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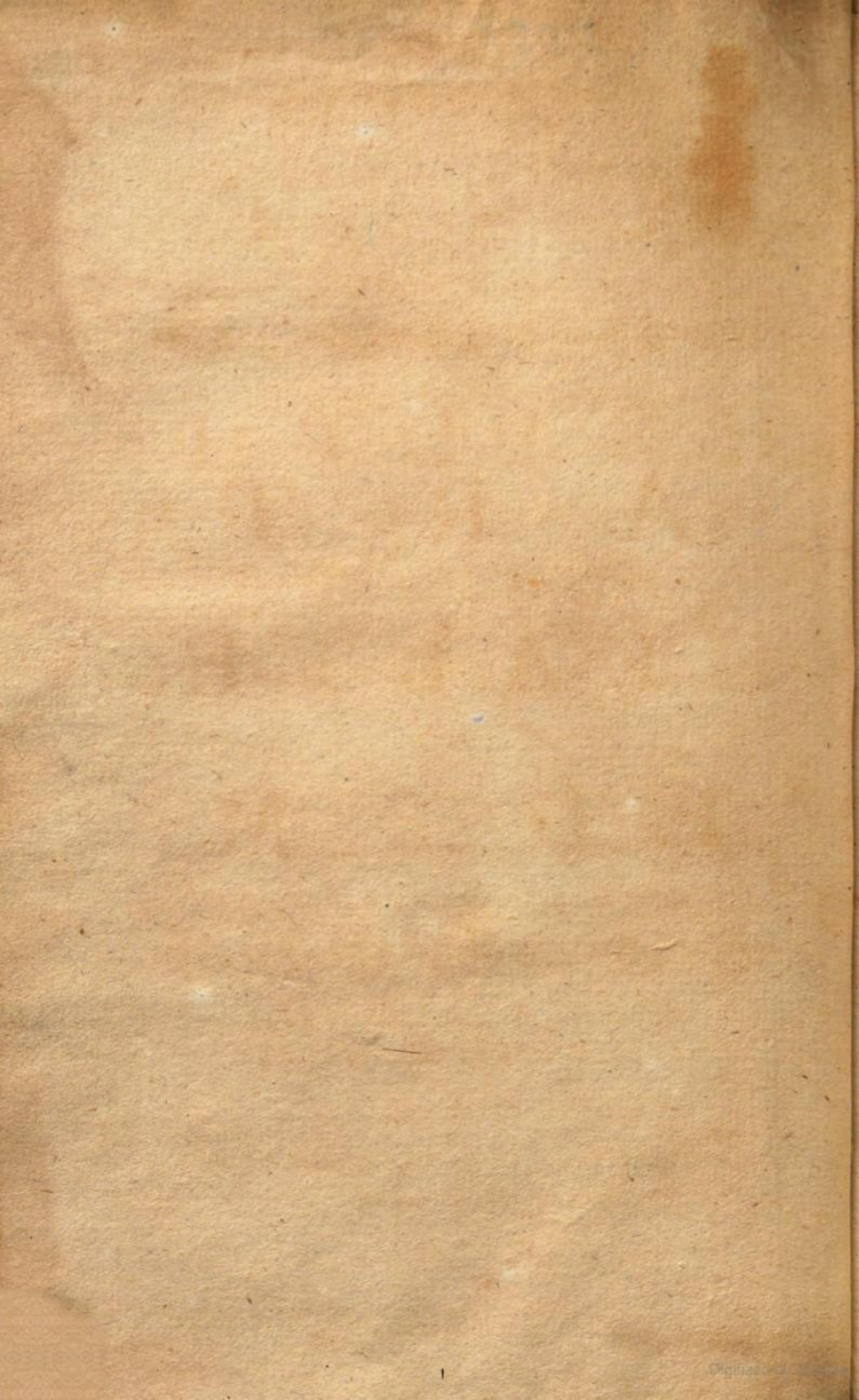
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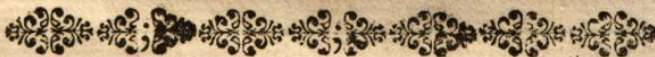
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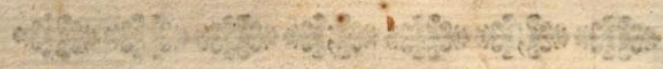




THE
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OF PRESERVING
HEALTH:
A
POEM.



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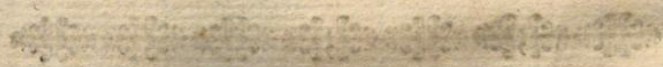
THE

ART

OF PRESERVING

THE ARTS:

POPULAR



[Price Two Shillings]

THE
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OF PRESERVING
HEALTH:
A
POEM.
In FOUR BOOKS.

By JOHN ARMSTRONG, M. D.

The SECOND EDITION.

L O N D O N :

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T H E
A R T
O F P R E S E R V I N G
H E A L T H.
B O O K I.
A I R.

DAUGHTER of Pæon, queen of every joy,
HYGEIA*; whose indulgent smile sustains
The various race luxuriant nature pours,
And on th' immortal effences bestows
Immortal youth; auspicious, O descend!

5

* Hygeia the goddess of health, was, according to the genealogy of the heathen deities, the daughter of Esculapius; who, as well as Apollo, was distinguished by the name of Pæon.

Thou,

Thou, chearful guardian of the rolling year,
 Whether thou wanton'ft on the western gale,
 Or fhak'ft the rigid pinions of the north,
 Diffufeft life and vigour thro' the tracts
 Of air, thro' earth, and ocean's deep domain. 10
 When thro' the blue serenity of heaven
 Thy power approaches, all the wasteful hoft
 Of pain and ficknefs, fqualid and deform'd,
 Confounded fink into the loathfom gloom,
 Where in deep Erebus involv'd the fiends 15
 Grow more profane. Whatever fhapes of death,
 Shook from the hideous chambers of the globe,
 Swarm thro' the fhuddering air: whatever plagues
 Or meagre famine breeds, or with flow wings
 Rife from the putrid watry element, 20
 The damp wafte forest, motionlefs and rank,
 That fmothers earth and all the breathlefs winds,
 Or the vile carnage of th' inhuman field;
 Whatever baneful breathes the rotten fouth;

Whatever ills th' extremes or sudden change 25
Of cold and hot, or moist and dry produce;
They fly thy pure effulgence: they, and all
The secret poisons of avenging heaven,
And all the pale tribes halting in the train
Of vice and heedless pleasure: or if aught 30
The comet's glare amid the burning sky,
Mournful eclipse, or planets ill-combin'd,
Portend disastrous to the vital world;
Thy salutary power averts their rage,
Averts the general bane: and but for thee 35
Nature would sicken, nature soon would die.

Without thy chearful active energy
No rapture swells the breast, no poet sings,
No more the maids of Helicon delight.
Come then with me, O Goddess heavenly-gay! 40
Begin the song; and let it sweetly flow,
And let it wisely teach thy wholesom laws:

“ How

" How best the fickle fabric to support
 " Of mortal man; in healthful body how
 " A healthful mind the longest to maintain." 45
 'Tis hard, in such a strife of rules, to chuse
 The best, and those of most extensive use;
 Harder in clear and animated song
 Dry philosophic precepts to convey.
 Yet with thy aid the secret wilds I trace 50
 Of nature, and with daring steps proceed
 Thro' paths the Muses never trod before.

Nor should I wander doubtful of my way,
 Had I the lights of that sagacious mind
 Which taught to check the pestilential fire, 55
 And quell the dreaded Python of the Nile.
 O Thou below'd by all the graceful arts,
 Thou long the fav'rite of the healing powers,
 Indulge, O MEAD! a well-design'd essay,
 Howe'er imperfect: and permit that I 60
 My

My little knowledge with my country share,
 Till you the rich Asclepian stores unlock,
 And with new graces dignify the theme.

YE who amid this feverish world would wear
 A body free of pain, of cares a mind, 65
 Fly the rank city, shun its turbid air ;
 Breathe not the chaos of eternal smoke
 And volatile corruption, from the dead,
 The dying, sickning, and the living world
 Exhal'd, to sully heaven's transparent dome 70
 With dim mortality. It is not air
 That from a thousand lungs reeks back to thine,
 Sated with exhalations rank and fell,
 The spoil of dunghills, and the putrid thaw 75
 Of nature ; when from shape and texture she
 Relapses into fighting elements :
 It is not air, but floats a nauseous mass
 Of all obscene, corrupt, offensive things.

Much moisture hurts; but here a fordid bath,
With oily rancor fraught, relaxes more
The solid frame than simple moisture can.
Besides, immur'd in many a fullen bay
That never felt the freshness of the breeze,
This slumb'ring deep remains, and ranker grows
With sickly rest: and (tho' the lungs abhor
To drink the dun fuliginous abyss)
Did not the acid vigour of the mine,
Roll'd from so many thund'ring chimneys, tame
The putrid salts that overwarm the sky;
This caustic venom would perhaps corrode
Those tender cells that draw the vital air,
In vain with all their unctuous rills bedew'd;
Or by the drunken venous tubes, that yawn
In countless pores o'er all the pervious skin,
Imbib'd, would poison the balsamic blood,
And rouse the heart to every fever's rage.
While yet you breathe, away! the rural wilds

Invite;

Invite ; the mountains call you, and the vales,
 The woods, the streams, and each ambrosial breeze
 That fans the ever undulating sky ; 100
 A kindly sky! whose soft'ring power regales
 Man, beast, and all the vegetable reign.
 Find then some woodland scene where nature smiles
 Benign, where all her honest children thrive.
 To us there wants not many a happy feat ; 105
 Look round the smiling land, such numbers rise
 We hardly fix, bewilder'd in our choice.
 See where enthron'd in adamantine state,
 Proud of her bards, imperial Windsor sits ;
 There chuse thy seat, in some aspiring grove 110
 Fast by the slowly-winding Thames ; or where
 Broader she laves fair Richmond's green retreats,
 (Richmond that sees an hundred villas rise
 Rural or gay.) O! from the summer's rage
 O! wrap me in the friendly gloom that hides 115
 Umbrageous Ham! But if the busy town



Attract thee still to toil for power or gold,
 Sweetly thou mayst thy vacant hours possess
 In Hampstead, courted by the western wind;
 Or Greenwich, waving o'er the winding flood; 120
 Or lose the world amid the sylvan wilds
 Of Dulwich, yet by barbarous arts unspoil'd.
 Green rise the Kentish hills in chearful air:
 But on the marshy plains that Essex spreads
 Build not, nor rest too long thy wandering feet. 125
 For on a rustic throne of dewy turf,
 With baneful fogs her aching temples bound,
 Quartana there presides; a meagre fiend
 Begot by Eurus, when his brutal force
 Compress'd the slothful Naiad of the fens. 130
 From such a mixture sprung this fitful pest,
 With feverish blasts subdues the sick'ning land:
 Cold tremors come, and mighty love of rest,
 Convulsive yawnings, lassitude, and pains
 That sting the burden'd brows, fatigue the loins, 135

And

And rack the joints, and every torpid limb;
 Then parching heat succeeds, till copious sweats
 O'erflow; a short relief from former ills.
 Beneath repeated shocks the wretches pine;
 The vigour sinks, the habit melts away; 140
 The chearful, pure and animated bloom
 Dies from the face, with squalid atrophy
 Devour'd, in fallow melancholy clad.
 And oft the forcerefs, in her fated wrath,
 Refigns them to the furies of her train; 145
 The bloated Hydrops, and the yellow fiend
 Ting'd with her own accumulated gall.

In quest of fites, avoid the mournful plain
 Where ofiers thrive, and trees that love the lake;
 Where many lazy muddy rivers flow: 150
 Nor for the wealth that all the Indies roll
 Fix near the marfhy margin of the main.
 For from the humid foil, and watry reign,
 Eternal

Eternal vapours rise; the spongy air
 For ever weeps; or, turgid with the weight 155
 Of waters, pours a sounding deluge down.
 Skies such as these let every mortal shun
 Who dreads the dropfy, palsy, or the gout,
 Tertian, corrosive scurvy, or moist catarrh;
 Or any other injury that grows 160
 From raw-spun fibres idle and unstrung,
 Skin ill-perspiring, and the purple flood
 In languid eddies loitering into phlegm.

Yet not alone from humid skies we pine;
 For air may be too dry. The subtle heaven, 165
 That winnows into dust the blasted downs,
 Bare and extended wide without a stream,
 Too fast imbibes th' attenuated lymph
 Which, by the surface, from the blood exhales.
 The lungs grow rigid, and with toil essay 170
 Their flexible vibrations; or inflam'd,

Eternally

Their

Their tender ever-moving structure thaws, *How*
 Spoil'd of its limpid vehicle, the blood *Of*
 A mass of lees remains, a droffy tide *To*
 That flow as Lethe wanders thro' the veins, 175
 Unactive in the services of life, *(So*
 Unfit to lead its pitchy current thro' *Of*
 The secret mazy channels of the brain. *At*
 The melancholic fiend, (that worst despair *But*
 Of physic) hence the rust-complexion'd man 180
 Pursues, whose blood is dry, whose fibres gain
 Too stretch'd a tone : And hence in climes adust
 So sudden tumults feize the trembling nerves, *So*
 And burning fevers glow with double rage. *How*

Fly, if you can, these violent extremes 185
 Of air ; the wholesome is nor moist nor dry.
 But as the power of chusing is deny'd
 To half mankind, a further task ensues ;
 How best to mitigate these fell extremes,

How breathe unhurt the withering element, 190
 Or hazy atmosphere : Tho' custom moulds
 To every clime the soft Promethean clay ;
 And he who first the fogs of Effex breath'd
 (So kind is native air) may in the fens
 Of Effex from inveterate ills revive 195
 At pure Montpelier or Bermuda caught.
 But if the raw and oozy heaven offend ;
 Correct the foil, and dry the sources up
 Of watry exhalation ; wide and deep
 Conduct your trenches thro' the spouting bog ; 200
 Solicitous, with all your winding arts,
 Betray th' unwilling lake into the stream ;
 And weed the forest, and invoke the winds
 To break the toils where strangled vapours lie ;
 Or thro' the thickets fend the crackling flames. 205
 Mean time, at home with chearful fires dispel
 The humid air : And let your table smoke
 With solid roast or bak'd ; or what the herds
 Of

Of tamer breed supply ; or what the wilds
 Yield to the toilsom pleasures of the chase. 210
 Generous your wine, the boast of rip'ning years,
 But frugal be your cups ; the languid frame,
 Vapid and sunk from yesterday's debauch,
 Shrinks from the cold embrace of watry heavens.
 But neither these, nor all Apollo's arts, 215
 Disarm the dangers of the dropping sky,
 Unless with exercise and manly toil
 You brace your nerves, and spur the lagging blood.
 The fat'ning clime let all the sons of ease
 Avoid ; if Indolence would wish to live. 220
 Go, yawn and loiter out the long slow year
 In fairer skies. If drougthy regions parch
 The skin and lungs, and bake the thick'ning blood ;
 Deep in the waving forest chuse your seat,
 Where fuming trees refresh the thirsty air ; 225
 And wake the fountains from their secret beds,
 And into lakes dilate the running stream.

Here spread your gardens wide ; and let the cool,
The moist relaxing vegetable store
Prevail in each repast : Your food supplied 230
By bleeding life, be gently wasted down,
By soft decoction and a mellowing heat,
To liquid balm ; or, if the solid mass
You chuse, tormented in the boiling wave ;
That thro' the thirsty channels of the blood 235
A smooth diluted chyle may ever flow.
The fragrant dairy from its cool recess
Its nectar acid or benign will pour
To drown your thirst ; or let the mantling bowl
Of keen Sherbet the fickle taste relieve. 240
For with the viscous blood the simple stream
Will hardly mingle ; and fermented cups
Oft dissipate more moisture than they give.
Yet when pale seasons rise, or winter rolls
His horror so'er the world, thou may'st indulge 245
In feasts more genial, and impatient broach

The mellow caſk. Then too the ſcourging air
 Provokes to keener toils than fultry droughts
 Allow. But rarely we for drought blaſpheme,
 Steep'd in continual rains, or with raw fogs 250
 Bedew'd, our ſeaſons droop; incumbent ſtill
 A ponderous heaven o'erwhelms the ſinking ſoul.
 Lab'ring with ſtorms in heapy mountains riſe
 Th' imbattled clouds, as if the Stygian ſhades
 Had left the dungeon of eternal night; 255
 Till black with thunder all the ſouth deſcends.
 Scarce in a ſhowerleſs day the heavens indulge
 Our melting clime; except the baleful eaſt
 Withers the tender ſpring, and ſourly checks
 The fancy of the year. Our fathers talk 260
 Of ſummers, balmy airs, and ſkies ſerene.
 Good heaven! for what unexpiated crimes
 This diſmal change! The brooding elements
 Do they, your powerful miniſters of wrath,
 Prepare ſome fierce exterminating plague? 265

Or is it fix'd in the decrees above
 That lofty Albion melt into the main?
 Indulgent nature! O dissolve this gloom!
 Bind in eternal adamant the winds
 That drown or wither: Give the genial west 276
 To breathe, and in its turn the sprightly north:
 And may once more the circling seasons rule
 The year; not mix in every monstrous day.

Mean time, the moist malignity to shun 274
 Of burden'd skies; mark where the dry champain
 Swells into chearful hills; where Marjoram
 And Thyme, the love of bees, perfume the air;
 And where the * Cynorrhodon with the rose
 For fragrance vies; for in the thirsty soil
 Most fragrant breathe the aromatic tribes. 280
 There bid thy roofs high on the basking steep
 Ascend; there light thy hospitable fires.

* The wild rose, or that which grows upon the wild briar.

And

And let them see the winter morn arise,
The summer evening blushing in the west ;
While with umbrageous oaks the ridge behind 285
O'erhung, defends you from the blust'ring north,
And bleak affliction of the peevish east.

O! when the growling winds contend, and all
The sounding forest fluctuates in the storm,
To sink in warm repose, and hear the din 290
Howl o'er the steady battlements, delights
Above the luxury of vulgar sleep.

The murmuring rivulet, and the hoarser strain
Of waters rushing o'er the slippery rocks,
Will nightly lull you to ambrosial rest. 295

To please the fancy is no trifling good,
Where health is studied ; for whatever moves
The mind with calm delight, promotes the just
And natural movements of th' harmonious frame.
Besides, the sportive brook for ever shakes 300
The trembling air ; that floats from hill to hill,

From vale to mountain, with incessant change
 Of purest element, refreshing still
 Your airy seat and uninfected Gods:
 Chiefly for this I praise the man who builds 305
 High on the breezy ridge, whose lofty sides
 Th' ethereal deep with endless billows laves.
 His purer mansion nor contagious years
 Shall reach, nor deadly putrid airs annoy.

But may no fogs, from lake or fenny plain, 310
 Involve my hill. And wheresoe'er you build,
 Whether on sun-burnt Epsom, or the plains
 Wash'd by the silent Lee; in Chelsea low,
 Or high Blackheath with wintry winds assail'd;
 Dry be your house; but airy more than warm. 315
 Else every breath of ruder wind will strike
 Your tender body thro' with rapid pains;
 Fierce coughs will teize you, hoarseness bind your
 voice,

Or

Or moist Gravedo load your aching brows.
 These to defy, and all the fates that dwell
 In cloister'd air tainted with steaming life,
 Let lofty ceilings grace your ample rooms;
 And still at azure noontide may your dome
 At every window drink the liquid sky.

Need we the sunny situation here, 325
 And theatres open to the south, commend?
 Here, where the morning's misty breath infests
 More than the torrid noon? How sickly grow,
 How pale, the plants in those ill-fated vales
 That, circled round with the gigantic heap 330
 Of mountains, never felt, nor ever hope
 To feel, the genial vigor of the sun!
 While on the neighbouring hill the rose inflames
 The verdant spring; in virgin beauty blows
 The tender lily, languishingly sweet; 335
 O'er every hedge the wanton woodbine roves,

And

And autumn ripens in the summer's ray.
 Nor less the warmer living tribes demand
 The soft'ring sun: whose energy divine
 Dwells not in mortal fire; whose generous heat 340
 Glows thro' the mass of grosser elements,
 And kindles into life the pond'rous spheres.
 Cheer'd by thy kind invigorating warmth,
 We court thy beams, great majesty of day!
 If not the soul, the regent of this world, 345
 First born of heaven, and only less than God!

THE

THE
ART
OF PRESERVING
HEALTH.
BOOK II.
DIET.

THE

ART

OF PRESERVING

HEALTH.

BOOK II.

DIE T.

T H E
A R T
O F P R E S E R V I N G
H E A L T H.
B O O K I I.
D I E T.

ENOUGH of air. A desert subject now,
Rougher and wilder, rises to my sight.
A barren waste, where not a garland grows
To bind the muse's brow; not even a proud
Stupendous solitude frowns o'er the heath, 5
To rouse a noble horror in the soul:
But rugged paths fatigue, and error leads
Thro' endless labyrinths the devious feet.

Farewel, ethereal fields! the humbler arts
 Of life; the table, and the homely Gods, 10
 Demand my song. Elyfian gales adieu!

The blood, the fountain whence the fpirits flow,
 The generous fream that waters every part,
 And motion, vigor, and warm life conveys
 To every particle that moves or lives; 15
 This vital fluid, thro' unnumber'd tubes
 Pour'd by the heart, and to the heart again
 Refunded; fcourg'd for ever round and round,
 Enrag'd with heat and toil, at laft forgets
 Its balmy nature; virulent and thin 20
 It grows; and now, but that a thousand gates
 Are open to its flight, it would deftroy
 The parts it cherish'd and repair'd before.
 Befides, the flexible and tender tubes
 Melt in the mildeft, moft nectareous tide 25
 That ripening nature rolls; as in the fream
 Its

Its crumbling banks ; but what the vital force
 Of plastic fluids hourly batters down,
 That very force, those plastic particles
 Rebuild : So mutable the state of man. 30
 For this the watchful appetite was giv'n,
 Daily with fresh materials to repair
 This unavoidable expence of life,
 This necessary waste of flesh and blood.
 Hence the concoctive powers, with various art, 35
 Subdue the cruder aliments to chyle ;
 The chyle to blood ; the foamy purple tide
 To liquors, which thro' finer arteries
 To different parts their winding course pursue ;
 To try new changes, and new forms put on, 40
 Or for the public, or some private use.

Nothing so foreign but th' athletic hind
 Can labour into blood. The hungry meal
 Alone he fears, or aliments too thin ;

By

By violent powers too easily subdu'd, 45
 Too soon expell'd. His daily labour thaws,
 To friendly chyle, the most rebellious mass
 That salt can harden, or the smoke of years;
 Nor does his gorge the rancid bacon rue,
 Nor that which Cestria sends, tenacious paste 50
 Of solid milk. But ye of softer clay
 Infirm and delicate! and ye who waste
 With pale and bloated sloth the tedious day!
 Avoid the stubborn aliment, avoid
 The full repast; and let sagacious age 55
 Grow wiser, lesson'd by the dropping teeth.

Half subtiliz'd to chyle, the liquid food
 Readiest obeys th' assimilating powers;
 And soon the tender vegetable mass 59
 Relents; and soon the young of those that tread
 The steadfast earth, or cleave the green abyss,
 Or pathless sky. And if the Steer must fall,

In

In youth and vigor glorious let him die ;
 Nor stay till rigid age, or heavy ails,
 Absolve him ill-requited from the yoke. 65

Some with high forage, and luxuriant ease,
 Indulge the veteran Ox ; but wiser thou,
 From the bleak mountain or the barren downs,
 Expect the flocks by frugal nature fed ;
 A race of purer blood, with exercise 70

Refin'd and scanty fare : For, old or young,
 The stall'd are never healthy ; nor the cramm'd.
 Not all the culinary arts can tame,
 To wholesome food, th' abominable growth
 Of rest and gluttony ; the prudent taste 75
 Rejects like bane such loathsome lusciousness.

The languid stomach curses even the pure
 Delicious fat, and all the race of oil ;
 For more the oily aliments relax
 Its feeble tone ; and with the eager lymph 80
 (Bond to incorporate with all it meets)

Coily they mix; and shun with slippery wiles
 The wooed embrace. Th' irresoluble oil,
 So gentle late and blandishing, in floods
 Of rancid bile o'erflows: What tumults hence, 85
 What horrors rise, were nauseous to relate.
 Chuse leaner viands, ye of jovial make!
 Chuse sober meals; and rouse to active life
 Your cumbrous clay; nor on th' enfeebling down,
 Irresolute, protract the morning hours. 90
 But let the man, whose bones are thinly clad,
 With chearful ease, and succulent repast
 Improve his slender habit. Each extreme
 From the blest mean of sanity departs.

I could relate what table this demands, 95
 Or that complexion; what the various powers
 Of various foods: But fifty years would roll,
 And fifty more, before the tale were done.
 Besides, there often lurks some nameless, strange,
 Peculiar

Peculiar thing; nor on the skin display'd, 100
 Felt in the pulse, nor in the habit seen;
 Which finds a poison in the food that most
 The temp'ature affects. There are, whose blood
 Impetuous rages thro' the turgid veins,
 Who better bear the fiery fruits of Ind, 105
 Than the moist Melon, or pale Cucumber.
 Of chilly nature others fly the board
 Supply'd with slaughter, and the vernal pow'rs
 For cooler, kinder, sustenance implore.
 Some even the generous nutriment detest 110
 Which, in the shell, the sleeping Embryo rears.
 Some, more unhappy still, repent the gifts
 Of Pales; soft, delicious, and benign:
 The balmy quintessence of every flower,
 And every grateful herb that decks the spring; 115
 The soft'ring dew of tender sprouting life;
 The best refection of declining age;
 The kind restorative of those who lie

Half-dead and panting, from the doubtful strife
Of nature struggling in the grasp of death. 120
Try all the bounties of this fertile globe,
There is not such a salutary food,
As suits with every stomach. But (except,
Amid the mingled mass of fish and fowl,
And boil'd and bak'd, you hesitate by which 125
You sunk oppress'd, or whether not by all;)
Taught by experience soon you may discern
What pleases, what offends. Avoid the cates
That lull the sicken'd appetite too long;
Or heave with feverish flushings all the face, 130
Burn in the palms, and parch the roughning tongue;
Or much diminish, or too much increase,
Th' expence which nature's wise œconomy,
Without or waste or avarice, maintains.
Such cates abjur'd, let prouling hunger loose, 135
And bid the curious palate roam at will;

They

They scarce can err amid the various stores
That burst the teeming entrails of the world.

Led by sagacious taste, the ruthless king
Of beasts on blood and slaughter only lives: 140
The tyger, form'd alike to cruel meals,
Would at the manger starve: Of milder feeds,
The generous horse to herbage and to grain
Confines his wish; tho' fabling Greece resound
The Thracian feeds with human carnage wild. 145
Prompted by instinct's never-erring power,
Each creature knows its proper aliment;
But man, th' inhabitant of every clime,
With all the commoners of nature feeds.
Directed, bounded, by this pow'r within, 150
Their cravings are well-aim'd: Voluptuous man
Is by superior faculties misled;
Mislid from pleasure even in quest of joy.
Sated with nature's boons, what thousands seek,

With dishes tortur'd from their native taste, 155

And mad variety, to spur beyond

Its wiser will the jaded appetite!

Is this for pleasure? Learn a juster taste;

And know, that temperance is true luxury.

Or is it pride? Pursue some nobler aim. 160

Dismiss your parasites, who praise for hire;

And earn the fair esteem of honest men,

Whose praise is fame. Form'd of such clay as yours,

The sick, the needy, shiver at your gates. 164

Even modest want may bless your hand unseen,

Tho' hush'd in patient wretchedness at home.

Is there no virgin, grac'd with every charm

But that which binds the mercenary vow?

No youth of genius, whose neglected bloom

Unfoster'd sickens in the barren shade? 170

No worthy man, by fortune's random blows,

Or by a heart too generous and humane,

Constrain'd to leave his happy natal seat,

And

And sigh for wants more bitter than his own?
 There are, while human miseries abound, 175
 A thousand ways to waste superfluous wealth,
 Without one fool or flatterer at your board,
 Without one hour of sickness or disgust.

But other ills th' ambiguous feast pursue,
 Besides provoking the lascivious taste. 180

Such various foods, tho' harmless each alone,
 Each other violate; and oft we see
 What strife is brew'd, and what pernicious bane,
 From combinations of innoxious things.
 Th' unbounded taste I mean not to confine 185
 To hermit's diet, needlessly severe.

But would you long the sweets of health enjoy,
 Or husband pleasure; at one impious meal
 Exhaust not half the bounties of the year,
 And of each realm. It matters not mean while 190
 How much to morrow differ from to day;

So

So far indulge : 'tis fit, besides, that man,
 To change obnoxious, be to change inur'd.
 But stay the curious appetite, and taste
 With caution fruits you never tried before. 195
 For want of use the kindest aliment
 Sometimes offends ; while custom tames the rage
 Of poison to mild amity with life.

So heav'n has form'd us to the general taste
 Of all its gifts ; so custom has improv'd 200
 This bent of nature ; that few simple foods,
 Of all that earth, or air, or ocean yield,
 But by excess offend. Beyond the sense
 Of light refecton, at the genial board
 Indulge not often ; nor protract the feast 205
 To dull satiety ; till soft and flow
 A drowzy death creeps on, th'expansive foul
 Oppress'd, and smother'd the celestial fire.
 The stomach, urg'd beyond its active tone,

Hardly

Hardly to nutrimental chyle subdued 210

The softest food : unfinished and deprav'd,

The chyle, in all its future wand'rings, owns

Its turbid fountain ; not by purer streams

So to be clear'd, but foulness will remain.

To sparkling wine what ferment can exalt 215

Th' unripen'd grape ? Or what mechanic skill

From the crude ore can spin the ductile gold ?

Gross riot treasures up a wealthy fund

Of plagues : but more immedicable ills

Attend the lean extreme. For physic knows 220

How to disburden the too tumid veins,

Even how to ripen the half-labour'd blood ;

But to unlock the elemental tubes,

Collaps'd and shrunk with long inanity,

And with balsamic nutriment repair 225

The dried and worn-out habit, were to bid

Old age grow green, and wear a second spring ;

Or the tall ash, long ravish'd from the soil,

Thro'

Thro' wither'd veins imbibe the vernal dew.
When hunger calls, obey; nor often wait 230
Till hunger sharpen to corrosive pain:
For the keen appetite will feast beyond
What nature well can bear; and one extreme
Ne'er without danger meets its own reverse.
Too greedily th' exhausted veins absorb 235
The recent chyle, and load enfeebled powers
Oft to th' extinction of the vital flame.
To the pale cities, by the firm-set siege
And famine humbled, may this verse be borne;
And hear, ye hardiest sons that Albion breeds, 240
Long tofs'd and famish'd on the wintry main;
The war shook off, or hospitable shore
Attain'd, with temperance bear the shock of joy;
Nor crown with festive rites th' auspicious day:
Such feast might prove more fatal than the waves,
Than war, or famine. While the vital fire 246
Burns feebly, heap not the green fuel on;

But prudently foment the wandering spark
 With what the soonest feels its kindred touch :
 Be frugal ev'n of that : a little give 250
 At first ; that kindled, add a little more ;
 Till, by deliberate nourishing, the flame
 Reviv'd, with all its wonted vigor glows.

But tho' the two (the full and the jejune)
 Extremes have each their vice ; it much avails 255
 Ever with gentle tide to ebb and flow
 From this to that : So nature learns to bear
 Whatever chance or headlong appetite
 May bring. Besides, a meagre day subdues
 The cruder clods by sloth or luxury 260
 Collected ; and unloads the wheels of life.
 Sometimes a coy aversion to the feast
 Comes on, while yet no blacker omen lours ;
 Then is a time to shun the tempting board,
 Were it your natal or your nuptial day. 265

Perhaps a fast so seasonable starves

The latent seeds of woe, which rooted once

Might cost you labour. But the day return'd

Of festal luxury, the wise indulge

Most in the tender vegetable breed : 270

Then chiefly when the summer's beams inflame

The brazen heavens ; or angry Sirius sheds

A feverish taint thro' the still gulph of air.

The moist cool viands then, and flowing cup

From the fresh dairy-virgin's liberal hand, 275

Will save your head from harm, tho' round the

world

The dreaded * Causos roll his wasteful fires,

Pale humid Winter loves the generous board,

The meal more copious, and a warmer fare ; 279

And longs, with old wood and old wine, to cheer

His quaking heart. The seasons which divide

Th' empires of heat and cold ; by neither claim'd,

* The burning fever.

Influenc'd

Influenc'd by both ; a middle regimen
 Impose. Thro' autumn's languishing domain
 Descending, nature by degrees invites 285
 To glowing luxury. But from the depth
 Of winter, when th' invigorated year
 Emerges ; when Favonius flush'd with love,
 Toyful and young, in every breeze descends
 More warm and wanton on his kindling bride ; 290
 Then, shepherds, then begin to spare your flocks ;
 And learn, with wise humanity, to check
 The lust of blood. Now pregnant earth commits
 A various offspring to th' indulgent sky :
 Now bounteous nature feeds with lavish hand 295
 The prone creation ; yields what once suffic'd
 Their dainty sovereign, when the world was
 young ;
 E're yet the barbarous thirst of blood had seiz'd
 The human breast. Each rolling month matures
 The food that suits it most ; so does each clime. 300

Far in the horrid realms of winter, where
Th'establish'd ocean heaps a monstrous waste
Of shining rocks and mountains to the pole ;
There lives a hardy race, whose plainest wants
Relentless earth, their cruel step-mother, 305
Regards not. On the waste of iron fields,
Untam'd, untractable, no harvests wave :
Pomona hates them, and the clownish God
Who tends the garden. In this frozen world
Such cooling gifts were vain : a fitter meal 310
Is earn'd with ease ; for here the fruitful spawn
Of Ocean swarms, and heaps their genial board
With generous fare and luxury profuse.
These are their bread, the only bread they know ;
These, and their willing slave the deer, that crops
The shrubby herbage on their meager hills. 316
Girt by the burning zone, not thus the south
Her swarthy sons, in either Ind, maintains :
Or thirsty Lybia ; from whose fervid loins

The

The lion bursts, and every fiend that roams 320

Th' affrighted wilderness. The mountain herd,

Adult and dry, no sweet repast affords ;

Nor does the tepid main such kinds produce,

So perfect, so delicious, as the stores

Of icy Zembla. Rashly where the blood 325

Brews feverish frays ; where scarce the tubes sustain

Its tumid fervor and tempestuous course ;

Kind nature tempts not to such gifts as these.

But here in livid ripeness melts the grape ;

Here, finish'd by invigorating suns, 330

Thro' the green shade the golden Orange glows ;

Spontaneous here the turgid Melon yields

A generous pulp ; the Coco swells on high

With milky riches ; and in horrid mail

The soft Ananas wraps its tender sweets. 335

Earth's vaunted progeny : In ruder air

Too coy to flourish, even too proud to live ;

Or hardly rais'd by artificial fire

To

To vapid life. Here with a mother's smile
Glad Amalthea pours her copious horn. 340

Here buxom Ceres reigns : Th' autumnal sea
In boundless billows fluctuates o'er their plains.

What suits the climate best, what suits the men,
Nature profuses most, and most the taste
Demands. The fountain, edg'd with racy wine 345
Or acid fruit, bedews their thirsty souls.

The breeze eternal breathing round their limbs
Supports in else intolerable air :
While the cool Palm, the Plantain, and the grove
That waves on gloomy Lebanon, assuage 350
The torrid hell that beams upon their heads.

Now come, ye Naiads, to the fountains lead ;
Now let me wander thro' your gelid reign.
I burn to view th' enthusiastic wilds
By mortal else untrod. I hear the din 355
Of waters thundering o'er the ruin'd cliffs.

With

With holy rev'rence I approach the rocks
Whence glide the streams renown'd in ancient song.
Here from the desert down the rumbling steep 359
First springs the Nile; here bursts the sounding Po
In angry waves; Euphrates hence devolves
A mighty flood to water half the East;
And there, in Gothic solitude reclin'd,
The cheerless Tanais pours his hoary urn. 364
What solemn twilight! What stupendous shades
Enwrap these infant floods! Thro' every nerve
A sacred horror thrills, a pleasing fear
Glides o'er my frame. The forest deepens round;
And more gigantic still th' impending trees 369
Stretch their extravagant arms athwart the gloom.
Are these the confines of some fairy world?
A land of Genii? Say, beyond these wilds
What unknown nations? If indeed beyond
Aught habitable lies. And whither leads,
To what strange regions, or of bliss or pain, 375
That

That subterraneous way? Propitious maids,
 Conduct me, while with fearful steps I tread
 This trembling ground. The task remains to sing
 Your gifts, (so Pæon, so the powers of health
 Command) to praise your crystal element: 380
 The chief ingredient in heaven's various works;
 Whose flexile genius sparkles in the gem,
 Grows firm in oak, and fugitive in wine;
 The vehicle, the source, of nutriment
 And life, to all that vegetate or live. 385

O comfortable streams! With eager lips
 And trembling hand the languid thirsty quaff
 New life in you; fresh vigor fills their veins:
 No warmer cups the rural ages knew;
 None warmer fought the fires of human-kind. 390
 Happy in temperate peace! Their equal days
 Felt not th' alternate fits of feverish mirth,
 And sick dejection. Still serene and pleas'd,
 They

They knew no pains but what the tender soul
 With pleasure yields to, and would ne'er forget.
 Blest with divine immunity from ails,
 Long centuries they liv'd; their only fate
 Was ripe old age, and rather sleep than death.
 O! could those worthies from the world of Gods
 Return to visit their degenerate sons,
 How would they scorn the joys of modern time,
 With all our art and toil improv'd to pain!
 Too happy they! But wealth brought luxury,
 And luxury on sloth begot disease.

Learn temperance, friends; and hear without
 disdain

The choice of water. Thus the * Coan sage
 Opin'd, and thus the learn'd of every school.
 What least of foreign principles partakes
 Is best: The lightest then; what bears the touch

* Hippocrates.

Of fire the least, and soonest mounts in air; 410

The most insipid; the most void of smell.

Such the rude mountain from his horrid fides

Pours down; such waters in the sandy vale

For ever boil, alike of winter frosts

And summer's heat secure. The lucid stream, 415

O'er rocks resounding, or for many a mile

Hurl'd down the pebbly channel, wholesome yields

And mellow draughts; except when winter thaws,

And half the mountains melt into the tide.

Tho' thirst were ne'er so resolute, avoid 420

The fordid lake, and all such drowsy floods

As fill from Lethe Belgia's flow canals;

(With rest corrupt, with vegetation green;

Squalid with generation, and the birth

Of little monsters;) till the power of fire 425

Has from profane embraces disengag'd

The violated lymph. The virgin stream

In boiling wastes its finer soul in air.

Nothing

Nothing like simple element dilutes
 The food, or gives the chyle so soon to flow. 430
 But where the stomach, indolently given,
 Toys with its duty, animate with wine
 Th' insipid stream: Tho' golden Ceres yields
 A more voluptuous, a more sprightly draught;
 Perhaps more active. Wine unmix'd, and all 435
 The gluey floods that from the vex'd abyss
 Of fermentation spring; with spirit fraught,
 And furious with intoxicating fire;
 Retard concoction, and preserve unthaw'd
 Th' embodied mass. You see what countless
 years, 440
 Embalm'd in fiery quintessence of wine,
 The puny wonders of the reptile world,
 The tender rudiments of life, the slim
 Unrav'lings of minute anatomy,
 Maintain their texture, and unchang'd remain! 445

We curse not wine: The vile excess we blame;
 More fruitful, than th' accumulated board,
 Of pain and misery. For the subtle draught
 Faster and surer swells the vital tide;
 And with more active poison, than the floods 450
 Of grosser crudity convey, pervades
 The far-remote meanders of our frame.
 Ah! sly deceiver! Branded o'er and o'er,
 Yet still believ'd! Exulting o'er the wreck
 Of sober Vows!—But the Parnassian maids 455
 * Another time perhaps shall sing the joys,
 The fatal charms, the many woes of wine;
 Perhaps its various tribes, and various powers.

Meantime, I would not always dread the bowl,
 Nor every trespass shun. The feverish strife, 460
 Rous'd by the rare debauch, subdues, expels
 The loitering crudities, that burden life;

* See Book IV. from verse 164 to ver. 218.

And,

And, like a torrent full and rapid, clears
 Th' obstructed tubes. Besides, this restless world
 Is full of chances, which by habit's power 465
 To learn to bear is easier than to shun.

Ah! when ambition, meagre love of gold,
 Or sacred country calls, with mellowing wine
 To moisten well the thirsty suffrages ;

Say how, unseason'd to the midnight frays 470
 Of Comus and his rout, wilt thou contend
 With Centaurs long to hardy deeds inur'd?

Then learn to revel ; but by slow degrees :
 By slow degrees the liberal arts are won ; 474

And Hercules grew strong. But when you smooth
 The brows of care, indulge your festive vein
 In cups by well-inform'd experience found

The least your bane ; and only with your friends.
 There are sweet follies, frailties to be seen
 By friends alone, and men of generous minds. 480

O! feldom may the fated hours return
Of drinking deep! I would not daily tafte,
Except when life declines, even fober cups.
Weak withering age no rigid law forbids, 484
With frugal nectar, fmooth and flow with balm,
The faplefs habit daily to bedew,
And give the hesitating wheels of life
Gliblier to play. But youth has better joys;
And is it wife when youth with pleasure flows,
To fquander the reliefs of age and pain? 490

What dext'rous thoufands juft within the goal
Of wild debauch direct their nightly courfe!
Perhaps no fickly qualms bedim their days,
No morning admonitions fhock the head.
But ah! what woes remain! Life rolls apace; 495
And that incurable difeafe old age,
In youthful bodies more feverely felt,
More fternly active, fhakes their blafed prime :
Except

Except kind nature by some hasty blow
 Prevent the lingering fates. For know, whate'er
 Beyond its natural fervor hurries on 501
 The sanguine tide; whether the frequent bowl,
 High-season'd fare, or exercise to toil
 Protracted; spurs to its last stage tir'd life,
 And sows the temples with untimely snow.
 When life is new, the ductile fibres feel 505
 The heart's increasing force; and, day by day,
 The growth advances; till the larger tubes,
 Acquiring (from their * elemental veins,
 Condens'd to solid chords) a firmer tone,

* In the human body, as well as in those of other animals, the larger blood-vessels are composed of smaller ones; which, by the violent motion and pressure of the fluids in the large vessels, lose their cavities by degrees, and degenerate into impervious chords or fibres. In proportion as these small vessels become solid, the large must of course grow less extensile, more rigid, and make a stronger resistance to the action of the heart, and force of the blood. From this gradual condensation of the smaller vessels, and consequent rigidity of the larger ones, the progress of the human body from infancy to old age is accounted for.

Sustain,

Sustain, and just sustain, th' impetuous blood. 510
 Here stops the growth. With overbearing pulse
 And pressure, still the great destroy the small;
 Still with the ruins of the small grow strong.
 Life glows mean time, amid the grinding force
 Of viscous fluids and elastic tubes; 515
 Its various functions vigorously are plied
 By strong machinery; and in solid health
 The man confirm'd long triumphs o'er disease.
 But the full ocean ebbs: There is a point,
 By nature fix'd, whence life must downwards tend.
 For still the beating tide consolidates 521
 The stubborn vessels, more reluctant still
 To the weak throbbings of th' enfeebled heart.
 This languishing, these strengthening by degrees
 To hard unyielding unelastic bone, 525
 Thro' tedious channels the congealing flood
 Crawls lazily, and hardly wanders on;
 It loiters still: And now it stirs no more.

This is the period few attain; the death
 Of nature: Thus (so heav'n ordain'd it) life 530
 Destroys itself; and could these laws have chang'd,
 Nestor might now the fates of Troy relate;
 And Homer live immortal as his song.

What does not fade? The tower that long had
 stood
 The crush of thunder, and the warring winds, 535
 Shook by the slow but sure destroyer Time,
 Now hangs in doubtful ruins o'er its base.
 And flinty pyramids, and walls of brass,
 Descend; the Babylonian spires are sunk;
 Achaia, Rome, and Egypt moulder down. 540
 Time shakes the stable tyranny of thrones,
 And tottering empires rush by their own weight.
 This huge rotundity we tread grows old;
 And all those worlds that roll around the sun,
 The sun himself, shall die; and ancient Night 545

Again involve the desolate abyfs :
Till the great FATHER thro' the lifelefs gloom
Extend his arm to light another world,
And bid new planets roll by other laws.
For thro' the regions of unbounded space, 550
Where unconfin'd Omnipotence has room,
BEING, in various systems, fluctuates still
Between Creation and abhorr'd Decay ;
It ever did ; perhaps and ever will.
New worlds are still emerging from the deep ; 555
The old descending, in their turns to rise.

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OF PRESERVING
HEALTH.
BOOK III.
EXERCISE.

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THRO' various toils th' adventurous Muse
has past ;
But half the toil, and more than half, remains,
Rude is her theme, and hardly fit for song ;
Plain, and of little ornament ; and I
But little practis'd in th' Aonian arts. 5
Yet not in vain such labours have we tried,
If ought these lays the fickle health confirm.

To you, ye delicate, I write; for you
 I tame my youth to philosophic cares,
 And grow still paler by the midnight lamps. 10
 Not to debilitate with timorous rules
 A hardy frame; nor needlessly to brave
 Unglorious dangers, proud of mortal strength;
 Is all the lesson that in wholesome years
 Concerns the strong. His care were ill bestow'd
 Who would with warm effeminacy nurse 16
 The thriving oak, which on the mountain's brow
 Bears all the blasts that sweep the wintry heav'n.

Behold the labourer of the glebe, who toils
 In dust, in rain, in cold and sultry skies: 20
 Save but the grain from mildews and the flood,
 Nought anxious he what sickly stars ascend.
 He knows no laws by Esculapius given;
 He studies none. Yet him nor midnight fogs
 Infest, nor those envenom'd shafts that fly 25

When

When rabid Sirius fires th' autumnal noon.
His habit pure with plain and temperate meals,
Robust with labour, and by custom steel'd
To every casualty of varied life ;
Serene he bears the peevish eastern blast, 30
And uninfected breathes the mortal South.

Such the reward of rude and sober life ;
Of labour such. By health the peasant's toil
Is well repaid ; if exercise were pain 34
Indeed, and temperance pain. By arts like these
Laconia nurs'd of old her hardy sons ;
And Rome's unconquer'd legions urg'd their way,
Unhurt, thro' every toil in every clime.

Toil, and be strong. By toil the flaccid nerves
Grow firm, and gain a more compacted tone : 40
The greener juices are by toil subdu'd,
Mellow'd, and subtilis'd ; the vapid old
Expell'd,

Expell'd, and all the rancor of the blood.
Come, my companions, ye who feel the charms
Of nature and the year ; come, let us stray 45
Where chance or fancy leads our roving walk :
Come, while the soft voluptuous breezes fan
The fleecy heavens, enwrap the limbs in balm,
And shed a charming languor o'er the soul.
Nor when bright Winter fows with prickly frost
The vigorous ether, in unmanly warmth 51
Indulge at home ; nor even when Eurus' blasts
This way and that convolve the lab'ring woods.
My liberal walks, save when the skies in rain
Or fogs relent, no season should confine 55
Or to the cloister'd gallery or arcade.
Go, climb the mountain ; from th' ethereal source
Imbibe the recent gale. The chearful morn
Beams o'er the hills ; go, mount th' exulting steed :
Already, see, the deep-mouth'd beagles catch 60
The tainted mazes ; and, on eager sport

Intent,

Intent, with emulous impatience try
Each doubtful track. Or, if a nobler prey
Delight you more, go chase the desperate deer ;
And thro' its deepest solitudes awake
The vocal forest with the jovial horn.

But if the breathless chase o'er hill and dale
Exceed your strength ; a sport of less fatigue,
Not less delightful, the prolific stream
Affords. The chrystal rivulet, that o'er
A stony channel rolls its rapid maze,
Swarms with the silver fry. Such, thro' the bounds
Of pastoral Stafford, runs the brawling Trent ;
Such Eden, sprung from Cumbrian mountains, such
The Esk, o'erhung with woods ; and such the
stream

On whose Arcadian banks I first drew air,
Liddal ; till now, except in Doric lays
Tun'd to her murmurs by her love-sick swains,

Unknown in song: Tho' not a purer stream,
Thro' meads more flow'ry, or more romantic
groves, 80
Rolls toward the western main. Hail sacred flood!
May still thy hospitable swains be blest
In rural innocence; thy mountains still
Teem with the fleecy race; thy tuneful woods
For ever flourish; and thy vales look gay 85
With painted meadows, and the golden grain!
Oft, with thy blooming sons, when life was new,
Sportive and petulant, and charm'd with toys,
In thy transparent eddies have I lav'd:
Oft trac'd with patient steps thy fairy banks, 90
With the well-imitated fly to hook
The eager trout, and with the slender line
And yielding rod solicit to the shore
The struggling panting prey; while vernal clouds
And tepid gales obscur'd the ruffled pool, 95
And from the deeps call'd forth the wanton swarms.
Form'd

Form'd on the Samian school, or those of Ind,
 There are who think these pastimes scarce humane:
 Yet in my mind (and not relentless I)
 His life is pure that wears no fouler stains. 100
 But if thro' genuine tenderness of heart,
 Or secret want of relish for the game,
 You shun the glories of the chace, nor care
 To hunt the peopled stream; the garden yields
 A soft amusement, a humane delight. 105
 To raise th' insipid nature of the ground;
 Or tame its savage genius to the grace
 Of careless sweet rusticity, that seems
 The amiable result of happy chance,
 Is to create; and gives a god-like joy, 110
 Which every year improves. Nor thou disdain
 To check the lawless riot of the trees,
 To plant the grove, or turn the barren mould.
 O happy he! whom, when his years decline,
 (His fortune and his fame by worthy means 115

Attain'd, and equal to his moderate mind ;
 His life approv'd by all the wife and good,
 Even envied by the vain) the peaceful groves
 Of Epicurus, from this stormy world,
 Receive to rest ; of all ungrateful cares
 Absolv'd, and sacred from the selfish crowd.
 Happiest of men ! if the same soil invites
 A chosen few, companions of his youth,
 Once fellow-rakes perhaps, now rural friends ;
 With whom in easy commerce to pursue
 Nature's free charms, and vie for sylvan fame :
 A fair ambition ; void of strife or guile,
 Or jealousy, or pain to be outdone.
 Who plans th' enchanted garden, who directs
 The vifo best, and best conducts the stream ;
 Whose groves the fastest thicken and ascend ;
 Whom first the welcome spring salutes ; who shews
 The earliest bloom, the sweetest proudest charms,
 Of Flora ; who best gives Pomona's juice

To match the sprightly genius of Champain. 135

Thrice happy days! in rural business past.

Blest winter nights! when, as the genial fire

Cheers the wide hall, his cordial family

With soft domestic arts the hours beguile, 139

And pleasing talk that starts no timerous fame,

With witlefs wantoness to hunt it down :

Or thro' the fairy-land of tale or song

Delighted wander, in fictitious fates

Engag'd, and all that strikes humanity ;

Till lost in fable, they the stealing hour 145

Of timely rest forget. Sometimes, at eve,

His neighbours lift the latch, and blefs unbid

His festal roof; while, o'er the light repast,

And sprightly cups, they mix in social joy ;

And, thro' the maze of conversation, trace 150

Whate'er amuses or improves the mind,

Sometimes at eve (for I delight to taste

The native zest and flavour of the fruit,

Where

Where sense grows wild, and takes of no manure)
 The decent, honest, chearful husbandman 155
 Should drown his labours in my friendly bowl;
 And at my table find himself at home.

Whate'er you study, in whate'er you sweat,
 Indulge your taste. Some love the manly foils;
 The tennis some; and some the graceful dance. 160
 Others, more hardy, range the purple heath,
 Or naked stubble; where from field to field
 The founding coveys urge their labouring flight;
 Eager amid the rising cloud to pour 164
 The gun's unerring thunder: And there are
 Whom still the * meed of the green archer charms.
 He chuses best, whose labour entertains
 His vacant fancy most: The toil you hate
 Fatigues you soon, and scarce improves your limbs.

* This word is much used by some of the old English poets,
 and signifies *Reward* or *Prize*.

As beauty still has blemish ; and the mind 170
The most accomplish'd its imperfect side ;
Few bodies are there of that happy mould
But some one part is weaker than the rest :
The legs, perhaps, or arms refuse their load,
Or the chest labours. These assiduously, 175
But gently, in their proper arts employ'd,
Acquire a vigor and elastic spring
To which they were not born. But weaker parts
Abhor fatigue and violent discipline. 179

Begin with gentle toils ; and, as your nerves
Grow firm, to hardier by just steps aspire.
The prudent, even in every moderate walk,
At first but saunter ; and by slow degrees
Increase their pace. This doctrine of the wise
Well knows the master of the flying steed. 185
First from the goal the manag'd coursers play
On bended reins ; as yet the skilful youth

Repress their foamy pride; but every breath
 The race grows warmer, and the tempest swells;
 Till all the fiery mettle has its way, | 190
 And the thick thunder hurries o'er the plain.
 When all at once from indolence to toil
 You spring, the fibres by the hasty shock
 Are tir'd and crack'd, before their unctuous coats,
 Compress'd, can pour the lubricating balm. 195
 Besides, collected in the passive veins,
 The purple mass a sudden torrent rolls,
 O'erpowers the heart, and deluges the lungs
 With dangerous inundation: Oft the source
 Of fatal woes; a cough that foams with blood,
 Asthma, and feller * Peripneumonie, 201
 Or the slow minings of the hectic fire.

Th' athletic fool, to whom what heav'n deny'd
 Of soul is well compensated in limbs,

* The inflammation of the lungs.

Exercise. *preserving* H E A L T H. 73

Oft from his rage, or brainless frolic, feels 205

His vegetation and brute force decay.

The men of better clay and finer mould

Know nature, feel the human dignity ;

And scorn to vie with oxen or with apes.

Pursued prolixly, even the gentlest toil 210

Is waste of health : Repose by small fatigue

Is earn'd ; and (where your habit is not prone

To thaw) by the first moisture of the brows.

The fine and subtle spirits cost too much

To be profus'd, too much the roscid balm. 215

But when the hard varieties of life

You toil to learn ; or try the dusty chace,

Or the warm deeds of some important day :

Hot from the field, indulge not yet your limbs

In wish'd repose, nor court the fanning gale, 220

Nor taste the spring. O ! by the sacred tears

Of widows, orphans, mothers, sisters, fires,

Forbear ! No other pestilence has driven

Such myriads o'er th' irremeable deep.
Why this so fatal, the sagacious Muse 225
Thro' nature's cunning labyrinths could trace :
But there are secrets which who knows not now,
Must, ere he reach them, climb the heapy Alps
Of science ; and devote seven years to toil.
Besides, I would not stun your patient ears 230
With what it little boots you to attain.
He knows enough, the mariner, who knows
Where lurk the shelves, and where the whirlpools
boil,
What signs portend the storm: To subtler minds
He leaves to scan, from what mysterious cause 235
Charybdis rages in th' Ionian wave ;
Whence those impetuous currents in the main,
Which neither oar nor sail can stem ; and why
The roughning deep expects the storm, as sure
As red Orion mounts the shrowded heaven. 240

In ancient times, when Rome with Athens vied
 For polish'd luxury and useful arts;
 All hot and reeking from th' Olympic strife,
 And warm Palestra, in the tepid bath
 Th' athletic youth relax'd their weary'd limbs.
 Soft oils bedew'd them, with the grateful pow'rs
 Of Nard and Cassia fraught, to sooth and heal
 The cherish'd nerves. Our less voluptuous clime
 Not much invites us to such arts as these.
 'Tis not for those, whom gelid skies embrace,
 And chilling fogs; whose perspiration feels
 Such frequent bars from Eurus and the North;
 'Tis not for those to cultivate a skin
 Too soft; or teach the recremental fume
 Too fast to crowd thro' such precarious ways.
 For thro' the small arterial mouths, that pierce
 In endless millions the close-woven skin,
 The baser fluids in a constant stream
 Escape, and viewless melt into the winds.

While this eternal, this most copious waste 260
 Of blood degenerate into vapid brine,
 Maintains its wonted measure; all the powers
 Of health befriend you; all the wheels of life
 With ease and pleasure move: But this restrain'd
 Or more or less, so more or less you feel 265
 The functions labour. From this fatal source
 What woes descend is never to be sung.
 To take their numbers, were to count the sands
 That ride in whirlwind the parch'd Lybian air;
 Or waves that, when the blustering North embroils
 The Baltic, thunder on the German shore. 271
 Subject not then, by soft emollient arts,
 This grand expence, on which your fates depend,
 To every caprice of the sky; nor thwart
 The genius of your clime: For from the blood
 Least fickle rise the recremental steams, 276
 And least obnoxious to the styptic air,
 Which breathe thro' straiter and more callous pores.

The temper'd Scythian hence, half-naken treads
 His boundless snows, nor rues th' inclement heaven;
 And hence our painted ancestors defied
 The East; nor curs'd, like us, their fickle sky.

The body moulded by the clime, indures
 Th' Equator heats, or Hyperborean frost :
 Except by habits foreign to its turn,
 Unwise, you counteract its forming pow'r.
 Rude at the first, the winter shocks you less
 By long acquaintance : Study then your sky,
 Form to its manners your obsequious frame,
 And learn to suffer what you cannot shun. 290
 Against the rigors of a damp cold heav'n
 To fortify their bodies, some frequent
 The gelid cistern ; and, where nought forbids,
 I praise their dauntless heart. A frame so steel'd
 Dreads not the cough, nor those ungenial blasts,
 That breathe the Tertian or fell Rheumatism ; 296

The

The nerves so temper'd never quit their tone,
 No chronic languors haunt such hardy breasts.

But all things have their bounds: And he who makes
 By daily use the kindest regimen 300

Essential to his health, should never mix

With human kind, nor art nor trade pursue.

He not the safe vicissitudes of life

Without some shock endures; ill-fitted he 304

To want the known, or bear unusual things.

Besides, the powerful remedies of pain

(Since pain in spite of all our care will come)

Should never with your prosperous days of health

Grow too familiar: For by frequent use 309

The strongest medicines lose their healing power,

And even the surest poisons theirs to kill.

Let those who from the frozen Arctos reach

Parch'd Mauritania, or the sultry West,

Or the wide flood that waters Indostan,

Plunge

Plunge thrice a day, and in the tepid wave 315

Untwist their stubborn pores; that full and free

Th' evaporation thro' the softned skin

May bear proportion to the swelling blood.

So shall they 'scape the fever's rapid flames;

So feel untainted the hot breath of hell. 320

With us, the man of no complaint demands

The warm ablution, just enough to clear

The sluices of the skin, enough to keep

The body sacred from indecent soil.

Still to be pure, even did it not conduce 325

(As much it does) to health, were greatly worth

Your daily pains. 'Tis this adorns the rich;

The want of this is poverty's worst woe:

With this external virtue, age maintains 329

A decent grace; without it, youth and charms

Are loathsome. This the skilful virgin knows:

So doubtless do your wives. For married fires,

As well as lovers, still pretend to taste;

Nor

Nor is it less (all prudent wives can tell)

To lose a husband's, than a lover's heart. 335

But now the hours and seasons when to toil,
From foreign themes recall my wandering song.

Some labour fasting, or but slightly fed,

To lull the grinding stomach's hungry rage :

Where nature feeds too corpulent a frame 340

'Tis wisely done. For while the thirsty veins,

Impatient of lean penury, devour

The treasur'd oil, then is the happiest time

To shake the lazy balsam from its cells.

Now while the stomach from the full repast 345

Subsides ; but ere returning hunger gnaws ;

Ye leaner habits give an hour to toil :

And ye whom no luxuriancy of growth

Oppresses yet, or threatens to oppress.

But from the recent meal no labours please, 350

Of limbs or mind. For now the cordial powers

Claim

Claim all the wandering spirits to a work
Of strong and subtle toil, and great event;
A work of time: and you may rue the day
You hurried, with ill-seasoned exercise, 355
A half concocted chyle into the blood.

The body overcharg'd with unctuous phlegm
Much toil demands: The lean elastic less.
While winter chills the blood, and binds the veins,
No labours are too hard: By those you 'scape
The slow diseases of the torpid year; 361
Endless to name; to one of which alone,

To that which tears the nerves, the toil of slaves
Is pleasure: Oh! from such inhuman pains
May all be free who merit not the wheel! 365
But from the burning Lion when the sun
Pours down his sultry wrath; now while the blood
Too much already maddens in the veins,
And all the finer fluids thro' the skin 369
Explore their flight; me, near the cool cascade

L

Reclin'd,

Reclin'd, or fauntring in the lofty grove,
No needless flight occasion should engage
To pant and sweat beneath the fiery noon.
Now the fresh morn alone and mellow eve
To shady walks and active rural sports 375
Invite. But, while the chilling dews descend,
May nothing tempt you to the cold embrace
Of humid skies: Tho' 'tis no vulgar joy
To trace the horrors of the solemn wood,
While the soft evening saddens into night: 380
Tho' the sweet poet of the vernal groves
Melts all the night in strains of amorous woe.

The shades descend, and midnight o'er the world
Expands her sable wings. Great nature droops
Thro' all her works. Now happy he whose toil
Has o'er his languid powerless limbs diffus'd 386
A pleasing lassitude: He not in vain
Invokes the gentle deity of dreams.

His

His powers the most voluptuously dissolve

In soft repose: On him the balmy dews 390

Of sleep with double nutriment descend.

But would you sweetly waste the blank of night

In deep oblivion; or on fancy's wings

Visit the paradise of happy dreams,

And waken chearful as the lively morn; 395

Oppress not nature sinking down to rest

With feasts too late, too solid, or too full.

But be the first concoction half-matur'd,

Ere you to mighty indolence resign

Your passive faculties. He from the toils 400

And troubles of the day to heavier toil

Retires, whom trembling from the tower that rocks

Amid the clouds, or Calpe's hideous height,

The busy dæmons hurl, or in the main

O'erwhelm, or bury struggling under ground.

Not all a monarch's luxury the woes 406

Can counterpoise, of that most wretched man,

Whose nights are shaken with the frantic fits
 Of wild Orestes ; whose delirious brain, 409
 Stung by the furies, works with poisoned thought :
 While pale and monstrous painting shocks the soul ;
 And mangled consciousness bemoans itself
 For ever torn ; and chaos floating round.
 What dreams preface, what dangers these or those
 Portend to sanity, tho' prudent seers 415
 Reveal'd of old, and men of deathless fame ;
 We would not to the superstitious mind
 Suggest new throbs, new vanities of fear.
 'Tis ours to teach you from the peaceful night
 To banish omens, and all restless woes. 420

In study some protract the silent hours,
 Which others consecrate to mirth and wine ;
 And sleep till noon, and hardly live till night.
 But surely this redeems not from the shades
 One hour of life. Nor does it nought avail 425

What season you to drowsy Morpheus give
 Of th' ever-varying circle of the day ;
 Or whether, thro' the tedious winter gloom,
 You tempt the midnight or the morning damps.
 The body, fresh and vigorous from repose, 430
 Defies the early fogs : but, by the toils
 Of wakeful day, exhausted and unstrung,
 Weakly resists the night's unwholsome breath.
 The grand discharge, th' effusion of the skin,
 Slowly impair'd, the languid maladies 435
 Creep on, and thro' the sick'ning functions steal.
 So, when the chilling East invades the spring,
 The delicate Narcissus pines away
 In hectic languor ; and a slow disease
 Taints all the family of flowers, condemn'd 440
 To cruel heav'ns. But why, already prone
 To fade, should beauty cherish its own bane ?
 O shame ! O pity ! nipt with pale Quadrille,
 And midnight cares, the bloom of Albion dies !

By

By toil subdu'd, the Warrior and the Hind 445
 Sleep fast and deep: their active functions soon
 With generous streams the subtle tubes supply;
 And soon the tonic irritable nerves
 Feel the fresh impulse, and awake the soul.
 The sons of indolence, with long repose, 450
 Grow torpid; and, with slowest Lethe drunk,
 Feebly and lingringly return to life,
 Blunt every sense, and powerless every limb:
 Ye, prone to sleep (whom sleeping most annoys)
 On the hard mattrafs or elastic couch 455
 Extend your limbs, and wean yourselves from sloth;
 Nor grudge the lean projector, of dry brain
 And springy nerves, the blandishments of down;
 Nor envy while the buried bacchanal
 Exhales his surfeit in prolixer dreams. 460

He without riot, in the balmy feast
 Of life, the wants of nature has supplied

Who

Who rises cool, serene, and full of soul.
But pliant nature more or less demands,
As custom forms her; and all sudden change 465
She hates of habit, even from bad to good.
If faults in life, or new emergencies,
From habits urge you by long time confirm'd,
Slow may the change arrive, and stage by stage;
Slow as the shadow o'er the dial moves, 470
Slow as the stealing progress of the year.

Observe the circling year. How unperceiv'd
Her seasons change! Behold! by slow degrees,
Stern Winter tam'd into a ruder spring; 474
The ripen'd Spring a milder summer glows;
Departing Summer sheds Pomona's store;
And aged Autumn brews the winter-storm.
Slow as they come, these changes come not void
Of mortal shocks: The cold and torrid reigns,
The two great periods of th' important year, 480
Are

Are in their first approaches seldom safe :
 Funereal Autumn all the sickly dread,
 And the black fates deform the lovely Spring.
 He well advis'd, who taught our wiser fires
 Early to borrow Muscovy's warm spoils, 485
 Ere the first frost has touch'd the tender blade;
 And late resign them, tho' the wanton Spring
 Should deck her charms with all her Sister's rays.
 For while the effluence of the skin maintains
 Its native measure, the pleuritic Spring 490
 Glides harmless by; and Autumn sick to death
 With fallow Quartans, no contagion breathes.

I in prophetic numbers could unfold
 The omens of the year: what seasons teem
 With what diseases; what the humid South 495
 Prepares, and what the Dæmon of the East:
 But you perhaps refuse the tedious song.
 Besides, whatever plagues in heat, or cold,

Or

Or drought, or moisture dwell, they hurt not you,
Skill'd to correct the vices of the sky, 500
And taught already how to each extrem
To bend your life. But should the public bane
Infect you, or some trespass of your own,
Or flaw of nature hint mortality :
Soon as a not unpleasing horror glides 505
Along the spine, thro' all your torpid limbs ;
When first the head throbs, or the stomach feels
A sickly load, a weary pain the loins ;
Be Celsus call'd : The fates come rushing on ;
The rapid fates admit of no delay. 510
While wilful you, and fatally secure,
Expect to morrow's more auspicious sun,
The growing pest, whose infancy was weak
And easy vanquish'd, with triumphant sway
O'erpow'rs your life. For want of timely care
Millions have died of medicable wounds. 515

M

Ah!

Ah! in what perils is vain life engag'd!
What slight neglects, what trivial faults destroy
The hardiest frame! Of indolence, of toil,
We die; of want, of superfluity. 520
The all-surrounding heaven, the vital air,
Is big with death. And, tho' the putrid South
Be shut; tho' no convulsive agony
Shake, from the deep foundations of the world,
Th' imprisoned plagues; a secret venom oft
Corrupts the air, the water, and the land. 526
What livid deaths has sad Byzantium seen!
How oft has Cairo, with a mother's woe,
Wept o'er her slaughter'd sons, and lonely streets!
Even Albion, girt with less malignant skies, 530
Albion the poison of the Gods has drunk,
And felt the sting of monsters all her own.
Ere yet the fell Plantagenets had spent
Their ancient rage, at Bosworth's purple field;
While,

While, for which tyrant England should receive,
Her legions in incestuous murders mix'd, 536

And daily horrors ; till the Fates were drunk
With kindred blood by kindred hands profus'd:

Another plague of more gygantic arm
Arose, a monster never known before 540

Rear'd from Cocytus its portentous head.

This rapid fury not, like other pests,

Pursued a gradual course, but in a day

Rush'd as a storm o'er half th' astonish'd isle,

And strew'd with sudden carcasses the land. 545

First thro' the shoulders, or whatever part

Was seiz'd the first, a fervid vapour sprung.

With rash combustion thence, the quivering spark

Shot to the heart, and kindled all within ; 549

And soon the surface caught the spreading fires.

Thro' all the yielding pores the melted blood

Gush'd out in smoaky sweats ; but nought assuag'd

The torrid heat within, nor aught reliev'd
 The stomach's anguish. With incessant toil,
 Desperate of ease, impatient of their pain, 555
 The toss'd from side to side. In vain the stream
 Ran full and clear, they burnt and thirsted still.
 The restless arteries with rapid blood
 Beat strong and frequent. Thick and pantingly
 The breath was fetch'd, and with huge lab'rings
 heav'd. 560

At last a heavy pain oppress'd the head ;
 A wild delirium came ; their weeping friends
 Were strangers now, and this no home of theirs.
 Harass'd with toil on toil, the sinking powers
 Lay prostrate and o'erthrown ; a ponderous sleep
 Wrapt all the senses up : They slept and died. 566

In some a gentle horror crept at first
 O'er all the limbs ; the sluices of the skin
 With-held their moisture ; till by art provok'd

The

The sweats o'erflow'd; but in a clammy tide: 570
 Now free and copious, now restrain'd and flow;
 Of tinctures various, as the temperature
 Had mix'd the blood; and rank with fetid steams:
 As if the pent-up humors by delay 574
 Were grown more fell, more putrid, and malign.
 Here lay their hopes (tho' little hope remain'd)
 With full effusion of perpetual sweats
 To drive the venom out. And here the fates
 Were kind, that long they linger'd not in pain.
 For who surviv'd the sun's diurnal race 580
 Rose from the dreary gates of hell redeem'd:
 Some the sixth hour oppress'd, and some the third.

Of many thousands few untainted 'scap'd;
 Of those infected fewer 'scap'd alive:
 Of those who liv'd some felt a second blow; 585
 And whom the second spar'd a third destroy'd.
 Frantic with fear, they fought by flight to shun

The

The fierce contagion. O'er the mournful land
 Th' infected city pour'd her hurrying swarms:
 Rous'd by the flames that fir'd her seats around,
 Th' infected country rush'd into the town. 591
 Some, sad at home, and in the desert some,
 Abjur'd the fatal commerce of mankind;
 In vain: where'er they fled the Fates pursued.
 Others, with hopes more specious, cross'd the main,
 To seek protection in far-distant skies; 596
 But none they found. It seem'd the general air
 Was then at enmity with English blood.
 For, but the race of England, all were safe
 In foreign climes; nor did this Fury taste 600
 The foreign blood which Albion then contain'd.
 Where should they fly? The circumambient
 heaven
 Involv'd them still; and every breeze was bane.
 Where find relief? The salutary art 604
 Was mute; and, startled at the new disease,

In fearful whispers hopeless omens gave.

To heaven with suppliant rites they sent their
pray'rs;

Heav'n heard them not. Of every hope depriv'd;

Fatigu'd with vain resources; and subdued

With woes resistless and enfeebling fear; 610

Passive they sunk beneath the weighty blow.

Nothing but lamentable sounds was heard,

Nor ought was seen but ghastly views of death.

Infectious horror ran from face to face, 614

And pale despair. 'Twas all the business then

To tend the sick, and in their turns to die.

In heaps they fell: And oft one bed, they say,

The sickening, dying, and the dead contain'd.

Ye guardian Gods, on whom the Fates depend

Of tottering Albion! Ye eternal fires, 620

That lead thro' heav'n the wandering year! Ye

powers,

That

That o'er th' incircling elements preside !
May nothing worse than what this age has seen
Arrive ! Enough abroad, enough at home 624
Has Albion bled. Here a distemper'd heaven
Has thin'd her cities ; from those lofty cliffs
That awe proud Gaul, to Thule's wintry reign ;
While in the West, beyond th' Atlantic foam,
Her bravest sons, keen for the fight, have died
The death of cowards, and of common men ; 630
Sunk void of wounds, and fall'n without renown.

But from these views the weeping Muses turn,
And other themes invite my wandering song.

T H E

THE
ART
OF PRESERVING
HEALTH.

BOOK IV.

The PASSIONS.

MARY

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H E A L T H.

B O O K I V.

The P A S S I O N S.

THE choice of aliment, the choice of air,
The use of toil and all external things,
Already fung ; it now remains to trace
What good, what evil from ourselves proceeds :
And how the subtle principle within 5
Inspires with health, or mines with strange decay
The passive body. Ye poetic Shades,
That know the secrets of the world unseen,

Affist my song! For, in a doubtful theme
Engag'd, I wander thro' mysterious ways. 10

There is, they say, (and I believe there is)
A spark within us of th' immortal fire,
That animates and moulds the grosser frame;
And when the body sinks, escapes to heaven,
Its native seat; and mixes with the Gods. 15

Mean while this heavenly particle pervades
The mortal elements; in every nerve
It thrills with pleasure, or grows mad with pain.
And, in its secret conclave, as it feels
The body's woes and joys, this ruling power 20
Weilds at its will the dull material world,
And is the body's health or malady.

By its own toil the gross corporeal frame
Fatigues, extenuates, or destroys itself:
Nor less the labours of the mind corrode 25

The

The solid fabric. For by subtle parts,
 And viewless atoms, secret Nature moves
 The mighty wheels of this stupendous world.
 By subtle fluids pour'd thro' subtle tubes
 The natural, vital, functions are perform'd. 30
 By these the stubborn aliments are tam'd ;
 The toiling heart distributes life and strength ;
 These the still-crumbling frame rebuild ; and these
 Are lost in thinking, and dissolve in air.

But 'tis not Thought (for still the soul's em-
 ploy'd) 35

'Tis painful thinking that corrodes our clay.
 All day the vacant eye without fatigue
 Strays o'er the heaven and earth ; but long intent
 On microscopic arts its vigor fails.
 Just so the mind, with various thought amus'd,
 Nor aches itself, nor gives the body pain. 41
 But anxious Study, Discontent, and Care,

Love without hope, and Hate without revenge,
 And Fear, and Jealoufy, fatigue the foul,
 Engross the subtle ministers of life, 45
 And spoil the lab'ring functions of their share.
 Hence the lean gloom that Melancholy wears;
 The Lover's paleness; and the fallow hue
 Of Envy, Jealoufy; the meagre stare
 Of fore Revenge: The canker'd body hence 50
 Betrays each fretful motion of the mind.

The strong-built pedant; who both night
 and day
 Feeds on the coarsest fare the schools bestow,
 And crudely fattens at gross Burman's stall; 54
 O'erwhelm'd with phlegm lies in a dropsy drown'd,
 Or sinks in lethargy before his time.
 With useful studies you, and arts that please
 Employ your mind, amuse, but not fatigue.
 Peace to each drowsy metaphysic sage!

And

And ever may the German folio's rest! 60

Yet some there are, even of elastic parts,

Whom strong and obstinate ambition leads

Thro' all the rugged roads of barren lore,

And gives to relish what their generous taste

Would else refuse. But may nor thirst of fame 65

Nor love of knowledge urge you to fatigue

With constant drudgery the liberal soul.

Toy with your books: and, as the various fits

Of humour seize you, from Philosophy

To Fable shift; from serious Antonine 70

To Rabelais' ravings, and from prose to song.

While reading pleases, but no longer, read;

And read aloud resounding Homer's strain,

And wield the thunder of Demosthenes.

The chest so exercis'd improves its strength; 75

And quick vibrations thro' the bowels drive

The restless blood, which in unactive days

Would

Would loiter else thro' unelastic tubes,
 Deem it not trifling while I recommend
 What posture suits: To stand and sit by turns, 80
 As nature prompts, is best. But o'er your leaves
 To lean for ever, cramps the vital parts,
 And robs the fine machinery of its play.

'Tis the great art of life to manage well
 The restless mind. For ever on pursuit 85
 Of knowledge bent it starves the grosser powers.
 Quite unemploy'd, against its own repose
 It turns its fatal edge, and sharper pangs
 Than what the body knows embitter life.

Chiefly where Solitude, sad nurse of care, 90
 To sickly musing gives the pensive mind.
 There madness enters; and the dim-ey'd Fiend,
 Sour Melancholy, night and day provokes
 Her own eternal wound. The sun grows pale;
 A mournful visionary light o'erspreads 95

The

The chearful face of nature : earth becomes
 A dreary desert, and heaven frowns above.
 Then various shapes of curs'd illusion rise ;
 What'e'r the wretched fears, creating Fear
 Forms out of nothing ; and with monsters teems
 Unknown in hell. The prostrate soul beneath
 A load of huge imagination heaves.
 And all the horrors that the guilty feel,
 With anxious flutterings wake the guiltless breast.

Such phantoms Pride in solitary scenes,
 Or Fear, on delicate Self-love creates.
 From other cares absolv'd, the busy mind
 Finds in yourself a theme to pore upon ;
 It finds you miserable, or makes you so.
 For while yourself you anxiously explore,
 Timorous Self-love, with sick'ning Fancy's aid,
 Presents the danger that you dread the most,
 And ever galls you in your tender part.

Hence some for love, and some for jealousy,
 For grim religion some, and some for pride, 115
 Have lost their reason: some for fear of want
 Want all their lives; and others every day
 For fear of dying suffer worse than death.
 Ah! from your bosoms banish, if you can,
 Those fatal guests: and first the Demon Fear;
 That trembles at impossible events, 121
 Lest aged Atlas should resign his load
 And heaven's eternal battlements rush down.
 Is there an evil worse than fear itself?
 And what avails it that indulgent heaven 125
 From mortal eyes has wrapt the woes to come,
 If we, ingenious to torment ourselves,
 Grow pale at hideous fictions of our own?
 Enjoy the present; nor with needless cares,
 Of what may spring from blind Misfortune's
 womb, 130
 Appal the surest hour that life bestows.

Serene,

Serene, and master of yourself, prepare
For what may come; and leave the rest to heaven.

Oft from the body, by long ails mistun'd,
These evils sprung, the most important health, 135
That of the mind, destroy: And when the mind
They first invade, the conscious body soon
In sympathetic languishment declines.

These chronic passions, while from real woes
They rise, and yet without the body's fault 140
Infest the soul, admit one only cure;
Diversions, hurry, and a restless life.

Vain are the consolations of the wise,
In vain your friends would reason down your
pain.

Oh ye whose souls relentless love has tam'd 145
To soft distress, or friends untimely slain!

Court not the luxury of tender thought:
Nor deem it impious to forget those pains

That hurt the living, nought avail the dead.

Go, soft enthusiast! quit the cypress groves, 150

Nor to the rivulet's lonely moanings tune

Your sad complaint. Go, seek the chearful haunts

Of men, and mingle with the bustling croud;

Lay schemes for wealth, or power, or fame,

the wish 154

Of nobler minds, and push them night and day.

Or join the caravan in quest of scenes

New to your eyes, and shifting every hour;

Beyond the Alps, beyond the Appennines.

Or, more advent'rous, rush into the field 159

Where war grows hot; and, raging thro' the sky,

The lofty trumpet swells the maddening soul:

And in the hardy camp and toilome march

Forget all softer and less manly cares.

But most too passive, when the blood runs low,

Too weakly indolent to strive with pain, 165

And

And bravely by resisting conquer Fate,
 Try Circe's arts; and in the tempting bowl
 Of poison'd Nectar sweet oblivion drink.

Struck by the powerful charm, the gloom dissolves
 In empty air; Elysium opens round, 170

A pleasing phrenzy buoys the lighten'd soul,

And sanguine hopes dispel your fleeting care;

And what was difficult, and what was dire,

Yields to your prowess and superior stars:

The happiest you, of all that e'er were mad, 175

Or are, or shall be, could this folly last.

But soon your heaven is gone; a heavier gloom

Shuts o'er your head: and, as the thundering

stream,

Swoln o'er its banks with sudden mountain rain,

Sinks from its tumult to a silent brook; 180

So, when the frantic raptures in your breast

Subside, you languish into mortal man;

You sleep, and waking find yourself undone.

For

For prodigal of life in one rash night 184
 You lavish'd more than might support three days.
 A heavy morning comes; your cares return
 With ten-fold rage. An anxious stomach well
 May be endur'd; so may the throbbing head:
 But such a dim delirium, such a dream,
 Involves you; such a dastardly despair 190
 Unmans your soul, as madd'ning Pentheus felt
 When, baited round Citheron's cruel sides,
 He saw two suns, and double Thebes ascend.
 You curse the sluggish Port; you curse the wretch,
 The felon, with unnatural mixture first 195
 Who dar'd to violate the virgin wine.
 Or on the fugitive Champain you pour
 A thousand curses; for to heav'n your soul
 It rapt, to plunge you deeper in despair.
 Perhaps you rue even that divinest gift, 200
 The gay, serene, good-natur'd Burgundy,
 Or the fresh fragrant vintage of the Rhine:

And

And wish that heaven from mortals had withheld
The grape, and all intoxicating bowls.

Besides, it wounds you sore to recollect 205
What follies in your loose unguarded hour
Escap'd. By one irrevocable word,
Perhaps that meant no harm, you lose a friend!
Or in the rage of wine your hasty hand
Performs a deed to haunt you to your grave. 210
Add that your means, your health, your parts
decay;

Your friends avoid you; brutishly transform'd
They hardly know you; or if one remains
To wish you well, he wishes you in heaven.
Despis'd, unwept you fall; who might have left
A sacred, cherish'd, sadly-pleasing name; 216
A name still to be utter'd with a sigh.
Your last ungraceful scene has quite effac'd
All sense and memory of your former worth.



How to live happiest ; how avoid the pains,
 The disappointments, and disgusts of those 221
 Who would in pleasure all their hours employ ;
 The precepts here of a divine old man
 I could recite. Tho' old, he still retain'd
 His manly sense, and energy of mind. 225
 Virtuous and wise he was, but not severe ;
 He still remember'd that he once was young ;
 His easy presence check'd no decent joy.
 Him even the dissolute admir'd ; for he
 A graceful looseness when he pleas'd put on, 230
 And laughing cou'd instruct. Much had he read,
 Much more had seen ; he studied from the life,
 And in th' original perus'd mankind.

Vers'd in the woes and vanities of life,
 He pitied man : And much he pitied those 235
 Whom falsely-smiling fate has curs'd with means
 To dissipate their days in quest of joy.

Our

Our aim is Happiness; 'tis yours, 'tis mine,
He said, 'tis the pursuit of all that live :
Yet few attain it, if 'twas e'er attain'd. 240
But they the widest wander from the mark,
Who thro' the flow'ry paths of saunt'ring Joy
Seek this coy Goddess; that from stage to stage
Invites us still, but shifts as we pursue.
For, not to name the pains that pleasure brings
To counterpoise itself, relentless Fate 246
Forbids that we thro' gay voluptuous wilds
Should ever roam: And were the Fates more kind
Our narrow luxuries would soon be stale.
Were these exhaustless, Nature would grow sick,
And, cloy'd with pleasure, squeamishly complain
That all was vanity, and life a dream.
Let nature rest: Be busy for yourself,
And for your friend; be busy even in vain,
Rather than teize her fated appetites. 255
Who never fasts no banquet e'er enjoys;

Who never toils or watches never sleeps,
 Let nature rest : And when the taste of joy
 Grows keen, indulge ; but shun satiety.

'Tis not for mortals always to be blest. 260

But him the least the dull or painful hours
 Of life oppress, whom sober Sense conducts
 And Virtue, thro' this labyrinth we tread.

Virtue and Sense I mean not to disjoin ;

Virtue and Sense are one ; and, trust me, he 265

Who has not virtue is not truly wise.

Virtue (for mere Good-nature is a fool)

Is sense and spirit, with humanity :

'Tis sometimes angry, and its frown confounds ;

'Tis even vindictive, but in vengeance just. 270

Knave's fain would laugh at it ; some great ones
 dare ;

But at his heart the most undaunted son

Of fortune dreads its name and awful charms.

To noblest uses this determines wealth;
This is the solid pomp of prosperous days;
The peace and shelter of adversity.
And if you pant for glory, build your fame
On this foundation, which the secret shock
Defies of Envy and all-sapping Time.
The gawdy gloss of Fortune only strikes
The vulgar eye: The suffrage of the wise,
The praise that's worth ambition, is attain'd
By Sense alone, and dignity of mind.

Virtue, the strength and beauty of the soul,
Is the best gift of heaven: a happiness
That even above the smiles and frowns of fate
Exalts great Nature's favourites: a wealth
That ne'er encumbers, nor to baser hands
Can be transferr'd: it is the only good
Man justly boasts of, or can call his own.
Riches are oft by guilt and baseness earn'd;

Or dealt by chance, to shield a lucky knave, 290
 Or throw a cruel sun-shine on a fool.
 But for one end, one much-neglected use,
 Are riches worth your care; (for Nature's wants
 Are few, and without opulence supplied.)
 This noble end is, to produce the Soul; 295
 To shew the virtues in their fairest light;
 To make Humanity the Minister
 Of bounteous Providence; and teach the Breast
 That generous luxury the Gods enjoy.

Thus, in his graver vein, the friendly Sage 300
 Sometimes declaim'd. Of Right and Wrong he
 taught
 Truths as refin'd as ever Athens heard;
 And (strange to tell!) he practis'd what he preach'd.
 Skill'd in the Passions, how to check their sway
 He knew, as far as Reason can controul 305
 The lawless Powers. But other cares are mine:

Form'd in the school of Pæon, I relate
What Passions hurt the body, what improve:
Avoid them, or invite them, as you may.

Know then, whatever chearful and serene 310
Supports the mind, supports the body too.
Hence the most vital movement mortals feel
Is Hope; the balm and life-blood of the soul:
It pleases, and it lasts. Indulgent heaven
Sent down the kind delusion, thro' the paths 315
Of rugged life to lead us patient on;
And make our happiest state no tedious thing.
Our greatest good, and what we least can spare,
Is Hope; the last of all our evils, Fear.

But there are Passions grateful to the breast, 320
And yet no friends to Life; perhaps they please
Or to excess, and dissipate the soul;
Or while they please, torment. The stubborn Clown,
The

The ill-tam'd Ruffian, and pale Ufurer,
 (If Love's omnipotence fuch hearts can mould)
 May fafely mellow into love; and grow 326
 Refin'd, humane, and generous, if they can.
 Love in fuch bosoms never to a fault
 Or pains or pleafes. But ye finer Souls,
 Form'd to foft luxury, and prompt to thrill 330
 With all the tumults, all the joys and pains,
 That beauty gives; with caution and referve
 Indulge the fweet deftroyer of repofe,
 Nor court too much the Queen of charming cares.
 For, while the cherifh'd poifon in your breaft 335
 Ferments and maddens; fick with jealousy,
 Abfence, diftruff, or even with anxious joy,
 The wholfome appetites and powers of life
 Diffolve in languor. The coy ftomach loaths
 The genial board: Your chearful days are gone:
 The generous bloom that flufh'd your cheeks is
 fled.

341

To

To sighs devoted and to tender pains,
 Pensive you sit, or solitary stray,
 And waste your youth in musing. Musing first
 Toy'd into care your unsuspecting heart : 345
 It found a liking there, a sportful fire,
 And that fomented into serious love ;
 Which musing daily strengthens and improves
 Thro' all the heights of fondness and romance :
 And you're undone, the fatal shaft has sped, 350
 If once you doubt whether you love or no.
 The body wastes away ; th' infected mind,
 Dissolv'd in female tenderness, forgets
 Each manly virtue, and grows dead to fame.
 Sweet heaven from such intoxicating charms 355
 Defend all worthy breasts ! Not that I deem
 Love always dangerous, always to be shun'd.
 Love well repaid, and not too weakly sunk
 In wanton and unmanly tenderness,
 Adds bloom to Health ; o'er every virtue sheds 360

A gay, humane, and amiable grace,
 And brightens all the ornaments of man.
 But fruitless, hopeless, disappointed, rack'd
 With Jealousy, fatigued with hope and fear,
 Too serious, or too languishingly fond, 365
 Unnerves the body and unmans the soul.
 And some have died for Love; and some run mad;
 And some with desperate hand themselves have slain.

Some to extinguish, others to prevent,
 A mad devotion to one dangerous Fair, 370
 Court all they meet; in hopes to dissipate
 The cares of Love amongst a hundred Brides.
 Th' event is doubtful: for there are who find
 A cure in this; there are who find it not.
 'Tis no relief, alas! it rather galls 375
 The wound to those who are sincerely sick.
 For while from feverish and tumultuous joys
 The nerves grow languid and the soul subsides;

The

The tender Fancy smarts with every sting ;
And what was Love before is Madness now :
Is health your care, or luxury your aim, 381
Be temperate still : When Nature bids obey ;
Her wild impatient fallies bear no curb,
But when the prurient habit of delight,
Or loose Imagination spurs you on 385
To deeds above your strength, impute it not
To Nature : Nature all compulsion hates.
Ah! let nor luxury nor vain renown
Urge you to feats you well might sleep without ;
To make what should be rapture a fatigue, 390
A tedious task ; nor in the wanton arms
Of twining Laïs melt your manhood down.
For from the colliquation of soft joys
How chang'd you rise! the ghost of what you was!
Languid, and melancholy, and gaunt, and wan ;
Your veins exhausted, and your nerves unstrung.
Spoil'd of its balm and sprightly zest, the blood

Grows vapid phlegm; along the tender nerves
 (To each slight impulse tremblingly awake)
 A subtle Fiend that mimics all the plagues 400
 Rapid and restless springs from part to part.
 The blooming honours of your youth are fallen;
 Your vigour pines; your vital powers decay;
 Diseases haunt you; and untimely Age
 Creeps on, unsocial, impotent, and lewd. 405
 Infatuate, impious, epicure! to waste
 The stores of pleasure, cheerfulness, and health!
 Infatuate all who make delight their trade,
 And coy perdition every hour pursue.

Who pines with Love, or in lascivious flames
 Consumes, is with his own consent undone: 411
 He chuses to be wretched, to be mad;
 And warn'd proceeds and wilful to his fate.
 But there's a Passion, whose tempestuous sway
 Tears up each virtue planted in the breast, 415
 And

And shakes to ruins proud philosophy.
 For pale and trembling Anger rushes in,
 With fault'ring speech, and eyes that wildly stare;
 Fierce as the Tyger, madder than the seas,
 Desperate, and arm'd with more than human
 strength. 420

How soon the calm, humane, and polish'd man
 Forgets compunction, and starts up a fiend!
 Who pines in Love, or wastes with silent Cares,
 Envy, or Ignominy, or tender Grief,
 Slowly descends and ling'ring to the shades. 425
 But he whom Anger stings, drops, if he dies,
 At once, and rushes apoplectic down;
 Or a fierce fever hurries him to hell.
 For, as the Body thro' unnumber'd strings
 Reverberates each vibration of the Soul; 430
 As is the Passion, such is still the Pain
 The Body feels; or chronic, or acute.
 And oft a sudden storm at once o'erpowers

The Life, or gives your Reason to the winds,

Such fates attend the rash alarm of Fear, 435

And sudden Grief, and Rage, and sudden Joy.

There are, mean time, to whom the boist'rous

fit

Is Health, and only fills the sails of life.

For where the Mind a torpid winter leads

Wrapt in a Body corpulent and cold, 440

And each clogg'd function lazily moves on ;

A generous folly spurns the incumbent load,

Unlocks the breast, and gives a cordial glow.

But if your wrathful blood is apt to boil,

Or are your nerves too irritably strung ; 445

Wave all Dispute ; be cautious if you joke ;

Keep Lent for ever ; and forswear the Bowl.

For one rash moment sends you to the shades,

Or shatters every hopeful Scheme of life,

And gives to horror all your days to come. 450

I

Fate,

Fate, arm'd with thunder, fire, and every plague
That ruins, tortures, or distracts mankind,
And makes the happy wretched in an hour,
O'erwhelms you not with woes so horrible 454
As your own Wrath, nor gives more sudden blows.

While Choler works, good Friend, you may
be wrong;

Distrust yourself, and sleep before you fight.

'Tis not too late to morrow to be brave;

If Honour bids, to morrow kill or die.

But calm advice against a raging fit 460

Avails too little; and it tries the power

Of all that ever taught in Prose or Song,

To tame the Fiend that sleeps a gentle Lamb,

And wakes a Lion. Unprovok'd and calm,

You reason well, see as you ought to see, 465

And wonder at the madness of mankind:

Seiz'd with the common rage, you soon forget

The

The speculations of your wiser hours,
Beset with Furies of all deadly shapes,
Fierce and insidious, violent and slow; 470
With all that urge or lure us on to Fate;
What refuge shall we seek? what arms prepare?
Where Reason proves too weak, or void of wiles,
To cope with subtle or impetuous Powers,
I would invoke new Passions to your aid: 475
With Indignation would extinguish Fear,
With Fear or generous Pity vanquish Rage,
And Love with Pride; and force to force oppose.

There is a Charm: a Power that sways the
breast;
Bids every Passion revel or be still; 480
Inspires with Rage, or all your Cares dissolves;
Can sooth Distraction, and almost Despair.
That Power is Music: Far beyond the stretch
Of those unmeaning warblers on our stage;
Those

Those clumsy Heroes, those fat-headed Gods,
 Who move no Passion justly but Contempt: 486
 Who, like our dancers (light indeed and strong!)
 Do wond'rous feats, but never heard of grace.

The fault is ours; we bear those monstrous arts,
 Good Heaven! we praise them: we, with loudest
 peals, 490

Applaud the fool that highest lifts his heels;
 And, with insipid shew of rapture, die
 Of idiot notes, impertinently long.

But he the Muse's laurel justly shares,
 A Poet he, and touch'd with Heaven's own fire;
 Who, with bold rage or solemn pomp of sounds,
 Inflames, exalts, and ravishes the soul; 497

Now tender, plaintive, sweet almost to pain,
 In Love dissolves you; now in sprightly strains
 Breathes a gay rapture thro' your thrilling breast;
 Or melts the heart with airs divinely sad;
 Or wakes to horror the tremendous strings.

Such

Such was the bard, whose heavenly strains of old
Appeas'd the fiend of melancholy Saul.
Such was, if old and heathen fame say true, 505
The man who bade the Theban domes ascend,
And tam'd the savage Nations with his song ;
And such the Thracian, whose harmonious lyre,
Tun'd to soft woe, made all the mountains weep ;
Sooth'd even th' inexorable powers of Hell, 510
And half redeem'd his lost Eurydice.
Music exalts each Joy, allays each Grief,
Expels Diseases, softens every Pain,
Subdues the rage of Poison, and the Plague; 515
And hence the wife of ancient days ador'd
One Power of Physic, Melody, and Song.

The E N D.



