving mind? Yes, witness Thou!

Witness

Witness my Friend! Who know'st the human frame,
 Each drug of cordial, each of healing power,
 To me in vain administer'd, what toil
 I must experience now, the Nymph to trace
 Through her meand'ring walks! what partial chance 80
 Should she my languid homage not disdain!

YET, thy inciting voice; the conscious thought
 Sprung from the love of kind, which tells Me, all
 Will not be frustrate, nor the darling wish
 Of public good be wholly unfulfill'd;
 Some loitering sparks of that once brighter flame
 My soul enkindling, prompt me to a task
 Long interrupted: Where in slumbers deep
 It rests, t' awaken the Didactic Lyre;
 With its' more solemn notes to mingle tones 90
 (So they to memory fail not to recur)
 Oft heard of yore, as t' ward the lucid fount
 I stole, not unforbidden; tones which please
 Heighten'd the more by contrast, and engage
 Amusive the charm'd ear, till it imbibe
 Instruction with delight, till melody
 Not the chief object seem, its' liquid voice
 Yielding to reasons' energy divine.

OF Cloathing now, of Heat, and Cold We sing,
 Unanimating themes; but which require 100
 Th'

Th' attention of the Bard, as not of use
 Inferior to the subjects which erewhile
 He strove t' adorn; nor claiming notice less
 From the true bosom of Parental Love.

STILL heed We Nature, and her guiding steps.
 Pursue; nor, tho with moans, and plaintive cries
 From his concealment issues to the light
 Mans' tender Progeny, believe, He feels
 Th' external air his undefended frame
 Keenly invade. These moans, these cries proceed 110
 From other causes. To his lungs at once,
 Expanding their nice substance, rushes in
 The forceful air. The circulating blood
 Alters its' course, thro channels unessay'd
 Impell'd, whose first resistance haply claim
 Exertions of the labouring heart, quick, strong,
 If not convulsive, yet irregular.
 Exertions of the lungs themselves, to gain
 Their necessary powers, and genial spring.
 Add too that oft each muscle, every limb 120
 Strain'd and compress'd, scarce bears the gentlest touch,
 Sore from the late hard conflict undergone,
 And agonies maternal. But to cold,
 Know, He is born impassive; or at least
 With vital warmth supplied, to render vain.

Its' most severe assault; beyond the scale
Of heat which stimulates maturer age.

He needs not Arts' assistant hand, or drefs
Of studied care. Uncloath'd, in wilder climes,
Like the more hardy natives of the foil, 130
E'en in the polar regions, He might brave
The freezing atmosphere. Nay, unwith-held
By dubious fears, tho placed indeed beneath
More favouring skies, there are, who from his birth
Plunge th' infant stranger in the gelid wave,
Where unappall'd the mother too enjoys
The baths' refreshing coolness. But, nor harsh,
Nor fanciful, We shall not recommend
To Thee, more delicate in form and mind,
Daughter of Britain, these examples, drawn 140
From savage nations, and from tribes remote.
Cloath'd be thy Child; so polisht custom wills,
And decent manners: But in airy garb,
Loose, and uncinctured. Thus He shall avoid
The torment of accumulated heat,
Nor from unnatural coercion feel
Distress and anguish. With minuter rules
To croud the page, and dull or quaint describe
His vesture, what materials should compose
Each article, and whether by the loop, 150
Or pin restrain'd, (tho as the last may bring
Danger,

Danger, nay death, the caution which forbids
 Its' use, above the trivial-seeming cause
 Important rises) descants such as these,
 Prolixly mean, would argue in the Muse
 But little judgment, small respect to Thee.
 Suffice the general maxim ; to dilate,
 And to the test each consequence reduce,
 Be thine. Bright glows the warm maternal soul,
 And clear, illumined by a hint alone. 160

NOR flows with that necessity the strain,
 As erst it might, when barbarous hands around
 The new-born Babe fold over fold inwreath'd
 The circling band. Amid the wanton gales
 Which Luxury breathes, amid the changeful swarms
 Which Fashion decks in her chameleon hues,
 Amid th' increasing follies of our age,
 And vices not perhaps destructive less
 Than those of old, tho softer, milder far,
 Link'd with humanity, and taught to charm, 170
 To poison by politeness ; Justice owns,
 While the rough virtues of our ancestors
 And manly genius We no more behold :
 Our souls revolt from habits which enslaved
 Unamiable their Minds, and from the sway
 Of Prejudice, whose uncouth shackles long

Their vigorous faculties controul'd. This truth
Justice confesses, this, th' instructive Muse.

GLADLY, O Mother! We congratulate
Thy Infant, who from lifes' first dawn enjoys
His birth-right, who the vital air at will 180
Inhales, nor feels corporeal bonds. With me
Revert thine eyes, and Lo! their hapless Sons,
How braced and pinion'd, who t' extend the reign
Of civil liberty, with ardour toil'd,
Who fought, who bled t' extend it. (Nor escaped
The Race preceding ours'.) Around them close
Is fixt the painful bandage, not a limb
Can move; sad victims to th' erroneous creed
Which holds that Nature incompletely acts, 190
And forms defective works, that Art may give
The strength by her refused, and perfect thus
Th' unfinished system, gasping they recline
In real martyrdom. The shriek is heard,
The groan, the sob expressive, but in vain.
In vain the little Captive, as awhile
Released from durance, utters sounds of joy,
Stretches his arms well-pleased, and smiles, and casts
His looks delighted on the cheerful blaze,
Or waving taper. To his fetters soon 200
Remanded, He in vain attempts to cope
With arbitrary power, each effort tries,

Shews by each deed th' abhorrence which He feels,
 Adding th' emphatic eloquence of tears,
 Of inarticulate, but deepest woe,
 And struggles all-impassion'd to be free.

WITH pity and contempt thy soul beholds
 This picture. What calamities ensued,
 Experience proved ; but idiot bigotry
 Confess'd them not. Th' evolving principle 2100
 Within, the plastic juice augmenting size,
 Thus partially impeded, could not urge
 The destined fibres onward, or enlarge
 By due accretion e'en the vital cells
 Requiring speediest growth. Yet active still,
 In disproportion'd manner, to the head
 Unseemly bulk they added ; or the joints
 Distended, and relax'd. Or oft from pain
 Shrinking, the Child, unconscious but of ease,
 Curved by forced attitudes the flexile bones, 2200
 Nay th' all-supporting spine. Th' obstructed breath,
 The fluids in their circulating course
 Unnaturally check'd ; th' irriguous glands ;
 The fount whence motion, and sensation spring,
 And future intellect, the Brain itself,
 Disturbed, or with more lasting injury
 Imprest, exclaim'd at this preposterous war,
 The war which Step-dame Art with Nature waged.

CALL'!

CALL'D by society to tread the paths
 Of busy life, from its' hard slavery soon 230
 The stronger Sex was freed; and ere too late,
 Haply by Natures' potent aid restored,
 Could boast a frame of vigour unimpair'd,
 And undeformed. But to long sufferings doom'd,
 The female Race, so will'd perverted taste,
 For many a year pined underneath the force
 Of this domestic torture. For as erst
 The Mother strove t' assist their infant nerves,
 And give to weakness strength: She now assay'd
 Her progeny t' embellish, and their shape 240
 To mould, as fancied beauty in her eye
 Deceptive shone. Heaven! that the human Mind
 Should e'er conceive it possible, the form,
 Whose archetype the Deity Himself
 Created in his image, could be changed
 From its' divine proportion, and receive
 By alteration, comeliness and grace!
 That round the Zone which awkwardly reduced
 E'en to an insect ligament the waist,
 The blooming loves should sport, enticing charms, 250
 And young attractions! Heaven! that e'er a Bard,
 (The genuine Bard is Natures' sacred Priest)
 Forgetful of his charge, should deck with praise
 As fair and lovely, what would strike the soul
 Unwarp'd by custom, as a subject fit

For scorn, indignant spleen, or ridicule.
 Yet Prior ! tho nor taste nor reason blend
 Their essence with the verse, while lasts the tongue
 Thy numbers help'd to polish, while the powers
 Of melody bear sway, the verse shall live, 260
 Beauteous description of a Gothic Shape.

Oh ! may the manners of thy nut-brown Maid,
 Her artless truth, simplicity of soul,
 Her fondness, and intrepid constancy,
 Long in the bosoms of the British Fair,
 Tho banisht every other region, dwell,
 Delighted inmates ! May their eyes still beam
 With all her speaking rays, their cheeks endue
 Her modest crimson ! But may never more
 “ The Boddice aptly laced ” their panting hearts 270
 Confine, or mutilate that symmetry
 Of limb and figure, whence a Zeuxis’ hand
 His all-accomplisht Helen might have form’d,
 Or a Praxiteles with happiest art
 Sculptured a Venus. Tho Meridian day
 Behold them drest as potent fashion bids,
 Girt with exterior ornaments uncouth,
 Trappings disgustful ; yet at morn, or eve,
 Or when they shall the genial bed ascend,
 Still may they charm the melting eye of love 280
 With elegance and grace, the fabled Dames

Of classic soil transcending, native grace,
And elegance unveil'd, which mocks attire.

RETURN Digressive Muse! t' approach the shore
Of Cyprus, or to breathe the tepid gales
From Achedivias' Island wafted round,
Is not thy choice; tho CAMOENS' Shade invite,
And MICKLE with his glowing spirit fraught,
As each heroic, so each scene of joy
Paint with a Masters' fire, unlimited
By cold translation. Never may our strain
One vague idea raise, which spotless minds
May blush to own, much less insult the glance
Of virgin purity, or harshly wound
The conjugal and chaste maternal ear.

290

DIGRESSIVE Muse return! our proper theme
Is Mans' first helpless state, our tuneful aid
Th' ingenuous Parent claims. Resolved to bless
Thy Child with ease and freedom, taught to shun
By the dire act of Swathing, all constraint
So baneful, let no part escape thy care.
Nor load the head; nor till he walk abroad,
At least till firmly he can press the ground,
Cover the legs or feet. Some precepts here,
To Cloathing unattached, or slightly link'd,
We mean t' inculcate. Need I then to thee,

300

O Mother, whom the foul refined alone
 Can prompt t' inspect my numbers, recommend
 The Virtues' dear Correlative, (as They
 The mental frame, so the corporeal, She 310
 Adorning, rendering pure) the decent Maid,
 Unfullied Cleanliness, with Her full oft
 Thy Charge to visit? Not that to her shrine
 E'en from thy tender years thou hast not paid
 Sincere'st worship. But my words believe,
 Strict watchfulness the Menial Train require,
 And if, unheedful to their trust, they flight
 The grave rebuke, dismiss them from thy doors.
 Not Theirs' the nicer sense inspiring Thee,
 Those principles and habits now intertwined 320
 In union with thy nature. Nor is theirs'
 The Babe, who smarting from their flog, with nerves
 Keenly alive, by the corrosive sting
 Of acrimony pierced, tormented shrieks,
 Or moans incessant. Nor reject as vain,
 The dictates which succeed, from Reason learn'd.

BANISH the softer couch, nor let thy Child
 Recline on down; his pliant bones but now
 From cartilage emerging, on the bed
 Which yields beneath his weight may haply gain, 330
 Thus frequently recumbent, a deformed
 And twisted aspect, by Chirurgic skill

For ever irreclaimable. Nor less
 Such accident t' avoid, with cautious eye
 Th' attendant mark, who bears him in her arms,
 And let Her oft his posture shift, oft change
 From right to left, altern. A careless Tribe,
 Purchased by interest only, is the Race
 To servitude accustomed; trust not them.
 Trust thy own judgment, let thy ruling mind 340
 Govern each act of theirs'. Yet neither here,
 Nor elsewhere, mean We in a general blame
 T' involve them all. Some from attachment serve,
 And to a sense of duty add the tie
 Of willing love. Such as a treasure prize,
 A countless treasure. Say, by One of these
 Is thy Child foster'd? smoothe for her the brow,
 The tone of high command; let all her days
 Roll on illumed by kindness and esteem;
 Think her thy fellow-labourer and thy friend; 350
 Alleviate every future ill of life,
 And, if thou can'st, remove them. Ne'er may She
 Who with maternal prudence, and the zeal
 Of warm affection hath contributed
 To form thy Children, to support, to raise
 From perilous estate to strength and health,
 Feel the distressful sting of poverty,
 Or, if the means are not withheld, in thee
 Want a protector. But, if more than this,

Her

Her bosom hath the nutriment supplied 360
 Which thine refused, still more may she demand,
 And thou in justice grant the liberal boon.

AND Oh! Ingenuous Youth! whose blood now flushes
 With yet unsatiated desire, quick beats
 In every pulse, to mix in active life
 Intent, or climb where science points the way!
 Oh Virgin! Who with beauty deckt, and gay
 In unperverted innocence around
 Survey'st thy Homagers, yet covetest
 One faithful heart alone. Oh! recollect 370
 Her assiduity, her diligence,
 And tender care, to which Thou owest the frame
 Able to cope with business, or sustain
 The toil, which knowledge asks, to gather in
 Her wide-spread harvest. That attentive zeal,
 To which thou owest the comeliness of shape,
 Those beauties which from every eye attract
 Th' applausive glance, and every breast inspire
 With love or admiration. Recollect
 Not frigidly, or faintly, like the crew 380
 Who every pleasure center in themselves;
 Not with unanimated apathy;
 But with a bounteous and expanded soul,
 Estranged from self, replete with gratitude.

BECAUSE the winged Nations fondly brood
 Over their unfledg'd Young; because We view
 Where'er reclined, her new-born Offspring press
 Close to the Parent Quadruped; because
 By instinct irresistible impell'd
 The Mother longs t' embrace her infant Charge, 390
 And hide it in her bosom; while thro wilds,
 Or o'er the desert mountain as she roves,
 The Savage still her clinging Babe sustains:
 Some, this communicated warmth affirm
 Is needful; and that Mans' else-drooping Race
 Requires the genial contact. Mindless they,
 How far from Natures' simpleness diverge
 Our steps, our every action. Were the Child
 Unclad by day, unshelter'd thro the night,
 We should not hesitate to recommend 400
 What otherwise We smile at, or perchance
 Hold but of dubious consequence. Our lays
 Have taught what cold his system can repell
 First into light immerging: And if cloath'd
 As custom bids, he from himself will gain
 This added warmth, condensed, and on himself
 Recoiling. Better thus, than haply sunk
 Beneath the weight which our nocturnal rest
 Demands, to feel th' intense phlogistic heat
 Of temporary fever, or to melt 410
 In fluid sweat away. Much better thus,
 M
 Than

Than by the Mother or the Nurse oppress'd
 In heavy sleep, to frustrate all the schemes
 Parental love had formed; or placed within
 Some ancient Hirelings' bed, instead of warmth
 From generous blood, and balmy breath supplied,
 To warm the shrivell'd Dotard. But, if laid
 From thee remote, or in the couch with thine
 Conjoin'd, why should'st Thou not examine well
 And frequently his lodgment? so inform'd, 420
 Thou can'st not fail, O Mother! to perceive
 What suits his constitution, what to add,
 What to subtract; doubtless thy native sense
 Beyond my strains will teach thee, that when rules
 Fierce Sirius, lighter vestments will suffice,
 Than when Aquarius opes his full-fraught urn,
 And Winter arm'd with piercing frost, defies
 Th' unwarlike Sun. Thy prudent soul will know
 His limbs nor hot, nor cold, in health endue
 The temperate mean alone. Yet shall We not 430
 Slight those objections which are often found
 T' elude the justest rules. Should some disease
 Attack thy Child, and anguish writhe his frame,
 To shivering pain thy near approach may give
 Solace and ease, nay as it were, foment,
 Assuage, and lull the smart; or should He pine
 With more than common weakness, from his birth
 Afflicted, blasted, or untimely born

With

With nerves imperfect, as th' exotic flower
 Thrives not, but when included from the winds, 440
 Its' fibres by the suns' concenter'd rays
 Are duly irritated, he may want
 Thy vital stimulating heat. But soon
 E'en then endeavour rather to bestow
 By other means increase of strength, and seek
 The Bath, of moderate temperature at first,
 Till by degrees proceeding, He support
 The powerful shock which colder lymph imparts.

BUT so diffusive is the tyrant reign
 Of Fashion; such our tables' proud excess; 450
 Such is our love of cards, times' Murderers,
 Keen agitators of the gentlest breasts,
 (Which ought to be the gentlest,) such those hours,
 Those midnight hours, corrodent of the bloom
 Which else would decorate the female cheek,
 And animate the lips which now are pale:
 Such the destructive arts, when beauty fades,
 Its' meretricious semblance to display,
 The lifeless white, and never-varying blush;
 Detected by the curious eye, which hates 460
 The fraud, and painted Cytheræa scorns:
 Such are our Matrons, such, (except the Few,
 Who nobly singular behold, and smile
 At Folly's deeds absurd) that all who spring

From them, may well partake the feeble nerve,
And vapid blood, in which more faintly glows
The living principle; and what for some
We erst prescribed, We now prescribe to All,
To all their children; neither do We think
Even to them the song may flow in vain, 470
For should Caprice applaud, who oft usurps
The throne of Sense, and guides the public taste,
In her wild fit round Merits' brow the wreath
Intwining, which for Folly she design'd,
They too may cast a glance across the page
Which Fashion bids them read. Know then Ye Fair,
Whom tho my heart approves not, I behold
With truest pity, know, th' unhappy Babes
Whom you have toil'd unceasing to produce
Fragile and delicate, a word of yours' 480
Perhaps may rescue from impending fate.
Oh! issue your commands! great is the power
Of cold: Yourself no doubt have often sought
In fervid summer its' benign effects
In the salt deep, whence braced You might endure
The winters' hard campaign. And hence new tone
Your Offspring shall derive, their stamina
In some degree corrected, while the force
Of nervous influence more intensely thrills
Th' arterial frame, and the lax Muscle swells, 490

YE Frigid Springs! wherever first appear
 Your bubbling sources, underneath the grot,
 Or pendent shade. Ye ever-living Streams!
 Where'er Ye wind pellucid thro the vales
 Your pastoral mazes, or o'er rocks abrupt
 Hurl down your dashing foam. Ye Rivers wide!
 Where'er in proud procession to the Main
 Your copious tribute rolls: to You my song
 Should grateful rise—Ye Naiads! who direct
 Each scatter'd rill, till in collected strength 500
 They flow exuberant; to your praise attuned
 Should sound the note melodious, and your names
 Would I, ye Nymphs recount, and joyful paint
 Your attributes and virtues—But your Priest,
 Your favourite Akenfide, his hallow'd lays
 Hath not in vain effused, with pious voice
 Hymning your benefits; and all around
 Your sacred haunts hath cast a magic spell,
 Forbidding each profaner foot, the groves,
 The caves, the dells obscure where Ye sojourn, 510
 And your chaste bosoms shelter from the fire
 Of scorching Phœbus, wantonly t' approach,
 Or rudely violate. Nor shall my feet
 Profanely tread your dark-embowering shades,
 Nor shall my roving eye with curious search
 Your deep recesses pierce. Yet, O Ye Springs!
 Ye Streams! Ye Rivers clear! And Thou, by whom
 They

They all are fed, to whom they all return,
 Exhaustless Ocean ! with the general song
 Which choral Nature pours, my voice shall join 520
 Tho undistinguish'd ; and with all that creep,
 Or run, or fly, or vegetate, shall own
 Your fructifying, life-preserving power.
 Your power, which Thales, which the Man of Thebes
 Contemplating, affirm'd to listening Greece,
 That water every element transcends.

WHETHER your moisture cloathe th' exulting meads
 With herbage, or flow-deluging the plain,
 You fertilize the soil, while Millions view
 The prospect with delight, sure pledge of wealth, 530
 Of copious-teeming harvest. Whether soft
 And gentle your refreshing dews descend,
 Absorbed by each inhalant leaf and flower.
 Whether your rains entangle as they fall
 Th' electric fluid, and with vital strength
 Each seed inform, each fainting plant supply.
 Whether You offer to the thirsty lip
 Delicious draughts ; or to the languid frame
 Of sickness your invigorating waves
 Wherein to bathe, and feel the tonic force 540
 Of Cold at every trial brace the limbs,
 The heart, the brain re-act at every shock,
 Till all their pristine energy restored

The fibres move responsive to their sway,
And the once loitering blood propell'd anew
Warm thro its' channels to the surface flows.
You, mid the general song which Nature pours,
My grateful strains shall praise. For, not Unread
In Pæons' hallow'd lore, not uninform'd
By chemic Art, your healing qualities 550
I too may boast to know ; and whence derived,
From earths, or salts, or mineral particles,
Combined, suspended by attractions' laws,
Or held in union by aerial chains,
And crown'd with sprightly *Gas*. Hence, led by hope,
By reason led, I drank with eager lip
At those salubrious springs which make renown'd
Our British *Baïæ* ; but th' obstructing cause
Of ill, or relaxation faint remain'd ;
Such mischief waits on sedentary hours, 560
And studious midnight thought. Hence now the shores
Of hoary Neptune, hence the founding caves
I seek, and turn to the refreshing breeze
My languid face, inhaling, as I sit,
The briny spray ; or mark the rising sun
Beyond the vast expanse diffusing wide
His glorious beams, and at his orient light
Dip in the fluid element ; nor breathe
To either Power unheeded orisons.

SURELY,

SURELY, not duped by Fancy, I perceive 570
 At times, as struggling to be free, the trace
 Of long-forgotten feelings ! And my limbs
 More firmly press the beach ! And t'ward the flood
 I move, unaided by ministrant hands.

O DAWLISH ! though unclassic be thy name,
 By every Muse unsung, should from thy tide,
 To keen poetic eyes alone reveal'd,
 (From the cerulean bosom of the deep
 As Aphrodite rose of old) appear
 Healths' blooming Goddess, and benignant smile 580
 On her true Votary ; not Cytheras' fane,
 Not Eryx, nor the laurel boughs which waved
 On Delos erst, Apollos' natal foil,
 However warm enthusiastic Youth
 Dwelt on those seats enamour'd, shall to Me
 Be half so dear. To thee will I consign
 Often the timid Virgin, to thy pure
 Incircling waves ; to thee will I consign
 The feeble Matron, or the Child on whom
 Thou may'st bestow a second happier birth 590
 From weakness into strength. And should I view
 Unfetter'd with the sound firm-judging mind,
 Imagination too return, array'd
 In her once-glowing vest, to thee my lyre
 Shall oft be tuned, and to thy Nereids green,

Long,

Long, long unnoticed in their haunts retired.
Nor will I cease to prize thy lovely strand,
Thy towering cliffs, nor the small babbling brook
Whose shallow current laves thy thistled Vale.

END OF THE FOURTH BOOK.

N

I N F A N C Y.

A

DIDACTIC POEM.

A R G U M E N T.

Address to Dr Monro and Dr Hunter.—Death of Hewson lamented.—Dr Black.—Subject of the Book, Exercise.—Previous remarks on the Human Frame.—Obscurity of its laws and actions.—Observation, experience, analogy, Nature, the guides We are to follow.—Apostrophe to the latter.—Early tendency to locomotion to be indulged.—Sleep to be procured by constant exercise.—The cradle never to be employed.—Child not to be assisted too much in his efforts, but to acquire the use of his limbs from Himself.—Benefits of Exercise.—Curiosity not to be check'd.—Advantages to the body, and the formation of the Mind.—Weakly, and deformed Children, gain strength, and recover the misfortune, by Exercise.—The Country the best place for the education of Children.—Exercise to be taken in the open air.—Neither Cold nor Heat to be shunned.—Confinement of Children, and wrapping them up warm, condemned.—All the less cultivated Nations escape many diseases, particularly

Nervous Ones, by Exercise, Open Air, and Bathing.—Other Examples given.—Daughters not to be restrained from exercise proper for them.—Bad effects of too much labour, as well as of Idleness.—Savages attend only to the body.—People more polished to the Mind likewise.—Necessary to pay a due attention to both.—Origin of Exercise, A supposed fragment from Hesiod.

 B O O K V.

TO Thee MONRO ! whose industry and skill
 The Muse can witness, tracing every nerve,
 Each tube meandring, every filament,
 With the perspicuous steel illustrating
 The frame of Man ; nor less with vivid force
 Of happy diction, to th' observant ear
 Teaching *that* Physiology on truth
 And reason founded, which beholds design
 And matchless order on the different parts
 Impress their functions, and pervade the whole, 10
 From final causes rising to the Prime,
 Th' All-wise, All-perfect : and rejecting far
 From Physic, from Anatomy, the doubts
 Of Pyrrhos' followers, and th' assertions lewd
 Of shallow Atheists ; while in thee survives

Thy

Thy Fathers' spirit, who the school upraised,
 With sapient Rutherford combined, and fill'd
 The chair, by thee with equal lustre graced.
 These strains inspired by gratitude are thine,
 Are thine and HUNTERS', Rivals tho Ye are,
 Yet in my heart, my verse shall Ye be join'd,
 Both dear to Science, to your Country dear,
 Deserving public fame, and private love.

20

SHALL HEWSON sink untimely to the grave,
 And I the note refuse ? refuse to paint
 His gentle manners, amiably humane,
 Winning with ease their unobtrusive way
 Into the breast where Friendship and Esteem
 With warm embrace received them ? Or his soul
 Inquisitive, and ardent to detect
 Nature, howe'er conceal'd beneath a cloud
 Obscure, and to the search of common eyes
 Impenetrable ? Shall I not lament
 His talents render'd useless ? And the bloom
 Of Genius wither'd in its' vernal morn.

30

WHEN Gratitude inspires the strain, shall BLACK
 Remain unfung ? Who first the path essay'd
 Which since by many a bold Adventurer trod,
 Hath open'd sources unexplored ? disclosed
 Subtiler essences ; to new pursuits

40

Awaken'd

Awaken'd Chemic Art? And loosed the bonds
 Of its' establish'd empire? No; while praise
 He covets not, and shrinks from due applause,
 The Muse shall not in silence prætermitt
 His lucid facts, and philosophic toil.

Tho foremost in the ranks of Being stand
 The Men, who active in the cause of truth,
 Divine, or moral, or to human life
 Subservient, with unceasing labour ply
 Their task severe; to free th' embodied Mind, 50
 And its' ideas raise above the ken
 Of dull Mortality; by useful Arts
 Invented, or improved, to subjugate,
 And undeceive reluctant Error, bring
 To the true test of just experiment
 Her specious visions, and elucidate
 Her dark perplexities; yet is not He
 Among the lowest, who their precepts strives
 More widely to disseminate, arrange
 In varied order their materials, place 60
 Objects the same in different points of view,
 Or cloath'd in fresher garb, attention win
 By seeming novelty. Nor shall the Bard
 Howe'er condemn'd by folly, to the rank
 Which petulance assigns Him deign to stoop
 His crest-indignant, while He feels within

That

That living zeal, which by occasion fired,
 Would prompt his soul to dare celestial themes ;
 Inforce the rules of action which connect
 Each social bond ; or each ingenious mode 70
 Of Art unveil, whence profit or delight
 Arise ; and captivate with thrillings sweet
 Of unluxurious pleasure the nice ear
 Of Sensibility : With thoughts select
 On which no vulgar images intrude
 Th' affections and the passions mingling bland.

Ere in our lays instructive We proceed,
 And dedicate the verse to Exercise,
 'Twere fit with deep attentive care t' inspect
 The Human Fabric, its' component parts 80
 And Nature to determine, were it given
 To Poet or Philosopher to treat
 A subject so mysterious unproved.

Much hath Anatomy distinguish'd, much
 Remains unknown ; the rudiments of life
 Who ever shall explore ? Where dwells the Power
 Inherent, or acquired, which first expands
 The comprehensive germ ? Which moulds, propells,
 And inorganic fluid can convert
 To animated fibre ? In the Brain 90
 Does it reside ? Or in the central Heart ?
 Or

Or do they both their energy combine?
Is it subtile, elastic, and derived
From that ethereal Essence which perchance
All space informs, and every substance fills?
Or is it from the blood by wondrous means
Secreted, render'd volatile, sublimed,
A pure, peculiar spirit? From his state
Of vegetable torpor when released,
Whate'er it be, by this the Infant lives, 100
By this He moves; by this th' absorbents bear
Their nurture from the stomach to the veins,
The wasted bloods' supply, whose finer parts
Perpetually exhale; this gives the lungs
To play, which from the circumambient air
Its' vital principle inspire, and yield
Th' effete mephitic vapour back again.
This stimulates the heart, and by the heart
And irritated fibres is in turn
Excited, quicken'd, strengthen'd: This extends 110
The solids, and enlarges, hasting on
The circulating stream. This generates,
Or is of living Heat the copious fount,
Active while it exists, without its' aid
Soon changed to deadly cold. By this, the nerves
Of every various sense with speed convey
Each impulse to the Brain, infixing there
Th' indelible ideas, there arranged,
Connected,

Connected, modified, they haply form
 Or seem at least to form the Soul Itself, 120
 Immortal, immaterial: Hence the stores
 Of wisdom are establish'd; hence the flash
 Of wit bursts forth; and hence with keenest glance
 Imagination darts her eye throughout
 This mundane space, pierces beyond its' bounds,
 And Worlds creates, and Beings all her own.

Is it of Heavenly origin? A ray,
 A portion of Divinity, this Power
 Miraculously working? Guided sure
 By other springs it acts than those of chance; 130
 For chance is nothing, a chimæra framed
 From non-existence by the breath of Fools.
 We see the deeds of highest Intellect,
 The finger of a God. Profound We bend
 In adoration, and tho all his ways
 We know not, tho implicit darkness hang
 Over this universe immense, confess
 That nothing short of Deity, could e'er
 Conceive, or raise the edifice of Man.

Yet, while the mystic elements of things 140
 Are undiscover'd still, while hidden lye
 Th' interior Agents; while to Man himself
 Man is a Being which his utmost pains
 Have fail'd to analyse; while tho we view,

Or think we view the circling chain of life
Depending link on link, in many a part
Chasms intervene, unfill'd but by the touch
Of vague conjecture, or of fancy wild :
The power of Observation is not given
In vain ; or handed down from Age to Age 150
Facts by experience sanctified ; nor shines
Fruitless the torch of clear Analogy.
Or superseding all, the purest light
The steadiest, Nature yields ; unerring beams,
Which lead the path to truth, while Reason smiles,
And Judgment walks secure. O Nature ! thee,
Goddes benign ! when first this theme I chose
In early youth, with aspiration warm
I call'd ; thee vow'd to follow ; unrepell'd
By Arts' fastidious brow, or Systems' frown, 160
Unwarp'd by Theorys' delusive voice.
For Thou Alone the faithful Monitor
Art placed within ; thy motions if observed,
Forever point to good. Nor will I now
Desert thee, or retract what then I swore.
For not from Thee we only learn to raise
The frame corporeal to its' destined pitch
Of health and strength ; to ward with certain shield
The darts of sickness ; or if rushing on,
Disease o'erwhelm us with impetuous might, 170
To catch the rapid moment, and at once
Expell the Foe, or waste his violence

By due protraction, till he quit the field :
 But, if by tyrant Habit unenslaved,
 If unimpair'd by affectation vile,
 And imitative manners swimming down
 The stream of head-long custom ; Thine is all
 The mental glory : Virtue, taste, design
 Unborrow'd, glowing thoughts, expression strong,
 The full emphatic eloquence of prose, 180
 The liquid flow of melody, the burst
 Of torrent rapture, and each foaming wave
 Which swells the boundless tide of verse sublime.

To Nature then, with me, O Parent Mind !
 Stoop lowly ; and observe her impulse rouse
 From his first slumbrous state awaked, thy Child.
 How soon, tho active vigour be denied,
 His arms, his feet the tendency display
 To loco-motion, and his roving eye
 Darting swift glances ; pleased that nought around 190
 Should be at rest, nor pleased with rest himself.

INDULGING this propensity, to all
 His free unfetter'd limbs allow their quick
 And yet unsteady efforts ; let him gain
 From his Attendant, what he seems to ask,
 Perpetual exercise ; tho not at first
 To agitation violent exposed,

Or toft in playful wantonnefs on high,
 But gradually proceeding. Treated thus,
 Kept in unceasing action while awake, 200
 He will not need the Cradles' moft abfurd
 Pernicious motion, which the giddy brain
 Confufes, and benumbs ; on him fhall ftcal
 A fofter, fweeter, more refreshing fleep.
 Nor blame the Mufe, whose iterated ftains,
 Neglecting flavifh art, its' ufe forbid :
 Wifhing th' Invention with deferv'd contempt
 Exiled forever ; with th' untoward Swing,
 The Go-cart, and the Leader, be it doom'd
 To blank oblivion ; or preserv'd with them 210
 Only in fome Museums' nitch devote,
 Teach future times, from paff examples wife,
 More ardently to follow Natures' paths,
 Her fimplenefs to venerate, and own
 Her all-fufficient dictates. Let thy Child
 Enjoy his balmy flumber uncompell'd,
 Or by himfelf alone acquired, from due
 Inftinctive exercife : And let Him learn,
 Untaught by others, his allotted task,
 To creep, to ftand, to walk ; and let him know 220
 Full early no affiftance will be lent
 In aught which by his proper ftrength and ftill
 He can accomplifh. So fhall ftrength and ftill
 Hourly increafe ; fo He by days and months

The puny Infant shall excel, deprived
 By doating fondness of his native powers;
 Or to the care of Laziness assign'd,
 Who suffers Him with tottering step to drag
 Incumbent, while the faithful eye alone
 Should watch, or ready hand with gentlest touch 230
 Uphold. Nor think (an argument of yore
 For binding every limb) his tender form
 Will from his own exertions e'er receive
 Substantial injury; a posture wrong
 Uneasiness will prompt Him to correct:
 Nor will his feebleness permit the force
 Inducing harm, so strictly to his weight
 Proportion'd: And how soon, uncheckt by art,
 Inherent sense, will threatened danger shun,
 Is wondrous. Vanquish then ideal fears. 240
 And on the matt, or carpet let him sport,
 And feel his growing vigour; or entice
 To their extremest verge his infant fight
 With becks, and smiles, and captivating toys.

For ends most wise, and most important, flows
 Redundantly profuse within thy Child
 This active principle. By Exercise
 The quicken'd pulse and stimulated heart
 More truly shape each fibre, give to each
 Their tension, and elastic spring; urge on

250

In

In swift and properly successive waves
The crimson fluid, and from thence discern
The different humours, healthy, bland and pure.
While thro their various channels are detach'd
The recremental dregs, of acrid kind,
Or fraught with particles to human life
Destructive. Exercise supports the flame
Of life itself, that steady heat, which glows,
And with peculiar fixedness, resists
External cold: Nor, in the torrid Zone, 260
Where Phœbus beams direct his fiercest ray,
Is by the scorching atmosphere increased
To morbid violence. By Exercise
The stomach unopprest, digests, concocts,
Assimilates, the generous chyle prepares,
And feels again the necessary goad
Of keenest appetite. That balance nice
With which health corresponds, of part to part,
Of muscles to their due antagonists,
Fluids to solids, to themselves, the just 270
Mixture, proportion, influence, strength of all;
Even th' invisible ethereal stream,
As vigorous, or weak, condensed, or rare,
Sensation, passion, intellect, nay more,
Virtue, and vice, on Exercise depend.

Know its' advantage then; nor judge thy Child
With this profusion of activity
Endow'd in vain. For Nature rules within,
Sage tutoress, and he now will soon acquire
By her instinctive precepts more than years 280
Of labouring education can impart,
So She be not in froward mood opposed,
Or not unseconed by thee. Behold,
And aid her movements, let him see and smell,
Hear, taste, and touch all objects at his will.
So the deceptive senses shall be fix'd;
So early repetition shall bestow
That just discrimination, that acute
Perceptive swiftness, which in future life
Seems instantaneous and intuitive, 290
Innate, and unpossess'd by second means.

NOR as with limbs more firm He treads, impede
His restless ardour, his inquisitive
And eager curiosity, which learns,
Approaching nigh, the varied form of things,
Their distance, situation, what resists,
Or yields, th' innocuous, and replete with harm.
Excite, impell him forward; and when Mind
Now beams apparent, and the flexile tongue,
By imitation, and habitual use, 300
Can utter sounds articulate, the names
Of

Of every object teach him to repeat;
 Add daily to his store of images
 Simple, and unabstracted; let him walk
 Or run the verdant fields and lawns along,
 Nor Thou disdain t' attend him, and point out
 As giddy apprehension can receive,
 Or roving fancy lists, each herb, and tree,
 Mountain, and stream, and mineral, the birds
 Which skim the liquid air, or from the brake 310
 Pour their sweet voices, herds, and bleating flocks,
 Insects on wing, or on the lowly ground.
 With him the nimble grasshopper pursue,
 And chace the gawdy butterfly; or strive
 To catch the variegated bow which plants
 Its' base on earth, now near, but soon removed
 To distant hills; or bid him mark the Sun
 Refulgent shining; or the clouds diverse;
 At eve, the silver moon, crescent, or full;
 And every star whose radiance decks the sky. 320

Thus shalt Thou see with pleasure on his cheek
 Health's genial hue, his limbs proportion'd just,
 And beauteous, as of yore the little Loves
 In Paphos, and Idalia, or as still
 Warm from Albanos' magic touch they breathe;
 Sportive as Zephyr, agile as the Son

Of Maia, when his infant hand deceived
 Apollos' piercing sight, and stole his lyre.

Thus Reasons' structure shalt Thou help to form,
 Laying the sure foundation, and avoid 330
 Their error, who the memory haply load
 With numerous words, and think their Child endow'd
 With parts prodigious, should He get by rote
 Sonorous trifles, useless, and to him
 Incomprehensible ; debarr'd meanwhile
 From action, which invigorates the frame,
 And every curious sense directs to things,
 Momentous, and substantial, understood
 At once, or by spontaneous efforts stamp'd.
 On the sensorium, ne'er to be erased. 340

REJECT their error. Nor should strength of Nerve
 To thy ill-fortuned Offspring be denied,
 Should e'en his limbs more tardily perform
 Their office, and distortedly relaxt,
 Trembling sustain their burthen ; heed the voice
 Of prejudice, or foolish tenderness,
 Which, natures' power unknown, would recommend
 Forbearance, and each slight exertion dread.
 Rather endeavour by repeated use
 To brace the fibres ; Exercise can string 350
 The slacken'd muscles, which their native tone

Shall reassume, and conquer by degrees
 Hated deformity. Nor, should a cause
 Obscure, and singular, as such may be
 Withhold Him from th' assiduous playfulness
 Which Health and Nature love ; indulge th' inert
 And heavy disposition ; chide, invite,
 Force Him to move ; lest sullen apathy,
 And stupor, the phlegmatic Habits' curse,
 To their devoted victim cling thro life. 360

Without design, the lawns, and verdant fields,
 We introduced not ; mid the rural haunts
 Was placed the tender nurseling ; and from thence
 If possible, for many a rolling year
 Let nothing tempt thee with thy charge to seek
 The baneful town. The country boasts alone
 Untainted gales ; the Joys, and frolic Sports
 Here revel ; Temperance here awhile defies
 Encroaching Luxury, and beneath its' shades
 Primeval, lingers Innocence of soul, 370
 And cherub-wing'd Simplicity. Here dwells
 Th' unvitiated Muse, and thro the glade,
 By Alpines' willow'd margin, or beneath
 His lofty elms, or mid his apple groves
 Thick blossoming, tunes th' elegiac strain,
 Or meditates, as now, th' instructive lay :
 Escaped from slavery, from the din of fools,
 From envy, and deceit, the treacherous crew,
 Who

Who worse than fever or the pestilence
 Infect the citys' mansions ; here intent 380
 To meet Hygeia, and with her invert
 The garden mould, copartner of her toil,
 Or raise the drooping flower, or from the tree
 Prune its' luxuriant branches ; or ascend
 With her the swelling hill, or urge the steed
 Across the neighbouring down, or bait the hook,
 And tempt th' unwary native of the stream.
 Oh ! Thou Propitious Power ! tho long exiled,
 The Muse hath met thee here ! Whence easier spring
 Th' ideas from their sacred source, around 390
 Fancy once more her fairy visions spreads.
 Light is the destined task, melodious airs
 Inspire the bowers, and softer numbers breathe.

If Sickness enter not the rural dells,
 Or vanquish'd by the purer atmosphere
 Give place to redient health ; consider well
 What desperate ills thy Children may elude
 Here educated, in whose veins yet flows
 Unfullied ichor, by the steams which rise,
 Mortal, and gross, in the throng'd citys' bounds 400
 Unchanged. Nor regulate with anxious zeal
 Their pastimes and excursions, let them bend,
 As tutor'd from within, each pliant limb,
 Each mode of varied exercise essay,

Enjoy their animation, and the sting
 Of innate sprightliness. Nor let them shun
 Accustomed thus, the summers' noonday heat,
 Or winters' freezing sky. Th' Inhabitants
 Of every region are by nature apt
 Its' warmth, or cold to bear, its' shifting winds, 410
 And quick vicissitudes : in frigid climes
 Still more alert, and stimulated more
 To necessary action. Oh ! forewarn'd,
 Thy Children in the stifling dome, howe'er
 Grateful to thee, include not ; and misled
 By phantoms of imaginary harm,
 Superfluous vestments, tho defensive deem'd,
 Wrap not around them. So their vital powers
 To danger unobnoxious, shall repell
 All immature assaults ; their nerves robust 420
 Escape the morbid tenderness of thine,
 Source of unnumber'd ailments ; whence the mind
 Itself at length unhing'd, is timid, weak,
 Irresolute, and to sensations doom'd,
 Which tho they must exist, can scarce be borne.

Of polish'd idleness which shrinks from toil,
 And cautious trembles at th' external blast,
 This is the sad result. While all the Tribes
 Uncultivated, whether in the wilds
 Canadian, or Brazilian, on the steep 430

Of

Of Caucasus, in Africa, or Ind,
 In the Malayan Isles, or those late seen
 By Him, illustrious Chief whose timeless fate
 Britannia mourns, and shall forever mourn,
 Whate'er erroneous customs they possess,
 Howe'er productive of peculiar ills,
 From this at least are free, this languor wan,
 These nervous horrors which o'erwhelm the soul.
 But from activity, from open skies,
 And the lustration of pellucid streams, 440
 Unmoved support each accident of life,
 Cold, hunger, thirst, and pain ; nay dauntless meet,
 And cheerfully resign'd, the stroke of death.

Thus too of old upon Eurotas' banks,
 Or in the martial field near Tibers' waves,
 From hardy childhood, Lacedæmon saw,
 And Rome majestic, those intrepid bands,
 Which taught the sons of haughty Greece to stoop,
 Or subjected the world. To labour train'd
 From early years, thus, undebauch'd by courts, 450
 And softening indolence, in glory's page
 Enroll'd, and with her laurels deckt, have shone
 Princes, and Heirs of Empire. Thus, advanced
 From Persias' borders, unrelaxt, and brave,
 Cyrus, whom Babylonias' walls in vain
 Resisted, and the Myriads which obey'd

Lydias'

Lydias' inveterate Monarch, while his crown
He slavishly survived, and baser still
Survived his liberty. Thus, mid the rocks
Of Bearn, as lived the youthful Peasant Race, 460
From them unknown, but by his royal mien,
With feet unsandall'd, and uncover'd head,
Henry, the future Pride of France, was raised
By true maternal virtue. Hence He quell'd
Iberias' new Geryon; hence, the League
That factious Hydra gored with many a wound,
And finally subdued: hence, graced his throne;
And peace and plenty thro his realms diffused.

LET then the sturdy Boy unlimited
Follow the bent of nature; nor too soon 470
Enslave thy Daughter; let her limbs possess
Their utmost freedom to th' extremest verge
Which custom will permit. The lengthen'd walk,
The more delightful ride, the mazy dance
Whose rapid evolutions ever please,
These, fashion, rigid decency allow,
Whate'er her age: and if each day pursued
In regular succession, will create
That mode of happy texture, which attracts
The Lovers' eye desiring; where the blood 480
Speaks in the mantling cheek, but unsuffused
With coarse and vulgar crimson; where the frame

Is healthy, not robust, and elegant,
 Not delicately fragile. Purer minds,
 And gentler manners Fancy here beholds,
 By peevishness untinged, undisturb'd
 By malice and suspicion ; nor perchance
 Errs in her judgment here. For much the Soul
 Depends on her Companion. Exercise
 Impell'd t' excess, abnormous, and for years 490
 Continued, renders dense the nervous tide,
 Or to the seat of thought at length imparts
 Ideot rigidity. Th' effects of Age
 Intemperate toil can prematurely bring
 On the worn frame, and sad untimely death.
 While Idleness relaxing every nerve
 The mobile fluid is deranged by strokes
 Of slightest force, nor life is worth the name.

WHAT then do We advise ? At first intent
 On the corporeal organs, Nature strives 500
 T' unfold, to strengthen them ; and calls in aid
 Their own endeavours, restless, and untamed.
 In her more simple state, by keen desire
 Of food the loco-motive powers are roused ;
 The Savage else unactively reclines
 In his low shed, or underneath the palm,
 Or spreading cedar, if not urged to war,
 And its' impetuous deeds, by hot revenge :

Superiour

Of scepter'd laurel, which the Muses erst
 With their own hands bestow'd, and bade him sing
 Their high descent, and all th' ethereal Race.
 His sheep were scatter'd round, and many Swains,
 And many Virgins with attentive ear
 Imbibed his flowing numbers, with the throng
 I mingled, and regretting that so late
 My footsteps had arrived, for now his strains
 Were well-nigh finisht, and the sun declined
 T'ward oceans' bed, with deep respectful awe 570
 Heard his last notes, while thus the Master sung.

“ His anger ceased ; for on the rocks which bound
 The solid earth, with adamantine chains
 Braced firm, Prometheus groan'd, while on his prey
 The screaming eagle darted from above.
 And Epimetheus too of vacant soul
 Had as a Bride received the treacherous Maid
 Vulcans' alluring work, with graces fraught
 Celestial, but diffusing evils dire.
 When now the sovereign Father bade convene 580
 The subject Powers ; soft pity fill'd his breast
 For new-created Man ; on golden thrones,
 They sat in order due ; He thus address'd
 Th' assembled Deities. Ye Sons of Heaven !
 Who on Olympus dwell, or oceans' waves
 Inform, or o'er the streams preside, or haunt

The woods, and forests! with avengement just
 The Traitor is exiled, who first presumed
 Our living fire to steal, who expiates now
 His guilt, and stretch'd upon the Scythian crags 590
 Horrific, lies expos'd to piercing winds,
 Fierce-driving rain, and snow, or beating hail,
 Which with unmitigable violence
 Assault his desolate abode. Nor fails
 Our ravenous Bird at early morn to seek
 His nightly-growing feast. Such punishment
 From us He merited; nor have we spared
 His favour'd mortals, with Pandoras' gifts
 Enchanted, by her blandishments subdued.
 But them We now with kinder eye behold, 600
 Ill-form'd to last, and verging to decay
 Hourly; no doubt with skill and care compos'd,
 Worthy their Author, and with Heavens' own flame
 Instinct, from our ethereal dome procured
 By fraudulent stratagem; yet weak to bear
 The changeful elements, diseases fell,
 And accidental ills, a numerous train;
 Too exquisitely wrought, and destined soon
 Again to mingle with their kindred clay,
 Unless their fate some means yet unreveal'd 610
 Awhile protract; t'ward them my wrath relents,
 Not of themselves, from their own previous wills
 Originated, and to transient life

From dust upraised. To you the means I leave
 Immortal Powers. Who wishes to preserve
 The race terrestrial, hapless, and forlorn,
 From speedy dissolution, may explain
 Free, and unblamed the dictates of his heart.

“ HE spoke. Then Pallas with attentive eye,
 Smiling, beheld the Deities around, 620
 Or pondering silent, or consulting deep.
 Smiling She sate ; but graceful from her throne
 At length arose, and thro th’ effulgent hall,
 Proceeding o’er the jasper pavement, fought
 The door high-arch’d, whose valves of solid gold
 Spontaneous open’d ; ere again they closed,
 The blue-eyed Maid return’d, and by the hand
 Led in the prime of youth, and blooming charms,
 A Nymph of heavenly mien, and as it seem’d
 A sister Goddess. On her cheeks was spread 630
 The glowing hue of Hebe ; waving hung
 And loose her raven locks, but just confin’d ;
 Her robe succinct a golden clasp upheld
 Barring the knee : Not languishingly soft
 Like Venus in her gait, nor rivalling
 Majestic Juno ; but in all her limbs
 Dwelt symmetry divine, activity,
 And sparkling ardour ; while her hand sustain’d
 A spear, too light for battles dire, in which

Mars

Mars wields his massy javelin, but to feats 640
Of mimic war adapted, or to wage
The Sylvan conflict. To the feet of Jove
Led on, th' assembled Powers at once survey'd
Her virgin Form with wonder and desire,
As from her breath perfumes, and from her hair
Dropp'd fragrant roses. Then Minerva paused,
And thus began. O Father ! see, with thine
How all my thoughts accord. The means I bring
Thy destined aim to perfect ; from their fate
Suddenly threatening hapless Man to save, 650
And bless with length of days : by this my work,
This beauteous Nymph, whom I with plastic hand
In emulation of Vulcanian skill,
Or Promethean, fashion'd ; not of earth,
Or fire, like their productions, but of pure
And elemental æther ; nor by Thee
Forbidden, or with anger now survey'd.
Her name Gymnasia, and in future times,
And regions yet by mortal feet untrod,
Health-giving Exercise. For she the race 660
Of Men shall urge t' exertion and to toil,
Snatch'd from Pandoras' arms the tender Babe,
String his young nerves, and thro' th' eventful scenes
Of chequer'd life support him, scattering wide
The mists of torpid indolence, the worst
Of all the plagues, which in the fatal box

Were

Were stored, whose sweetness poisons, and the frame
Weak of itself, to double weakness dooms.

“ SHE said. The Power superiour, with a smile
Approved her wisdom, with a smile that cheer’d 670
Heaven, earth, and seas ; viewing the lovely Nymph
Moulded by her, and by her skill adorn’d,
The stedfast Friend, and Guardian of Mankind.

“ THEY thro the yielding air with speedy flight
Descended, hasting to the nether World ;
With acclamations loud, Olympus rang.”

END OF THE FIFTH BOOK.

I N F A N C Y.

A

DIDACTIC POEM.

A R G U M E N T.

*Address to Dr Milman.—The Author declines treating particularly of the Diseases of Children, as it would but increase the anxiety of the Parent to be acquainted with them.—As they are not proper subjects for Poetry ; and as general Histories of Diseases do but confuse and mislead those, who are unaccustomed to their various appearances.—Labour and Study necessary to the proper knowledge of them.—The treatment of Diseases in general, cannot be taught to the Vulgar ; nor could those of Children be contained in a work like this ; much less could the skill and judgment be imparted necessary for the administration of Remedies.—False notion, because Children cannot describe their feelings, that the seats and causes of their Diseases are therefore unknown.—Danger of trusting to Nurses and Midwives.—The seats and causes known by the accurate Observer of the different Symptoms.—Diseases of Children not so simple as Some have imagined.—The Causes also are many
and*

and various.—What Medicines may be given by the Mother, and when.—Necessity of applying for speedy assistance.—This, even should it be unsuccessful, will be a future consolation, and hinder the remorse which might follow a different conduct.—The effects of this remorse exemplified in an Episode.—Inoculation.—Rise and progress of the Smallpox.—In particular seasons of so bad a kind, as not to have been rendered mild by the best treatment; till Inoculation was introduced into Europe by Lady Mary Wortley Montague.—This duty inculcated.—The age of the Child.—The time of the year.—Objections to it taken notice of.—Uneasy, apprehensive life of those, who have not been inoculated when young.—Conclusion.

B O O K VI.

TO thee, whom laudable Ambition fires,
 Surmounting every obstacle, to climb
 The height of science, rivalling the fame
 Of Arbuthnot, or Garth, or learned Mead:
 With whom in lifes' gay morn my heart inwove
 A bond of union, which no power but death
 Can e'er untwine: whose warm, whose liberal voice
 Hath oft approved my strains, in this perchance

Too

Too partial, yet humane, and in the song
 Contemplating the Friend: This verse, to thee, 10
 MILMAN! as worthier of thy classic ear,
 I now devote; nor would I on thy time
 Sacred to public good, or studious thought,
 Intrude the futile levities of wit,
 Or useless elegance, howe'er refined.

With prudence nursed, and by its' precepts formed,
 Thy Child, O Parent! haply will ascend
 Unhurt to manhood. Yet, events there are,
 Which not my lays can teach the means to shun,
 Nor thy assiduous caution can elude. 20
 For He is mortal, and to mortal ills
 Prone from his birth. Each violent Disease
 The human race invading, may be his:
 And some, confined, exert their baleful force
 On Infancy, and Childhood. What, thy care,
 What, rural scenes, what the pure lymph, and food
 Aptly supplied; what his own active powers
 Indulged, the frigid bath, and cleanliness,
 With regulation due of heat and cold,
 Can frustrate or prevent, and much they may, 30
 He will avoid. At least the shafts of Death
 Shall oft be blunted, Natures' vigorous arm
 Her shield protending, while her faithful aid
 Joins with thy ardent wishes. Is thy mind,

Anxious and fond with this unsatisfied?
 And dost thou ask the latent plagues to view
 Skulking in ambush? know their different signs?
 Learn their Prognostics, fatal, or secure?
 And the resources which progressive Time
 Hath found, and liberal Practice can select? 40

WHAT wilt Thou gain, so taught? Augmented fears,
 Doubled anxiety. In every look
 If slightly changed, in every wanton cry,
 Or sudden start, thy love solicitous
 The seeds of dire disaster will perceive,
 And haste with needless remedies t' oppose
 A fancied mischief, till thy Infant feels
 Perhaps thus often treated, real pain.
 Say, that Disease were fixt, and that our page
 Lay full before thee fraught with justest rules; 50
 Could'st thou with timid mind, and throbbing heart,
 Presume t' apply them? Would'st thou not, immerst
 In hesitation, all attempts forego?
 If not, then in thy temper, in thy soul
 Mistaken, We for such as thee, ne'er strung
 The tuneful lyre, nor e'er the lyre will string.

YET, much the welfare of thy Child We prize;
 And doubtless, even from his natal hour
 Beginning, could in graphic order paint

Every

Every distemper, each appropriate name 60
 Disclose, their diverse symptoms and their cure.
 And when th' instructive plan We first essay'd,
 Imaginations' inconsiderate eye
 Colleagu'd with Youth, this finish'd work beheld.
 But Judgment, render'd stronger by the lapse
 Of twice seven years, rejects the green design.
 A theme inelegant, for verse unfit,
 Tedious, and long, and barren, and to Thee
 Of little profit, nay with danger stored.

A TASK like this, the Muse without regret 70
 Leaves to some *Medicaster*, who the quill,
 Dextrously wielding, aims at vulgar praise.
 We know the failure of Generic marks
 Employ'd on Species; near the bed of pain
 We know what nice distinction is required,
 What accurate serenity of thought,
 What sedulous attention, to collect
 Each circumstance minute; and from the traits
 Commingled and fictitious, to detach
 What suits peculiar natures, and the turns 80
 Of endless and immense Varieties.

Would then the Mother, would the wary Nurse,
 (If such there be) from so disturbed a fount,
 To them disturbed, its' muddy waters draw?

And sport with human life? Not thus reproach'd
 Shall flow my numbers, which the hand of rash
 Or doating Ignorance shall ne'er supply
 With poison. Never will I stoop to win
 The Multitudes' applause by deeds or words
 Which candour must despise. Nor e'en in song 90
 Reflections cast on others, that on me
 May light the praise of fools; tho' plausible
 Each note appeared, and for the common good
 Intended solely: Much less with abuse
 Degrade the very Art I once profess'd.
 For conscious of the toil its' practice claims,
 Th' inquietude, the watchful nights, the days
 To thought intense devote, when jovial Mirth
 Holds its' nocturnal orgies, and the voice
 Of empty Vanity is heard at noon, 100
 Tho' far beneath th' illustrious Great, I knew
 What form'd their sterling worth, and placed them high
 Above the selfish, mean, Empiric race.

Such were the Sages of th' Asclepian line;
 Thus, from the Coan, to th' incipient age
 Of Boerhaave, lived the Prime of every school:
 Thus Sydenham, over every school Supreme;
 Such Huxham lately ran his course of fame.
 While GLASS with evening brightness still adorns
 The western sky, and proves not yet extinct 110
 The

The true, the genuine Hippocratic beams.
 Patient t' observe, They unremitting, scann'd
 The book of Nature, while their souls enlarged
 Took in, and added to their proper store
 All past experience, methodized, and clear.
 How vain their labour ! if a tract compiled
 By some assuming, specious shallow Scribe,
 Could teach th' inferior orders of Mankind
 With strict discernment thro the tangled maze
 Of its' progressive symptoms, to conduct 120
 Each dangerous Malady, its' cause unveil,
 And each adapted remedy prepare :
 Could these my strains embrace the various ails
 Infesting Childhood, to thy eyes display
 The various antidotes, and give that sound
 Unerring judgment, which alone acquired
 By use and contemplation, can insure
 The proper time of trial, can advise
 With confidence, and justify the deed.

YET, what We may, what nor the Muse forbids, 130
 Nor our own sense condemns, is freely thine.

If from the Mothers' bosom We remove
 Those false opinions which her gentle soul
 Unwittingly possess ; if we describe
 The limits of her care, and when t' invoke

Superior

Superior Wifdoms' aid; if on her mind
 Some duties we imprefs; and tyrant fear,
 And more tyrannic fuperftition drive
 Far from her dwelling, not in vain We write:
 And many a fell difeafe o'ercome, her Sons, 140
 Her Daughters fhall hereafter blefs the day
 Which brought thefe well-meant numbers to her ear.

BECAUSE the Child, with reafon unendow'd
 And power of fpeech, by words t' exprefs its' grief
 Nature permits not; fome believe the fource
 Of anguish and affliction is conceal'd
 From every eye, and deem affiftance vain.
 Or to the Nurfe, or vaunting Midwife trust,
 Who cafes manifold and fimilar
 Have oft beheld, and never fail'd to cure: 150
 For Each her Noftum boasts; if harmlefs this,
 And trifling, it were well, did not the wing
 Of Time fpeed faft th' irrevocable hour
 Of wifht redrefs. But frequently the drug
 They praife, the cordial drops are fraught with death,
 Hurrying convulfions on of direft kind;
 Or with narcotic venom ftrong imbued,
 Plunging their Patient in eternal fleep.

YET, Nature, in thy Child, tho not in words,
 Speaks plain to thofe who in her language verft 160
 Juftly

Justly interpret. Are the different tones
 Of woe, unfaithful sounds? Can He, whose sight
 Hath traced the various muscles in their course,
 When irritated in the different limbs,
 Retracted, or extended, or supine,
 Fix no conclusions on the seat of pain?
 Is it of no avail to mark the breath,
 How drawn? the face? the motions of the eye?
 The salient pulse? th' eruptions on the skin?
 The skin itself, constricted, or relaxt? 170
 The mode of sleep? of watching? heat? and thirst?
 From which, and numerous traits beside, arranged,
 Combined, abstracted, and maturely weigh'd,
 Judgment its' practice forms? Are characters
 Like these, which ask the nice-decyphering soul,
 Intelligible to the Beldames Old
 Who wrapt in darkness, utter prophecies
 And lying oracles, which cheat the ear,
 Or follow'd, to destruction lead the way?
 Oh! may good Angels, kindling in thy breast 180
 The lamp of reason, guard thee from their snares!
 Blind Guides, assiduous to deceive the Blind.

TRUTHS partially adopted oft admit
 Ingressive Error. Children are supposed,
 As fresh from Natures' hand, with maladies
 Of simpler kind to labour, than the frame

Of

Of grosser Age. The general fact We grant.
 Yet hence, as simpler than they really are,
 Induced to treat them, cannot but decry
 Th' unsound opinion which for all alike 190
 One favourite mode of practice recommends.
 If just the notion, *Æsculapius'* Son
 Might as a vain intruder be dismiss'd,
 The Mother could supply his place unblamed.
 But, (nor with idle terrors do we seek
 To wound affection) from experience taught,
 We know what medicines, different in effect,
 And opposite, the various symptoms claim.
 Antiphlogistics which the vital heat
 Increased, depress; and Cardiacs which excite; 200
 And Opiate Sedatives, in vulgar hands
 Pernicious as the deadly nightshades' juice.
 And Draughts harsh, which utmost skill alone,
 And wise discretion, when the moment calls,
 Should dare advise. Th' uncomprehensive Mind,
 Or prejudiced, or wishing to repose
 In inactivity, is likewise prone
 To simplify the causes, and accuse
 That which perhaps exists not, but which reigns
 As it conjectures, eminent o'er all. 210

THE wild delusions which this source affords,
 With silent scorn or pity hath the Muse

Frequently

Frequently witness'd. The luxuriant glands,
 In Infants stiled of disproportion'd size,
 And the too copious fluids they fecern,
 Or tough and viscid, Some alone condemn.
 As if these glands by nature were ordain'd
 So large without design, or worse, to prove
 The cisterns of disease. Acidity
 Some only blame; and some, the sting severe 220
 Of acrimonious humours. These accuse
 The noisome worm, however hid from sight.
 Those, as exciting fever, reprobate
 Nought but the growing teeth. Repletion, Some.
 While Others dreadful fits survey within,
 Or e'en pretend to trace them in the smile
 Of downy sleep. Nor Women solely err.
 The Pedant has his whims; and He, the light
 Fantastic Form, who superficial skims
 The froth of science, yet would fain appear 230
 Most intimate in its' profoundest depths,
 Nor a phænomenon beholds, to which,
 Like the first Man, intuitively wise,
 He cannot give a name. What strange conceits
 Have not Philosophers embraced? Intent
 The principles of Galen to defend?
 Or to deduce from chymic elements
 Recondite causes? Or the line apply
 And mathematic rule, to buildings rais'd.

On mere imaginary ground ? Or search 240
 The moon, and aspects of the distant stars ?
 While Some, from animated Beings, thick
 Diffused thro space, invisibly minute,
 Have every ill derived, tormenting Man.

LET All who will, enjoy their pleasing dreams,
 So human life be safe ; and Theory
 Held in firm durance, never guide the pen
 When sickness needs assistance. But, of this
 Be sure, O Parent ! to thy Children flow
 From numerous causes, which would tire thy ear, 250
 And pass the stated limits of our verse,
 Their diverse ails ; tho not perhaps like Us
 Subject to putrid ferments, yet from them
 Not wholly free, nor from the power of cold,
 Of sultry heat, of humid air, and dry,
 And stern Contagion, whose resistless aim
 If placed within its' reach, no Wight can shun
 Of mortal mould, nor e'er escape the bane,
 Unless around her favourites Nature cast
 Impenetrable mail, no work of art. 260

SHALL then by fear impeded, None attempt
 To rescue Childhood from distress and pain,
 But those, by long and toilsome study taught,
 T' investigate the cause, the symptoms scan,

And

And judge what they portend ? Th' impartial heart
 Unmoved by fordid lucre, by the goad
 Of mean self-interest, wishes to the Race
 Of Infant Innocence, no worse a fate.
 But not to combat what the Muses Nine,
 And e'en the Delian God with all his power, 270
 Could never vanquish ; and because the step
 Of Pæons' Votary is not always near ;
 Attend our strains. When the weak head declines,
 And the eye droops ; when now th' inconstant cheek
 Is red, now pale ; when fretful, restless, hot ;
 The stomach and intestines discomposed,
 And in their office changed ; when the young springs
 Of life more quick or tardy seem to move
 Than Nature wills ; We would not to thy Child
 Forbid thee (tho We dare not recommend, 280
 Nor can approve the deed, unless by fate
 Widely sequester'd from th' experienced eye,
 Reasons' sole plea ;) to give a portion due
 Of th' Indian root ; or with the quantity
 Not unacquainted, which his Age may claim,
 Some useful Antimonial ; or, that mild,
 Insipid, light, absorbent, by its' name
 Magnesia, better known, or join'd with this
 More strengthening Rhéum, from Siberian wilds,
 Or Turkey's regions brought. Here ends thy care. 290
 For now the transient obstacles o'ercome,

Alacrity returns; or still He pines,
 Still his distemper gains increasing force.
 And if the cause should thus be deeply fixt,
 Thy efforts would be vain, perhaps unsafe,
 At least engend'ring danger by delay,
 And Danger often marches close by Death.

HERE let thy love, thy conscience take th' alarm;
 Love for thy Child, and terror at the guilt
 Of dire infanticide. Perhaps the worst 300
 Of ills impends; Convulsion lurks unseen;
 Fever already riots in his veins;
 Or Suffocation threatens to destroy.
 Trust not Thyself; trust not the babbling Hag;
 Let Fondness all alive, and light'ning round,
 Detect Her, as Ithuriels' spear the toad,
 Couch'd at the ear of Eve, with poison fill'd.

YET shun despondence, cherish warmest hope,
 Seize fleet occasion ere it passes by,
 And call th' ingenious Leach, his happy skill 310
 Shall to its' pristine health thy Babe restore,
 If all-o'erruling Providence permit.
 If not, to th' indefatigable Mind
 Tho learning all its' mysteries hath reveal'd,
 Tho judgment clear, and long experience join
 Their potent aid, A WARREN will be foil'd,

A HEBERDEN, or BAKER, cannot save.
 But Thou from every taint of guilt or blame
 Art free; thy duty is perform'd; tho poor
 That solace is, which counsels, Be resign'd, 320
 Fetter the strong sensations, rapid-wing'd;
 And glean content from rectitude of thought.
 Who thus can lose the Darling of the eye?
 The little lovely Cherub, who e'en now
 Begins his voice to modulate, and lisp
 The half-form'd tale? Ah! wherefore was he given?
 So soon resumed, and snatch'd from cheerful day?
 That, Heaven best knows. Yet, if thou wilt, indulge
 Thy just emotions, give them ample scope;
 Recall each mimic gesture, every sound, 330
 Each look, when pleased, or wayward in his mood,
 He struck with inexpressive tenderness
 The soul parental. With thy struggling heart
 The Muse shall sympathise, shall add to thine
 Congenial notes sincere. But time shall heal
 The rankling wound, and soften by degrees,
 Nay, quite o'ercome reflections' sharpest pangs;
 Till Memory tracing to the fount of Grief
 Views it at length unruffled, and beholds
 Placid and tranquil, Woes' once hated form, 340
 Thro the calm wave array'd in smiles serene.

THE Human Soul with fortitude can bear,
 Or with elastic energy expell,
 Or slowly certain, vanquish every ill,
 But dread remorse. The Self-accused descend
 Low in the scale, and abject, or they pine
 Afflicted, or amid the blaze of noon
 Perceive no change in the dark midnight gloom
 Which reigns within ; Despair stands scouling by,
 And fullen Madness crouches for his prey. 350

OH ! may my Mind, whatever doom'd to feel,
 Whate'er of anguish, pain, or penury,
 Wounds of ingratitude, or slighted love,
 This worse than all, than famine, fire, or steel,
 This horrid Fiend avoiding, never shrink
 Beneath his weight, by conscious thought condemn'd.
 Nor, may Evadne's melancholy fate
 Be ever thine. What beauties could She boast !
 How fair, in virgin innocence ! Her charms
 Pierced deep, for unaffected was the Maid, 360
 And justest education had improved,
 Not tortured Nature. Melody had chose
 Her voice for its' loved vehicle of sound.
 Tho' mute, She spake, her eye had magic fire.
 Her shape, her gesture, every action beam'd
 Expressive elegance. Could the young heart
 Of Polydore resist her wondrous power ?

He strove not to resist, He heard, He saw,
 And all his melting soul was Hers' alone.
 Nor did She view th' enamour'd Swain, or hear 370
 Scornful the tender vows He breathed; for his
 Was the smooth open front of candid truth,
 The modest cheek, the soft persuasive glance
 Of true affection, and the sigh sincere.
 The lawns, the meads beheld them, and the groves
 Of quivering alder, and the willows green
 Skirting the mazy brook, nor e'er beheld
 Happier and purer Mortals; nor e'er caught
 Amid their shades, or on their mossy banks,
 Notes more impassion'd from the Doric Muse, 380
 Than Polydore to his Evadne sung.

Thus fixt immutably, thus rivetted
 By strong attraction, not a Fathers' frown,
 (For his imagination had pourtray'd
 Evadne in the higher sphere of pride,
 And idle pageantry;) not five long years
 Of absence could from eithers' heart erase
 The others' image. Yet again They met,
 Auspicious was the meeting; for the soul
 Of Age severe, now moved, resolved to bless 390
 The constant Youth, and to his arms resign
 The beauteous Maid. He bless'd the constant Youth;
 And to his arms the beauteous Maid resign'd.

Fair shone the morn of their espousals, fair
The coming morn, and every future day.

Oh Happiness! how exquisite!—how brief!
Affliction is the lot of Man below :
And often, Misery, when the cup of joy
Is full, intruding stern, with tyrant hand
Dashes it on the ground, and rudely cheats 400
Th' expecting lip. One eve Evadne sat
Alone, in bright succession to her view
Rose many a fairy prospect, but the light
Which gilded them was Polydore's, the sun
Was He, illuming, animating all
The forms of her creation. Even then
She felt his warm embrace, and press'd She thought
His glowing cheek to hers'; for him was deck'd
The table neat; the footsteps of his steed
She heard in every gale. But him, alas! 410
The living Polydore she never saw.
That Steed had proved unfaithful to his trust,
With mad'ning swiftness t' ward the gate He flew,
While far behind his breathless Master lay.

THE feelings of Evadne to describe
Weak is the Muse, and nerveless are her strains.
What can support her? Where exists the Power
Which can detain her from the grave that holds

Her

Her Lord in death ? What, but the Babe which smiles
 Unconscious of his loss, as on her breast, 420
 Her nurturing breast, He hangs ? For him She lives,
 For him sustains the load of grief, and strives
 To tear the rooted anguish from her mind.
 He is the charm which reconciles her thoughts
 To the loath'd world ; for Polydore in him
 She sees, in the dear pledge of amity :
 Stamp'd with his image, with his vital blood
 Inform'd, and breathing sweet his balmy breath.

HATH not Misfortune spent her fatal shafts ?
 Ill-starr'd Evadne ! In thy Child appear 430
 The symptoms of disease, and onward hastes
 Impetuous Fever. To a form like thine,
 A temper blameless, with emotions pure,
 Humane, and amiable, ah ! why did Heaven
 Refuse staid judgment, firmness to resist
 Error importunate, and strength to shun
 Credulity, which hears the Dotards' tale,
 And thinks it truth ! Who taught thy Grandam hoar
 The secrets of an art, to which the Mind
 Of vigorous energy, and years of toil, 440
 Are scarcely equal ? By what Demon urged
 Malicious, with what evil Spirit fill'd
 Of self-conceit and folly, dares She hope
 T' accomplish, what requires the searching eye

Of Genius and the labour'd skill of deep
And accurate attention ? On thy Child
She looks, then proves her wisdom. First, the teeth
Are blamed, and charms are tried, and Nostrums given.
Next, Fits internal, and her poisonous drugs
She brews like Circe. Then the noxious Worm ; 450
And Anthelmintics various She procures,
And oft repeats the drench. Each different cause
She e'er has heard suggested, is accused,
And every remedy She ever knew,
Administer'd ; while still, the last, her voice
Solemnly flow, declares will banish pain,
And with miraculous and sudden force
Restore the suffering Babe ; who lies meantime
Opprest with double woe, by his disease,
And by the mode of treatment, which from plain 460
And simple, has converted it at length
To mortal violence. Now, Nature yields
Reluctantly o'ercome. Evadne sees
The Victim of presumptuous Ignorance ;
Conviction flashes on her mind ; She calls
For aid, too late. He dies ; and with him dies
Her Polydore again. She raves, She tears
Her flowing locks. Yet, passionate excess
May waste itself, and Peace once more return.
It might return, as when She felt the pangs 470
Of absent love, as when her heart was torn,

Losing

Losing its' dearer portion. But the sting
 Of sharp reflection, by Herself impell'd,
 What hand shall e'er extract ? Her delicate,
 And feeling mind, imagination-struck,
 Shrinks from existence ; while by day, by night,
 These sounds pervade her ear, " Thy Child is slain,
 And Thou wert an Accomplice." Horrid sounds !
 Inviting on his cloud, the dreary Shape
 Of melancholy Madness. Oh ! what notes, 480
 What different notes, utters Evadne now,
 Enfrenzied, and forlorn, from those, which erst
 Amid their shades, or on their mossy banks,
 The groves responsive heard, the joyous groves
 Of quivering alder, and the willows green
 Skirting the mazy brook, those Doric notes,
 Which Polydore to his Evadne sung.

TURN We from scenes like these, which o'er the soul
 Of weeping Sympathy diffuse a gloom,
 Yet, not unchaften'd by the milder ray 490
 Of self-acquitting thought, and firm intent
 To shun the latent rocks of deep distress,
 By pious caution guided ; from our theme
 Not thus abstracted, its' preceptive notes
 Yet unrelinquishing, and sorrows mists
 Dispell'd, which o'er the breast of Innocence
 Flit like a cloud across the summer sky ;

To happier mansions, objects of delight,
 And joyful prospects, turn ! to where thy Child
 Hath, by Inoculation, overcome 500
 The Plague Variolous ! As Hercules
 The spotted Snakes defeating, transport flush'd
 Alcmenas' glowing cheek, so over thine
 I see the kindled radiance. Whether born
 In Ethiopic wilds, or mid the sands
 Of parch'd Arabia, or where spread the shores
 Girding the Caspian ; from his natal place,
 Pursuing Mahomets' wide-wasting arms,
 The Monster rush'd on Europe, pale dismay,
 Horror, and Death rapacious in his train. 510
 For many a Century, without controul,
 When raged his fury, by pernicious skies
 Aroused, or propagated far and wide
 By fell Contagion, He destroy'd Mankind.
 The Cities groan'd ; the Matron o'er her Babe
 In unavailing trance of anguish hung.
 The Lover offer'd up his fruitless vows,
 And wearied Heaven importunately fond,
 To save the Beauty which his soul adored.
 The Babe, the Mothers' self, became his prey ; 520
 The Youth, and Virgin, sunk into the tomb.
 If life were granted, beauty was effaced ;
 Each decent feature, tumid, and enlarged,
 Roughen'd, or dented with unseemly scars.

MEDICINE was whelm'd with shame ; the Roman page
 Was silent, nor the Grecian could afford
 An antidote for evils Grecias' Sons
 Had ne'er imagined. Rhazes wrote in vain ;
 And even Sydenhams' efforts had their bounds.
 For the cold lymph by Prejudice was shunn'd ; 530
 And Sydenham, tho' He oft by freer air
 Tamed the devouring heat, and shook the throne
 Of learned Ignorance, declaring war
 Against its' regimen, adverse to life,
 And compounds teeming with destructive fire,
 Alexipharmic poisons ; could not change
 The rank malignant nature of the Pest :
 Which still, when favouring constitutions reign'd
 And in peculiar Habits, all his art
 Baffled, invincible ; his art, beyond 540
 All Mortals else, and only not divine.

THE triumph was reserved for Female hands ;
 Thine was the deed, accomplish'd MONTAGUE !
 What Physic ne'er conjectured, What described
 By Pylarini, by Timoni sketch'd,
 Seem'd to Philosophy an idle tale,
 Or curious only ; She by patriot love
 Inspired, and England rising to her view
 Proved as a fact, and proved it on her Son.
 A manly Mind where reason dwelt supreme 550
 Was

Was Hers', the little terrors of her sex
 Despising, by maternal fondness sway'd,
 Yet bold, where confidence had stable grounds.
 How far superior to the turbann'd Race
 With whom She sojourn'd, scrupulous, and weak !

YET, this is She, whom Popes' illiberal verse
 Hath dared to censure with malicious spleen,
 And meanly-coward soul. Redoubled Bard !
 What hath thy satire, tho it often flow
 Happy, and poignant, with Horatian ease, 560
 What hath thy moral lay, tho pure, and just,
 And elegant, of profit e'er produced,
 Of high advantage to thy natal Land,
 Compared with her bequest ? Thy numbers charm
 The listening ear, and with thy polish'd stile
 Taste is enamour'd ; She hath been the cause
 Of heart-felt joy to thousands, thousands live,
 And still shall live thro her ; thy song can please
 None but the Sons of Britain ; or the Few,
 Of nice, and studious leisure ; She unlock'd 570
 The springs of satisfaction and delight,
 And with perennial comfort blest'd the World.

LET Me then urge this duty ; nor to fear
 Or superstition yielding, let thy Child
 Encounter in his native shape the Fiend,

And

And brave his violence. For, whither, say,
 To what sequester'd haunt canst Thou retreat,
 Where He will not pursue? How vain thy flight!
 How sure thy victory, if as Art direct
 And wise Experience, thou anticipate 580
 His threaten'd blow! So when the Patriarchs' arm
 Was stretch'd to wound his Son, An Angel came,
 And saved the victim from impending death.

GENTLE, and almost harmless is the bane
 By Skill communicated, which regards
 The times and seasons, nor infects the Child,
 If to Dentitions' wonted state arrived;
 For, ill the labouring frame can then endure
 An added stimulus. Nor yet before
 That period; lest to Epilepsy prone 590
 By the contagious vapour raised, He quit
 Sudden the precincts warm of light and life.
 This too the cold of winter bids Us shun,
 Potent the vessels to contract, increase
 Their tonic force, and in the system stir
 Fierce inflammation. And the summer heat;
 By which each putrid ferment is sublimed,
 And render'd doubly fatal. These extremes
 Avoided, in the temperate months alone
 Let every prudent Matron be resolved 600
 T' obey the call of duty, and of love.

Unless

Unless the dread contagion, thickening round,
 Impell them to neglect each guarded rule,
 Yielding by force to perils' just alarm.

NEED We, in this our *Æra*, when mature,
 And vigorous, reason prospers, groundless fears
 Oppose by arguments? the groundless fears
 Of fondness, or religion? In thy mind
 No terror should, or can with justice dwell,
 But lest, as naturally seen, by Art 610
 Unmodified, uncheck'd, the stern Disease
 Should thy young Charge assault. If He escape,
 His lot is fortunate. Assaulted thus,
 Oft, from an Hundred only, many die.
 From many Hundreds, None, or one perchance,
 Of those inoculated. Why should thine
 Be the poor solitary One? If death
 Follow a treatment, which can soothe the Pest,
 And meliorate its' nature, could his life
 Be granted to thy fervent prayer, when arm'd, 620
 And with its' proper rage it took the field?
 This be thy source of comfort. Nor believe
 That Providence is tempted by the deed.
 From Providence flows reason to Mankind;
 And Reason teaches Us to fly from ill,
 And covet good. 'Th' invention, the success,
 Is the true warrant of approving Heaven.

Who

Who would not rather cross a shallow frith,
 When first the tide begins to rise, than wait
 Hemm'd in a nook, till with impetuous force 630
 It sweep Him from his station ? Who refuse
 By Franklins' pointed rod, to draw the stream
 Of lightning on their roofs, because the cloud
 Might harmless pass above ? thus safe convey'd,
 In untterrific silence, to the ground.

Tho rare th' Examples now, and scatter'd, mark
 Th' unhappy Beings, who from idle dread,
 Or weak maternal love, in Childhoods' state
 This boon received not ; and who sharing yet
 Th' hereditary feelings, want themselves 640
 Firmness of soul th' omission to supply.
 Mark, where they pine in solitude, oppress'd
 By anxious thought ; to whom Mans' cheerful Race
 Affords no joy ; the voice of music breathes
 Its' choral notes unheard ; the stage displays
 The living manners, and th' assembly beams
 With sprightliness and elegance, in vain.
 The City, nay the Village bounds they fly,
 And shift from place to place, as from the pack
 Of clamorous Hounds and Men, in wild affright 650
 The trembling Hare. Oh ! never may thy Sons,
 Thy Daughters, thus be curst ! in early life
 By thee from all these future horrors freed !

The mirthful croud, with innocence of heart
 Joining well-pleased ; the gay, the social hour
 Nor shunning, nor desiring, but awhile
 To soften care ; or fit the soul for acts,
 By relaxation due, of nobler kind.
 Endow'd by Thee with comeliness, no trace
 Of this abhorr'd Distemper left behind, 660
 And all its' wonted ravages defied.

FOR MONTAGUE again the verse prepare,
 And bring th' harmonious strain ! Why thro the realms
 Of Europe are not votive Statues placed
 Honouring their Benefactress ? From the straits
 Of Gades, south, to where the towers ascend
 Of famed Petropolis ? Or, crossing wide
 Th' Atlantic foam, why in the new-found World,
 Which more to Her, than its' Discoverer, owes,
 Appears no structure sacred to her praise ? 670
 Yet, shall Imagination rear the dome,
 And fix th' expressive marble. Hither come,
 Ye Nymphs, and Swains, with flowery garlands deck'd
 Your polish'd foreheads ; on the shaven green
 Which fronts the Temple, ply your nimble feet,
 The jocund dance inweaving ! Hither come,
 Ye Fauns and Dryads ! Hither, glowing Love,
 And spotless Beauty ! Youth, with radiant eye,
 And blooming Health ! While underneath the beech
 Or

Or oak, which waves its' consecrated shade, 680
Humanity, and Wisdom, smiling view
The festive Throng, mid whom the Graces play.
And quitting their proud bowers, and lofty hill,
The Muses utter notes divinely sweet,
Such as of yore They sung, when Gratitude
For benefits received attuned the Lyre.

F I N I S.

