



Death in the cradle: life is over:
to wake no more.

The Nursery.

ASK NATURE when her powers impart
The strongest impulse to the Heart?
When she the fondest passion moves,
And the most heighten'd feeling proves?
—Ask when the first of joys appears,
Though often shar'd with tort'ring fears?
It is not when she gives the grace
Of Beauty to the living face,
Or bids the form, with plastic art,
To harmonise in ev'ry part;
'Tis not when she the mind prepares
For Reason's power and growing cares,
Or watches the progressive plan
Of Life, through ev'ry stage of man.

—If she should answer, she would tell,
What she well knows, and feels so well:—
'Tis when she gives to be caress'd
An Infant to the mother's breast;
'Tis in that feeling where excess,
Howe'er enjoy'd, is happiness.

In all the forms that Nature gives
To ev'ry work of her's that lives,
Whether in fashion weak, or strong,
That to the air brings forth its young,
Affection's first great Law applies,
To nurse their various progenies.
—The Tigress tender fondness owns,
And the whelps hear her soften'd tones:
The fell Hyena gentle grows,
As she the liquid food bestows
On her young cubs; and, o'er the brood,
Almost forgets the scent of blood.
Thus while the soft, maternal flame,
Is seen the wildest brute to tame;

It wakes the tim'rous fowl to dare
 The fury of unequal war :
 She seeks the foe with ruffled plumes,
 And a fierce, threat'ning mien assumes ;
 Which, when a Mother's cares are o'er,
 The coward Bird assumes no more.—
 As her alarm'd uplifted eye
 Beholds the mischief in the sky ;
 When, sailing through his airy way,
 The Kite is watching for his prey ;
 She spreads her wings to guard her young,
 And clucks the Danger with her tongue :
 While ev'ry bird that flies at large
 Instructs us in a parent's charge.

Can then the woman e'er be found,
 By the first Laws of Nature bound,
 Who dares, in careless mood disclaim
 The nursing Mother's tender name ?
 Say, in the breast that yields the tide,
 Which fost'ring Nature's springs provide,

The suckling's nurture to supply,
 Will she by art the channels dry ;
 And let the new-born babe be thrown
 Upon a bosom not her own ?

'Tis even so :—such Mothers live
 Who to their Infants do not give
 The Milk that Nature's self prepares ;
 Whose stream their children claim as Heirs,
 And Heaven's all-sacred Laws ordain
 The new-born Cherub to sustain.
 Yes, there are Mothers—yes, who dare,
 Soon as it breathes the vital air,
 While it unfolds its opening charms,
 To yield it to a stranger's arms ;
 And let the helpless babe be press'd,
 Unconscious to a stranger's breast.
 —Does not a chilly stream impart
 Its shudder to the feeling heart ?
 Does not the mind disgusted turn
 When the tale's told, and frowning spurn

DEATH.

Th' unnatural mother, when she tears
From her full paps the Child she bears?
While thus to chance the bantling's hurl'd,
She gives her fondness to the world ;
And, as she haunts where Pleasure reigns,
Forgets she felt a Mother's pains.
—Haste, haste, Dorinda, from the throng,
Quit the gay dance and warbling song ;
You're call'd, with pale and trembling mien,
To view a sad, heart-rending scene :
—Haste to thy Infant, and prepare
To view the Horrors of thy Care :
The foster-mother feels no more,
Than its own parent felt before :
Drown'd in inebriated sleep,
No vigils can the Drunkard keep.
—Death rocks the Cradle, as you see,
And sings his mortal Lullaby.
No shrieks, no cries will now its slumbers break ;
The Infant sleeps,—ah, never to awake!

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