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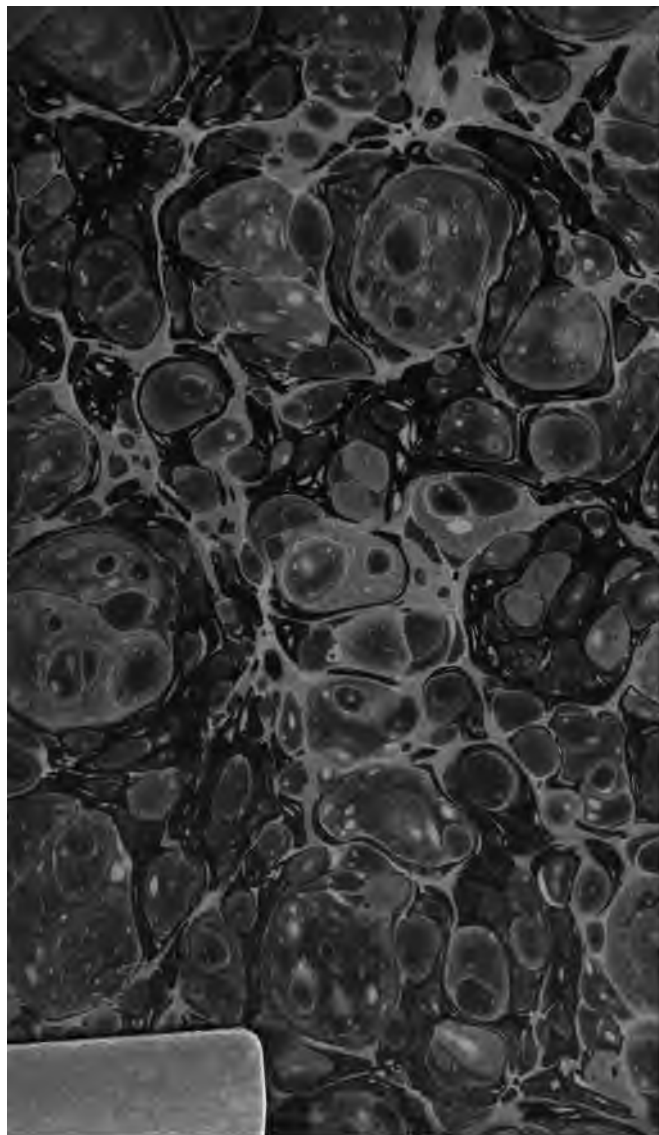
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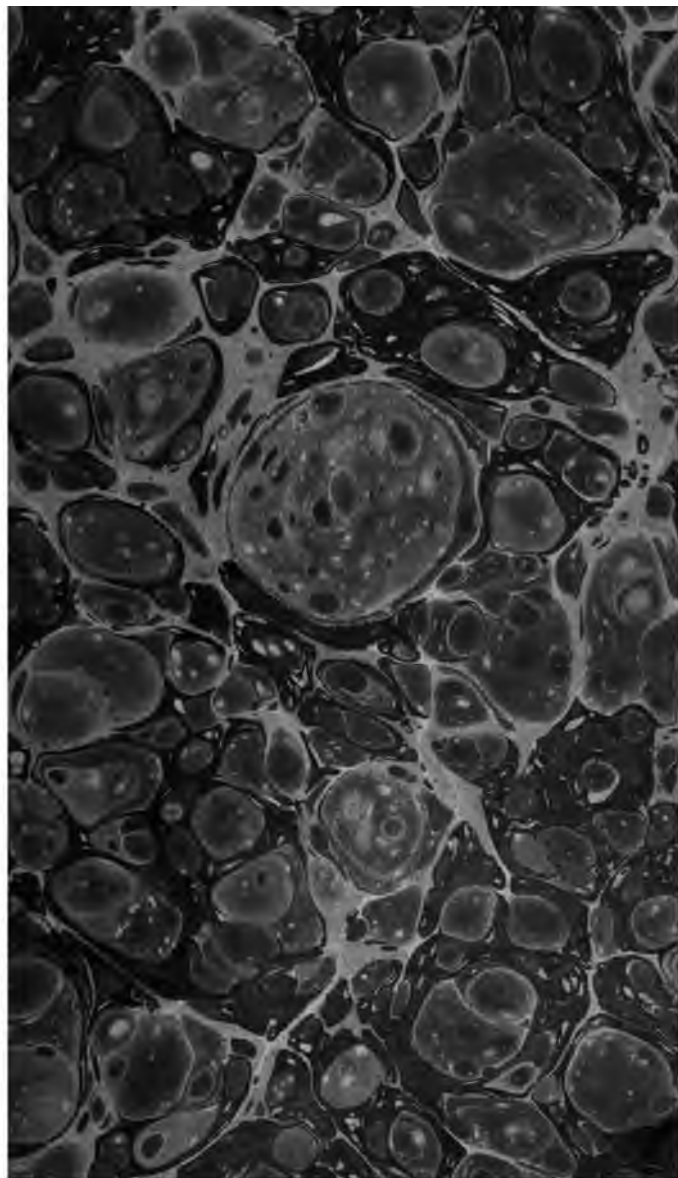
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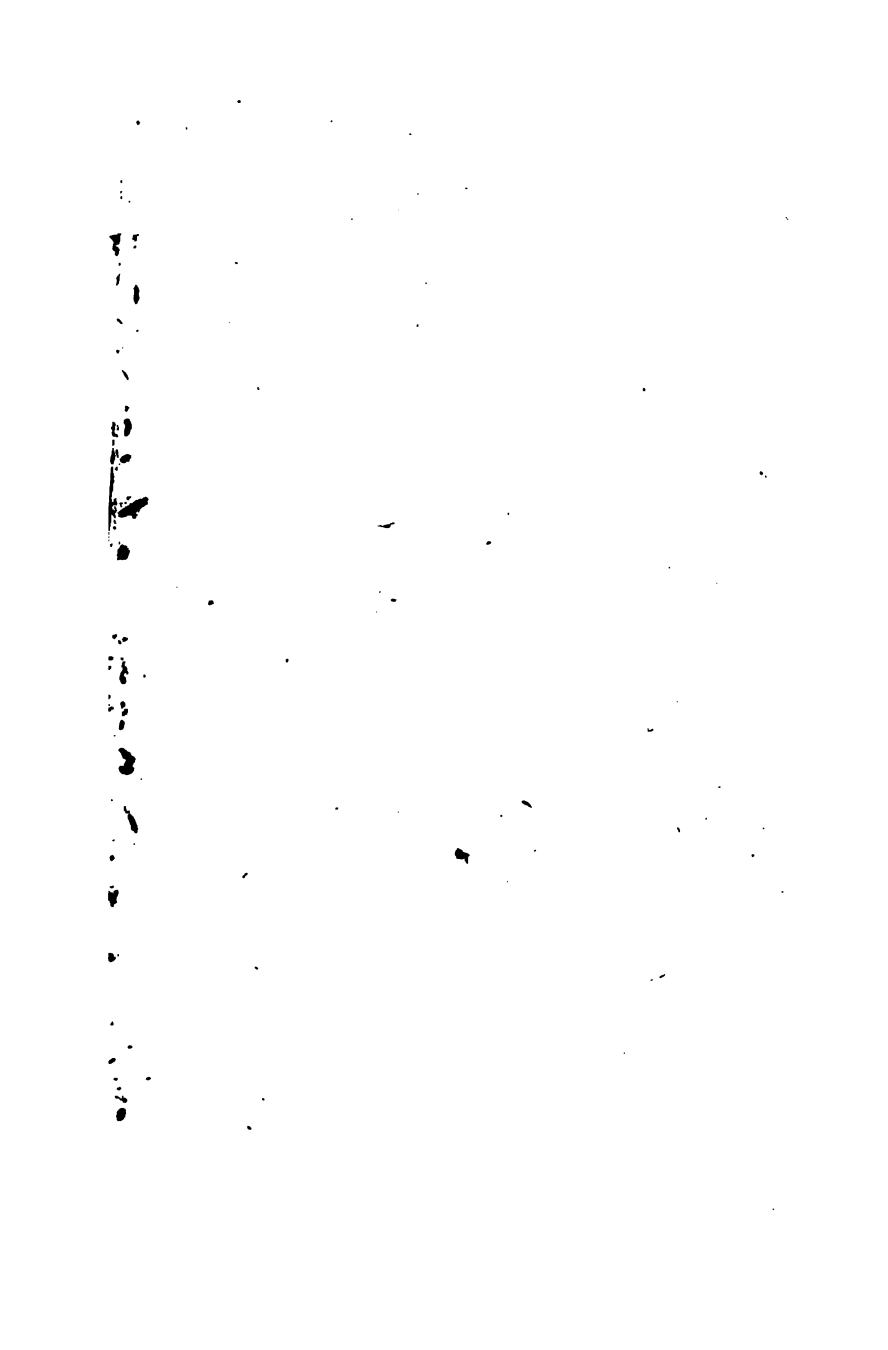




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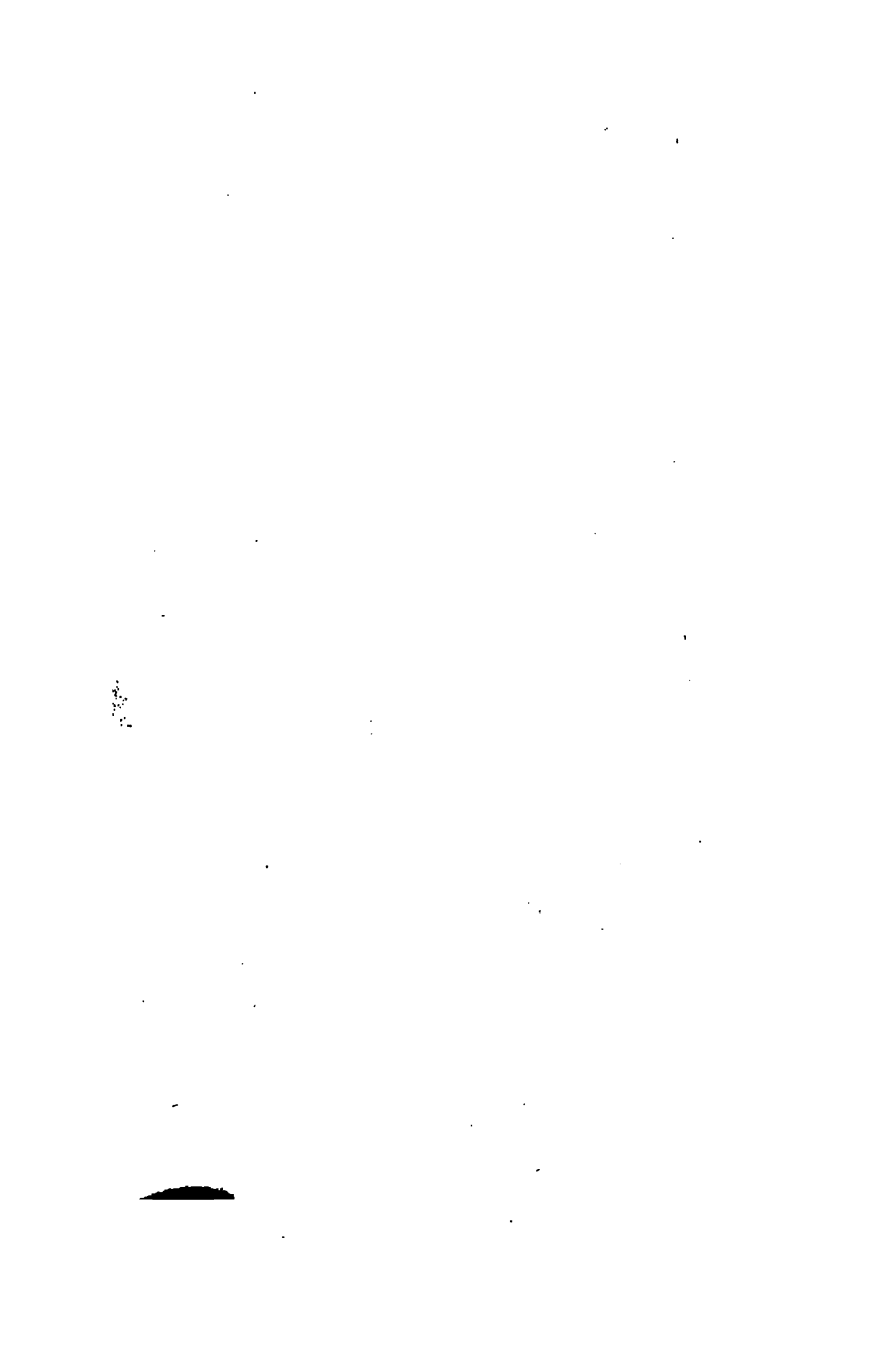
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280 f. 1978









Leest. Pinnam's respectful
complements to Mrs Hoskins,
and begs her acceptance of
this Poem.

Topsham July 1820



J. J. Downman, Esq. 1756
J. W. Downman, Esq. 1757

HUGH DOWNMAN, M.D.



INFANCY,
OR THE
MANAGEMENT OF CHILDREN:

A
DIDACTIC POEM,

In SIX BOOKS.

THE SEVENTH EDITION.

By HUGH DOWNMAN, M.D.

Incipe, parve puer, rifu cognoscere matrem.—VIRGIL.

EXETER:

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1809.



INFANCY,

▲

DIDACTIC POEM.

BOOK I.



ARGUMENT.

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.



BOOK THE FIRST.



CELESTIAL Maid ! from genuine science sprung !
Thee, the pretended sage, whose leaden eye
Inwrapt in metaphyfic gloom, ne'er deigns
A cheerful smile, thee, with contracted brow,
And haughty gesture, all his vassals shun :
While by the Graces drest, Instruction hails
Thy guiding care. Celestial maid attend !
Tho barren be the subject, o'er its wilds
So may a verdure not their own be shed,
And blooming flowers. With me then turn thy sight 10

On the prime infant-state of helpless man :
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 ill
Not real, yet afflictive ; the quick thought
For ever varying, glanced from toy to toy.
Then constant motion pleases, then the ear 20
Catches at every sound, the eye untired
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.

. I N F A N C Y .

9

WE write to reason ! Hence ye doating train
Of midwives and of nurfes ignorant !
Old beldames grey, in error positive,
And stiff in prejudice, whose fatal care 30
Oft death attends, or a life worse than death !

O YOUTH ! whoe'er thou art, to beauty's charms
A slave, to all that inexpressive grace
Which native modesty and truth bestow
On their more beauteous minds, and which exalts
Britannia's daughters o'er the female world !
Is thy beloved propitious ? Doth the god
Kindle his nuptial torch ? And dost thou wish
The name of father, amiable, humane !
To view thy little progeny around 30
Happy, well-formed, and strong ? Attend the muse :

The instructive muse shall teach thee to obtain
Thy heart's desire. And say, wilt thou, fair nymph,
Complacent heed with favourable eye
The moral lay, refined and pure? To thee
Custom hath given, while active life shall call
Thy husband forth amid its boisterous walks,
Domestic rule; thine is the nursery's charge;
Important trust! from him what absence hides,
Thy constant anxious thoughts shall well supply. 50

HEALTH is the greatest blessing man receives
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 bend every thought, 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 66
Then showering sums profuse ; or giving all
Thy herds and bleating flocks ; the thousands range
Thy spacious meads, or clothe thy ample hills.

WOULD'ST thou thy children blest'd? 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. 70

Thy child is born. See, where the treacherous nurse,
 Or priestess of Lucina, in her hand
 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 nature is accused of impious deeds
 She ne'er committed. Nature will preserve
 Whate'er the frames : and what the child requires 80
 In his new state, sagaciously provides,
 Both food and remedy. Before the sun
 Hath from his birth encircled half the sphere,
 He 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 ; 90
This each impediment o'ercomes, and gives
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 turn'd
Back to their source, what evils may she dread !
Sickness 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. 100

O MOTHER (let me by that tenderest name
 Conjure thee) still pursue the task begun ;
 Nor unless urged by strong necessity,
 Some fated, some peculiar circumstance,
 By which thy health may suffer, or thy child
 Inhale 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 deck'd with unimagined charms, 110
 Tho sweetness seem portray'd in every line,
 And smiles which might become a Hebe, rise
 At will, crisping thy rosy cheeks, though 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 ! 120
 Soft bud of spring ! Planted in foreign soil,
 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 ! 130
 Who shall thy numerous wants attend ? explore

The latent cause of ill ? thy slumbers guard ?
And when awake, with nice sedulity
Thy every glance observe ? A parent might ;
A hireling cannot ; though of blameless mind,
Tho conscious duty prompt her to the task,
She feels not in her breast the impulsive goad
Of instinct, all the fond, the fearful thoughts
Awakening ; say, at length that habit's 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 shunn'd,
He wishes for the grave, and wastes his days 150
In solitary woe; or haply weds,
And propagates the hereditary plague;
Entailing on his name the bitter curse
Of generations yet unborn, a race
Pithless, and weak, of faded texture wan;
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,
Mifnamed polite, the welfare of her child. 160
The fair barbarian looks on with an eye

Distant and cold; or imitating her,
 As faults of higher station always gain
 Partial abettors, the neglected muse
 Hath to the parent in life's middle rank
 Tuned her unfruitful lay; she shall not cease
 Desponding, weightier arguments for them,
 More strenuous, more coercive she can bring,
 To which perhaps self-interested love
 Will open their listening sense. Of mental joys 170
 And pure delight, they would not understand,
 Nor relish the description. But if health
 They covet, nor before the genial prime
 With 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 who refuses to her young one's lip 180
Her swelling bosom, each returning year
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,
Sinks to its kindred earth. 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, 190
And corresponding freedom, to support
The day of toil: as a sure medicine,

To root out many an illness, else unquell'd,
From the soft female frame : to invigorate
The fragile texture, and with grateful force
Astringe the fibres, morbid and relax'd.
But if not e'en these motives can persuade ;
To improve her charms, new beauties to possess,
Is woman's utmost wish. Mark then the fair,
Who to this sweet employment turns her mind ! 200
Delighted health sits on her polish'd brow,
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 pleas'd,
 Would not, for all the gewgaws pride can boast, 210
 Loosen the magic knot, which joins in one
 Your babe 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, 220
 Close to thy throbbing heart, then on its lips
 A thousand kisses print, thy eyes with joy
 O'erflowing, in each feature nicely scann'd,
 Tracing the dear resemblance of its sire.

And lo! where pleased, beyond expression pleased,
 To see thee in the sweetest talk employ'd
 Of female duty, where thy husband hangs
 O'er thee enamour'd! Scarcely did the night
 Which gave thee to his arms, bestow a joy
 To this superior; thrilling to the mind, 230
 Sincere, and homefelt. O true name of love,
 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!
 Mild Halcyon of the breast, whose summer wing
 Calms every raging storm! To thee the wife,
 The good still offer incense; all who bear
 No sordid stains; nor any but the dull, 240

Or groveling, in her parsimonious mood
 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
 The attractive warmth by their eternal hands
 Implanted ; to resist the liberal call 250
 Of duty and desire ; condemn'd by ails
 From causes unforeseen, to tear the pledge
 From thy fond bosom ; while thy sickening heart
 Bleeds at the thought, condemn'd another's care
 To invoke for him, the babe, thy straining eyes

Gaze on with nameless pleasure : Let my lay
 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, 260
 To life and growth subservient, but who knows
 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, should no power adverse
 Fetter thy will, else by some cautious friend,
 Explore the straw-rooft cot ; there, firm of nerve
 Her blood from every grosser particle,
 By hardy labour, and abstemious fare, 270
 Sublimed ; the honest peasant's mate shall ope

Her hospitable arms, receive with joy
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
To investigate among the village tribe
Their neighbour's mode of life. Heeds she the laws
Of matron-like sobriety ? Her fame 280
Is it from all suspicion clear ? Her soul,
To wedlock true ? Feels she a parent's love ?
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 little mansion, see if there, in spite
 Of poverty, the step of cleanliness,
 Attractive nymph ! unhesitating treads. 290
 Her age too claims thy notice ; let not time
 On restless wing have stolen from her face
 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 300
 What claims exactest assiduity,
 And serious vigilance. There are who think,
 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'ft 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'ft indeed avoid 310
Of plump or lean, nor would I choose the aduft
And highly bilious, nor the sable hue
Of clouded melancholy. Be it then
Thy primal care to fix on vigorous health
Adorn'd with smiles, the lovely progeny
Of constant cheerfulness, and sweet content.
Nor would I (tho confess'd a quality
Inferior in it's kind) not prize the voice
From harshness free, whose soft tone can compose

The froward babe, or gently bid it wake, 320
 And view the young-eyed morn. O thou who help'st
 To throng the crowded town, restrain'd by force
 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 needless fears
 And vain precaution, did she dare to thwart
 The dictates of humanity. She sees 330
 What do not to thy eye perhaps appear,
 The dreadful train of ills, which swarm within
 The 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. Yet, much avails
A parent's unabating love, and sharp
Is absence to the foul. But can't thou purge
The unwholesome atmosphere, gravid with seeds
Of latent sickness? Suffocation fell, 340
Angina, apthous sores, eruptions dire,
Pertussis fierce, and squalid atrophy?
Say, can't 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, scarcely would I commend
The nurse's task, tho' naught should intervene
Of fatal accident, and thou art held
By every tie of nature to the deed. 350
For can't thou round thy infant's brow entwine

A magic wreath ? or cause an angel lift
His shielding arm ? That can't 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 wing of fill-progressive time,
Which hurries thee reluctantly away.

BUT can the mother change unblamed the town, 360
For some sequester'd villa ? What denies,
Her bed of sickness quitted, to retreat
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

Meandering thro the distant vale ? Where health
 Sports on the level greens, and young delight
 Smiling attends : where bounteous nature sheds
 Her choicest blessings, and with guardian wing 370
 Protects her favourite progeny. Retire,
 My fair disciple, haste to scenes like these,
 And underneath thy roof invite to dwell
 The fosterer of thy child. Despise, with me,
 The 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 gaily dull
 Unblest'd by exiled friendship ; glare of courts ; 380
 And mummery of the great. Be thine to walk
 With reason, and enjoy the harmonious voice

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. 390
To see thy substitute at stated times
The life-sustaining food supply, to mark
How thrives her young dependant, 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 400
 With roseate tint the cheeks, and firmly strung
 The muscles of her elder boy, thy nurse
 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 410
 Of sleep; meanwhile no sedentary life
 She led, she spun the woof, in order meet
 She set her cot, 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 the incondite lay
Of rustic merriment. Seek not to change
Her usual regimen, for if thou dost, 420
Should she escape the fever which impends,
Expect thy child, attack'd by cholick pangs,
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 blandest sort,
Oppress'd by crudities, corrupts the blood
With viscid recrement. Or else the brain,

INFANCY,

35

That source of motion, urged by sympathy, 430
Creates new impulses of morbid kind
The vital threads affecting, and from thence
The elastic arteries, and ruddy stream
Within their coats contained, the different glands
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 440
O'erspread this globe; around the frozen pole
Scorn the stern brow of winter, nor beneath
The equator's torrid influence, dread the shafts
Of vengeful Phœbus; thou presidest well-pleas'd

Over the innocuous vegetable meal,
 Which on the banks of Ganges, or of Ind,
 Satiates the temperate Bramin. Thou can't tame
 To wholesome nourishment the sanguine feast
 Of the ever-roving Scythian. To thy laws
 We subjugate the willing neck, profess'd 450
 Thy vassals ; nor the mental faculties
 Dost thou not sway ; by thee inwrapt in maze
 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, 460

The bard retreats from vice's noisy reign,
And in the secret grot with fancy holds
Delicious converse, while her hand withdraws
The veil from memory's ideal store,
And all the 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 ; 470
For know, that reason, and her sister form,
Fair virtue, can untwist thy magic cords,
And to their will, tho not annihilate,
Can all thy laws attemper and refine.



INFANCY,

▲


DIDACTIC POEM.

—♦♦—

BOOK II.

ARGUMENT.

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.—Additional food when infants gain the age of two months.—Not to be fed in such a quantity, as that their stomachs may reject the aliment.—Apology for mothers being led into error.—Description of prejudice in general.—Mothers should strive against its power.—Ill effects of repletion, even in grown persons.—Nature to be satisfied, not over-loaded.—Healthy appearance 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 well the active duties of life.—The Storgè, or natural affection of parents to their offspring, may be carried to excess.—Weaning.—The fittest time when children are about nine months old.—Before this, proper to accustom them to other food.—Vegetables alone, the cause of many complaints to children.—Importance of the female character.



BOOK THE SECOND.

ARE 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 than deck herself in glittering robes,
And boast of titled honours ; sooner give

One ornament to grace the common-weal,
 Than purchase a whole emporry of wit.
 Come modest dame ! and o'er my numbers meek
 Prefide ; come with simplicity, who hates
 The swelling phrase bombast, the 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, though inclosed
 By countless millions : heroes who might act
 Deeds which the Gracchi would not blush to own,
 Nor 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 Lycurgus, he essay'd
 The manly task, from custom's harpy claws,
 And the soft lap of luxury, to snatch
 The Babe to 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 fires,
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 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, unknowing that they thus
Fatten a victim for the hungry grave.
For from repletion, every ill fevere
Which threatens childhood, arm'd with keener force,
Invades the delicate 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
To obey her mandate ; rest thy careful head
O mother ! let thy tender nursing rest.

INFANCY.

47

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 humorous ! To clothe 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 kindest nutriment
The 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 sinewy arms
 Holding the plough, but nerveless and unmann'd
 Presses his homely pallet, 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 cheek,
 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, uselefs but to give
Relief to the 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. Afterwards contract
The hours of sleep by day, and in the 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

I
I N F A N C Y.

51

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 reject.
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 to evacuate
What would be noxious, and 'tis well thy child

Hath fill fufficing strength. But he, poor babe,
Had he the fenfe to guide his appetite,
Would fhun this confequence of mere excefs,
No proof of health, difguffful to the eye.

WE blame thee not for yielding to the voice
Of error ; if beneath the folemn garb 170
Of old experience hid, and felf convinced,
Not meaning to deceive, how fhould thy young
Untutor'd mind refift her lore ? But when
Truth meets thy fight, and pointing fhews the way
To nature's bower, thy blind affociate quit,
Enter the hallow'd fhade, converfe with her,
Pure nymph ! perufe 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 fix'd essential majesty enthroned,
Unconscious sloth, by ignorance compress'd,
Brought forth this monster. To the haunts of men
Taking her away, the stars grew pale; her wings
She spread incumbent o'er the subject world,
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, the bold

The 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 fages 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 to expire.

How long beneath her power did Europe bend!
Prompted by her, ambition eagle-wing'd

I N F A N C Y.

55

Taught ancient Rome amid the luft of fway, 210
 Intent on crimfon conquest, to neglect
 Humanity and virtue; till the pile
 By valour rear'd, fell from it's giddy height,
 Shatter'd within by luxury, without
 Affail'd by savage fierceness. Then what depth
 Of native gloom, of thick-incircling night,
 Witness'd her prefence! Every art was loft,
 Each effort of the mind; or elfe funk low
 Crouch'd to the yoke; while o'er the puzzled fchools
 Exalted; fhook his worfe than iron rod 220
 The tyrant Stagyrite; and phyfic awed
 By Galen's fullen genius dared not heal.
 Each lovelier grace, each elegance unknown,
 Each genuine ornament, till tafte o'erwhelm'd
 With death-like fleep, in Leo's age revived.

Philosophy extinct, till Bacon rose
 The morning star of science, by whose beams
 Transfix'd, 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-loos'd, or brace
 Mankind less strictly; we for nature's laws
 Read nature only; wisdom smiles serene,
 With freedom blest'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 would'ft not follow in one act besides ?
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 quickeft parts endow'd, yet should he rife
 Thro numerous perils to the height of man;
 Opprefs'd with lifeless torpor, how can he
 Brave the meridian ray of public life? 270
 Reflecting on himself, how shall his mind

Expand at other's 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 the 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
To 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, 299
Have broke thy tranquil slumbers. Thou too see'st
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 difeafe, or death enfues.

Is there a ftronger principle infix'd
In human nature, than the zealous warmth
A mother toward her infant feels ? Yet thin
Is the barrier dividing right from wrong,
Virtue from vice. The nobleft qualities
Indulged to excefs, a different hue affume, 310
No longer noble. Courage may be changed
To brutal force ; to prodigality
The generous fentiment ; to licence rude
Freedom's bright flame ; and tender nuptial love
To mean uxorioufnefs. What finer joys
Inspire the foul more exquisitely form'd
By vulgar minds unheeded ! But beware

Left fenfibility itfelf, uncheck'd,
 Extinguifh its delights ; left pity bleed
 At every pore, intolerable fmart 320
 Enduring ; left the fofter paffion urge
 If unfnccesful, to the wan abode
 Of madnefs or defpair ; left tafte exact
 Turn to faftidious nicenefs, coveting
 With vain defire, among the works of men,
 To find perfeftion. Thou too curb thy zeal,
 O Mother ! that impulfive ardour rule,
 That love inordinate, which urges on
 To weaknefs, and perverts to criminal
 The fweeteft, beft emotions of thy foul. 330

WHENCE is this namelefs energy ? this power
 So forcibly attractive ? who intwined

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 to 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 gain'd 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 unchang'd.
 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 tranfient pain. Thy child long time
Fed by thy vital fluid, now requires
Difmiffion from the breast. Yet not at once,
As fome have taught erroneous; fuch our frame
That every rafh and fudden change may prove
The fource of harm. More wife and cautious thou
Break thro the tye of habit by degrees; 370
And ere the fream maternal be refused,
His tafte to different nutriment incline.

BESIDES the increafe of food ere while allow'd
What do our ftrains permit? Some would defer
To years more vigorous, all, that tyrant man,
The univerfal glutton, from the race
That grazes on the plain, or fkins the flood,
Or cleaves with nimble wing the yielding air,

Calls for his use ; and would not that the child
Should taste of ought but what the fruitful earth, 380
Plant, herb, or grain produces, with the rills
The lowing kine afford. There are no doubt
Who to to the latest stage of life arrive,
Thus always nourish'd. On the shores of Ind
Check'd by religious fears, whole tribes refuse
To bathe their hands in blood, lest thro' the wound
A kindred soul should fly ; yet some pass through
A century of years (so fame reports)
By sickness unsubdu'd. Where high ascend
Our Caledonian hills, the hardy north 390
A gallant offspring boasts, whom fate denies
To 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 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,
 Ere potent use hath nature's influence changed,
 Escape unhurt, and reach life's grateful prime
 Active, proportion'd, vigorous. And here,
 These distant facts still undetermined left, 410

The instructive Muse shall teach from what her eyes
Have clearly seen ; tho 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,
Tottering Rachitis seize its helpless prey ; 42
Or slow-consuming Tabes ; or within
His mazy labyrinth, the tortuous worm
Finding a sure asylum, multiplies
His noisome produce. Hence the unwieldy head,
Distended joints, limbs variously incurved.
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,
Had foil'd the Coan Sage. For maugre those **430**
Who idly speculate, by fancy ruled,
Or superstition; nature, we assert,
Form'd us, with mingled diet, herb, root, seed,
And animal, to gratify our taste,
Or foster life; a truth, the 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,
Not justly stimulated; while the skin **440**
Its pores block'd up, or e'en its texture changed,
Is cover'd o'er with incrustations foul,

Scarcely, if ever, by the absterfive wave
Of tepid bath removed. But if by fate
These viands are refused, condemned 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 ;
By nature heeded, when with care she form'd 450
The lacteal fluid ; a peculiar mixt,
Skilfully blended ; by digestion due,
Or in its winding passage thro the 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

To adapt its food, and mingle aliment
Of alkalescent quality, with that 460
Which might to incorrigible acid turn.

THIS to prevent, haply the bounteous streams
Of Pales, from each wholesome plant, each soft
And verdant shoot, secreted, which invest
Grateful, the dewy meadow, tho conceived
Of virtues rare, and the intermediate link
Of animal and vegetable kind,
Will want sufficient power. We fear not then
To bid thee from the herd or flock derive
Part of thy infant's sustenance ; but still 470
With licence circumscribed. As yet the spoon
Retaining, covet not with firmer meats
To satiate hunger, till the rising teeth

Spring from their latent seeds, 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 needful liquid. By compulsive fire
Rather extract the pure nutritious juice, 480
Mix'd with the virgin lymph; with this combine
The generous gifts of Ceres; and behold
The dairy offers it's 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,
 Thou wert not form'd for one alone, tho dear ; 490
 Go, blefs thy husband with a numerous race,
 Beauteous like this, like this with health adorn'd.

How high the rank in life of Womankind !
 Their ftation how important ! Haplefs he
 Who lives unconfcious of their worth ! The fool
 Of groffer fenfe, 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,
 By paffion ever led, by flattery won. 500
 Their frame like ours, but with ethereal touch
 More delicately limb'd. The fame their fouls,
 More foft, more fenfitive, 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 !
Who tender confidence repay with love, 510
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 the impresson deep
Of every generous thought, which stimulates
The future man, to love of parents, friends,
Offspring, and sacred freedom, while as yet

Corruption suffers, in her favourite isle 520

The Goddess 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 the 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 ?

The wanton dance, the soft voluptuous strain 530

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's; parental cares conjoin'd;
Divided griefs; reciprocal delights;
The life of nature, reason, virtue, blifs.

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

INFANCY,

▲

DIDACTIC POEM.

—♦♦—

BOOK III.

ARGUMENT.

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.—Children relish 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.—Pickles, salted meats, and sweetmeats 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 common stated times.—Advantages of a child, thus brought up, over others.—Remainder of the subject mentioned.—Thoughts of the Author thereupon.

BOOK THE THIRD.

AGAIN 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-pleas'd 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 flighted 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 death's pale harbingers. For to thy eye
Memory her fairest tablet swift presents,
And method gives that readiness of thought
By them ascribed to fancy, but which springs
From painful application. Say wilt thou
Accept our tributary verse? Thou wilt.
For in thy breast the softer graces dwell,
Nor hath philosophy with stern controul
Lessen'd the milder virtues of the man ;
Thine is the liberal breath of friendship, thine
Compassion's unaffected ardour, thine
The husband's and the father's tender love,
And warm benevolence encircling all.

At length, from stricter vigilance, the child
 Is freed, O mother ! wean'd from thy embrace.
 Yet tho refused thy bosom, still attend
 With guardian mind, still prize our lays, for thee,
 For him, attuned ; sincere, however else 60
 Wanting due ornament ; nor haply needs
 Important truth the vivid dress of words,
 The tinsel decorations which the song
 Inferior claims. Nine moons are past, twelve more
 As we have taught, proceed ; such thrifty fare
 Is best ; thy child's pure nature doth not ask
 Variety of meats. He thrives, he grows,
 His cheeks unfullied bloom, his soul expands,
 Thou see'st his smiles, his gay incessant voice
 Refounds ; what covets thy fond wish ? And now 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 to 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 the 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,
 Or fond imagination. Polish'd 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 the internal sense
 Is caterer to the 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 admire

Its outward dress ; 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 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 fill
 Goad, as it palls, our jaded appetite

With new incentives. Ranfack every clime,
Commerce the boasted cause, for every rare
And stimulating condiment ; fpread o'er
Our northern boards the fpices of the fouth,
Adapted to its habitants, to us
Noxious, and only fit to gratify 140
The fenfe debauch'd which loathes its proper fare.

FOR by cold gales our muscles firmly braced
Act with due impulse : Or the ethereal fream
Perhaps condensed, flows ftronger from the brain,
And gives to every limb its healthful tone.
Not fo beneath more torrid heavens, there fink
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 though unconscious of immediate ill,
At length the stomach, harass'd and o'erworn
By this licentious diet, fails; the pulse
Weakly contracts, each nerve decays, old age
Hastes immaturally on, and round the brow
Scatters untimely frowns. 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 erſt
 Angels and Patriarchs fought : 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-ſeaſon'd 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!
Though all thy relative affections fade,
And every soft sensation droops beneath
The sickly blast of pleasure, tho thou flitt'ft
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'ft thou reject our lays, as who can scan 190
The deeds of mad caprice? Well-pleas'd 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 ; insinuat dwells
 Within, a faithful guard ; his rapid pulse
 And native warmth by these are quickly urged 200
 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 fire
 By frequent repetition strive to rule
 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 wine's 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, abstinence
 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 stain
 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 fever's putrid vehemence ; excite 240
 The torpid heart, till it propel 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.
We know its power to renovate 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 to 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
 Excess 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 the intemperate herd, and daily seek
 The noisy route 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 the intestinal maze
 Less tardily proceeds, we not deny :

More acrid are its juices, doubtless thence
More stimulating ; but its fibres hard
Remain, unwrought to chyle. The young are bland,
Composed of humours suited to the young,
Viscous, tenacious, slower in their course.
But as the absorbents greedily imbibe
Whate'er is nutritive, by this delay
They drink their fill, and to the solids add 280
The mild augmenting 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 dress, 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 untouched 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 the 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 bursts 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 wife antiquity with hallowed forms, 320
Pure nymphs, and gentle naiads. Well they knew
The virtues of the cryfal wave, e'er vile
Fermented liquors had enslaved their taſte,
And thinn'd mankind. Paſs we the 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
Though unrelenting, yet to honour juſt,
True to their plighted faith, to ſtrangers kind, 330
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
 To us relinquish'd their paternal fields.
 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; Européan cups
 Have taught them every Européan 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 debauched, a liquor to his taste
 More grateful. Nay, would'st thou, if age permit, 250

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 Almathea'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
Its rough and prickly shrub, for them depends
The clustering currant from its smoother stem.
For them is deck'd each tree. The ruddy peach,
The golden apricot, the cherry, boast
Of Kentish foil, 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, not cull for them
The autumnal grape, nor to their lips forbid
The well-rear'd melon, nor the Ananas' rich
And poignant crispness. They are form'd for all,
And all for them. More cautiously supply

Whate'er by rough and 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,
The Caribbean planter, or the tribes
Of fertile Asia, gratify their taste
With all the unlabour'd bounty of their soil ;
Yet is not ours ungrateful ; industry
Here clothes our fields, our gardens, and our groves,
With plenty all its own ; Pomona smiles ;
For cultivation oft bestows a zest,
Which wild exuberant nature would deny. 410

ERE yet we close the strain, one error more
The muse shall combat. Tendernefs may prompt
Whene'er thy child fhall ask thee, to beftow
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, advife
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
 Inspissated. We would not stint thy child,
 And know his growth requires a constant flux
 Of plastic fluids ; nay, 'tis best 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,
The exhilarating bowl, which opens the heart ;
And festive banquet, where preside the powers
Of wit and decent mirth ; but may he live,
Born for society, no hermit four,
Or drivelling moralist, absurdly grave,
And singularly dull. Temperate by choice, 450
But not austere abstinent. 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 the instinctive tie 460
 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 essay'd
 Her purpos'd 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 for ever 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 fings 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 clothing, 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 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 foul 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'ft the Aſcrean, or the Mantuan bard,
Thy viſions ſpread before my raptur'd fight,
And footh the my ear with thoſe celeftial ſtrains,
Which on Olympus' lofty top reclined,
Charm Jove himſelf: while virtue, reaſon, truth, 500
Humanity, and love, each ſound applaud,
And bleſs the unprofituted 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, the 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 phrenzy 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 secret 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 blast affail'd,
 Be thou ungreeted, ARMSTRONG, in my verse,
 Thou parent of the prophylactic lay!
 Nor MASON, thou, whose polish'd taste instructs
 To form our 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 pleas'd,
 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 unimpaired, by slavish art
 Unmanacled, who, feeling, dare confess
 The pleasure which you feel ! who, mid the scenes
 Of calm retirement, from the genuine cup
 Nectareous, virtue-crown'd, drink true delight ! 540
 While the mad riotous crew at distance heard,
 Disturb not your pure ears, nor ought inspire
 But pity and contempt ? To you alone
 These bards have sung, to you alone I sing.

LET me approach, and join the hallow'd 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 splendid 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

Liftening, and drinks in every thrilling found ;
Best meed of real genius. Fond of shew,
Of pompous scenes, of barren novelties,
Of tortured incidents, and poor finesse, 570
Filch'd from the gallic, or Italian stage,
They relish not, while they pretend to 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
Is lighter than a shade ; a rapid whirl 580
Of vice fantastic hurries on their lives ;
And e'en the flatterer, whom they feed, will 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 ?
 Crowd thy once-awful senate ? Against these,
 Must public spirit idly strain the nerve ?
 To these, must worth, and modest merit yield ? 590
 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 ;
 And thou shalt be enslaved ! O'er folly, vice,
 Aristocratic faction shall usurp,

Or bold, and enterprising monarchy
With justice claim dominion. 'Tis most fit. 600
Amid the 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
Quit not this isle, O virtue ! In the scenes, 610
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 Ifca's banks, where thro the blooming vale
 Its lucid stream meanders, and receive
 The orifons, which there thy votaries pour
 From hearts unconscious of deceit, untaught 620
 The false refinements of superior life!
 Bles'd by the muse, in nuptial friendship blest'd,
 Forbid the 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 the expressive tear
 O'er GREGORY's tomb; in whom alive, combined 630

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 rise, and every female grace
Adorns with innocence and chaste reserve
The matron's bosom. Spite of southern pride,
The rancorous eye, or partial ridicule,
Its sons and daughters perfect in their kind. 640
In bravery, worth unquesti'd, strength of soul,
In modest tenderness, domestic charms,
Though 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 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,
And for the sake of children yet unborn.

END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

1

INFANCY,

▲

DIDACTIC POEM.

—♦♦—

BOOK IV.

ARGUMENT.

Introduction.—Address to Mr. Codrington.—Subject of the book proposed, viz. clothing, 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 tho' naked.—Their clothing 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-clothes.—Communicated warmth when particularly useful.—Cold Bath recommended.—Apostrophe to the Springs, Rivers, &c.

BOOK THE FOURTH.

SWEET is the breath of fame, and o'er the soul
Of youth, on fancy's 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 sailor's 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 ;
The 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 thro' 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 20
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 the esteem of times to come,
And virtue's mutual friendship unreserved.

In distant continents, where horrid war
Now stains with brothers' blood the luckless foil,
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 unconfur'd flows the self-applaufe.
Whofe temper, mild as an autumnal fky,
No cloud obfcures ; with feelings warm, yet ruled
By cautious judgment, in whofe breaft refides
Friendfhip's pure heaven-defcended flame ; alive
To all a parent's fondefl love ; yet both
Under fuperior reafon's nice controul
Directed to their truefl end and ufe !
For thee, and fuch as thee, an audience fmall,
In fpace and number circumfcribed, by wealth, 50
By rank and titles undebafed, again
I venture the Pierian fpring to feek,
And tread on facred ground. How difficult
Where, thro the laurel groves, and myrtle fhades,
The verdant alleys, lawns, and rifing flopes,
Thick ftrewn 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 woo 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 completion, from her hands to bear
Those gifts, which unpossess'd, my lays must creep
Dully monotonous, nor touch the heart,
Nor win the approving mind? Yes witness thou!
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 lingering rays of that once brighter flame

My foul enkindling, prompt me to a task
 Long interrupted : Where in slumbers deep
 It rests, to waken the Didaëtic Lyre ;
 With its more solemn notes to mingle tones 90
 So they to memory fail not to recur,
 Oft heard of yore, as to 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 reason's energy divine.

OF clothing now, of heat, and cold we sing,
 Unanimating themes ; but which require 100
 The attention of the bard, as not of use

Inferior to the subjects which erewhile
 He strove to 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
 Man's tender progeny, believe, he feels
 The sense of cold his unprotected 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 art's assistant hand, or dress

Of studied care. Unclothed, in wilder climes,

Like the more hardy natives' of the soil, 130


E'en in the polar regions, he might brave

The freezing atmosphere. Nay, unwithheld
By dubious fears, tho placed indeed beneath
More favouring skies, there are, who from his birth
Plunge the young stranger in the gelid wave,
Where unappall'd the mother too enjoys
The bath's 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.
Clothed be thy child; so polish'd custom wills,
And decent manners: but in airy garb,
Loose, and uninctured. Thus he shall avoid
The torment of accumulated heat,
Nor from unnatural coercion feel
Distress and anguish. With minuter rules

To crowd 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, though as the last may bring
 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
 Failure of judgment, no 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 care around

The new-born babe fold over fold inwreathed
The circling band. Amid the wanton gales
Which luxury breathes, amid the changeful swarms
Which fashion decks in her cameleon hues,
Amid the increasing follies of our age,
And vices, not perhaps destrucive 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 galling shackles long
Their vigorous faculties controul'd. This truth
Justice confesses, this, the instructive muse.



GLADLY, O mother ! We congratulate
Thy infant, who from life's 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 to extend the reign
Of civil liberty, with ardour toil'd,
Who fought, who bled to extend it. Nor escaped
The race preceding ours. See, where they lye,
True objects of compassion ! round them close
Is fix'd the painful bandage, not a limb
Can move ; sad victims to the 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
The unfinish'd 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 duress, utters sounds of joy,
Stretches his arms well-pleas'd, 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 the abhorrence which he feels,
Adding the emphatic eloquence of tears,
Of inarticulate, but deep distress,
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. The evolving principle 210
 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 fill,
 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, 220
 Nay, the more firm-rear'd spine. The shorten'd breath,
 The fluids in their circulating course
 Unnaturally check'd ; the irriguous glands ;
 The fount whence motion, and sensation spring,

And future intellect, the brain itself,
 Disturbed, or with more lasting injury -
 Impres'd, exclaim'd at this preposterous war,
 The war which step-dame art with nature waged.

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 nature's 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 to assist their infant nerves,
 And give to weakness strength : She now assay'd

Her progeny to embellish, and their shape **240**

To mould, as fancied beauty in her eye

Deceptive shone. Heaven! that the human mind

Warp'd by imagination, should believe,

Or e'en suggest 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, **250**

The blooming loves should sport, enticing charms,

And young attractions! Heaven! that e'er a bard,

The genuine bard is nature's 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 260
 Of melody bear sway, the verse shall live,
 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 banish'd 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 270

“ The boddice aptly laced” their panting hearts
Confine, or mutilate that symmetry
Of limb and figure, whence a Zeuxis’ hand
His all-accomplish’d Helen might have form’d,
Or a Praxiteles with happiest art
Sculptured a Venus Tho meridian day
Behold them drefs’d as potent fashion bids,
Girt with exterior ornaments uncouth,
Trappings disgustful ; yet at morn, or eve,
Or when they to the genial bed repair,
Still may they charm the melting eye of love
With elegance and grace, the fabled dames
Of classic foil transcending, native grace,
And elegance unveil’d, which mocks attire

RETURN digressive muse ! to 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, fo each scene of joy 290
 Paint with a master's 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.

DIGRESSIVE muse return ! our proper theme
 Is man's first helpless state, our tuneful aid
 The ingenuous parent claims. Resolved to bless

Thy child with ease and freedom, taught to shun 300

By the dire act of swathing, all constraint

So baneful, let no part escape thy care.

Unloaded be the head ; nor till he walk,

At least till firmly he can press the ground,

Cover the legs or feet. Some precepts here

To clothing unattached, or slightly link'd,

We mean to inculcate. Need I then to thee,

O mother ! whom the soul refined alone

Can prompt to inspect my numbers, recommend

The Virtues' dear correlative, as they 310

The mental frame, so the corporeal, she

Adorning, rendering pure, the decent maid,

Unfollied cleanliness, with her full oft

Thy charge to visit ? Not that to 'her shrine

E'en from thy tender years thou hast not paid

Sincereſt worſhip. But my words believe,
 Strict watchfulneſs the mental train require,
 And if, unheedful to their truſt, they ſlight
 The grave rebuke, diſmiſs them from thy door ;
 Not theirs the nicer ſenſe inſpiring thee, 320
 Thoſe principles and habits now intwined
 In union with thy nature. Nor is theirs
 The babe, who ſmarting from their ſtoth, with nerves
 Keenly alive, by the corroſive ſting
 Of acrimony pierced, tormented ſhrieks,
 Or moans inceſſant. Neither ſcorn as vain,
 The dictates which ſucceed, from reaſon learn'd.

BANISH the ſofter couch ; let not thy child
 Recline on down ; his pliant bones but now
 From cartilage emerging, on the bed. 330

Which yields beneath his weight may haply gain,
Thus frequently recumbent, a deformed
And twisted aspect, by chirurgic skill
For ever irreclaimable. Nor less
Such accident to avoid, with cautious eye
The 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; truit not them. 340
Trust thy own judgment, let thy ruling mind
Govern each act of theirs. Yet neither here,
Nor elsewhere, mean we in a general blame
To involve them all. Some from attachment serve,
And to conftrictive duty add the tyo
Of willing love. Such as a treasure prize,

A countless treasure. Say, by one of these
Is thy child fostered? smoothe for her the brow,
The tone of high command; let all her days
Roll on illumed by kindness and esteem; 350
Think her thy fellow labourer and thy friend;
Alleviate every future ill of life,
And, if thou can't, remove them. Ne'er may she
Who with maternal prudence, and the warmth
Of zeal affectionate, hath lent her aid
To form thy children, to support, to raise
From perilous estate to strength and health,
Feel the distressful load of poverty,
Or, if the means are not withheld, in thee
Want a protector. But, if more than this, 360
Her bosom hath the nutriment supplied

Which thine refused, fill more may she demand,
And thou in justice grant the liberal boon.

AND Oh! Ingenious youth! whose blood now flush'd
With yet unfatiated desire, quick beats
In every pulse, to mix in active life
Eager, or climb where science points the way!
Oh Virgin! Who with beauty deck'd, and gay
In unperverted innocence, around
Survey'ft thy homagers, yet covetest 370
One faithful heart alone. Oh! recollect
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
 The applausive glance, and every breast inspire
 With love or admiration. Recollect 350
 Ingenious youth ! and beauty-beaming maid !
 Not frigidly, or faintly, like the crew
 Who every pleasure centre in themselves ;
 Not with weak indecise 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 390
 By instinct irresistible impell'd

The mother longs to embrace her infant charge,
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 man's else-drooping race
Requires the genial contact. Mindless they,
How far from nature's simpleness diverge
Our steps, our every action. Were the child 400
Unclad by day, unshelter'd thro the night,
We should not hesitate to recommend
What otherwise we smile at, or perchance
Hold but of dubious consequence. Our lays
Have taught what cold his system can repel
First into light emerging : And if clothed
As custom bids, he from himself will gain

This added warmth, condensed, and on himself
 Recoiling. Better thus, than haply sunk
 Beneath the load which our nocturnal rest 410
 Demands, to feel the intense phlogistic force
 Of temporary fever, or to melt
 In copious steam away. Much better thus,
 Than by the mother or the nurse oppress'd
 In heavy sleep, to frustrate all the schemes
 Parental love had form'd ; or placed within
 Some ancient hireling's bed, instead of warmth
 From generous blood, and balmy breath supplied,
 To warm the shrivell'd dotard. But, if laid
 From these remote, or in the couch with thine 420
 Conjoin'd, why should'st thou not examine well
 And frequently his lodgment ? So inform'd,
 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
The unwarlike sun. Thy prudent soul will know 430
His limbs in health, blest'd with the temperate mean,
Nor heat nor cold betray. Yet truth forbids
To slight exceptions which are often found
Eluding justest rules. Should some disease
Attack the child, and anguish writhe his frame,
To shivering pain thy near approach may give
Solace and ease, nay as it were, foment,
Affuage, and lull the smart; or should he pine
With more than common weakness, from his birth



Afflicted, blasted, or untimely born 440
 With nerves imperfect, as the exotic flower
 Thrives not, but when included from the winds,
 Its fibres by the sun's concenter'd rays
 Are duly irritated, he may want
 Thy vital stimulating heat. But soon
 E'en then attempt increase of strength to give
 By other means ; and seek at first the bath
 Of moderate temperature ; by slow degrees
 Proceeding, till his habit can support
 The powerful shock which colder lymph imparts. 450

BUT so diffusive is the tyrant reign
 Of fashion ; such our table's proud excess ;
 Such is our love of cards, time's 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, 460
The lifeless white, and never-varying blush ;
Detected by the curious eye, which hates
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 rapid blood, in which more faintly glows
The living principle ; and what for some
We erst prescribed, we now prescribe to all, 470

●

To all their children ; neither do we think
Even to them the song may flow in vain ;
For should caprice applaud, who oft usurps
The throne of sense, and guides the public taste,
In her wild fit round merit's 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, the unhappy babes 480
Whom you have toil'd unceasing to produce
Fragile and delicate, a word alone
Perhaps may rescue from impending fate.
Oh ! issue your commands ! great is the power
Of cold : yourselves no doubt have often fought
In fervid summer its benign effects



In the falt deep, whence ftrengthen'd you might bear
 The winter's hard campaign. And hence new tone
 Your offspring fhall derive, their ftamina
 In fome degree corrected, while the rays 490
 Of nervous influence more'intenfely thrill
 The arterial frame, and the lax mufcles brace.

YE frigid fprings ! wherever firft appear
 Your bubbling fources, underneath the grot,
 Or pendent fhade. Ye ever-living ftreams !
 Where'er you wind pellucid thro the vales
 Your pastoral mazes, or o'er rocks abrupt
 Hurl down your dafhing foam. Ye rivers wide !
 Where'er in proud proceffion to the main
 Your copious tribute rolls : to you my fong 500
 Should grateful rife—Ye Nuids ! who direct

Each scatter'd rill, ere in coactive strength
They flow exuberant ; to your praise attuned
Should found 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, 510
Forbidding each profaner foot, the groves,
The caves, the dells obscure where you sojourn,
And your chaste bosoms shelter from the fire
Of scorching Phœbus, wantonly to 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 all are fed, to whom they all return, 520
 Exhaustless ocean ! with the general song
 Which choral nature pours, my voice shall join
 Though 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 all transcends, unrivall'd, best,
 The sole, prolific element of things.

WHETHER your moisture clothe the exulting meads 530
 With herbage, or flow-deluging the plain,
 You fertilize the soil, while millions view

The prospect with delig'ed, sure pledge of wealth,
Of copious-teeming harvests: Whether soft
And gentle your refreshing dews descend,
Absorbed by each inhalant leaf and flower :
Whether your rains entangle as they fall
The electric fluid, and with vital strength
Each seed inform, each fainting plant supply :
Whether you offer to the thirsty lip 540
Delicious draughts ; or to the languid frame
Of sickness your invigorating waves
Wherein to bathe, and feel the tonic force
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 through its channels to the surface flows.
 You, mid the general fong which nature pours, 550
 My grateful strains shall praise. For, not unread
 In Pæon's hallow'd lore, not uninform'd
 By chemic art, your healing qualities
 I too may boast to know ; and whence derived,
 From earths, or salts, or mineral particles,
 Combined, suspended by attraction's 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 560
 Our British *Baiæ* ; but the obstructing cause
 Of ill, or relaxation faint remain'd ;
 Such mischief waits on sedentary hours,
 And studious midnight thought. Hence now the shores

Of hoary Neptune, hence the founding caves
I seek, and turn to the refreshing breeze
My pallid face, inhaling, as I fit,
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.

570

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

O **DAWLISH** ! though unclassic be thy name,
 By every muse unfung, should from thy tide,
 To keen poetic eyes alone reveal'd, 580
 From the cerulean bosom of the deep,
 As Aphrodite rose of old, appear
 Health's blooming goddess, and benignant smile
 On her true votary ; not Cythera's fane,
 Not Erix, nor the laurel boughs which waved
 On Delos erst, Apollo's natal soil,
 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 590
 Incircling waves ; to thee will I consign
 The feeble matron, or the child on whom
 Thou may'st bestow a second happier birth

From weakneſs into ſtrength. And ſhould I view
Unfetter'd, with the found 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 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 thiftled vale.

END OF THE FOURTH BOOK.

INFANCY,

▲

DIDACTIC POEM.

BOOK V.

ARGUMENT.

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.—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.—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.—Neither cold nor heat to be shunned.—All the less cultivated nations escape many diseases, particularly nervous ones, by exercise, open air and bathing.—Daughters not to be restrained from exercise proper for them.—Bad effects of too much labour, as well as of idleness.—Origin of exercise, a supposed fragment from Hesiod.

BOOK THE FIFTH.

TO thee MONRO ! whose industry and skill
The muse can witness, tracing every nerve,
Each tube arterial, vein, and filament,
With the perspicuous steel illustrating
The frame of man ; nor less with vivid force
Of happy diction, to the 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,
 All-wise, all-perfect : and rejecting far
 From physic, from anatomy, the doubts
 Of Pyrrho's followers, and assertions lewd
 Of shallow atheists ; while in thee survives
 Thy father's spirit, who the school upraised,
 With sapient Rutherford combined, and graced
 The chair, his son with equal lustre fills,
 These strains, MONRO, I consecrate to thee,
 To thee, and HUNTER, rivals tho you are, 20
 Yet in my heart, my verse, shall you be join'd,
 Both dear to science, to your country dear,
 Deserving public fame, and private love.

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 30
 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.

WHEN gratitude inspires the strain, shall BLACK
 Remain unſung ? 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 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 pretermitt
 His lucid facts, and philosophic toil.

THE 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 tasks severe ; to free the 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, clothed 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 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,
 The passions and affections mingling bland.

ERE in our lays instructive, we proceed,
 And dedicate the verse to exercise,
 'Twere fit to search with deep attentive care
 The human fabric, its component parts
 And nature to determine, were it given
 To poet or philosopher, to treat
 A subject so mysterious unproved.

80

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, propels,
 And inorganic fluid can convert
 To animated fibre ? In the brain 90
 Does it reside ? Or in the central heart ?
 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 the absorbents bear

Their nurture from the stomach to the veins,
The wasted blood's supply, whose finer parts
Perpetually exhale; this gives the lungs
To play, which from the realms of ambient air
Its vital principle inspire, and yield
The 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

Indelible ideas, there arranged,
 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 what is chance but 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 though all his ways
 We know not, though 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
 The 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 ; nor 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 point the way to truth, while reason smiles,
 And judgment walks secure. O Nature ! thee,
 Goddess benign ! when first this theme I chose
 In early youth, with aspiration warm
 I call'd ; thee vow'd to follow ; unrepell'd
 By art's fastidious brow, or system's frown, 160
 Unwarp'd by theory's delusive voice.
 For thou alone the faithful monitor
 Art placed within ; thy motions, if observed,

Forever point to good. Nor will I now
Defert thee, nor 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
Expel 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,

I N F A N C Y.

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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, though 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,
Nor tost in playful wantonness on high,
But gradually proceeding. Treated thus,
Kept in unceasing action while awake, 200
He will not need the cradle's most absurd
Pernicious motion, which the giddy brain
Confuses, and benumbs ; on him shall steal
A softer, sweeter, more refreshing sleep.
Nor blame the muse, whose iterated strains,
Neglecting slavish art ; its use forbid :
Wishing the invention with deserved contempt
Exiled forever ; with the untoward swing,
The go-cart, and the leader, be it doom'd

I N F A N C Y.

181

To blank oblivion ; or preserv'd with them 210
Only in some museum's nitch devote,
Teach future times, from past examples wise,
More ardently to follow nature's paths,
Her simpleness to venerate, and own
Her all-sufficient dictates. Let thy child
Enjoy his balmy slumber uncompell'd,
Or by himself alone acquired, from due
Instinctive exercise : and let him learn,
Untaught by others, his allotted task,
To creep, to stand, to walk ; and let him know 220
Full early no assistance will be lent
In ought which by his proper strength and skill
He can accomplish. So shall strength and skill
Hourly increase ; so 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, uncheck'd by art,
Inherent sense, will threatened danger shun,
Is wondrous. Vanquish then ideal fears ; 240
And on the mat, 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 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 weal

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 unoppress'd, 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 the 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 tutorefs, 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 oppos'd,
 Or not unseconded by thee. Behold,
 And aid her movements, let him see and smell,
 Hear, taste, and touch all objects at his will.
 So shall each vacillating sense be fix'd ;
 So early repetition shall bestow

That juſt diſcrimination, that acute
 Perceptive ſwiftnefs, which in future life
 Seems instantaneous and intuitive, 290
 Innate, and unpoſſeſt by ſecond means.

Not as with limbs more firm he treads, impoſe
 His reſtleſs ardour, his inquisitive
 And eager curioſity, which learns,
 Approaching nigh, the varied form of things,
 Their diſtance, ſituation, what reſiſts,
 Or yields, the innocuous, and replete with harm.
 Excite, impel 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 every object teach him to repeat ;

Add daily to his store of images
Simple, and unabtracted ; let him walk
Or run the verdant fields and lawns along,
Nor thou disdain to attend him, and point out
As giddy apprehension can receive
Or roving fancy lifts, 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 gaudy 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,
 Andauteous, as of yore the little loves
 In Paphos, and Idalia, or as still
 Warm from Albano's magic touch they breathe ;
 Sportive as Zephyr, agile as the son
 Of Maia, when his infant hand deceived
 Apollo's piercing sight, and stole his lyre.

Thus reason's 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, ufelefs, and to him
 Incomprehenfible ; debarr'd meanwhile
 From action, which invigorates the frame,
 And every curious fenfe directs to things,
 Momentous, and fubftantial, understood
 At once, or by fpontaneous efforts stamp'd
 On the fenforium, ne'er to be erased.

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REJECT their error. Nor should ftrength of nerve
 To thy ill-fortuned offspring be denied,
 Should e'en his limbs more tardily perform
 Their office, and diftortedly relax'd,
 Trembling fustain their burthen ; heed the voice
 Of prejudice, or foolifh tendernefs,
 Which, nature's power unknown, would recommend

Forbearance, and each flight 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 the assiduous playfulness
 Which health and nature love ; indulge the inert
 And heavy disposition ; chide, invite,
 Force him to move ; lest fallen apathy,
 And stupor, the phlegmatic habit's 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 nurfeling ; and from thence,
If poffible, for many a rolling year
Let nothing tempt thee with thy charge to feek
The baneful town. The country boasts alone
Untainted gales ; the joys, and frolic fports
Here revel ; temperance here awhile defies
Encroaching luxury, and beneath its fhades
Primeval, lingers innocence of foul, 370
And cherub-wing'd fimplicity. Here dwells
The unvitiated mufe, and thro the glade,
By Alphin's willow'd margin, or beneath
His lofty elms, or mid his apple groves
Thick bloffoming, tunes the elegiac ftrain,
Or meditates, as now, the inffructive lay :
Escaped from flavery, from the din of fools,
From envy, and deceit, the treacherous crew,

Who worse than fever or the pestilence
 Infect the city's 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 fledge the hawk,
 And tempt the unwary native of the stream.
 Oh ! thou propitious power ! tho long exiled,
 The muse hath met thee here ! Whence easier spring
 The ideas from their secret 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 city's 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 summer's noon-day heat,
Or winter's freezing sky. The 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, how'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 repel
 All immature assaults ; their nerves robust 420
 Escape the morbid tenderness of thine,
 Source of unnumber'd ailments ; whence the mind
 Itself at length unhinged, is timid, weak,
 Irresolute, and to sensations doom'd,
 Which tho' they must exist, can scarce be borae.

Or polish'd idleness which shrinks from toil,
 And cautious trembles at the external blast,
 This is the sad result. While all the tribes
 Uncultivated, whether in the wilds
 Canadian, or Brazilian, on the steep 430
 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 resigned, the stroke of death.

Thus too of old upon Eurotas' banks,
Or in the martial field near Tiber's 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 deck'd, have shone
Princes, and heirs of empire. Thus, advanced
From Persia's border's, unrelax'd, and brave,
Cyrus, whom Babylon's walls in vain
Resisted, and the myriads which obey'd

Lydia's enervate 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 kind maternal virtue. Hence he quell'd
 Iberia's modern 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 the 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 lover's 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 untiñtured, undiſturb'd
By malice and ſuſpicion; nor perchance

Views with illuded eye. For much the soul
 Depends on her companion. Exercise
 Too far impell'd, abnormous, and for years 490
 Continued, renders dense the nervous tide,
 Or to the feat of thought at length imparts
 Idiot rigidity. The 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 flightest force, nor life is worth the name.

WHAT then do we advise? At first, intent
 On the corporeal organs, nature strives 500
 To 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 inactively reclines
In his low shed, or underneath the palm,
Or spreading cedar, if not urged to war,
And its impetuous deeds, by hot revenge ;
Superior swiftness and superior strength
His highest excellence, and only boast, 510
The soul neglected, and to him unknown
Its finer feelings, and ecstatic joys.

But in those climes where polity hath smooth'd
Our innate roughness, where humanely taught,
By wholesome laws conjoin'd, by the intercourse
Of liberal manners, and incircling chain
Of arts and commerce, there the faculties

Of nobler birth are prized; the general weal
Defends each individual, who less heeds,
Or values strength, except as far as health . 520
Asks his attention; nor the body sole
But mind, while gather the successive years,
Parental notice claims. When this expands,
Control too fervid action, regulate
Its wilder efforts. Social life requires
The head considerate, and the labouring hand,
Business and speculation, study deep,
And enterprize which laughs at danger's frown,
Soft on the stormy billows, or engaged
In fighting fields. Whate'er his lot, adapt 530
Thy child to vigorous deeds, or strenuous thought.
Let exercise and books with mutual sway
Divide his time well-governed. Who alone


Pursues the hare, the fox, and bounding stag,
 Or pores unceasing on the mouldy page,
 Equal contempt and blame deserves. Nor fail
 If totally their charms engross the soul,
 Acute philosophy, or e'en the muse
 With all her softer beauties, to contract
 The span of life, to fill that span minute 540
 With languor, discontent, disease, and pain.

HERE we conclude, this added verse receive,
 From Greece derived; for as of late immerst
 In rapturous thought, memory its chiefs portray'd,
 Its sages, patriots, bards, Apollo's self
 Appear'd, or in my day-dream seem'd to appear.
 With him the car I press'd, which swiftly flew
 O'er continents, and seas; nor swifter rush'd

The trident-bearing God to Simois' plains,
When under his immortal feet the woods, 550
And thro their vast extent, the mountains shook.
We gain'd Bœotia, where arose the cliffs
Of Helicon, the impurpled lawn I trod,
And to its top beyond my feeble ken,
Ascended my conductor, where he join'd
The expectant choir, whose harmony methought
Far distant struck my ear. But on a bank
With lotus and with hyacinth o'erspread
Reclined the Aſcræan poet, him I knew,
For by his side was placed the verdant branch 560
Of scepter'd laurel, which the muses erst
With their own hands bestow'd, and bade him sing
Their high descent, and all the ethereal race.
His sheep were scatter'd round, and many swains,

And many virgins with attentive ear
Imbided his flowing numbers, with the throng
I mingled, and regretting that so late
My footsteps had arrived, for now his strains
Were well-nigh finish'd, and the sun declined
Toward ocean's 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
Vulcan's alluring work, with graces fraught
Celestial, but diffusing evils dire.



When now the fovereign 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
 The assembled deities. Ye sons of heaven
 Who on Olympus dwell, or ocean's 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 exposed 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 Pandora's 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 heaven's own flame
Instinct, from our ethereal dome procur'd
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; toward 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 sat; but graceful from her throne
At length arose, and thro the effulgent hall,
Proceeding o'er the jasper pavement, sought
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 appear'd,
 A fister goddess. On her cheeks was spread 630
 The glowing hue of Hebe; waving hung
 And loose her raven locks, but just confined;
 Her robe succinct a golden clasp upheld
 Baring 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 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, the affembled powers at once survey'd
Her virgin form with wonder and desire,
As from her breath perfumes, and from her hair
Dropp'd fragrant rofes. Then Minerva paufed,
And thus began. O Father! fee, with thine
How all my thoughts accord. The means I bring
Thy clemency to perfect; from their fate
Suddenly threatening haplefs man to fave, 650
And blefs with length of days: by this my work,
This beauteous nymph, whom I with plaftic hand
In emulation of Vulcanian skill,
Or Promethéan, *f*afhion'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 *G*ymnafia, and in future times,

And regions yet by mortal feet untrod,
Health-giving exercise. For she the race 660
Of men shall urge to exertion and to toil,
Snatch from Pandora's arms the tender babe,
String his young nerves, and thro the 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 stored, whose sweetness poisons, and the frame
Weak of itself, to double weakness dooms.

“ SHE said. The power superior, 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 steadfast friend, and guardian of mankind.

“THEY thro the yielding air with speedy flight
Descended, hafting to the nether world;
With acclamation loud Olympus rang.”

END OF THE FIFTH BOOK.

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INFANCY,

A

DIDACTIC POEM.

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BOOK VI.

ARGUMENT.

Address to Dr. Milman.—The Author declines treating particularly of the diseases of children.—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.—Diseases of children not so simple as some have imagined.—The causes also are many and various.—Necessity of applying for speedy assistance.—This, even should it be unsuccessful, will 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.—Introduction of inoculation into Europe by Lady Mary Wortley Montague.—Vaccination.—Prophetic account of that practice.—Conclusion.

BOOK THE SIXTH.


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 life's gay morn my heart inwove
A bond of union, which no power but death
Can e'er untwine : whose warm, whose liberal voice
Oft hath approved my strains, in this perchance
Too partial, yet humane, and in the song
Contemplating the friend : This verse to thee, 10

MILMAN! as worthier of thy claffic ear,
 I now devote; nor would I on thy time
 Sacred to public good, or ftudious thought,
 Intrude the futile levities of wit,
 Or ufelefs elegance, howe'er refined.

WITH prudence nurfed, and by its precepts formed,
 Thy child, O parent! haply will afcend
 Unhurt to manhood. Yet, eyents there are,
 Which not my lays can teach the means to fhun,
 Nor thy affiduous caution can elude. 20
 For he is mortal, and to mortal ill
 Prone from his birth. Each violent difeafe
 The human race invading, may be his:
 And fome, 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, nature's 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,
Double 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 to 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 to apply them? Would'st thou not, immerst
In hesitation, all attempts forego?
If not, the tone, and bias of thy soul
Mistaking, we for such as thee ne'er strung
The lyre humane, 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 distemper, each appropriate name 60
 Disclose, their diverse symptoms and their cure.
 And when the instructive plan we first essay'd,
 Imagination's inconsiderate eye
 Collegued 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 stor'd.

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
Commingle 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 multitude's 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,
 The 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 the 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 the Asclepian line ;
Thus, from the Coan, to the 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 true, the genuine Hippocratic beams.
Patient to 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 affuming, specious shallow scribe,
 Could teach the 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 thine 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 mother's bosom we remove
 Those false opinions which her gentle soul
 Unwittingly possess ; if we describe
 The limits of her care, and when to invoke
 Superior wisdom's aid ; if on her mind
 Some duties we impress, and tyrant fear,
 And more tyrannic superstition drive
 Far from her dwelling ; not in vain we write :
 And many a fell disease o'ercome, her sons, 140
 Her daughters shall hereafter bless the day
 Which brought these well-meant numbers to her ear.

BECAUSE the child, with reason unendow'd
 And power of speech, by words to express his grief
 Nature permits not ; some believe the source
 Of anguish and affliction is conceal'd

From every eye,* and deem assistance vain.
 Or to the nurse, or vaunting midwife trust,
 Who cases manifold and similar
 Have oft beheld, and never fail'd to cure : 150
 For each her nostrum boasts ; if harmless this,
 And trifling, it were well, did not the wing
 Of time speed fast the irrevocable hour
 Of wish'd redress. But frequently the drug
 They praise, the cordial drops are fraught with death,
 Hurrying convulsions on of direst kind ;
 Or with narcotic venom strong imbued,
 Plunging their patient in eternal sleep.

Yet, nature, in thy child, tho not in words,
 Speaks plain to those who in her language vers'd 160
 Justly interpret. Are the different tones

Of woe, unfaithful sounds? Can he, whose fight
 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? the eruptions on the skin?
 The skin itself, constricted, or relax'd? 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-decypthering 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 presumed,
 As fresh from nature's hand, with maladies
 Of simpler kind to labour, than the frame
 Of grosser age. Say, this belief were true ?
 A general rule ? If simpler than they are
 Hence treated, still we cannot but decry
 The unfound 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 varying symptoms claim.
Antiphlogistics which the vital heat
Increased, depress; and Cardiacs which excite; 200
And Opiate Sedatives, in vulgar hands
Pernicious as the deadly nightshade's juice,
And Draftics, which consummate skill alone,
And wise discretion, when the moment calls,
Should dare advise. The 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

Often attested. The luxuriant glands,

In infants stiled of disproportion'd size,

And the too copious fluids they discern,

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 phenomenon 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 raised

I N F A N C Y.

291

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 list, 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 show
 From numerous causes, which would tire thy ear, 350
 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 fultry heat, of humid air, and dry,
 And fell 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,
 To investigate the cause, the symptoms scan,
 And judge what they portend? The impartial heart
 Unmoved by sordid 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 Pæon's votary is not always near ;
Attend our strains. When the weak head declines,
And the eye droops ; when now the 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 the experienced eye,
Reason's sole plea ; to give a portion due
Of the Indian root ; or taught the quantity
With nice exactness, 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 region's 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 fix'd,
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 the 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 Ithuriel's 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 the ingenious Leach, his happy skill 310
Shall to his pristine health thy babe restore,
If all-o'erruling providence permit.
If not, to the 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 HEBBERDEN, 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 counfels, be resign'd, 320
 Fetter the strong fenfations, rapid-wing'd ;
 And glean content from rectitude of thought.
 Who thus can lofe the darling of the eye ?
 The little lively cherub, who e'en now
 Begins his voice to modulate, and lifp
 The half-form'd tale ? Ah ! wherefore was he given ?
 So foon refum'd, and fnatch'd from cheerful day ?
 That, Heaven beft knows. Yet, if thou wilt, indulge
 Thy juft emotions, give them ample fcope ;
 Recall each mimic gesture, every found, 330
 Each look, when pleas'd, 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 overcome reflection's sharpest pangs;
Till memory tracing to the fount of grief
Views it at length unruffled, and beholds
In the calm lymph, woe's once distemper'd form, 340
Affectionately pensive, yet serene.

THE human soul with fortitude can bear,
Or with elastic energy expel,
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 thy 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.
The mute, the 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 every glowing thought was hers alone.
Nor did she check his ardour, and refuse 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 father's frown,
 For his imagination had portray'd
 Evadne in the higher rank of pride,
 Of wealth, and pageantry; not five long years
 Of absence could from either's heart erase
 The other's image. Yet again they met,
 Auspicious was the meeting; for the soul
 Of age severe, now moved, resolv'd to bless 390
 The constant youth, and to his arms resign
 The beautiful maid. He bless'd the constant youth;

And to his arms the beauteous maid resigned.
Fair shone the morn of their espousals, fair
The coming morn, and promised to the eye
Of raptured love a train of prosperous days.

ON happiness! how exquisite!—how brief!
Affliction is the lot of man below :
And often, misery, when the soul of joy
Flushes with transport, breathes a sudden air 400
Of chilling frost, the genial warmth destroys,
And florid bloom. One eve Evadne sat
Alone, in swift 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 the thought
 His glowing cheek to hers ; for him prepared,
 The table smiled ; for him bright-beaming shone 410
 The rosy wine ; the foot-steps of his steed
 She heard in every gale. But him, alas !
 The living Polydore she never saw.
 That steed had proved unfaithful to his trust,
 With mad'ning swiftness toward 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 420
 Her lord in death ? What, but the babe which smiles
 Unconscious of his loss, as on her breast,

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. 430

HATH not misfortune spent her deadly shafts?
Ill-starr'd Evadne! In thy child appear
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 dotard's tale,
And thinks it truth! Who taught thy grandam hoar 440
The secrets of an art, to which the mind
Of vigorous energy, and years of toil,
Are scarcely equal? By what demon urged
Malicious, with what evil spirit fill'd
Of self-conceit and folly, dares she hope
To 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 451
She brews like Circe. Then the noxious worm;
And anthelmintics various she procures,

And oft repeats the drench. Each different cause
She e'er hath 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 460
Opprest with double woe, by his disease,
And that pernicious treatment, which from plain
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 470
 May waste itself, and peace once more return.
 It might return, as when she felt the pangs
 Of absent love, as when her heart was torn,
 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! 480
 Inviting on his cloud, the dreary shape
 Of melancholy madness. Oh! what notes,
 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 Deric notes,
 Which Polydore to his Evadne sung.

TURN we from scenes like these, which o'er the soul
 Of weeping sympathy diffuse a gloom, 491
 Yet, not unchasten'd by the milder ray
 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 sorrow's mists
 Dispell'd, which o'er the breast of innocence
 Flit like a cloud across the summer sky ;
 To happier mansions, objects of delight, 500

And joyful prospects, turn ! to where thy child
Hath, by inoculation, overcome
The plague Variolous ! As Hercules
The spotted snakes defeating, transport flush'd
Alcmena's 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 Mahomet's wide-wafting arms, 510
The monster rush'd on Europe, pale dismay,
Horror, and death rapacious in his train.
For many a century, without controul,
When raged his fury, by pernicious skies
Aroused, or propagated far and wide
By fell contagion, he destroyed 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, 520
To save the beauty which his soul adored.
The babe, the mother's self, became his prey ;
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 Grecia's sons
Had ne'er imagined. Rhazes wrote in vain ; 530
And even Sydenham's efforts had their bounds.

For the cold lymph by prejudice was shunn'd ;
 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 540
 And in peculiar habits, all his art
 Baffled, invincible ; his art beyond
 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, 550
 Proved as a truth, and proved it on her son.
 A manly mind where reason dwelt supreme
 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 Pope's illiberal verse
 Hath dared to censure with malicious spleen,
 And meanly-coward soul. Redoubted bard ! 360
 What hath thy satire, though it often flow

Happy, and poignant, with Horatian ease,
What hath thy moral lay, though 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 570
None but the sons of Britain; or the few,
Of nice, and studious leisure; she unlock'd
The springs of satisfaction and delight,
And with perennial comfort blest'd the world.

LET me then urge this duty; nor to fear .
Nor superstition yielding, let thy child



Encounter in his native shape the fiend,
And brave his violence. For, whither, say,
To what sequester'd haunt can't thou retreat,
Where he will not pursue? How vain thy flight! 580
How sure thy victory, if as art direct
And wise experience, thou anticipate
His threaten'd blow! So when the patriarch's 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 dentition's wonted state arrived;
For, ill the labouring frame can then endure 590
An added stimulus. Nor yet before

That period : left to epilepsy prone
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 all putrid fermentations are sublimed,
And render'd doubly fatal. These extremes 600
Avoided, in the temperate months alone
Let every prudent matron be resolv'd
To obey the call of duty, and of love.
Unless the dread contagion, thickening round,
Impel them to neglect each guarded rule,
Yielding by force to peril's 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 610
 No terror should, or can with justice dwell,
 But left, as naturally seen, by art
 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,
620
 And meliorate its nature, could his life
 Be granted to thy fervent prayer, when arm'd,

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. The invention, the success,
Is the true warrant of approving heaven.
Who would not rather cross a shallow frith,
When first the rising tide begins, than wait
Hemm'd in a nook, till with impetuous force
It sweep him from his station ? Who refuse
By Franklin's pointed rod, to draw the stream
Of lightening on their roofs, because the cloud
Might harmless pass above ? thus safe convey'd,
In unterrific silence, to the ground.

I N F A N C Y.

237

Tho' rare the examples now, and scatter'd, mark
 The unhappy beings, who from idle dread,
 Or weak maternal love, in childhood's state 640
 This boon received not ; and who sharing yet
 The hereditary feelings, want themselves
 Firmness of soul the omission to supply.
 Mark, where they pine in solitude, oppress'd
 By anxious thought ; to whom man's cheerful race
 Affords no joy ; the voice of music breathes
 Its choral notes unheard ; the stage displays
 The living manners, and the assembly beams
 With sprightfulness and elegance, in vain.
 The city, nay the village bounds they fly, 650
 And shift from place to place, as from the pack
 Of clamorous hounds and men, in wild affright,
 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-pleas'd; 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. 660
 Endow'd by thee with comeliness, no trace
 Of this abhorr'd distemper left behind,
 And all its wonted ravages defied.

FOR MONTAGUE again the verse prepare,
 And bring the 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
The Atlantic foam, why in the new-found world, 670
Which more to her, than its discoverer, owes,
Appears no structure sacred to her praise ?
Yet, shall imagination rear the dome,
And fix the 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, 680
And blooming health ! While underneath the beech
Or oak, which waves its consecrated shade,
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
Tuned to the friends and patrons of mankind
The genuine lyre, ennobled by its theme.

WHY pause the choral notes? and hush'd at once 690
Is each symphonious string?—It breathes—it moves—
The statue lives, with more majestic form,
And passing human beauty; from whose lips
Of rosy tint flow these mysterious sounds.
“ From groves of bliss, elysian fields, and streams,
“ My animating spirit hastes—the fame
“ Justice awards, no power of chance or time
“ Can e'er diminish; other wreathes are vain,

- " By me unheeded.—In whatever clime
 " Genius and social virtue can be found, 700
 " The historic pages shall my name record,
 " My will to bless, my heart disdaining fear,
 " And active zeal to shield from fell annoy,
 " From havoc and dismay, Britannia's plains,
 " And thence, all lands, all shores.—Who gives to shine
 " Thro paths obscure, who supercedes my plan
 " With benefits more splendid, and destroys
 " The loathsome pest, tho not uncheck'd by me,
 " His venom'd force, to him my voice shall yield
 " The palm he merits.—Rise ye winged hours! 710
 " Speed on your joyful progress!—Ne'er again
 " Shall loveliness behold her worst of foes,
 " Nor hung aloft o'er each devoted head.

“ The scourge appear, which thinn'd the ranks of men.

“ Hail, guardian of the emancipated world !

“ Sure-destined ! though unborn !—Arrive it will,

“ The season will arrive, when victory, pleased,

“ Shall shout aloud. The sun himself in skies

“ More pure ascend, with purer radiance set :

“ Already pointed is the fatal dart 720

“ The monster to transpierce, whose gloomy plagues,

“ With livid horror could his rays defile,

“ And intercept his light. —Enough !—I seek

“ My distant regions, happy meads, and bowers

“ Of sacred amaranthe.”—It ceased to breathe—

As erst by fancy fix'd the marble flood,

Nor different was the fane.—Still as before

The ideal tribe the jocund dance inwove.

INFANCY.

263

And uttering notes divinely sweet, again

The muses sung, exulting in the lyre,

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By warm enthusiast gratitude attuned.

END OF THE SIXTH BOOK.

TREWMAN, PRINTERS, EXETER.













