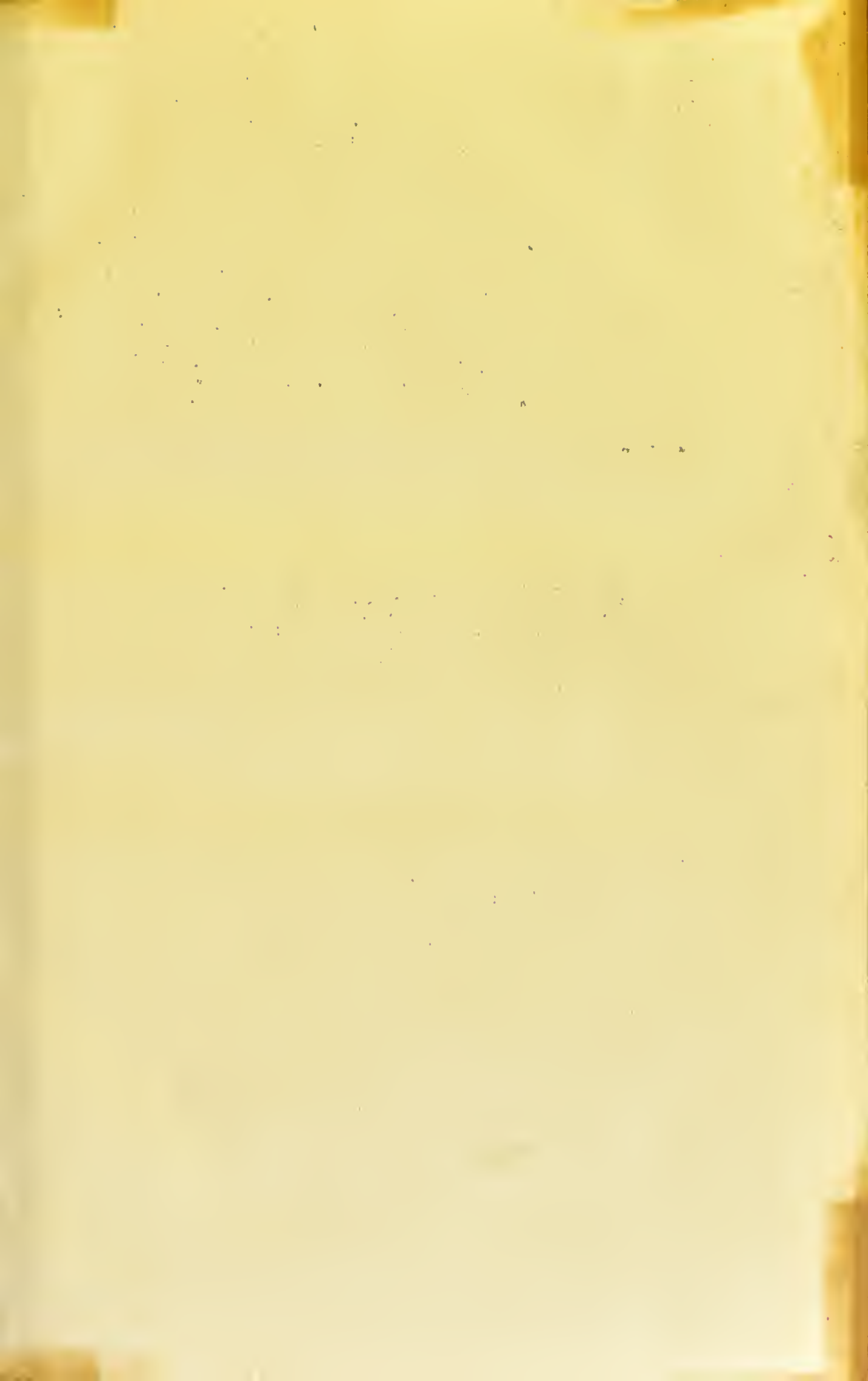
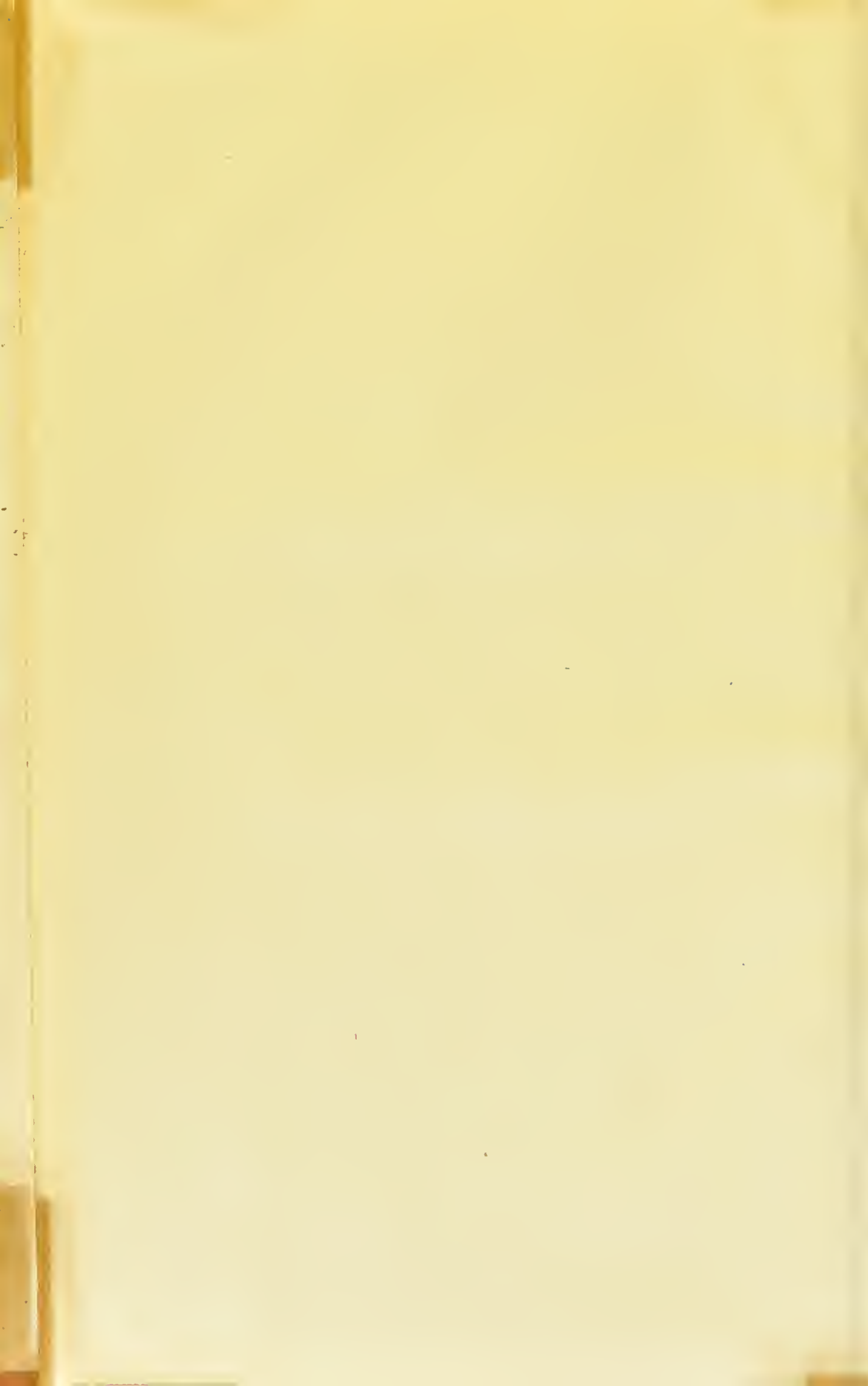




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# PÆDOTROPHIA;

O R,

THE ART OF

*NURSING and REARING CHILDREN.*

A POEM, IN THREE BOOKS.

Translated from the Latin of

SCEVOLE DE ST. MARTHE.

With Medical and Historical Notes; with the Life of the Author, from the French of MICHEL and NICERON; his Epitaph; his Dedication of this Poem to HENRY III. of France; and the Epigram written on the visit he had the Honour to receive from CHARLES I. of England, when PRINCE OF WALES.

---

By H. W. TYTLER, M. D.

Translator of CALLIMACHUS, and Fellow of the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce.

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*Vos SAMMARTHANI divina poemata crebrâ  
Pertractate manu, doctasque evolvite chartas;  
Hic totas Heliconis aquas, hic flumina Pindi  
Tota hausit; nullam non novit Apollinis artem.*

QUILLET.

---


L O N D O N :

Printed, for the AUTHOR, by JOHN NICHOLS, Red-Lion-passage: And sold by J. DEBRETT, Piccadilly; J. MURRAY and S. HIGHLEY, Fleet-street; T. N. LONGMAN, Pater-noster-row; BELL and BRADFUTE, Edinburgh; and by all the principal Bookfellers in Great-Britain.

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M.DCC.XCVII.





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**D**II boni! quem mihi librum misisti à nostro  
SAMMARTHANO conscriptum; non liber est, sunt  
ipsæ Musæ: totum nostrum Heliconæ testem ap-  
pello. Quin et si de eo iudicium mihi concessum  
sit, velim equidem illum omnibus hujus seculi  
Poëtis anteponere: vel si Bembus, Nugerius, di-  
vinusque Fracastorius ægre laturo sint. Dum enim  
perpendo quàm aptè suavitatem carminis puræ ter-  
sæque dictioni, fabulam historiæ, philosophiam arti  
medicæ conjunxerit, libet exclamare

————— Deus, Deus ille Menalca.

Seculumque istud felix dicere, quod nobis talem,  
tantumque virum protulerit.

RONARDUS ad BAÏFIUM:

[Entered at Stationers Hall].

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

DAVID STEWART ERSKINE,

EARL OF BUCHAN, AND LORD CARDROSS.

---

WHILE you, my Lord, by ev'ry Muse inspir'd,  
And, greater still, by patriot-virtue fir'd,  
Delight in walks yourself have sacred made,  
And call the Nine to Dryburgh's verdant shade,

b

Describe

Describe the poifon of the golden fleece, 5  
 And flocks that fport on Twedꝰs banks in peace,  
 Thy flocks, of pureft white, that ne'er were fold  
 For pomp, for pow'r, nor all-bewitching gold,  
 Sometimes refort to Lothian's fertile fields,  
 Or fair Kirkhill, that equal pleasures yields; 10  
 Enrich your country's ftore with curious coins,  
 From ancient paintings form more bright defigns,  
 Or oft from nature the refemblance ftrike  
 With equal fkill, and both are prais'd alike;  
 Of SCOTLAND'S Queen difplay the native grace, 15  
 The wond'rous charms of her enchanting face,  
 Her brow how fmoother, her afpect how ferene,  
 Her artlefs foftnefs and engaging mien;

Shew

Shew the fair Saint freed from the pride of drefs,  
 And all her beauty heighten'd by diftrefs, 20  
 That bards and painters might together strive  
 Who beft could represent what feems alive :  
 Could Nature from the fhades great HOMER bring,  
 A brighter Helen would remain to fing;  
 And ZEUXIS, rifing, might with envy view 25  
 What an admiring public owes to you :  
 While you give chiefs and fages all their fame,  
 And from oblivion fave ev'n ———'s name,  
 Make Philomela charm the lift'ning fwains  
 With all the mufic of her mournful ftrains ; 30  
 While firft, by you, ſhe fills from SCOTIAN fprays  
 The plains and woods with her enchanting lays,

Pursuits how dread ! and prospects differing far  
 Plunge other minds in sad, and gloomy care ;  
 Destruction rages in the realms around ;                    35  
 Nought heard but War, and Discord's dreadful found,  
 That, breaking from th' infernal regions forth,  
 Have spread their fury o'er the West, and North ;  
 Commanded by Ambition's madd'ning train,  
 Who, daring ev'ry crime that man could stain,                    40  
 Extinguish order, and each heav'n-born art,  
 That raises genius, or refines the heart :  
 Fierce as when Goths, the Vandal, and the Hun,  
 O'er all the realms of sacred science run,  
 And blotted out whate'er of arts, of wit,                    45  
 Of laws, or liberty, the Nine had writ ;

Or when proud Edward urg'd his rapid way  
 Thro' British climes, with armies in array,  
 And to destruction doom'd each poet's head  
 From a barbaric, and a coward dread, 50  
 That learning's voice would drown the dire alarms,  
 And hostile wit excel his boasted arms;  
 Then ev'ry record, wheresoe'er he came,  
 Gave to the fury of devouring flame;  
 Nor, deed detested of a barb'rous age! 55  
 Oh! fatal triumph of tyrannic rage!  
 Spar'd ev'n the relics of old classic lore,  
 Great FERGUS fav'd from burning Rome before.\*

\* See Spottiswood's Ecclesiastical History, Book II.

O! had they but few ages more surviv'd,  
 But till that heav'n-directed time arriv'd, 60  
 When men were taught, by some inspiring Muse,  
 The glorious Typographic art to use ;  
 Not all the curse that War, or Discord, brings,  
 Nor all the fury of contending kings,  
 Had robb'd the world of that valu'd store, 65  
 By crimes, sad Alexandria felt before ;  
 When the fierce Saracen, with savage joy,  
 Decreed all ancient learning to destroy ;  
 All monuments the gods ordain'd to last,  
 To give rememb'rance of their blessings past. 70

But equal mad Ambition now conspires  
 Against bright Liberty's ætherial fires,

And,



And, led by frantic spirits rising round,  
 Right to dethrone, and reason to confound,  
 To raise oppression to the place of right, 75  
 And darken Freedom's day by lawless might,  
 Makes ignorance with rapid strides advance,  
 Involves in anarchy the r——s of F——e,  
 And strives to gag, to bind, the tuneful Nine,  
 Left they give utterance to such notes divine, 80  
 As gain'd, in former times, mankind's applause,  
 From those fair advocates of Freedom's cause.  
 O! Peace, Truth, Virtue, to what foreign shore,  
 Retire ye, destin'd to return no more?  
 Ordain'd no more to raise the heav'nly brows, 85  
 Adorn'd with laurel, and with olive-boughs,

Own'd, in theſe ſinking nations, by ſo few,

But with the name of ERSKINE ſtill in view ;

A name, that equal wins a bright renown,

Or in the peaceful ſhade, or buſy town. 90

Or ſome great names with this we might combine,

Who never bow'd before Corruption's ſhrine ;

Whom ſtill unbrib'd, unpension'd, we behold,

To vindicate fair Freedom as of old,

Secure in native worth, in reaſon's ſway, 95

In all the virtues which the good obey ;

And, in the ſhade, the ſenate, or the field,

For learning, ſenſe, and ſpirit, have excell'd.

Yet are the Muſes to no place confin'd,

But, ranging ſtill, their empire is the mind ; 100

Nor,

Nor, life remaining, can the pow'r of man  
 Or clog their wings, or make them fly in vain.  
 Tho' they delight in walks, in fylvan scenes,  
 In vales, in mountains, and in flow'ry greens,  
 They find their way to those forsaken feats, 105  
 By hapless mortals made their last retreats;  
 Sick beds they visit, oft in prisons dwell;  
 They leave the palace for the gloomy cell;  
 There, like the sun, dispel the shades of night,  
 And o'er the mind diffuse more glorious light. 110  
 Great THAMYRIS, and greater MÆON's son,  
 Were poor, and blind, and many hazards run.  
 ASCRÆA's bard, and tuneful ORPHEUS, found  
 A dreadful fate from ignorance around;

Both

Both unregarded in their native lands, 115

And both untimely dy'd by barb'rous hands,

Nor LINUS less, the first who taught to bring

Along the Grecian lyre the founding string,

Receiv'd his death from the dull demi-god,

He vain instructed in his own abode, 120

Nor, ARCHIMEDES ! be thy fame unsung,

From more than sisters of Castalia sprung ;

O ! let the Muse, with awe superior, wait

On thine unëquall'd name, and tell thy fate,

Who drew from Heav'n itself the wond'rous art, 125

That tofs'd the ship, and turn'd aside the dart,

But

But fell, at length, amidst alarms, and fire,  
 From one relentless soldier's heedless ire,  
 Ev'n when the gen'rous eonful vow'd reward  
 To whate'er hand thy valu'd life had spar'd: 130  
 But thou nor started at approaching death,  
 Nor once repining gave thy glorious breath,  
 But, undismay'd, thy mighty task pursu'd,  
 Ev'n when the hostile falchion o'er thee stood.  
 Such arts as thine had none but NEWTON try'd; 135  
 And none but he thy death so calm had dy'd !

Yet OVID ceas'd not, with sweet voice, to sing,  
 Amid the woes that want and exile bring ;

Expell'd

Expell'd in age from his delightful home,  
 He wrote in Pontus, what was lov'd in Rome ; 140  
 His lofty Muse above misfortune soar'd ;  
 And mad LUCRETIUS Nature's laws explor'd ;  
 His mind, before with various knowledge fraught,  
 Reveal'd, at times, what Epicurus taught,

Unhappier LUCAN ! sad was thy reward 145  
 For pow'rs of song almost beyond a bard ;  
 Who knew, from early youth, to sweep the string  
 More swift than e'er another Muse could sing.  
 Fair Liberty thy sacred voice inspir'd,  
 And made thy name in after-times admir'd, 150

But

But could not save thee from a tyrant's wrath,

Nor art'ries bleeding in the stifling bath ;

Yet wert thou not forsaken by the Nine,

But ev'n in death repeated songs divine ;

Pharfalia's field in latest accents sung, 155

Pharfalia trembled on thy fault'ring tongue !

So dying swans erect their gasping throats,

And pour their tuneful souls in heav'nly notes.

But tyrants, that so oft mankind have curst,

Distinguish not betwixt the best, or worst ; 160

Too oft they doom the good, the learn'd, the wise,

And dark deceit, and dire injustice prize.

Not such the conduct of great PHILIP's son,

When by assault the Theban city won,

And all committed to the rage of flame, 165

He sav'd not only those, who then could name

Themselves of their immortal poet's line,

But ev'n the mansion of the bard divine.

The Hero too amidst his conquests mourn'd,

That then no bard the spacious earth adorn'd, 170

To crown his vict'ries with Apollo's bays,

To make their glory shine in future days;

And those of ev'ry rank, in pain and grief,

Have from th' inspiring Muses found relief.

Great ADRIAN on his dying bed compos'd, 175

And only with his life the verses clos'd.

LONGINUS ! who but mourns thy hapless fate,

Sunk in the ruins of a falling state ?

O!



O! fame eternal of thine eastern clime ;  
 Thyself, what thy rich fancy draws, sublime, 180  
 And great before a ruthless tyrant seen,  
 As in thy book, or councils of thy queen.

Nor less BÖETHIUS felt inspiring fire,  
 Seiz'd, and condemn'd to die by Gothic ire ;  
 For not at this injustice he repin'd, 185  
 But, sure of death, and in a cell confin'd,  
 Produc'd those moral works of sacred name,  
 That ALFRED, and ELIZA gave to fame ;  
 Those names for ever dear, and still rever'd  
 Where Freedom's, Law's, or Learning's voice is heard;

That

That CHAUCER too delighted to rehearse,      191  
 And turn'd, like them, into his native verse.

But here, what Muse could leave un Sung thy fate,  
 Thou light of man! COPERNICUS the Great?  
 The sage unequall'd, to whose mind was giv'n      195  
 To trace the motions of the starry heav'n;  
 Ordain'd, with new discov'ries, to restore  
 The truths Pythagoras had taught before;  
 To shew how earth around her axis runs,  
 The sun the center, and fix'd stars new suns,      200  
 To light some other earths, or worlds that lie  
 In distant regions of th' ætherial sky;

All moving stars, and planetary spheres,  
 That, as our earth, our sun, still circle theirs  
 In space yet unconceiv'd, infinite round !      205  
 To which nor eye, nor mind, can fix a bound ;  
 But certain proof of one Almighty Soul,  
 That guides, o'ersees, informs, sustains, the whole ;  
 Throughout the vast, the universal plan,  
 From worlds on high down to the insect man ;      210  
 Who, tho' so weak, so little, just in time,  
 Tho' creeping on a point, thinks all for him,  
 And wastes his moment in destructive wars  
 With those call'd foreign, or in home-bred jars,  
 More dreadful still ; where brother, father, son,      215  
 And kinsman, are by mutual hands undone.

Yet some, like this, are form'd with minds to soar  
 Thro' rolling orbs, and Nature to explore ;  
 He banish'd Epicycles, empty schemes,  
 Excentrics, and all Ptolemaic dreams ;                    220  
 But, for the system, that all human race  
 Have since approv'd, and with one mind embrace,  
 Was (dreadful to relate !) in prison thrown,  
 There doom'd to lie, till he the truth disown,  
 The very truth his senses taught before ;                    225  
 And this the curs'd effect of papal pow'r,  
 That foe to learning, when o'er all the world  
 Sad ignorance from its dire arm was hurl'd,  
 With racks, wheels, flames, and ev'ry dreadful name,  
 That e'er from tyrants, or their minions came.            230  
 But

But cease, my Muse, for this great sage to mourn,  
And to thy bards, and to thy theme return;  
For soon a brighter wreath, from Dryburgh's shade,  
Of bays for ever-green, shall bind his head.

The first of SCOTIA's kings, immortal JAMES, 235

An equal name, and equal honour, claims;  
The captive prince, by too severe a fate  
Doom'd to confinement in a foreign state,  
To pass long years in solitary gloom,  
Brought arts, and learning to his dreary room, 240  
Made plaintive notes resound thro' Windfor's grove,  
And sooth'd his soul with music, and with love.

In equal sorrow, and in equal gloom,  
 Shut, as it were, within a living tomb,  
 See ! the historic Muse alike attend 245  
 On warlike RALEIGH, and on skilful FRIEND ;  
 Confin'd to bed, SCARRON unrivall'd fung,  
 And PRIOR's Alma from a prison sprung.

Nor e'er shall I, by such examples mov'd,  
 Inclin'd to write, and by the Muse belov'd, 250  
 With health returning from past sorrow sink,  
 Or not enjoy the first great power to think ;  
 The sacred pow'r, that man divides from beast,  
 And brings all heav'n within the human breast ;

The

The source of Genius, Learning, and the Muse, 255

Which none than BUCHAN better knows to use ;

Nor keep from others what to me is giv'n,

And frustrate thus the hallow'd will of Heav'n,

Who gave not men their science to conceal,

But what we know 'tis duty to reveal.\* 260

And to the Muse it still belongs to mix

Delight with each instruction, thus to fix

\* Every writer of genius is born a magistrate of his country ; and he ought to enlighten it as much as it is in his power. His abilities give him a right to do it. Whether he be an obscure or a distinguished citizen, whatever be his rank or birth, his mind, which is always noble, takes its claim from his talents. His tribunal is the whole nation, his judge is the public. Raynal's Philosophical History, B. XIX.

The wand'ring minds of those, who chiefly need

Her precepts, and induce them oft to read.

Hence I attempt, from the Pierian spring, 265

Some useful maxims in new light to bring;

That may alleviate many a dreadful woe

Attendant on the human race below,

Those sad misfortunes, that too oft befall,

The dire diseases that impend on all. 270

Nor you disdain, in English dress, to hear

The sacred lays, that pleas'd a royal ear;

When fierce Rebellion shook the Gallic throne,

When, war completing what the league begun,

For friends and subjects slain great HENRY mourn'd,

And all the mirth of France to sorrow turn'd; 276

Pro-



Protect, my Lord, the name yourself have rais'd,  
 He needs not fear to write, whom BUCHAN prais'd.

In these sad times, when civil fury rag'd,  
 And ev'ry rank in mortal feuds engag'd, 280  
 The fam'd ST. MARTHE their dreadful cares beguil'd;  
 He sang the nurfing of an infant child,  
 And to the softer sex his lays address'd,  
 By whom such violence is oft suppress'd.  
 As when, the Senate prompting, matrons went 285  
 From ancient Rome, destruction to prevent,  
 The mother bow'd before her conq'ring son,  
 The wife entreated, that the siege begun

Her husband would forsake ; and they prevail'd,  
When war, when arms, and artful treaties fail'd : 290  
So the good bard inscrib'd his song to those,  
Whose pleasing influence might remove their woes ;  
Attempting thus, by gentlest means, to win  
All minds from war, to make them look within,  
On milder objects ev'ry thought to place, 295  
And save their present, and their future race.

Then, pleas'd, accept the lays ; let them be sung  
To BRITAIN's daughters in the English tongue,  
Sweet-founding, copious, ever in our view,  
And may with little toil be SCOTIA's too. 300

O!

O! when fhall come the much-defir'd event,  
For which long time, long labour, has been fpent,  
When language, like the kingdoms, fhall be one,  
And SCOTIA'S mountains claffic as the throne ;  
Then mutual jealousies no more fhould reign, 305  
But all, like brothers, the fame mind maintain ;  
And, as when fpirits from their bodies fly,  
Afcend, and recognize their native fky,  
Who from far ifles fhould to AUGUSTA come,  
Surpriz'd, would find themfelves but more at home ;  
For this have poets fung, and fages wrote, 311  
And all in Englifh drefs reveal their thought ;  
But other methods muft the knowledge feek,  
For many write, but few have learn'd to fpeak.

Yet

Yet here the name of ERSKINE stands confest ; 315

O ! far, how far ! conspicuous o'er the rest, \*

For language, learning, spirit, manly sense,

For wit, and all-persuading eloquence ;

Not e'er excell'd by him, of old so fam'd,

Who once the prince of Orators was nam'd ; 320

Or that illustrious Roman, known as well

By pow'rful accents from his lips that fell ;

Whom the first honour of the state renowns,

And all the glories of the civic crowns.

\* “ The name of ERSKINE suggests to every body the  
 “ first eminence in Science, in Genius, Eloquence, Wit, and  
 “ Spirit.”—Part of a letter from Mr. E——d B——ke to the  
 “ E——l of B——n, dated London, July 7th, 1786.

But ev'n in writing we come still behind 325

What foreigners from us might hope to find ;

For many poets in harsh language write,

When they, with ease, might sweeter songs indite.

What bard, aspiring to immortal fame,

That future ages might preserve his name, 330

T'express poetic thoughts has ever chose

A tongue, in which none try to write in prose ;

A language never to perfection brought,

And out of use, and almost out of thought ?

Tis true the Gentle Shepherd charms the ear, 335

And all his artless lays delighted hear ;

But whence has this superior pleasure sprung,

Save chief from lines that mark the English tongue ?

Had

Had ev'n great Virgil gain'd unfading bays,  
Or his bright works illumin'd modern days, 340  
If, by some wayward inspiration led,  
Tho' born with genius, and to learning bred,  
The poet had forfook the tongue divine,  
By which the bards of Rome illustrious shine,  
And fought from that rude dialect applaufe, 345  
In which old Numa had reveal'd his laws?  
One ifland furely fhould one language claim,  
Elfe whence may bards and fages have their fame?  
And now, as then, th' expreffion of the thought  
Should mark the age, in which the author wrote,  
And not confound old, obfolete, and vile, 351  
With polifh'd language, and a purer ftyle.

But

But I no mean performance think t' obtrude,  
 No indigested mafs uniform'd, and rude ;  
 No vulgar fong, nor ufelefs ; but the fruit      355  
 Of labour, ftudy, and of much purfuit,  
 Of learning, genius, of a gen'rous heart,  
 And curious fearch into the healing art ;  
 By which ST. MARTHE gain'd an immortal name,  
 And only ARMSTRONG boafts an equal fame ;      360  
 By RONSARD prais'd, by SCALIGER was lov'd,  
 And all the fons of France the fong approv'd.  
 Nor was his fame confin'd to them alone,  
 But in Europa's fartheft climes was known ;  
 And fome in all her countries try'd to make      365  
 The ufeful bard his Roman garb forfake,

To speak their native tongue ; by which he grew  
Still more admir'd, as op'ner to the view ;  
And let this humble laurel now be mine,  
That I, the meanest, try the strains divine. 370

Yet, had it been my fate in early days  
T' obtain, as late, your voluntary praise ;  
Spontaneous offspring of discerning thought,  
Won by desert, and dearer as unfought ;  
To know your learning, friendship, sense refin'd, 375  
Superior taste, and comprehensive mind ;  
By you protected I had rose to fame,  
And gain'd, ere this, with glorious bards a name ;

For,



For, finding thus, beneath your guardian-hands,  
That tendernefs, which genius ftill demands, 380  
That bears not to be crush'd; but, like a flow'r,  
Must be fupported, from its earlieft hour,  
By foftest culture of fome friendly hand,  
Till ftronger ftems aërial blafts withftand;  
Still to the Mufes I had bent my mind, 385  
To whom my youth, my infancy inclin'd.  
But, fince of unhop'd wifhes now poffeft,  
With health, with eafe, with facred friendship bleft,  
The friendship of a virtuous heart, and good,  
More dear to mine than treafures of the proud, 390  
Let me attempt the heights defir'd before,  
Unlock now ancient, now the modern lore,

And

And happy that the first of Scotian swains

I taught a Grecian poet English strains,

Still court the Nine, secure of lasting praise, 395

If BUCHAN favour, and approve my lays.

And may kind Heav'n, whence all our joys descend,

Long, long, for this, preserve so good a friend!

PREFACE.



pression and utility. In the first of these the Pædotrophia yields only to the Georgics of Virgil; and in the last excels that admired poem, in so far as the lives of mankind are of more consequence than the animal creation, or the fruits of the ground: in point of utility, it may claim the precedence to all poems ancient or modern. For, of misfortunes incident to humanity, none is so distressing to a feeling mind as the death of children; it is an affliction that preys upon the mind, and encreases with time. The longer time the sufferer has to reflect upon his loss, the more he thinks what his son, or daughter, might have been,

been, if they had lived to years of maturity; nor can business, or diversion, completely eradicate the idea of what was once so dear to him, and on which he had placed so much of his future happiness. It is, perhaps, the only evil in life for which nature has not provided a remedy. The death of parents is expected from age, and must happen in the common course of things; poverty may be got the better of by industry; custom reconciles prisoners to their confined habitation; pain has intervals; sickness, by depriving the patient of his senses, frequently destroys itself; but, for this no relief can be expected.

Wherefore, since this terrible evil admits of no remedy, all that can be done is to shew the best method of preventing it, namely, by laying the foundation of a good constitution; and such is the humane design of the following poem; the original of which (esteemed by men of learning the principal work of Scevole de Sainte Marthe, among the greatest poets, who have appeared since the classical ages of antiquity) is written with all the fluency and elegance of which the Latin language is capable; and, besides its poetical ornaments, of beautiful episodes and similes, its useful precepts are delivered in so plain a manner,

ner, that they may be as readily understood, and certainly will be more easily retained in the memory than if they had been given in prose. This work of St. Marthe shews, in the fullest manner, that the humblest and most familiar subjects admit, not only of being communicated in verse, but of the highest poetical ornament, when in the hands of men of genius; and, as his critics and biographers observe, he comes very little short of the majesty of Virgil, during the whole course of his poem: but the best recommendation of it is the number of editions, through which it has gone; ten during the life of the author, ten foreign editions since,

and one at London in 1708; besides two translations into French, the first in verse, which the author himself began by order of king Henry III. the second done a good many years after his death; and a variety of translations into other European languages, as mentioned by father Niceron.

In the present translation I have endeavoured, as far as my learning and abilities would permit, to transfuse into English the idea and even the words of the original, where the great difference not only between the idiom of the two languages, but between the Latin hexameter and English rhymes of ten syllables,



lables, would permit ; and, at the same time, to give the whole meaning of my author, that no part of his valuable precepts might be lost. How far I have succeeded the reader must determine : I shall only observe, with regard to translations in general, that it is perhaps more difficult to translate from Latin than Greek, providing both languages are equally understood ; because the copiousness of the Greek approaches nearer to the nature of English than the conciseness of the Latin ; besides that the former is much more analogous ; and that all didactic, and reasoning poems require a greater degree

d 4 gree

gree of attention, and admit of fewer deviations from the original, than those of the narrative kind, where fancy predominates, and in which beauty of language is commonly the first consideration. Hence it is necessary not only to understand the original language, but also to have a competent knowledge of the art or science which the author has chosen for the subject of his poem. We cannot suppose Mr. Dryden to have been capable of translating the Georgics so closely as he has done; nor Mr. Fenton of giving his beautiful, and exact version of Oppian; had the one been entirely ignorant of agriculture, and the other of natural history. For the same reason

reason every translator should take up his original, even though a modern, with reverence, and never wantonly deviate from his text, but always suppose that the author knows more of the subject, which he has probably studied for years, than himself, who only treads in his footsteps. For want of attending to this maxim, the only English translation of the *Pædotrophia*, which has appeared before the present, is extremely defective.

The second, and I believe the last edition of it was printed in 1718, and it is dedicated to Dr. Garth. The anonymous author (or authors, for the phrase

phrase "none of us" in the dedication would seem to hint that more than one person had been concerned in it) acknowledges his entire ignorance of the medical art; and he seems to have known as little of the author, whom he calls on his title-page physician to Henry III. of France; whereas the reader will find, from his life immediately following this preface, that he never concerned himself with medicine farther than in writing his *Pædotrophia*, which was produced in consequence of some tedious and severe disorders that afflicted his own family. Another intention of it, as he mentions in the beginning of

of

of Book third, was to be a mean of restoring peace to his native country, by turning the minds of the fair sex from scenes of blood and slaughter, continually before their eyes in the time of a long and ruinous civil war, to more agreeable objects, and the care of their offspring. He had likewise a powerful inducement from the desire Henry III. (to whom the poem was dedicated) shewed of having children; of which he likewise takes notice.

It is observed, in the advertisement prefixed to the first Dutch edition of Mr. Pope's Translation of the Iliad  
(whe-

(whether written by the Translator or not, let those best acquainted with his style determine), that the sixteenth century was the most glorious for learning since the time of Augustus. Of this the numberless beautiful poems produced in that age, both in Britain and on the Continent, are admirable instances, and none more than the following poem. At that time almost every work of merit was written in an ancient language; both because no modern tongue, except the Italian, was brought to perfection; and because the continued and universal wars and persecutions on account of religion obliged

obliged both sexes to study the learned languages, not as an accomplishment, but as the best means of making themselves acquainted with those religious tenets, which it was necessary to embrace for the preservation of their lives.

Hence St. Marthe chose to convey his precepts in Latin, even when they were chiefly intended for the use of mothers and nurses. But the knowledge of ancient languages is now confined to a few men of learning. Many, who pretend to an acquaintance with the writers of antiquity, have it only through the medium of translations; and I make no doubt but the meanness

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of the former version of this poem has contributed to bring even the original into disrepute. The Translator laments, with great propriety, that Dr. Garth himself had not had leisure to attempt it; which no doubt would both have preserved its reputation, and superseded all future translations. Yet, with all his incapacities, he tells us, he has endeavoured to improve his original; and that surely in a very uncommon method. In some places whole sentences are passed over in silence; in others, particularly in the medical part, the sense is altogether perverted, and the style, except in a  
very



very few instances, not only inelegant, but full of low disgusting phrases, such as “clouts” for cloths, or wrappers, “pap” for a woman’s nipple, and others yet more indelicate; enough to prevent any woman of delicacy, not only from following the useful precepts contained in it, but even from giving it a single perusal; and very contrary to the design of the worthy author, who has in a manner exhausted the Latin language for delicate terms to express his ideas, that they might insinuate themselves, as it were imperceptibly, into the minds of married ladies, for whom they were in a great measure

in-

intended. Besides, a certain imbecillity of expression that appears through the whole, and exhibits a most complete specimen of that kind of style called by Mr. Pope the Infantine, or Nothingness. In some passages it is entirely unintelligible, of which I shall give the following example from the directions for chusing a nurse—

“ She must not with a late conception teem,

“ Nor of the marriage-joy forgotten dream—”

Of these the first line may be understood, but the second cannot; for put the thought in prose, and it will run thus: “ She must not teem with a late

con-

conception, nor dream of the marriage-joy, which she has forgot." Quære, how can persons dream of what they have forgot?

Its inelegance is no less remarkable. For instance, speaking of a new-born child:

"Then the kind nurse, with tender fingers, clears

"His mouth from filth, and *e'en* his eyes and ears."

The passage in the third book, where the daughter of the Sun finds Hercules in a fit of the epilepsy, and fixes a piece of wood betwixt his teeth, is thus translated:

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"She

“ She rais'd his head, and opened with a stick

“ His lips, and 'nointed his declining neck.”

This childish method of clipping words, and also of taking away the first letter from the third person singular of the present of the substantive verb, occurs in almost every page. The first can scarce ever be used with propriety: the last, by a good poet, sometimes may; as in these two beautiful lines of Pope:

“ But tell the reeds, and tell the vocal shore,

“ Fair Daphne's dead, and music is no more.”

But how superior is this to the following couplet in the translation of which I

am

am speaking ; and which is as good as the general run of its verification :

“ First with weak lips the swelling breast he’ll pull,

“ Help him, and squeeze it till his *belly’s* full.”

The last line is not only ridiculously inelegant, but contrary to the meaning of the author, and to common sense ; for, if the child want strength to suck himself, no squeezing can answer any purpose, except to vex the mother, without relieving the feeble infant.

The following translation of a simile, in the second book, affords examples

of inelegance, pleonasm, bathos, and absurdity :

“ Thus did, of old, the Rhodian sportsmen balk,  
 “ And Cretan *hunters check* the hungry hawk ;  
 “ They shew’d him food, and what they shew’d  
     “ refus’d ;  
 “ They gave, deny’d, and thus to feed *’twas* us’d,  
 “ Left, at one swallow, he the meal might *eat*,  
 “ And gorge himself with the *untasted* meat.”

These specimens will probably satisfy every reader of taste with regard to the former translation of this poem, and of consequence be a sufficient apology for the present undertaking, to shew so useful a work in a more agreeable light. At the same time I have  
 made

made what use of it I could ; and I am only sorry that so little assistance could be drawn from it. But, that the whole might be rendered more complete and useful, care has been taken that it should be illustrated with copious notes, partly original, and partly extracted from the best medical writers on the same subjects : of which last I have found none more useful than Dr. Underwood's excellent Treatise on the Diseases of Children ; which, as being the most complete in its way, that has yet appeared, has deservedly obtained the patronage of the greatest Lady in the nation.

From the notes it will appear that, notwithstanding the changes, which must have taken place in medical practice since the time of St. Marthe, the regimen he prescribes is always excellent, and many of his remedies still in use. A few historical notes are added, with regard to such passages of the history of France, and ancient stories, as are occasionally alluded to in those beautiful episodes; which, besides its superior utility, set this poem above all modern productions of the didactic Muse. And, that nothing might be wanting to make the reader acquainted with so illustrious an author, his life is given at full length,



length, from his contemporary and survivor, Gabriel Michel, of Rochmaillet, advocate for the parliament, with such additional anecdotes as could be found in the memoirs of father Niceron. His life, written in French by Michel, was first published in an edition of his works at Paris, 1629, and 30; was afterwards translated into Latin by John Vigile Magirus, and published, among a select collection of lives, at London, by William Bates, 1681, in 4to.

The following translation of the poem was completed, near a twelve-month ago, from the London edition

of 1708. But the retired situation of the translator, remote from the society of learned men, and where books were procured with difficulty, prevented his having access to the whole works of St. Marthe till very lately, and, in consequence, of writing these introductions. The time employed in it was not long, only forty-five days, and some of these spent in other pursuits. But this is by no means offered as any proof of its excellence. On the contrary, it might very probably be a fault to go through it in so short a time. The only reason I can give for this is, that, after engaging  
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in it, I could not do it slower. And here, though I neither wish to compare a modern didactic poem to the great Iliad, nor its Translator to Mr. Pope, I cannot help taking notice of a mistake, that prevails with regard to the time employed by him in that celebrated translation.

It has been said by Dr. Johnson, and implicitly believed, merely because asserted by an author of reputation, that Pope translated fifty verses, or lines, of the Iliad a day. But Dr. Johnson himself bears evidence that this account cannot be just. Pope spent five years  
in

in translating the Iliad. He purchased all the notes from Mr. Broome, Dr. Jortin, and other authors; the materials for the Essay on Homer were sent him by Dr. Parnell. So that in the whole five years he had only to write his translation, his preface, and improve the style of the Essay. The Greek Iliad consists exactly of fifteen thousand six hundred and thirteen lines. Now, allowing Pope but three hundred days to his year of translating, and the rest to go for Sundays and holidays, at the rate of fifty lines a day, he must have finished his work in little more than one year. But, considering  
that

that five years were employed in it, the number of lines translated a day will be found very small. At the same time I am far from mentioning this with any view to depreciate the merit of that great, and yet unrivalled performance, but entirely to correct a mistake that might have been rectified, above a dozen years ago, by any person who had taken the trouble to reckon the number of lines in the Iliad.

I likewise beg leave to make a remark or two on what has been insisted on by late critics, as a great error in poetic style; namely, the promiscuous use  
of

of the pronouns *thou* and *you*. There is no doubt but the pronoun *thou* denotes either respect or contempt, according to the manner in which it is introduced, and that *you* is used in more familiar language; but, in the present state of the English tongue, I apprehend this can only be determined by the ear; that sometimes it may be proper to begin a speech with the pronoun *thou*, if the address become more like common conversation to change it for *you*, and *vice versa*. So numerous examples of this might be produced from the best poets, that they will easily occur to any reader in the least conversant with their works,

works. To which it may be added, that the pronoun *thou* having no plural, therefore, in addressing more persons than one, in whatever manner it is done, the pronoun *ye* or *you* can only be used. So that if we can suppose a poetic speech, where the speaker must, very respectfully, address in one line a single person, and in the next several, *thou* and *you* must of necessity be promiscuously used. Some instances of this may be seen in Dryden's *Æneid*.

If, after all the pains that have been taken, there may be still one or two passages, with which some nice young ladies will

will be apt to find fault, I would advise such to be sparing of their censures till they are married, and in a way to become mothers themselves; when it is not unlikely but they may peruse, with the greatest benefit, those very places which at present they will most readily condemn: and, as a translator, I did not think myself at liberty to omit any part of a poem, whose reputation has been so long, and so completely established.

*25th March, 1795.*



THE  
L I F E  
OF  
SCEVOLE DE ST. MARTHE:  
FROM THE FRENCH OF  
GABRIEL MICHEL, OF ROCHEMAILLET,  
ADVOCATE FOR THE PARLIAMENT;  
AND OF  
FATHER NICERON.

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*Beatos, puto, quibus munere datum est, aut  
facere scribenda, aut scribere legenda; beatissimos  
verò quibus utrumque.*

CAII PLINII Epistol. xvi. Lib. vi.



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THE  
L I F E  
OF  
SCEVOLE DE ST. MARTHE.

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**I**F, on the one hand, those deserve to be celebrated who dedicate their most illustrious actions to the service of the public; and, on the other, they  
f who,

who, retired from business, and attracted by the pleasures of a quiet life, give birth to writings worthy of eternity ; how much greater is the merit of those, whose surpassing and exuberant genius is capable of mixing the qualities requisite for the one or the other life ! rare gifts of Heaven, but which were happily united in Scevole de Sainte Marthe. For, having shewn himself equally capable of both these commendable, and different functions, it is doubtful whether he acquired most honour by serving his country with fidelity in matters of importance, or by writing with no less elegance, than exquisite science.

He was born in the beginning of February, 1536, in the city of Loudun, situated on the confines of Anjou, of Touraine, and of Poictou, under a plea-

pleasant temperature of air, and in the most fertile country of France; circumstances that are esteemed to contribute, in no small degree, to the production of great wits, such as have arisen from this city. But it is my opinion, that none of those have attained an equal height of reputation. The year of his birth is so much the more remarkable, as by another good fortune it likewise gave to France Arnold, Cardinal Doffat \*, and Achilles de Harlay, Chief President in the Court of Parliament of Paris, other two bright ornaments of the sixteenth century.

He was descended of a noble house,

\* An account of almost all the numerous writers mentioned in this life of St. Marthe, as well as of their works, will be found in Father Nicéron's "Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire des Hommes Illustres dans la République des Lettres."

which has produced many personages renowned in different professions, particularly in an uncommon knowledge of good literature, which seems to have been hereditary to this family.

Some ancient writings shew that Peter de St. Marthe held an honourable office in the finances under Charles VII. and an historical MS. written in the time of Charles VIII. informs us, that Nicholas de St. Marthe, having shewn his magnanimity during the war against England, was, with other gentlemen, knighted at the siege of Bayonne, by the King's Lieutenant-General in his army of Guienne.

Louis de St. Marthe, Sieur of Villedam in the county of Lodunois, likewise bore arms in Italy during the reign of Louis XII. Towards the end of his life he retired to Anjou, and  
caused

caused a magnificent house to be built, called the Chapeau, near the city of Saumur. He was the great grandfather of our Scevole.

His grandfather, Gaucher de St. Marthe, of Riviere, was Counsellor and Physician in ordinary to King Francis I\* ; and so much esteemed, that Conrade of Lommeau, a contemporary author, in a book intituled the Office of Advocate, calls him “ the  
 “ only interpreter of medicine between  
 “ us and foreigners, and another *Æf-*  
 “ *culapius.*” Leon de St. Maure, descended of a noble family, writes thus : “ That he was much esteemed  
 “ for his virtues, and his learning.” In short, a historian, who published in the

\* This Gentleman was characterised by Rabelais, under the name of Picrochole.

reign of Charles IX. attributes to him the rank of first Physician to the King. He was god-father, and gave his name of Gaucher to Monf. de St. Marthe, his little grandson, who afterwards ingeniously changed it to Scevole, which he has given himself in his writings; although this name seems improper, and not applicable to him but by antiphrasis, considering that he employed himself with so much skill and address for the honour and illustration of his country. Some learned men of his time took occasion, from this subject, to make various jests and allusions upon the name of Scevole, and the hand of Monf. St. Marthe; sometimes calling him Ambidexter, on account of his Latin and French muse.

His grandfather died loaded with honours, with years, and with riches,  
and



and happy in five sons, whom (like those who diligently cultivate young plants) this old man had caused to be properly instructed, and pushed them to sciences with good success.

Louis de St. Marthe, of Nueilly, solicitor for the King at the see of Loudun, eldest of the five sons, gave himself entirely to the study of law. Having no ambition, except to serve the government in his own country, he preferred a continuance in this before other places to which he was called, and in which he might have appeared with greater fame, being a man of abilities, and supported by great parentage and alliances, both on the father's and mother's side. Louis, and Gaucher de St. Marthe his father, are praised by Salmon Macrinus, a Latin poet, and among the most renowned of

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that age. Loudun likewise boasts, and not without good reason, of having been the place of his nativity.

Louis left three sons; Scevole was the eldest; the second, bearing the name of his father, was likewise of an elegant genius, and worthily exercised the offices of King's Advocate at the seat of the special court of judicature of Poictiers, of Affeffor, and in fine of Lieutenant-General at the same seat. It is not little to his honour, that the late president, M. Sequier, whose learning and eloquence are above all recommendation, has often shewn the esteem that he had for several of his public actions, of which he had heard, when, being Master of Requests, he exercised a commission at Poictiers. René de St. Marthe, the third son, bore arms in his youth; then, embracing an

an ecclesiastic life, became Grand Archdeacon in the cathedral church of Poictiers, and was afterwards sub-dean of it. The father died at Paris; and at St. Severin is to be seen an inscription, addressed to his memory, by his three sons, Scevole de St. Marthe, treasurer of France; Louis, king's advocate at Poictou; and René, then in the army.

Charles de St. Marthe, lieutenant-criminal of Alençon, the second son of Gaucher, physician to the king, has been renowned among the learned of his time. He was honoured with the favour of that excellent lady, Margaret queen of Navarre; and with that of Madame, the duchess of Vendome, Frances of Alençon, who employed him in matters of importance, as did Anthony, king of Navarre. He  
celebrated

celebrated these virtuous princeffes by two funeral orations, which he published, and some French and Latin poems; as also a Latin Paraphrafe on some of the Pſalms of David, with other works. Scevole, his nephew, gives him a place in his excellent work of “Eloges on men illuſtrious for Learning,” jointly with his brother James de St. Marthe, of Chandoiſeau, likewiſe of ſingular erudition, and very well verſed in medicine, in the Greek language, and in mathematics. In his youth he gained the friendſhip of Budæus, and wrote his life in a ſtyle truly elegant. Conrad Gefner mentions it in his Bibliothegue. He likewiſe tranſlated from Greek into Latin the oracles of Zoroaſter, which he dedicated to his father, and was like him phyſician to the king. The eldeſt of his two ſons,

sons, Louis de St. Marthe, is lieutenant-general in the ranks of Constable and Marechal of France, and a person of eminent learning, as he has made appear from his writings. The youngest is Francis de St. Marthe, who with honour and reputation exercises the office of advocate in the king's great council. As to René of Chateau-neuf, in Poictou, and Joseph of La Gueritiere, the fourth and fifth sons of Gaucher, with the exercise of arms they likewise made profession of letters. These five brothers had for their sister Isabel de St. Marthe, wife of the sieur de la Goberie, a gentleman of valour and fortune. The barons of La Croix, and Bleré, in Touraine, are the issue of this alliance.

Scevole had likewise advantages in his maternal extraction. Nicol le Fevre,

his mother, espoused by Louis de St. Marthe, was the daughter of the Lord of Bizay in Lodunois, and niece of Francis le Fevre of Beaulieu, king's advocate in the chamber of accompts at Paris. She had for her brother René le Fevre, president of the court of parliament, in the third chamber of inquests.

The maternal grandmother of the sieur de St. Marthe (the subject of our discourse) sprang from the ancient and noble house of the Berthelots in Touraine; from which likewise proceeded Gilles Berthelot, president in the chamber of accompts. She had for aunt Jean Berthelot, from whose marriage with John Brigonnet, of Varenne, treasurer of the Exchequer in the reign of Louis XI. (then called receiver-general of the finances,) were procreated  
three

three sons of great qualifications; viz. William Brisfonnet, counsellor of parliament, whose posterity yet remains; William Brisfonnet, the young cardinal, and archbishop of Narbonne, afterwards of Rheims; made himself so recommendable, that king Charles VIII. gave him the direction of important affairs in his establishment, and made him chief of his cabinet-council. Robert Brisfonnet, their brother, was likewise archbishop and duke of Rheims, first peer, and chancellor of France. On account of this alliance, and others, which were in the same family of the Berthelots, the house of St. Marthe is still related by parentage to those of Hurant, Cheverney, of Gaillard-Long-Jumeau, of Beaune, of Reffuge, Ruzé, Robertét, Spifame, Fumée, Prevost S. Cire, and others raised to great offices  
of

of the church, of state, and of sovereign courts.

Scevole de St. Marthe excited by the splendor of all these domestic examples, which served as so many torches to light him in the road of virtue, and of glorious actions, gave in a very short time great hopes of himself, and signs of his future greatness of mind. He soon made a wonderful progress in good literature, and profited greatly at the University of Paris, where those excellent wits, who seem to have exhausted all the Greek and Roman eloquence, Adrian Turnebe, Marc Antony de Muret, and Peter Ramus, discovered to him the living sources of eloquence and of poetry; insomuch that they saw this new plant grow from day to day, watered by such good hands, and destined to bear in its time flowers of a pleasant



pleasant flavour; and afterwards delicious fruits, of which France and foreign countries have tasted with admiration.

He had likewise the happiness to be united in friendship with, and to have for the companions of his first studies, persons of great learning, and merit, raised afterwards to eminent offices. Among others Peter du Faur of St. Jory, Claudius de Fauçon of Riz, chief presidents in the Parliaments of Tolose; and of Bretagne; Charles de Chantecler; and Francis Viète, master of requests of the King's hospital; Nicolas le Sueur, president to the Inquests of the Court of Parliament of Paris, and grand provost of the office of Constable. But he had the honour of the friendship more particularly of Monsieur de Riz; and afterwards that of the late Monsieur his youngest son Alexander de Fauçon, first president

president of the court of the parliament of Normandy; the distinguished virtue, and learning of both having raised them to these high dignities.

While Scevole was studying law at the University of Poictiers, John de la Peruse, commended by Ronfard, and by Muret, died about the end of the reign of Henry II. leaving imperfect the tragedy of Medea, in French verse. The beginning of this work was so happily executed that the completion of it was instantly desired; such kind of writing being at that time yet new to the French. The Sieur de St. Marthe, in the first verdure of youth, undertook to perfect it, and added such ornament to the work, that he acquitted himself of it with applause; this *coup d'essay* giving him courage to attempt greater things. Thus the tragic poet, young and unfortunate

tunate, who finished his course in his morning of life, had more happiness and advantage, in such a rencounter, than Timomachus of former times in his portrait of Medea, (so dearly purchased by Julius Cæsar, even though imperfect)\*; for, after the death of this excellent painter, no other person was able, nor durst attempt putting the last hand to that remarkable work, any more than to the Venus of Apelles.

From Poictiers, Scevole came to Bourges, to continue his studies, and to attend there the eloquent civilian Duaurin, who perceived immediately his rare perfections, loved and cherished him: he even foresaw that one day the kingdom of France would boast of ha-

\* The portraits of Ajax and Medea, left by Timomachus (the latter unfinished), are said to have been bought by Cæsar, for a sum equal to £. 15,500 sterling.—See Arbuthnot's Tables of ancient coins, &c. p. 132.

ving given birth to so great a man; because he perceived infused in him by nature all that art usually adds to, or can furnish others with. Besides the study of law, he had so great a taste for poetry, and formed himself to such an acquaintance with it (as every one is pushed by his particular inclinations) that to have more means of leisure for this study, and for others which a fine genius seeks after, he returned to the city of Paris, both to render himself more capable, and as much to profit by keeping company with the learned, who abounded there, at that time. There he had first the familiar acquaintance of that great and incomparable genius of sciences, and languages, Joseph de la Scale (better known by the name of Scaliger), a familiarity which continued between them during the course of half a century. He likewise

con-

contracted a friendship with Claudius Despenſe, the famous doctor in theology, with John Dorat, Peter Ronſard, John Antony de Bäif, John Paſſerat, and Remy Belleau.

Being excited by a generous and honourable deſire to become acquainted with the moſt illuſtrious perſons of his time, this made him reſolve to ſee Monſieur, the Chancellor of the Hoſpital; who received favourably from his hand “ A Treatiſe upon the Prejudice of “ the Venality of Offices.” During the time that this learned perſon held the balance of juſtice; he had ſo great eſteem for poetry that, among his more ſerious occupations, he tempered the aſterity of affairs, and the ſeverity of the laws, by the ſweetneſs of this manner of writing; as in our time has been done by ſeveral other great perſonages of the long robe. His epiſtles in Latin

verse are so elaborate, that, in the judgement of the learned, they march with a pace equal to those of Horace, and have even I know not what still greater degree of sweetness.

Scevole intended to follow Charles IX. in the long journey which he took through the provinces of his kingdom, having some time before been deputed, by the inhabitants of Loudun, to his Majesty on business of importance. But he staid only a short time at court; and, his design being interrupted, he went forward to the city of Bourdeaux, where he made acquaintance with Lancelot Carles, bishop of Riez, Michel de Montagne, Helie Vinet, and other learned men of Guienne. Afterwards, however, he came to find the King in the city of Metz, and from that went even to the frontiers of Germany.

Having

Having returned to Loudun, he there married (after a long courtship\*) Renée de la Haye, daughter of the Sieur de Malaguet, only heiress of a great fortune: but her principal riches, and most precious dowry consisted in the virtues and good qualities with which she was adorned; among which was conspicuous an ardent charity to the poor. He had by her a number of children, which are mentioned afterwards, and they have not degenerated from the virtue and good conditions of the father. During the stay which he made at Paris in the years 1569, and 70, he acquired likewise the good-will of Pontus de Thiard, and of William Ruzé, who were afterwards, the one bishop of Bourgogne, and the other of

\* His Funeral Oration, by the famous Urban Grandier.

Angers; of Germain Villant de Gueflis, abbé of Pimpont, counsellor in the Court, and afterwards bishop of Orleans; of Christopher de Thou, first President of the Court of Parliament; of Henry de Mesme, Lord of Roissy, Counsellor of State, and Chancellor of Navarre, father of Monsieur de Roissy, and grandfather of Monsieur, the President de Mesme; who with so much honour and eminent learning appeared in the councils of the King, and of the Parliament of Paris. They have continued this affection to the Sieur de St. Marthe; as have likewise Guy de Faur, Lord of Pibrac, then the King's Advocate-General, afterwards President of the Parliament of Paris; Philippes des Portes, Abbé of Tiron; Estienne Pasquier, King's Advocate in the Chamber of Accounts; Anthony L'Oifel; Peter and Francis



Francis Pithou ; celebrated advocates in the court. All these illustrious personages had his infinitely-agreeable company, by which, and by the candour of his manners, he conciliated to himself the affections and hearts of every one ; of the great, by the splendor of his reputation, and of his virtues ; of his equals, by the charms of his conversation, and of his learning ; of his inferiors, by his incomparable affability, they yielding to him that honour and veneration which is due to the virtuous, and to those whose qualifications elevate them above the common race of mankind.

The marriage of Charles IX. with Elizabeth of Austria, daughter of the Emperor Maximilian II. gave him a worthy opportunity to take an elegant flight with his learned wing, as he did

by the Epithalamium which he published in French verse, and sent to her Majesty, who received it most graciously \*. At that time he likewise gained the acquaintance of that excellent statesman, Nicolas de Neufville, Lord of Villeroy, secretary of Commands, by whom he was highly esteemed.

Our Scevole continued to give himself not only to French poetry, but likewise to Latin, while his genius, naturally very pushing, bore him both in the one, and the other; which was common to him with Joachim du Bellay, John Pafferat, Nicolas Rapin, and a few others. He composed then in French verse the translation, or imitation, of a work filled with many elegant

\* This Epithalamic Ode is, in a good measure, imitated from the lxiid of Catullus, on the nuptials of Manlius and Julia.

and salutary instructions. This was the zodiac of human life, which the learned and moral poet of Italy, Marcel Palingene, has described in Latin verse; a translation so faithful, and elegant (as have been all the rest, which he has since happily executed) that Remy Belleau remarks this foreign author to have had the fated name of Palingene, for two reasons; first, for his own poetry; and, second, for the translation made of it by the learned Scevole\*.

Some years after his marriage, he fixed his most common residence in the city of Poictiers; and was there provided with one of the principal offices of finance in the district. This residence was the more agreeable to him, as his two brothers staid also at the same

\* Palingene, or twice-born, from *πάλιν* and *γένος*.

place. Besides which, the University was then very flourishing, and the city filled with men consummate in law, physic, and humanity. Also that, at this time, the Sieur de la Scale resided in Poictou, with the late Monsieur d'Abain, and de la Rochepozay, Ambassador to Rome, and Governor of la Marche, who joined to the grandeur of his illustrious house learning, and valour in war. These fine qualities have served the Sieur de St. Marthe for an ample matter to celebrate his fidelity, and his ardent zeal in the service of his country; as likewise the virtues of his generous children. An epigram was at that time sent by the Sieur de la Scale to the Sieur Baron de Griffé, being at Poictiers, and there frequenting often the Sieur de St. Marthe, and the celebrated and learned Ladies des Roches.

It begins “ Scævola fi cultis,” &c. and is much for the honour of him we are speaking of.

By the imitations of Palingene, and others his own works, he had given precepts for living well, and had excited to virtuous actions, and piety by a good number of sacred verses, among which are remarkable those contained in a Latin paraphrase of the Canticles of the Bible; and of verses, by which he combats impiety, and the atheists. But an occurrence made him resolve to embrace again another excellent and rare subject: for one of his children being afflicted with severe distresses in the time of suckling, as he was a good father, he was not sparing of the experience, and care of the best physicians: he applied himself likewise to search curiously the natures,  
and

and constitutions of infants; and, as he had remarked many singularities, and penetrated by the point and vivacity of his fine genius, even to the most concealed secrets of nature and philosophy, this made him undertake the Latin poem of the PÆDOTROPHIA; or the manner of nursing children at the breast, and of preserving these young, and tender plants against an infinite number of storms and tempests; which menace, and often kill them, even in the birth; as the author has very properly remarked in a passage of his writings. And though this design, at first view, seemed to be low and vulgar, yet, when it came to be considered that man, formed after the image of God, was the most noble and worthy subject in the world, it was inferred, that such a work, so divinely laboured,  
and

and so useful for the preservation of mankind, partakes in some measure of this dignity; and thence one might conclude with reason, that in this point it is much more to be recommended than the Georgics of Virgil, the majesty of which is, in a great measure, imitated in this work. His researches had been so successful, that he cured his young son by remedies of his own prescribing, after he was given over by the physicians. Being then entreated by his friends to communicate such curious discoveries to the public, he comprehended them in this poem; which he dedicated to Henry III. at the time when that prince was extremely desirous of having children.

Before Scevole, no native of France had ventured to undertake a Latin epic poem of long breath, that merited

a perusal, nor of any kind such as this, in which appeared poetical art, elegance, and all the rules of learned antiquity; which made it highly acceptable to all the elegant wits, among others, to the Italians. How much to those of the French nation (Bäif having sent it to the great Ronfard) appears by his answer in French, afterwards translated into Latin, in which he is not satisfied simply to commend it, but likewise to admire its beauty, œconomy, and variety. \*

The judgement of the fleur de la Scale is also very remarkable. It is collected from several missive letters which he sent to the author, in one of which, sent from Leyden in the month of February, 1598, he says:

\* See this recommendation at the beginning.



“ I see nothing, in any one of your  
 “ poems, that does not surpass all other  
 “ poetry of our time. The Pindarics  
 “ are also divine. Oh ! how few are  
 “ there alive, who have acquired  
 “ the knowledge of such matters, that  
 “ you have acquired ! Your Pædotro-  
 “ phia is quite of another kind than  
 “ La Vénerie of Bergæus, although he  
 “ be a neat poet ; but the sweetness he  
 “ affects is not accompanied with the  
 “ vigour of your verses. They will  
 “ live ; that cannot fail them ; and I  
 “ will live by them. I send you one  
 “ of my works, “ de emendatione tem-  
 “ porum” ; it is *χάλκια χρυσειων* ; “ brass  
 “ for gold.” But our friendship will  
 “ bear that it be welcome ; have it in  
 “ mind, and remember, if you please,  
 “ your faithful friend and servant for  
 “ almost forty years.” In another let-  
 ter

ter he writes to him thus: “ That  
 “ his poems had gained the palm  
 “ above all those of our age.”

But can we conceal in this place the  
 worthy eulogium of that other lumi-  
 nary of good letters, Justus Lipsius?  
 About the end of the last (xvith) cen-  
 tury, writing also to Dominic Baudius,  
 he uses these terms, which are indeed  
 succinct, according to his manner of  
 writing, but of great weight: “ I  
 “ have seen the Poems, and Eloges of  
 “ St. Marthe. The former are written  
 “ with learning, and the latter with  
 “ prudence. Likewise a father happy  
 “ in his children. Let him rejoice,  
 “ and enjoy.”

Now this work of the *Pædotrophia*,  
 dedicated to Henry III. has been so  
 much prized by the learned, even by  
 the most skilful physicians, and has  
 been

been so much sought after, that the Sieur de St. Marthe saw ten impressions of it, which he found to have been made at different times in France, and in foreign countries. It was besides, during his life, publicly read and interpreted to the youth in some celebrated schools and universities, in exactly the same manner as ancient authors are. But, to the end that all France might have more particular understanding of this most learned and useful labour, it was happily translated into French verse by Peter Joyeux, physician to the king; Charles Rogier, counsellor to the bailliwick of Loudunois; and by other good pens; the author himself being ordered by the king to begin the translation, which he has published. Afterwards he likewise received an order from Henry III. to translate it into

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French

French prose. But the great affairs, with which he was entrusted in the following reign, prevented him. This defect was supplied by his grandson, Abel de Sainte Marthe the younger, who published a translation of it in prose, along with a new edition of the original, in the year 1698. This gentleman died in 1706, aged 76; and is the last of the St. Marthes mentioned by Nicéron. They were all illustrious poets, orators, and men of learning.

While Scevole was yet more engaged in the study of Latin than of French poetry, being nevertheless, with a happy success, exercised in both, as we have remarked; this encouraged him to send likewise to the light a particular collection of his French verses, which he had before mixed with Latin. In this work he inserted a specimen of another elegant

elegant enterprize of Christian Metamorphoses, which he has since called sacred; intending to divide them into eight books. For this end, to form his design, he curiously searched all the passages of the Bible, that speak of the transformations of many things, done from the création of the world, even to the birth of our Saviour; an enterprize truly worthy of a Christian poet, and much more commendable than that of the same argument, treated by Theodorus, a Greek author; in so far as truth is preferable to the falsehood, both of history, and fable. But soon after this work was begun, the frequent civil wars which afflicted France, even the country of Poictou, and the domestic affairs, which the sieur de St. Marthe had upon his hands, as likewise the employment which he had often-

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times

times in the service of government, diverted him from accomplishing his design, as pious, as generous ; as was that of “ the History of the Holy Wars, “ made beyond sea by the French ; ” which he had likewise thought of bringing to light. For this man, breathing nothing of the vulgar, had the happiness always to chuse elegant and rare subjects, as a writer of his time has remarked ; which proceeded from his lofty, and solid judgement.\*

In

\* The Sacred Metamorphoses was truly a noble design, and, if yet prosecuted, would be to the Paradise Lost what the Metamorphoses of Ovid are in proportion to the *Æneid*, which, though not equal, is surely a valuable work. Of this, however, St. Marthe wrote only the first book, containing five transformations ; 1st, of Satan into a serpent ; 2d, Lot’s wife into a pillar of salt ; 3d, a rock into the lamb, which Abraham sacrificed in  
place

In the year 1579, in which he published his French works, he was elected mayor and governor of the city of Poictiers, by the desire and common wish of all the people of wealth. This charge (although he had not been of noble extraction, as he was, and yet more by his own proper virtue) procured him the rank of noble, attributed by the king, Charles V, to the mayors and sheriffs of the city of Poictiers, after it had shook off the English yoke.

place of his son Isaac. 4th, an angel into a man, who wrestled with Jacob; and 5th, the jaw-bone of the ass, with which Samson killed a thousand men, into a fountain of water. In which it may seem surprizing that he had passed over in silence the transformation of Moses's rod into a serpent, with all the famous plagues of Egypt. But so small a part of the work was completed, that we cannot say in what manner it might have been extended. There is an exordium to it, something like the beginning of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*.

Following the custom of those who attain to such a charge, he took for his device *PATRIÆ NON SATIS UNA MANUS*; wishing to signify what he has often represented, in his writings, the duty of a good citizen to be, to serve his country in peace and in war; and, according to the example of the virtuous Romans, to dedicate his hand and his industry, whether it were to write for the public utility, and for the honour of the state; or to defend, and succour it in time of need.

The province of Poictou, and those adjoining to it, were at that time agitated from the movements, and from the surprizes, of some cities made by those of the new religion. They chiefly envied Poictiers; which made the fleur de St. Marthe resolve to use an extraordinary vigilance to maintain  
in



in tranquillity, and in obedience to the king this important city, the capital of a province. During his mayoralty, the sitting of the great sessions of the court of parliament of Paris was held there; over which presided the late *Monf. de Harlay*; who, with so much reputation and probity, held since the first place in this principal court of justice of the kingdom. The *sieur de St. Marthe* had then the familiar acquaintance of this other *Cato* of his age, and that of the most learned *Briffon*, first the king's advocate-general, then president in the same parliament. This was likewise one of the rare honours, which sprung from the country of *Poitou*.

As soon as the time of his mayoralty expired, being dismissed from his first charge of finance, the king provided him with an office of treasurer of France

in the generality of Poictiers, and afterwards with the dignity of president in this generality. He exercised all these offices with integrity for the space of forty-five years, during the reigns of four\* of our kings, whom he served with fidelity. And as these charges would have brought honour and ornament to another, we may say, with reason, that they received these from him, esteemed most worthy of the greatest, in the judgement of one of the most excellent writers of this age.

A few years after, a signal occasion presented itself of obliging the body of treasurers-general of France, his fellows, and of acquiring to himself a new

\* The forty-five years must begin with his mayoralty, as he died in 1623; and in the account of four kings must be included the cardinal Bourbon, who was proclaimed king by one party, upon the assassination of Henry III. in 1589.

glory.

glory. For Henry III. having suppressed the greatest part of such offices, those who found themselves interested in the suppression resolved to provide, by remonstrances, to obtain their re-establishment. For this end, having assembled in great numbers at Paris, from all the provinces of the kingdom, they prayed the sieur de St. Marthe to be the bearer of the speech, as one who was endowed with a fine judgement, with a perfect eloquence, and other qualities requisite for speaking in public: which appeared in all their vigour, when with a singular grace he pronounced, before the king, a discourse polished and sublime, and represented so many solid reasons, that his majesty, who held men of such merit in great esteem, and was even himself most eloquent, cried very much to hear him ;

him; and, as this was immediately perceived, the officers very soon after reaped the fruits, which they expected from their re-establishment. This action, in which he shewed the vigour of his mind, gave him the access to, and credit which he afterwards had with the king, who condescended to look on him with a favourable eye, to share his liberalities to him, and to employ him in important charges, and commissions for the good of his service, in which he always acquitted himself with so great dignity that, often, in public and in private, he had his well-deserved praises for it. For he had acquired a great knowledge of affairs of state, of finance, and of police, and an acquaintance with every kind of history; in a more particular manner with that of

I France,

France, of which he made a sketch of several memoirs.

In the mean time, being detained at Paris longer than he expected, he had the means to continue his antient friendships with many illustrious men, and to add to them those of Messieurs de Cheverney, chancellor of France, of Beaune, archbishop of Bourges, (to whom he had the honour of being related by parentage), of Vair, afterwards first president in the parliament of Provence, and at last bishop of Lizieux, and keeper of the seals of France; of Peron, and Bertrand, personages whose distinguished merits have likewise raised them to eminent dignities of the church and of the state; as also with Messieurs James Faye of Epeffe, first the king's advocate-general in the court of parliament, then the most worthy president;

fident; Claudius de Puy, and James Gillot, counfellors, all rare honours of this great senate; with Claudius Mangot (likewise a native of Loudun), a celebrated advocate for the parliament; and with the two messieurs his sons, the one advocate-general for the same court, (whom a premature death ravished from this kingdom), and the other, who was afterwards also keeper of the seals of France: they bore him a particular affection, both on account of the alliance and affinity, which he had with them, and for his uncommon learning.

But he conversed most familiarly with that great ornament of France, and of good letters, James Augustus Thuanus, then master of requests of the king's hotel, since president in the court of parliament. This illustrious personage making likewise a present to the public  
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of an excellent Latin poem, in which he treated of Falconry (a favourite exercise of princes, and of the nobility), he honoured the fleur de St. Marthe with some verses, that may be seen at the beginning of his book.

It was another distinguished honour to him, that Thuanus, having since that time reduced himself from verse to prose, in order to describe the history of his own times, communicated to him the design, and the first three books of it; that, according to his advice, he might prosecute, or desist from it; as the letter bears which he wrote to him on this subject. He gave the judgement, which the excellence of so great, and so useful a work deserved; which he has besides frequently celebrated in his writings. The strict friendship they contracted together has been diligently cul-

cultivated between them ; of which the learned labours of both give an assured evidence.

The fleur de St. Marthe likewise very often frequented Ronfard : but he had the regret to see this sun of poets eclipse, who shewed, as did many others, how much he valued him, since, by an address to him, in the end of one of his poems, he gives him the title of thrice-excellent poet.

The death of this incomparable man was deplored by several elegant wits ; among others, our Scevole praised his memory by a Pindaric Ode, dedicated to his eldest son Abel de St. Marthe (who closely followed his father's footsteps), and by a beautiful elegy, which he esteemed due to him, as an eulogium. Also Claudius Binet, lieutenant-general in the see of Beauvais, in  
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the life which he has written of this father of poetry, names the fleur de St. Marthe among those, whom above all he loved, and esteemed for their learning, and for having written with most elegance; not omitting, in this recommendation to speak of, and even to transcribe into his work, the remarkable judgement he made of the *Pædotrophia*, of which we have taken notice before. Isaac Casaubon, that other wonder of sciences, gives him likewise the praise due to his merit, in the Latin epistles which he wrote to him. Etienne Pasquier, in his researches of France, places him among the most renowned poets, who have flourished since Henry II. John Dorat, John Antony de Bäif, Louis Aleaume, Germain Audebert, Nicolas Rapin, Francis Juret, James Goutiere, Nicolas Rigaut,

Rigaut, Paul Thomas, and divers other learned personages, celebrate likewise the glory of his name. In fine, some have called him the prince of the poets of his time : others have said of him, that he was among the best and most polished writers of his age, and deserved himself an eulogium as much as those, who have merited to be recommended by his thrice-excellent pen.

Neither was his reputation confined within the limits of his native kingdom alone, but as well extended itself to foreign countries, and beyond the seas. The king of Great-Britain, James I. by name ; who, being in his youth king of Scotland, was instructed in good letters by the learned Buchanan, having read some works of his, they wonderfully pleased this great prince ; as he made  
appear

appear to James Elphinstone, one of the secretaries of state, who had studied law at Poictiers, and was acquainted with St. Marthe. His poetry, with his other writings, has likewise been read, and recommended by those rare wits, the delight of the muses, which Germany and the Low-countries have produced; John Douza, Dominic Baudius, Daniel Heinfius, Hugo Grotius, Daniel Tilenus, Paul Meliffus, John Posthius, and John Gruter. This last, imitating the labour of Matthew Toscan, the Italian, who has collected into one body the most elegant poems of the greatest wits of his country, made in like manner a selection of the most elaborate poems which the French have written in the Latin language, and published them in Germany. He made choice of a small number of the works

of the greatest part of the poets, whom he judged most exquisite. But he did not observe the same method with regard to the works of St. Marthe, in as much as he has inserted the whole in his collection, finding all these pieces equally excellent and accomplished; as many have written, that in his *Pœdotrophia* he represents nearly the majesty of Virgil; in his elegies, the sweetness of Ovid, and of Tibullus; in his *Sylvæ*, the gravity of Statius; in his epigrams, the points of Martial; and in his odes, the genius of Horace, nay, even that of Pindar, hitherto esteemed inimitable.\*

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\* Notwithstanding this encomium, these pieces have now fallen almost entirely into disrepute. Nicéron observes, that they do not even approach to the merit of the *Pœdotrophia*; and that though  
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The memory of this ancient Greek poet, and the celebrity of his learning, was in such esteem and veneration, that Alexander the Great, having taken and ruined the city of Thebes, saved his posterity, and his house alone kept entire; when the rest of so flourishing a city, exposed to the fury of a merciless soldiery, was totally destroyed. But in our days, during the civil wars, an occurrence almost equally remarkable was beheld; that for the sole respect of Scevole, and in his consideration, the house that he had in his native city was not only preserved, but

there is something poetical to be found in them, yet that many of his detached pieces, and especially his odes, are flat, and almost entirely destitute of fire and majesty. He was so much engaged in public affairs, after writing his *Pædotrophia*, that he seems never to have had leisure fully to cultivate his poetical talent.

also were those of all the citizens, whom he saved from a ruin that seemed inevitable. Monsieur le duc de Joyeuse, and the king's lieutenant-general in his army, passing near Loudun, to march forward into Guienne, had been grievously offended at an outrage committed on some of his men by the inhabitants of that city. The just resentment for this excess was such, that this lord, inflamed with rage, having entered Loudun with his army, proposed to revenge himself for it, and even to use that rigour to which those are ordinarily induced, who find themselves to have force in hand, in a place where they have received any offence; to which he was likewise incited by some of the army. In this distress the inhabitants, overwhelmed with fear, sought every means to turn aside the storm.

storm that threatened them, and to soften the rage they had irritated, which was so much the more exasperated against supplication, as it had been raised by persons of great quality. After having tried petitions to no purpose, at last the principal citizens considered that they had among themselves the remedy, which, with so much trouble, they were seeking elsewhere; that they must have recourse to the sieur de St. Marthe to obtain of monsieur de Joyeuse what they so much desired, and which without doubt he would willingly yield to his merit. He was at that time employed in the lower Poictou, in an honourable commission; but, upon receiving advice of this accident, set forward with diligence to Loudun, being unwilling to deny this duty to his dear country. He accosted

Monfieur de Joyeufe, who had a great affection for him, prayed him with inftance, exhorted him, conjured him to pardon the offence,

So that at laft this general of the army, having allowed himfelf to be overcome, as much by the facred laws of friendfhip, as by the pleafing force, and the pious charm of the moft preffing words of fo great a perfonage, calmed the fire of his anger, remitted, and pardoned the offence; from which the citizens thought themfelves fo greatly indebted to the fieur de St. Marthe, that, with unanimous public confent, they beftowed on him the moft excellent title, FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY; as in former times the Roman orator had obtained from his fellow-citizens. So that to the crown of laurel, of which the learned poetry of St. Marthe had



had made him obtain the prize and honour, they could add this of the oak, which he had also justly merited, for an act so signal, and the good office rendered to his country. In this he resembled another Scevole; not one of the two so much renowned in Roman History, but a Greek philosopher and historian, who was honoured with the friendship of Cæsar Augustus; for, on his recommendation, this Emperor remitted the tributes and subsidies paid by the city of Tarsus, his place of nativity; where the good old man arrived to the greatest dignities, and there happily ended his days, at the age of eighty-two years, leaving, with the works which he published for the honour of his country, a memory of himself so pleasant and agreeable, that every year the people of Tarsus

paid solemn honours to him, as to a hero.

But we pursue the other generous actions of our French Scevole; and say, that, the civil wars continuing throughout the kingdom, people many times endeavoured to corrupt his fidelity, and to draw him to the party of the league, even at the time of the journey which he made to Paris, a little after the fatal day of the barricadoes: but it was always in vain; because that he had so imprinted on his heart the fidelity, and duty, by which subjects are naturally bound to their lawful prince, and the established government of their country (as he has made appear by signal actions, during the long course of his life), that neither intrigues, nor promises had the power to shake this fidelity, even in the

the least. Also king Henry III. who had every assurance of it, commanded him to attend the last meeting of the states, held at Blois, to perform there his duty on occasions, which might present themselves. It would be doing him an injury to pass over in silence the most remarkable of these.

One of the principal chiefs of the league had perceived that, among the citizens of the towns, there were none more contrary to his designs, or who more faithfully remained in the service of the king, than the people in offices. This was the cause, that, aiding himself with the great power and credit which he had among the deputies to the states, he proposed to them the suppression of the greatest part of the offices, without speaking of reimbursement; a suppression in appearance specious,

cious, and useful to the state. But the most prudent saw well, that in effect it was a concealed design, and as a trap set to destroy the officers at last; for they thought with themselves, that two considerations moved him to pursue their diminution; either to rob them of their authority, and by this means diminish as much the power they had to oppose his enterprizes; or to intimidate them, and reduce them to throw themselves into his hands; that, being maintained and preserved by him, they might thence be obliged to attach themselves to his party. These officers being assembled to consider of means to prevent this suppression, which must bring their ruin along with it, took a firm, and courageous resolution to oppose it; even to transport themselves to the chamber of the third estate, where  
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the evil was fomented, to protest there of the nullity of all that should be decreed to their prejudice by the deputies, whom they maintained to have been, for the most part, elected and chosen by intrigues and monopolies, contrary to his majesty's commands, and the public good. The act of this protestation, signed by all the officers, in number three hundred, of all ranks, was presented, and left in the assembly by the sieur de St. Marthe, as, about five years before, he had done in an almost similar occurrence, in the manner we have remarked.

From the same day, certain deputies of the third estate complained to the king of this action, and demanded of his majesty justice on those, who they asserted had dared to disturb the liberty of the estates; but, when they saw that  
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the officers were not frightened at this complaint, but on the contrary prayed his majesty to receive them to make information of facts, on which they founded their protestation, the whole stopped there: those of the third estate judging well, that, if the matter were brought to a proof, it had been a means to weaken their authority; knowing, in their conscience, the little sincerity maintained at their elections: this, coming to the knowledge of the king, he likewise took in good part; nay, he even shewed in private to his most faithful servants, that he held agreeable what had passed in this protestation, which chiefly tended to defend his authority; and this, more than the particular interests of the fleur de St. Marthe, and of the officers, had incited him to undertake so generous

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an action at the hazard of his life; for which he was praised by all good Frenchmen, who esteemed him as much for his great courage, as for his elegant wit.

About the end of the year 1588, the king sent him to the city of Poitiers, to make known to the inhabitants his pleasure with regard to the great commotions which began to arise, and the design his majesty entertained always to maintain the established religion, as also his desire to lighten his subjects of public burdens; willing, at the same time, that all partialities, leagues, and intrigues, cease among the same inhabitants; that they acknowledge henceforth none under God but their king, who would not suffer the contempt of his authority. The sieur de St. Marthe having, from point  
to

to point, executed this command, the king did him the honour to write to him the satisfaction which he had received from it: and the letter bore, “ That he took in good part the duty  
“ which he had shewn to him; but  
“ since there might be in that city  
“ some disaffected persons, who en-  
“ deavoured to divert the people from  
“ the good understanding, which they  
“ ought to have for their own safety;  
“ and that it was needful that his good  
“ subjects should be diligent to break  
“ all wicked designs, and to keep the  
“ inhabitants in concord and in their  
“ duty, he still commanded him to  
“ use his influence there.” Nevertheless, the troubles having in the mean time encreased, and the faction having prevailed so far, as insolently to refuse his majesty entrance into the town; the  
sieur



fieur de St. Marthe was obliged to yield at last to the impetuous storm, to abandon the helm of affairs, his house, and his family; even to retire from the city with M. de Malicorne, governor of Poictou, and other of the king's principal officers, who resolved to follow constantly the fortune and just cause of their prince, and to prefer his service, and the love of their country, to all other affections, interests, and private charities: this honourable exile lasted above five years. The historians of the time, mentioning the revolt of Poictiers, omit not the fidelity of the fieur de St. Marthe. One of them speaks in this manner: “ From that  
“ time there remained not in the city  
“ any royalist of note; and, above all,  
“ the race of St. Marthe were expelled,  
“ as the chief among the partizans of  
“ the

“ the king; and to them joined many  
“ notable families, who always since,  
“ having rallied under them, have in  
“ war and in peace been remarked at  
“ Poictiers, as friends of the govern-  
“ ment.”

The sieur de St. Marthe having retired to court, the king took such thought of his integrity, and of his abilities, that he had an intention to honour him with the office of secretary of his commands, which he declared to a grandee. But his majesty, having still occasion for his service, in the execution of a very important affair, he deferred for some time the effect of his good affection. For, after the rebellion of Paris, a truce having been concluded at Tours with the late king Henry the Great, then only king of Navarre; who had taken many cities,  
and

and strong places, and made great progress in Saintonge, L'Angoumois, and Poictou, their majesties deputed two persons of eminence to put in execution the articles of this truce, to regulate the finances, to remedy the disorders and confusions, which the misfortunes of these troubles had occasioned; and to restore likewise the exercise of religion in the Catholic cities, lately occupied by those of the Reformation, from which the injury of the war had made it discontinue; for this end, the king deputed mons. de St. Marthe, and the king of Navarre mons. du Fay, Michel Hurant de l'Hopital, his chancellor, the worthy son of mons. de l'Hopital, chancellor of France. He was a person of uncommon learning, and of perfect understanding in affairs of state. And as the same

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qualities were united in his colleague of whom we are speaking; for this reason each of them received so much the more contentment in the execution of this important affair. Matters were then regulated and tempered for the public good, and to the satisfaction of both kings. But, above all, the sieur de St. Marthe (following the exprefs charge which he had from the king's own mouth) was active in promoting this re-establishment of the exercise of religion, which was done, at his pressing suit, in many cities of Poictou, of Saintonge, and of Angoumois. Those of the reformed religion took great offence to see this re-establishment; and afterwards complained of it to the late king Henry the Great, as we learn from a letter dated the 7th day of

of

of November, 1589, written from the hand of his majesty to the sieur du Pleffis Mornay, governor of Saumur, which is inserted in his memoirs: but these complaints were vain, and raised so much more the glory of the sieur de St. Marthe; for they let us know, how great were the fruits, which religion gathered from this worthy, and faithful servant of the king; for which none can doubt but that he has now received in heaven a fruit much more excellent.

In the mean time, king Henry III. having been miserably assassinated,\* his good will to provide the sieur de

\* See a particular account of this in an extract from Farnsworth's Translation of Davila, at the end of Book III.

St. Marthe with the honourable office which he had destined for him, remained without effect. Thus being touched to the heart for so great and lamentable a loss, which all France, and himself in particular, had undergone, some months after, he retired to Loudun, to deplore the parricide, and the public miseries; which he did by the stanzas published under the title of “Tears to the memory of the King”; whose piety towards God, sweetness and liberality to men of merit, will ever be recommended. It seemed that the indignity of this prodigious act had given birth in our poet to a new enthusiasm, worthily to detest it, as he does in this rich piece.

But the glorious victories and conquests of king Henry the Great, lawful  
suc-

ſucceſſor to the ſceptre, following very ſoon after this great incident, were a more agreeable ſubject to his learned Muſe; and as theſe victories were extraordinary and admirable, ſo he propoſed to celebrate them by a poetry not uſed, and of his own invention: this was by a moſt beautiful ode, induſtriouſly faſhioned according to the lyres of Pindar and Horace; in which he deſcribed the memorable trophy, obtained by this invincible monarch, at the battle of Yvry, over the great forces of the league, and over thoſe of Spain, commanded by the count d'Egmont, who loſt his life on that memorable day. Immediately this poem was publiſhed in different parts of the kingdom, and even in foreign countries. In this kind of writing, which

is of all the most grave and difficult, he fashioned afterwards other Pindaric odes; as in our days has been done by cardinal Barberin, afterwards pope Urban VIII.

At the same time Scevole wrote likewise in prose the Eloges of men illustrious for learning, who flourished in France during the last age: this gave him a wonderful encrease of fame and reputation; having in terms concise, but which comprehend a great deal, remarked divers singularities worthy of observation, both in the lives and in the most famous actions of these great personages (whom for the most part himself had seen, and with whom he had been acquainted), and likewise with regard to their writings; which he has done with so much elegance and purity



richness of style, that it approaches, and even, we may venture to say, yields not to the most eloquent orators of antiquity; shewing himself, besides, very ingenious frequently to diversify the same subject. People were surpris'd how he, who had in his youthful years followed so happily the train of poetry alone, had nevertheless so closely applied himself to the manner of writing of the orator, and of the historian; which has not commonly succeeded with every good poet; it being very difficult to excel in both, as he has done. But prose agreed better with his age, at that time a little advanced, as himself has taken notice, in an elegy upon this subject address'd to Thuanus; which greatly adorns the front of the palace; or, to speak more properly, this sacred temple of

the Muses, raised to the greatest honour of France.\*

His Eloges being begun, he sent part of them to the sieur de la Scale, who had before worthily commended his verses; and, with regard to this

\* The Eloges of St. Marthe are divided into five books, written in elegant Latin, and celebrate a number of illustrious authors, his cotemporaries; of whom he speaks more with the eloquence of an orator, than the exactness of an historian; and hence seldom mentions their writings; and, when he does it, it is always in general terms. They have been several times reprinted, translated into French, and are still in high esteem. His French poems, notwithstanding the commendations bestowed on them by Michèl, are now in a great measure neglected. The subjects of them were too local and temporary to command the attention of posterity. But his Eloges, and above all his Pædotrophia, has given him a fame—

— quam nec Jovis ira, nec ignis,  
Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetustas.

other

other work, he made no less a judgment of it. He speaks thus of it, in a letter addressed to the author: “ That he had read his Eloges  
“ with singular contentment, to see  
“ that those great personages lived  
“ twice; first, by their own writings,  
“ and, secondly, by his.” But he compared this content to the pleasure, which those sick of a fever have in drinking; for altogether as they wish that the glass out of which they drink were larger and more full of water; so he desired that the book had been longer, and had not left him half content, and half satisfied; especially since he was assured, that their good and learned friend Thuanus approved of this book. He added, that  
“ it was a part of history with which  
“ the learned ought to be acquaint-  
“ ed,”

“ ed.” Then, having exhorted him to continue his commendable enterprize, he says, “ Et beatos illos, qui “ laudantur à laudato viro,” especially in a style so elegant. Also every one had these Eloges in such esteem, that since the publication of them, when they brought to light the books of many learned men, whom they have celebrated, it has been believed, that the glory, which themselves had acquired, received augmentation by these Eloges, which for this end have been diligently placed before these books, when they were published. Thus they remarked severally in this great personage, not less the dexterity than the fertility of his excellent genius, by so many works that proceeded from his hand.

But

But this did not hinder his continuing in the mean time to shew, on many other occasions, his affection for the service of the king. His majesty had established my lord, the prince of Conti, lieutenant-general in his armies of Poictou, of La Marche, of Berry, and of Anjou. He commanded the sieur de St. Marthe to be near the person of this prince, and to assist him with his counsel; which he faithfully executed. Then he rendered an equal duty, but more assiduous, near the lord the prince de Dombes (very soon after duke de Montpensier), when he was lieutenant-general in the army of Bretagne, which the king ordered against the rebels of the party of the league; for it having been necessary to chuse a man of probity and

and of experience, to exercise the function of intendant of the finances, in this army, his majesty cast his eyes upon the sieur de St. Marthe, and honoured him with this important charge, which he exercised faithfully for the space of two years. My lord of Montpensier, the prince, filled with every virtue and generosity, honoured him with a singular affection (as he had done messieurs the dukes Louis and Francis, his father and grandfather), called him to his more particular counsels, and, having likewise knowledge of his great capacity for affairs of state, committed to him, besides the direction of the finances, the management of the principal matters which concerned the province.

From the year 1590 the king had commanded him to treat of reducing  
Poitiers

Poictiers to his obedience, and to dispose the principal citizens to return to their duty: to which he applied himself in so commendable a manner, that in the letters written to him on this subject by the king, it may be seen how much he was satisfied with it, encouraging him to prosecute what he had so well begun, and promising to have his merits and services in remembrance. Then he went to Chartres, at the time of his majesty's coronation, to receive there more particularly his majesty's commands, on the execution of an affair of such consequence. Upon his return to Poictou, the king wrote him again, and charged him to resume the pledges of the treaty with those of Poictiers; which he did with so much prudence and happy success, that,

that, after many conferences held, difficulties surmounted, and dangers avoided, at last by his lively persuasions the city submitted, and again acknowledged the king; a stroke most important to France, chiefly for two reasons; the one, inasmuch as that monsieur the duke de Mercœur held still the city of Nantes, and almost all Bretagne, pressing the Poictevins to remain firm with him in the contrary party, as they had done before; and the other, because that the late monsieur d'Elbeuf, who commanded in the city, embraced at the same time the king's service. Those of Poictou deputed the lieutenant-general de St. Marthe, with others of their corps from the city, to go immediately to court, and take the oath of fidelity to the king: for this purpose they



they went to the see of Laon in Picardy. The favourable reception, granted them by the king, made sufficiently known how agreeable to him was the signal service, which our sieur de St. Marthe (under whose conduct the journey was undertaken) had rendered him on this remarkable occasion; in which was so generously employed his brother, to whom the king confirmed the office of lieutenant-general. This event happened in the year 1594, and was among the most important services which St. Marthe rendered to king Henry IV.

A few years after the reduction of Poictiers, and that of many other cities, the king, wishing to provide against the confusions and derangements, that glided through the state during the civil war, convened in the city of  
Rouen

Rouen an assembly of the most notable personages of the orders of the kingdom: he ordered the fleur de St. Marthe to be there, and did him likewise the honour to write him for this purpose. He served usefully in this celebrated assembly, which was composed of the first men in France, and there shewed his judgment and his capacity, in voting, and giving salutary advices on many great affairs.

At his return from Rouen he came to Paris, and there received a singular content, having seen his eldest son Abel de St. Marthe appear with reputation at the bar of the court of parliament. This contentment was redoubled by the esteem, which people of learning had for his son's Latin poems, then published; the greater part of which were employed to commend

mend, as well the frequent victories of Henry the great, as he has since celebrated those of Louis the Just, by other excellent works; both in prose and in Latin poetry; which his majesty has favourably received, and honoured him with the dignity of counsellor in his majesty's council of state.\*

The fleur de St. Marthe was so much advanced in age, that he seemed to have good reason, after so many fatigues, rather to seek repose in his own house, than to continue after-

\* The poems of Abel de St. Marthe were published at Paris 1632, in Latin and French. Nicéron observes of them, that they shew fertility of genius, and are written with ease and elegance; but, on the whole, inferior to those of his father, who has always been esteemed the most illustrious of his race.

wards to take care of affairs; but being entreated by those of Poictiers again to accept the office of mayor, he would not excuse himself, for the desire which he had to continue in the public service. King Henry the Great approved this choice; and making his solemn entry into the city, in the month of May 1602, did him the honour to receive him there in name of the citizens; and as Henry III. held it very agreeable to hear so eloquent a personage speak, in the same manner this great prince, who knew as well that his predecessor made a distinction of his subjects, and discovered their merit, shewed that he took very agreeably the excellent discourse which he pronounced, in order to testify the vows of sincere affection and fidelity from his fellow-citizens.

He

He had then the good fortune to see, and to salute all the most topping lords of the court; among others, Pompone de Bellieure, chancellor of France, who did him the honour to share with him his confidence; as did also his worthy son, monsieur de Bellieure, president in the court of parliament, eminent for prudence and learning, joined with a remarkable probity.

Scevole had seen, at different times, to his great grief, the end of many learned personages, his particular friends; such as were Claude du Puy, Florent Chrestien, Peter Pithou, Philippe des Portes, Nicolas Rapin, John Passerat, Nicolas le Fevre, Etienne Pasquier, and others; which furnished him a sad, but worthy subject to continue

his Eloges, which he did even in his great age. For though powers often fail the greatest part of men in the decline of their lives; so it was that his wit never grew old, and failed not to make its vigour as much remarked as in his younger years, to the great surprize of every one.

The death of his brother touched him in as lively a manner: nevertheless, in this misfortune, he took for some consolation the preference, which the king gave, among many competitors for the office of lieutenant-general of Poictou, to his eldest son Nicolas de St. Marthe, who was then counsellor in the parliament of Paris, and who has always carried himself with affection and fidelity in the service of his country, and worthily

thily supported the honour of his family.

In the mean time the sieur de St. Marthe, seeing some divisions arise at Poictiers, resolved to retire to Loudun, in order to pass there the remainder of his days. Before he took his station there altogether, when he was now eighty years of age, so it was that he had strength to undertake a last journey to Paris, in the beginning of the year 1615, to see those of his friends who lived there, and some of his children; who, after the reduction of the city into obedience of the king, had there fixed their residence. His renown, and his great virtue, excited many persons of quality to visit him, as on his part he visited them. Among others, one

of the ornaments of the church, and of letters, monsieur the cardinal de Perron, whom from a long time he had known, and frequented in the court of Henry III. This prelate gave him a most kind welcome, and even esteemed so much of his judgment, that he communicated to him many of his excellent works in verse and in prose, in order to have his advice concerning them. He told him, besides, that his name and his reputation were much celebrated in Italy; and that the elegant wits of that country esteemed his Latin poems far above those of other Frenchmen, as they did also the elegance of his Eloges; and that he had seen both the one and the other of these excellent works in the Vatican library.

During



During his stay at Paris, he had the honour to see likewise messieurs du Vair and de Vic, keepers of the seals of France, and still to frequent very often Augustus Thuanus, who in the history of his time gives him an honourable place, by the recital, which he has often made in it, of his fidelity to the king, and of his singular erudition.

He had also the happiness, that others addressed and presented to him, during his life, Eloges upon himself, which have been as much commended as others since his death: but it was not enough that he was celebrated by so many particular persons; it must still be, that the living public voice be employed in it, as happened in an occurrence that presented itself.

A difference was agitated, in the court of the parliament of Paris, between the heirs of the late monfieur the count de Laval, who died in Hungary, and the widow of Peter Joyeux, phyfician, of whom we have faid. She had intereft to juftify that her husband was not a common perfon, but rather of confideration, and of learning. In order to make him known, among other methods, ſhe aſſerted, that the ſieur de St. Marthe had judged him worthy to be inserted in his Eloges, and brought the book in evidence; which was of ſuch effect, that it not only exempted this widow from a longer proof by witneſſes, to which the affair ſeemed to be diſpoſed, but alſo ſhe inſtantly gained her cauſe; and it was then that many gentlemen  
in

in the court of parliament, who voted on the decision of this process, took from thence occasion to enlarge upon the merits and rare qualities of the author of the book, the testimony of which alone was at that time (contrary to the common maxim) of such great weight with this august senate, that they held in little esteem the evidence of many.

The fleur de St. Marthe, being then attracted by the pleasant air of his native country, returned from Paris to Loudun, where he lived in great repose and tranquillity: he had likewise for company the fourth of his children, afterwards an officer of finance, and his youngest son, who then gave great hopes of that learning which he afterwards attained. While he was  
at

at Loudun, another occurrence renewed to him the pleasure which he formerly received with regard to his eldest son, to hear that the works of his other children had likewise been well received, particularly those of Scevole and Louis de St. Marthe, twin-brothers, so like in manners, in constitutions, and in inclinations (as they are in features of face), that one might say, but one soul had been infused into two bodies: for, having with a great diligence and curiosity jointly described the history of the royal house of France (a master-piece among the genealogical histories, as it is called by a celebrated historian), they had the honour to present the first edition of it to Louis XIII. who received it in good part, and honoured them

them with the office of his historio-graphers.

As each of the children of Scevole have endeavoured to imitate the different perfections of their father; also one of them, Peter de St. Marthe, sieur de la Jalletiere, treasurer of France at Poictiers, has in like manner inherited in part the genius of the deceased for French poetry, in which he has likewise most happily celebrated the distinguished victories of his majesty. Thus we see that the greatest part of this family have laboured to publish the heroic virtues of men illustrious in their native country, which seems to be to them as a heritage, and successive right.

The famous historian Titus Livius attracted to Rome the inhabitants of  
the

the most distant nations for another reason than to behold the city, though then most powerful, and in all its grandeur. Thus our Scevole had acquired so great a renown from all parts, that not only many Frenchmen of different conditions, bishops, senators, and noblemen of great quality, visited him, but likewise foreigners from different countries, each coming to see him with the same honour that they bring into the presence of the most respectable men; even some princes and illustrious noblemen from Italy, from Germany, and from England, travelling through France, had this most commendable curiosity, while he resided at Poitiers. But it was to him a much greater happiness, when (a few days before he passed from this  
life

life to a better) the most serene prince of Wales, now Charles, king of Great-Britain, passing incognito through France in his way to Spain, condescended to honour him so much, as to visit him in his house of Loudun; this prince, having testified much content from the sight of so worthy a personage.\*

He

\* Nothing can reflect greater honour on St. Marthe than this visit paid him by king Charles I. when Prince of Wales, especially if it be considered in how short a time the prince completed his journey to Madrid; that he was present at a ball in Paris, where he first saw the princess Henrietta, afterwards his queen; and that he was also in danger of being detained a prisoner. Mr. Hume, with an inaccuracy but too common to him (and for which no elegance of style can compensate in an historian), tells us, that the prince travelled from London to Madrid in eleven days, which, considering the circumstances

we

He had then attained a great age, sometimes saying that he had had the good

we have mentioned, appears quite incredible. But the more diligent and faithful Rapin, whom Hume and his admirers affect to despise, gives from the best authorities, that his Royal Highness left London the 17th of February, and arrived at Madrid the 7th of March; which, by allowing eighteen days to the journey, brings it within the bounds of credibility. The following epigram on this celebrated visit was afterwards written by the learned Guido Giraudæus.

When WALES' illustrious prince, Scevole, had heard  
That now not distant far thine end appear'd,  
And that th' unconquerable arm of death  
Already stood prepar'd to seize thy breath;  
O! grant me, Pow'rs, he cry'd, of heav'nly grace,  
Once, ere he die, to view that learned face.  
Regardless then of his Iberian flame,  
Within thy threshold straight, St. Marthe, he came.  
But when he saw thy locks all-white with age,  
Thy rev'rend face, nor thence could disengage.

His



good fortune to live under the reign  
of seven of the French monarchs.

But

His mind or eyes:—Go, venerable fire!  
Since fate, invidious to our fond desire,  
(He cry'd) denies thee more on earth to live,  
Or for thy country's glory to survive.  
O! would to Heav'n this were thine early prime,  
And I with thee conjoin'd in equal time;  
Or had I liv'd in thy more youthful days,  
Thou pride of Gallic, and of Latian lays.

This said, with such report he straight departs  
Of this great man, as oft would fill the hearts  
Of Britain's sons with wonder. But reward,  
Not undeserv'd, thy visit to the bard,  
Great prince! attended, from the smiles of love:  
Then, in thy favour, he began to move  
A Gallic beauty's heart; who soon was won,  
To be the partner of thy life and throne.

Cum mortem instare audisset tibi, Scævola, princeps

WALLIÆ, et injectâ jam nocuisse manu;

O! mihi si liceat, dixit, semel ora tueri

Docta viri, extremum deprecor ante diem.

Nec

But he esteemed yet more remarkable that the prayers and vows made by him of a long time, in his work of the Pædotrophia, had been heard, to see the royal house encreased by the birth of a dauphin; being by good augury, as he predicted, accomplished in the person of Louis XIII.

Nec mora flectit iter flammæ securus Iberæ,  
 Sammarthane, tuos ingrediturque lares.  
 Canitiem verò ut vidit, vultusque verendos,  
 Nec quibus avelli mente, nec ore potest;  
 I, nunc, magne senex, quando ampliùs invida terris  
 Sors prohibet patriæ te superesse tuæ.  
 O! utinam primos ageres nunc fervidus annos,  
 Et tua cum nostris tempora juncta forent.  
 Ceu cum florebas tunc me quoque sec'la tulissent  
 Musæ unâ et Gallicæ tu decus, et Latia.  
 Dein dicturus abit miranti sæpe Britanno,  
 Quæ semel in tanto viderat ille viro.  
 At non immeritus pro talibus inde recessit  
 Tantus honos tanto numine favit amor.  
 Scilicet hinc ignis novus hospitioque, vel illo,  
 Promeruit thalamos Gallica diva tuos.

When

When he had now passed five years in this manner, among books and the Muses, he was at length obliged to abandon this terrestrial abode, to go to seek in heaven another more assured. A continued fever having then surprized and afflicted him for the space of five or six days; as he perceived the last period of his life approach, and the natural powers of his body to fail by little and little, he turned all those of his mind, and his thoughts, to implore the assistance of divine grace; then, after he had piously received the sacrament from the hand of Urban Grandier, a learned theologian, and pastor of his parish of St. Peter, he gave his last sighs in his arms, the twenty-ninth day of March, in the year

1623, after having lived eighty-seven years, one month, and twenty-seven days.

He served God with more sincerity and inward zeal than ostentation; had a great probity of manners; was always equal to himself, as much in adversity as in prosperity; without ambition, without avarice; employing himself with an unequalled sincerity for his friends; and frequently preferring much their interests, and their affairs, to his own. He likewise valued honour, good reputation, and friends, much more than riches and perishable goods; sufficiently contented in himself from this, that he was so many times judged worthy to be entrusted with the management and direction of the public money,

money, left as in a deposit in his pure and innocent hands. He was among the most affable, pleasant, and agreeable, in his conversation : liberally assisted the poor and afflicted ; was full of candour, and endowed with a great facility of expressing his conceptions, whether in speech or in writing. He lived with such sobriety, that he was contented with what the law of temperance allowed him ; was exempt from anger, and every other unruly passion ; and whatever misfortunes happened to him, prevailed nothing against the tranquillity of his mind. All these virtues and good conditions were very serviceable in prolonging his life to the great age at which we have seen him. From this came likewise the good

m 2

habit

habit of his body, that he was not afflicted with the gout nor the stone, nor the other inconveniences which great age commonly brings along with it; except sometimes with a little deafness; an evil which seems to have been common and fatal to the greatest poets of this age, as Ronfard, Du Bellamy, and Dorat. He had an open countenance, a grave and modest air, a pleasant and smiling eye, a characteristic nose, a ruddy complexion; his stature moderate, and well-set, his head bald, and in his younger years chestnut hair.

Besides Abel, Scevole, and Peter de St. Marthe, his sons, of whom we have spoken, he has left Francis and Henry; of whom the one follows the profession of arms, and the other  
the

the ecclesiastic life. Jeanne de St. Marthe, their sister, has been married to Nicolas Sochet, equerry, fleur de la Charouliere and de Villebouin, formerly mayor, captain, and serjeant-major of the city of Poitiers.

In short, the deceased, the subject of our discourse, had the satisfaction, before his last days, to see himself as it were revive, in the person of Peter de St. Marthe, his youngest son; and to hope in him a continuation of his posterity by the alliance, which he made with the eldest daughter of the first marriage of the lady marchioness de Choisy.

His body was buried in the great cathedral church of St. Peter at Loudun, in the chapel of St. Louis. He

was commended publicly by funeral orations, not only in this church, but likewise in the palace, where he had administered justice in presence of the king's officers, of many gentlemen, and other notable persons. Since that time his memory has been still more celebrated by a commendable concert, to be seen in the collection entitled his Tomb\*, in many elegant inscriptions, poems, eloges, and funeral songs, by persons of quality and of learning, as well Frenchmen as foreigners; for it was reasonable,

\* This collection consists of no less than one hundred and sixty quarto pages of French and Latin poems, dedicated to the memory of St. Marthe by a number of different hands; so much having been written, in verse, concerning him, within six years after his death.

and



and seemed very just, to give himself what he had bestowed on others; and that he, who had as well revived the worthy actions of kings and of princes, and withdrawn from the obscurity of the grave so many illustrious men, was himself as much celebrated and honoured by so many rare wits, who survived him. But I will venture to say, that perhaps it will never be in proportion to his merit, nor so worthily as his many perfections require, that they have given him a solid glory.

Which has given occasion to the late monsieur de Riz, most worthy first president in the parliament of Rouen, whom we have formerly mentioned, when writing to the eldest son of the deceased, in order to con-

sole him for this great loss, to give to his memory this beautiful elege:  
“ That he survived the last of the  
“ learned men of the good century  
“ past; whose manners were as plea-  
“ sant and elegant as his poetry;  
“ and that he seems to have remained  
“ among us after the other great  
“ men of his wing, in the opinion  
“ of whom he has been the chief,  
“ to serve for a pattern.” Another  
man of merit, rendering the same  
pious office to his children, writes  
likewise: “ that the loss of this  
“ illustrious hero (so he calls him)  
“ was not peculiar to them. For  
“ as a tree so excellent, and divine,  
“ had its trunk and its roots in their  
“ family; in the same manner its  
“ boughs, and its agreeable fruits,  
“ extended

“ extended themselves to every part  
“ of the world, where the Muses and  
“ learning were held in esteem. So  
“ that the lamentation for him was  
“ universal.”

As the year of the birth of Scevole de Sainte Marthe was so fortunate, that it likewise produced other great personages, of whom we have made mention; in the same manner the time of his death has been unlucky from that of two others of great name, who were Nicolas Coeffetau, bishop of Marfeilles, and Peter Janin, counsellor to the king, president in the parliament of Bourgogne, and superintendant of the finances, whose piety and erudition, which were joined to an ardent zeal for the service of his country (qualities equally remarkable in

in him of whom we are speaking); were to them in all respects as great steps for mounting to the temples of honour and immortality; in which I suspend and consecrate this tablet of a man so recommendable. Some other more happy wit, and better pencil than mine, will be able hereafter to embellish him with more lively colours and bolder features. Nevertheless, as it is, it will shew how much the French wits of the sixteenth century excel in every kind of literature; and that this personage yields to none of foreign nations, seeing that he has rendered himself so accomplished (to finish as we began), that he has been seen to appear with honour in the assemblies of the states, in the councils

councils of the king, in the provinces, in public offices, and also in the sacred garden of the Muses, whom he has tenderly cherished, as he has been beloved by them. Thus we see that so many rare qualities have rendered his name and his memory most illustrious to posterity; which is the most worthy recompence that can attend those who rise to great and generous actions.

Such was the life of this truly-great man, whose memory must have been ever dear to mankind, had he only written his *Pædotrophia*; but such were the great qualities he displayed in the performance of the duties to which he was so frequently called in the service of the state, that  
every

every Briton may wish that those called to fill high offices in his own country may possess the genius, the spirit, and integrity of Scevole de Sainte Marthe.

EPITAPHIUM

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E P I T A P H I U M

IN

SCÆVOLAM SAMMARTHANUM.

---

D. O. M.

SCÆVOLÆ SAMMARTHANO V. N.

Ludovici ic. et apud Juliod.

Cognitoris regii F.

Scævolæ Medici Regii N.

Questoriæ dignitatis in Pictonum

Ditione Præfidi.

Iterum

Iterum suscepto Majoris

Urbici munere

Variisque legationibus summa

Cum civilis sapientiæ laude

Peractis

Optimè de re Pictonum,

Santonum, Britonumque

Publica merito.

Difficillimis temporibus perspectæ

Fidei doctrinæ singularis

Ac in ingenii elegantia

Nomine

HENRICO III. et HENRICO MAGNO

Regibus accepto.

Ab illis ad Blœsenſia Etrotomagenſia

Regni comitia evocato

Ac in utrifque

Prudenter verſato.

Inter eximios poetas



Sive Latina, sive Gallica pangeret  
Præclaro.

Soluta itidem oratione cultissimisque  
Elogiis quibus Gallorum doctrina  
Illustrium manibus rite  
Parentavit conspicuo.

Ob Pictavium desertis foederatorum  
Partib. regi reconciliatum eo  
Præcipue adnitente fidissimi  
Civis gloriam

Ob Juliodunensium popularium urbem  
Quam ducis irati exercitus ultione  
Sæva perditum veniebat  
Efficacissimæ deprecationis  
Eloquio servatam  
PATRIS PATRIÆ  
Nomen adeptæ.

Abel. Scævola. Ludovicus.

Eirenæus. Petrus. Franciscus. Henricus.

Jana Nic. Socheti v. n. uxor  
Parenti optimo et perpetua memoria

Dignissimo ex ordinum

Juliodunensium

Voto posuer.

Obiit ann. Christi M.DC.XXIII.

IV. Kal. April.

Senex annor. LXXXVII.

---

E P I T A P H

ON

SCEVOLE DE ST. MARTHE.

---

TO the illustrious SCEVOLE DE SAINTE MARTHE,  
The son of Louis, solicitor of the court,  
And advocate for the king at Loudun,  
Grandson of Scevole, physician to the king,  
And treasurer-general of the exchequer  
In the generality of Poictiers.

n

Again,

Again, having undertaken the office  
Of Mayor of the city,  
And having performed several embassies  
With the greatest commendation for civil wisdom ;  
Having highly merited  
From the states of Poictou, Saintonges, and Bretagne ;  
Having been acceptable to the kings  
HENRY III. AND HENRY THE GREAT,  
On account of his reputation for approved fidelity  
In the most difficult times,  
For singular learning and elegance of genius ;  
Having been called by them to the parliaments of the  
Kingdom,  
Held at Blois, at Rouen,  
And having acted in both  
With consummate prudence.  
Conspicuous among the most excellent poets,  
Whether he wrote in French or in Latin ;

As also for prose, and most eloquent Eloges,

By which he propitiated the shades of

Frenchmen

Illustrious for learning ;

Having obtained the renown of a most faithful citizen,

For reconciling, chiefly by his means,

The province of Poictou to the king,

Which had deserted to the party of the league ;

And the glorious title of

FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY,

For preserving, by the eloquence

Of his most powerful intercession,

His native city of Loudun,

Which the army of an enraged nobleman

Came to destroy, in cruel revenge of an injury.

Abel, Scevole, Louis,

Irenæus, Peter, Francis, Henry,

Jeanne, spouse of the illustrious Nicolas Sochet,

By desire of the states of Loudun,

Erected this monument to their most worthy father,  
And deserving of perpetual memory.  
He died the twenty-ninth day of March,  
In the year of Christ M.DC.XXIII.  
An old man of LXXXVII years.

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THE  
AUTHOR'S DEDICATION.

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TO HIS  
MOST CHRISTIAN MAJESTY,  
HENRY III.

IN PRESENTING TO HIM THE LATIN WORK OF  
THE PÆDOTROPHIA.

SIRE,

**BESIDES** the natural  
devotion of a subject towards his  
sovereign, those who have a parti-  
n 3 cular

cular sentiment of the felicity they receive from having been born under the protection of so great, so magnanimous, and so just a prince as your Majesty, could not be satisfied nor content with their life, unless it were employed by them in your Majesty's service. Moreover, though I have from your Majesty the honour to act in the office of treasurer-general of France, nevertheless I have besides sought acquaintance with the Muses, whom your Majesty loves and embraces, as do all generous minds ;

who



who having nothing so dear as honour, in which consists the only reward of their virtues, voluntarily favour and support those who assist them to preserve this reward in the memory of posterity. This favour, sire, has emboldened me to consecrate my little work to your Majesty; although the subject of it seems, at first view, too low and vulgar to be presented before the eyes of so great a monarch; seeing it only treats of the method of nursing children at the breast, and of preserving those

those young and tender plants against an infinite number of storms and tempests, which menace, and frequently destroy them as soon as born; which design, nevertheless, to those who consider it thoroughly, will not be found altogether unuseful for your Majesty's service, whose power and dominion extends not only over countries, cities, castles, and other things inanimate, but also principally over many millions of souls, and of living persons, in the preservation of whom your Majesty has a notable interest; whether

whether it be to serve in your Majesty's armies, or for letters, or traffic, or other different employments; the multitude, and contrariety of which produce a happy harmony, which alone renders states powerful and flourishing, as that over which your Majesty reigns. In consideration of which I have principally undertaken this work; and, for the desire that I have to facilitate the fruits of it to all your Majesty's subjects, considered it as a Matter agreeable to your majesty, to communicate

municate it to them in a short time in our language. But I shall feel myself much more satisfied with my undertaking, when, in consequence of the public vows from you, fire, and from your most faithful subjects, Heaven shall be willing to favour us so far, as to give you a happy increase of family, for the service and nursing of which these my precepts may be soon practised and set to work; as of this I have a pleasant hope, and pray God that the quality of the present, which in  
most

most humble devotion I here offer  
to your Majesty, may be one day  
remarked, for having borne in it, in  
some measure, a happy presage of  
this, from

Your Majesty's most humble,

And most faithful

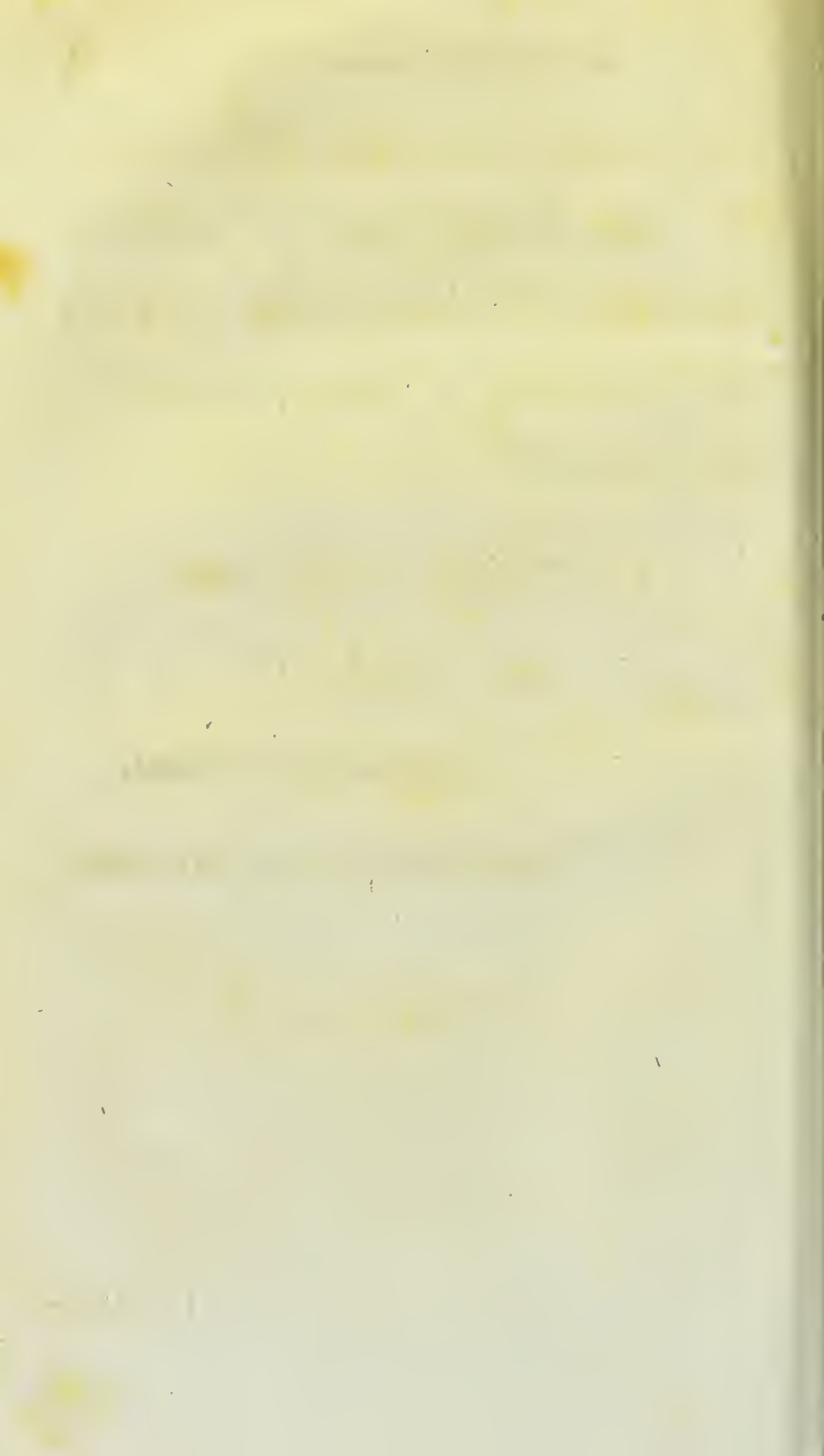
Subject and servant,

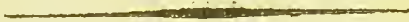
SCEVOLE DE ST. MARTHE.

At FONTAINEBLEAU,

1584.

PÆDO-





PÆDOTROPHIA;

OR,

THE ART OF

*NURSING AND REARING CHILDREN.*



B

## ARGUMENT OF BOOK I.

THE first book of the *Pædotrophia* treats of the management of women, during the term of pregnancy; and the directions with regard to diet and regimen are very full, and applicable to all climates and seasons. But they are chiefly confined to the healthy part of the sex, few diseases being mentioned, except that called by the Greek physicians *Citta*, by the moderns *Pica*, and well-known in English by the name of *Longings*; the causes and cure of which are particularly and accurately described. The maxims, contained in this book, merit the greatest attention from all married women, being admirably calculated for preventing abortion; and a strict adherence to them will, in almost every case, ensure to the mother the enjoyment of good health during the time of pregnancy, produce an happy lying-in, and an easy recovery. The book concludes with an episode of the creation of the world, and the fall of man.



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PÆDOTROPHIA;

OR,

THE ART OF

*NURSING AND REARING CHILDREN.*

---

---

BOOK I.

---

---

YE sacred Nine! that on th' Aonian hill,  
With virgin-cares alone, your bosoms fill,  
Tho' your bright lives, in purer æther led,  
Forbid the pleasures of the nuptial-bed;

B 2

Tho'

Tho' free from fond desires, you ne'er shall prove 5  
 A Parent's care, a Mother's tender love,  
 Nor know the pains of Child-birth, nor the joy  
 To rear the lisping girl, or prattling boy;  
 Yet, Nymphs immortal, leave such cares awhile,  
 Inspire my song, and on my labour smile; 10  
 For, left by you, what heights can I explore,  
 How touch the string, or trembling think to soar?  
 Oh! lend your tuneful breath, with gentlest art  
 Raise my flow'ring voice, and guide my willing heart,  
 While, from an humble theme, I seek the bays, 15  
 A Child the subject of my lowly lays:  
 Teach me to sing, how Infants should be fed,  
 How nurs'd, how cloth'd, and from the cradle bred,  
 While their weak nerves, and tender frame, demand  
 The softest care of an attending hand; 20  
 While but beginning vital heat requires  
 Some kinder aid to keep alive its fires,  
 Till joints more firm defend th' informing soul,  
 And brisker tides thro' youthful art'ries roll.  
 And thou, bright Pow'r, whose beams far-darting, give  
 New vigour, health, and joy, to all that live, 25  
 Thy vital warmth infuse, thy succour bring,  
 Inspire the Bard, who strives thy gifts to sing;

Great Father Phœbus, God of verse supreme,  
Exalt my genius to my sacred Theme! 30

Perhaps the Muse may try some loftier strain,  
When Discord shakes her flaming torch in vain;  
When meek-ey'd Peace her dreadful fury bounds,  
And Celts forbear to rush on mutual wounds;  
When mighty HENRY leads his faithful bands 35  
To brighter conquests in far-distant lands,  
My lays may then to him alone belong,  
And his illustrious name adorn my Song.

Ver. 30. *Exalt my Genius to my sacred theme!*] Invocations to Apollo and the Muses, though frequent among all modern poets, particularly those of the sixteenth century, when taste was formed entirely on the writings of the ancients, are doubtless not so proper now as in the days of antiquity, when the existence of the Muses was a popular belief, and the worship paid to them a part of religion; and the mixture of ancient mythology with the christian system may be, in some measure, a fault in the following poem. But it is the fault of learning, a fault frequent in Tasso; and even Milton himself, by his allusions to ancient fables in almost every page of his works, cannot be said to be free from it. This has been severely censured by some critics; but it is so natural to those who have studied the Greek and Roman poets, that the entire removal of it is rather to be wished for than expected. An eminent author has observed that the Gods of Hømer and Virgil will always be the Gods of poetry; and he who excludes them from his writings altogether, though sufficiently perfect in other respects, will most probably be reckoned but an unlearned votary of the Muses.

But what, tho' daring, poet would rehearse  
 Intestine combats in immortal verse; 40  
 Who, from curs'd civil broils, would gain a name,  
 Or, on his country's ruin, graft his fame?

Then whether, glorious King, thou lead in chains  
 The captive Persian, or, from Eastern plains,  
 Expel the Turk, his mighty hosts subdue; 45  
 Far o'er broad Hellespont their flight pursue,  
 Or level, with the dust, their lofty domes,  
 Their impious temples, and detested tombs:  
 (For, in thy breast, nor thirst of human praise,  
 Nor love of empire, with such ardor sways, 50  
 As thy desire to win the blest abode,  
 To make all nations own the living God,  
 And break the fatal League, from whence arose  
 These scenes of discord, and unmeasur'd woes)

The

Ver. 53. *And break the fatal league, —*] The league was a confederacy of the Roman Catholic lords of France; first, to destroy the Hugonots or Protestants; and, secondly, to exclude the king of Navarre from the succession, who was of the Reformed religion. And they prevailed so far, that he was at length obliged to abjure Protestantism, in order to put an end to the dreadful wars, massacres, and assassinations, which had depopulated France, almost from the death of Francis I. in 1547. The leaguers were of three kinds; first, the zealous leaguers, who intended the utter

The Muse, for thee, shall mount a nobler wing, 55  
 Attend thy triumphs, ev'ry vict'ry sing,  
 Still follow to the field thy conq'ring sword,  
 And still, to future times, thy fame record.  
 Then Father Jordan, from his oozy bed,  
 Shall raise, with joy renew'd, his drooping head; 60  
 Idume's woods resound my lofty song,  
 And Syria's distant hills the notes prolong.

ter destruction both of the Hugonots and the ministry; secondly, the Spanish leaguers, who had principally in view to transfer the crown to the king of Spain, or to the Infanta, his daughter; thirdly, the moderate leaguers, aimed only at the destruction of Calvinism, without making any alteration in the government. St. Marthe seems to have held all the three forts in equal detestation.

Ver. 62. *And Syria's distant hills the notes prolong.*] It may be thought surprizing that a poet so intent on preserving the lives of mankind, and so great an enemy to war and discord, should suggest a crusade, an expedition whose advantages were not likely, in any measure, to compensate for the great expence of blood, and treasure, with which it must, of necessity, be attended. But we must also remember, that he was zealous for the interest of the crown; and it is well observed, in the new-improved edition of Guthrie's Geographical Grammar, "That the crusades were  
 " of infinite service to the crown of France in two respects; in  
 " the first place, they carried off thousands of its turbulent sub-  
 " jects, and their leaders, who were almost independent of the  
 " king; in the next, the king succeeded to the estates of many of  
 " the nobility, who died abroad without heirs." p. 448.

Meanwhile my Muse delights in humbler themes,  
 In cares of Mothers, and in Infants' dreams; 65  
 How pregnant wives their babes unborn should breed,  
 I sing, and how, when born, should clothe, and feed.

Thou too, bright Nymph, by fav'ring Juno made  
 The dear companion of my nuptial-bed,  
 While sacred Hymen ev'ry care beguil'd,  
 And happier Concord on our union smil'd; 70  
 Spouse of my heart, and treasure of my life,  
 My much-belov'd, and ever-charming wife,  
 Since ev'ry wish is crown'd, since thy embrace,  
 Has made me Father of an Infant-race;  
 Since, still for us, the torch of Venus burns, 75  
 And, on the genial bed, new joy returns;  
 Accept my song; hence thy soft cares improve,  
 And learn to nurse the pledges of our love;  
 Lest, when pale Death demands us for his own,  
 When iron slumbers press our bodies down; 80  
 When our departing souls disperse in air,  
 No son remain, no daughter's tender care,  
 To pay the fun'ral rites, the loss to mourn,  
 And pour their tears on our neglected urn.

But chief th' eternal Father's aid implore 85  
 To rear that Offspring, which he gave before,

Left

Left the young plant, of late so thriving found,  
 Should waste, like seed amidst unfertile ground;  
 That you may still a smiling infant bear,  
 To crown with pleasure ev'ry circling year, 90  
 To call forth all the Mother in your breast,  
 And give declining age its wish'd-for rest;  
 Be ever-mindful of the blessing giv'n,  
 And pay, with grateful heart, due thanks to Heav'n.  
 No danger then, no low'ring sky shall doom, 95  
 The beauteous bud to an untimely tomb;  
 Nor wint'ry frost, nor chilling blast, destroy  
 The boasted product of our mutual joy:  
 But dancing sun-beams round his head shall play,  
 And balmy Zephyrs chase disease away. 100  
 Yet still, with watchful care, thy charge defend,  
 Feed with attention, and with pleasure tend,  
 Still open, for his use, the milky rill,  
 And, on his lips, th' ambrosial stream distill.

A Sage declar'd, and with the speech I'm pleas'd, 105  
 No Mother should from nursing be releas'd,

But

Ver. 106. *No Mother should from nursing be releas'd,*] This has been said by so many sages of both sexes, that it is not very easy to know whom the poet means; and I believe it has scarcely ever been denied, except by those mothers who did not wish to give themselves

But freely give what oft she keeps with pain,  
 And let her Child the snowy fountains drain.  
 This the great parent, Nature, still requires,  
 And warns in time, to pay their fond desires, 110  
 Each Mother to be prudent, and prepare,  
 To nurse her infant-young with pious care.  
 For when the womb the genial seed receives,  
 And ev'n before the new conception lives,  
 The sister-breasts the future birth reveal, 115  
 Become more firm, and form a nobler swell,

themselves the trouble of it. The oldest maxims of this kind that I can find, at present, are in Pliny, and Aulus Gellius. The first tells us, in the twenty-eighth book, and ninth chapter of his Natural History, "that the mother's milk is the proper nourishment for infants." And the last, in the first chapter of his twelfth book, "That a woman ought to be the entire mother of her child. How contrary to nature is this imperfect sort of mother, this mother by halves, who brings forth, and then casts off her offspring! who, after having nourished in her womb, and with her blood, something which she did not see, does not now nourish with her milk what she sees living, become a human creature, and imploring the assistance of its mother." We are informed by Van Swieten, that a queen of France gave her son suck, nor would she desist from so doing when taken ill; and as, during the time of the fit of an intermitting fever, another matron gave her breast to the thirsty and crying child, she was so much displeas'd at this, that she thrust her finger into the child's mouth, in order to excite a vomiting, being unwilling that another should perform any part of the mother's office.



In their soft rills the sacred nectar breed,  
 And tell their wish, the coming babe to feed.  
 But when the child within the cradle lies,  
 Demanding aid with tears, and melting cries, 120  
 Its ancient bounds th' o'erflowing moisture breaks,  
 And, of itself, the helpless infant seeks ;  
 If then restrain'd, the liquor fills with pains  
 The swelling Breast, and rages in the veins,  
 Would force its way from ev'ry winding maze, 125  
 And, for th' ungrateful deed, the mother pays.

Besides, since ev'ry milky fountain flows  
 By the same feed from which the fœtus grows,  
 What kinder nourishment could Nature give ?  
 By what, so proper means, could infants live, 130  
 As from this sacred source to draw their food,  
 And, with their own, to mix their mother's blood?

Spontaneous

Ver. 132. *And, with their own, to mix their mother's blood?*] The last-quoted author uses the same argument: "Nothing can be more natural, or beneficial for the child, than that it should be nourished by the milk of its own mother. In the womb it had its nourishment and growth from the mother's humours; nay, it seems very probable, that, in the last months of pregnancy, the milk was carried to the uterus and to the fœtus. If in grown men, and men in health, a sudden change in the manner of living be not without danger; it is evident that there is great

" reason

Spontaneous still the grateful liquor glides,  
 And still the child sucks in the flowing tides,  
 Attempts with hands and mouth the breast to seize,  
 And drains the kindred juice, and lies at ease; 135  
 The Juice, swift-circling thro' his infant-veins,  
 Diffuses health, and strength, and frees from pains.  
 Have you not seen, when little griefs engage  
 His infant-heart, and hurt his tender age, 140  
 To soothe his soft complaints, the mother fly,  
 And bring the tempting breast before his eye,  
 Advance the nipple to his op'ning lip,  
 And give him still th' ambrosial juice to sip,  
 Then, strange to tell, new pleasure fill his mind, 145  
 And calm his griefs, and mingle with the wind?  
 The child delights his cure from hence to bring,  
 And lies immers'd amid the fragrant spring;

“ reason to fear, lest a new-born child, by an improper nourish-  
 “ ment, should decline in health. But, as breasts were given  
 “ not only to women but to quadrupeds, in so much the greater  
 “ number as they are used to bear a greater number of young,  
 “ that all may have their food ready, as soon as they are born,  
 “ it appears evidently that new-born children should be nourished  
 “ by the milk of their mothers till, their bodily strength en-  
 “ creasing, and their teeth being grown, they are able to take  
 “ more substantial food, which may require a greater effort of  
 “ digestion, and convert it to their own use.” Van Swiet. in  
 Boerhaav. Aphorism. 1354.

The fame that, ere his eyes beheld the day,  
 While yet imprison'd in the womb he lay, 150  
 Was giv'n by Nature for his earliest food,  
 And fill'd his slender veins with circling blood.  
 The dye juſt changes, when, by winding ways,  
 Swift thro' the breáſt the vital current ſtrays;  
 Thro' glands pure white th' exulting juices flow, 155  
 Leave the firm red, and melt in tides of ſnow;  
 Of milk the colour, and the name, they take,  
 But yet their ancient nature ne'er forſake.

So, when the Cyclops haſte their work to frame,  
 And the huge bellows blows the rapid flame, 160  
 The footy coal to living ſulphur turns,  
 And bright the maſs within the chimney burns;  
 But, if the metal gentler heat require,  
 And ſprinkled water quench the liquid fire,  
 The changing coal its former hue regains, 165  
 But red, or black, the ſubſtance ſtill remains.

That ſnow-white colour too, moſt undefil'd,  
 Suits beſt the nature of an infant-child,  
 Who ne'er ſhould tinge his tender jaws with  
 blood,

As if, from recent ſlaughter, came his food; 170  
 Left,

Left, from his early years, he should acquire  
A cruel heart, and burn with impious fire;

But

Ver. 172. *A cruel heart, and burn with impious fire,*] If we reason from analogy, there can be no doubt but different species of food will give a different disposition of mind in every stage of life; but more especially in infants, whose minds, yet unformed, and only coming to perfection with their bodies, are more liable to be affected by any change of diet than those arrived at the years of maturity. All four-footed animals are savage, or tame, according to their food; and it is said, that some wild creatures have been rendered quite peaceable, and in a manner domestic, by giving them a vegetable diet. A humorous illustration of this may be drawn from the whimsical system of Alma, by Mr. Prior; who supposes Alma, or the mind, to be seated in the stomach:

“ I say, whatever you maintain  
 “ Of Alma, in the heart or brain,  
 “ The plainest man alive can tell ye  
 “ Her seat of empire is the belly:  
 “ From hence she sends out those supplies  
 “ That make us either stout or wise.  
 “ The strength of ev’ry other member  
 “ Is founded on your belly-timber:  
 “ The qualms and raptures of your blood  
 “ Rise in proportion to your food.—  
 “ Your stomach makes your fabric roll,  
 “ Just as the bias rules the bowl.  
 “ That great Achilles might employ  
 “ The strength design’d to ruin Troy,  
 “ He din’d on Lion’s marrow, spread  
 “ On toasts of ammunition-bread:

“ But

But let the fragrant nectar calm his mind,  
 And whiteness still with innocence be join'd.

The bristly boar, on the cold mountain's head, 175  
 The spotted tigers, in low valleys bred,  
 And all the monsters of the savage throng,  
 With their rude nipples, feed their infant-young.  
 And wilt thou, Woman! grac'd with gentlest mind,  
 Become more fierce than this terrific kind? 180  
 Say, does thy infant likeness touch thee not,  
 When, with complaints, he strains his little throat?  
 Will you not pity, and his wants relieve,  
 When still he begs what none but you can give?

“ But, by his mother sent away,  
 “ Among the Thracian girls to play,  
 “ Effeminate he sat, and quiet,  
 “ Strange product of a cheese-cake diet.—  
 “ The Youngster who, at nine and three,  
 “ Drinks, with his sisters, milk and tea,  
 “ From breakfast reads till twelve o'clock  
 “ Burnet and Heylin, Hobbes and Locke;  
 “ He pays due visits afternoon  
 “ To cousin Alice, and uncle John;  
 “ At ten from coffee-house or play  
 “ Returning, finishes the day.  
 “ But give him port and potent sack,  
 “ From milk-sop he starts up mohack, &c.”

ALMA, Canto III.

Is not his being thine, his blood thy own, 185  
 And stand'st thou deaf and stupid at his moan?  
 Unhappy Boy! whose pleasing burden seems  
 Too hard for thee, bewitch'd with other dreams.  
 Delight'st thou not his beauteous head to lay  
 On thy soft Breast, to see him smile and play? 190  
 Who else should cherish thy neglected young,  
 Hear their first voice, and calm their lisping tongue?  
 Wilt thou to others, madly, thus resign  
 The joyful cares, that should alone be thine,  
 That hence thou may'st more youthful airs assume,  
 And keep thy bosom, as in virgin-bloom? 195

Blest is the Mother, from such errors free,  
 That her own image, in her Child, can see;  
 Whose breast maternal cares alone can move,  
 Who finds her duty center'd in her love, 200  
 Obeys her husband, flights all foreign charms,  
 And breeds her infant in her parent-arms.

Ver. 196. *And keep thy bosom, as in virgin-bloom?*] In the same manner Aulus Gellius, in the place already quoted: "Do you  
 " then imagine that Nature gave women breasts, like a sort of  
 " beautiful excrescences, to adorn their chests, and not to nourish  
 " children? Thus most of those unnatural women endeavour to  
 " dry up and quench that most sacred fountain of the body, with  
 " the hazard of turning the milk out of its course, and corrupting  
 " it, as though it spoiled their beauty."

Then

Then you, to whom the fav'ring Gods have giv'n  
 A gen'rous mind, alone the gift of Heav'n,  
 Be nurse yourself, and ev'ry finew strain 205  
 To keep that offspring, which you bore with pain.  
 Learn of the Muse (for I my work review,  
 Here end digressions, and my theme pursue)  
 Not to delay till time of birth draw near,  
 But watch the signs of life that first appear; 210  
 As, when the monthly tides forbear to flow,  
 The breasts feel harder, and more tumid grow;  
 When stays too tight, and girdles straight demand  
 The kind assistance of a slack'ning hand.  
 Each Mother, from this sure presage, may know 215  
 When the young foetus first begins to grow;  
 Then let her for th' expected birth prepare,  
 And to preserve her child bend all her care;  
 Lest, this neglected, she, who gave it breath,  
 Should prove the cause of its untimely death. 220

Ver. 216. *When the young fetus first begins to grow;*] That is, in healthy women; for several disorders may produce the same effects in those of a weakly constitution. And, when any woman is in the least doubtful with regard to her situation in this respect, she ought, without delay, to consult her attending physician; and, when assured of the reality of her pregnancy, to give up every other care, for the sake of preserving herself and her infant.

And, chief, remember not to gird too tight  
 Your swelling waist, tho' pleasing to the sight,  
 Nor, for a shape, within the straighten'd womb,  
 Like Gallic mothers, the poor Child intomb;  
 Else of the fatal deed you'll soon repent, 225  
 And, for your infant's death, too late lament.  
 Hurt not yourself, lest you should hurt your Child,  
 And thus, ev'n should it live, its health be spoil'd;  
 From ev'ry passion, that affects your mind,  
 The captive infant weal, or woe will find, 230  
 And of your health or sickness, joy or pain,  
 Thro' all its future life the marks retain.

Be careful then each point of dress t' unbind,  
 While, in the womb, the fœtus lives confin'd;

Ver. 221, 222. ———— *remember not to gird too tight* ]  
*Your swelling waist,* ———— This  
 most necessary maxim should always be put in practice. For  
 nothing tends so much to produce weakly children, and to bring  
 on abortions (which, besides the loss of the child, are constantly  
 attended with more difficult recoveries than a natural lying-in)  
 as the absurd custom, which young wives are apt to fall into,  
 from an over-modesty, especially in their first pregnancies, of  
 girding their waists as if they were still virgins; by which means,  
 the fœtus is not permitted to grow, nor the blood of the mother  
 to circulate. And the effects of one such mistake will sometimes  
 continue a whole life-time, not only in ruining the constitutions  
 of future children, but entirely preventing the mother from con-  
 ceiving afterwards.

And



And since the body sickens from the soul, 235  
 Nor, this diseas'd, can ever that be whole,  
 Lest vacant Nature prove a faithless guide,  
 And from her wonted office turn aside,  
 Whence indigestion, whence crude juices rise,  
 And mighty woes, by which your infant dies, 240  
 Subdue desires, nor let your troubled mind  
 Immod'rate love, or fear, or sadness, find:  
 Give not yourself ev'n to the nuptial-joy,  
 Or aught, that may your strength or peace destroy;  
 Try, what you can, to lead a placid life, 245  
 To banish noise and passion, care and strife;  
 From all that agitates due distance keep,  
 And let the soother of your soul be sleep:

But,

Ver. 243. *Give not yourself ev'n to the nuptial joy.*] That is, immoderately; for the state both of pregnancy and nursing requires the completion of every wish more completely than any other situation in life; as will be shewn in the progress of the poem.

Ver. 248. *And let the soother of your soul be sleep:*] As pregnancy advances, the fœtus, encreasing in size, presses the surrounding blood-vessels; and the blood, being thus more confined to the head and the upper parts of the body, brings on an inclination to sleep; which, if not too much indulged, contributes, in no small degree, both to the growth of the child and the ease of the mother. And here I cannot help taking notice of a most pernicious practice, which prevails in every town in Scotland, and perhaps,

But, ev'n in this; undue extremes are wrong,  
 And never should your slumbers last too long; 250  
 Refresh your weary'd limbs with soft repose,  
 When, heavy from fatigue, your eye-lids close;  
 But rise whene'er you feel recruited might,  
 Let morning toil put ev'ning sleep to flight;

in some other countries, of setting pregnant women, and even nurses, to keep shops: by which their minds as well as bodies are held in constant agitation; they are exposed to cold, without the advantage of exercise, obliged to wake when they should sleep, and have not a moment that they can call their own. For the loss of a single customer to people accustomed to this way of life never fails to make them uneasy, and inclines them to run every hazard, without regard to themselves or their infants, rather than such a disastrous accident should happen. Nothing contributes more to the destruction of families, and the consequent diminution of the human species, than this absurd custom. And, from the additional expence attending abortions, and the rearing of weakly children, few of whom can be expected to arrive at the years of maturity, all the advantages, that even avarice can expect to derive from it, are more than tenfold compensated. But those, who may be obliged to subject their wives to any laborious employment unadapted to the state of pregnancy should be very cautious in choosing them, in the most important article of health. Health and beauty are rarely disjoined: with these good-humour is commonly united; and it may be taken for granted, that a sickly girl will become a peevish wife, an evil for which neither birth, nor fortune, can make any amends; besides the hazard of losing the children produced by such an union; which, as has been observed in the preface, is the greatest misfortune incident to humanity.

Let

Let rest from labour, this from rest proceed, 255  
 And, in their turns, the mutual helps succeed ;  
 For sleep, too much indulg'd, brings on disease,  
 And many mischiefs flow from sloth and ease ;  
 Hence vitiated blood obstructs the veins,  
 Hence wat'ry humours breed new woes and pains, 260  
 O'erflow the body with their chilling weight,  
 And dull the mind, and lessen vital heat.  
 Have you not seen, from lakes and marshy ground,  
 The stagnant wave spread noxious vapours round,  
 But running water, from the sparkling rill, 265  
 Shine in the glass, and you with pleasure fill ?  
 The body thus, from exercise, acquires  
 New health, new strength, and brisker vital fires.  
 Motion, and heat produc'd by notion, prove  
 The cure of all obstructed paths, remove 270  
 Whate'er, of heavy or of useles, fills  
 The sluggish veins, or stops the vital rills,  
 And make the pains of child-birth glide away,  
 When the young fœtus pushes into day ;  
 Nor can o'erflowing humour then detain 275  
 The ling'ring child, or render labour vain ;  
 But sleep and motion make the body pure,  
 Clear ey'ry passage, bring him forth mature,

Set open all his prison-doors with ease,  
 And free the mother from her long disease. 280

But gentle be your toil, your motion light;  
 Else this, like sleep indulg'd, may break your might.  
 Hence you must be the sprightly dance forbid,  
 For which the fair of France so oft are chid;  
 For this the widow, maid, the matron sage, 285  
 If young, or old, with equal passion, rage:  
 Such freedoms might perhaps, in former days,  
 Have been permitted, when, in all their ways,  
 Our ladies, like the Sabine dames of old,  
 Were still discreet, as beauteous to behold; 290  
 Then wisdom mix'd with mirth, and ev'ry fair  
 Partook diversions with a modest air.

But these good times are o'er; each frisking dame  
 Will dance as drunk, and lost is fear of shame:  
 Like Bacchanals they seem; nor was the feast 295  
 Of the lewd God e'er with such madness grac'd;  
 Not all his vot'ries made such noise around;  
 So mov'd their limbs, and shook the trembling ground.  
 Nor other are their tempting motions seen,  
 Than when to thee, Priapus, pow'r obscene, 300  
 Were measur'd dances trod, lewd ditties sung,  
 And ev'ry grove with tinkling cymbals rung.

\* \* \* \* \*

They hug the men; off their loose garments fly; 305  
 Their naked beauties meet the wanton eye;  
 They (shameful to be told!) provoke desires,  
 Scarce, in the dancing-room, restrain their fires,  
 But kifs, embrace; and wives the scene enjoy,  
 That must, ere long, their babes unborn destroy. 310

From

Ver. 310. *That must ere long their babes unborn destroy.*] From the common accounts of the manners of the French ladies, they would not seem to be much altered for the worse since the days of St. Marthe. The passion for dancing prevails equally in both sexes; but it is likely the custom of painting the face and neck was not then introduced, otherwise it would not have passed unnoticed in this severe satire on his country women: it is thus described by Dr. Smollett.

“ I shall mention only one custom more, which seems to carry  
 “ human affectation to the very farthest verge of folly and extra-  
 “ vagance; that is the manner in which the faces of the ladies are  
 “ primed and painted. It is generally supposed that part of the  
 “ fair sex, in some other countries, make use of fard and ver-  
 “ milion for very different purposes; namely, to help a bad, or  
 “ faded complexion, to heighten the graces, or to conceal the  
 “ defects of nature, as well as the ravages of time. I shall not  
 “ enquire whether it is just and honest to impose in this manner  
 “ upon mankind. If it is not honest, it may be allowed to be  
 “ artful and politic, and shews, at least, a desire of being agree-  
 “ able. But to lay it on as the fashion in France prescribes to all  
 “ the ladies of condition, who indeed cannot appear without this

From scenes like these, ye pregnant mothers, run,  
 And, as ye prize your healths, take care to shun  
 The joys of Venus; curb each loose desire,  
 Lest added fuel quench the former fire,  
 Lest ye should lose the fruits of pleasure gone, 315  
 And love itself undo what love had done,  
 Her suitors thus Penelope deceiv'd;  
 She loos'd by night what she by day had weav'd.  
 Excess of dancing, and immod'rate love,  
 Still fatal to th' imprison'd foetus prove; 320  
 The mother too is punish'd for her crime,  
 She brings th' abortive birth before the time,  
 And sure she seems her due desert to find:  
 But how could'st thou, nor cruel, nor unkind,

“ badge of distinction, is to disguise themselves in such a manner  
 “ as to render them odious and detestable to every spectator,  
 “ who has the least relish for nature and propriety. As for the  
 “ fard, or white, with which their necks and shoulders are  
 “ plastered, it may be in some measure excusable, as their skins  
 “ are naturally brown or fallow; but the rouge, which is daubed  
 “ on their faces from the chin up to the eyes, without the least  
 “ art or dexterity, not only destroys all distinction of features,  
 “ but renders the aspect really frightful, or at least, conveys no-  
 “ thing but the idea of disgust and aversion. Without this hor-  
 “ rible mask no lady is admitted to court, or in any polite as-  
 “ sembly.”

Merit

Merit this fate from her, ere guilt you knew, 325  
 Poor babe! or this contagious world could view?  
 Perhaps (who knows th' o'erruling pow'r of Heav'n?)  
 The world's great empire had to you been giv'n:  
 You might have Nature's secret laws unveil'd,  
 The course of Suns and wand'ring orbs reveal'd; 330  
 In arts or arms a deathless name acquir'd,  
 Liv'd as you chose, and been what you desir'd,  
 Who, thro' your mother's guilt, have lost your frame,  
 And, just existing, dy'd without a name.  
 Think, cruel woman! that thy bowels bear 335  
 The Lord of all beneath the starry sphere,  
 The sacred likeness of th' eternal King;  
 To whom, whatever fans with rapid wing  
 The circumambient air, or upward flies  
 Amid the clouds, and nearer views the skies, 340  
 Inhabits earth, or swims the wat'ry way,  
 The great Creator gave, and bade obey.  
 And striv'st thou not with all thy strength and pow'r,  
 To keep thy trust, and bless his natal hour?

Ver. 344. *To keep thy trust, and bless his natal hour?*] The preceding paragraph merits the highest consideration from every pregnant woman, in whose power it is, by proper management, to prevent abortion in almost every case.

For

For what remains, chuse viands light and good, 345  
 And, chofen well, be fparing of your food ;  
 Left, to the beft too constantly inur'd,  
 You bring new maladies ere old be cur'd ;  
 Your ftomach, lab'ring with the weight you bear,  
 Requires but little of ev'n the lighteft fare : 350  
 Avoid too much of bitter, falt or four,  
 Nor fruits unripe, nor fallads raw devour ;  
 Yet, in whate'er you take, confult your tafte,  
 The sweeteft food is eafieft to digeft.  
 Chufe you the foftest; Cytherea's dove 355  
 Will pleafe your palate, and your wit improve ;

Ufe

Ver. 355, 356. ————— *Cytherea's dove* ]

*Will pleafe your palate, and your wit improve;* ] The flefh of pigeons, being nourifhing, ftrengthening, fomewhat binding, containing much volatile falt, and hence faid by fome authors to be ufeful in curing convulfions, may be fuppofed to improve the mind as well as the body: though this is contrary to the obfervation of the learned Dr. Lemery, who fays, that thofe of a melancholic habit fhould ufe them more fparingly than any other perfons. The fame author obferves of turtle-doves, the food here recommended, “ That they are the fineft kind of pigeons ; “ that the cock is ufually of an afh-colour, with a ring about his “ neck: there are alfo fome of them white, efppecially in cold “ countries. The turtle is either wild or tame: they love to “ live in fand, rough, or mountainous places; and they keep “ on the top of trees where they build their nefts; but frequently “ come down into the plains and gardens to feek for food. Arif-

“ title



Use capons freely, partridges the same,  
 And that sweet bird which we from Phasis name;  
 Nor veal, nor lamb, nor chickens, I forbid,  
 Nor, till his horns are grown, the sucking kid. 360

IF

“totle observes, that they go into hot countries in the winter,  
 “and cold ones in the summer. It is observed, that they live to  
 “be eight years old, and that the cock is usually longer lived  
 “than the hen. The flesh of the turtle is not so dry as that of  
 “the wild pigeon. It is better tasted, and produces good  
 “juice: when this bird is fat, tender, and young, it is delicate  
 “food. Hence Martial says,

“Dum mihi pinguis erit turtur, lactuca valebis  
 “Et cochleas tibi habe; perdere nolo famem.

“Galen also much extolls the goodness of the turtle, and says  
 “that it is a food that is neither too gross, nor too slight, and  
 “in a word very wholesome.”

Ver. 358. *And that sweet bird which we from Phasis name;*] Pheasants, so called from Phasis, a river of Colchis, where they were first discovered, and hence are called “Aves Phasianæ” by Pliny, lib. x. cap. 48. Capons, partridges, and pheasants, all partake of the same nature, though the pheasant is the sweetest, and most delicious.

Ver. 360. *Nor, till his horns are grown, the sucking kid.*] Dr. Lemery observes that “A kid should always be chosen under the  
 “age of six months, still sucking, that has not been fed upon  
 “herbs, whose dam is healthy, well-fed, and gives plenty of  
 “milk; that, when it attains to the age of an he-goat, its flesh  
 “is of a rank, unpleasant taste and smell, and therefore not  
 “much used for food.” The flesh of this animal likewise contains much volatile salt; and St. Marthe seems to prefer food of  
 this

If these delight you not ; if, prone to change,  
 Your appetite desire a wider range ;  
 Then rather from the sea your viands take  
 Than from the slimy stream, or standing lake ;

For

this kind for pregnant women. Lemery tells us, on I know not what authority, that “ A certain ancient wrestler of Thebes accustomed himself to live upon goats flesh, and that he excelled all others of his time in strength; and this might be because the goat, being a lively, nimble, and light animal, and consequently containing many exalted principles, communicated those very volatile and active principles to him.” In the same manner these volatile principles may be communicated to the fœtus by the blood of the mother, and tend to form an active, lively child. The flesh of the female goat, at whatever age, is of a different nature from that of the male, and disapproved of by Plutarch, Aristotle, and Hippocrates.

Ver. 363, 364. *Then rather, from the sea, your viands take* ]  
*Than from the slimy stream, or standing lake ;* As  
 those land animals which breathe the purest air are most vigorous, lively, and make the most wholesome food ; so fishes, to whom water impregnated with air answers the same purpose, are always more delicious, and better food, according to the purity of the element they breathe. Hence trout, gudgeons, and other small fishes that delight in running streams are preferable to pike, and those found in slime, lakes, and the oozy beds of slow-moving rivers. The agitation of the sea, that keeps this element always wholesome for their use, and the quantity of salt they must there inhale, make sea fishes, particularly the smaller kinds, of an easy digestion, and more fit for being changed into good nourishment for the fœtus. But, as St. Marthe observes, they should only be used

For fishes bred in swelling ooze, and mud, 365  
 Will dull your mind, and prove unwholesome food;  
 Yet what clear brooks and running streams supply,  
 Are fit to eat, and pleasing to the eye.

To quench your thirst, mix water with your wine,  
 'Tis good that both their friendly aid combine; 370  
 But let the wine be still diluted well,  
 Lest you encrease what thus you wish t' expel:  
 And oft may fallads, herbs, and ripen'd fruits  
 As grateful prove, as each your palate suits;

used now and then for variety; and, according to Hippocrates, cod-fish and eels should be eaten very sparingly by all persons; as the reader will find in the note on ver. 817, of Book III.

Ver. 369. *To quench your thirst, drink water with your wine,*] This direction is no doubt very proper, and well adapted to the poet's own country-women, who take wine and water for their common drink. But in Great Britain, where this is not the case, good small beer may be used with sufficient propriety, and, in many instances, will prove more grateful to the stomach.

Ver. 373, 374. *And oft may fallads, herbs, and ripen'd fruits*  
*As grateful prove* ————— ]

These may be taken at all times of pregnancy by every woman who inclines to them, and particularly in the last months, when encreasing heaviness, and sometimes swelling of the limbs, indicate that liquids should be sparingly used. But the principal reason for advising them here seems to be, in order to prevent the immoderate use of wine.

Their

Their kindly juices, when the body's dry, 375  
 Will prove more cool, and better sap supply :  
 But chuse them well, and keep a measure still,  
 Nor let your appetite o'ercome your will :  
 We scarcely have a teeming female found,  
 Who could, in food or drink, her longings bound; 380  
 And such is oft their monst'rous hunger seen,  
 Not only fruits they chew, unripe and green,  
 But earth, and soot, and cinders take, for food,  
 And broken stones, and chips of rotten wood.  
 And thousand other vicious viands chuse, 385  
 Design'd by Nature for some diff'rent use.  
 Once I beheld, to glut her rav'nous maw,  
 A pregnant woman living chickens draw  
 Swift from beneath the crested mother's wing,  
 Who scream'd in vain, nor could assistance bring; 390  
 Fiercely she snatch'd them, flutt'ring as they stood,  
 Devour'd the flesh, and drank the reeking blood :  
 Within her jaws the brood were heard to cry,  
 One half was swallow'd ere each bird could die ;  
 Bones, feathers, garbidge in her mouth were seen, 395  
 And floating gore deform'd her breasts obscene.  
 Nor e'er the lionsess, by famine stung,  
 To seize her helpless prey more fiercely sprung

On Libyan plains, nor with more fury tore,  
Nor blacker dropp'd her jaws with clotted gore. 400

Bright Phœbus! father of the tuneful throng,  
To whom alone such knowledge can belong,  
Oh! say, what causes this fell fury breed,  
And what the means of cure, that best succeed;

Ver. 400. *Nor blacker dropp'd her jaws with clotted gore.*] Whoever reads the preceding passage in the text will scarce be surprized at the story, told by Mr. Addison, of a lady, who longed to partake with a flock of carrion-crows, whom she saw feasting deliciously on the flesh of a dead horse. And perhaps that in *Perrigine Pickle* may be taken from nature; where Mrs. Trunnion is represented as longing for a hair from the beard of her husband; and, what was worse, she must have the pleasure of pulling it out herself. There can be no reason to doubt the truth of the foregoing narration, since the poet declares himself an eye-witness:

Vidi ego quæ trepidis cristatæ matris ab aliis  
Nequicquam arguto crepitantes gutture pullos.  
Corriperetque ferox, et crudos protinus artus  
(Sicut erant) avido crudeliter ore voraret, &c.

Medical history affords many instances of such unnatural desires, And, however strange these appetites may appear, they are frequently implanted not only in the minds of pregnant women, but of men labouring under an epilepsy, and other nervous disorders; and the suppression of them is, in all cases, attended with danger to the patient; but more especially in pregnant women, whose nerves are constantly irritated by the motion of the fœtus within; whose growth; and indeed whose existence depends on keeping the mother at ease both in body and mind.

Left,

Left, from these longings, miserable wives, 405

And babes unborn, together lose their lives?

You too that, with unceasing labour, earn'd

Your skill, and of Hippocrates have learn'd;

Ye happy few! to whom the God imparts

The laws of Nature, and the pow'r of arts, 410

The cause of ev'ry dire disease to know,

And bring relief t' afflicted man below;

Shut not your poet from your sacred haunts,

To whom the God an equal succour grants;

For both alike inspiring influence feel, 415

Me Phœbus taught to sing, and you to heal.

Then, first, whatever lives, whate'er we find

To bear within an animating mind,

That springs from seed, or circles vital blood,

Preserves its life by due supplies of food: 420

Thus parent-earth conveys, thro' spreading roots,

Her kindly moisture into tender shoots.

And, if mild Suns and skies assist the plants;

Hence are supply'd all vegetable wants;

They suck the grateful juice, that slowly slides 425

Thro' slender tubes, and o'er their bodies glides:

Hence grass is green, hence flow'rs are always fair,

Hence trees have leaves, and spread their arms in air.

But

But animals, by Nature taught to move,  
 Remain unfix'd, and ev'ry where may rove; 430  
 And since, all unconfin'd, they have their birth,  
 Suck not their nourishment from mother earth.  
 But roam at large to find supplies of blood,  
 And from uncertain sources draw their food.  
 For them kind Nature bounteously took care 435  
 The belly, for a store-house, to prepare;  
 Where gather'd foods they place, and all recruits  
 Of nourishment, that with their temper suits.  
 Hence veins, like roots, that pierce the parent-lap,  
 In winding tubes bear off the vital sap, 440  
 Thro' ev'ry member pour the grateful store,  
 And flagging life with healing blood restore;  
 Nor find absorbing veins the means of rest,  
 But, with incessant hunger, share the feast;  
 To drain the stomach is their sole employ; 445  
 To circulate new blood their only joy;  
 And such their craving that, the food consum'd,  
 Their empty mouths, to constant motion doom'd,  
 With painful suction the shrunk entrails draw,  
 The fibres irritate, and seem to gnaw, 450  
 Thus telling, that, without a new supply,  
 The whole distemper'd frame must shortly die.

The sick'ning body feels the sad complaint,  
 The blood decays, the failing members faint;  
 Within the stomach acrid humours breed, 455  
 Encrease the twinge, and give desire to feed;  
 But, if or inward, or external cause

This humour from its nat'ral temper draws,  
 The fretted stomach strange desires will find,  
 And, with unnat'ral longings fill the mind. 460

Thus Nature, pregnancy begun, restrains  
 The monthly flux, and for the child detains;  
 The circling blood, that outward us'd to flow,  
 Gives him new strength, and makes his body grow:  
 But, till the moon run thrice her Journey o'er, 465  
 The little embryo can't consume the store,

Ver. 456. *Encrease the twinge, and give desire to feed.*] This account of the causes of Hunger is perhaps as satisfactory as any that can yet be given, even since the important discoveries of the circulation, and lymphatics. Hunger is commonly defined to be "A certain uneasy sensation in the stomach; which induces us to wish for solid food; and which likewise serves to point out the proper quantity and time for taking it." A liquor, called the gastric juice, every where lubricates the inner coat of the stomach. This humour mixes with the aliment in the stomach, and helps to prepare it for its passage into the intestines; but, when the stomach is perfectly empty, this same fluid irritates the coats of the viscus, and occasions the sensation of hunger.

But



But part mounts upward in redundant tides,  
 O'erflows the vessels, to the stomach glides,  
 Remains, and, mixing with the gastric juice,  
 Depraves its nature, and unfits for use. 470

Not other than should Glanio's silver flood,  
 Repuls'd by swelling seas, and still withstood,  
 Back, thro' his channel, to the source return,  
 And fill with reflux waves his wat'ry urn;  
 Then burst his banks, polluted billows yield, 475  
 And stain with ooze, and mud, th' adjacent field.

The stomach, thus with vicious juice imbu'd,  
 In pregnant women, from redundant blood,

Ver. 476. *And stain with ooze, and mud, th' adjacent field.*] One cannot help observing the propriety of the similes in this poem, especially when applied to such intricate subjects, of which they serve to give the reader a much more complete idea. The original is flowing, and harmonious:

Non alitè quàm si opposito pater obice Clanus  
 In caput ipse suum refluat, vicinaque latè  
 Oblinat exundans informi jugera limo.

The Glanio, called by some Garigliano, is a river of Naples, rising in the farther Abruzzo, and discharging itself into the Tufcan sea, between Seffa and Mola. Running but a short space, and through a plain country, it was more proper for the present comparison than rivers of a longer course, and descending from high mountains.

A new disease the teeming mother seeks,  
 We Pica name, called Citta by the Greeks: 480  
 For three long moons, the liquid unconsum'd  
 To change its place, and nature both is doom'd;  
 The gastric fibres burn with fierce desire  
 Of food, and oft unnat'ral meats require.  
 Then (wonderful to tell!) if you deny 485  
 The strange request, nor with their wish comply,

Ver. 480. *We Pica name, call'd Citta by the Greeks:*] *Κίττα*, "Citta," is the Greek name for a magpie, as *Pica* is the Latin. And this name was given to the longings of pregnant women, either because they long for different sorts of food, as this bird is covered with different-coloured feathers; or, according to some, because a magpie is liable to the same longings as a woman. *Goræus* in *Κίττα*. Also, because both are equally given to chattering. *Pliny* calls it "malacia," from *μάλακος*, "weak;" because women, in a state of pregnancy, are more weak, and helpless than at other times. *Goræus* tells us, that, "This disorder chiefly affects women from the end of the second, to the beginning of the fourth month of pregnancy; when part of the noxious humour being expelled by vomiting, the rest is absorbed, and the fœtus, encreasing in bulk, becomes capable of consuming all the redundant blood in the vessels of the mother." This disorder consists both in a desire of unusual things to eat and drink, and in being soon tired of one, and wanting another. Chlorotic girls, men troubled with suppressed hemorrhoids (which, in some measure, resemble the monthly flux of a woman) are subject to this complaint, and relieved by promoting the respective evacuations. Also those who labour under an acute fever.

Avenging

Avenging Nature, from unknown designs,  
 With spots and marks the foetus' body signs,  
 With stains indelible, that never can  
 Wear out, thro' life, in woman, or in man. 490  
 And ! (stranger still) while in the mother's breast  
 This passion sways, and rages o'er the rest,  
 Whatever place she scratches, or besmears,  
 A mark, in the same part, her infant bears :  
 Hence oft unseemly moles and freckles grow 495  
 On virgin-bosoms white, besides, as snow ;  
 O'er beauteous bodies wens and tumours steal,  
 And, for the mothers' guilt, the daughters feel.

But since, O Muse ! in part, you understand  
 The wond'rous works of Nature's various hand, 500  
 The cause of these surprizing ills reveal,  
 Nor, from your poet, what you know conceal.  
 When violent the likeness is impress'd  
 Of the wish'd object, on the mother's breast,  
 Thither the whole collected spirits run, 505  
 To that they turn, to that they bend alone ;  
 And, from the touch imparted to the skin,  
 The blood conveys it to the child within ;  
 While, latent in the womb the child abides,  
 The mother's blood thro' his thin vessels glides, 510

Feeds both alike, diffusing o'er the whole,  
 And both are fill'd with one informing soul;  
 But he, the weakeft, feels her fatal flame  
 Of longing, moft to agitate his frame;  
 His fofter skin receives this ardent fire, . 515  
 And takes, like wax, the form of her defire.

Infpire me next, ye facred Nine! to tell  
 What means, what art, may this diftemper heal;  
 What beft prevent thefe mifchiefs, that annoy  
 The mother's life, and oft the babe deftroy. 520

It much concerns all pregnant, if they burn  
 With lovers' flames that, tho' fuppres'd, return,  
 Not to confume with unindulg'd defire,  
 But yield, with caution, to the raging fire.  
 For, from the wifh obtain'd, the body feels 525  
 A new complacence, that each illnefs heals:  
 Hence long'd-for food fhakes off uneasy weight,  
 And o'er the limbs diffufes native heat;

Ver. 516. *And takes, like wax, the form of her defire.*] That marks and fpoats on the human body arife from the imagination of the mother, is a long and commonly received opinion; and muft be adopted till a better is fubftituted in its place, of which there feems no great likelihood. This being one of the arcana of nature, which, it is more than probable, will be for ever concealed from human eyes. I have not been able to find a more rational account of it, than what is given in the text.

That

That stirs crude humours, opens all the pores,  
 Expels the sluggish juice, and health restores. 530  
 Then, since all pregnant stomachs chiefly long  
 For acrids, bitters, and for acids strong,  
 Why let them, cautious, use themselves to them;  
 They scour the bowels, and correct the phlegm.  
 Of these let capers claim pre-eminence; 535  
 Let verdant olives their sharp juice dispense;  
 In bright pomegranates, of the punic kind,  
 A grateful pulp lurks underneath the rind:  
 With fruits, like these, you safely please your taste,  
 And let the Cretan apple crown the feast. 540  
 If drugs you wish for, you may use them too,  
 But have a wise physician in your view;  
 Consult with him, when you with longings burn,  
 And hold old women's idle tales in scorn.  
 By such prevailing arts you'll work your cure, 545  
 And wait the future birth, from ill secure.

Ver. 340. *And let the Cretan apple crown the feast.*] No method has yet been discovered for curing this disorder, except indulging the cravings of the appetite. All that can be done is to try to direct it a little, as in the text. And where the fruits here mentioned cannot be had, oranges, lemons, any ripe fruit, or vegetable bitter may be substituted in their place.

Then, when the nine revolving moons are run,  
 When now the long-expected hour comes on,  
 Invoke Lucina's aid, with potent voice,  
 And let a skilful midwife be your choice; 550  
 That death, nor danger, may the birth attend,  
 But former pains in coming pleasures end.  
 Let her, with hand and voice, assist your throes,  
 With oft-repeated touches soothe your woes,  
 On your smooth belly rub dissolving oils, 555  
 Relax the seats of joy by gentle wiles,  
 Unlock the secret bars with vapours bland,  
 And, for the child, the straighten'd doors expand.  
 Then, whether on a bed your limbs repose,  
 Or in a chair you wait the coming throes, 560  
 (For either way is good), be not dismay'd,  
 Nor of the fiercest pain at all afraid;  
 Let not your strength of mind to these give way,  
 But conquer still, lest you the birth delay.

Ver. 549. *Invoke Lucina's aid, with potent voice,*] This is a metaphorical phrase, to signify that, when the time of lying-in approaches, every woman should give up all other cares for the preservation of herself and her child. And it is then, in a more particular manner, the duty of her husband, and her relations to give her all possible assistance, that she may be relieved from her helpless situation.

If, in your limbs, such vigour yet remains, 565

Stand up, for standing will assist your pains,

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

But cease not you, your weary'd limbs to spread,

To bend your knees, or on the chair, or bed; 570

And grasp some strong support with all your pow'r,

T'encrease your efforts in that painful hour.

Such are your woes till you behold your son!

And such the hazards helpless infants run!

This our first mother's mad ambition drew 575

On all succeeding; this 'is what she knew,

When hapless she, by thirst of knowledge led,

Brought wrath from Heav'n on her defenceless head.

The new-created world was instant curs'd,

She doom'd to many woes, and this the worst, 580

Ev'n by th' all-pow'rful King, at whose command

Sprung forth the skies, the ocean, and the land.

Ver. 574. *And such the hazards helpless infants run!*] The directions given in the text are commonly sufficient in a natural labour. To have entered more deeply into the subject would have not only rendered the poem disagreeable, but spun it out to an immoderate length. The various methods of relieving women in difficult labours must be left to prose authors, who have given themselves entirely to the study of midwifery.

The

The sacred source of all ; whose wond'rous might  
 Gave birth to Time, and fill'd the Sun with light,  
 The spangled Heav'ns with constellations set, 585  
 Self-balanc'd Earth by her internal weight,  
 Bestow'd the whole on man, made him the lord  
 Of all produc'd by the creating Word,  
 That lives on earth, or swims the rolling sea,  
 Beasts, birds, and fishes, ev'ry plant and tree. 590  
 Then gave, besides, to crown the joys of life,  
 The woman for his mistress, friend, and wife ;  
 The fairest of the fair creation, she,  
 Too happy man ! was form'd alone for thee,  
     In the bright regions of th' extended East 595  
 A garden rose, with bow'rs of roses grac'd,  
 With trees adorn'd, with fruits, with flow'rets crown'd,  
 In Eden plac'd, and o'er the world renown'd.

Ver. 596. *A garden rose, with bow'rs of roses grac'd,*] This is probably the first attempt to shew the account, given in sacred writ, of the Creation, the Garden of Eden, and the Fall of Man, in a poetical dress ; and certainly it could not have been more naturally introduced than in a poem, where the author was led, by his subject, to mention the pains and dangers of child-bearing, and thus induced to tell what was the first occasion of this universal calamity ; which no young woman hopes, and indeed which few wish to escape.

There



There gentle Zephyrs fann'd, with balmy wing,  
 The fragrant air, and brought perpetual spring: 600  
 The shades were cool, the leaves for ever green,  
 Each Sun was bright, and ev'ry sky serene.

Our ancestor, to this delightful seat,  
 Alike from storms defended, and from heat,  
 The great Creator led; he bless'd the man, 605  
 And with all-cheering accents thus began:

Go, brightest work of this Almighty Hand,  
 Possess these flow'ry fields at our command;  
 Inhabit here, confess the pow'r of Heav'n,  
 And freely feed on what to thee is giv'n; 610  
 The plants and trees will own thy nursing care,  
 And grateful nourishment for thee prepare.  
 But, as thou prizest life, at our decree  
 Forbear the tempting fruit of yonder tree;  
 'Tis knowledge call'd, will pain and woe produce, 615  
 And death is mingled with the fatal juice.

So spake th' all-bounteous King, and shew'd around  
 The fruits, the flow'rs, and all th' enamell'd ground,  
 Bestow'd on man; he nam'd them one by one,  
 And, of the whole, deny'd but this alone; 620  
 Whose unpermitted fruit sad knowledge gives,  
 And sheds the seeds of death on all that lives.

The fire obey'd; by Heav'n itself inspir'd,  
 By Nature led, and by the mandate fir'd:  
 He found his fair associate, liv'd with her 625  
 In all the joys, that love and peace confer,  
 In pleasures pure, and, so complete their blifs,  
 Their wishes one, they but one soul confefs;  
 Their only care to praise th' eternal King,  
 From whom life, joy, and all their bleffings spring. 630  
 No guilt they knew, nor pain, nor anxious fear;  
 Nor wasting care, nor gloomy death, was there.  
 Their minds serene gave their pure bodies rest,  
 And equal pleasure reign'd in ev'ry breast;  
 Till the malignant fiend, possess'd with hate, 635  
 And baleful envy, saw their happy state,  
 By arts infernal made their joy to cease,  
 Destroy'd their blifs, and robb'd their souls of peace.  
 The dæmon watch'd them in th' unguarded hour,  
 Seduc'd their minds, and gain'd them to his pow'r. 640  
 As when a leader would, by fraud, obtain  
 A fort, attack'd by strength of arms in vain,  
 With eyes observing he begins to wind  
 Around the walls, the weakest place to find,  
 Surveys the works, and brings, with cautious art, 645  
 His soldiers to the most defenceless part.

So the fell dæmon, our insidious foe,  
 Attempts the weakest of the two to know,  
 Then with deceitful malice laid his plan;  
 And, in the woman, first attack'd the man. 650

An earthly form he straight resolves to take,  
 And hides his cunning in a crested snake;  
 Not that ferocious kind, by lake or fen,  
 That feed on poisons in the hollow den,  
 Whose hissings, as their livid bodies swell, 655  
 Inform the traveller where dangers dwell;

But those more bright, who, twisting o'er the grass,  
 Their harmless lives in wanton gambols pass:  
 In such a serpent lurks the foe conceal'd,  
 And to the woman wond'rous charms reveal'd. 660

Full in her sight he skims along the ground,  
 Draws her attention, as he plays around,  
 Displays, before the Sun, each op'ning fold,  
 And floats redundant, like a wave of gold.  
 Him, as she follows with transported eyes, 665  
 Still circling on, the fatal fruit he spies;

Then, from the ground, with spires unfolded sprung,  
 Mounts up the tree, and 'mid the branches hung,  
 The human voice, with artful cunning, feigns,  
 And, with these tempting words, our mother gains. 670

What

What cause, what error, foolish woman, draws  
 You from obedience to great Nature's laws?  
 Why should you shun this tree, you daily meet,  
 Or of its fragrant fruit forbear to eat?  
 Aspire you not to knowledge it will give? 675  
 To know is not to die, but more to live.  
 Say, could th' Almighty Sire, by whom was giv'n  
 Whatever lies beneath th' expanse of Heav'n,  
 Each bird, each beast, each plant, and blooming flow'r  
 To thine alone, and to thy husband's pow'r, 680  
 Deny what grateful earth produc'd for thee,  
 Or give the garden, and refuse the tree?  
 Strange doctrine this! that you, tho' form'd divine,  
 Tho' lords of all, must your just rights confine,  
 Must be unblest, ev'n in this happy state, 685  
 And to a tree subject your future fate!  
 This fruit, once tasted, shall enlarge your will,  
 Instruct you to distinguish good from ill,  
 Illume your minds with science all divine,  
 And make you, like the powrs' of Heav'n to shine. 690  
 Its wond'rous virtue your Great Maker knows,  
 But this unjust restriction envy shews;  
 The Deity looks down, with jealous eye,  
 And fears lest you, with him, in knowledge vic.

Dismiss

Dismiss your terror, scorn the words he spoke, 695  
 And free your necks from this uneasy yoke.  
 Behold you not the loaded branches bend,  
 Each verdant bough in grateful clusters end?  
 The laughing apples, drest in flow'r of youth,  
 Spring of themselves, to your desiring mouth. 700  
 Refuse not then t' accept the fragrant load,  
 But pull, and eat, and know, and be a God.

He ceas'd. The woman heard the words he said,  
 Forgot her Maker, and the fiend obey'd:  
 She ate, she glutton'd on the food, possess'd 705  
 With all the longings of a female breast,  
 And thus, betray'd by her impure desire,  
 Began what pregnant mothers yet require.  
 Nor ceas'd she thus; but, at that luckless time,  
 Made her fond husband partner of her crime: 710  
 She call'd; he came, partook with equal blame,  
 And bore an equal share of guilt and shame.  
 The miserable pair the fruit devour'd,  
 And drew the wrath of Heav'n's avenging Lord;  
 The Pow'r Omnipotent, who gave them breath; 715  
 Consign'd them o'er to woe, to sin, and death.

Hence they were both from Paradise expell'd,  
 And found, for fruits and flow'rs, a barren field;

The

The man was doom'd to earn his bread with toil,  
 To turn with sharpen'd shares the rugged foil ; 720  
 Pain, sickness, hunger, their sad fall attend,  
 Ten thousand mischiefs o'er their heads impend;  
 The thought of death haunts each desponding breast,  
 And makes them envy ev'n the meanest beast.  
 In vain the loss of Paradise they mourn, 725  
 In vain look back, not fated to return ;  
 Dire thunders roll'd, descending angels came,  
 And guard the sacred doors with swords of flame.

Then lightnings flash'd, tremendous clouds appear'd,  
 And, from high Heav'n, a dreadful voice was heard, 730  
 Condemning them, and all their future race,  
 No more t' inhabit the delightful place :  
 The children suffer for the parents' crime,  
 And down descends the fatal curse with time.  
 For this each woman bears her mighty woes, 735  
 Her painful longings, and her child-bed throes ;  
 She, cause of these dire ills, must hence be torn  
 With pangs encreasing till her babe be born :  
 Oft as she teems, must thousand woes attend,  
 That only with the coming infant end, 740

That

That make her wretched o'er the race of earth,  
And damp the pleasure of th' expected birth.

Ver. 742. *Episode of Adam and Eve.*] That Milton, whose learning was only exceeded by his genius, had read this poem, I think, cannot be doubted. Whether he made any use of the preceding episode, when writing his incomparable *Paradise Lost*, I shall not pretend to determine. Most probably he had not: and though I do not wish to make the least comparison betwixt a short story of this kind, and any part of his divine poem, yet it is curious to observe the similarity of idea in one line,

“*Libratámque suo fundáffet pondere terram;*”

of which the following, in Milton, might pass for a translation,

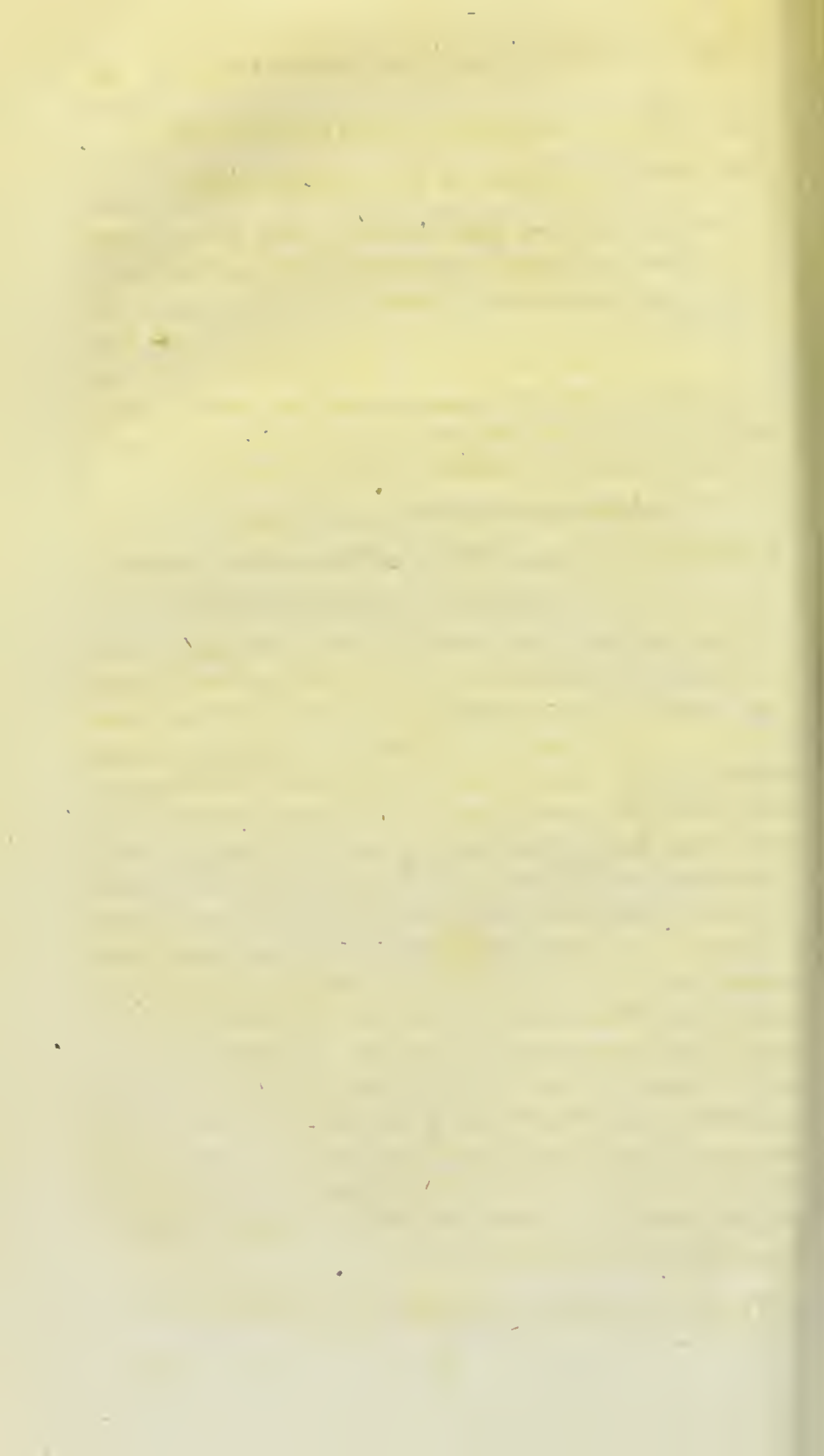
“*And earth, self-balanc'd, on her center hung.*”

The same similarity occurs in the description of the serpent, who is represented by both authors as being of the most beautiful species; as first shewing himself by sporting on the grass, and then leading the way to the tree of knowledge. The speech to the woman in both, being drawn from the same sacred original, must likewise have a mutual resemblance; only St. Marthe confines to one speech, what Milton extends to a dialogue. The idea that Eve was afflicted with the longings incident to females is peculiar to our author, and naturally arises from the subject of which he had been treating. Whether it be just or not, and whether the mother of mankind was pregnant at the time of eating the forbidden fruit, I leave to the wiser and more learned part of the fair sex to determine. At the same time, I may be allowed to remark that the probability seems in favour of St. Marthe; for, if she had not, it was still in her power to prevent the evils threatened to her posterity, by what, in the opinion of many, renders a matron illustrious; namely, living a life of perpetual chastity; in which, for the same reason, she might have persuaded her husband to join.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK OF THE PÆDOTROPHIA.

E

PÆDO-





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P Æ D O T R O P H I A ;

O R,

THE ART OF

*NURSING AND REARING CHILDREN.*

B O O K · II.

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## ARGUMENT OF BOOK II.

**T**HE second book treats very fully of the management of healthy children from the birth to the time of weaning, in the important articles of suckling, other kinds of diet, clothing, air, exercise, and the choice of a nurse, where the mother is unable to perform this office herself. No mention is made of the method of bringing up children by the hand; that unnatural custom being, perhaps, not in use in the days of our author. A very pretty episode is introduced of the death of the only male heir of Francis II. duke of Brittany, which occasioned the accession of that province to the crown of France; and, according to St. Marthe, was brought on by an error into which too many parents are apt to fall; of keeping their children too warm, and excluding the external air. The book concludes with some account of the distracted state of France in those times, and of the situation of the poet himself; in which he laments the death of one of his friends, by the name of Damon, and recommends his own poems to the care of posterity.

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# PÆDOTROPHIA;

OR,

THE ART OF

*NURSING AND REARING CHILDREN.*

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BOOK II.

---

**B**UT now the helpless infant leaves the womb,  
That, nine long moons, had been his living tomb;  
And, as the sign of our first mother's sins,  
With cries, and soft complaints, his life begins.

Then

Ver. 4. *With cries and soft complaints, his life begins.*] Pliny, who probably was unacquainted with the Christian Religion, or

Then you, to whom the tender cares belong, 5  
 Or maids, or nurfes, round the child-bed throng,  
 Make hafte; and fince both wife and infant claim  
 An equal fuccour, let them find the fame.  
 While, for the wearied mother, fome prepare  
 The bed, let others make the child their care, 10  
 In cloths well-warm'd involve his tender limbs,  
 And, for the bath, infufe the tepid freams  
 In proper veffels; fome the cradle make,  
 And all the houfe the joyful toil partake.

You

the History of the Old Testament, gives the following reason for the first cries of an infant: "Being happily come into the world, he lies with his hands and feet bound, a weeping creature, though born to command others; and begins his life by suffering, for one fault only, namely, because he is born." Hist. Natur. lib. vii. in Proem.

Ver. 13. ————— *some the cradle make,*] It is now customary, in many families to use beds instead of cradles. Whether this be preferable to the old method, experience alone can determine. But I apprehend a custom that has been in use, among all nations, for the last three thousand years at least, should not be hastily given up. And, for using a cradle, I shall give the following reasons from the learned Van Swieten: "As the fœtus, hanging in the uterus of the mother from the umbilical cord, is easily shaken this way and that, whilst the mother moves her body; hence it has been, not without reason, believed, that new-born children delight in such an oscillatory  
 " motion;

You too, the wisest of attendants there,           15  
 Now, skilful midwife, shew yourself sincere;  
 Be vigilant, and near the infant's loins,  
 Divide the cord, that with the navel joins,  
 That now, nor blood conveys, nor vital heat,  
 But hurts the feeble body with its weight.           20  
 'Twas useful ere the birth, while quick'ning food  
 Thro' its firm vessels to the foetus flow'd,  
 Gave strength and vigour to his growing heart,  
 And bore the mother's juice to ev'ry part :

" motion; for which reason they laid children upon cradles, that  
 " they might enjoy this gentle exercise, and be more and more  
 " strengthened. Daily experience teaches us that the worst-tem-  
 " pered children are soothed by this gentle motion, and at last  
 " sink into a sweet sleep. But it is requisite that that shaking of  
 " the cradle should be gentle and equable. For which reason  
 " Moschion has said, 'Let the cradles either hang by cords, or  
 " have their feet and sides so contrived, above and below, as to be  
 " easily moved to either side.' "The cradles that hang by cords  
 " are the best of all, as they may by a slight force be moved  
 " equably, and without any noise. At the same time the motion  
 " communicated to these cradles is imperceptibly diminished, and  
 " at last ceases without any concussion." Van Swiet. in Boer-  
 haav. Aphor. 1353. Hence the method used by the Highlanders  
 of Scotland should be preferable to the cradles, or beds, in which  
 children are laid, in more fashionable places. They put the in-  
 fant in a basket, called a *creel*, suspended by cords; which swings  
 from side to side, with the least motion of the hand.

But soon becomes a rude superfluous mass, 25  
 Thro' which nor nourishment, nor spirits pass,  
 When now the child beholds the chearful day,  
 And seeks his food a preferable way.

But lest the flux of blood his strength exceed,  
 And waste the spirits that his life should feed, 30  
 Whence his exhausted vigour soon may fly,

And, yet, but scarcely born, the infant die,  
 With dust of mastich sweet take care to stir

The finest powder of more fragrant myrrh;

Let these united fill the recent wound, 35

And, with soft wool the shorten'd cord be bound.

By

Ver. 36. *And, with soft wool the shorten'd cord be bound.*] The practice of tying the umbilical cord with a woollen thread still continues, and with very good reason; because, being softer, it does not fret the skin like linen. Mastich and myrrh are no doubt sufficiently harmless, but in most cases unnecessary. To this I shall add the following directions from the last-quoted author. "When the child is born, it is still tied to the placenta  
 " by the umbilical cord; which connexion should be dissolved,  
 " for hitherto it partook of one common life with the mother;  
 " but, as soon as the umbilical cord is cut, it has nothing in  
 " common with its mother, but lives a life of its own. For this  
 " reason, Levret has judiciously advised neither to bind, nor cut  
 " the navel-string, except the child has first breathed. If the  
 " child have a swelled pale face, and should not breathe, or  
 " breathe but little, the umbilical cord should be immediately cut,  
 " though

By this, as we in ancient story find,  
 The male and female twins were once conjoin'd;  
 Their two-fold bodies thus together grew,  
 And seem'd but one, tho' Nature made them two; 40  
 But, the connexion broke, surpriz'd they see  
 That each had sep'rate joints and members free.  
 Such is the human lot, of nothing sure,  
 And none are from such accidents secure.

'Tis useful too t'observe, with cautious eye, 45  
 The signs, on which all prudent minds rely,

“ though not tied, that a certain quantity of blood may be discharged, in order to relieve the lungs now loaded with blood, and not yet dilated by a free respiration, otherwise there would be danger of suffocation. But as soon as the child begins to cry the navel-string is to be tied. But the navel-string is tied at the distance of four, five, or six fingers breadth from the umbilicus, that room may be left for a new ligature, if the first should slip; or if, being tied too strongly, it should cut the umbilical vessels; the consequence of which might be a hæmorrhage. Therefore this caution alone is required, that the cord should not be cut at a place near the umbilicus: I have known it the custom in some families to tie the navel-string at the distance of ten or twelve fingers breadth, and not to cut that part of it, which was beyond the ligature; but to apply it rolled up in a linen rag to the body of the child, till the whole fall. This rag, being of a size any way considerable, causes some inconvenience, but no mischief.” Van Swiet. in Boerh. Aphor.

That may foretell long life, or early death,  
 To the young infant, just endow'd with breath.  
 From languid cries, one knows not to exprefs,  
 But you their meaning, by experience, guefs; 50  
 From frequent fits, demanding all your care  
 (Nor can you be too much of thefe aware)  
 More than conjectures rife, that he was form'd  
 From feed invalid, with bad juices warm'd,  
 His mother's vitiated blood partook, 55  
 When ſhe the proper regimen forfook,  
 Was too confin'd within his living tomb,  
 Or got ſome hurt in iffuing from the womb.  
 And theſe prefaging omens knowledge lend,  
 That infant dangers o'er his head impend. 60  
 But now take care to wrap, with friendly hands,  
 His infant-members in ſurrounding bands,  
 And ſtill be mindful of th' external air:  
 In winter, by the chimney, place your chair;  
 In milder ſeaſons, and in ſultry heat, 65  
 Let cooling zephyrs breathe around your feat,  
 While the reviving child ſome cordial ſips,  
 Infus'd by you within his op'ning lips;  
 Such as the pow'rful drug, that bears the name  
 Of Pontus' warlike king, renown'd in fame, 70

Whe



Who rivall'd Rome, made long her legions yield,  
And scarce was forc'd to quit the doubtful field.

But, of all antidotes, the best is wine,  
That chears the heart of human, and divine.  
This let him sip, and add your fragrant breath, 75  
To call his spirits from the verge of death;  
Oft as he faints, let tepid vapours flow  
Along his face, or in his nostrils blow:  
Perhaps this method may prevail the best  
To raise new vigour in his infant breast. 80

Wherefore,

Ver. 72. *And scarce was forc'd to quit the doubtful field.*] Mithridates, King of Pontus, inventor of the famous medicine called from him Mithridate, consisting of a great number of heterogeneous ingredients, and formerly esteemed not only as the greatest of cordials, but as an antidote against all poisons. It is now, in a great measure, exploded; and the Theriacas of the London and Edinburgh Dispensatories substituted in its place. But it is likely that wine, recommended in the next paragraph, will be thought a preferable cordial, and may be given with much greater ease and safety to new-born infants than any strong heating medicines of this kind.

Ver. 79. *Perhaps this method may prevail the best*] In the same manner Dr. Underwood, in his treatise on the Diseases and Management of Children, which, as it is the latest, is also the best book on the subject. Speaking of infants born very weakly, and with little appearance of life, he says, "I have depended above  
" all upon blowing into the mouth, which I am satisfied  
" may

Wherefore, when his exhausted spirits fail,  
 Ere you begin to breathe the healing gale,  
 With flow'rs, and gums, and spices scent the room,  
 With finest cinnamon your mouth perfume;  
 If aught more pleasing be, 'twill aid the cure, 85  
 And chew'd, make breaths more sweet, and air more  
 pure.

If these succeed not, if his little frame  
 Become more weak, and fits remain the same,  
 You sure may judge, that instant death hangs o'er  
 His head, and dooms him to the fatal shore: 90

“ may be more effectually done, by the mouth of the assistant being placed immediately upon the child's, than by means of a blow-pipe; at the same time preventing a premature return of the air, by the fingers of one hand placed at the corners of the mouth, and those of the other, on each side of the nose.” Underwood on the Diseases of Children, vol. II. p. 184, note.

Ver. 86. *And chew'd, make breaths more sweet, and air more pure.*] This direction is very necessary; as the aromatic flavour of gums and spices gives an agreeable stimulus to the breath of the person who blows, that sooner restores the circulation in the veins of the sickly infant. Dr. Underwood advises in the note above quoted, p. 186, that, if all means fail, instead of wrapping the child in flannel, it should be exposed to sudden and severe cold; by which, he says, he once succeeded after the life of the infant had been despaired of. Monsieur Levret prescribes shaking, chafing the child, stirring the jaws and nostrils with a feather, putting salt upon the tongue, &c. L'art des accouch. p. 210.

Your

Your cares to save him will, in vain, be spent,  
 And hopes deluded prove the last event.  
 But if the child be vig'rous, and desire  
 The nourishment, that health and strength require,  
 For nothing spare, but still to him attend, 95  
 And all your labours will in pleasure end.

Then first, since blood and juice impure distain'd  
 His infant-frame, while in the womb detain'd,  
 To cleanse his purple skin the bath prepare,  
 And foul, and squalid wash away with care; 100

Ver. 92. *And hopes deluded prove the last event.*] Dr. Underwood observes, in the next page of the same note; "Amongst other symptoms of some irrecoverable injury a child may have suffered in the birth, is that of a discoloured and often fetid or bloody water forcing out of the nose, after the lungs have been two or three times artificially inflated."

Ver. 100. *And foul, and squalid wash away with care;*] "The whole body of a child, just born, is covered with a slippery glue, the quantity of which varies in different children; for which reason the skin is rubbed with soft sponges in a warm bath, that it may shine; then the whole skin looks red, as if there were something of St. Anthony's fire upon it; and after some days, it is customary for the epidemeis (the outer surface of the skin) to be scaled. The redness of the skin appears as plainly in a Negro, as an European; and it is vulgarly thought the skin will be the brighter, and the fairer afterwards, the redder it has been in the child, when just born." Van Swiet. in Boerhaav. Aphorism. 1340,

Thus

Thus shall his face with native brightness shine,  
 And be, indeed, the image of divine.  
 But you forbear what, fame reports, of old  
 The Germans us'd, a race inur'd to cold,  
 To war, to labour from the cradle bred, 105  
 And, like themselves, their infants far'd and fed.  
 The new-born child, yet reeking from the womb,  
 They took to what oft gave him to the tomb;  
 Lest he should from his father's strength decline,  
 They plung'd him shiv'ring in the freezing Rhine; 110  
 Not other than, were flung into the stream  
 A mass of iron hissing from the flame;  
 And taught him thus, from childhood, to defy  
 The cold and frost of an inclement sky,  
 The force of dreary winters to despise, 115  
 And hardiest of the human race to rise.  
 But, who could this tremendous bath endure,  
 And thus their bodies from disease secure,

Ver. 110. *They plung'd him shiv'ring in the frozen Rhine;*] See Tacitus de moribus Germanorum. This method, as I have been informed, by an eye-witness, is used to this day, in the Orkney-Islands, doubtless with great hazard, to weakly infants. The practice of washing new-born infants with cold water is justly disapproved of by Dr. Underwood, vol. II. p. 109.

Had

Had surely sprung from rocks, or harder earth  
 Than to Caucausean mountains e'er gave birth; 120  
 From snow-white hills they drew not vital sap,  
 Nor were they foster'd on a woman's lap:  
 Such the fell tigress breeds on Ganges' shore,  
 And thus, in caverns, nurses what she bore.  
 But this ferocious mode forbear t' obey, 125  
 And learn to bathe the child a gentler way.

Ver. 125. *But this ferocious mode forbear t' obey,*] Nobody has condemned the washing of new-born infants with cold water in more severe terms than St. Marthe; and the beauty of his verses give an additional strength to every expression. To what is said in the text, I beg leave to add the following from the author just now quoted, who makes a just and proper distinction, betwixt the cold bathing of children just born, and of those several months old, which will be mentioned afterwards. "To see a little infant, three or four days old, the offspring perhaps of a delicate mother who has not strength even to suckle it, washed up to the loins and breast in cold water, exposed for several minutes, perhaps in the midst of winter (when children are more inclined to disease than those born in summer), itself in one continued scream, and the fond mother covering her ears under the bed-clothes, that she may not be distressed by its cries, has ever struck me as a piece of unnecessary severity, and savours as little of kindness as plunging an infant a second or third time into a tub of water, with its mouth open, and gasping for breath in the old fashioned mode of cold bathing: both of which, often induce cramps and pains in the bowels, and weakness of the lower extremities, but rarely an increase of strength." Underwood, vol. II. p. 192. et sequ.

The Germans grown more wife, as more refin'd,  
 And doom'd, no more, to ignorance of mind,  
 For ages have their barb'rous cure despis'd,  
 And all condemn what their rude fires devis'd. 130  
 A method, how superior ! learning gave,  
 To bathe the infant in the tepid wave ;  
 And some, with herbs of fragrance, mix the same,  
 Nor should the Muse, no judge, this usage blame.  
 If force, in bringing forth, his frame distrefs'd, 135  
 If hurts, or bruises have his joints oppress'd,  
 Add soft'ning roses, and, the pride of spring,  
 Sweet-scented chamomile take care to bring ;  
 Anoint with healing oils, and from the husk  
 Free the rich essence of perfuming musk : 140  
 Or use what else, may his young limbs relieve,  
 Affuage his pains, and make him cease to grieve.

Ver. 142. *Affuage his pains, and make him cease to grieve.*  
 Though warm water, by itself, is commonly found sufficient for  
 the first bathing of infants, there is no doubt but the medicine  
 prescribed in the text may be added, when the child is weakly, or  
 has got any hurt ; and for this reason a physician should be always  
 in the house, to examine the child, and oversee the first bathing.  
 Dr. Underwood advises, that the washing should be repeated for  
 two or three days, and that the water should be mixed with soap,  
 if any very glutinous substance adhere to the surface of the skin.

Meantime

Meantime be mindful, with soft hands, to clear  
 His eyes, his nostrils, and each little ear,  
 To cleanse his mouth, and ope, with gentle strife, 145  
 The tender passages of beginning life.  
 And when, fresh from the bath, his pliant limbs  
 Are warm, and soften'd by the tepid streams,  
 Obedient to your wish, they bend with ease,  
 And take, like yielding wax, what form you please;  
 Then make the crooked straight, and keep in view, 151  
 They'll still retain the form impress'd by you.  
 Thus, as we read, Prometheus form'd of old  
 A man, infusing spirit in the mold  
 He made, with artful hands, of softest clay, 155  
 While, on the ground, the polish'd figure lay.  
 But this, neglected now, is try'd in vain,  
 When strength begins, and limbs are bent with pain.  
Remember

Ver. 150. *And take, like yielding wax, what form you please;*  
 In the same manner Van Swieten: "When the child remains in  
 "the bath it should be carefully examined, whether any defect  
 "appears upon it; also, whether the passages of urine and stool  
 "are disengaged; if it has voided both ways, there is no danger  
 "to be apprehended; if not, these parts should be examined  
 "while the child is bathed." In Boerh. Aphor. 1340.

Ver. 158. *When strength begins, and limbs are bent with pain.*  
 To describe the various deformities of children, with all the me-  
F
thods

Remember too, that only, by degrees,  
 His tender skin endures the cooling breeze : 160  
 Expose not, recent from the womb, the child,  
 Except to gentle heat, and seasons mild ;  
 Left ill succeed, lest penetrating cold  
 Benumb his limbs, and of his joints take hold.  
 As when a Libyan traveller must defy 165  
 Th' inclement seasons of an arctic sky,  
 Unus'd to face the blust'ring North and West,  
 He wraps his body in a woollen vest,

thods of relieving them, would have required a volume, and therefore the poet has contented himself with mentioning them in general; nor, indeed, could they have been properly treated in a poem. They must be left to prose-authors, who have made this subject particularly their study; and to artists accustomed to make bandages, trusses, or what else may be necessary for correcting such natural defects; only it may be observed, that, the sooner such instruments can be applied, there will be the more reason to hope for relief, and the less danger to the child. The readers, desirous of information on this subject, may consult Dr. Andry, on the Deformities of Children.

Ver. 163, 164. ——— *lest penetrating cold* ]  
*Benumb his limbs, and of his joints take hold.* It may be  
 observed, that a child ought not to be exposed to any thing that  
 may violently, or too suddenly affect the senses; on which ac-  
 count, Moschion and Albinus have well advised, that it should  
 not be exposed either to great heat or cold, nor to a strong light,  
 “nor odours of any kind, however grateful to adults.” Underw.  
 vol. II. pp. 182, 183.

Head,



Head, limbs, and feet, defends with cautious art,  
In double folds involving ev'ry part ; 170

So, from relaxing baths, still keep in mind

That you more open ev'ry pore will find,

And more unfit to bear the cooling air :

For this, in powder, finest salt prepare,

T' anoint his skin, and all his joints around, 175

Constringing thus what bathing had unbound.

Nor then forget that wrappers be at hand,

Soft flannels, linen, and the swaddling band,

T' enwrap the babe, by many a circling fold,

In equal lines, and thus defend from cold. 180

But

Ver. 174. *For this, in powder, finest salt prepare,*] Galen advises that the whole body of a child, newly-born, should be sprinkled over with salt, that whatever is glutinous may be more effectually rubbed off. De Sanitat. tuend. lib. I. cap. 7. The reason of this precept is, as in the text, to render the skin more dense and solid; perhaps the method recommended by Dr. Underwood may be preferable; to mix salt in the bath.

Ver. 180. *In equal lines, and thus defend from cold.*] The antient method of swathing children with tight bandages is now justly laid aside; it is, no doubt, highly proper, indeed absolutely necessary, to keep up a due degree of warmth on their tender bodies, which are the more susceptible of cold from having lately quitted so warm a habitation; but this can easily be done without rollers, which, by pressing too hard on the soft blood-vessels, ei-

But now the child, by these long toils oppress'd,  
 Requires compofure, and refreshing reft;  
 And fince dire dreams, and fancy'd fhadows haunt  
 The minds of thofe, who feel an inward want;  
 Since reft from hunger flies, let pleafing food 185  
 Lull his young veins, and calm his flying blood:  
 But what you give be light, and tending ftill  
 To cleanfe his bowels, rather than to fill;  
 Prefer what feems moft fit for either ufe,  
 And, of the beft, is that nectareous juice, 190  
 Thofe birds of early fpring, the buzzing bees,  
 Collect from fragrant flow'rs, and blooming trees.  
 Nor fuch could e'er Hymettus' fummits yield,  
 Nor Hybla's mountains, and more fertile field:  
 Nor half fo rich the juice of Indian canes, 195  
 That, o'er the world unceafing honour gains,  
 As that delicious honey, always us'd  
 In our extended country, and produc'd

ther impede or entirely ftop the circulation; befides, as Dr.  
 Gregory well obferves, the ftate of infancy and childhood is im-  
 patient of reftRAINT in this refpect, through the reftlefs activity,  
 incident to youth, which makes it delight to be in perpetual mo-  
 tion, and to fee every thing in motion around it,

By

By those, who from illustrious Narbo came,  
 And still retain his genius as his name : 200  
 Such precious nourishment no where you meet,  
 So fair in colour, or in taste so sweet ;  
 No sugar is so good, no fruit so fine,  
 No milk so rich, nor nectar more divine.

The

Ver. 199. *By those, who from illustrious Narbo came,*] The inhabitants of Narbonne, in Languedoc, so called from Narbo Martius, who settled a Roman colony there, about 60 years before the consulate of Julius Cæsar. This Conqueror increased it with a colony of the Decumani, or the tenth legion; and from him it was called Colonia Julia Paterna. See Suetonius in the Life of Tiberius. This place is now dwindled to a small town, containing about 8000 inhabitants, three-fourths of which are priests and women; the streets and buildings are mean and ruinous; but it still retains its antient reputation for producing excellent honey.

Ver. 204. *No milk so rich, nor nectar more divine.*] Dr. Lemery observes, that the whitest honey is the best; and that of this, the kind brought from Languedoc, and called Narbonne honey, is more delicious than any other; because the bees of that country more particularly suck the flowers of rosemary, which grow plentifully there, and, by reason of the heat of the sun, have much virtue in them. In antient times, when there was no sugar, honey was much more used in food, and more valuable than at present; hence Virgil calls it, "cæleste donum;" and Pliny, "divinum nectar," as in the text. Either on account of the great virtues ascribed to it, or because the ancients imagined the mat-

The body purg'd, a gentle sleep succeeds; 205  
 A cradle soft and well-prepar'd he needs;  
 There lay him down, and, while he rests, take care,  
 You neither make too cold nor hot the air:  
 From cold will coughs and rheumatisms spring,  
 And heat indulg'd exhausted spirits bring. 210  
 Extremes in ev'ry case are wrong, and must;  
 Still in a medium you more safely trust:  
 But this few female minds have known to use,  
 And ev'ry liberty are apt t' abuse.

ter whereof honey is immediately made to be nothing but a dew that descends from heaven upon plants; hence, it is frequently called dew in this poem. According to Laertius, Pythagoras, who lived to be ninety years old, attained to that great age, from feeding on honey alone; of which he was so sensible, that he advised his followers to do the same. Pliny likewise tells us of one Veditus Pollio, in the time of Augustus, who lived to be an hundred years old, with scarce any infirmity; and, when the Emperor asked him how he came to be so strong in body and sound in mind at such an age; he answered, it was *intus melle, extus oleo*; "by using honey within, and oil without." Hybla, in Sicily, and mount Hymettus, in Attica, have been celebrated, by almost every poet, for producing excellent honey. And every person knows the propriety of giving it to new-born children.

Misguided

Misguided fondness makes our nurfes err 215

By heating infants, and excluding air ;

Hence are their limbs relax'd, their spirits weak ;

Hence oft the thread of life itself will break ;

And thus the widow'd mother vainly mourn

Her blasted hopes, that can no more return. 220

Some ages since, when mighty Francis reign'd  
 In spacious Anjou, and much honour gain'd  
 In peace and war ; a lovely boy was born  
 To him, who long without an heir had worn

Ver. 216. *By heating infants, and excluding air ;*] This practice is equally dangerous, if not more so, with exposing them to too much cold, especially in a warm climate, where the natural heat of the air inclines to putrescent diseases ; at the same time much caution is necessary, on this head, in a country where the weather is unsettled, and the wind constantly changing ; and the needful medium is only to be attained by parents superintending the nursery themselves. From this, and many other passages in this poem, it may be observed, that the hot regimen introduced afterwards, and so pernicious in acute fevers, and other distempers, particularly the small-pox, was condemned by judicious physicians in the time of St. Marthe.

Ver. 221. *Some ages since, when mighty Francis reign'd*] Francis the Second, duke of Brittany ; whose daughter and heiress, Anne of Brittany, and afterwards queen of France, annexed that dukedom to the kingdom.

The ducal crown of that fam'd race, who came 225  
 From ancient Brutus, and yet bear his name ;  
 Where winding Loire his rapid waters guides  
 Thro' flow'ry meads, and swells in silver tides ;  
 Then leaving Angiers tow'rs, and circling walls,  
 Swift, to the sea, the spreading current falls. 230  
 The parents, joyful from th' unhop'd success,  
 Invoke high Heav'n the beauteous babe to bless ;  
 Beneath their gifts depend the loaded shrines,  
 Each gilded fane with flaming incense shines ;  
 An equal joy thè priests and people share 235  
 In this young prince, the long-expected heir  
 Of him who wore their crown, and might, with fame  
 To future times preserve their state, and name.

Ver. 229. *Then leaving Angiers tow'rs, and circling walls,*] Angiers, the capital of Bretagne, is situated on the Loire, the finest river in France, and frequently mentioned by Julius Cæsar by the name, "Liger." The river divides it into two equal parts, called the high and low town ; the city and suburbs consist, at present, of sixteen parishes, and contain about 36,000 inhabitants ; the cathedral is a venerable and antient structure, in which lies interred the renowned Margaret, daughter of René, king of Sicily, and queen of Henry VI. king of England ; the walls, with which king John, of England, surrounded Angiers, in 1214, remain nearly entire, and are of great circumferences.

But,

But, while the parents, blinded by their love,  
 Who best could rear the child together strove; 240  
 While, thus misguided, sedulous they try  
 From cold to save him, and a wintry sky,  
 The hapless infant, kept in constant heat,  
 Deny'd fresh air, and still immers'd in sweat,  
 Soon breath'd his last; and they the death lament 245  
 Brought on by what, they hop'd, would fate prevent.  
 From his exhausted frame the spirit flew,  
 And, with his life, their boasted hopes withdrew:  
 No son have they to hand their glory down,  
 To wear, in future times, the ducal crown; 250  
 One maid alone remains, who must be led,  
 In time, to grace a foreign prince's bed;  
 For, by the Salic laws, observ'd o'er all,  
 No Gallic sceptre can to females fall;

And

Ver. 254. *No Gallic sceptre can to females fall;*] Voltaire,  
 speaking of the Salic law, has the following remark: "There is  
 " no opinion so strange but the sacred books have been called in  
 " to countenance it; thus the partizans of the Salic law have this  
 " passage, *that the lilies neither toil nor spin*; and their inference is,  
 " that females, whose business is to spin, were not to reign in  
 " the kingdom of the lilies; yet the lilies do not work, and a  
 " prince must; the leopards of England, and the towers of Cas-  
 " tile, as little spin as the French lilies; yet females reign in  
 " both

And they, by heat, and ill-directed care,                    255  
 Destroy'd the babe, who should have been their heir.  
 While heat, exhausting, tainted his young blood,  
 Nor rest succeeded, nor desire of food;  
 But, from the stomach, thro' his tender veins,  
 Corrupted fluids brought unceasing pains;                    260  
 And while the parents mourn'd, with fruitless cries,  
 The soul departing sought her native skies.

Old Ocean saw, from forth his neighb'ring deep,  
 His beauteous eye-lids close in endless sleep;  
 And, while the mother's shrieks and father's sighs  
 Fill the wide plains, and on the winds arise,                    265  
 His sympathetic groans are heard around,  
 And seas and shores return the mournful sound.

“ both these kingdoms. Besides, the arms of the king of France  
 “ never had any affinity with lilies; it was manifestly the end of  
 “ a halbert, such as described in the uncouth lines of Guillaume  
 “ de Breton,

“ *Cuspidis in medio uncum emittit acutum.*”

“ The arms of France are an iron point in the middle of the hal-  
 “ bert. Not only females were excluded, but even the represen-  
 “ tatives of a female.” Voltaire's Additions to his General  
 History.

Diffolv'd



Diffolv'd in tears, around his isles he rode,  
 And these lament, infected by the God. 270

Th' Armoric nymphs, with equal grief, deplore  
 The public loss, and weep along the shore ;  
 In fun'ral songs they mourn the beauteous dead,  
 Till thus, inspir'd, spake one prophetic' maid :

Why, sisters, thus unceasing sorrows vent, 275  
 And swell the floods with tears, and vain lament ?

Attend my fateful words, inspir'd by these  
 Cœrulean dames, who haunt the rolling seas ;  
 Full well you know that oft, from highest heav'n,  
 For present evil future good is giv'n ; 280

And, for this fatal loss, in peace and wars,  
 Th' Armoric name may rise above the stars,

Our swelling seas with new success be crown'd,  
 And more than Adria's mighty wave renown'd.

A time shall come when ANNA, beauteous heir 285  
 Of these dominions, good as she is fair,

To grace a bed illustrious shall be seen,

Our princess now, but then of France the queen,  
 Be for the monarch judg'd an equal spouse,

And add new honours to the royal house : 290

From that bless'd union lasting peace shall spring,  
 The rival nations own one gracious king,

Great

Great Valois' blood in British channels run,  
 And all be govern'd by her warlike son.  
 From him, a race of glorious kings shall come, 295  
 Abroad respected, as rever'd at home,  
 In future times for arts and learning fam'd,  
 And, great in war, as mighty Cæsar nam'd,  
 Like old Aufonia's chiefs extend their sway,  
 And make, like them, the subject-world obey; 300  
 Then we, with France, shall equal honours claim,  
 And, as we join the toil, shall share the fame,  
 Nor, tho' we thus from sov'reign pow'r must fall,  
 Be thought inferior to the sons of Gaul.

She said; and, from her words, the virgins find 305  
 Their griefs dispell'd, and pleasure fill the mind;  
 While, sunk in dust, the luckless infant lay,  
 His body wither'd, and his soul away,  
 Like some fair plant, destroy'd by fleet and show'r,  
 When, just from earth, emerg'd the blooming flow'r. 310

Wherefore,

Ver. 294. *And all be govern'd by her warlike son.*] Her son-in-law, Francis I. who married the daughter and only child of this princess, whom she had by Louis XII. her second husband. The line of Valois ended in Henry III. who died without heirs.

Ver. 310. *Episole of the duke of Anjou.*] This Episode is naturally introduced to shew the dreadful consequences that too frequently

Wherefore, lest equal griefs disturb your joy,  
 And ill-tim'd care your infant-babe destroy,  
 Indulge his tender limbs with gentle sleep,  
 Nor from him quite refreshing zephyrs keep;

frequently follow from that error into which all parents are apt to fall, by keeping their children in a room with a great fire, and covered with a load of bed-clothes. The god of Ocean, the Armoric nymphs lamenting the death of the infant-duke, and the prophecy, are in the true spirit of ancient poetry. Of the death of this child, not having, at present, an opportunity of consulting Mezeray's history, I can give no farther account than what the reader will find in the text, which is indeed sufficient of itself. The surviving heiress, Anne of Brittany, was, according to Voltaire, one of the finest women of her time, and courted by the duke of Orleans, afterwards Louis XII. whose passion she favoured. But, after the death of her father Francis, she was, for reasons of state, betrothed to Maximilian King of the Romans. He had actually married her by proxy: and the count of Nassau had, in the name of the king of the Romans, put one leg into the Princess's bed, according to the custom of those times, when, to save her country from destruction she was obliged to marry Charles VIII. the young king of France. This Prince, to whom she had no children, proved an unfaithful husband, and exhausted by diseases, contracted from his numerous amours, died in the twenty-eighth year of his age; and was succeeded by her first lover the duke of Orleans, whom she married, and had, by him, one daughter, who was afterwards the queen of Francis I. as mentioned before, which completed the union of France and this province. According to all accounts Anne of Brittany was not only extremely handsome, but one of the best and most accomplished women of her age.

And

And then let the providing mother try 315  
 To close, in equal rest, her wearied eye;  
 Fatigu'd with parent-labours and long woes,  
 Let her compose her mind to soft repose,  
 Preparing thus the food within her breast,  
 The child will call for, when refresh'd with rest; } 320  
 And, mind she still, her own is far the best. }  
 But, 'tis unsafe to give the grateful meal,  
 Till pleasing sleep her loosen'd members heal;

Then,

Ver. 323. *Till pleasing sleep her loosen'd members heal;*] All authors on this subject agree, that, after the child has got some gentle purgative, of which honey is among the best, he should be indulged with a few hours sleep, as well as the mother, both being equally fatigued with what they have lately undergone. Thus Van Swieten: "After an abstinence of a few hours, the newborn child has occasion for food; wherefore, if milk is denied, a different sort of food ought to be given. They give it pap made of milk or broth; but these are unfit for it, being altogether different from the food which was used by the child whilst it remained in its mother's womb. A few hours before, it lived upon its mother's humours; humours of the like nature are ready in the breasts prepared in the mother's body, for the use of the newborn child, who longs for these, and knows how to suck, though taught by nobody."

A wise physician, after delivery, procures the woman delivered a gentle sleep; by which, when she has been delivered, there is nothing to be apprehended. The first milk is not thick,

but

Then, if her breast maternal love contain,  
 Nor o'er her mind unnat'ral darkness reign, 325  
 She sure will feed the pledge herself, nor curse  
 The crying infant with a venal nurse ;  
 Whose foreign blood but ill the want supplies  
 Of what th' ungrateful mother now denies :  
 What tenderness can e'er from her be known, 330  
 Who, for another's child, neglects her own ?  
 Yet if or weakness, or ill health, deny  
 The pleasing duty, Nature bids her try ;  
 If fever, pain, her feeble frame assail ;  
 If aught contagious in her blood prevail ; 335  
 Or if the child be sick, and she suspect  
 That his disorder may herself infect,

but diluted and thin, and different from that which at the time of the milk-fever will be gathered in the breasts. That first milk gently purges, and cleanses the first ways. The celebrated Monro (*Medical Essays*, Vol. II.) admires the wisdom of the Creator, who supplies children, newly-born, with a thin diluted milk, which purges gently ; and, the first ways being well cleansed, gives another three or four days after more thick, and more nourishing. Wherefore I always took care that the children should suck their own mother's milk after she had been refreshed with a gentle sleep: I always gave the same advice to others; nor did they ever repent of having followed it."

Then

Then seek a nurse: attend the Muse's voice,  
And she, fond mothers, will direct your choice.

Chuse one of middle age, nor old, nor young, 340  
Nor plump, nor slim her make, but firm and strong;  
Upon her cheek, let health refulgent glow  
In vivid colours, that good-humour shew:  
Long be her arms, and broad her ample chest;  
Her neck be finely turn'd, and full her breast: 345  
Let the twin hills be white as mountain-snow,  
Their swelling veins with circling juices flow,  
Each in a well-projecting nipple end,  
And milk, in copious streams, from these descend:  
This the delighted babe will instant chuse, 350  
And he best knows what quantity to use.

Remember too, the whitest milk you meet,  
Of grateful flavour, pleasing taste and sweet,  
Is always best; and if it strongly scent  
The air, some latent ill the vessels vent: 355

Ver. 346. *Let the twin hills be white as mountain-snow,*] It is likely many readers will think, that the qualifications, here mentioned, are as necessary in the choice of a wife as of a nurse; and not without reason. For the woman possessed of them has every appearance of being not only an agreeable companion for life, but free from barrenness, and promises to be the mother of numerous and healthy offspring.

Avoid

Avoid what, on your nail, too ropy proves,  
Adheres too fast, or thence too swiftly moves :

Remark

Ver. 357. *Adheres too fast, or thence too swiftly moves:*] To the directions given in the text I shall add the following from the last-quoted learned and judicious author. “ If a mother should  
“ not be able to give her child suck, on account of a disease,  
“ weakness, or any other cause, or should be unwilling to do it,  
“ then the best way is to chuse a nurse for the purpose. The  
“ first requisite in a nurse is perfect health; for this reason  
“ physicians carefully enquire whether any disease can be disco-  
“ vered in them. If the colour of the skin be good, the eyes  
“ lively, the gums of a good colour and firm, the teeth shi-  
“ ning and well-conditioned, the skin every where unblemished;  
“ if no ill smell exhales from the mouth, nostrils, or skin; then  
“ we may be certain of perfect health. At the same time the  
“ child she suckles is examined, whether it be in health, or has  
“ acquired its due growth; for from thence a judgement is formed  
“ of the good effects of the milk.—From the twenty-fifth to the  
“ thirtieth year is considered as the best age for a nurse. But I  
“ have known nurses of twenty years of age, who were very  
“ robust, in perfect health, and who acquitted themselves in this  
“ office with great success. The form of the breasts is approved  
“ of, when they are not flaccid, but tight, elastic, and of a mo-  
“ derate bulk. The nipples are commended for their red co-  
“ lour, their firmness, and for their rising sufficiently above the  
“ disk of the breasts, so that the child may be able to catch them  
“ with ease. It is likewise requisite that they should be of a  
“ moderate size; for, if too big, they obstruct the motion of the  
“ tongue required for swallowing: and, if too small, the child  
“ will find it more difficult to hold them in its mouth, and while  
“ it attempts to suck they will easily slip away. It is best of all

G

“ that

Remark that ſhe, nor with a foetus teem,  
 Nor to have borne her child too lately ſeem,  
 Nor yet too long; and, to nurſe well your boy, 360  
 She muſt not quite forget the marriage-joy :

Yet

“ that upon a ſlight compreſſion of the breaſt, eſpecially about  
 “ the circle of the nipple, the milk ſhould ſpurt out eaſily, as  
 “ from a number of little cocks. But, if theſe cocks ſhould be  
 “ rather broad ſo as to let out the thick milk, as it were through  
 “ a pipe, Aëtius thought there would be danger of ſuffocation.  
 “ The age of a nurſe he has fixed, that ſhe ſhould neither be  
 “ under twenty, nor above forty years of age.” Van Swiet. in  
 Boerhaav. Aphor. 1354.

Vcr. 361. *She muſt not quite forget the marriage-joy:*] Though  
 ſome over-nice ladies may be apt to ſtart at this line, yet it is  
 certain that a nurſe requires the completion of every deſire no  
 leſs than if ſhe were pregnant, in order to be kept in health,  
 good ſpirits, and ſo to give proper nourishment to the child.  
 There never was a truer maxim than that laid down in the firſt  
 Book :

“ — From the wiſh obtain'd, the body feels  
 A new complacence, that each illneſs heals.”

Van Swieten is of the ſame opinion with regard to a nurſe;  
 and a living author, eminent both as a writer and a phyſician,  
 has the following obſervation: “ if the milk is good, it is sweet-  
 “ iſh to the taſte, and totally free from ſaltneſs; to the eye it  
 “ appears thin, and of a blueiſh caſt. And as to the cuſtom,  
 “ with many, of abſtaining from venery while they continue to  
 “ ſuckle a child, it is ſo far without reaſon to ſupport it, that  
 “ the truth is, a rigorous chaſtity is as hurtful, and often more  
 “ perri-



Yet be she chaste, nor fluttishly inclin'd;  
A fightly drefs denotes a chearful mind.

But you perhaps, by other cares beguil'd,  
Wish, to the nurse's house, to move the child; 365  
Because, by his continu'd cries at home,  
Your sleeps are broken, and your joys o'ercome.  
But if or love, or tenderness, be left  
Within your mind, nor you of good bereft,  
Of the forsaken babe take so much care, 370  
Yourself to see him plac'd in proper air;  
Nor be the needful charge to others giv'n,  
To guard him from th' inclement blasts of heav'n:

“pernicious than an immoderate venery.” Motherby's Medical Dictionary, article, Lactatio. To this may be added the general directions given by Celsus; but, from the nature of the subject, they shall be left untranslated:

“Concubitus vero neque nimis concupiscendus, neque nimis  
“pertimescendus est. Rarus, corpus excitat, frequens solvit.  
“Cum autem frequens, non numero fit, sed naturâ, ratione æta-  
“tis, et corporis, scire licet, eum non inutilem esse, quem cor-  
“poris neque languor, neque dolor sequitur. Idem interdum  
“pejor, tutior noctû: ita tamen, si neque illum cibus, neque  
“hunc cum vigiliâ labor statim sequitur. Hæc firmis servanda  
“sunt: cavendumque ne in secundâ valetudine adversæ præsi-  
“dia consumantur.”

Celsus de Medecina, Lib. I. cap. 1.

Let not his temporary home partake  
 Infectious vapours from the stagnant lake, 375  
 Or slimy marsh, that to the skies exhale  
 In clouds of mist, and taint the balmy gale.  
 Nor let your child a situation find  
 Unpierc'd by warming rays, and cooling wind;  
 By hills furrounded in some hollow vale, 380  
 But view the sun, and purest air inhale.  
 That pleases best, beneath an open sky;  
 A plain expos'd to fouthern winds, and dry;  
 To which bright Phœbus' morning beams are led,  
 When just emerging from his wat'ry bed; 385  
 And, on the windows of your infant's room,  
 Play the first rays, dispelling mist, and gloom.

Ver. 387. *Play the first rays, dispelling mist and gloom.*] The directions, in the text, with regard to giving out the child are so full, that scarce any thing more need be said on the subject. I shall therefore only add the following observation from Van Swieten: "the prudence of nurses of a more advanced age (that is, above thirty) has been commended, and perhaps this circumstance ought to be taken into consideration: but nurses do no more than give suck to the children of Kings, all other cares are left to women of approved fidelity: amongst private persons, if a nurse is at the same time to take care of the child, such as have borne several children are, *cæteris paribus*, preferred to those who have borne but one, provided they be in the prime of life." In Boerh. Aphor. 1354.

But

But whether you, fond mother, give the foed,  
 Or call a nurse, to mix her foreign blood,  
 Abstain from love, and wine; nor, either find 390  
 Fatigue, or wasting care t' exhaust the mind.  
 Yet give not way, too much, to sloth and rest;  
 Let moderate labour brace your loosen'd breast:  
 Soon as Aurora calls you from your bed,  
 Till rooms are clean'd, and cloths for breakfast spread,  
 Frequent the garden-walks, and flow'ry green, 395  
 When suns are bright, and morning-skies serene;  
 Nor be the nurse, brought in, afraid to make  
 The beds, and of the servants' toil partake;  
 To sift the bran from wheaten flour; to knead } 400  
 With naked arms, and clean, the wholesome }  
 bread; }  
 To comb the wool, or twist the linen-thread. }

But

Ver. 390. *Abstain from love, and wine; ———*] That is, immoderately. Whatever heats the blood too much is improper for a nurse: and Dr. Underwood well observes, that “the must be perfectly sober, and rather averse from strong liquors, which young and healthy people seldom need in order to their having plenty of milk.”

Ver. 402. *To comb the wool, or twist the linen-thread.*] Air and exercise are particularly necessary for a nurse, to prevent her body from being weakened by the constant evacuation occasioned by the sucking of the child, and thus preserve the demulcent nature

But when you gird for work, and shut the spring  
 That future nectar to the child will bring ;  
 Lest he should loathe the sweetly-flowing feast, 405  
 With well-warm'd water, from each empty'd breast,  
 And ruddy nipple, wash away whate'er  
 Of stains or foulness may to them adhere,  
 And careful still, in some fit vessel pour  
 The first, the worst of your ambrosial store. 410  
 Milk this yourself: for, what comes from within,  
 And touches long the surface of the skin,  
 Remov'd from vital heat, tho' fragrant juice,  
 Will mould, corrupt, and prove unfit for use.  
 Instruct him too (for he has yet to learn, 415  
 Like those more old, his needful food to earn)  
 How best to suck: when you your toil renew  
 Full on his mouth distil the balmy dew ;

of the milk, that it may be always converted into proper nourishment.

Ver. 410. *The first, the worst of your ambrosial store.*] This maxim is not so much attended to, as it should be; and it is more particularly necessary for those, who may happen to nurse weakly children, unable to consume all the milk collected in their breasts. Hence Aëtius has said that too great a quantity of milk might be collected in large breasts, corrupt by stagnating, and prove hurtful to the child. Lib. IV. cap. 4.

Allure him to partake the streams, that flow  
 From the twin fountains, swell'd with liquid snow; 420  
 And, in short time, himself will fondly chuse  
 Your bosom, and the kindred Nectar use.  
 But, at the first, while small and weak his jaws,  
 Balk not his hopes, when he the nipple draws;  
 But squeeze your breast with gentle pressure still, 425  
 And bring him close, and give the child his fill.

Yet let him not, too much, the fountains drain;  
 Sometimes indulge the feast, sometimes restrain;  
 Just at his mouth the nipple take away,  
 And raise his hunger by a short delay: 430  
 So Rhodian huntsmen, as in song we meet,  
 Or those, on the white shores of lofty Crete,  
 Train'd, for the rapid chace, in days of old,  
 On hills and dales, the Falcon swift and bold:  
 They shew'd him food, then what they shew'd deny'd,  
 Gave by degrees, and thus to nurse him try'd; 435  
 Left the voracious bird the meal should waste,  
 And swallow down, ere he could know the taste.

Ver. 430. *And raise his hunger by a short delay:*] This cannot be done with sickly infants; but, when the child is vigorous and lively, it is usual with nurses to divert them various ways; and the child himself frequently plays with the breast some time before he begins to suck.

Think well, besides, what his young frame may bear ;  
 For strong, and weak, must different methods rear :  
 If healthy, copious nourishment is good ; 440  
 If sick, or feeble, spare the grateful food ;  
 Nor will your babe, in the first moon, desire  
 So much, as those succeeding still require ;  
 When firmer joints, and limbs more vig'rous, tell 445  
 The growing stomach craves a plenteous meal.  
 And I, for suckling, no fix'd hour prescribe ;  
 This Nature teaches best the nursing tribe :  
 Let her your mistress be ; and when, with cries  
 The hungry child demands his due supplies, 450  
 Forbear not you the wish'd relief to bring,  
 But, for his use, unlock the sacred spring ;  
 Nor then be loth your snowy breast to bare,  
 That he may suck, and streaming fragrance share.

But, in short time, the growing babe will need 455  
 Not on th' ambrosial juice alone to feed.  
 When twice four times the moon has fill'd her orb,  
 And shooting teeth the swelling gums disturb,

Ver. 454. *That he may suck, and streaming fragrance share.*] In the same manner Dr. Underwood: " children ought to be frequently hungry, and as often supplied with light food, of which milk is the most nutritive that we are acquainted with." Vol. II. p. 218.

Restrain

Restrain the flowing feast; let solid food  
 And milk alternate give supplies of blood : 460  
 But use not heavy or digeffless meat ;  
 Be light, and easy, still whate'er he eat,  
 Lest, from the stomach, his yet slender veins  
 Imbibe disease, impurities, and pains ;  
 Or lest his vessels, overcharg'd with blood, 465  
 Detain the spirits in the viscous flood ;  
 Whence languor, o'er his body, might come on,  
 And you be forc'd to give him milk alone.

Ver. 460. *And milk alternate give supplies of blood :*] It is customary with many to give different food along with the milk long before the beginning of the eighth month, and even before the end of the first. But of all mischiefs a nurse can do, nothing exceeds overloading the stomach of an infant, that never fails to generate worms, acidities, indigestion, and a long train of bowel-complaints. Dr. Underwood thinks there is no occasion for any other food except the mother's milk till the fourth or fifth month: and Buffon tells us, that in Holland, Italy, and the Levant, children are fed with milk alone till they are one year old. I have myself heard some experienced women say, that it was time enough to give a child food when he had teeth to eat it; which agrees with the observation of the learned Primeros: "ante dentium eruptionem non conveniunt cibi solidiores. Ideo natura, quæ nihil frustra facit, et non deficit in necessariis, dentes ipsis denegavit, sed lac concessit, quod masticatione non eget."

And

And viands sweet, tho' pleasing to the taste,  
 To all are noxious, from too full a feast: 470  
 For nature is herself by them deceiv'd,  
 And of her wonted faithfulneſs bereav'd;  
 Seiz'd with a luſt of food, unſelt before,  
 She loads the ſtomach with the ſick'ning ſtore,  
 That undigeſted lies; whence juices crude, 475  
 And vicious blood, in ev'ry vein intrude.

For ſweetmeats always change t' ungrateful bile,  
 And gen'rate creeping worms, obſcene, and vile,  
 Unleſs with moderation us'd; and none have found  
 A juſt proportion, or their wiſh to bound. 480  
 But infants chief the tempting food require,  
 And eat beyond their ſtomachs' due deſire.

When now you change, and give but half the breaſt,  
 Food, moſt reſembling milk, is ſtill the beſt:  
 Nor is it good too ſuddenly to uſe 485  
 Viands, quite diff'rent from the kindred juice,

Ver. 482. *And eat beyond their ſtomachs' due deſire.*] Hence we may obſerve how prejudicial it muſt be to mix the food of an infant with a large quantity of brown or white ſugar, as is commonly done; and by this means making it neceſſary to give him rhubarb, manna, and other traſh; which ſpoils his ſtomach, even before he is capable of receiving ſolid food.

Unleſs



Unless you know their nature to correct,  
 And form the medium his desires expect.  
 Hence nurses give, nor shall the Muse dissuade,  
 Broth by itself, or often mix'd with bread : 490  
 But what affords the finest vital sap  
 Is soft panada, milk, or water-pap ;  
 Which diligent the nurse, diluting well  
 With either liquid, bread, or flour, or meal,  
 Stirs o'er the fire, and boils the pleasing dish, 495  
 Till brought to what consistence she may wish ;  
 Then frequent, with her finger, tries its heat,  
 Dips in the spoon, when he may safely eat,  
 Blows, with her breath, in lifting from the cup,  
 And puts within his lips the grateful sup. 500

Nor less are nurses us'd to chip the bread,  
 T' infuse in broth, with which the child is fed,  
 To mix with milk, sometimes with butter boil,  
 Or add the Grecian nut's delicious oil ;

Till,

Ver. 500. *And puts within his lips the grateful sup.*] “ I have  
 “ found a greater number of infants well nourished by the  
 “ French roll boiled in water to a jelly, and afterwards diluted  
 “ with milk, than by any other kind of pap.” Underw. Vol. II.  
 p. 237.

Ver. 504. *Or add the Grecian nut's, delicious oil;*] Oil of Almonds.  
 I have not found this recommended by any other author. And  
 in

Till, strength encreasing as the body grows, 505

The stomach meals of solid flesh allows:

This, thinly slic'd, when from the breast he comes,

Will forward teeth, and exercise his gums.

But, when sometimes you spare the fragrant flood,  
And now, from other sources, bring his food, 510

Take care to give, from each, a full supply,

But trust not always to his infant cry;

Which nor from thirst, nor hunger, constant springs,

But oft from gripes, that indigestion brings.

Oh! be not tempted by his artless smiles, 515

Or fondness, that a mother's mind beguiles,

To load his stomach with digestless meats,

But keep a medium in whate'er he eats;

in general it will prove not only very purgative, but too difficult of digestion. Broth is perhaps the most proper of all food for children; and it is remarked by Dr. Hugh Smith, in his letters to married women, that the gravy of beef or mutton, not over-roasted, and without fat, properly diluted with water, is the most wholesome and natural, as well as nourishing broth, that can be made.

Ver. 508. *Will forward teeth, and exercise his gums.*] This, a crust of bread, or a piece of liquorice-root, is much more proper for teething-children, than glass, coral, or any other hard substance.

Left that wherewith great Parent-Nature strives,  
 (The better nurse) to lengthen infants' lives, 520  
 And make their bodies grow, you misapply ;  
 And the poor child in dang'rous sickness lie,  
 From painful vomitings, and other woes,  
 To which o'erloaded stomachs still dispose.

Wherefore, at proper times, 'twixt ev'ry meal, 525  
 Observe, if his distended belly swell ;  
 And rising tumours, or extending stains,  
 Denote o'erflowing juices in his veins ;  
 Then, tho' continu'd cries declare his need,  
 Obey the symptoms, and forbear to feed, 530  
 Till well-assur'd, by signs remark'd before,  
 That Nature has consum'd her present store.

And

Ver. 524. *To which o'erloaded stomachs still dispose.*] In the same manner Dr. Underwood: "So many little infants fall a sacrifice to the use of indigested food under the age of six months, being carried off by vomiting, purging, or fits, that whoever would preserve them over the most dangerous period of infancy cannot too cautiously attend to their diet at this time." Vol. II. p. 242.

Ver. 532. *That nature has consum'd her present store.*] So the last-quoted author; "it were well if the fond mother, and all well-inclined nurses, had more just ideas of the manner in which we  
 3 " are

And mod'rate cryings oft come not in vain ;  
 They stir a dull, and cleanse a wat'ry brain,  
 Dilate the breast, when lungs distended pant 535  
 With sluggish juice, and brisker spirits want ;  
 Restore the living heat, the stomach move,  
 Give new desires, and appetite improve.

“ are nourished ; and especially, that it is not from the great  
 “ quantity, nor from the quality of the food simply considered.  
 “ They may surely be led to conceive, that our nourishment  
 “ arises from the use the stomach makes of the food the body re-  
 “ ceives, which is to pass through such a change called digestion,  
 “ as renders it balsamic, and fit to renew the mass of blood,  
 “ which is daily wasting, and consuming. An improper kind,  
 “ or too great a quantity taken at a time, or too hastily, before  
 “ the stomach has duly disposed of its former contents, prevents  
 “ this work of digestion, and, by making bad juices, weakens  
 “ instead of strengthening the habit ; and, in the end, produces  
 “ worms, convulsions, rickets, king's-evil, slow fever, and ma-  
 “ rasms, or general consumption.” Vol. II. p. 216. At the  
 same time, as Celsus well observes, “ optimum verò medica-  
 “ mentum est, opportunè cibus datus.” “ The best medicine is  
 “ food given at proper times.”

Ver. 538. *Give new desires, and appetite improve.*] Cryings, when not too severe, in some measure supply the want of exercise to young infants. And perhaps a child begins its life with cries, because the lungs, which were in a collapsed state while it remained in the womb, are by this means dilated both to admit the air, and to forward the circulation of the blood through the pulmonary vessels, and all the upper part of the body, and head ; which last is always larger, in proportion, in a new-born infant, than in those come to maturity.

Yet,

Yet, lest his tender veins be overstrain'd,  
 His art'ries break, or he too much be pain'd, 540  
 Let songs and soothing words assuage his woes,  
 Compose him, in your arms, to soft repose,  
 Then lay, for sleep, the slumb'ring infant, soon,  
 And rock the cradle to some pleasing tune.

But now be careful lest too long he sleep; 545  
 Lest, o'er his limbs, invading torpor creep,  
 And the sweet poison breed, in ev'ry vein,  
 O'erflowing moisture, that no art can drain.  
 Hence, in the mornings, when soft slumbers end,  
 Ere he be dress'd, some bathing recommend; 550  
 That,

Ver. 544. *And rock the cradle to some pleasing tune.*] This is so necessary, that of two nurses equally qualified, she who can sing, best should always be preferred. She is best fitted for amusing the child; with her it will be most lively, and, when she can lay it asleep by an agreeable song, she will not readily fall into the error of rocking the cradle too hard; which, as Dr. Underwood remarks, should never be moved as if the child were travelling in a mail-coach.

Ver. 550. *Ere he be dress'd, some bathing recommend;*] Cold bathing may be used with safety and benefit after the child comes to be three or four months old; as it tends to promote perspiration, to make the limbs stronger, and the child sooner able to walk. Yet I may be allowed to remark; that it does not  
 encrease

That, washing all contracted stains away,  
 May give new spirits with the rising day,  
 Extend the pores superfluous juice to sweat,  
 And make him place more firm his infant-feet.

Yet cease not you to dance him in your arms, 555  
 For exercise will best preserve from harms :

Amuse

encrease the growth, perhaps rather tends to lessen it; and, except there be signs of a relaxed habit, may generally be omitted; and if used constantly, like other remedies, loses its effect by becoming habitual. Dr. Underwood justly observes, that "it may be known to agree with children, when they come out of it warm, lively, and their strength encreases on the use of it; on the other hand, if they come out cold, dispirited, and seem rather to lose strength, it may be as often prejudicial." The same author advises, "that a child be put only once under the water, at each time of bathing, and to be taken out as soon as possible. It should be received in a blanket, and wiped dry with a cloth in the most expeditious manner; and, as soon as it can be dressed, should partake of such exercise as may be best suited to its age: but by no means be put into bed. There will need no great attention to its being wiped perfectly dry; as a child will be less liable to take cold from a few drops of salt-water being left upon it than by being long uncovered in some parts of its body, in an over-caution to wiping it dry;" To this may be added the very useful maxim of Hippocrates; that the water should neither be warm nor cool to extremity. And in winter the cold should always be a little taken off, especially the two or three first days.

Ver. 555. *Yet cease not you to dance him in your arms,*] It has been observed in the last note that exercise should always be used  
 after

Amuse him often with some blithsome tale,  
 And take him out to breathe the balmy gale,  
 When air is pure, when clouds, when vapours fly,  
 And fanning west-winds sport along the sky ; 560  
 That he, delighting in the pleasing sight,  
 May frequent view the glorious fields of light,  
 May be accusom'd to th' enliv'ning rays,  
 That, o'er the world, the golden sun displays,  
 And learn betimes his Maker to adore, 565  
 Admire his mighty works, and own his pow'r.

But lest the Muse, with useful knowledge fraught,  
 Should of her lesson leave a part untaught,  
 'Tis time to shew the careful mother, when  
 To shut the fountains, and the child to wean. 570  
 But such the changing lot of man below,  
 That none, for this, a certain rule can know :  
 The best-laid plans oft most deceitful prove,  
 And fate and fortune all our hopes remove.  
 But, would the fav'ring gods permit the muse 575  
 To guide the nurse, and fittest time to chuse ;

after bathing ; and the first exercise a child gets is to be dandled in the nurse's arms. It is usual and proper to take him out in the forenoons, especially in good weather ; at which time St. Marthe chiefly recommends it.

She should not of her pleasing office tire,  
 Nor with a foetus teem, nor win her hire,  
 Nor die, nor feel disease, nor from the boy  
 Withdraw the breast; nor other cares employ 580  
 Her heart, and fost'ring hand, till twice the sun  
 His annual journey round the globe had run;  
 When, growing with his age, his frame requires  
 Some diff'rent food to fan the vital fires;  
 And the fair fluid should give place at length, 585  
 To nourishment more suited to his strength.

But ah! my child, what pain, what grief of mind,  
 And what distrefs of body must you find;

Ver. 581, 582. ——— till twice the sun ]  
*His annual journey round the globe had run;* Dr. Astruc and  
 other French physicians give the same advice. But, as mentioned  
 in the text, this must depend on circumstances; and probably  
 many readers will think two years as much too long as six months,  
 the common time now allotted for suckling, is too short. Per-  
 haps the medium proposed by Dr. Underwood may be the best,  
 namely, that the weaning should take place at the age of twelve-  
 months; and, he observes, that healthy women, who suckle  
 their own children do not usually become pregnant again, before  
 that time. He likewise mentions that the child should be in good  
 health, particularly with regard to its bowels, and have cut at  
 least four teeth. This can easily be waited for; and a few weeks,  
 or even a month or two, make little difference.

What



What floods of tears will deluge from your eyes !  
 How heav'n resound with moans, and infant-cries ! 590  
 When all you fondly lov'd is from you tore,  
 And still you seek what you can have no more !  
 Not other than should dang'rous war demand,  
 From the blest union of the nuptial-band,  
 A youth laid recent by his lovely bride, 595  
 Scarce in her arms, and panting at her side ;  
 So would she part unwillingly, so mourn  
 The loss of bliss, that might no more return ;  
 So strive to hold him in her fond embrace,  
 Cling round his waist, and hang upon his face ; 600  
 So miserably grieve, so pour her moans,  
 So weep, lament, and fill the skies with groans.

But learn, fond boy, to suffer : such the woes  
 That heav'n's high will, and fix'd decrees impose  
 On man's unhappy race ; thus are they born, 605  
 And years encreasing give but time to mourn.  
 Thus, if thou could'st remember, fate began  
 Thy infant-life, and shew'd thy dawn of man ;  
 When, the tenth moon begun, you fill'd the room,  
 With cries, in springing from the weary'd womb, 610  
 Prefaging ills, that o'er your head impend,  
 And only, with your latest hour, can end.

But now the nurse, to give your sorrows rest,  
 Flies from your sight, and seldom shews her breast.  
 Some, to the child, will verdant olives bring, 615  
 Which he mistakes for the delightful spring;  
 But, soon disgusted, thinks the juice grown worse,  
 And loaths alike the nipple, and the nurse;  
 And some, with gall, anoint each ruddy bud,  
 That he may turn from the polluted flood. 620  
 But, lest encreasing strength forsake his limbs,  
 Give other food, and hide the flowing streams:  
 Yet, in his infant-years, obey the muse,  
 And wine's inflaming juice to him refuse.

Ver. 620. *That he may turn from the polluted flood.*] The common method of weaning children now is to give them an opiate at bed-time, and perhaps it may be sometimes necessary. But if the child be healthy, and of a proper age, this may frequently be brought about without any assistance, except an encrease of the ordinary food.

Ver. 622. *Give other food, and hide the flowing streams:*] Dr. Underwood observes, "that the child should be fed the last thing before the nurse goes to bed, which may be generally done without waking it; and, while the child seems to enjoy this sleepy meal, it becomes a most pleasing employment to a nurse, and much more to a mother, from observing how greedily the child takes its food, and how satisfied it will lie, for many hours, on the strength of this meal." Vol. II. p. 256.

But

But sparkling water, from the lucid rill, 625  
 Will grateful prove, within the stomach kill  
 All noxious humours, swiftly glide along  
 The slender veins, and make your child more strong.  
 His body now with vigour will abound ;  
 His limbs be better knit, and print the ground 630  
With

Ver. 629. *His body now with vigour will abound ;*] “ Exercise tends to push forward the blood through the small vessels, and to unfold them in the manner nature has designed that they should be extended, in order to promote the growth of the infant, while it preserves the blood in a proper degree of fluidity, and promotes all the secretions.” Underwood.

To the directions already given, both in the text, and notes, with regard to the management of sucking-children, I beg leave to add the following, said to be the result of long experience.

A child, when it comes into the world, is almost a round ball ; it is the nurse’s part to assist nature in bringing it to a proper shape ; the child should be laid (the first month) upon a thin matras, rather longer than itself, which the nurse will keep upon her lap, that the child may always lie straight, and only sit up as the nurse flants the matras. To set a child quite upright, before the end of the first month, hurts the eyes, by making the white part of the eye appear below the upper eye-lid. Afterwards the nurse will begin to set it up, and dance it by degrees. The child must be kept as dry as possible.

The cloathing should be very light, and not much longer than the child, that the legs may be got at with ease, in order to have them often rubbed in the day, with a warm hand, or flannel ; and in particular the inside of them.

With firmer ſtep: then, as yourſelf may teach,  
He'll ſoon acquire the rudiments of ſpeech;

And

Rubbing a child all over takes off ſcurf, and makes the blood circulate; the one breaſt ſhould be rubbed with the hands one way, and the other the other way, night and morning at leaſt.

The ankle-bones, and inſide of the knees ſhould be rubbed twice a day; this will ſtrengthen thoſe parts, and make the child ſtretch its knees and keep them flat, which is the foundation of an erect, and graceful perſon.

A nurſe ought to keep a child, as little in her arms as poſſible, leſt the legs ſhould be cramped, and the toes turned inwards. Let her always keep the legs of the child looſe. The oftner the poſture is changed the better.

Toſſing a child about, and exerciſing it in the open air in fine weather is of the greateſt ſervice. In cities, children are not to be kept in hot rooms, but to have as much air as poſſible.

Want of exerciſe is the cauſe of large heads, weak and knotted joints, a contracted breaſt, which occaſions coughs, and ſtuffed lungs, an ill-ſhaped perſon, and waddling gait, beſides a numerous train of other ills.

The child is to be kept perfectly clean, by conſtantly waſhing its limbs, and likewise its neck, and ears; beginning with warm water, till by degrees it will not only bear, but like to be waſhed with, cold.

Riſing early in the morning is good for all children, providing they awake of themſelves, which they generally do; but they are never to be waked out of their ſleep; and, as ſoon as poſſible, to be brought to regular ſleeps in the day.

When laid in bed, or in a cradle, they are always to be laid ſtraight.

Children, till two or three years old, muſt never be ſuffered to walk long enough at a time to be weary.

Girls

And what, with broken words, he aims to know,  
Instruct him well, and names and manners show.

And

Girls might be trained to the proper management of children, if a premium were given in free schools, work-houses, &c. to those that brought up the finest child to one year old.

If the mother cannot suckle the child, get a wholesome chearful woman, with young milk, who has been used to tend young children. After the first six months, small broths, and innocent foods of any kind may do as well, as living wholly upon milk.

A principal thing to be attended to is, to give young children constant exercise, and to keep them in a proper posture.

With regard to the child's dress in the day, let it be a shirt; a petticoat of fine flannel, two or three inches longer than the child's feet, with a dimity top (commonly called a bodice-coat) to tie behind; over that a surcingle made of fine buckram, two inches broad, covered with satin, or fine ticken, with a ribbon fastened to it, to tie it on; which answers every purpose of stays, and has none of their inconveniences. Over this put a robe, or a slip, and frock, or whatever you like best; provided it is fastened behind, and not much longer than the child's feet, that their motions may be strictly observed.

Two caps are to be put on the head, till the child has got most of its teeth.

The child's dress, for the night, may be a shirt, a blanket to tie on, and a thin gown to tie over the blanket.

The above judicious remarks are copied from the edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica, now publishing, article Nursing. A note on the margin refers, for them, to the sixth volume of the Annual Register, where they are *not* to be found. And; though I am as sensible of the utility of that extensive work as any of its readers can be, I cannot help observing that such inaccuracies occur but too frequently. Perhaps the foregoing

And, since all human happiness depends 635  
 On that, to which the mind enlarging tends;  
 If you delight a prosp'rous child to see,  
 With honour thriving, and from danger free,  
 Direct this emanation of divine,  
 Lest his unguarded youth to vice incline. 640  
 And that you may, with more success, o'ercome  
 The seeds of sin, imbib'd ev'n in the womb,

directions may be in the New Annual Register, which I have not at present an opportunity of examining.

I cannot dismiss this subject, without repeating the benevolent hint, suggested by Dr. Buchan in his Family Physician for the encrease of population; and which, as Dr. Underwood well observes, might have very considerable effects by the assistance of people of fortune. Dr. Buchan's words are: "if it were made  
 " the interest of the poor to keep their children alive, we should  
 " lose very few of them. A small premium given every year to  
 " each poor family, for every child they have alive at the year's  
 " end, would save more infants lives than if the whole revenue  
 " of the crown were expended on hospitals for that purpose.  
 " This would make the poor esteem fertility a blessing, whereas  
 " many of them think it the greatest curse that can befall them."  
 To this Dr. Underwood adds, that "he has known them ex-  
 "press great thankfulness when their children were dead."  
 The reason of which in some measure may be, that it is frequently mentioned as a matter of reproach to a man in low circumstances, that he has a large family. And in this country, it is usual with such persons to consult apothecaries, quacks, and old women, for medicines to make their wives barren.

Urge

Urge him when flow, exhilarate when sad,  
 Check if too forward, or inclin'd to bad,  
 But still by gentle means, and use not force ; 645  
 Lest he, too much diverted from his course,  
 And still compell'd, should lose both health and growth,  
 Turn heavy, negligent, and sink in sloth.

If discord, raging round, and fierce in arms,  
 Forbid me not to court the Muses' charms, 650  
 I may persist to touch the tuneful string,  
 And soon the mind, as now the body, sing,  
 Instruct to form the manners and the heart,  
 And guide to manly age our better part.  
 This, that great ornament of modern times, 655  
 So oft delighted with my humble rhimes,  
 My Scaliger demands ; who, bright in fame,  
 Like his illustrious Sires, has gain'd a name ;  
 With him my early youth in virtue join'd,  
 The same our studies, and the same our mind ; 660

Ver. 645. *But still by gentle means, and use not force ;*] From this we may observe that the superior learning of the sixteenth century was not owing to any rigorous discipline, used in schools, as has been erroneously thought by some ; but from the encouragement given to the learned, which the religious wars made indispensably necessary, that both parties might be able to contend in writing, and disputation, as in the field.

Nor less our friendship, as our lives prolong ;  
And both are charm'd alike with sacred song.

Perhaps, when peace resumes her pleasing reign,  
And sheds new blessings, I may try the strain,  
If health and ease the fav'ring gods afford, 665

And the fair sisters to my vows accord ;  
The sacred nine, who round my cradle stood,  
And bath'd me young in the Pierian flood ;

A subject unattempted yet by all  
The tuneful sons of wide-extended Gaul ; 670

And thus to me new laurels may belong,  
Tho', trembling, I shall try so bold a song.

But, 'mid th' alarms of war, what fav'ring muse  
Can, o'er the mind, inspiring beams diffuse ?

Soon as unprosperous CHARLES receiv'd the crown,  
From royal ancestors descending down, 676  
Sad omen of his reign ! he shook with fears,  
And stain'd the sceptre with foreboding tears :

Then,

Ver. 678. *And stain'd the sceptre with foreboding tears :*] Voltaire, who is generally attentive to little circumstances, has taken no notice of this. He tells us that Charles IX. having entered upon his fourteenth year, held his bed of justice, not in the parliament of Paris, but of Rouen ; and what is very extraordinary, his mother (Catharine de Medicis) resigned the reins of government



Then, from the caverns of eternal night,  
 The fell Tifiphone sprung forth to fight;           680  
 In all her rage the dreadful fury rose,  
 Diffusing discord, war, and lasting woes;  
 Confusion follow'd, tumult, grief, and care,  
 And of afflictions I have had my share.  
 So hard the times, so chang'd the course of things, 685  
 And such the curse intestine Discord brings,  
 That ev'ry bard, neglecting Phœbus' charms,  
 Forsook their rhimes, and sought renown in arms.  
 Alas! what seas of blood have mark'd our crimes!  
 What genius dy'd in these distressing times!       690  
 When, oft reviv'd by hopes of coming peace,  
 And trusting treaties, that our ills would cease;

ment to him upon her knees. At the ceremony of the King's majority there happened a very odd and unprecedented affair. Odet de Chatillon, bishop of Beauvais, had turned protestant, like his brother, and married; the Pope struck him out of the list of Cardinals, and he himself despised the title; but, to bid defiance to the Pope, he assisted at the ceremony in a Cardinal's habit; his wife sat down in the presence of the King and Queen, as the lady of a peer of the realm; and she was called indifferently Madame la Comtesse de Beauvais, and Madame la Cardinale. France abounded with such irregularities. The confusion of civil broils had subverted all order and decency. Voltaire's General History.

All fraudulent found, the fatal broils return'd,  
 And war, and discord, with new fury burn'd.  
 So, from behind the clouds, in winter-days, 695  
 The short-liv'd sun exerts his feeble rays;  
 As those dispell he hangs in doubtful fight,  
 And, for a while, diffuses languid light;

Ver. 694. *And war, and discord, with new fury burn'd.*] The miseries of France in the reign of Charles IX. are thus described by the same author. "The whole kingdom was laid waste. It was not like a war, in which one prince draws his forces against another, and is either victorious, or ruined at once: there were as many belligerent powers, as towns; fellow-citizens, and relations cutting one another's throats: the catholic, the protestant, the free-thinker, the priest, the burgher, none of them were safe in their beds: the lands lay fallow, or were tilled with the sword in one hand, and the plough in the other. They concluded an involuntary peace; but peace was only another name for war; and every day distinguished by murders and assassinations." The same state of things continued during the reign of his successor Henry III. And when this Prince having, at length, joined the King of Navarre, afterwards Henry IV. was every where victorious and on the point of putting an end to the league, he was basely assassinated, in the thirty-seventh year of his age, by one Clement, a monk. And to such a height had fanaticism arrived, that the murderer was supposed to be inspired, and his picture placed on the altars with this inscription, "St. James Clement, pray for us." In like manner the assassination of the great Henry IV. was called *a virtuous, generous, and heroic act*. Additions to the General History,

But

But soon returning darkness intervenes,  
 Conceals his beams, and brings the former scenes. 700

But why, O! why, ye pow'rs that rule the just!  
 To whom, for life, for happiness, we trust,  
 Has war's destructive fury, from my heart,  
 For ever torn my soul's far better part,  
 The pleasure of my eyes, alike renown'd 705  
 For constant friendship, and with virtue crown'd?  
 My DAMON, whom I lov'd so long, so well,  
 In flow'r of youth by impious discord fell.

Oh! name for ever dear; where art thou fled?  
 And is my DAMON number'd with the dead? 710  
 My hopes are lost, my comforts gone with thee,  
 And life itself has now no charms for me.

Ah! see you not my soul oppress'd with grief,  
 To which nor time, nor place can bring relief?  
 My failing members faint, scarce make their way, 715  
 And, ere old age come on, my locks are grey:

That lyre you prais'd, to which for you I sung,  
 Now lies neglected, silent, and unstrung;  
 If e'er I sing, 'tis but to ease my pains,  
 To mourn your fate, in sad funereal strains; 720  
 Nor raging Mars, nor Discord's dreadful breath  
 Distress my mind, like your untimely death,

As when the skies lament, in wintry show'rs,  
 The loss of summer fruits, and vernal flow'rs;  
 If one fair plant is in some garden seen 725  
 To spread its honours in immortal green;  
 Unhurt by howling winds, and rotting rain;  
 All run to view the glory of the plain;  
 To that they bend, to that their eyes they bring,  
 And hail the image of returning spring: 730  
 So, free from vice, in this flagitious age,  
 You stood the wonder of the great and sage,  
 And urg'd by truth, as far remov'd from crimes,  
 Renew'd the virtuous deeds of ancient times.

And, when plac'd high by mighty kings, you gain'd  
 Their gracious favour, and your worth maintain'd, 735  
 Above all passion, pride, and servile fear,  
 Still as you rose, you took your friend more near;  
 Own'd me your friend, the dearest of your heart,  
 And of your fortune gave me then a part. 740

By you protect'd, my aspiring mind,  
 That long to diff'rent studies had inclin'd,  
 Conceal'd, a while, within th' Aonian woods,  
 Beneath green shades, and by inspiring floods,  
 Became delighted, tho' to cares unus'd, 745  
 With useful bus'ness, nor my place refus'd.

Hence

Hence I forfook Poictou's delightful plains,  
 My native city, and my kindred fwains,  
 Brought my unwilling houfe-hold gods along,  
 Exchang'd, for public cares, the charms of fong, 750  
 Engag'd in mightier toils, before untry'd,  
 And fix'd, with pleafure, by your friendly fide.

Look 'down, bleft fhade ! forgive the parting tear,  
 And that fond love for native plains I bear ;  
 Yourself, with equal joy, and fweet content, 755  
 Thought of the place, where your firft years were fpent.  
 Oh ! may I ne'er forget the pleafing earth,  
 The hallow'd fhades, from which I drew my birth ;  
 Nor let it e'er repent me of the day,  
 I firft beheld the fun's enliv'ning ray. 760  
 Tho' great Macrinus, now the Mufes' pride,  
 Grown old in fong, and long with honours try'd,

Ver. 746. — *nor my place refus'd.*] Treasurer of France.

Ver. 761. *Tho' great Macrinus* —] Macrinus, fo called by Francis I. (with whom he was a great favourite) from his extraordinary leanness, is faid by feveral authors to have been the beft poet of the fixteenth century. His real name was John Salmon. *Salmoni Macrini Poëmata* were printed by Gryphius of Lyons, 1537.

Has fung your praises to th' Æolian lyre,  
 Inspir'd with ancient Latium's sacred fire,  
 That, o'er all modern poets, sits sublime, 765  
 And equals Horace in immortal rhyme ;  
 Yet shall my humbler harp be tun'd anew,  
 To vent my sorrows, and to weep for you ;  
 Unless preventing heav'n forbid my lays,  
 And angry fates cut short my future days. 770  
 Yet let me not be credulous, nor hear  
 My country's voice with too delighted ear,  
 But think she sooths me, when she deigns to tell  
 That in harmonious numbers I excell ;  
 If, or by Celtic streams, I touch the string, 775  
 Or oft frequent Ausonia's softer spring.  
 But thou, to whom belong the poet's lays,  
 Who flatter'ft not, and whose report is praise,  
 Divine posterity ! thy succour grant,  
 Which ev'ry living bard must shortly want : 780  
 Accept what Phœbus, and the Nine, by me,  
 With still-propitious omens, give to thee ;  
 Preserve my name, in all succeeding times,  
 And guide my willing lays to distant climes.

Ver. 784. *Episode of Damon, &c.*] The concluding part of this book is perhaps the finest part of the whole work, considered

as a poem, independent of the useful maxims conveyed in it. The compliment paid to Scaliger, the lamentation for Damon, with the beautiful simile of the flower; the manner in which the author introduces his own superiority as a poet, and the address to posterity in the end, are deserving of the highest commendation, and sufficient to immortalize his name, although he had written nothing beside. The original may be compared with the finest parts of Ovid; and the reader of taste, who gives it an attentive perusal, will easily join in the exclamation of Ronfard from Virgil:

— Deus, Deus ille, Menalca.

END OF THE SECOND BOOK OF THE PÆDOTROPHIA.





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PÆDOTROPHIA;

OR,

THE ART OF

*NURSING AND REARING CHILDREN.*

BOOK III.

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## ARGUMENT OF BOOK III.

**T**HE third and last Book treats of the Diseases of sucking infants, the causes and cure of which are particularly described; and it will be found that almost every remedy mentioned in it is still in use, and approved of by the ablest practitioners. The book begins with a new invocation to Apollo, which so serious a subject required: then some general reflections on the unhappy state of France in those times; and after that the description of diseases: viz. I. Disorders of the Umbilicus. II. Of the Tongue. III. The Ranula. IV. The Aphthæ, or Thrush. V. Teething. VI. Disorders of the Bowels. VII. Worms. VIII. Eruptions on the Skin. IX. The Small-Pox; in which the poet laments the death of two children of his own, brought on by the now justly exploded hot regimen, which he condemns in the strongest terms, and advises the cool treatment at present in use among all physicians. X. The Epilepsy; which is introduced by an episode of Hercules, and the daughter of Pæon, or the sun. And the whole concludes with good wishes for the prosperity of Henry III. his Queen, and the country.

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# PÆDOTROPHIA;

OR,

THE ART OF

*NURSING AND REARING CHILDREN.*

---

BOOK III.

---

THE Muse proceeds, in hopes of future praise,  
To sing distempers of our early days,  
T' explore the causes, and point out the cure  
Of ills; that infants from the birth endure.

To teach fit remedies, and all the tribe 5  
 Of woes, and dire diseases, to describe,  
 Is her last labour, and must surely claim  
 Her utmost care, lest she decline in fame :  
 Yet such their number, none the whole can know,  
 Nor can we bring relief to ev'ry woe : 10  
 Hence those most frequent I shall only trace,  
 Nor with uncertain wing pursue the chace ;  
 Lest, like a Mariner, in seas unknown,  
 The Muse by raging winds and waves be thrown  
 On latent rocks, directing planets miss, 15  
 And thus be swallow'd in the vast abyss.

O ! bright Thymbraeus, if thy presence fill  
 The sacred cliffs of thy maternal hill ;  
 If on her summits you delight to walk,  
 Or in the human form, familiar talk, 20  
 As when of old the warbling lyre you strung,  
 And on the laurell'd shores of Peneus sung ;

Great

Ver. 22. *And on the laurell'd shores of Peneus sung ;*] Peneus, a celebrated river of Thessaly, whose banks were on each side shaded with laurel. Hence it was feigned that this river wished to protect the goddess Latona, when she was about to bring forth Apollo ; and when all the rivers, mountains, and islands of Greece, afraid of incurring the wrath of Juno, fled at her approach : as the reader will find in the translation of the fourth hymn

Great Sire of verse, and of the healing art,  
 Inspire my voice, and ev'ry skill impart ;  
 For thee glad earth her verdant offspring yields, 25  
 For thee fresh flow'rs adorn the fragrant fields ;  
 Disease before thee flies, the sick amend,  
 And health and pleasure on thy steps attend :  
 O ! Father, leave a while thy lov'd abodes,  
 The plains, the mountains, and the walks of gods ; 30  
 Assist thy son t' explore great Nature's ways,  
 Direct my flight in this uncertain maze ;  
 Illume, with all thy light, my glowing lines,  
 Exalt the Muse intent on deep designs ;  
 Inspire to finish what before I spoke, 35  
 Nor be displeas'd that I so oft invoke.

Behold applauding fathers round me throng,  
 And pious mothers crowd to hear the song :  
 Who feels paternal love its use perceives,  
 And crowns the Poet's brow with oaken leaves, 40  
 Whose

hymn of Callimachus. Also, that Daphne, flying from Apollo, was here changed into a laurel. Ovid. Metamorph. Lib. I.

The river Peneus runs between the famous mountains Olympus and Ossa.

Ver. 40. *And crowns the Poet's brow with oaken leaves.*]

— quernâque intexunt fronde coronam.

Whose lays, inspir'd by Phœbus' balmy breath,  
 May save their offspring from disease, and death.

Lest

From this passage it would appear, that the custom of giving garlands of oak, as a reward of merit, is no new thing in France. The sense of the original here is so plain that a school-boy could not mistake it; and though I had determined not to say any thing farther of the former translation of this poem than what may be found in the preface, I cannot help observing how miserably that translator has misrepresented this line, which, giving information of a custom peculiar to France, should, on no account, have been altered from its original signification. It is thus translated:

“ And crown, with *grateful Bays*, the Poet's brow.”

I have remarked, in my notes on the first hymn of Callimachus, that, in the translations of ancient poems, all references to customs and historical facts should never be omitted. And yet this is an error which runs through all English poetical translations that I have had occasion to see, except those of Pope and Dryden alone. Three or four instances of it might be produced from the translation of the first Ode of Horace by Mr. Francis, and many from other parts of the same book. By this means those pieces, which should throw light on the manners of former times, only involve them in greater obscurity, or at best give no true information to the reader. The present passage may be illustrated by a verse of the popular song sung in Paris, on the first anniversary of the late revolution:

“ Sans doute on fera moins de cas,

“ Et des cordons, et des crachats;

“ C'est

Lest discord our exhausted country drain,  
 Nor one to till her fertile fields remain,  
 The Muse attempts her losses to restore, 45  
 To give new sons for those who fell before ;  
 And, by preserving well our infant-race,  
 Our fury may to milder thoughts give place.  
 But, while the great confound, with lawless pow'r,  
 All right and wrong, and oft themselves devour, 50  
 Incite the blinded populace t' engage  
 In mortal combats, with unceasing rage ;  
 If Gaul must only scenes of blood afford,  
 If all are doom'd to perish by the sword ;

" C'est ce qui les désole ;  
 " Mais les Lauriers, mais les épis,  
 " Les feuilles de Chêne ont leur prix ;  
 " C'est ce qui nous console."

Which may be thus translated :

The purple zone must surely fail,  
 The silver star no more prevail,  
 And hence begins their woe ;  
 But each a garland now receives  
 Of laurels, corn, or oaken leaves,  
 And thence our pleasures flow.

And, indeed, every reader of the least classical learning must know, that the ancient civic crowns were, for the most part, garlands of oak.

Why should the Muse attempt, with studious care, 55  
 Young innocents for slaughter to prepare,  
 Who, tho' preserv'd in infancy from harms,  
 Must shortly die by Discord's dreadful arms?  
 If, when grown up, on mutual deaths they rush,  
 And thus the hopes of their fond parents crush, 60  
 Nor nurse, nor mother, should appear in Gaul,  
 But war and fierce destruction swallow all!  
 Yet, sure, for us remains a happier fate,  
 And I, true bard, foretell our changing state.  
 I see, I see, long-wish'd-for peace return, 65  
 With joyful times, when we no more shall mourn:  
 Great HENRY comes, illustrious, mild, and sage,  
 To fill the throne, and bring a golden age;  
 From Heav'n itself the youthful Prince descends,  
 Dispels our sorrows, and our troubles ends; 70  
 Then let the Muse her useful theme pursue,  
 And with delight the grateful toil renew.

But,

Ver. 62. *But war and fierce destruction swallow all!*] In this paragraph the poet tells the humane design of writing his poem; namely, to turn the thoughts of his countrymen from those destructive civil wars which depopulated the country, brought on all the miseries mentioned in the note on v. 694, of book II. and made France one continued scene of destruction for upwards of thirty years.



But, ah! what dire distreffes throng around,  
 Of diff'rent shapes, and various natures found!  
 Not other than on Libya's burning lands, 75  
 Where winding Bagra cleaves the barren sands,  
 Numidian hunters oft, of old, beheld;  
 If o'er the desert shores, and herblefs field

Ver. 76. *Where winding Bagra cleaves the barren sands,*] Bagra, called by some ancient authors Bragada, and by the moderns Meragarada, or Magerada, an African river near Utica, where Attilius Regulus is said by Pliny, Lib. VIII. Cap. 14. to have killed a serpent an hundred ells long. The combat betwixt the Roman army and this terrible monster is particularly and beautifully described in the sixth book of Silius Italicus. The serpent put them to flight, killed a great number, and had almost rescued Africa from the invasion; when his back was broke by a huge stone, thrown from one of those engines used in battering towns; which disabling him so that he could not stir from his place, he was attacked with darts and javelins; and his head at length dashed to pieces by another stone. Most modern historians have treated this narration as entirely fabulous, supposing no such monster could exist, or that it could only have been a crocodile: but, since the discovery of serpents of equal magnitude in the East-Indies, I can see no reason to doubt of its truth. On the contrary, it should teach us not hastily to discredit what we find in ancient authors, merely because it does not coincide with our own ideas. And we find the testimony of several ancient historians, particularly of Herodotus, thought nothing but fiction to become more credible, as ourselves advance in knowledge.

They

They took their doubtful way; or frequent food  
 Within the bosom of some distant wood: 80  
 Then thousand monsters on the sight appear,  
 Some scarce perceiv'd, and some approaching near;  
 There stalks the brindled king with fiery glare,  
 There the fell tigress springs aloft in air;  
 Here bursts the spotted pard, with ardent speed, 85  
 And marks, with bloody paws, the pathless mead;  
 The dragon huge his painted crest displays,  
 Unnumber'd serpents shoot along the maze:  
 The huntsman turns around, with fear oppress'd,  
 And various thoughts revolving in his breast; 90  
 Amaz'd he stands, to see the coming woes;  
 So thick they swarm, he knows not half his foes,  
 Nor, such the hissings, roars, and mingled cry,  
 What he should boldly fight, or trembling fly.  
 So stands the Muse, encompass'd round with harms, 95  
 Nor knows where first or last to point her arms;  
 So fast they crowd, no entrance she can find,  
 And doubt divides her fluctuating mind.  
 As bees pursue whate'er their senses greet,  
 And suck the juice from the first grove they meet; 100  
 So must she now irregularly trace  
 The first distemper she may chance to face:

And

And since, amid this undistinguish'd crowd,  
 We know not what may taint an infant's blood,  
 Nor what disease, or pain, come from within, 105  
 All method laid aside, I thus begin.

Not to detain you from my useful song,  
 And, lest my introduction prove too long,  
 Tho' from the belly of the new-born child,  
 The cord be cut, you may be still beguil'd; 110  
 The part remaining may affect, with pain,  
 His tender frame, and make him oft complain,  
 The recent wound, the ligaturè too strait,  
 May fill his body with inflaming heat,  
 Whence frequent weepings, wheezing coughs arise, 115  
 And his disease encreases with his cries.  
 To the griev'd part collected humours flow,  
 Make all around with painful swellings glow;  
 The blood rolls rapid, in too brisk a tide,  
 And rising fever must the child abide. 120  
 For when kind nature there directs the course  
 Of vital fluids, with redoubled force,  
 Attempting to remove th' obstructing cause,  
 The crimson current oft forgets her laws,  
 Adheres to what she wishes to expell, 125  
 And, still increasing, make the part to swell;

The

The balmy floods to sharper humours turn,  
 And fret the skin, and make the wound to burn,  
 Excite new tumults in his infant-veins,  
 And thus inflame, instead of easing pains. 130

While, in the womb, the feeble captive lay,  
 He threw, by this, redundant juice away;  
 And Nature, that she might his health restore,  
 Would still pursue the path she trod before.  
 But the fore navel lets no humour pass, 135  
 And swells with water, clear as melted glass.  
 Hence, if aught hurtful shall retard its cure,  
 (And many woes must human-kind endure,)  
 The chrystal tube its turgid veins extends;  
 With painful stretching from the child depends, 140  
 Afflicts his tender body with its weight,  
 And seems a growing rupture to the sight.

Where-

Ver. 130. *And thus inflame, instead of easing pains.*] This is exactly the theory of inflammation given by Boerhaave and Van Swieten; to which is now added Dr. Cullen's well-known system of Spasm. And I cannot help remarking, that St. Marthe, in a dozen Latin verses, gives a complete idea of what Van Swieten extends to a volume.

Ver 142. *And seems a growing rupture to the sight.*] These disorders of the umbilicus rarely occur, unless some very great mis-

Wherefore, t' avert this miserable ill,  
 Our learn'd physicians, with' united skill,  
 Advise that Celtic Spikenard well be bruise'd 145  
 With powder'd rosin, turpentine, infus'd  
 In oil of Grecian nuts; then spread around  
 The glowing pipe, and plac'd within the wound,  
 Where its demulcent virtue will assuage  
 The pain, and rising inflammation's rage, 150  
 But

mismanagement has taken place, particularly if the string has been cut too near the belly, or the body of the child enwrapped too tight; both which should be carefully avoided.—Since writing the above, I have had occasion to see a very troublesome case of the disorder mentioned. The part suppurated, and was obliged to be dressed, for a fortnight at least, first, with bread and milk poultices, and then with scraped lint, and a digestive. The cause supposed to be, cutting the umbilical cord too short.

Ver. 149, 150. *Where its demulcent virtue will assuage*  
*The pain,* ] The re-  
 medy here recommended, take away the spikenard, is no other than yellow basilicon, invented by Mithridates, king of Pontus, to cure the wounds of his soldiers, and called from him *Βασιλικον*, or the King's ointment. This valuable ointment has been used by all succeeding ages, though its ingredients have been changed at least a hundred times since the days of that prince. Perhaps the oil of almonds might still be an improvement on it. Of Spikenard there are two kinds, the Celtic, and the Indian; the first grows

But others burn, in some strong-scented flame,  
 Old linen rags ; then careful from the same  
 Collect their ashes in a proper vase,  
 And sprinkle round, and on the navel place.  
 And some the bitter seeds of lupins take, 155  
 Mix with red wine, a strong infusion make,  
 Soak flaxen stupes in the discutient juice,  
 Bind o'er the wound, and thus the cure produce.

grows in the Alps, and the second in the East-Indies. The Celtic Nard is a small species of valerian with uncut, oblong, obtuse, somewhat oval leaves ; and it is the leaves that St. Marthe seems to recommend as an ingredient in his ointment. The roots of both species are now only in use, and never but as an ingredient in the Mithridate and Theriacas. Of the plant which grows from the Indian Nard, we have no particular account. See Lewis's *Materia Medica* ; and the new improved edition of his *Dispensatory*.

Ver. 158. *Bind o'er the wound, and thus the cure produce.*] The ashes of linen rags are still used by midwives, on the fourth or fifth day, after the birth, when the remaining part of the umbilical cord, being shrunk and dried, commonly falls off. An infusion of the seeds of lupins in red wine is a good discutient, and well adapted to prevent an inflammation. They are likewise recommended as a remedy against worms ; were used by the Greeks in common food : and Galen recommends them as very wholesome.

Nor be you more unmindful of his tongue,  
 Than of the tender part we now have fung ; 160  
 For, of the gifts conferr'd by bounteous heav'n,  
 None more excelling has to man been giv'n.  
 Besides, when from the breast he sips the dew,  
 And oft attempts his pleasure to renew,  
 If an impediment, or double fold, 165  
 Prevent its office, that it take no hold ;  
 Or, if the ligament beneath detain  
 Its point, he strives to stretch it forth in vain ;  
 The member, thus unfitted for his use,  
 Its task refuses, nor can draw the juice : 170  
 Tho' the twin fountains swell, and seem to burst,  
 The hapless infant languishes with thirst,  
 Condemn'd to fast, like Tantalus of yore,  
 Amid the fragrance of his balmy store.  
 So let a surgeon, in the practice try'd, 175  
 With some fit instrument the knots divide ;  
 Or, in his absence, let your midwife bring  
 Her scissars, and cut thro' th' impeding string ;  
 But be th' incision made with gentlest hand,  
 As his young frame and feeble tongue demand ; 180

And let who'er performs take care to fhun  
The fwelling veins, that thro' this member run.

Nor lefs our care muft that diforder claim,  
To which a fierce Barbarian gave the name,  
The Ranula; for, like a frog it feems, 185  
If you deprive him of his leaping limbs;

Ver. 181, 182. ————— *take care to fhun* ]

*The fwelling veins, that thro' this member run.* ] This maxim  
deserves great confideration; and it is furprizing that fuch acci-  
dents do not more frequently happen, as it is a praftice with  
fome midwives to divide the frænum, or membrane below the  
tongue, in every cafe, without minding whether the operation be  
neceffary or not. One fatal instance is mentioned by Van  
Swieten, from Dionis, of a new-born heir to a rich family, in  
cutting whofe frænum the furgeon, unknown to himfelf, opened  
a fublingual vein. As he faw the child fuck the breaft with eafe,  
he went off unconcerned. The nurfe laid the child, who was,  
as fhe thought, fatiated with milk, in the cradle; it continued to  
move its lips juft as if it sucked, which is common enough with  
children; fo that nobody apprehended any ill confequence from  
thence: but it began to turn pale, grow weak, and died fhortly  
after. When the body was opened, the ftomach was found full  
of blood. Many fimilar cafes occur in medical hiftory. In Boer-  
haav. Aphorifm. 1354.

Petit likewise mentions an unhappy cafe of a child, who was  
fuffocated by fwallowing his tongue, after the divifion of the  
frænum. Orthopédie, Tom. II. p. 139.

And



And of all woes that infancy can feel,  
 This proves the worst, and most destructive ill :  
 Beneath the tongue a fiery tumour burns,  
 And cank'ring spreads, and to an ulcer turns ; 190  
 Brings pain and fever, threatens instant death,  
 And, if uncur'd, soon robs him of his breath.

Ver. 188. *This proves the worst, and most destructive ill :*] The state of infancy is liable to so many terrible disorders, that I know not if one can be called worse than another ; for even the slightest may end in death, and those, thought the most dangerous, may frequently be cured. At any rate the Ranula is not very common in this country ; and Dr. Underwood observes that it is mostly an endemic complaint ; also that, “ according to the ancients, it is an inflammatory tumour of the parts under the tongue, particularly the veins. When large, it is usually soft, and contains a fluid, and sometimes stony concretions, owing to an obstruction in the salivary ducts. In this case it needs only to be opened, and cleared of all the concretions.” Vol. II. p. 117. It sometimes ulcerates, as mentioned in the text, but oftener presents a species of that soft and lax swelling called Oedema. I have not been able to discover by what barbarian it was called Ranula ; unless St. Marthe mean by a barbarian “ Rana,” a frog, to the shape of which the tumours bear some resemblance. But it must have some other etymology, being called by Hippocrates “ Ὑπογλωσσις, or the disease below the tongue ; which by all his translators, as far back as the time of Celsus, has been rendered Ranula, though this does not, in any manner, convey the meaning of the Greek term. Both this, and the disorder mentioned in the next paragraph, may be reckoned species of the Aphthæ.

Resembling this, is that disease which comes  
 With burning knobs upon an infant's gums,  
 Spreads o'er the cheeks, the neck, sometimes within  
 The mouth, diffuses oft along the chin 196  
 Its purple spots, with acrid humour swims,  
 Whence fever heats, and pains torment his limbs.

Nor differing far is what, from inward cause,  
 With inflammation dire afflict his jaws; 200  
 Each fell disease with equal signs appears,  
 And to the roots of his soft tongue adheres,  
 To those small glands, we from the Latins name  
 Tonfillæ, and this ill is call'd the same.

These evils spring from vitiated blood, 205  
 And this arises from improper food;  
 From milk impure that, changing into bile,  
 Redounds, corrupts, affords unwholesome chyle,  
 Which fills with acrid salt the fretted veins,  
 Discharges on the mouth, and breeds the pains. 210  
 Wherefore the nurse must with herself begin,  
 Must cleanse the fluid coming from within,  
 And, that she may the wish'd assistance bring,  
 Expel the poison from the fragrant spring.

For this fit physick is the surest guide, 215  
 To make the fever thro' the bowels glide;  
 Nor be she slow the remedy t' endure,  
 That, from her breast, the child may draw his cure.  
 But, when the fever burns with ardent heat,  
 To calm its rage, and bring a gentle sweat, 220  
 Give juice of citrons from th' Idalian wood;  
 The grateful acid purifies his blood;  
 And oft his stomach with that liquor fill,  
 Which fair pomegranates, ripen'd well, distill;  
 Boil too the pleasing sap of eastern canes 225  
 With plenteous water, with soft oil that drains  
 From the cœrulean violet, produce  
 The well-made composition for his use;  
 And, ere it cool, anoint his swelling cheek,  
 His throbbing temples; and his painful neck, 230  
 Or

Ver. 215. *For this fit physick is the surest guide,*] Some gentle laxative should be given, both to the nurse and the child, the moment this dangerous complaint appears; which, by cleansing the milk, and cooling the body of the infant, will frequently carry off the disorder, without any considerable eruption appearing in the mouth.

Ver. 232 *And pour a little in his aching ears*]. This fragrant and balsamic fermentation will be found of great service in abating

Or where besides the spreading heat appears,  
 And pour a little in his aching ears.  
 Nor less the Muse prescribes for this disease  
 What, tho' more simple, oft gives greater ease,  
 New milk with barley flour, stirr'd o'er the fire, 235  
 And boil'd together, thick as you desire,  
 Spread on a cloth, and, to remove the harm,  
 O'er all his chin apply'd the poultice warm.

But you, with heavier sorrow, soon will mourn,  
 If these abscesses, suppurating, turn 240

the fever and inflammation of the mouth, which frequently spreads along the cheeks, and makes the thrush a very dangerous disease. The juice of citrons and pomegranates, and of all acid fruits, tend to cleanse the mouth, allay the inward heat, all extremely necessary in this disorder. In chusing fruits for the acute fevers of infants, the maxims of Celsus should always be remembered. “ Bonnis succus est ex pomis quiscunque neque  
 “ acerbus neque acidus est.” “ Those fruits are good, which  
 “ are neither too bitter, nor too acid.” Lib. II. cap. 20.

Ver. 238. *O'er all his chin apply'd the poultice warm.*] The propriety of poultices in inflammations of the mouth is well known; and they are the more necessary the greater degree of it appears outwardly. They both alleviate the external heat; and by making a revulsion draw part of the noxious humours from within. Hence the propriety of applying them to the feet in the small pox and other eruptive fevers. The simple remedies here advised, remembering always to keep the belly open, will generally be found as effectual, and much less hurtful to the system than the chymical ones now in use.

Corroding ulcers, o'er the palate creep,  
 And with fell itchings eat the fauces deep,  
 Unless you haste the mortal feeds to kill  
 Of the dire woe, and stop the spreading ill.  
 Tho' diff'rent causes this sad plague may bring, 245  
 It flows too often from the milky spring,  
 That breeds sharp whey; and, when the infant draws,  
 The frequent flux corrodes his tender jaws;  
 Or from his indigesting stomach comes  
 A burning vapour on the mouth, and gums; 250  
 And many methods cure the wounded part:  
 For great is the resource of human art.  
 But let the nurse a mod'rate diet use  
 To cleanse the fountains, and correct the juice:

Ver. 242. *And with fell itchings eat the fauces deep,*] This is commonly called canker of the mouth; and, if not timely prevented, may frequently degenerate into gangrene. It sometimes makes its appearance in the mouth; at others, about the time of teething; which age, as the reader will find in the next paragraph, St. Marthe thinks it chiefly attacks.—“ It likewise “ appears when children are shedding their first teeth, and the “ second are making their way through the gums, which are “ covered with little foul sores, and will sometimes extend to the “ inside of the lips, and the cheeks.” Underwood, Vol. II. P. 34.

This causes vicious blood more balmy grow, 255

Amends the milk, nor makes it less to flow.

Or try t' overcome the raging ulcer's force,

That sheds black poison in its dreadful course,

By pounded violets, that well you stir

With Gallic honey, and Orontian myrrh; 260

Thin galls allay the pain the child endures,

And bark of Nabathæan incense cures.

But these distempers chief infest the age,

When growing teeth must all your care engage.

Ver. 260. ————*Orontian myrrh.*] The Orontes is a large river of Syria, rising in mount Libanus, and discharging itself by Antioch into the sea, on the banks of which numbers of those trees are found that distil the best species of myrrh.

Ver. 262. *And bark of Nabathæan incense cures.*] The bark of the tree, which sweats the Arabian gum, and so called from Nabatene, another name for Arabia Felix, from Nabaioth, the eldest son of Ismael. The remedies mentioned, being mildly detergent and astringent, are well calculated to stop the progress of this frequently fatal complaint. If they should fail, Peruvian bark must be used, according to the directions that will be given by the attending physicians. Gall-nuts, so judiciously advised in the text, have been said to produce cures even when the Peruvian bark has failed; and a mixture of galls with a bitter and aromatic has been proposed as a substitute for it.

When

When these are doom'd to shoot, a while, in vain, 265  
 And pierce the gums with unremitting pain,  
 Sharp humours flow from such intestine wars,  
 Nor can the points assiduous break the bars,  
 But tear their latent way, like smother'd fire,  
 And vex the swelling jaws with tortures dire. 270

How great, alas! appears the wrath of Heav'n!  
 And is it thus our teeth must still be giv'n?  
 Those useful instruments, that cherish life,  
 That break our viands with unceasing strife,  
 And for the stomach grateful food prepare, 275  
 Else of the hallow'd blessing none could share.  
 The crying child indeed his fingers brings  
 Within his mouth, whence humour constant springs,  
 To press the gums, that swell with gnawing pain,  
 And strives to aid himself, but strives in vain. 280

Ver. 270. *And vex the swelling jaws with tortures dire.*] Dr. Cadogan, on nursing children, p. 31, would make us believe that teething, though frequently fatal to infants, is no disease. It were much to be wished that experience confirmed the truth of this observation. If it be no disease of itself, it is at least the cause of many, which sometimes no art can cure. The state of dentition is one of the most dangerous periods of life, and requires most particular attention; though I cannot agree with the remark of Dr. Arbuthnot, that every tenth child dies of it.

The nurse must try to give the wish'd relief,  
 Else all his labour but augments his grief;  
 Anoint his fingers with the brain of hares,  
 Or dew, the bright Sicilian bee prepares.  
 Thus he, by gentle friction, will assuage 285  
 With soft'ning juice the inflammation's rage,  
 Till, by degrees, the growing tooth make way,  
 Atchieve an op'ning, and spring forth to day;  
 O'er the red gum appears the gift divine,  
 As works of iv'ry set in coral shine, 290  
 Which some Dædalean hand, in ev'ry part,  
 Has polish'd well, and join'd with curious art.  
 But, if the pain encrease, bathe well his head  
 With tepid milk, and sweets that roses shed,

Ver. 283, 284. *Anoint his fingers with the brain of hares,*  
*Or dew, the bright Sicilian bee prepares.*

] The brain, and fat of hares, and honey, are said by some authors to be of great service in ripening an abscess. Hence they may be useful in softening the gums; and the detergent and balsamic qualities of honey keep the mouth clean, and prevent it from ulcerating. Whether there be any virtue in Sicilian honey, for answering this purpose, superior to the Narbonne honey, so much commended in the second book, I shall not determine.



Together mix'd; his temples then infold 295  
 In softest flannel, to prevent the cold.

Yet all your efforts but encrease the storm,  
 Unless the loosen'd belly well perform  
 Its office, and discharge th' obstructing load:  
 For this, mix liquid honey with his food; 300  
 For, of the laxatives that art bestows,  
 That Earth produces, or from Æther flows,  
 None have been found so fitted to expell  
 Bad humours, and to make an infant well,  
 If, at his fasting mouth, the store he find, 305  
 Or have it, like an acorn, from behind.  
 But, if you want of the nectareous dew;  
 To cleanse his bowels, and his health renew,  
 Let the attentive nurse take in her hand  
 Althæa roots, that grow on marshy land, 310

Ver. 296. *In softest flannel, to prevent the cold.*] Difficult teething should be treated like any other local inflammation; for which reason warmth, and frequent fomenting the head, are of much service; and the pain may be often relieved by bleeding behind the ears. But it is very necessary, in this climate, to guard against cold, after using the two last-mentioned remedies.

Or stalks of beets, whose course she may direct  
Within the rectum, and with ease inject.

But since from this disease proceeds at length  
Uncommon looseness, that exhausts the strength;  
To brace his bowels then, your infant needs 315  
Cyperus brown, mix'd with white poppy seeds,  
And myrtle-berries, still to Venus dear,  
That warm the stomach, but cold seasons fear.  
Pound these together, and, when fitly bruis'd,  
Be all, a proper time, in milk infus'd; 320  
The grateful liquor will new health produce,  
And o'er his slender body strength diffuse.

But,

Ver. 312. *Within the rectum, and with ease inject.*] Experience daily teaches the necessity of keeping an open belly in the time of dentition, and in all inflammatory disorders. The stalks and roots mentioned in the text make very good suppositories, especially if rubbed over with honey. If these fail of the desired effect, some opening medicines should be administered: and Dr. Underwood observes, that a considerable degree of looseness is useful. The roots of *Althæa*, or marsh-mallow, are well known to all practitioners; and beets may be found in every garden.

Ver. 322. *And o'er his slender body strength diffuse.*] Habitual looseness often proves more troublesome than its opposite, being not so easily removed. The simple stomachic emulsion, recommended

But, if excruciating gripes begin  
 To rend the bowels, and to gnaw within ;  
 T' allay the torments, and the woe prevent,      325  
 With well-warm'd water the griev'd part foment ;  
 Or else anoint with oil of fragrant dill,  
 Or, what the flow'rs of chamomile distill,  
 Or from old olives runs, plac'd o'er the fire :  
 These work the cure, when pains their use require. 330

For

mended in the text, may be of great service, especially in a disease where, as Dr. Underwood remarks, diluting drinks should frequently be given. And they become the more necessary, if the child do not suck, which often happens from the inflammation of the mouth. Cyperus is a plant of the gramineous kind; the roots of which have been generally brought from Italy; but it is found wild in some marshy places in England; and has been accounted a good stomachic, and carminative. The myrtle, so much celebrated by poets, and sacred to Venus, because its berries were supposed to excite certain passions, is a native of Italy, and cultivated in our botanic gardens. It is a mild astringent; but both these plants are now little used in medicine: not because they want the virtues ascribed to them; but because remedies change like fashions; and the old ones are laid aside for the sake of trying new ones, supposed to be endowed with the same properties, in an equal or superior degree.

Ver. 330. *These work the cure, when pains their use require.*] Fomentations and warm bathing are often most effectual in removing

For thro' the pores insinuates the heat,  
 And reaching, by degrees, the tender feat  
 Of this disease, collected cold expells,  
 With wind, that latent in the bowels dwells,  
 Removes at once th' effect, th'offending cause, 335  
 And makes the humours yield to milder laws.

Why should the Muse, in doleful notes, describe  
 The plague of worms, and trace the loathsome tribe,  
 That breed with equal signs, more fix'd remain,  
 And fret th' intestines with as pungent pain? 340  
 For when the child exhausts the milky flood,  
 Too largely feasting on the grateful food,  
 The juice, corrupting, to the coats adheres  
 Of his thin bowels, heavy slime appears;  
 And, tho' long time in these the mucus dwell, 345  
 Not all his force the crudities expel.

Then prudent Nature other arts assumes;  
 What still remain within she there consumes,

moving gripes. The oils of dill, and chamomile, being strongly aromatic and carminative, are likewise very proper for anointing the belly. Recent oil from old olives, and prepared as here directed, has, I believe, been little used in this country: but it doubtless deserves a trial.

And,

And, for this purpose, in the fluid forms

A race detested of internal worms ; 350

That creep along the narrow channels, spread

O'er all the matter whence themselves were made ;

There, twisting round in loathsome heaps, devour

The parent-slime, and thus the bowels scour.

So the gay butterfly in spring receives 355

His birth from op'ning flow'rs and shelt'ring leaves,

Then soars, on painted wings, amid the skies ;

But, oft returning from the heights he tries,

Devours what gave him to the golden rays,

And thus the good receiv'd with ill repays. 360

But when the noisome plague have swallowed all

The nourishment, that in their way can fall ;

When want begins, this way and that they bend

Their heads for food, and finding nothing rend

Their empty'd caverns, far remov'd from sight, 365

And vex his entrails with unceasing bite.

Plain are the signs that this sad ill denote ;

Strong-scented breath ascending through his throat ;

Sometimes the feeble pow'rs of life give way,

He dozes, faints, or darts a trembling ray 370

From languid eyes ; disturb'd 'is every sleep,

He starts, awakes, when they begin to creep ;

Short husky coughs the lab'ring lungs molest,  
 And grievous itchings oft the nose infest.

Wherefore, you must, t' avert this direful woe, 375  
 By some fit means expell the latent foe :  
 And warming bitters best destroy the brood,  
 For they detest all aromatic food ;  
 Use chief the chaffy feed, renown'd in fame,  
 That from the worms themselves derives its name : 380  
 This you may give, in apple-pulp with ease,  
 Or mix'd with gruel, or what food you please.

Ver. 374. *And grievous itchings oft the nose infest.*] These are the most common symptoms of worms in young children; to which I shall only add, that a dark hollow circle frequently appears round the eyes, and that the cough is an almost constant symptom, when the disease is of long standing, and has much injured the health. Underw. Vol. I.

Ver. 380. *That from the worms themselves derives its name:]* Semen Santonicum, commonly called worm-feed, from its anthelmintic virtues. It grows on a species of mug-wort found in Saintonge, in France, the country of the ancient Santones, and hence the name Santonicum. The kind used in Britain is commonly brought from the Levant; but that sold in the shops is said, many times, not to be genuine. It has been celebrated in all ages for expelling worms, for which it is particularly adapted, being at once bitter, aromatic, and purgative.

With

With gall of bulls, and Cummin's pallid feed,  
 A plaster make, and o'er the belly spread ;  
 This proves a certain cure, nor need I mind      385  
 What other we from old physicians find.

Why should the Muse rehearse, in flowing strains,  
 Each fell disease, that gives an infant pains ?  
 So vast their number, and so thick they throng,  
 That ev'n their names would form incessant song: 390

Ver. 385. *This proves a certain cure* ———.] This, or a similar remedy, has been advised by all succeeding physicians; and Dr. Underwood prescribes much the same, only changing the plaster into an ointment. Cummin seeds are chiefly imported from Sicily and Malta. They are accounted good carminatives and stomachics; but are now, in a great measure, laid aside, on account of their disagreeable flavour. Their principal use is in external applications, as a warm discutient, antiseptic, and anthelmintic; for which purpose they are so strongly recommended by St. Marthe. And since he declares, from his own experience, as one would think, that this plaster, with semen fantonicum taken inwardly, prove a certain cure, I can see no reason why they should not be persisted in, instead of pestering the child with chymical remedies; which, though they may prove equally effectual, must be much more pernicious to the bowels. It is well observed, by Dr. Underwood, that "throughout the cure, and afterwards, the diet should be strictly attended to, and all fat and greasy aliments abstained from. The child should live upon milk, broths, and meats of easy digestion, with toasted bread and honey, *instead of butter, which is exceedingly pernicious.*"  
 Vol. I. p. 155.

From one scarce ended, see ! another grow,  
 And toil succeed to toil, and woe to woe.  
 Nor, were the Nine to grant a thousand tongues,  
 A thousand mouths, a thousand breathing lungs,  
 Could I recount the woes, that still molest      395  
 An infant's bowels, and disturb his rest;  
 That lie in ambush, which no art can shun,  
 And threaten death ere life be well begun.  
 Hence painful vomitings, dry coughs we find,  
 And frightful dreams, that vex his feeble mind ; 400  
 Hence restless watching, tho' the child you keep  
 In quiet, still prevents refreshing sleep.  
 The snowy fountains all these evils bring,  
 When, gorg'd with milk, he surfeits on the spring ;  
 Nor can the weak stomachic pow'rs digest      405  
 The load, collected from the nurse's breast,  
But

Ver. 406. *The load, collected from the nurse's breast,*] Hence we may observe how dangerous it is to give a sucking infant great quantities of panada, broth, and bread, &c. as is commonly done; and especially when labouring under any acute disease, of which teething may be reckoned one. The diet of the nurse should likewise be carefully attended to, for which Dr. Underwood gives the following directions: "an invariable attention should be paid to natural constitution and habit; due allowance being made for these, it may be said that milk, broth, and  
" white



But in the bowels crudities remain ;  
 Whence airy vapours mounting to the brain,  
 In fancy'd semblance, and deluding shades,  
 Some frightful dream his infant mind invades, 410  
 And from the brain, by nature soft and cold,  
 They come not back, but take a lasting hold,  
 In bleak and heavy show'rs condensing there,  
 As clouds are form'd of rain, and thicken'd air ;  
 At length absorb'd, o'er all his head diffuse ; 415  
 Part on the jaws descends in fluid ooze,

" white soups, plain puddings, flesh meats of easy digestion, and  
 " a due mixture of vegetables, with plenty of diluting drinks,  
 " and such proportion of more generous liquors (spirits excepted)  
 " as the variety of circumstances shall direct, will be a proper  
 " diet for suckling women. Respecting vegetables particularly,  
 " the strictest regard should be had to constitution and habit.  
 " Wherever vegetables, or even acids, uniformly agree with the  
 " suckling parent, or nurse, I believe a healthy child will never  
 " suffer by their partaking of them, but, on the contrary, the  
 " milk, being thereby rendered thin and cooling, will prove  
 " more nourishing and salutary, in consequence of being easier  
 " of digestion." Vol. II. p. 252. To this I shall only add, that  
 in general, the diet of a nurse should be the same as when she  
 was pregnant ; which has been amply discussed in the first book ;  
 and that a proper attention to diet and regimen will, even in  
 the most weakly children, remove coughs, vomitings, and the  
 long train of bowel complaints to which infancy is subjected  
 more effectually than any other remedy. It is all the cure that  
 St. Marthe proposes.

And part, returning, shakes his tender breast  
 With constant coughing, that denies him rest.  
 Wherefore restrain the flowing streams a while,  
 And try some means his hunger to beguile; 420  
 The cause remov'd, th' effect will shortly cease,  
 And pain, and woe give way to health and ease.

Why should the weary'd muse attempt to speak,  
 How oft the rectum thro' its bounds will break,  
 When a continu'd flux the parts unloose, 425  
 And the next muscle, made unfit for use

Ver. 419. *Wherefore restrain the flowing streams a while,*] This direction should be particularly attended to, especially when the milk is returned curdled, and is much better than torturing the child with emetics, which are often unnecessarily administered; and giving one always paves the way for another, unless a proper change of diet take place at the same time. Coughs, that commonly proceed from an over-fulness of blood in the lungs, which is always increased by the distended stomach, pressing on the large blood-vessels behind it, and thus impeding the circulation, require the same remedy.

Ver. 424. *How oft the rectum thro' its bounds will break,*] This complaint, commonly called "Prolapsus ani," is not very frequent unless children are born with it, or weakened by long continued looseness, as mentioned in the text. It is, for the most part, the internal coat of the bowel that comes down; this coat being longer than the others, and full of folds.

By the relaxing moisture, now denies  
 Its office, nor to bind the body tries ?  
 Astringents mild will this disease prevent,  
 And, when it threatens slipping, oft foment 430  
 With warm decoctions ; but you chief should try  
 To make the gut within its confines lie,  
 By softest pressure of some gentle hand,  
 As his young frame, and tender skin demand.

Nor shall I mention scales, and scurfs that spread,  
 In time of suckling, o'er an infant's head, 436  
 Deform his face, with putrid matter flow ;  
 Above his lips, or squalid mouth may grow  
 In crusts unseemly, that unite in one,  
 Swell ev'ry place, and o'er his body run. 440

Ver. 429. *Astringents mild will this disease prevent,*] The best astringent is a decoction of oak-bark, with the dregs of red wine, and a little allum ; and, if necessary, this may be used as an injection.

Ver. 432. *To make the gut within its confines lie,*] This is generally done, without much difficulty, by a little soft pressure ; and the fomentations and injections should be applied immediately after replacing the gut ; then, compresses of cotton, or soft tow, wrung out of the dregs of red wine, and sprinkled with fine powder of myrrh, frankincense, and dragon's blood, should be bound over the part, with a linen bandage, so as to make a firm compression, and frequently repeated. This soon completes the cure, and proves as effectual in adults, as in children.

For, of themselves, they frequently withdraw,  
 Or, should they not, by Nature's kindly law  
 Become of use, and from the wat'ry brain  
 Draw humours forth, and make the body clean.

But let the Muse describe the pustules dire, 445  
 That, breaking out from some contagious fire,  
 Rise o'er the skin, and outward bend their course,  
 Compell'd by raging fever's rapid force,  
 The face, the joints, the snowy limbs deform,  
 And leave long tokens of th' internal storm; 450  
 If, o'er the body rais'd, distinct their name,  
 They swell, and shine, like spires of ruddy flame;  
 Or confluent o'er the spotting infant flow,  
 From gelid humour, that moves dull and slow,  
 Whence they, suppress'd, rise not above the skin,  
 But make the fever more to rage within; 456

Ver. 444. *Draw humours forth, and make the body clean.*] Notwithstanding this, these scales and scurfs, which are commonly confined to the head, and therefore called, "Tinea capitis," are very disagreeable to the eye, and make the child liable to other diseases. They commonly proceed, either from a scrophulous habit, or from not keeping the infant properly clean. Wherefore, they should be washed every day with lime-water, and a decoction of the woods given internally; to which, if it does not purge of itself, some gentle laxative should be added. Several physicians think that they may be healed up, without any internal medicine.

But

But pustules flat, or tall, that first were red,  
 In proper time, when o'er the body spread,  
 Turn white, mature, subside, and last appear  
 Compacted crusts, that to the skin adhere. 460

For two the species of these morbid hills,  
 But small the diff'rence 'twixt the sister-ills;  
 And Exanthemata, the Grecians name,  
 Both kinds, whose symptoms are so much the same.

What

Ver. 463, 464. *And Exanthemata, the Grecians name,*  
*Both kinds,* ————— ]

This term is now applied to all eruptive fevers, as well as to the small-pox; which, as Dr. Mead observes, are not ancient diseases but first described by the Arabian physicians; and he endeavours to fix the very year in which they made their appearance, as follows: "The chief of the Arabian physicians was Rhazes, who lived about the beginning of the tenth century. We have a large volume of this great man, published under the title of his *Continet*, a treasure of Physick, which seems to have been compiled from his common-place book. In this he informs us, that a physician, whose name was Aaron (who wrote thirty books of physic), had treated of the diagnostics, the various kinds, and the method of cure of the small-pox. Now, this Aaron was born at Alexandria, and, in the reign of Mahomet, practised about the year 622. Whence the learned Dr. Freind conjectured, that possibly the small-pox took their rise in Egypt. But the origin of this disease is carried farther back than the time of this Aaron by Dr. John James Reiske, who says that he read the following words in an old Arabic manuscript of the public library at Leyden: "This year, in fine, the small-

What makes this fell disease on infants come, 465  
 Is vicious blood imbib'd, when in the womb,  
 Which

“pox and measles made their first appearance in Arabia.” By this year he means that of the birth of Mahomet, which was the year of Christ 572. Discourse on the small-pox, Chap. I. So that the same year gave birth to the two severest calamities of mankind, the greatest of impostors, and the most fatal of diseases.

Ver. 466. *Is vicious blood imbib'd, when in the womb,*] This is agreeable to the theory of Avicenna, and other Arabian physicians, who suppose the seeds of the small-pox to be inherent in the body, and that they are made active by contagion; which seems a very rational account of the disease. The only difficulty is, whence came the first contagion? To this question Dr. Mead has given a very full answer. And as that learned physician has treated the subject in a complete and elegant manner, I beg leave to give the following extract from the chapter already quoted: “I am inclined to think that there are certain diseases, which are originally engendered, and propagated in certain countries, as in their native soil; these, by Hippocrates, are called diseases of the country; and some of them, sprung up in various parts of Europe and Asia, from peculiar defects in the air, soil, and waters, he has most accurately described; but, the more modern Greeks call them *Endemic diseases*. These, in my opinion, always existed in their respective native places, as proceeding from the same natural causes perpetually exerting themselves.

“It is found that some of these are contagious, and that the contagion is frequently propagated to very remote countries, by means suitable to the nature of this or that disease. For some not only communicate the infection by immediate con-

“ tact

Which the maternal flux pours in his veins ;  
 Part diffipates in time, but part remains ;

The

“ tact of the sound with the morbid body, but have such force,  
 “ that they spread their pernicious seeds by emitting very sub-  
 “ tile particles ; which, lighting on soft spongy substances, such  
 “ as cotton, wool, raw silk, and cloathing, penetrate into them,  
 “ and there remain pent up, for a considerable time ; in the same  
 “ manner, as I have, elsewhere, accounted for the wide progress  
 “ of the plague from Africa, its original country. Now the small-  
 “ pox seems to be a plague, of its own kind, which was originally  
 “ bred in Africa, and more especially in Æthiopia, as the heat  
 “ there is excessive ; and thence, like the true plague, was brought  
 “ into Arabia and Egypt, after the manner above mentioned.”

This doctrine is now confirmed by experience ; and, as a proof  
 of it, the same author gives the following fact ; which, he says,  
 was attested to him by a gentleman who had been, for many  
 years, governor of Fort St. George, in the East Indies : “ While  
 “ he was in that post, a Dutch ship put into the Cape of Good  
 “ Hope, some of the crew of which had had the small-pox in  
 “ the voyage thither. The natives of that country, who are  
 “ called Hottentots, are so wild and stupid, that they might seem  
 “ to be of a middle species between men and brutes ; and it is  
 “ their custom to do all servile offices for the sailors, who land  
 “ there. Now, it happened that some of these miserable wretches  
 “ were employed in washing the linen and clothes of those men  
 “ who had been afflicted with the distemper ; whereupon, they  
 “ were seized with it, and it raged among them with such vio-  
 “ lence, that most of them perished under it ; but, as soon as  
 “ fatal experience had convinced this ignorant people, that the  
 “ disease was spread by contagion, it appeared that they had na-  
 “ tural sagacity enough to defend themselves ; for, they con-  
 “ trived to draw lines round the infected part of their country,  
 “ which

The pois'nous feeds his tender body drew,  
 He voided not, but with his strength they grew; 470  
 Th' ablutions scatter'd o'er the little cells,  
 Great Nature fosters, and at length expells.  
 As recent wines attempt to view the day,  
 Ferment, and from the cask would burst their way,  
 And foam, and boil, and off the refuse throw, 475  
 Till, from the vase, refin'd the vintage flow;  
 Not other boils the child's fermenting blood,  
 And strains, and flies t' expel th' oppressivè load,  
 Till to the light be thrown the juice unclean,  
 And his pure body with new health be seen. 480

Nor are there wanting of the skilful tribe,  
 That to some other cause this ill ascribe:  
 But, whencesoever spring the dreadful strife,  
 It oft proves fatal to an infant's life.

“ which were so strictly guarded, that, if any person attempted  
 “ to break through them, in order to make them fly from that  
 “ infection, he was immediately shot dead. Now this fact seems  
 “ the more remarkable, as it evinces, that necessity compelled a  
 “ people of the most gross ignorance and stupidity to take the  
 “ same measure which a train of reasoning led us formerly to  
 “ propose, in order to stop the progress of the plague; and  
 “ which, some time after, had a happy effect, not only in check-  
 “ ing, but even entirely extinguishing that dreadful calamity in  
 “ France, where it broke forth, and threatened the rest of Europe  
 “ with destruction.”



Poor helpless babe ! how will you now lament ! 485

How to the pitying nurse your sorrows vent !

Demanding aid, with all the rage of grief,

When she, as helpless, can bring no relief !

Nor milk, nor other food, assuage your woes,

Nor can your painful limbs enjoy repose. 490

Behold her long, and miserably bend

To you she lov'd, to you she us'd to tend,

Hang o'er your cradle, with dejected eyes,

And beat her breast, that calms not now your cries.

Those cheeks so beauteous, and almost divine, 495

Where red and white alternate wont to shine ;

That mouth so round, so pleasing to the view,

Those lips she kiss'd, to which so oft she grew,

She sees deform'd with gore, with crusts obscene,

With fluid ulcers, and with sores unclean : 500

To you, to her, appears no more redress,

Nor finds she words her sorrows to express.

But 'tis no time to waste in vain laments ;

Some other means must soothe your sad complaints,

Some proper treatment the contagion kill, 505

And stop the progress of the mortal ill.

To calm the Fever then make haste to bring  
 Refreshing water from the crystal spring ;  
 This cools his bowels, but the draught repeat ;  
 For scarce the first allays his inward heat. 510  
 Renew the Lymph ; and to procure him rest  
 Let frequent vomits ease his lab'ring breast ;  
 Lest his full stomach, whence no humour drains,  
 Receive not what may best relieve his pains.  
 To this you must a proper diet add, 515  
 Rememb'ring still that ev'ry sweet is bad ;  
 Or fruits that with immod'rate moisture flow,  
 Whose swelling juices soon putrescent grow :  
 A drink with Cassia made, or Syrian dew,  
 Will prove more grateful, and his health renew ; 520

Ver. 508. *Refreshing water from the crystal spring ;*] This method is still used by the most celebrated Inoculators ; and therefore should be tried in the natural small pox, especially where there are signs of a confluent eruption.

Ver. 519. *A drink with Cassia made, or Syrian dew,*] Water boiled with a proper quantity of Cassia or Honey, especially with the addition of orange or lemon juice, will prove a grateful drink, and at the same time open the body ; which is so necessary in the beginning of the small pox. This should be preceded, according to the urgency of the symptoms, by one or more vomits ; to which Nature generally points, by beginning this disease with a vomiting.

Or,

Or, if his strength forbid, the Nurse should take  
The potion for the sickly infant's sake.

But should the Fever, which you thus engage,  
Resistless burn with unextinguish'd rage ;  
Should all your efforts fail to ease his pains, 525  
To kill the poison warring in his veins,  
You must submit, for wise physicians send,  
Nor on each idle recipe depend,  
That trav'ling quacks advise, or women give ;  
For, tho' they chief the mother's mind deceive, 530  
The common error oft infects us all,  
And here the learn'd themselves are apt to fall,  
By heat attempting, and by ill-tim'd care,  
To force the poison to the ambient air.  
In this disease the greatest hazards lie 535  
In that sad treatment, which too many try,  
When they, by violence, bring from within  
A load of pustules on th' inflaming skin,

Ver. 538. *A load of pustules on th' inflaming skin,*] The pernicious method of treating this disease by heating medicines being now universally and justly exploded, I shall only remark, that after the cool regimen had been so early introduced as the time of St. Marthe, it seems extremely surprizing that it should have been laid aside, and the former mode of treatment revived towards the end of the last century, with so much mistaken zeal, that all the art of a Sydenham could scarcely put a stop to it.

That,

That, with unnumber'd wounds, deform the face,  
 And ev'ry iffue of the foul opprefs. 540

By this (Oh! fad rememb'rance, fatal tale!)

To me two beauteous infants lately fell:

Four fummers o'er my lovely Charles had run,

And thrice Diana faw the annual fun,

But, ere the next, from me, and from my fpoufe 545

Were fnatch'd the double honours of our houfe.

Ye mighty Gods! if love for man remain,

And all a Poet's pray'rs be not in vain,

Save the delightful pledges of our bed,

That yet furvive, from thefe dire ills that fhed 550

Deftruction round; avert th' infectious woe,

Nor wound our peace by a fucceeding blow.

But, fhould this fell difeafe again invade

My rifing race, and their young limbs pervade,

If ftrength would bear, and left the noxious flood, 555

Expell'd, be re-abforb'd within the blood,

I fure would try, by op'ning fome fit vein,

To part the humour, that brings on the pain.

Yet

Ver. 557. *I fure would try, by opening fome fit vein,*] Bleeding may be used at any time of the natural fmall-pox, if the fymptoms require it; from the firft appearance of the difeafe to the beginning

Yet lest now-sinking Nature fail t' expel  
 All pois'nous feeds; that in the body dwell, 560  
 Assistance bring from those medic'nal plants  
 That pregnant earth from her deep bosom grants;

ning of the secondary fever; which it will often be of great service in preventing. Many people have an unreasonable prejudice against it, from a foolish idea that it prevents the eruption, or at least the pustules from ripening, and filling with good matter. But it is recommended in the strongest terms by Dr. Mead, who, besides his learning, had much experience of this disease. To transcribe all that he said upon this subject would far exceed the bounds to which these notes must be confined; and his book is in the hands of every practitioner. In general, it may be observed that blood-letting has the same effect in the small-pox, as in other acute diseases, and that by abating the fever, and cooling the body, nature acquires a greater degree of strength to expell the noxious humour. And this remedy is observed to prevent many very dangerous symptoms that attend the disease, such as delirium, convulsions, difficulty of breathing, &c. and that, for the same reason, that in large abscesses, when there is too great a fulness, and the heat too intense, the suppuration is brought on quicker and better by taking away some blood. The method proposed by Dr. Mead in the eruptive fever of the small-pox, is, first, to let blood, and to repeat this operation according to the urgency of the symptoms; second, to give a vomit, if there happens to be any collection of phlegm or bile in the stomach; or, if the stomach be loaded with food unseasonably taken: third, to give a gentle laxative, at any time before the eruption; such as infusion of Sena, with Manua, or Manna aloue for children. The reader may observe that all these remedies are advised by St. Marthe.

And

And chief prefer the herb, with spreading leaves,  
 That from the lofty elm its name receives;  
 The fragrant herb, to ancient times unknown, 565  
 That sheds new grace and glory on our own;  
 Whose pow'rs, inherent in its sacred juice,  
 Of all, can best a breathing sweat produce,

Relieve

Ver. 568. *Of all, can best a breathing sweat produce,*] Dr. Mead also recommends gentle sweating, especially in the most dangerous species of the small-pox; and this should be tried, about the fourth or fifth day, after the evacuations already mentioned have taken place. Spiritus Mindereri, and other Saline Mixtures are now chiefly used for this purpose, the herb recommended in the text, though still retained in the *Materia Medica*, being almost entirely laid aside in modern practice; and I apprehend there are few physicians at present alive, who can determine its virtues by experience. At the same time, its fragrant and most refreshing smell seems to shew that an infusion or decoction of its leaves and flowers would be an excellent antispasmodic and diaphoretic in this disorder. It is called *ulmaria*, from *ulmus*, the elm, having some resemblance to the figure of that tree: and as St. Marthe bestows such encomiums on it, and had doubtless made trial of it as a diaphoretic himself, I shall give the following account of it from Dr. Lewis: “*Ulmaria*, five Regina Prati Ph. “*Ed. Barba capræ floribus compactis C. B.* meadow-sweet, or “queen of the meadows; a plant with tall, smooth, reddish, “brittle stalks; and oval, sharp-pointed, indented leaves, set in “pairs along a middle rib, with smaller pieces between; and at “the end, a large odd one divided into three sections, wrinkled “and green above, white underneath; on the tops come forth  
 “large

Relieve the blood from the oppressive weight,  
And bring th' infection to the coasts of light. 570

When first the pustules, mark'd by florid red,  
Begin to rise, and here and there to spread;  
Then must you, with attentive mind, beware,  
Lest they, that oft o'ercome our utmost care,  
Infest the tender infant's nostrils, eyes, 575  
His lungs, his throat, and all that inward lies.  
For in these parts the greatest danger breeds,  
Whence loss of sight, and death too oft proceeds.

“ large clusters of little whitish flowers, followed each by several  
“ crooked seeds set in a roundish head. It is perennial, common  
“ in moist meadows, and flowers in June. The flowers have a  
“ strong and pleasant smell, in virtue of which they are supposed  
“ to be antispasmodic, and diaphoretic; and which, in keeping,  
“ is soon dissipated, leaving in the flowers only an insipid muc-  
“ laginous matter. As these flowers are more rarely used in  
“ medicine than their fragrant smell might rationally persuade,  
“ Linnæus suspects that the neglect of them has arisen from the  
“ plant being possessed of some noxious qualities, which it seems  
“ to betray by its being left untouched by cattle: it may be ob-  
“ served, however, that the cattle, which refused the ulmaria,  
“ refused also angelica, and other herbs, whose innocence is  
“ apparent from daily experience.” *Materia Medica*, p. 585.

Wherefore anoint the swelling orbs with dew,  
 That bleeding roses open to the view, 580  
 Or with pure fragrance of the milky springs,  
 That, from the nurse's breast, soft pressure brings,  
 And tinge his face, and ev'ry tumid eye,  
 With warming Saffron of Corycian dye.  
 Nor, to preserve the sight, is less of use 585  
 The ripe pomegranate's more delicious juice,  
 Which also saves his mouth from fest'ring heat,  
 If the sick child the soft'ning pulp can eat;

Ver. 580. *That bleeding roses open to the view,*] Every thing fragrant and cooling is good in the small-pox; wherefore the room should be scented with roses, and sweet-smelling herbs; and when the face swells much (which is commonly a good symptom), and the eye-lids discharge matter, an embrocation of warm rose-water, or the nurse's milk, will frequently give relief, when a great load of pustules requires it. Saffron is now thought too heating for this disease; when there are putrid symptoms, an infusion of it may perhaps be used as an embrocation. But the Peruvian bark now justly takes place of all other medicines for this purpose. The English saffron is preferred to that brought from abroad for all medicinal uses. The kind used by the ancients, and recommended in the text, grew in Corycium, a country of Phocis, in Greece. It is celebrated by Lucan, and other ancient poets; and, on account of its medical virtues, was consecrated to Apollo, as the reader will find in the second hymn of Callimachus.



And clust'ring grapes, that swell with ruddy wine,  
 Will cleanse his throat, and give new strength within.  
 Let vinegar its acrid vapour shed, 591  
 To clear the nostrils, and compose the head ;  
 T' assist the lungs, let tragacanth unite  
 Its mucilage, with juice of poppies white :  
 The drowsy linctus oft relieves his woe, 595  
 And makes the heaving bellows softly blow.

Nor

Ver. 589, 590. *And clust'ring grapes, that swell with ruddy wine, ]  
 Will cleanse his throat, and give new strength within.*

Of all fruits used in this disorder, which so particularly demands their assistance, pomegranates and red grapes, especially the latter, will be found the most grateful; they cleanse the throat, the bowels, and in a great measure supply the want of food, which the patient generally loathes. If these cannot be had, strawberries and oranges, though much inferior in virtue, must be substituted in their place.

Ver. 595. *The drowsy linctus oft relieves his woe, ]* After the evacuations of bleeding, vomiting, purging, and a gentle sweat, if it can be excited without heating the child; opiates should next be administered; and daily experience shews their good effects in filling the pustules. But, as Dr. Mead observes, they should never be given too hastily, nor till after the fever is moderated by the above-mentioned evacuations, when the suppuration of the matter, stagnating in the pustules, is forwarded by quiet and sleep. And it is at this stage of the disease that St. Marthe recommends his linctus, which is rendered more useful for

Nor lefs will ooze, that lentils boil'd diftill,  
Defend his bowels from th' invading ill;

And

opening the breaſt, by adding the mucilage of gum tragacanth. It is uſual now to give laudanum in the moſt acute fevers; though I never ſaw it done but once, when, I am certain, it had at leaſt no good effects. To ſmell at vinegar, and rubbing the temples with it, relieves the head in this and many other diſorders.

Ver. 597, 598. *Nor lefs will ooze, that lentils boil'd diftill,*  
*Defend his bowels* \_\_\_\_\_ ] The gentlemen of the faculty at Edinburgh, in their new-improved edition of the Diſpenſatory, by Dr. Lewis, condemn lentils altogether, both as food, and medicine; but it is to be obſerved, that there are two ſpecies of this plant, both cultivated in England, the common and the French lentil; the laſt (the mucilage of which is here adviſed) is the largeſt, and by much the beſt. And it is obſerved by Dr. Lemery, likewiſe a Frenchman, that this lentil allays the over-fergency of the blood; and that, though deterſive, and binding when eat whole, it becomes laxative when only the decoction is uſed, becauſe the water diſſolves no more than the eſſential ſalts of this pulſe, which are proper to produce that effect. Hence the juice or mucilage may be an uſeful laxative, towards the maturation of the ſmall-pox, when a ſecond purging becomes neceſſary, eſpecially in children, whoſe bowels are eaſily moved; and may likewiſe have the advantage of operating, without making the infant ſick, or producing gripes.

Lentils are called in latin "lentes," from "levis" ſweet; becauſe it was believed that the uſe of lentils would make the humours ſweet; or becauſe lentils are ſmooth, and ſoft to the taſte.

And when th' eruption, now mature, is seen  
 To swell the purpled skin with gore obscene;      600  
 When high the heavy-scented pustules shoot,  
 And, breaking, ev'ry joint and limb pollute;  
 With new-pull'd violets must then be had  
 Green chamomile, and soft'ning mallows add:  
 Mix these with bran, in well-warm'd water place, 605  
 And stir, and boil the whole, a proper space;  
 Then to the child bring the refreshing store,  
 Foment his limbs, and wash his body o'er.

But

As these plants are little, if at all, cultivated in Scotland, and that kind called the French lentil seeming to deserve greater attention, I shall give the following directions with regard to its culture. It is twice the size of the common lentil, both in plant and seed. It should be sown in March, after a single plowing, in the ground that bore corn the year before. Manure is not absolutely necessary, though it will doubtless encrease the crop. Its grass is said to be very copious; it may be mowed many times in the year, and affords an healthy, as well as agreeable nourishment to horses, cows, and sheep: the milk of cows fed with it is said to be very copious and good. Long and numerous pods ripen about the beginning of winter, which afford a new kind of legumen to be eat as common lentils: when fresh, it makes admirable pease-soup; dry, it is greedily eat by the poultry. The dried herb is also a good resource for cattle in winter. It grows on any kind of ground.

Ver. 608. *Foment his limbs, and wash his body o'er.*] How far fomenting the whole body may be necessary, at any period of the

But now, ye tender mothers, spare your tears ;  
 Spare thine, my boy, the day desir'd appears : 610  
 Without delay the conquer'd fire will cease,  
 And from the body fly the sad disease.  
 Behold each pustule turn a running sore,  
 And, by degrees, eject the ripen'd gore.  
 If the hard skin deny it to the view, 615  
 Then, with a golden needle, pierce them thro' ;

small-pox, I shall not determine. But as bread and milk poultices are usually and properly applied to the hands and feet, in order to make these parts swell, as the face subsides, fomentations may be used in the same manner, and are indeed necessary to cleanse the skin, when the poultices are removed.

Ver. 616. *Then, with a golden needle, pierce them thro' ;*] This advice is according to Avicenna, and other Arabian physicians ; and it is approved of by the present practice. A golden needle is preferred, because gold does not rust like other metals, and therefore nothing noxious can be conveyed by it into the wounds, which, for the same reason, were supposed to heal without ulcerating. I never knew but of one instance where this was completely tried, not indeed with a gold needle, but with a fine lancet. The child had been inoculated, and unfortunately had the confluent small-pox. Every pustule on the body was opened, and discharged plentifully, but without the least effect. The infant died of the secondary fever.

The latent matter by these wounds convey,  
 And make it flow till all spring forth to day,  
 Till the freed blood begin to circle pure,  
 And dry and rugged crusts the fores obscure.      620  
 If now the closing ulcers you foment  
 With healing dew, that purple roses vent,  
 Or use the fragrant myrtle's verdant boughs,  
 And soften all with oil of white ceruse,

Ver. 624. *And soften all with oil of white ceruse,*]

— — — atque oleo cerusæ illeveris omnes.

Ceruse; the old name for white lead, as the reader will find in Quincy's Dispensatory; so that the oil of it must be the common white ointment of the shops; which is rather corrosive (Cerusa, or Cerussa, as it is now called, being a compound of lead and vinegar), and therefore one would think, not a very proper application in this case. But the crusts of the small-pox always fall off of themselves, in a very short time, except from the face and hands; which being uncovered are more exposed; and the crusts hardening adhere to the skin, which is the cause of marks. Experience has not shewn that taking these crusts off the body by external applications contributes much to the relief of the patient. If there be no secondary fever, they soon disappear of themselves, and when there is, it must be cured by internal remedies. Neither does St. Marthe seem to advise these outward applications as absolutely necessary, but only says that they may be used. In the distinct small-pox, and even in the more favourable kinds of the confluent, all disagreeable symptoms commonly cease when the pustules begin to subside.

The child will feel them from his body flow, 625  
 And sprinkle, in rough heaps, the bed below,  
 So, when returning winter's blasts invade  
 The trees, and make their vital juices fade;  
 As these exhaust, dry leaves bestrew the ground  
 In heaps, and leave the forests bare around. 630

But last (nor here your utmost care disdain)  
 Left, on his face, unseemly scars remain,  
 With lilies, in some well-glaz'd vessel, boil  
 The juicy cane, that grows on marshy soil;  
 Add beans in flow'r; let the flow willow's roots, 635  
 That, creeping round moist shores, extend their shoots,  
 Be careful sought, the turgid urn to fill,  
 And, for the face, their liquor to distill;  
 For this the soft'ning humours too are good,  
 That hoofs of goats, or fleecy sheep exude. 640  
 Nor less of beautifying pow'r are full  
 The blood of hares, or of the brawny bull:  
 By these, if warm from recent slaughter us'd,  
 O'er the rough skin new graces are diffus'd:  
 Take which you please, nor be with one content, 645  
 When art, and skill so many cures invent.

Such

Ver, 645. *Take which you please, nor be with one content,*] All these methods may be used, at least with safety, not only after this

Such is our care to keep fair beauty's charms,  
 And much they merit to be fav'd from harms ;  
 For who, but those produc'd by rocks, or storm,  
 Refuse t' admire a bright angelic form? 650

But now the Muse beholds, with willing sight,  
 The long-wish'd end of her aspiring flight :  
 Yet, ere she cease, or take refreshing breath,  
 Thee, she must paint, so much resembling death,

this disease, but at all other times, by those who are desirous of preserving, or encreasing, the beauty of the face.

Before taking leave of the small-pox, I must observe, that the best of all remedies is inoculation; which saves the lives of thousands, and should never be neglected by fathers and mothers, when those conversant in the practice judge their children to be of a proper age, and constitution for it. If the plan, proposed by Van Swieten, could be adopted, namely, to inoculate all the children of a county, or district, at the same time, perhaps this fatal disease might be, in time, altogether eradicated, at least from the island of Great-Britain; which its great defender the ocean separates as well from foreign invaders, as from their infectious diseases. Hence the celebrated Dr. Young justly styles it:

Thrice happy kingdom, from the kingdoms rent,  
 To sit the guardian of the continent.

Thou

Thou fell disease ! on which assembled Rome 655  
 Bestow'd a name, that from the Greeks had come ;  
 From boys they call'd thee : for, tho' ev'ry age  
 Thou dar'st attack, thou chief exert'st thy rage

Ver. 655, 656. *Thou fell disease ! on which assembled Rome*  
*Bestow'd a name,* \_\_\_\_\_ ] The  
 common name of the Epilepsy among the Romans was "*Mor-*  
*bus Comitialis*;" "the assembly disease," either because epileptic  
 persons were more frequently observed to be seized with this  
 disease in a crowd of people; or because those meetings by the  
 Latins called *comitia* were adjourned, if any one happened to  
 fall down in it; as we find in Quintus Serenus, p. 162.

Est subiti species morbi, cui nomen ab illo est,  
 Quòd fieri nobis suffragia iusta recusant.  
 Sæpe etenim membris atro languore caducis  
 Consilium populì labe horrenda diremit.

But though this was the popular appellation, it had many  
 other names, such as *morbis puerilis*, *morbis major*, *morbis sacer*,  
 &c. either because it was thought to be occasioned by the im-  
 mediate anger of the gods, or because every thing great was  
 sometimes called sacred, as we learn from Aretæus. Why St.  
 Marthe says that the Greeks named it from boys, will be found  
 in Hippocrates, who calls it the puerile disease, and there is no  
 doubt but children, especially those very delicately brought up,  
 are most subject to this, and every other convulsive disorder.  
 All the other Greek names, *Ἐπιληψίς*, *Ἐπιληψία*, *τὰ Ἐπιληπτικά*,  
 are derived *απο τῆ ἐπιλαμβάνειν*, from laying hold on; because  
 this terrible disease attacks all at once, and prostrates those to  
 the ground in a moment, who were before in good health, and  
 in the midst of their occupation.



On tender infants, with unwearied strife,  
 Ev'n from the threshold of beginning life. 660  
 Thy dreadful pow'r, with sudden ruin, bends  
 The failing limbs, the tighten'd nerves distends,  
 Distorts the joints, contracts the body whole,  
 And intercepts each function of the soul.  
 Long in the fit he lies, and buried deep 665  
 Beneath thy influence, as in heavy sleep;  
 Nor would his life be known, or inward woes,  
 Except from foetid foam the stomach throws;  
 From forth his mouth it runs, with frequent moans;  
 His hollow sides re-echo to his groans: 670  
 His faculties are gone, his senses lost,  
 And with new tremblings his young arms are tost.  
 Yet this sad violence subsists not long,  
 But goes, and comes, and he sometimes is strong;

Ver. 660. *Ev'n from the threshold of beginning life.*] Those sub-  
 ject to an hereditary epilepsy, said to be incurable, are attacked  
 by it almost from the womb; but, if they survive the first or  
 second paroxysm, however terrible to themselves or their  
 friends, it is frequently not dangerous. And Van Swieten  
 mentions an instance of one who had been afflicted with it  
 from his infancy, and yet lived to be eighty years of age.

And,

And, after blind oblivion in the night, 675

Oft sense and health return with morning light.

But whence arises this most strange disease ?

Does viscid humour on the vitals seize,

Clog, with unusual weight, the wat'ry brains,

That, for the spirits, now no pass remains ; 680

But their strong efforts raise internal wars,

Attempting still to burst th' impeding bars,

And shake each nerve descending from the head,

With strong concussion, striving to be freed ?

Or, lurks cold poison in our inward maze, 685

That, gradual moving on by silent ways,

Mounts to the head, and for the tender brain

Prepares an ambush, she repells again,

Ver. 676. *Oft sense and health return with morning light.*] Experience has shewn this observation to be true : and some authors assert (with no great probability) that, though the disease cannot be cured, yet, by a proper treatment the fits may be brought to attack only in the night-time.

Ver. 684. *With strong concussion, striving to be freed ?*] This theory is taken from Galen, who says in the first book of his Comment on Hippocrates de humoribus, “ comitialem morbum fieri, nervorum principio seipsum quatiente, ut, quæ noxia sunt, excutiat.” That the epilepsy is produced, by the origin of the nerves shaking itself to throw off whatever is noxious.

Resists the coming blow with all her force,  
 And makes the humour downward bend its course?  
 Hence they whose brain is finest form'd, and thin, 691  
 Are most infested by this gale within,  
 Whose penetrating pow'r has oft been found  
 To vex those heroes, chief in fame renown'd.

Why

Ver. 689. *Resists the coming blow with all her force,*] The epilepsy is thought to be occasioned by various external causes irritating the nerves of those whom nature has disposed to be afflicted with it: Of which Van Swieten gives a good instance of a girl, ten years of age, who was rendered epileptic several years, by another tickling the soles of her feet, while they were at play. And of one that she got a small hard substance fixed in the same part. The skin healed over it, and she felt no uneasiness in the place, but was seized with severe, and frequent epileptic paroxysms. It was at length discovered, and extracted; and she recovered instantly. He likewise mentions, as in the text, that some feel, as it were, a cold blast ascend from the finger or toe, or from some other part of the body, which as soon as it arrives at the heart, they instantly fall.

In Boerhaav. Aphor. 1073.

Ver. 694. *Those heroes chief in fame renown'd.*] Boerhaave, enumerating the causes of this disease, mentions "an acute, and penetrating genius" as one. Of which his Commentator gives instances in Julius Cæsar, Petrarch, Fabius Columna, and the learned naturalist Francis Redi, who died of it at the age of seventy. And he observes, that such as enjoy remarkably acute  
 parts

Why should I mention him, so frequent fung, 695  
 From ancient Romulus, from Venus sprung,  
 Who forg'd imperial chains for mighty Rome,  
 But yielded oft to this all-conqu'ring fume?

Or

parts seem to have the common sensary so disposed, as to be more easily disturbed by external circumstances that may occasion the disorder. To which I shall add the following remark of Hippocrates; but which, being intended only for the curious reader, I leave as I found it: τὴν συνέριαν εἶναι μικρᾶν ἐπιληψίαν.

Ver. 697. *Who forg'd imperial chains for mighty Rome,*] That Julius Cæsar was subject to the epilepsy, we learn, both from Plutarch and Suetonius; and as this circumstance has been little noticed by the modern historians of that great Conqueror, I shall give what is to be found concerning it, in the works of these two authors. Καῖσαρ τὴν ἕξιν ὡς ἰσχνός, καὶ τὴν σάρκα λευκός, καὶ ἄπαλος, καὶ περὶ τὴν κεφαλὴν νοσῶν, καὶ τοῖς ἐπιληπτικοῖς ἕνοχος, ἐν Κορδύβῳ πρῶτον αὐτῷ τῆ πάθος, ὡς λέγεται, τέτι προσπίσοντες. Plutarch. in Cæsar, Edit. Ald. p. 234.—“ Cæsar was of a slender habit of body, had a soft and white skin, was troubled with pains in his head, and subject to the epilepsy; which it is said first seized him at Corduba.”

“ Fuisse traditur excelsa statura, colore candido, teretibus  
 “ membris, ore paulò pleniore, nigris vegetisque oculis, valetu-  
 “ dine prospera: nisi quod tempore extremo repente animo lin-  
 “ qui, atque etiam per somnum exterreri solebat. Comitiali  
 “ quoque morbo his inter res agendas correptus est.” Sueton.  
 Lib. I. cap. 45.

“ He

Or that proud Arab, with deceitful mind,  
 Whose tales deluded half of human kind;                   700  
 Whose conquests o'er extended Asia ran,  
 And burning Afric own'd the mighty man;  
 To farthest shores was stretch'd his iron sway,  
 And many nations still his pow'r obey?  
 Yet this he felt; nor less its fury came                   705  
 On him, whose body burn'd in sacred flame  
 On Oeta's hills; while yet the hero breath'd  
 Our mortal air, nor had to Heav'n bequeath'd

“ He (Cæsar) is reported to have been of a tall stature, a clear complexion, with slender limbs, a full mouth, black and lively eyes, and to have enjoyed a good state of health, except, that in the latter part of his life he used suddenly to faint away, and likewise to be frightened in his sleep. He was also twice seized with the epilepsy, when engaged in business.”

By comparing the testimony of these two authors, it would appear that this great warrior had not been liable to the epilepsy in his youth. He was not at Corduba, in Spain, till the beginning of the civil war. The disorder had doubtless been occasioned by a life of constant fatigue, and that perpetual attention of mind which must necessarily be exerted in the performance of great actions. The faintings and frights in his sleep were only slighter fits of his disease.

Ver. 699. *Or that proud Arab, with deceitful mind,*] That Mahomet was afflicted with this disorder, and pretended to be inspired in the time of the paroxysms, is well known.

His foul, that in the skies commenc'd a god;  
 That, on his shoulders, bore th' enormous load 710  
 Of suns and stars, the great Alcides nam'd,  
 Who conquer'd savage beasts, and men reclaim'd.

When Victor from his Cleonæan toils,  
 Cloth'd in the vanquish'd lion's shaggy spoils,  
 He wander'd thro' the shades of Nemea's wood, 715  
 That near the fam'd Phliuntian city stood;  
 Or took the well-known way to Corinth leads,  
 Where the strait isthmus joins its double heads,

Ver. 711. ———— *the great Alcides nam'd,*] Aristotle, in his problems, Sect. 30, quest. 1, tell us, that Hercules was subject to the epilepsy. Hence it was nam'd "the Herculean disease." But Galen, in the sixth Book of his Commentary on the Epidemics of Hippocrates, thinks, that it rather received this name from the greatness of the disorder, and its attacking with more sudden and violent paroxysms than any other. If the actions of Hercules can be divested of fable, and applied to one disease, this disease must have been occasioned by his perpetual labours, and no doubt heightened by the anger of Juno: that is, being expos'd to all weathers, and frequently oblig'd to sleep in the open air.

Ver. 716. *That near the fam'd Phliuntian city stood;*] A castle and town of Sicyonia, about four miles from Corinth, near which Hercules killed the famous Nemean lion, the skin of which he wore as a garment in all his exploits afterwards.

By double seas confin'd ; this fell disease  
 Oft, unexpected, would the hero seize; 720  
 And sink him to the ground: the ground would groan  
 Beneath the weight, and echo to his moan,  
 Seas, shores, and woods, receive the doleful found,  
 And back the image of his voice rebound:  
 So, when in Ida's woods, or Pelion, thinè, 725  
 For some tall ship they fell the lofty pine,  
 Beneath the two-edg'd axe, oft lifted round,  
 Down sinks the falling tree, with thund'ring sound :  
 The forests murmur to the crackling roar ;  
 The cave's rebellows deep, and loud the shore : 730  
 The rising rocks their faded honours mourn,  
 And distant echoes the sad groans return.

The hero, thus extended on the field,  
 The nymph, the daughter of the Sun, beheld  
 From the green summit of a neighb'ring hill, 735  
 Where she had gone her beauteous hands to fill  
 With healing plants from cliffs, from dales, and shades,  
 The fairest she of nymphs, or woodland maids :  
 She sees with grief, she knows by certain signs,  
 What woe, what ill, against the chief combines; 740  
 Admires his godlike beauties as he lay,  
 And, to restore his strength, took swift her way ;

To try t'expel the poison from his limbs,  
 Each noxious seed that in the body swims.  
 For ev'ry skill in healing arts she won  
 From mighty Pæon, Phœbus' favour'd son,  
 Blest with superiôr knowledge by the god;  
 And, of physicians, first in rank he stood.

745

Ver. 746. *From mighty Pæon, Phœbus' favour'd son,*] Pæon was an ancient epithet of the Sun, or Apollo, the father of the healing art. Thus, in the fifth book of the Iliad, when Mars was wounded by Pallas and Diomedes, and obliged to fly from the battle, Jupiter gave him in charge to Pæon, or Apollo :

Ὡς φάτο, κ' Παιῖνον ἀγῶγαι ἰήσασθαι,  
 Τῷ δ' ἐπὶ Παιῖων ὀδυνήφαλα φάρμακα πάσσω  
 Ἥέσαστ' ἔ μιν γὰρ τὸ καλὰθνήλοσ γ' ἐτέτυλο.

Thus he, who shakes Olympus with his nod,  
 Then gave to Pæon's care the bleeding god.  
 With gentle hand the balm he pour'd around,  
 And heal'd th' immortal flesh, and clos'd the wound.

POPE.

Hence the name Pæon came to signify any physician, who are all celebrated as the sons of Apollo ; in which sense the daughter of the Sun seems to be meant in the text ; and might be applied to any young woman who addicted herself to the study of physic. In the same manner Hippocrates, though he was known to be the son of Heraclides, a philosopher in the island of Cos, was commonly called the son of Esculapius, or the Sun.



First, with a linen cloth, she brought from home,  
 She wip'd from off his mouth the flowing foam, 750  
 Then rais'd his head, that seem'd to sink in death,  
 And plac'd inserted wood betwixt his teeth.  
 Next his declining neck, and both his hands,  
 And what besides seem'd bound in iron hands  
 By the contractile pow'r of this disease, 755  
 With oil of Grecian nuts she strives to ease,  
 Anointing well his joints, and members fair,  
 From out a sacred box she chanc'd to bear.  
 His nostrils then with verdant rue she try'd,  
 And each strong-scented herb at hand apply'd, 760  
 That might the poison from his blood exhale,  
 And mingle with the wind the noxious gale,  
 Restore his joints, and limbs to former strength,  
 And make his senses gone return at length.

Ver. 756. *With oil of Grecian nuts she tries to ease,*] Probably a much better method than that used by many at present, of resisting the fits with such violence, as almost to occasion a luxation of the joints.

Ver. 759.] *His nostrils then with verdant rue she try'd,*] This well-known herb is still used in the cure of hysteric and epileptic complaints.

Recov'ring from the verge of death's black shade, 765  
 His eyes first open'd on the beauteous maid ;  
 He saw with wonder her assisting care,  
 Enraptur'd gaz'd, and thus address'd the fair :

What god, what guardian of the human race,  
 Inclin'd thy steps, bright virgin, to this place, 770  
 Now to relieve my miserable woes

By pow'rful remedies yourself compose ?

Who'er thou art, may Heav'n for this befriend  
 Thy future life, and from all ill defend.

If I derive my birth from Jove on high, 775

If gods expect me in th' æth'ial sky,

And all their oracles be not in vain,

You shall, for this, a sure reward obtain.

But lest this ill should oft my strength o'erpow'r,

And strike me down in some more dang'rous hour, 780

Tell, for you can, what remedy, what mean

Will best prevent the woes you now have seen.

So shall your fame to distant nations flow,

And, with encrease of ages, brighter grow.

O ! were I now permitted, tho' divine, 785

In strictest league with thee, fair nymph, to join,

Nor care, nor fear, would vex my future life,

Nor should I fall in this unequal strife.

But

But I am forc'd, alas ! by angry fate,  
 And my step-mother's unrelenting hate, 790  
 To toils unjust, and doom'd to undergo  
 A life of labour, and unceasing woe.

He said, and heav'd a sigh, as thus he spoke,  
 And on the virgin bent his ardent look.

She heard, and thus reveal'd the counsels of her breast:  
 O ! great Alcides (well to me confess 796

By that strong club, companion of your toils,  
 Your words, and the slain lion's shaggy spoils,) }  
 I now perceive the fruit, the wish'd intent, } 800  
 Of my long studies, nor shall e'er repent }  
 That to the healing art my mind is bent,  
 If Heav'n's high pow'rs permit me thus to save  
 So great a hero from a timeless grave :

Attend what late to me my father taught,  
 The son of Phœbus, with much knowledge fraught, 805  
 Great Pæon, skill'd above the rest in all  
 The dire diseases, that to man befall ;  
 Who knows t'elude the fate of human-kind :  
 Accept, and keep th' advice within your mind,

And first, since from cold juices flows this harm, 810  
 Use what may best the vital spirits warm,

That chiefly tends th'offending cause to dry,  
And make the humours from the body fly.

Wherefore avoid with care whatever food  
Abounds with moisture, or may chill the blood; 815  
But visit not too oft th'inflaming bowl;  
The draught repeated but unmans the soul.

Look

Ver. 817. *The draught repeated but unmans the soul.*] This observation is almost as old as the use of wine itself. Homer puts in the mouth of Hector, in the sixth Iliad,

Τὴν δ' ἤμειβετ' ἑπίβια μέγας κορυθαίολος Ἐκτώρ·  
Μή μοι οἶνον ἄειρε μελίφρονα; πόθνια μήτηρ,  
Μή μ' ἀπογυιώσης, μένος δ' ἀλκῆς τε λαθῶμαι.

Far hence be Bacchus' gifts, the Chief rejoin'd;  
Inflaming wine, pernicious to mankind,  
Unnerves the limbs, and dulls the noble mind.

POPE.

To which I shall add the remark of the Translator, that Samson, the strongest man on record, was a water-drinker; and the following observation of Hippocrates, which deserves to be most particularly attended to in this country, where coughs, consumptions, and inflammatory disorders of the breast, are so frequent: “Inflammationem in pulmone fieri maximè à vinolentia, et piscium capitorum, et anguillarum ingluvie; hi namque pinguedinem humanæ naturæ inimicissimam habent.” De intern. Affect. cap. 7.—That “an inflammation of the lungs  
“ happens

Look not on running streams, the trembling lake,  
 Or whirling wheels that rapid circles make;  
 On the bare ground forbear to sleep, or lie, 820  
 And careful shun a moist, and foggy sky.  
 Nor less avoid ungrateful scents, and strong;  
 Nor be your mind on cares employ'd too long,  
 But oft diverted with some pleasing fight,  
 And keep your body clean, your members light. 825  
 Nor be you slow fit medicines to use;  
 And let the healing plant its aid diffuse,  
 You find in winter's frost amid the wood;  
 The mistletoe, for this disease so good,

That

“ happens chiefly from drinking of wine, and great feeding upon  
 “ cod-fish and eels, for these abound with a fat or oil very inimi-  
 “ cal to human nature.”

The general directions in the text, with regard to diet and regimen, should be observed by all epileptic patients; and such methods are more to be depended on for the cure of this terrible disorder than any particular medicine.

Ver. 829. *The mistletoe, for this disease so good,*] This plant, formerly celebrated for curing the epilepsy, has now fallen much into disrepute, and a course of the Peruvian bark, with snake-root, is commonly substituted in its place. Van Swieten thinks it may be of service, from its power of strengthening the nerves. At

That round the spreading oak like ivy twines, 830  
 And, thus protected, ever verdant shines,

any rate it is innocent; and, as this disorder frequently depends on the state of the mind in those come to years of maturity, the patient should be indulged, as much as possible, in every wish. Wherefore I shall give, from Dr. Lewis, an account of the mistletoe, which may be propagated on any other tree, as well as the oak; though that which grows on the latter is commonly thought to possess the greatest virtue. “*Viscus Quernus Ph.* “*Ed. Viscum baccis albis C. B.* mistletoe: A bushy ever-green plant, with woody branches variously interwoven; firm, narrow leaves, narrowest at the bottom, set in pairs; and imperfect white flowers in their bosoms, followed each by a transparent white berry, containing a single seed. It grows only on the trunks and branches of trees, and may be propagated by rubbing the glutinous berries on the bark, that the seeds may adhere.

The leaves and branches of mistletoe, formerly recommended as specifics in convulsive and other nervous disorders, and now fallen into general neglect, do not appear to have any considerable medicinal power. Instances have indeed been produced of their seeming to prove beneficial: but, as there are perhaps no disorders whose nature is so little understood, whose causes are so various, and whose mitigations and exasperations have less dependence upon sensible things, there are none in which medicines operate more precariously, and in which the observer is more liable to deception. Half a dram or a dram of the wood, or leaves in substance, or an infusion of half an ounce, is the dose commonly directed.” *Materia Medica*, p. 574.

Nor less is useful cinnamon you take,  
 And, mix'd with white wine, an infusion make;  
 Of this a mouthful is a proper dose,  
 And, oft repeated, will your pains compose. 835  
 Or burn a human skull to ashes white,  
 And with fine powder of those horns unite,

Ver. 832, 833. *Nor less is useful cinnamon you take,  
 And, mix'd with white wine, an infusion make;* ] An infusion of cinnamon in white wine will prove an agreeable and useful aromatic, both in this disorder and in stomachic complaints. But it should only be taken in the afternoons and evenings. A glassful is a dose; but the poet has adapted his dose to the time of Hercules, when glasses were unknown,

Ver. 836. *Or burn a human skull to ashes white,*] This odious remedy is justly, though not long ago, expelled from all the pharmacopeias. If it have any effect, it can only be as an absorbent, which this disease, sometimes arising from acrid humours in the stomach, may require. But magnesia alba, powder of oyster-shells, or even prepared chalk, will answer the same purpose. Powder of hartshorn, with gum Arabic, recommended in the text, is likewise a good absorbent; and taking away this ingredient tends nothing to diminish its virtues. But, in general, the Epilepsy is only to be cured by drying food, aromatic drinks, remedies that strengthen the system, keeping the patient in good spirits, and giving him plenty of exercise; at the same time taking care lest he should catch cold, which never fails to encrease the disorder.

That,

That, from the heads of deer, like branches come;  
 And add the fragrance of Arabian gum,  
 To avert the bitter, and beguile the taste, 840  
 Lest you should sicken on the new repast.  
 Use this, alternate mornings, ere you break  
 Your fast, or drink, or other viands take,  
 And still persist the remedy t' embrace,  
 Till once the moon complete her silver race. 845  
 Without delay will thus be kill'd the seeds  
 Unseen, from whence the fell disease proceeds,  
 New health pervade your limbs in proper time,  
 And still attend your toils in ev'ry clime.  
 Then in your breast if gratitude remain 850  
 For favours due, and this be not in vain,  
 When strength renew'd shall o'er your body spread,  
 Remember me.—She said, and instant fled.

The hero follows with desiring eyes,  
 And vents his inward thoughts by frequent sighs; 855  
 Her skill, her beauty, left a deeper wound  
 Than e'er his heart from the distemper found;  
 And for the latent venom, now expell'd,  
 With other poison his strong bosom swell'd.  
 How oft did love, did fierce desire, inflame 860  
 His mind, and reign victorious o'er his frame,

Pursue



Pursue his conquests wheresoe'er he went,  
 And only with his life the rage was spent !  
 But he, who could the force of monsters tame,  
 Subdu'd, for once, this unresisted flame. 865  
 O ! happy, far too happy, had he try'd  
 His love for Iöle as well to hide !

Had he, with wisdom, thus oppos'd her charms,  
 Nor blinded sunk in her bewitching arms !  
 But yet the hero lost not from his mind 870  
 The cure now wrought, nor her who prov'd so kind ;  
 But, when reliev'd at length from all his wars,  
 He took his place among th' immortal stars,  
 And added one to heav'n's bright pow'rs above,  
 His thought recall'd the virgin's pious love, 875  
 And saw (for gods see all things) 'twas the time  
 Herself must visit his ætherial clime ;  
 He suffer'd not the nymph to sink in dust,  
 Nor to consume, as other mortals must,  
 But bless'd her virtues with a happier fate, 880  
 Made useful now, as in her former state.  
 She tasted not of death, but changing grew  
 The fragrant herb, so pleasing to the view,

The beauteous plant, that Pæony we name,  
For healing juices chief renown'd in fame.

885

The

Ver. 885. *For healing juices chief renown'd in fame.*] It is much to be regretted that the plant, for which St. Marthe composed this fine episode, should be so little worthy of the pains he has taken to recommend it. For it scarcely answers his description in any thing, except the beauty of its flowers, for which it is cultivated in gardens; and from which, as well as the healing virtues formerly ascribed to it, it was named Pæonia, or the daughter of the sun, being supposed to come more immediately under his protection. It is still an article in the *Materia Medica*, and sometimes given as a remedy for the epilepsy, but with very little effect; and certainly, in no way, deserves the encomiums here bestowed on it. It is likely that the great virtues, ascribed both to this herb, and the mistletoe, were in a great measure owing to superstition. The epilepsy was thought to be occasioned by the immediate anger of the gods, and therefore there must be something miraculous in the cure of it. The ancients knew nothing of the cultivation of the mistletoe by art, nor how it was produced by nature. It is now discovered that it proceeds from the dung of birds, who swallow the berries, and being dropped on oak-trees, which more particularly foster this plant, the indigested seeds adhere to the bark, and being covered with manure soon take root, and spring up to an herb. This herb being found growing on a tree, and not from the ground, was likewise supposed to be planted by a deity, and therefore to contain some extraordinary virtue. Hence the most wonderful of plants was reckoned a specific against the most terrible of diseases. In the same manner the Pæony, being more beautiful than other flowers, must possess the same properties. These opinions continued through the ignorance of the middle ages, till the

The grateful god, still mindful of his cure,  
 And those sad woes the human race endure,  
 Infus'd her virtues in the blooming flow'r,  
 And gave her thus the salutary pow'r  
 Still to remove the cause of this disease, 890  
 To conquer the returning fits with ease;  
 And such its strength to answer this great end,  
 That those, who from their necks its roots depend,  
 Are (wonderful to tell!) no more distress'd  
 With the dire woe, that had their souls oppress'd. 895  
 Apollo's will confirm'd what then was done;  
 He made its pow'r to future ages known;  
 And long experience, and observing thought  
 Convince, that still the miracle is wrought.

Nor

the return of learning and improvements in natural history prevailed over ancient superstitions, and medicinal plants were valued, not according to their appearances, but from the qualities which experience shewed them to possess.

Ver. 899. *Convince, that still the miracle is wrought.*] It has been remarked by Cicero, and after him by Mr. Addison, that there is no proposition so absurd, but that it has been advanced by some writer of credit. Of this observation the lines in the text are a proof; and, in this instance, the superstition of the poet seems to have got the better of his reason. For it cannot be conceived

Nor shall it e'er repent me that I sing 900  
 Those ancient fictions with the truths I bring;  
 For 'tis the province of the sacred Muse  
 Diverting tales in serious themes t' infuse,  
 In Fancy's boundless walks to fix her reign,  
 And o'er the heart her empire to maintain. 905

These

ceived that a remedy, which has but little effect taken inwardly, should have any at all when hung round the neck of the patient; yet this advice is given by many old physicians; and, perhaps, the pungent smell of the roots of this plant, proving a constant stimulus to the nostrils when applied in this manner, may have as much effect in preventing the paroxysms as when it is swallowed in substance; at any rate, as the epilepsy frequently proceeds from imagination, what the patient may wish for, however ridiculous to appearance, or contrary to reason, will sometimes be of service in promoting the cure.

Before dismissing this subject of diseases, I must observe, that, though this poem was written above thirty years after the time of Paracelsus, there is not one chymical remedy advised in it, from beginning to end; and certainly the seldomer those violent and often hurtful medicines can be given to such tender subjects as sucking infants, always the better; for, so great is the irritability of their systems, particularly in time of teething, that what will scarce affect the body of an adult may sometimes be attended with very dangerous consequences to them.

Ver. 905. *Episode of Hercules.*] It is said, in the antient lives of Hercules, that, when this hero was first seized with the epilepsy, he consulted the oracle of Delphos with regard to his cure; but, having

These lays to me the heav'nly Nine reveal'd,  
While yet I liv'd on Poictou's verdant field,

having incurred the anger of Apollo, that is, having been hurt by the scorching rays of the sun, he received a very unsatisfactory answer; at length he was told that he must be sold as a slave, and remain three years in a state of the most abject servitude, in order to recover from his disorder. These circumstances the poet has altered, and wrought up into a very pretty episode, after the manner of Ovid; which was likewise most proper in treating of the epilepsy, thought to be occasioned by supernatural causes; and, according to several writers, both divines, and physicians, those persons called in the New Testament, *δαιμόνιζομενοι*, which has been translated "possessed with devils," were epileptic. The passion of Hercules for Iole, the daughter of Eurytus, king of Oechalia, mentioned ver. 867, proved the source of his greatest misfortunes, being refused her hand, he ravaged her country, killed her father, and carried off herself; but, having the misfortune to fall in love with almost every woman he saw, he married several women afterwards, and had three wives at once, one of whom was Dejanira; but, as his passion for Iole continued unabated, she attended him to mount Oeta, where he intended offering up a solemn sacrifice to Jupiter, but, wanting a shirt or tunic necessary on such occasions, he sent Lichas, one of his attendants, to fetch it from Dejanira. Dejanira, inflamed with jealousy, sent the poisoned shirt of Nessus, which proved the death of her husband, Lichas having unfortunately told her that Iole was with her husband, in the manner related by Diodorus Siculus. The constellation into which he was said to be changed, and which still retains the name of Hercules is well known.

That

That rugged rocks, that forests tall, surround,  
 And lofty hills with groves of box wood crown'd.  
 The pleasing horror of the sacred shade 910  
 Brought ev'ry Muse around my favour'd head,  
 Where, thro' the painted vales, the Clanus roars,  
 And slowly glides along the winding shores ;  
 When royal HENRY of old Hector's blood,  
 The hope of man, the care of ev'ry God, 915  
 Ascended for our bliss the Gallic throne,  
 Conjoin'd Sarmatia's sceptre to his own,  
 Made all our blind domestic rage to cease,  
 And call'd his willing realms to grateful peace.

Soon as the pious king his honours gain'd, 920  
 The hallow'd honours that his throne maintain'd,  
 He call'd the Gods to bless his nuptial bed,  
 And for an heir his vows unceasing paid :  
 His beauteous consort join'd in equal pray'rs,  
 The same her int'rest, and the same her cares ; 925

Ver. 917. *Conjoin'd Sarmatia's sceptre to his own,*] Henry the Third was crowned king of France, on the death of his brother, Charles the Ninth, in 1574, on the same day, in which a year before he had been crowned king of Poland. Charles died of an inflammation of the lungs.

And

And she to Heav'n still for the blessing bows,  
 Nor has the world beheld so kind a spouse.  
 The royal pair invoke the pow'rs divine,  
 And, with their gifts, the loaded altars shine;  
 From temple they to temple bend their way,      930  
 In winter's frost, in summer's burning ray;  
 And such their piety, nor rushing rain,  
 Nor fiercest storms, could e'er their feet detain  
 From hallow'd churches, nor at all prevent  
 Their public vows to gain the wish'd intent.      935

Ver. 935. *Their public vows to gain the wish'd intent.*] Posterity has not been inclined to regard the devotions of this prince in so favourable a light as they are represented in this poem, by Davila, and other contemporary historians. Voltaire observes, that, in the reign of Henry III., "there was no police, no justice, throughout the kingdom. His favourites were assassinated before his face, or cut one another's throats in their quarrels, &c. &c. What remedy had the king recourse to? He instituted confraternities of penitents; he built monkish cells at Vincennes; he offered up prayers to the Deity in public, while he was committing the greatest sins in private; he went habited in a white sack; he wore a disciplining whip, and a pair of beads at his girdle, and called himself Brother Henry." General History.

But from whatever cause this extraordinary appearance of religion proceeded, it could not have the effect for which St. Marthe says it was intended. For Davila informs us, that this prince was afflicted with a disease, that prevented him from having children,

Ye Powr's on high ! that pious kings regard,  
 And if such holy zeal deserve reward,  
 Attend their constant pray'rs with fav'ring ear,  
 Attend their vows, and their fond wishes hear ;  
 Oh ! show'r your blessings on their sacred bed, 940  
 And an increasing offspring round them spread ;  
 For them, for them your heav'nly cares employ,  
 And make their years roll on in peace and joy.

O ! may kind Lachesis my fate delay,  
 Till I behold the long-expected day, 945

When, from the royal bed, an heir shall spring,  
 A prince, by Heav'n design'd our future king ;  
 When, thro' the realm, the joyful news shall run,  
 And mimic stars supply the absent sun,

In ev'ry city flaming piles arise, 950  
 Shoot their long beams to the rejoicing skies,

With one consent th' applauding people join  
 To hail the hope of our imperial line,  
 Assur'd no future danger would befall,  
 But lasting peace diffuse o'er placid Gaul. 955

O ! may the nations, from old ages crown'd  
 With bright prosperity, and far renown'd ;  
 Whose borders there the Pyrenæans keep,  
 There the resounding Rhine, the rolling deep ;

That



That here the Alpine hills defend with care, 960  
 Dividing with high tops, the misty air,  
 Long, long inhabit the delightful place,  
 And still obey the same victorious race.

Nor will it e'er repent me that I soar  
 These heights before untrung, and thus explore, 965  
 On daring wings, great Nature's winding maze,  
 And bring to open light her secret ways,  
 If then the mighty infant shall be bred  
 By means, to which my useful knowledge led;  
 If not, my precepts must be yet confin'd 970  
 To humbler scenes, and the Plebeian mind;  
 But royal nurses should regard the song,  
 Should treasure in their hearts, what may prolong  
 The lives of human kind; nor e'er forget  
 My lays when by th' imperial cradle set; 975  
 Nor these plain precepts should at all contemn,  
 But frequent read, and practise after them.

## END OF THE PÆDOTROPHIA.

Ver. 977. *But frequent read; and practise after them.*] One design of writing the preceding poem doubtless had been the expectation of an heir to the crown of France, in which the author was disappointed: and perhaps this might have lessened his credit at court. For we are informed by an old French pamphlet, written in those times, which has been lately translated into En-

glish, and is said to be of some authority, that the favourite poet of Henry III. was Philippe de Portes, abbé of Tiron.

As this prince has been so frequently celebrated in the foregoing work, I shall give, what seems a very proper Appendix to it, an account of the death and character of Henry III., from the translation of Henrico Davila's History of the Civil Wars of France, by Ellis Farnsworth; a valuable book, and now become scarce.

In the beginning of the month of August 1589, the king, assisted by his great successor Henry, king of Navarre, was besieging the city of Paris, in which were shut up the duke of Mayenne and the other chiefs of the league; and, to such extremities was the city reduced, that "the duke himself, together  
"with the sieurs de Rhosne and de la Chastre, being resolved  
"not to survive their ruin, had determined to mount their horses,  
"and die honourably, sword in hand, in that enclosure that lies  
"betwixt the modern walls of the town and suburbs, which they  
"saw they could not defend."

But as many strange and wonderful events still happened in the course of these wars, so a very unexpected, and unthought of, accident proved a remedy against that imminent danger, which neither the valour, nor experience of the commanders was able to prevent. There was in Paris one James Clement, of the order of the Dominican friars (who are commonly called Jacobines), born of mean parentage, at the village of Sorbonne, in the territory of Sens, a young man about two and twenty years of age, and always looked upon by his brethren, and many others that knew him, to be a half-witted fellow, and rather a subject of diversion, than in any ways to be feared, or thought capable of undertaking any serious, or important affair. I remember to have seen him myself, and have often heard the other friars entertain themselves with him, when the court was at Paris, and I used to visit Stephen Lusignano, a cyprist, then brother of the  
same

same order, and afterwards bishop of Limisso. This fellow, either prompted by his own inclination, or spurred up by the sermons that he daily heard, preached against the king; in which his majesty was stiled Henry of Valois, the tyrant and persecutor of the faith, determined to hazard his life, in attempting, by some means or other, to kill him; nor, did he keep this bold resolution secret, but often said publicly amongst his brethren, "that it was necessary to take up arms, and cut off the tyrant;" at which they only laughed, as usual, and gave him the name of captain Clement. Many took pleasure in putting him in a passion, by telling him of the king's proceedings, and that he was advancing against the city of Paris; to which, whilst the army was at a distance, he only answered, "that it was not yet a proper time, and that he should not give himself that trouble at present;" but, when the king drew near, he began to grow more serious, and told one of the fathers of his order, that he had a strong impulse to go and kill Henry of Valois, desiring his advice whether he should put it in execution. The father having communicated this affair to the prior, who was one of the chief counsellors of the league, they both answered, "that it behoved him to be thoroughly convinced that it was not a temptation of the devil: that he ought to fast and pray, and beg of God to illuminate his mind, and direct him what to do." A few days after, he came to the prior and the other father again, telling them "he had done as they advised him, and that he felt himself more strongly moved than ever to undertake it." And the fathers, as many said, having consulted about the matter with madame de Montpensier; or, as the favourers of the league pretend, of their own mere motion, exhorted him to the attempt, assuring him that "if he lived, he should be made a cardinal, and if he died for delivering the city, and killing the persecutor of the faith, he would certainly be canonized for a Saint." Upon which the friar, not a little animated by these exhortations, endeavoured to get proper credentials from the count de Brienne, who was taken at St. Onyn, and still detained prisoner

ner in the city; telling him, that he had an affair to negotiate with the king of very great importance, and which would redound to his infinite satisfaction and advantage. The count not knowing the friar, and hearing how the city stood affected, and that many were contriving to bring in the king, imagined what he said was matter of fact, and made no difficulty of granting him his letter; with which he departed, the last day of July, in the evening, and went directly from the city to the king's camp, where he was immediately seized by the guards; but, upon saying he had business and letters to communicate to the king, he was brought to James de la Guesle, the king's attorney-general, who executed the office of judge-advocate in the camp. The sieur de la Guesle having heard the friar's errand, and knowing it was dark when the king returned from reconnoitring the enemy's works, told him that he was too late that night, but that he would introduce him the next morning, without fail; and that, in the meantime, he could stay in his quarter for security. The friar accepted the invitation, supped at the same table with la Guesle, cut his meat with a new knife that had a black haft, which he had with him, eat, drank, and slept without any concern. And as there was a sort of prophecy current, not only in the camp, but through the whole kingdom, that the king should be killed by a friar, he was asked by many whether he came for that purpose; but, he answered very composedly, "that these  
 " were not things to be jested with in that manner." In the morning of the first of August, Monsieur la Guesle went to the king's quarters very early, and having acquainted him with the friar's desire to speak with him, was ordered to bring him in immediately, though he was not yet quite dressed, but still without his buff-coat, which he used to wear with his armour, and had no other clothes on his back, but a thin taffety waistcoat all unbuttoned. The friar being introduced, they both withdrew to a window on one side of the room, and he delivered his letter from the count de Brienne, which the king read; and, having ordered him to proceed to acquaint him with his business, he pretended

tended to feel for another paper that he had to present; but, while the king stood attentively expecting it, he drew the same knife out of his sleeve, struck him with it on the left side of the navel, and left all the blade buried in the wound. The king had no sooner received the blow, but he hastily drew out the knife with his own hands (which made the wound still wider) and struck it up to the haft in the friar's forehead, who, being at the same time run through the body by la Guelle, instantly dropt down dead and was thrown out of the window, by the sieurs de Montpezat, de Lognat, and the marquis de Mirepoix, gentlemen of the king's bed-chamber, who were present at the fact; where he was torn to pieces by the common soldiers, his limbs burnt, and his ashes scattered in the river.

The king was immediately carried to bed, and his wound, upon examination, not judged mortal by the surgeons; wherefore, having called his secretaries, he ordered an account of this accident to be dispatched into all parts of the kingdom, exhorting the governors and magistrates not to be dismayed, as he hoped to be so well again in a few days, as to be able to get on horseback. The same exhortations and hopes were given to all the commanders, and principal officers of his army; and, having ordered the king of Navarre to be immediately sent for, he committed the care of the army and the diligent prosecution of their present undertaking entirely to him. But at night his wound grew so painful, that it brought a fever upon him, and when the surgeons came to examine it more narrowly, they found his bowels were pierced, and all agreed that he could not live many hours; after which, the king, who commanded them to speak the truth, being informed of his danger, desired that his chaplain, Stephen Boulogne, might be sent for, and, with very great devotion, made confession of his sins; but, before absolution, his confessor having told him, that he heard the Pope had published a monitory against him, and therefore he ought fully to discharge his conscience in the present extremity; he replied, "that it  
" was true, but that the monitory itself imported, that, in the

“ article of death, he might be absolved; that he would comply  
 “ with the Pope’s request, and solemnly promised to release the  
 “ prelates, though he was convinced their imprisonment had  
 “ cost him his life and crown.” Upon this satisfaction, the con-  
 fessor gave him absolution and administered the sacrament to him  
 the same night. But, his strength beginning to fail, he ordered  
 his chamber doors to be thrown open and the nobility to be  
 called in, who gave the most sincere proofs of real affliction and  
 concern, by the bitterest and most affecting lamentations; and,  
 turning himself towards them, whilst the duke of Espernon and  
 his nephew, the count d’Auvergne, stood by his bed side, he  
 said with an audible voice, “ that he was not afraid to die, but  
 “ that it grieved him to leave the kingdom in such distraction,  
 “ and all good men in a state of affliction and persecution; that  
 “ he desired no revenge for his death, for he had learned from  
 “ his youth, in the school of Christ, to forgive injuries; as he  
 “ had always done, upon every occasion, in times past.” Then,  
 addressing himself to the king of Navarre, he told him, “ that  
 “ if the practice of killing kings should become common, he  
 “ himself could not long be secure. He exhorted the nobility  
 “ to acknowledge the king of Navarre for their natural sove-  
 “ reign, as the crown lawfully devolved to him, and not to de-  
 “ mur upon it, on account of difference in religion; for, that  
 “ he was well assured, that both the king of Navarre, who was a  
 “ prince of a candid and generous disposition, would at last re-  
 “ turn into the bosom of the church, and that the Pope, when  
 “ he was better informed, would receive him with open arms, to  
 “ prevent the utter destruction of the kingdom.” In the last  
 place he embraced the king of Navarre, and said to him twice  
 over, “ Brother, I assure you, you will never be king of France,  
 “ except you turn Catholic, and humble yourself before the  
 “ church.” After which, having called his chaplain, he re-  
 heard the creed, according to the use of the Roman church, in  
 the presence of them all, and having crossed himself, began to  
 repeat the fifty-first psalm, but his speech failing him at the  
 twelfth

twelfth verse, he departed very quietly, having lived thirty-six years, and reigned fifteen and two months. By his death the royal line of the house of Valois, descended from Philip the Third, surnamed the Hardy, became extinct; and, by virtue of the Salic law, the crown devolved to the family of Bourbon, nearest in blood, and descended from Robert, count of Clermont, second son to St. Louis.

The whole army was exceedingly afflicted at so tragical an event, especially the nobility, who lamented the death of their prince, in the tenderest and sincerest manner; whilst, on the other hand, the Parisians made the most extravagant rejoicings; and, some of the principle men, who had worn mourning, ever since the death of the lords of Guise, now left off their black, and put on green with plumes, lace, and finery. But the duke of Mayenne, according to his wonted prudence and moderation, was very far from behaving in that manner, taking great pains to clear himself, and spread it abroad, that he had not the least concern in the affair, but that it was directly and immediately the hand of God. He was not much credited, however, for the suspicion was not easy to be rooted out of the people's minds; as it seemed highly improbable, that the superiors of the convent, particularly the prior, who was one of the counsellors of the union, and much confided in, should not have consulted with the princes about the fact, and that they should have worked upon the credulity of the friar, and encouraged him to commit it by such powerful allurements; and all this without their privity. But as the events that happen in the course of civil wars, are often either falsely related, or misrepresented, by the malice of contending factions, others have added many fictions to the truth, which a certain writer, perhaps out of ignorance or carelessness, or it may be out of hatred and partiality, has not scrupled to publish in his writings.

Howsoever that might be, it is certainly worthy of very great consideration, and wonderful to think how the singular virtues and noble accomplishments of so great a prince should bring him

to so cruel and unfortunate an end; as we may from thence learn this excellent lesson, that the skilfulness of the pilot avails but little, if the gale of divine favour, which governs human affairs with eternal providence, does not help to bring our actions to their desired port. For Henry the Third was endowed with all amiable qualities, which even in his earliest youth were exceedingly revered and admired; singular prudence, royal magnanimity, inexhaustible munificence, most profound piety, and ardent zeal for religion, perpetual love to the good, implacable hatred to the bad, infinite desire of doing good to every one, popular eloquence, affability becoming a prince, generous courage, firm resolution, and wonderful dexterity in arms; for which virtues, during the reign of his brother, he was more admired and esteemed than the king himself. He was a general before he was a soldier, and a statesman before he came to years of maturity; he made war with spirit, eluded the vigilance of the most experienced commanders, won many bloody battles, took fortresses that were deemed impregnable, gained the hearts of people far remote, and was renowned, and glorious in the mouths of all men. Yet, when he came to the crown, and endeavoured, by too much artifice and subtlety, to free himself from the yoke and bondage of the factions, both parties conceived such a hatred against him, that his religion was accounted hypocrisy; his prudence, low cunning; his policy, meanness of spirit; his liberality, licentiousness, and unbridled prodigality; his affability was despised, his gravity hated, his name detested, his private friendships and familiarities imputed to enormous vices; and his death, being extremely rejoiced at by factious men and the common people, was rashly judged a stroke of divine justice.

A celebrated English author [Dr. Johnson] remarks that the death of Pope was supposed to be occasioned by eating too many potted lampreys, that a ring revenged the slaughters of Cannæ; and, in general, that the deaths of great men are not what might be expected from their lives. This observation seems to contain



contain more illnature than truth; and the above narration is a striking instance to the contrary. The immediate revenge that the wounded king took of his murderer, even with additional pain to himself; the message he sent to his nobility; his speeches to them and his successor; and the manner in which he employed his last moments are proofs of a great and exalted mind: and a better defence against the malevolence of detraction than all that cotemporary, or succeeding historians could write in his praise.

HAVING thus endeavoured to give as faithful, and elegant a translation of the *Pædotrophia*, as my abilities would permit; and also to illustrate the work with such annotations, as might render it both more entertaining, and useful to English readers, and those unacquainted with the medical art; I beg leave to return my thanks to my ingenious friend, Dr. Joseph Lowe, for his kindness in favouring me both with the original and with the former translation of this poem; neither of which, it is likely, would ever have fallen into my hands, in my present retired situation, without his assistance; who has also given me the perusal of the works of several judicious and learned authors, from which I have been enabled to collect part of the present notes; and to whom, I am sure, it gives sincere pleasure to see my translation of this valuable poem, with its comments, completed in so short a time.

END OF THE NOTES.

POSTSCRIPT.

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## POSTSCRIPT.

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**T**HE foregoing translation and notes, were written from the 3d of March to the 11th of May, 1794, in a retired corner of Scotland; where the access to books was so difficult, that I was obliged to wait almost a twelvemonth, before I could procure any account of the life of St. Marthe; when, at last, I was favoured, by a friend, with a copy of his whole works (now likewise become very scarce) from the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh. In the same retirement, favoured and encouraged by a gentleman of worth, learning, and elegance of taste; SIR DAVID

CARNEGIE;

CARNEGIE, of Southesk, baronet; who took the trouble both to peruse my MSS. and to send me many valuable criticisms; of which, my bad state of health afterwards unluckily prevented me from making all the use I might have done, or that I intended; but at a distance from, and entirely unassisted by any other person of learning, I completed in the years 1790 and 1791, my translation of the Hymns and Epigrams of Callimachus, at hours stolen, I may say, from a profession; which, as it is carried on in that part of the country, was by far too laborious and fatiguing for one of a tender and delicate frame; and, who had been all his life subject to frequent and violent head-achs, with occasional deafness; in consequence of which, in the end of 1791, I fell into a lingering and painful distemper, which entirely interrupted my studies, till November 1793; when at intervals of ease, I corrected some miscellaneous poems, formerly written, and added others to them, both original and translated; all which, I hope, will soon be in the hands of the public.

As my health returned, I thought of greater literary undertakings; and in consequence of many learned, kind, and encouraging

couraging letters from the generous nobleman, to whom the foregoing work is inscribed; I began the eleventh of June, 1794, a translation of the PUNICS OF CAIUS SILIUS ITALICUS, into English rhyme; and completed the whole seventeen books, the twenty-fourth of June, 1796; which, since that time, have been perused with approbation by my worthy friends, the EARL OF BUCHAN, above mentioned, SIR DAVID CARNEGIE, and SIR WALTER FARQUHAR, baronets: and also by a gentleman, eminent for his learning and knowledge of antiquities, namely the celebrated GENERAL MELVILLE, who has, in a particular manner, studied the history of the second Punic war, and who himself examined the course of Hannibal over the Alps. But the expence of publication being so great and the encouragement now given by booksellers to such classical undertakings being so small, or rather nothing; my present intention is to publish, in a short time, proposals for a subscription to this translation, with copious notes, illustrating both the history and the beauties of an admirable ancient poem; which, has been only once translated into English, and that in language scarcely intelligible.

Of my own abilities in this way the public are already judges, both from my former and present work. And I hope the translation announced will not be found inferior to either, in point of execution; the whole, including notes, an original preface, and a dissertation on the life and writings of the poet, will be comprized in three volumes quarto, price three Guineas, in boards, to be delivered to the Subscribers in single volumes, and each volume, price one Guinea, to be paid on delivery. It will be put to press as soon as subscriptions for 300 copies have been obtained; and the other conditions will be mentioned afterwards in the proposals.

Any person wishing to encourage it in the meantime may send their names to the Translator, at No. 89, Great Titchfield-street, near Cavendish-square.

H. W. TYTLER.

*London, March 28, 1797.*



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