

The invalid : with the obvious means of enjoying health and long life / by a nonagenarian , editor of The Spiritual Quixote ... [i.e. Richard Graves].

Contributors

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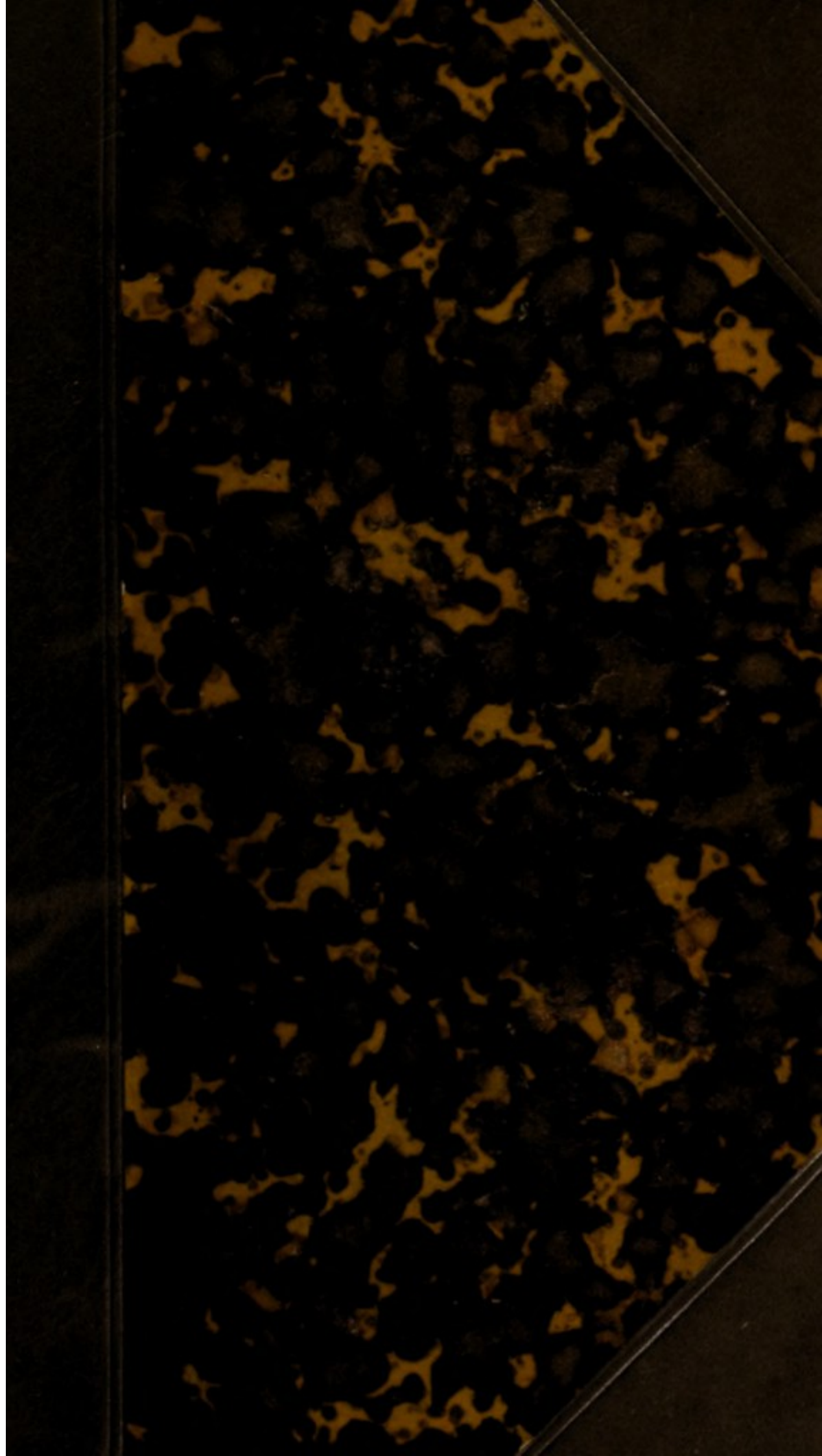
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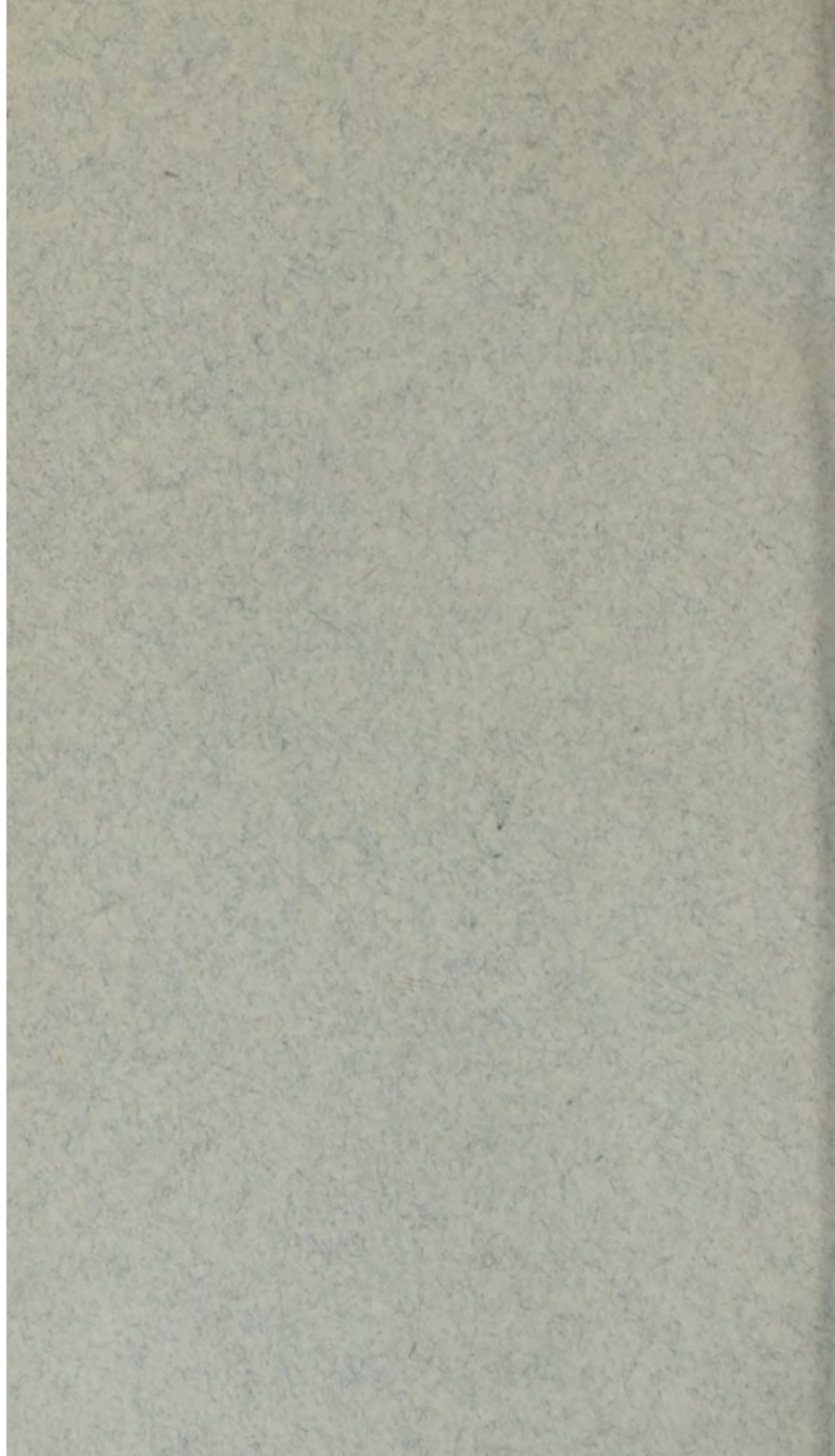
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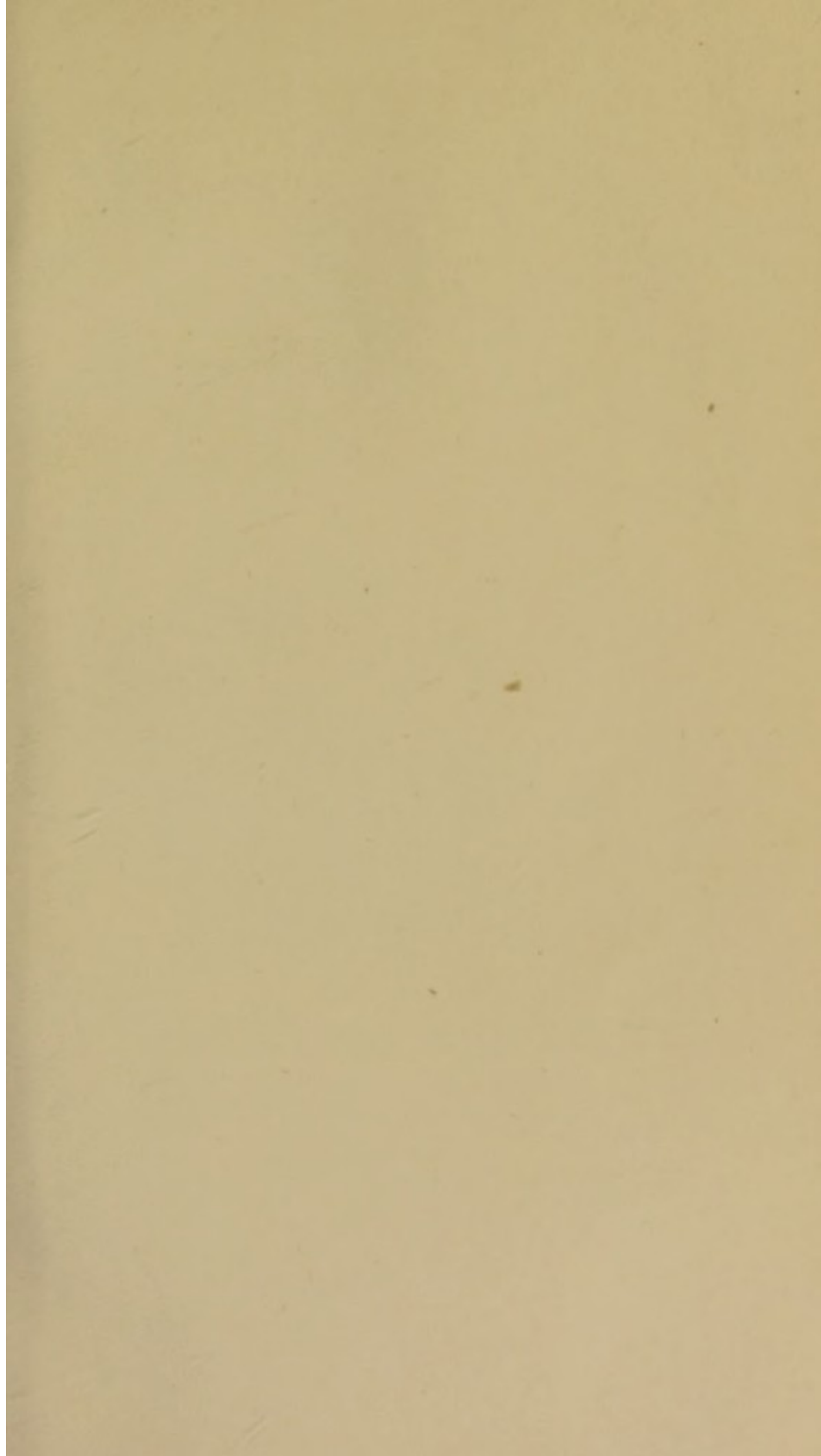
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[Richard Graves]









THE
INVALID:
WITH
THE OBVIOUS MEANS
OF ENJOYING
HEALTH AND LONG LIFE.

*Discite, non inter lances mensasque nitentes,
Verum hic mecum impransi. —HOR.*



BY
A NONAGENARIAN,
EDITOR OF THE SPIRITUAL QUIXOTE, COLUMELLA,
REVERIES OF SOLITUDE, &c.

London:
PRINTED FOR R. PHILLIPS,
No. 71, St. Paul's.

1804.

347859.



T. Gillet, Printer, Salisbury-Square.

TO
PRINCE HOARE, Esq.

DEAR SIR,

As there are few for whose health I am more solicitous than for yours, I could not write upon that subject without having you, Sir, frequently in my thoughts. For though you are a model of temperance and sobriety to gentlemen in your station of life; yet I am afraid, from a love of study and literary pursuits, you are too apt to neglect the other branch of my prescription, and live too inactive and sedentary a life.

I was ambitious of being known as the friend of so truly worthy a man, and so ingenious a writer; I have taken the liberty, therefore, of addressing these desultory reflections to you, *without* your permission, which I was apprehensive your delicacy would not grant me, and beg leave to subscribe myself, with unfeigned regard,

DEAR SIR,

Your much obliged

Humble servant,

THE AUTHOR.

A PREFATORY

INTRODUCTION.

HAVING lost, in the very meridian of their days, many of my most amiable friends and acquaintances; who, either being of a sociable disposition, with an heroic disregard to their health, indulged themselves too freely in convivial parties and the pleasures of the table; or, of a studious and too sedentary a turn, injured their health by indolence and want of due exercise; while I myself, by a different conduct, and by observing, in general, a more abstemious and a more active way of life, am arrived at a very advanced age, I thought

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it

it might possibly be of some use to those that survive, to collect in this manner those topics both of reason and ridicule, with which I combated the ideas of self-management and fancied enjoyment, which those young men had adopted. For I am convinced that many persons injure their health by a thoughtless indulgence of their appetites, without being aware that they do so; for want of some friendly monitor to excite their attention to so important a point.

I do not pretend to have made any new discovery, or to present to my readers any thing but what is almost universally known and acknowledged; but only to inculcate and enforce the practice of those rules of temperance and exercise, from the experience
and

and example of one who, from a partial and imperfect attention to them, with naturally a very slender frame of body, is arrived on the verge of ninety years of age.

I did not imagine that the salubrity of my simple maxim could be disputed: but Dr. Drowsy denies the general expediency of so mortified a way of life; and insists upon it, that a bottle of port at dinner and a pint at night are absolutely necessary for his health; and that if he were to adopt my system, and live as I do, he should have the gout in his stomach and not live a week. To which I shall only answer in the mountebank style;

Good Doctor try;

And if you die—

Never believe me more—

But before we travel any farther together, (if the reader be inclined to travel any farther in such company) I must assure him, that although I may talk like an apothecary, I am no physician; for which assertion I doubt not he will give me ample credit; and consequently I expect no fee! Nor have I any other interest in this affair, than from the pleasure which I promise myself in being serviceable to mankind in the aggregate or *en masse*; for whom I profess the most ardent love, and for whose welfare I am, or ought to be, as Mr. G——n assures me, infinitely more solicitous, though I shall never see a tenth part of them, than for that of myself and family.

Thus far I have gone in compliance with the patrons of *perfectibility*. But
posterity

posterity must shift for itself, as I cannot lavish my philanthropy on beings who are not yet in existence: not to mention, that if the author and his work should survive the lash of the anonymous and inexorable censors,

British and Imperial,

Monthly and Critical,

with the host of diminutive Aristarchuses in the monthly and weekly Magazines; in the daily Chronicles; the Courier; the Morning and Evening Posts; the Sun, the Star,

“ Yea the great GLOBE* itself,

“ And all that it inherit—”

If, I say, this work should survive these perils, with the ridicule of the

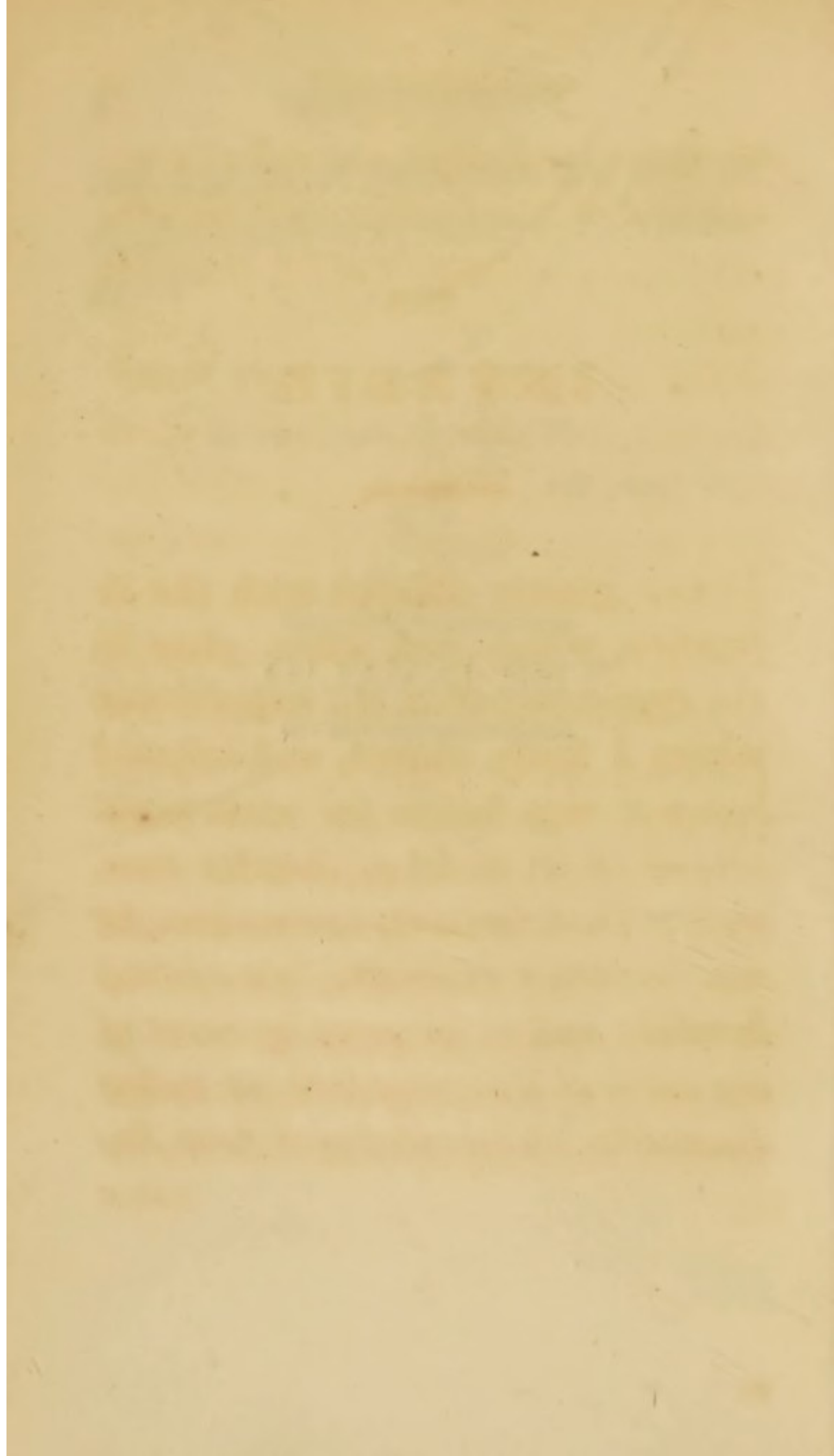
* A respectable News-paper.

real doctors of medicine, this will be deemed sufficient matter of exultation! *

* Id verò seriò triumphabit.

TER. EUNUCH.

THE INVALID.



THE
INVALID.

I WAS greatly affected with the alteration which had taken place in the appearance of an old acquaintance whom I lately visited, and whom I had not seen before for some years. Instead of an healthy, chearful man, such as I had formerly known him, he was become a miserable, low-spirited Invalid; and as he seems ignorant of the cause of his complaints, or rather dissembles his knowledge of them, be-
cause

cause he has not resolution enough to alter his way of life, I fear he will not easily get rid of them.

For, after two or three days residence with him, I observed that he was become extremely indolent, and used no sort of exercise ; yet he had a very good appetite, which he indulged to the full, three times a-day ; and this indeed, as he had naturally a good constitution, he might probably have done without prejudice to his health. But he fills up the intervals between his meals with such a variety of supplementary articles, under the idea of their being wholesome, that his stomach is never empty, and of course cannot duly perform its office
of

of digestion, nor supply the animal machine with proper nourishment, to carry on the vital functions in a regular manner: for not only every quack medicine, stomachic, cephalic, analeptic, and the like, which he takes for granted will perform all that their interested advertisers assure the public they will do, but also all the culinary physic, which has obtained an hereditary fame, from the time of our great grandmothers to this day, soups, jellies, sago, whey, and gruel, are swallowed hourly from breakfast to dinner-time; some of which, if substituted in the place of any other breakfast, if they did no good, might do no harm; but when taken in addition to an hearty repast of tea and
toast,

toast, chocolate and rolls, hard eggs and slices of ham, must have a most pernicious effect. At dinner my friend applauds himself that he seldom eats any thing but plain dishes, roasted or boiled, and the like; yet it would probably be less prejudicial to his health to eat moderately of more savory dishes, Scotch-collops suppose, or even turtle-soup, than to oppress Nature with too large a quantity of more simple food; a pound of roast-beef or mutton, for instance, which my friend with such avidity devours. It is the quantity, rather than the quality of his food, which nourishes his complaints. He finds himself languid and oppressed, instead of being recruited and invigorated by an hearty dinner.

He

He then complains the whole afternoon of indigestion, flatulencies, or the head-ach, which he ascribes sometimes to the bad cookery of what he has eaten, sometimes to the weather: the north-east wind or a foggy atmosphere are his mortal foes; which may perhaps contribute something to his malady, but would have no effect on one whose blood was rendered less susceptible of the changes of weather, by temperance and exercise. In short, from that sprightly facetious companion whom I knew my friend formerly to have been, he is now inattentive to every thing but his own personal ease and animal functions; his pulse, his digestion, or the state of his bowels! As soon as he has
dined,

dined, anxiously enquires what he shall have for supper, or perhaps whether a poached egg, or an egg boiled in the shell, will sit easiest on his stomach : nevertheless, though thus a slave to his appetite, he cannot be called an epicure, as he is a stranger to that luxury which a temperate man enjoys from satisfying his hunger with the coarsest food, after a proper interval of abstinence and moderate exercise ; who wants no other sauce, but sets the refinement of cookery at defiance. After spending a few days with my friend, having business at home, I would have taken leave ; but he found his spirits so much revived by our recollecting and talking over the occurrences of our youth at the university,

university, that he insisted on my spending a whole week with him; which, however, was passed in fruitless altercation. Having his *appetite* as well as his *reason* to contend with, I was forced to submit, and leave him to his imaginary triumph; not without compassion for his unhappy situation.

ON HEALTH.

THE
MUSEUM
OF
THE
CITY OF
BOSTON

ON HEALTH.

——“ Quod petis hic est.” HOR.

ON my ride homewards the subject still dwelt on my mind, and produced the following desultory reflections on that universally interesting particular. We may adopt, I think, Mr. Pope's description of happiness, who makes the principal ingredients to consist in “ Health, peace, and competence ;” and the order in which he ranks them seems well enough to express their relative importance. For though *peace*, by which he chiefly means *peace* of conscience, is equally an indispensable requisite, and may perhaps dis-

pute with health the right of precedence; yet if either of the three be wanting, we cannot be completely happy. Health is a state of such perfect ease and calm enjoyment, that we seldom reflect on the value of the blessing, of which we are in an undisturbed possession; but, if by our luxury and intemperance, our indolence and want of exercise, or any other cause, we are deprived of it, we then become sensible of the treasure we have lost; we complain of our disorder to every one we meet; and every one we meet is proud to recommend his favourite remedy, which we readily adopt, without considering that what cured another may be fatal to us; and by this means we increase the malady. At last, perhaps,
we

we apply to a physician, where we ought at first to have applied, who puts us under a regimen; but perceiving our reluctance to alter our way of life, rather than discredit his practice, he sends us to Bath or Tunbridge, Cheltenham or any where, to get rid of us; and we wander from one place to another in quest of what we can only find at home, in a resolute perseverance in a more abstemious and more active course of life.

Health then is so great a blessing, that we cannot be too thankful for it, nor too careful to preserve it unimpaired. And indeed, of late years, people in general seem to be more attentive to this interesting article than they formerly were, influenced per-

haps by the many ingenious treatises on this subject; and consequently we hear of more instances of longevity in this age than in the times of our ancestors: our weekly chronicles abound in these instances from every part of the kingdom; and more particularly are they found in well-regulated alms-houses, where the old and industrious poor, being supplied with a sufficient portion of wholesome food, and kept at a distance from the seductive charms and allurements of ale-houses and brothels, frequently arrive at a very advanced age.

Yet still, I am afraid, too many of us are very inconsiderate in this respect: we treat a good constitution as many an irritable, capricious master
does

does a good servant; who chides and vents his passion upon him so often and with so little reason, that the poor fellow will bear it no longer, but quits his service, and leaves the petty tyrant to lament his own folly, and repent of it when it is too late to repair his loss.

Thus when we are in possession of health and spirits, we go on at random; we take our pleasure, and indulge our appetites; we eat, drink, and are merry, regardless of consequences, till we are checked in our career by some acute disease. We then apply for medical assistance, perhaps take physic, recover our appetite, and again return to our habitual indulgence; and, after a time, are again

seized with some malady, which we impute to *catching cold* perhaps, or the sudden changes of the weather, or to any thing but the real cause, a continual course of indulgence, and at least comparative intemperance, that is, by not proportioning our food to the strength of our constitution.*

Towards the meridian of life we become invalids and valetudinarians ;

* How prone we are to ascribe our complaints to inadequate causes, may appear from an invalid who was forbidden by his physician to eat any fruit ; but having dined at a feast, and eat a pound of venison and drank a bottle of claret, he was tempted at the desert to eat a couple of fine grapes : being seized with a fit of the gout the next morning, he cursed the poor grapes instead of the claret and venison, which were probably the real cause.

and

and if we have resolution enough to alter our way of life, as Cornaro and others have done, and by the advice of a skilful physician, adopt and persevere in a proper regimen, using constant and regular exercise, we have a prospect of enjoying an healthy old age: otherwise we must be content to linger on in a languid and infirm state for a few years, and then it will be happy for us if we go to a place where our frailties and “all things are forgotten.”

This precarious state of health to which so great a part of mankind in an highly civilized state of society are generally subject, is obviously accounted for by Dr. Cheyne, in his “English Malady,” who says, “That what is
eat

eat and drunk and taken into the habit, is the *original* cause of almost all the diseases which afflict mankind.”*

Dr. Cheyne confirms his opinion by a quotation from Galen: “No one (says he) would ever be seized with a disease who takes sufficient care to avoid crudities or indigestion; that is, who eats no more than he can digest.”

Galen de cibis.

A jovial friend of mine, however, who was early in life tormented with the gout, ridicules this idea, and insists

* External accidents, pestilential and contagious diseases, must be excepted; as also what the body suffers from the passions of the mind.—See *Dr. Falconer's Treatise on this Subject.*

upon

upon it that his complaint has nothing to do with digestion or indigestion, but is entirely hereditary; that his father, grandfather, and great grandfather had all been afflicted with the gout, who, though they *lived well*, are said to have been rather temperate and sober men.

Well, said I, but if you trace your pedigree a few generations higher, you will probably find amongst your ancestors some frugal, industrious pair, who lived free from gout, or any *hereditary* complaint, but whose descendants by *good living* (I do not mean in a moral sense) and by sensual indulgence laid the foundation of this hereditary gout of which you complain, and which, I fear, you, my friend,

friend, yourself have contributed to confirm, and will probably transmit undiminished to your posterity. By a temperate life, however, a son may prevent the baneful effects of any gouty or morbid taint of his parents or their ancestors.

In answer to my gouty friend's opinion, and to confirm my own, I hope I shall not be accused of a culpable egotism, if I briefly relate my own case; which, though it has nothing extraordinary in it, may for that reason be more likely to excite imitation. I had naturally but a weak constitution, yet had always a good appetite, which, on the death of my mother, being left to the care of servants, I was permitted to indulge without controul:

controul : in consequence of this, as I grew up I was subject to agues in the spring, which I suppose carried off the accumulated superfluities. When arrived at manhood, about the age of twenty-five, and the vessels probably could no further enlarge themselves, I was seized with a nervous fever, for which an eminent physician, under whose care I was, being a great friend to *sudorifics*, kept me in bed, in a continual perspiration, for six weeks; which reduced me to a valetudinary state of health, and made me give more attention to that important article than I had hitherto done. And Dr. Cheyne's Book "on Health and long Life" being then in great vogue in the university, I eagerly embraced his doctrine, which was to cure all diseases,

diseases, if not make men immortal.

But, alas! by living on pudding and apple-pye, and by drinking basons of green tea at the coffee-house, thence adjourning to the tavern and pouring down port wine on almost an empty stomach, I effectually “*murdered* sleep;” and, unless when I was persuaded to eat a slice of ham or a wing of a cold fowl, I never had a good night’s rest for half a year together; and of course my health grew daily worse and worse.

At length, however, having met with the Life of Cornaro, and observing that he laid the greatest stress on the quantity of food necessary for health,

health, and that six ounces of solid food was sufficient for one day, I immediately resolved for the future to diminish the quantity of what I eat; and accordingly, on weighing two slices from a leg of mutton, with garden stuff, &c, I found *that* nearly the weight,* to which proportion I kept for some time, and by regular exercise and care I soon recovered a tolerable share of health; without confining myself to a vegetable diet.

If I inadvertently deviated for any time from my regimen, I was soon reminded of my error by some acute complaint; by head aches, a slight sore throat, or what is called *catching cold*; which, however, a day or two's

* A slight breakfast and supper in this northern climate may be added.

abstinence seldom failed to remove ; and by these means, through many “ hair-breadth scapes,” from falls and other accidents, and amidst various afflictions, by the peculiar blessing of Providence, I am arrived on the verge of ninety years of age.

The Epicure’s maxim is, “ a short life and a merry one.” My wish is, “ a long life and an healthy one.” If, however, my reader is a voluntary slave to his appetite, and postpones any regard to his health to a comfortable breakfast the moment he is out of bed, and has crept down to the parlour fire ; and instead of a ride in the Park, or a walk in the Mall, lounges away the morning at the coffee-house, or sauntering in Bond-street, till he
sits

sits down to a plentiful dinner, and cannot resist the importunity of the lady at the head of the table, who assures him that a third or fourth slice of venison will not hurt him. If this, or something similar, be his plan of life, I anticipate his confinement in a few years with the gout or rheumatism, or some chronical or perhaps acute disease of a more dangerous kind.

Allowance may be made for difference of constitutions : neither is our animal frame so nicely balanced, that a grain or scruple may obstruct its motion. A robust man may not immediately feel the effects of what would oppress and materially injure one of a more delicate system of fibres.

D

Yet

Yet a long and daily repletion must necessarily overload and clog the finer vessels ; which nothing can so well counteract as a contrary course of abstinence and inanition. If therefore you are tempted at any time to transgress on one day, repair the injury by greater abstinence on the next : occasional fasting, without considering it as a religious duty, is the best antidote against too frequent feasting. And in countries, where carnivals and repeated festivals are enjoined as pious ceremonies, strict Lents and frequent Fasts seem, in a physical view, to be very wise institutions.

I have mentioned excess in eating rather than in drinking, as more people, I believe, are exposed to the
former

former than to the latter : because though equally pernicious, yet we find no immediate ill effects perhaps from the former ; while a debauch in liquor often proves its own remedy, as Nature revolts, and rejects every addition beyond a certain quantity ; though, in the end, it inevitably brings on some chronical disease, and shortens the lives of those who habitually indulge themselves in such excess. One common rule, however, I would inculcate, which must eventually be of importance to the robust and athletic, as well as to the weakly and delicate constitution ; I mean, never to eat a second meal till the stomach has completely emptied itself of its former contents : so that those who eat late suppers, should by no

means go immediately from their bed-chambers to the breakfast-room ; but either spend half an hour in reading and *meditation*, or in riding or walking, or even sauntering about their premises ; which may answer the purpose of domestic œconomy as well as of health.—Indeed, I have ascribed the good health which many people enjoy, who are otherwise by no means remarkable for their temperance, to the late hours of dining among people of fashion.

Nothing is more disgusting or unpolite than a man who discovers a selfish regard to his own health, and is totally inattentive to the rest of the company. If, therefore, you are occasionally present at a festival entertainment,

tainment, (which an Invalid may sometimes be without prejudice to his health) enter freely into the humour of the company ; eat, though sparingly, of some variety ; pledge every health to which you are challenged ; nay, “ stand upon your head and drink a bumper to the Antipodes,” as Sir Wilful Witwoud says, if that be the taste of the company ; and, in short, be as *merry* as the best of them. But at your own table, with your family, observe an habitual abstemiousness, nor ever exceed the second or third slice ; and after the third glass of wine thrust the cork into the bottle ; and in this practice you will find your account, in good health, good spirits, good nights, and sound sleep ; sure indications of good health.

equipment, which an invalid may
 sometimes be without power to
 his health) enter (very into the be-
 heart of the company; and, though
 sympathy, or some virtue; for the
 every health is which you are cloth-
 length; and "which upon your head
 and these are the Advantages."
 as in the Advantages that he
 the Advantages of the company; and in
 other, that you are the best of them
 but it is not only this, which you are
 only, but you are also the best of them
 well, but every virtue will be found in
 third class; and after the third class
 of what there the cost, into the
 better; and in this practice you will
 and your reward, in good health,
 good spirit, good night, and sound
 sleep; and the Advantages of good health.

ON EMPIRICS.

ON EMBROIDERY.

ON EMPIRICS.

As I was convinced that my friend, like many others, injured his health as much by such a variety of improper remedies and “*infallible nostrums*,” as by his indolence and self-indulgence, I sent him the following sketch

ON QUACK MEDICINES.

It is an exquisite specimen of Mr. Addison's humour, when he makes Sir Roger de Coverley prevail on the
Spectator

Spectator to taste "*the Widow Trueby's Water,*" a celebrated quack medicine at that time : who having made most horrible wry faces on the occasion, the old Baronet says, " I knew you would not like it, but it is the best remedy in the world for the stone and gravel." Now, as Mr. Spectator felt no symptoms, nor had any apprehensions of ever being afflicted with that disease, he was certainly in the right not to repeat so nauseous a prescription.

There is no doubt that those medicines, the virtues of which are so pompously displayed by their interested venders, are very efficacious in cases where they are proper ; but where they are so, they have either been originally

ginally prescribed, or generally adopted, by regular physicians. It is equally true, that men of genius often languish in obscurity for want of some fortunate opportunity of bringing their talents into notice; and who therefore may be allowed to take any honest method for that purpose. A very eminent physician, fifty years ago, and knighted for his skill in his profession, made no scruple to relate a stratagem of this kind, which he himself had adopted for that purpose. Having practised a few years in the city and made little progress, he hit upon the expedient of fixing up a box in Petticoat-lane, or some obscure alley, with the inscription of "*Medicines for the poor, gratis.*" This soon spread his fame from street to street, from

from east to west, and in a few years he was *invited* and ventured to settle at the court end of the town, where he enjoyed well-earned affluence, and died in well-deserved esteem.

Nor can it be denied, that in this age there are many gentlemen of acknowledged skill, who make use of similar methods; nor are they to be blamed, but rather applauded, for gratifying the public with a view of their persons in the front of their books, in a *fashionable dress*; as posterity will be curious to be informed of every minute particular relative to men of such eminence; their habits of life, and even the manner of dressing their hair, and the like. Thus much then may be granted.

But

But when a man has the effrontery to assure us, that his nostrum is an infallible cure for complaints palpably opposite; for consumptions, palsies, gouts, rheumatisms, habitual costiveness, and frequent diarrhœas, and the like; not to mention preservatives against plagues, famine, and *earth-quakes* (for I remember, probably, a ludicrous advertisement of that kind), “*incredulus odi*.” he excites the indignation, or rather the mirth of every sensible man.

Yet we daily see people who fall victims to these bold pretensions; induced perhaps to make the experiment by some female acquaintance, who really fancies herself to have been cured by some empirical “Drop,” or
“Balsam

“Balsam of Life;” when the truth was, if carefully scrutinized, that, after having been for some time in a regular process of proper regimen under the care of some able physician, who would soon have restored her to health, she applies, through mere impatience, to some impudent quack, who has the whole credit of having performed the cure; as, according to the proverb, “when the hare is run down by one dog, another seizes the prey;” or, as Falstaff boasted of having killed Hotspur, by giving him a wound in the thigh after he was dead.

The old female guide at the Cross Baths tells a story (from her personal knowledge, I think) of a young lady who, from drinking a large draught
of

of cold water when she was very hot, had brought a scorbutic humour into her face, so rough, (and almost black) that she could not appear in public.

After undergoing repeated courses of prescriptions, both of the regular physicians and the quacks, for two years to no purpose, she was sent to that last resort of incurables the *Bath*, in Somersetshire, where she was advised to try the cross-bath ; but she was so disgusting, and even frightful a figure, that a young clergyman, who used the same bath, prevailed on the guide to give him notice of what days this miserable object fixed upon, that he might avoid so loathsome a sight. It happened unfortunately, as he then thought, that the guide mistook the day,
and

and they met once more ; for the poor young lady, who had been apprized of the gentleman's request, was so shocked at the accident of their meeting, that she fainted away, was carried home, and confined for near a month to her lodgings.

Luckily, however, the shock had given such a *temporary* force to the nervous system, as gradually to throw off the scorbutic roughness ; and, like Naaman's, when cured of his leprosy, her flesh came again like unto the flesh of a little child, and discovered a most beautiful set of features, and a fine complexion.

But, to finish the tale, (though not fictitious) in the novel style ; on her
coming

coming to bathe once more, to complete her cure, the gentleman, not knowing her (now unmasked), politely addressed her, entered into conversation with her, and was charmed with the simplicity of her manners, as much as with her person. In short, he waited on her at her lodgings, and, convinced that a mutual sympathy subsisted between them, without the trouble “of soliciting an early day,” or deferring, from motives of delicacy and other formalities in the unravelling an artificial plot, what each equally wished to take place, they procured a licence, and were married, I believe, by the good-natured D——r at the Abbey-church in Bath.

In this and in many other cases, which daily occur, it is impossible to determine (where such various methods are adopted) to which the cure is to be ascribed.

Of one truth, however, we cannot doubt, that such violent remedies (even Dr. James's Powders not excepted) must injure the constitution, and shorten the life of the patient; of which I have known many instances among my acquaintances in the course of a long life.

People are in hopes of obtaining the *end* without using the *means*; and any one that professes to perform this *miracle* (for a miracle it certainly is) cannot

cannot fail to attract their attention : and when a man, by *habitual* indulgence, has brought himself into any chronical complaint, he will listen to any impudent pretender, who promises, in the usual style of advertisers, to cure instantaneously all diseases “without loss of time,” or “altering your way of life ;” so that the patient flatters himself that he may still continue a sot or an epicure, and yet enjoy that health and vigour which are the privilege of temperance and sobriety.

But I would as soon believe Swift's conjurer, who gave out that he would fire a gun in any man's face without doing him an injury, as take any of those wonderful specifics, which are to produce these effects; but the same

credulity which collected the whole metropolis into the Haymarket to see a man get into a quart bottle, will induce them to confide in the most absurd, monstrous, or rather ridiculous incredibilities. I cannot, without real compassion, apply the proverb, "*Si populus vult decipi, decipiatur.*" When a man, by a long course of habitual voracity, intemperance, and indolence, not to mention occasional fits of intoxication,* perhaps has entirely vitiated his blood, injured his constitution, and brought on some chronical disease, it is absurd to suppose that a box of pills, or "a bottle of stuff," or

* As the French have fabricated, and we adopted, almost a new vocabulary, and "*drunkenness*" is too gross a word, I would substitute "*bibacity*" in its room.

any thing but a contrary habit of life, gradually introduced, and steadily persevered in, can accomplish his purpose.

An eminent Swiss physician, who wrote the "*Advice to the People*," pathetically laments the toleration of quacks, mountebanks, and conjurers; who, he does not scruple to assert, destroy a greater number of useful peasants, than war, pestilence, or famine; and calls upon the political fathers of the people to suppress or banish so destructive a race of beings.

anything but a contrary habit of life,
 greatly improved, and nearly
 restored in, can accomplish his
 purpose.

An eminent Irish physician, who
 wrote the "History of the Quacks," has
 liberally inserted the relation of
 quacks, mountebanks, and impostors,
 who, he does not deny, it seems
 having a regular number of useful
 patients, thus not performing, or B.
 mine, and calls upon the public to be
 that of the quack to acquire it by
 his at least, a loss of health.

ON TEMPERANCE.

ON TEMPERANCE

ON TEMPERANCE.

THE ancient moralists extended the virtue of temperance to the government of all our selfish propensities, whether the object of them be riches, honours, or sensual pleasures. But I here use the word, as it is now generally used, to express that moderation which reason and prudence prescribe to the gratification of our appetite; so as neither to injure the health of our bodies, nor cloud the faculties of the mind, nor render us unfit for the
more

more important duties or the more refined enjoyments of a rational creature. And this requires little more than to attend to the dictates of Nature, who, unless she is stimulated by artificial incentives, is satisfied with a moderate quantity of the plainest and most simple food.

It has been observed that all other animals are contented with one species of food; flesh, fish, or fowl, or vegetables; and never encroach on that of a different species.

The lion, though invested with sovereign power, and living in regal style, is content with the leg of a calf, or the haunch of a stag; never thinks of a second course, or of a desert, or
even

even of sauce, cauliflower, or carrot, pickled cucumber, or the like.

The eagle also, king of the birds, feasts himself and the royal family, the young princes, and the infantia, on a brace of pheasants, a turkey, or a dozen pigeons ; but would not debase himself by stooping to a nest of larks, or robin-redbreasts, for a second course.

But man, as lord of the creation, by his prerogative, falls foul on whatever comes in his way, and ransacks the universe to gratify his voracious appetite : the fowls of the air, the fishes of the sea, the beasts of the forest, with vegetables of every *genus* and every *species* ; not only “ herbs, which

which were intended for the use of man," but roots, which seem reserved for the food and the snouts of hogs; nay, even the excrescences of nature, mushrooms, and truffles, indigestible substances! which if they were ever intended to be eaten, it must probably have been by the inhabitants of the infernal regions.

If temperance, however, regulated our use of these various articles of food with which Providence indulges us; if we killed the animals without cruelty, and cooked them with plainness and simplicity, they might be what Providence intended them, instead of what we too often make them; a blessing and not a curse: but when we torture them in taking
away

away their lives, as we often do, and scarify and carbonade, and bedevil their flesh not only with pepper and salt, as we do the gizzard of a turkey, but adding a little *nutmeg*, a little *cinnamon*, a *blade* of *mace*, with chalot and onions, &c.; and eat it with oil, vinegar, or mustard; such an heterogeneous mixture, instead of producing a lacteous chyle, flowing through the alimentary canal, like the gentle stream of Arno, must become a caustic fluid, rushing like the fiery torrent of Vesuvius, harrowing up and tearing the vessels; or at least generate fevers, calentures, and every disease incident to the human body.

The luxury of man, however, revenges itself upon his rapacity, and
brings

brings forth fevers, gouts, and rheumatisms, and all the contents of Pandora's box, which infest the *human species* in every part of the civilized world.*

Some author calls physic and physicians necessary evils: they certainly are so; but we ourselves by our excess and intemperance make them necessary. A young extravagant spendthrift considers the law as a nuisance, and bum-bailiffs as his mortal foe: but let him be more frugal, and a better œconomist, and the evil ceases, and jails and catchpoles become harmless things.

* ————— sævior armis

Luxuria invadit, victumque ulciscitur orbem.

JUV.

Sydenham

Sydenham observes, a disease or fever, though inimical to the human body, is nothing more than the effort of Nature to expel the morbid matter, for the health and emolument of the patient. This seems to be the merciful provision of Heaven, to counteract the insatiate gluttony of the human race.

Dryden, in his well-known lines, says, with truth, no doubt, that

The first physicians by debauch were made,
Excess began, and sloth maintains the trade :
The wise for health on exercise depend—

But, when he adds,

God never made his work for man to *mend*—

The poet imposes upon himself, as well as on his reader. Instead of
mend

mend he meant *improve*. A country carpenter certainly could not *improve* a coach or phaeton made by a coach-maker; but if the axle-tree or wheel were broke, he could *mend* or repair. This is applicable to the physicians.

The philosopher Pythagoras, after having travelled over India, on his return settled in Italy, and, thence passing over into Sicily, said, the most remarkable circumstance he had observed in his travels, was a people who made two meals in a day.

What would this philosopher then say, should he in a state of transmigration come into England, (in the person of the wandering Jew suppose) where, instead of *praying* seven times a-day,

a-day, as the ancient Jews did, we *eat* seven times a-day—we breakfast at ten in the morning, suppose we eat sandwiches or noonchins at three o'clock, dine at six (I speak of sober people), drink tea at eight, sup at eleven, and if we spend a convivial evening, olives or anchovies must give a zest to our liquor; if a ball is given, jellies, macaroons, &c. &c.; if hot, something more substantial is expected; and probably the day is concluded, as well as begun, with a second breakfast at five o'clock in the morning.

As a subsidiary argument in support of my theory, especially with the fair sex, I cannot forbear mentioning the great delicacy which is shewn in

F

a mo-

a moderate indulgence in the pleasures of the table. . Nothing, indeed, can be more indelicate than to see one of those angelic beings, urged perhaps by the irritation of a false appetite, brought on by former indulgence, eagerly devouring high-seasoned food, and at every interval pouring down repeated glasses of Madeira, port, or sherry; nay, sometimes perhaps a bumper or two of strong beer, at which a fox-hunter would be staggered. Ladies of this masculine description may, consistently enough, assume the dress of an hackney coachman; but I hope they will excuse me if I am not in rapture with their charms, or profess myself their lover.

As

As a contrast to this disgusting figure, let us contemplate the opposite Manners of Lady ——, Mrs. ——, and Miss ——, with her sweet madona face; neither of whom probably exceeds the wing of a fowl, or a slice of lamb; nor calls for a glass of wine unless importuned by some gentleman, whom it would be rude to refuse.

But indelicacy is not frequently the blemish of female charms. Let us, in our own sex, compare “the fair, round belly” of Alderman Callipash, with the elegant figure of Colonel ——. The former, stretching out both his arms before grace is said, (if it is said at all) and scraping into his plate the contents of his favourite

F 2

dish,

dish, without regard to the equal pretensions of others: while the Colonel, looking round for something to compliment the lady next to him, never thinks of gratifying “his own exquisite sensations” (as Lord Shaftesbury says) till most of the company are supplied.

The consequence generally is, that the Alderman, as soon as dinner is ended, interrupts the conversation or mirth of the company with his obstreperous expectorations;* or displaying his handkerchief stained with rappee,

Makes the loud dome re-echo to “his nose.”

* Confer sudantes, ructantes refertos epulis tanquam opimos boves.

CICERO TUSC. QUEST. 1. 5.

The natural effect of this voracity is, that the corpulent magistrate is confined half the year in his gouty chair; and seems gradually tending towards his journey's end: whereas the Colonel, whose chastised appetite and passions are regulated with the same discipline with which he marshals his troops, performs the duties of his profession with health and alacrity; and will probably retain his present graceful person to his grand climacteric.

In short, let us in general observe the difference in the whole of the character and appearance of a temperate and an intemperate man; of one who keeps his appetites in subjection to his reason; and of one who

is a slave to them. The former is always cheerful, yet always calm and composed. His understanding is clear, and his body active, and equally prepared for the necessary business, and open to the innocent amusements of life : but if we turn to the opposite character of a sottish epicure, we behold a rational being under the tyranny of sensual appetites, which he has so far indulged as to have lost all relish for every other enjoyment, and seems always waiting with a restless impatience for the stated returns, not of social festivity, but of downright sottishness and brutal indulgence.

Thus the temperate man enjoys, and will probably continue to enjoy for many years, a life of health and
good

good spirits ; while the intemperate has no real enjoyment of any thing ; but with a stupid listlessness seems hastening to a premature dissolution ! As surely, and in the same proportion, as temperance and sobriety prolong and sweeten, so surely do luxury and intemperance tend to embitter human life.

good things, while the interperate
has a great enjoyment of any thing;
but with a refined inclination seems
fastening to a particular disposition
as surely, and in the same degree
than an elegant and solidly pro-
fane and unrefined, so surely do luxury
and intemperance tend to corrupt
human life.

It is a great mistake to suppose
that the refined inclination is
the only one that is necessary
to the perfection of the human
mind. It is a great mistake to
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ON THE
PERIOD OF HUMAN LIFE.

PERIOD OF HUMAN LIFE

ON
THE PERIOD
 OF
 HUMAN LIFE.

IN the time of King David, the life of man, it seems, was in general limited to threescore years and ten: and if some few, like old Barzillai, arrived at fourscore years, their blunted faculties would not permit them to enjoy the common pleasures or amusements of life. “Can thy servant taste what I eat, or what I drink, (says he to the King, who invited him to

to

to court) and can I hear any more the voice of singing men or singing women?" This callosity of the senses, however, is probably owing to their having been too much stimulated by high food in our way of life; for I am inclined to give more credit to Moses' declaration, who, when it had pleased the Almighty to permit the universal corruption of the Antediluvians to produce its natural effect, and to reduce their lives from five or six hundred to a reasonable length, declares, in the name of him from whom he received his mission, "that the days of man shall be an hundred and twenty years." And I can hardly doubt that, even in these degenerate days, if men could be prevailed on to live, not in the patriarchal simplicity, but

but in a manner approaching towards it, thousands would arrive at that period, or near it, who are now cut off in the midst of their days. Yet I cannot accede to the opinion of Mr. G——n, that by any management man can make himself immortal; any more than he can ever discover a passage to the moon, as Bishop Wilkins thinks he might; because after five thousand years those desirable objects have not yet been obtained.

The few instances of those who have published their own cases, as Cornaro, Cheyne, &c. have been of such men, whose constitutions had suffered greatly by their early intemperance, and therefore were not the most proper subjects to make the experiment:

periment: yet we see the former reaching his hundredth year, and the latter in a fair way towards it; if he had not, as was then reported, been suddenly cut off by the shock which he received from his having been the probable cause of the death of a worthy nobleman, by advising phlebotomy, in opposition to the opinion of two other eminent physician, called in to a consultation.

I would have added some religious considerations, to insure the practice of temperance and sobriety; but those, I fear, in this philosophical age, would add little force to the arguments already adduced in favour of this cardinal virtue, so necessary to our happiness even in this life; yet,
I cannot

I cannot but observe, how wicked and ungrateful those rich and luxurious epicures are, who, exempted from the labour and toil to which mankind in general by Providence were destined, and languishing for that health and spirits which the poor peasant enjoys; yet repine at the dispensation of Heaven, which they themselves have counteracted; and have perverted what God intended for a blessing to their own infelicity.

CONCLUSION.

IF any gentleman or lady, in the full enjoyment of health and spirits, who lives in the usual style of people in the higher or middle rank of life, should vouchsafe to look into these desultory

desultory reflections on health and temperance, they should be told that the author when he wrote them never had in his thoughts persons of their description; but only or principally, at least, those unhappy beings who, from intemperance, from indolence, or, what is not infrequent, (and from what I myself so long suffered) mistaken ideas of wholesome food and a proper regimen, have reduced themselves to valetudinarians and invalids; and, alarmed perhaps by some dangerous symptoms or excruciating pains, are willing and resolved to alter their course of life; yet unwilling to apply for medical assistance, which however they ought by all means to do, are at a loss to account for their disorders, or what method to adopt
in

in order to get rid of them : for such only were these hints intended.

Those who have been bred up in the manner in which most young people in genteel life either are, or ought to be, and when arrived at manhood, live as every sober, sensible man usually does, who eat temperately, and drink moderately ; such persons want not my advice : they practise the rules which I would recommend ; and will in all probability obtain the object which these sketches had in view, and be blessed with good health and long life.

is order to give it all of them: for such
only were those that belonged

Those who have been best up to
the present in which we are young
boys in general are called out to
ought to be, and when we are
minded, but in every other, we are
man usually does, who is temperate
is, and think modestly; such are
now we are not yet adults: they have
the the rules which I shall explain
mind, and will in all probability be
and the object which these children
had in view, and as I shall with good
bold and long life

POETICALS.

STATION

THE VALETUDINARIAN.

"Monstro quod ipse tibi donare potes."

JUV. SAT. 8.

1.

THINK not, ye candidates for health,
 That aught can gain the wish'd-for prize ;
 (Or pill or potion, power or wealth)
 But temperance and exercise.

2.

How can a magic box of pills,
 "Syrup," or "vegetable juice,"
 Eradicate at once those ills
 Which years of luxury produce?

3.

Your health the doctor may restore,
When by intemperance 'tis lost ;
But you yourself may do still more,
Escape much pain and save much cost.

4.

Let not the splendor of a feast
Relax your well-form'd resolution ;
The dish most savoury to the taste,
Is hostile to the constitution.

5.

But if you've err'd in thoughtless youth,
By strong temptation led astray ;
Oh ! listen to the voice of Truth,
Who now to health points out the way.

6.

For be assur'd, not health alone
Receives from hence its certain source ;
But that each dainty, all must own,
From temperance acquires new force.

7.

To epicures, my friend, like you,
Critics in pleasure! I appeal;
Whether, like me, they ever knew
The lux'ry of a temperate meal.

8.

Who but an idiot then would chuse
A wretched Invalid to live?
And, deaf to reason, would refuse
The blessings Temp'rance has to give.

TO

AN INDOLENT EPICURE.

Awake! thou dormouse; hark! from yonder
spray,
The thrush, with thrilling notes, salutes the
day.
The landskip smiles; the sun's all-cheering
light
Has long since chac'd the vapours of the night.
The family's in motion; and with care
To please your pamper'd appetite prepare.
'Three lovely nymphs, in all their native bloom,
Around the urn assembled in the room;
'The tea is made, and all things in a train,
The coffee's fragrant fumes revive the brain.

But

But all is at a stand for you alone—
 Who loudly are proclaim'd, "an idle drone!"
 Conscious that others wait, you drowsy still,
 Regardless of their comfort, doze your fill—
 Yet now at length, methinks, I hear you move,
 And, step by step, descending from above,
 You seize your roll; still languid from your nest;
 But hold, my friend! I enter my protest.
 Your health regard, if not by music drawn,
 Go first and take a turn around the lawn,
 Inhale the morning breeze, nor thus, for shame,
 Oppress still more your much enfeebled frame.
 Nature revolts; still anxious for your good,
 And cloy'd with yesterday's superfluous food,
 Reluctantly submits to taste of more,
 Till eas'd of what you've cramm'd her with
 before.

The stomach's tone restore, with patience wait,
 Hunger will check your speed—when fit to
 bait.

To please a sickly appetite in haste,
 You swallow dainties which you cannot taste.
 Let Nature's dictates never be forgot,
 So health and length of days shall be your lot.

AN

INVITATION TO BATH.

BLESS'D with warm springs and mild salu-
brious air,

Infirm and old, to Bath, my friend, repair :

The sick and old of every rank and station,

United here find health and consolation.

Each gouty wight some gouty wight succeeds ;

The general home ! of wealthy Invalids.

In this retreat each moment they amuse

With books or cards, or politics and news—

And while the nation's sufferings they bemoan,

In groups assembled they forget their own.

Here too the gay, like swallows in the spring,

In airy circles flutt'ring, dance and sing.

The

The Loves and Graces sport, with roses
crown'd,

And, wing'd with joy, the hours fly swiftly
round.

The smiles of youth and beauty thus controul,
And charm the gloomy mists that cloud the
soul.

The pains that rack the limbs, or putrid sore,
That mocks the surgeon's skill, is felt no more.
With grateful sense the patriot's bosom burns,
Who hence with joy—tho' empty purse, re-
turns.

ON TEMPERANCE.

Imitated from Horace, B. 1. Ode. 12.

Integer vitæ, &c.*

1.

THE man that leads a sober life,
 Obsequious to his careful wife,
 Abstains from all high-season'd food,
 And drinks no more than does him good.

2.

He needs no case of costly drams,
 Nor hamper stuff'd with tongues and hams;
 Much less the pills that quacks may puff,
 Nor *poisonous*† draughts of doctor's stuff!

* Honoured with the Bath Easton myrtle.

† Nec venenatæ gravidâ sagittis, &c.

3. Whether

3.

Whether through half-starv'd France he goes,
Or traversing th' unmelting snows
That crown the Alps and Appennines,
On frogs and stinking rabbits dines,
Or tempts the Volga's barbarous flood,
Where Tartars feed on horses' blood.

4.

For late, on my return to college,
The seat of Temperance and knowledge,
A spotted friend,* with fevers arm'd,
And poisonous breath, the town alarm'd;
No lynx or leopard fiercer ranges
Amongst the Hindoos on the Ganges,
Or haunts the much-fam'd banks of Nile,
Where lurks the treach'rous crocodile.

5.

Yet taking Temp'rance to my aid,
Undaunted through close lanes I stray'd,

* The small-pox.

And brav'd the monster, void of fear—
He found no food for fevers here.

6.

Place me amidst th' eternal frost
That reigns on Lapland's desert coast,
Where not a flower or cheerful green,
Or scarce a cabbage-stem is seen ;
But clouds, and fogs, and darkness drear
Obscures and saddens half the year.
Place me beneath the torrid zone,
Where scarce a crazy hut* is known,
To Temperance while my vows I pay,
And sing her praise and offspring gay ;
Fair Health my cares shall still beguile,†
And sweetly prattle, sweetly smile.

* Interra domibus negetâ

† Dulce redentem

THE BATH SEASON.

Now *Autumn*, deck'd with ears of corn,
 And *Plenty* with o'er-flowing horn,
 Have pour'd around their bounteous store,
 And cheer'd the mansions of the poor.
 Wo! be to those, then, who distress
 The poor, whom Heav'n design'd to bless.
 That vile monopolizing race,
 Of human nature the disgrace!
 Those avaricious, hoggish elves,
 Whose thoughts all centre in themselves!
 Yet to themselves they act still worse,
 And turn a *blessing* to a curse;
 When with too great abundance cloy'd,
 They've *wasted*, what they ne'er enjoy'd,

In brutish luxury and riot,
Excessive drinking, or in diet :
Thus punish'd by their ill-got wealth,
With loss of appetite and health.

Hence, when the wintry blasts arise,
And gloomy fogs o'erspread the skies,
To BATH, the sick-man's general home,
In crowds these Invalids will come ;
And leave the dreary country free
To healthy rustics and to me.

At BATH, behold ! in Attic pride
New buildings rise on every side ;
Each lodging-house is spruce and neat,
In useful furniture complete ;
The house-painter has *shewn his art*,
The white-washer *besmear'd* his part.
The town new-pav'd, and neatly swept,
And free from every nuisance kept ;
No more, of late, in every street
We miserable objects meet,
To wound our feelings, while they beg
With wither'd arm or wooden leg ;

A strict

A strict police is now observ'd,
And let these vagabonds be starv'd.

But see ! at length, at duty's call,
The legislators of the ball,
With gracious bow and smiling feature,
Politely greet each awkward creature,
Who finds herself, at Bath, become
Of more importance than at home.
For every Chronicle and Journal,
With tempting paragraph diurnal,
Invites the gay and money'd tribe,
Calling aloud subscribe ! subscribe !
And those that store of cash inherit,
Will need no other kind of *merit*.

But chiefly that disastrous train,
Sad victims of each chronic pain,
With joy, each *season*, have recourse
To BATH's warm springs—of health the source !
Whose subtile streams *de-obstruents* prove,
And every noxious taint remove,
While social converse, wit *refin'd*,
Dispel the gloom that clouds the *mind* !

H

Where

Where every thing thus gaily smiles,
The scene their suffering beguiles ;
And while they breathe this balmy air,
And guide their rotatory chair,
For loss of health no more they grieve,
Nor scarce their *useless* limbs perceive.
What numbers then, and with good reason,
Must bless th' approach of our BATH SEASON!

THE EPICURES.

TORMENTED with the gout, at forty-eight,
 You envy me—and ask for my receipt.
 Hear, then, without a fee, what I advise,
 For which a short prescription may suffice.
 My hale old age to temperance is due :
 Which rule for health, I recommend to you.
 “ All this I know (you’ll say) ; and this beside,
 “ That, every day, I ought to take a ride.”
 This then is all the mystery, I know,
 To make men healthy, and to keep them so.
 But yet, in *fact*, my counsel you reject ;
 And both these rules thro’ indolence neglect.
 And ah ! your taste for dainties is increas’d ;
 You talk with rapture of a city feast ;

Of human ills you *fasting* think the worst,
And boast of eating turtle till you burst.
You think it death to lose a sumptuous treat,
I glory in the haunch I do *not* eat :
You wretched live, while you your palate
 please,
A voluntary victim to disease.

TO
A FAMILY AT BATH,

THE DUPES OF EMPIRICS.

WHEN Science now with radiance bright,
Shines forth in her meridian light,
And Learning's stores their aid impart,
To dignify the healing art ;
When Britain long has view'd with pride
Her realms with men of skill supplied ;
When Bath, the seat of health, can boast
Of regulars a numerous host ;
Physicians of distinguish'd fame,
Whose friendship I am proud to name ;
To whom, by long instruction train'd,
All Nature's laws have been explain'd :

For Heaven's—and for your own sakes,
Beware, my friends, beware of Quacks !
Think how egregiously they fool us,
Who vaunt the same specific bolus,
Or fam'd elixir, can root out
A fever, dropsy, stone, or gout :
For contradictions can't be true,
And what cures me—may murder you.
Too sure I am these boasted nostrums,
Like those dispens'd from country rostrums,
More mortal men deprive of breath,
Than *Battle, Murder, Sudden Death ;
Or, could we but the truth examine,
Than plague, or pestilence, or famine.

* Three physicians in Oxford, fifty years ago, so called by the wags at that time.

PANACÆA;

OR,

THE UNIVERSAL REMEDY.



WELCOME to Baiæ's stream, ye sons of spleen!
 Who rove from Spa to Spa—to shift the scene;
 While round the streaming fount you idly
 throng,

Come, learn an wholesome lesson from my
 song.

Ye Fair, whose roses feel th' approaching frost,
 And drops supply the place of spirits lost;
 Ye 'Squires, who rack'd with gouts, at Heaven
 repine,

Condemn'd to water for excess in wine;
 Ye portly Cits, so corpulent and full,
 Who eat and drink till appetite grows dull;

For whets and bitters then unstring the purse;
While Nature, more oppress'd, grows worse
and worse,

Dupes to the craft of "pill-prescribing leach,"
You nod or laugh at what dull parsons preach.
Hear then th' empiric Bard, who spurns your
wealth,

And *gratis* gives a sure receipt for health.
No more thus vainly roam o'er sea and land,
When, lo! a sovereign remedy at hand!
No dear-bought cordial or infernal draught
With short relief—but ling'ring poisonfraught;
My simple recipe no art requires,
But appetite subdued and chaste desires.
'Tis temperance then that must your health
restore,

"You *preach* and not prescribe"—why then 'tis
more,

'Tis *abstinence*; nay, *fasting* is my plan—
Heaven's antidote against the sins of man.
The time for temperance, my friend, is past;
To live—to eat with pleasure—you must fast.
Foul luxury's the cause of all your pain;
Nature and Reason bid you then abstain!

Nature,

Nature, tho' long by surfeiting opprest,
Will soon regain her native force by rest.
The waters hence assume balsamic power,
The blood to cleanse, th' obstructed glands to
scour.

Fast! and take rest—ye candidates for sleep,
Who from high food tormenting vigils keep:
Fast and be fat!—thou starv'ling in a gown.
Ye bloated, fast—I'll warrant it brings you
down.

Ye Nymphs that pine o'er chocolate and rolls,
Hence gain fresh bloom, fresh vigour to your
souls;

Fast and fear not, you'll need no drop or pill;
Hunger *may* starve, excess is *sure* to kill.

THE DOCTOR'S ARMS.

A QUACK, who, not much fam'd for skill,
 Did seldom cure, nay, sometimes kill;
 Contriv'd at length by many a puff,
 And many a bottle fill'd with *stuff*,
 To raise his fortune and his pride,
 And in a coach, forsooth! must ride.
 His family *coat*, long since worn out,
 What arms to take was all the doubt.
 A friend, consulted on the case,
 Thus answer'd, with a sly grimace,
 "Take some device in your own way;
 "Neither too solemn nor too gay:
 "Three ducks, suppose; white, gray, or black,
 "And be your motto—Quack, quack, quack."

JOHN BULL
AND
HIS YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER.

INDEED, Maria, you judge ill ;
You only want to shew your skill,
And cut transparent bread and butter,
The very thing that makes me mutter.
But give me leave, fair maid, to tell ye,
My object is, to fill my belly.
If, then, my favour you would win,
Cut not my breakfast quite so thin.
For elemental tea's poor diet,
To keep an hungry stomach quiet.
Bind in the pillory my neck fast,
Rather than rob me of my breakfast !

Let

Let me but have my belly full,
You'll find me still the same JOHN BULL !
And while I'm thus robust and hearty,
A fig for bullying Bonaparte.
Let then this vaunting son of Mars
Play off his tragi-comic farce :
I'll give him first a gentle thwacking,
Then back to France will send him packing.

NEPENTHE :

O R,

A PALLIATIVE REMEDY FOR GRIEF.

“ Minuentur carmine curæ.” OVID.

THIS life, tho' deem'd by all so great a blessing,
 Grown old, I hardly find it worth possessing.
 Tho' I enjoy my share of health, 'tis true ;
 My sufferings are many, pleasures few.
 My wife, alas ! is, long since, now no more ;
 That loss, severely felt ! I still deplore :
 My sons, a darling each, while yet a child,
 Each now in Dissipation's whirl run wild,
 And madly keen in Pleasure's giddy chace,
 Of either now I rarely see the face.

My

My daughter, so attentive, good, and kind,
Must not be always thus at home confin'd ;
Nor could I bear to see her youth engage
Daily to nurse th' infirmities of age.
My eyes too, now grown weak, almost refuse
Their wonted aid to read my weekly news.
My banker's bankrupt, greatly to my cost,
And many a sterling hundred I have lost.
With patience, tho' I've fortified my breast,
These ills by night intrude and break my rest.
Of all these numerous blessings thus bereft,
Tell me, what consolation have I left ?
" Religion," you, my friend, I know, will say :
True ; but one cannot surely always pray :
In meditation I indeed delight ;
But thus intent to ponder day and night
On future joys, our faculties must tire,
And pleasures less refin'd, for change require.
When then this source of real bliss is dry,
Fancy her airy visions must supply.
Euterpe still perhaps may deign to smile,
And many a tedious, lonely hour beguile.
My mind oppress'd with anxious care or grief,
Her sportive flights give transient relief :

'Midst

'Midst want of sleep, of cash, sons, daughter,
 wife,
The muse still cheers my gloomy eve of life.

N. B. These lines have no other reference to this subject, than so far as grief and the other passions of the mind influence the health of the body.

See Dr. Falconer's Treatise on this Subject.

THE
GOLDEN VERSES
OF THE
PYTHAGOREANS.

DIDACTIC poetry, which gives instruction in any art or science, not only admits of, but indispensably requires, some ornamental incidents, to prevent that lassitude, and even disgust, which must attend the perusal of a monotonous succession of dry precepts on any particular subject. This Virgil has beautifully exemplified

fied in his "Georgics," the most finished of his poems; and our amiable poet Philips,* in his "Cyder;" and even Gay, in his "Trivia," or the art of walking London streets; which, I think, is the best of his works,† next to his Fables and "Beggar's Opera."

The following "Rules for the Conduct of Life," however, are not to be considered as a didactic poem, but as "Moral Precepts or Maxims," for the use of their disciples; to be committed to memory, so as to be always at hand; to regulate every action in their daily intercourse with the world: the

* See M. Dunster's edition of that poet.

† I think we may trace several marks of Swift's assistance, of which Gay makes mention in his advertisement prefixed to it.

more concise, therefore, the better they must answer this end.

The author of this translation has endeavoured to express the sense (as far as he could discover it), without attempting any embellishment, in which he is sensible he might fail, and which the subject does not require.

N. B. After I had finished this translation, looking accidentally into the Life of Mr. Rowe, the dramatic poet, I found that he had published a version of it in 1708, in a volume of miscellaneous poems; but as it is *omitted* in the later editions of his works, I could not get a sight of it, otherwise I should most probably have suppressed this attempt.

I dare not venture to pry into the mysterious doctrines of the Pythagoreans. Hierocles, a philosopher of Alexandria in the fifth century, has written an elegant commentary on these “Golden Verses,” and given a full account of the tenets of Pythagoras and of Plato.

I shall only observe, that they seem to have borrowed their ideas of the number *four*, “a fountain of universal nature,” from the Tetragrammaton, or Jehovah of the Jews.

Vide Selden de Diis Sym.

It is worth remarking, that Hierocles, on the impropriety of many *names*, says, it is absurd to give the name of “EUSEBIUS” to a man who is known to

be an "atheist." Now Eusebius, which signifies the "*pious*," was the profest antagonist of this and the other Hierocles: and the heathens deemed all Christians to be *atheists*, "because they ridiculed their deities."*

REV'RENCE the gods; and with religious awe
Attend their worship, as prescrib'd by law:
Respect an oath! and with a grateful mind,
Honour the benefactors of mankind;
Heroes,† who savage monsters wont to tame,
And divine honours for their virtues claim.

* He seems also to have a particular spite at the harmless number *seven*, for the same reason; and the modern French philosophers seem to have adopted this prejudice.

† As the Pythagoreans scrupled to shed the blood of animals, by these 'illustrious heroes,' ἥρωας ἀγᾶστας, they probably meant those legislators who civilized mankind without cutting their throats.

Cease

Cease not, thro' life, your parents to revere;
With those whom consanguinity holds dear :
Of others, those alone adopt as friends
Whom their distinguish'd virtue recommends.
Ne'er let mere trifles Friendship's charms disgrace ;

But to kind words and well-meant deeds give
place !

For power of weakness often wants the aid,
And what you yield will surely be repaid.
O'er appetite maintain a sovereign sway ;
Each passion taught right reason to obey.
If before witness you to sin forbear,
Much more to reverence yourself beware.
Each word and action let strict *Justice* guide,
And in all doubts with caution still decide.
In its true light as *Prudence* all things sees,
She'll teach you to submit to Heaven's decrees.
This obvious truth keep ever in your mind,
That death's the destin'd lot of all mankind.
Wealth's a precarious good ; by all desir'd,
Yet often lost, when with much pains acquir'd ;
To gain the slender comforts it procures,
What toils on toils unhappy man endures !

Whate'er the portion Heaven allots as thine,
With thanks accept, or patiently resign :
Yet be consol'd; tho' small that portion be,
Since to the *good*, the least the Fates decree.
In public life, what idle tales prevail !
Which good and bad indifferently assail.
Yet let not idle tales excite your fear ;
But in your course undaunted persevere.
How weak the man, whom unjust slander
moves,

To say or do what Conscience disapproves !
Consult before you act : for he's a fool
Who thoughtless talks or acts by no fix'd rule.
But, above all things, never take in hand
What you suspect you do not understand :
Yet learn correctly to perform whate'er
Your station may require, and act with care.
Neglect not what concerns your health ; be
wise

And moderate in your food and exercise :
I mean, by moderation in your food,
To eat and drink no more than does you good.
In exercise, too much fatigue avoid ;
Yet lest by too much indolence you're cloy'd,
Your

Your pores by perspiration open keep,
Nor feed superfluous nourishment by sleep.
Be then your diet wholesome, tho' quite plain,
From luscious and high-season'd food abstain;
Those who beyond their means make vain ex-
pence,
Envy excite, and shew their want of sense.
Yet all that's deem'd illiberal detest !
In all things moderation is the best.
Forbear the honey-dew of sleep to taste,
'Till *thrice* the actions of the day you've trac'd;
"What you have done ; what duty you've
omitted ;
What rule transgress'd"—Thus censured or
acquitted,
Each several act, and carefully survey'd,
In Reason's rigid balance duly weigh'd ;
If aught unjust or shameful you discern,
At once, with conscious shame, indignant
spurn !
But all that's laudable with rapture view,
Embrace with joy, and stedfastly pursue.
'Thus by degrees, an habit form'd, you'll find
The tranquil sunshine of a virtuous mind.

Thus *Temperance, Fortitude, and Justice, love,*
 And *Prudence** raise you to the gods above.
 No work of consequence begin, before
 The aid of Heaven by prayer you first im-
 plore.

Thus you'll in all things know the gods' de-
 sign,

And harmony of *human* with *divine* ;
 Nor hope for what you ought not to expect,
 And see how wretched mortals still neglect ;
 How every good within their power they
 slight ;

What various ills thro' folly they invite :

* Hierocles, in his Commentary on "these Golden Verses," has a dozen pages on the number *four* ; which being a *complete* square, they considered as the most perfect. An *unit* was represented by a *point* ; *two* by a *line* ; *three* by a *triangle* ; *four* by four lines, which made the square.

The Pythagoreans, however, by the Τέτρακτις Πηγὴν, are supposed to mean "the four Cardinal Virtues ;" the *fountain* of human and divine virtue.

HIEROCLES, *vide* page 208.

Thus

Thus blind and ignorant of Nature's laws,
They know not of their misery the cause.
Like *cylinders*, that roll without a guide,
To evils they're expos'd on every side.
But on a conscience clear, and free from
 guilt,
As its true basis, happiness is built ;
Yet, in his own perverseness, each man sees
Some vice opposing the divine decrees.
Great Jove! from numerous ills mankind
 should'st free,
Would'st thou inspire them to confide in
 thee :
To comprehend, that to mankind is given
A portion of divinity from Heaven.
Attend its dictates then, and you'll escape
Variety of ills in every shape.
Abstain from such gross food, whene'er you
 eat,
As in our schools so often we repeat ;
Your body pure—the passions must con-
 troul,
A fit attendant on th' ætherial soul.

Your

Your "soul's a winged car;" * its flights restrain;

As "*charioteer*," let Reason hold the rein.

Thus freed from earth, your soul shall mount
the skies,

And, like the gods, refin'd, immortal rise.

* Thus Hierocles explains the word ἡννοχον, auriga, agreeably to the Platonic philosophy.

APPENDIX.

THE END

THE END OF THE WORLD
IS AT HAND
AND WE ARE
TO BE
REDEEMED
BY THE
BLOOD OF
JESUS CHRIST
THE SON OF
DAVID
THE KING OF
JUDAH
THE LORD OF
HEAVEN AND
EARTH
THE GOD OF
ISRAEL
THE FATHER OF
OUR LORD
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DOMESTIC GRIEVANCES.

A LETTER FROM MRS. PATIENT GRIZZLE, HOUSE-
KEEPER TO THE INVALID, TO RICHARD WOON-
CHIN, ESQ.

MY GOOD SIR,

“THOUGH I am but a poor scribe, as my master often tells me, yet I cannot forbear troubling you with my grievances; especially as you, Sir, are partly the occasion of them, by the good advice which you gave my master, in the long letter which you sent him, about quack medicines, temperance,

ance,

ance, and exercise, and such like. For though I am sure he is better upon the whole, yet whenever he has any little complaint, he wishes he had not altered his way of life; and sometimes says, he used to sleep better when he ate suppers. At other times, he brags that he now sleeps like a top, because he eats no suppers. Indeed, he is become so whimsical and freakish, that there is no living with him: he talks of nothing but eating, (or rather fasting) drinking, and sleeping all day long; as it is enough to teize one to death.

“After your honour had left us, I made so free as to tell my master that you feared he would kill himself with too many wholesome things; and
now

now I fear he will starve himself to death, by eating next to nothing at all. He used formerly to eat when he was not hungry ; and now when he *is* hungry, he will not eat.

“ Nay, Sir, the chief reason for my troubling you is, that I am afraid he will not only starve himself, but starve the whole family : for he says, nobody ought to eat more than six ounces in a day ; and he is now going to weigh not only his own meat, but ours likewise : nay, he is going to *weigh himself* ; for he has got a joiner who is making him an elbow chair to sit in at dinner, which he says will be so truly balanced, that he can tell to half an ounce when he shall have eat enough.*

* Sanctorius' chair.

“When my master comes down in the morning, the first thing he does is to go to the door and look at the weather-cock, and if the wind is south, he stands with his mouth open to breathe the fresh air; he then bids me get him some toast and tea as fast as I can, for that his temperate way of living gets him a good appetite. I goes and gets it as fast as hands can make it; but when I carry it into the parlour, I find the room empty, and looking out at the window, I spy him on the top of the hill half a mile distant: and when he returns, he tells me he had forgot that you, Sir, advised him never to eat his breakfast before he had taken a walk; and then, perhaps, he will not eat his toast, because, he says, it is too much buttered;

ed;

ed; because butter, he says, relaxes the *coats* of the stomach, and orders me to bring him a piece of dry bread.

“ Soon after breakfast he orders his horse, and bids me get dinner exactly at three o’clock: so down I lays a leg of mutton, suppose, and gets it *nicely* roasted, and sets it on the table exactly at the time he ordered; when, perhaps, he does not return till four or five o’clock, instead of three; and when he does return, he will eat nothing but potatoes or turnips, or other garden-stuff; because some famous doctor says, that those who have brought themselves into an *hypocritical** state, by eating too much flesh meat, ought

* Hypochondriacal.

to enter upon a vegetable or milk diet.

“ So here is a leg of mutton dressed of nine pounds, which at any time would have served me and the two *meanest* servants two days ; but now, since my master has stinted us to six ounces in a day, will not be eaten in a week.

“ For my part, I have no appetite at all ; and sometimes cannot eat a mouthful till I have taken a little stilled water, or something of that kind ; and Tom and Sally are very *little* eaters. But, Sir, you know, no servants will live where they cannot have their bellies full, in spite of the King’s proclamation, and things being

so

so dear. People cannot work upon an empty stomach and when they are half-starved, as we shall be, if we go on so.

“ Indeed, my master is fallen away, and got so thin, since he left off flesh meat, that I prevailed on him to send for the *poticary*; who told him, that his running into this extreme on a sudden, if he went on so, would soon bring him into a *cack-hexy*, I think he called it, or bad habit of body; which by degrees would end in an atrophy, or want of nourishment, and soon terminate his *existence*.*

* The absurd modern expression for “ending our life.” Nothing but annihilation can “terminate our existence.”

“ Ah ! doctor, (says master) I only sent for you to inform you that although I may now and then want some trifling matter in your way, I have now learned the art of preserving my own health : for the future I shall be my own *physician* ; for it is but following the dictates of Nature, and observing that temperance and exercise which she prescribes to every man, and sickness and disease would be no more. Besides, you know, my good friend, there are not above half a dozen drugs in your shop (such as rhubarb, Jesuit’s bark, mercury, &c.) which have any virtue in them, or are worth a farthing.

“ The doctor was now a little angry, and told my master he would
soon

soon repent of his error, and his present way of life. As for the pretenders and quacks of this enlightened age, * “The Family Physician,” “The Guide to Health,” and such kind of books, will only make more work for the doctor; as “Every Man his own Lawyer,” &c. will for the gentlemen learned in the law. And though every shoemaker and mechanic fancies himself wiser than the parson of his parish, it is well if, leaving the plain turnpike-road, he does not lose his way to Heaven. The doctor then wished my master a good night, and took his leave.

* Quod gladius in manu furiosi id liber medicus est artis imperitis.—MED. OBSERV.

“The next day I happened to meet our minister; and says to him, Sir, says I, be so good as to come and talk to my master, for I am almost afraid he will go out of his mind, and starve himself to death.

“Accordingly, a day or two afterward, he and the 'squire came together, and after talking to my master a little, they invited him to go and smoke a pipe with them, and drink a glass of the 'squire's October (for since the high tax upon wine, our 'squire does not drink it, I find). October! indeed, says master; why, Sir, it would turn all the blood in my body into glue or size, and make it unfit to pass through the “*capillair*” vessels, I think he said; it is only fit for porters

porters and draymen, who can digest raw onions,* or shoe-leather.

“ As I have been rescued from the brink of the grave by my friend Nonagene’s advice, I think it incumbent on me, gentlemen, in return for your kind intentions, to give you my advice : for if you persevere in eating so much animal food, and drinking October, and, by your example, countenance the whole parish in a similar way of life ; grant Heaven ! you may be all alive six months hence. They only laughed at my master, and called him Croker ! and took their leave. As soon as they were gone, my master shook his head, and, in his

* Raw onions, I am certain, are indigestible.

turn, fell to laughing at them, and said, " They will not live to drink October another year ; but as I myself have escaped, I thought it my duty to warn them of their danger.

" My master, you know, Sir, used to be fond of a glass of punch ; and when his stomach was out of order, would now and then take a drop of brandy in a morning. But now, he says, that drinking drams is swallowing liquid fire ; and though the spirits in punch may be qualified and cooled a little by the lemon and sugar, yet, he says, when they are once let loose from their natural mixture, spirits are like the devils unchained.*

* See Dr. Cheyne's Essay, &c.

" But

“ But my greatest grievance, and what always puts him in a passion, is, that I watch my opportunity, when he rides out, and mop over the parlour sometimes; and he then says, that if his *temperance* did not prevent his catching cold, (for so he thinks) it would certainly be the death of him. But, he says, women think a *wet* room is a *clean* room; yet, he adds, he would rather sit in a dirty parlour than a mopped one.

“ I hope you will pardon my boldness, Sir, if I tell you, that he calls your honour Dick Nunchin; and says, one would think we were all turned quakers since the American war; as, instead of the hearty old English way of addressing

dressing one another, when we meet, in the familiar style of Tom, Dick, Jack, or Bob, nothing will do but Thomas, Richard, Robert, or John, and the like. Our fair nymphs too, says he, instead of the fond address of Molly, Sally, Fanny, or Betsy, must now be Mary, Sarah, Frances, or Elizabeth: a formality which, in his opinion, is enough to cool the passion of the most ardent lover.

“After all, poor gentleman! he means no harm; and I hope, Sir, you will excuse the liberty I have taken; and if you think my master has made too sudden a change, from eating too much (as you thought he did) to eating too little, perhaps you will be

so

so good as to caution him against this extreme.

“ Good Sir, I am, with great respect,

Your most humble servant,

PATIENT GRIZZLE.”

A FEW OF

DR. CHEYNE'S

RULES FOR HEALTH,

UNDER THE SEVERAL ARTICLES OF DIET, EXERCISE, AIR, &c.

FOOD.

1. To preserve health, the quantity and quality of our food must be proportioned to the strength of our digestion.

2. A man of common stature, though he follows no laborious employment, may be allowed eight ounces of animal food, twelve of bread

bread or vegetables, and about a pint of wine or other *generous* liquor, in twenty-four hours. But the valetudinarian, or those engaged in studious and sedentary professions, must eat and drink considerably less, if they would preserve their health and spirits unimpaired for any length of time.

EXERCISE.

1. Exercise is as necessary to health as food itself.

2. To make our exercise the most beneficial, it should certainly be upon an empty stomach; for by this means those superfluities which Nature labours to throw off, will be most readily discharged; for exercise on a full stomach

stomach would precipitate the secretions, and throw off the sound juices, with the unconcocted crudities and noxious humours.

Again, our exercise should not be continued to lassitude, depression of spirits, or violent perspiration. “Ad ruborem, non ad sudorem” is proverbial; our exercise should excite a kindly warmth, but not a profuse sweat.

AIR.

1. The healthiest situation for a country-seat is on a small eminence on the side of a hill; not on the top of an high hill, where damps and fogs usually prevail, and in a gravelly soil, with a south or westerly aspect, sheltered

tered from the north and east winds, which in the winter bring with them blasts impregnated with nitre from the snow and beds of ice on the Scythian mountains, or Frozen Sea.

2. Those who have been much exposed to, or long abroad in, easterly or northern wind, should drink some thin and warm liquor on going to bed.

SLEEP.

1. The eating late or full suppers frustrates the end of sleep, by producing wind and crudities in the alimentary passages, which must necessarily prevent sound sleep.

2. Nothing

2. Nothing is more prejudicial to tender constitutions than lying long in bed, and indulging a lethargic and drowsy sleep; as appears by their heaviness and want of appetite who thus indulge themselves.

N. B. There are some rules in regard to evacuation, which those whom it concerns may consult with advantage.

“ Semel tantum, singulis diebus, templum Clocinæ adeundum est, nisi debitam cibi quantitatem transiveris.”

INSTANCES OF LONGEVITY

IN THESE LATER

AGES OF THE WORLD.

THOUGH Galen does not come properly under this description, I will mention him, as the physician who has written particularly on “The Means of preserving Health;” which he himself so exactly observed, that he never was sick, and lived to his 104th year. It is mentioned as *worth notice*, that his *breath* continued always remarkably sweet; which is only the

L

natural

natural consequence of abstinence and a clear stomach. He lived in the Augustan age, and wrote very elegant Latin.

The first, or at least the most distinguished for his longevity, whom we meet with in modern history, is the famous Signior Ludovico Cornaro, of a *noble* Venetian family, who in his 90th year published a second edition of his excellent treatise “On Health and Long Life.”

Having lived too freely in his youth, and indulged himself in every degree of intemperance and sensuality, he became so infirm at the age of forty, that his life was despaired of; till, by the repeated advice of his physicians,

sicians, he was prevailed on to alter his course of life; and at first reduced himself only to twelve ounces of solid food at his three meals, and twelve of liquid; but gradually reduced himself to six ounces, and at length to a single egg, in twenty-four hours.

This *extreme*, however, seems probably to have shortened his life, as Nature was so far *exhausted*, that he died in his elbow-chair, without a groan, or the least appearance of any painful sensation.

FRANCIS HONGO, surnamed of Hup-pazoli, consul for the Venetians in Smyrna; he died of the gravel in 1702,

in his 114th year. He lived towards the end of his life chiefly on broth, or some tender animal food : drank nothing but water of Scorzonera,* no wine or other fermented liquor. He never was sick, walked eight miles every day, and retained his sight, hearing, and memory to the last. It is said, that at an hundred his white hair turned black, and that he cut two teeth at 112. His strength of constitution appears by his having forty-nine children by five wives; not to mention many illegitimate ones: for his strong attachment to the fair sex is called his only foible.

* Viper grass, supposed to be a preservative against pestilential distempers, so frequent in the Levant.

FATHER GASPAR DRAGONETTE, a Jesuit, aged near 120, read lectures at Rome in the year 1626, with that lively *and persuasive* eloquence, says the historian, so peculiar to that society. He had all his teeth, and used no spectacles, and looked lively and vigorous, and discovered no symptoms of decrepitude or decay.

In our own country, every one has heard of "OLD PARR," who was 152 years old when he was presented to King Charles the First, in 1635. But, as there is no account of his manner of life, or any particular regimen which he observed, he is not worth farther notice; especially after his

having done penance for debauching a young girl in the 101st year of his age.

HENRY JENKINS, labourer, of Allerton-upon-Swail, in the county of York, made oath, as is recorded in the Remembrance-office, that he was 157 years of age ; and that he had *walked* thirty miles the day when he came to take his oath.

JOHN GRAVES, of Kirk-heaton, near Pomfret, in Yorkshire, great-grandfather to the great-grandfather of the present representative of the family
now

now living and possessed of the manor of Mickleton, in the county of Gloucester, came to London, in his 102d year, to see his son, a wealthy citizen; caught the small-pox, and died in his 103d year, 1617. The Professor Greaves, who has written the most accurate and scientific account of the Pyramids in Egypt, and, I believe, Lord Gravesend, were branches from this stem. A fine print of him, engraved by Vertue, from a picture now in the family, may be seen in Dr. Nash's History of Worcestershire.

Mrs. QUARUM, of New Ross, in Ireland, died, in 1740, aged above 100 years. She retained her sight to an exquisite

exquisite degree, which she *imputed* to her using ginger in every thing she ate or drank.

FATHER MACAIRE died at Rome in 1740, aged 108, in good health, walked upright, smoaked tobacco, drank a glass of brandy every morning, in the latter part of his life.

Many of our learned Prelates, the Right Reverend Bishops and Archbishops, might also be mentioned, as instances of longevity now living. Our two most truly reverend Archbishops, being, I believe, on the verge of
of

of eighty years. The learned Bishops of Durham, Salisbury, and Worcester, turned of that period, all of them examples of temperance and sobriety; worthy the attention of their brethren in the inferior departments of the church.

Of our Irish Prelates, I know only one, the learned and ingenious Bishop of Dromore; who, though hale and healthy at 70, is, it is hoped, likely to prove another instance of longevity.

FINIS.



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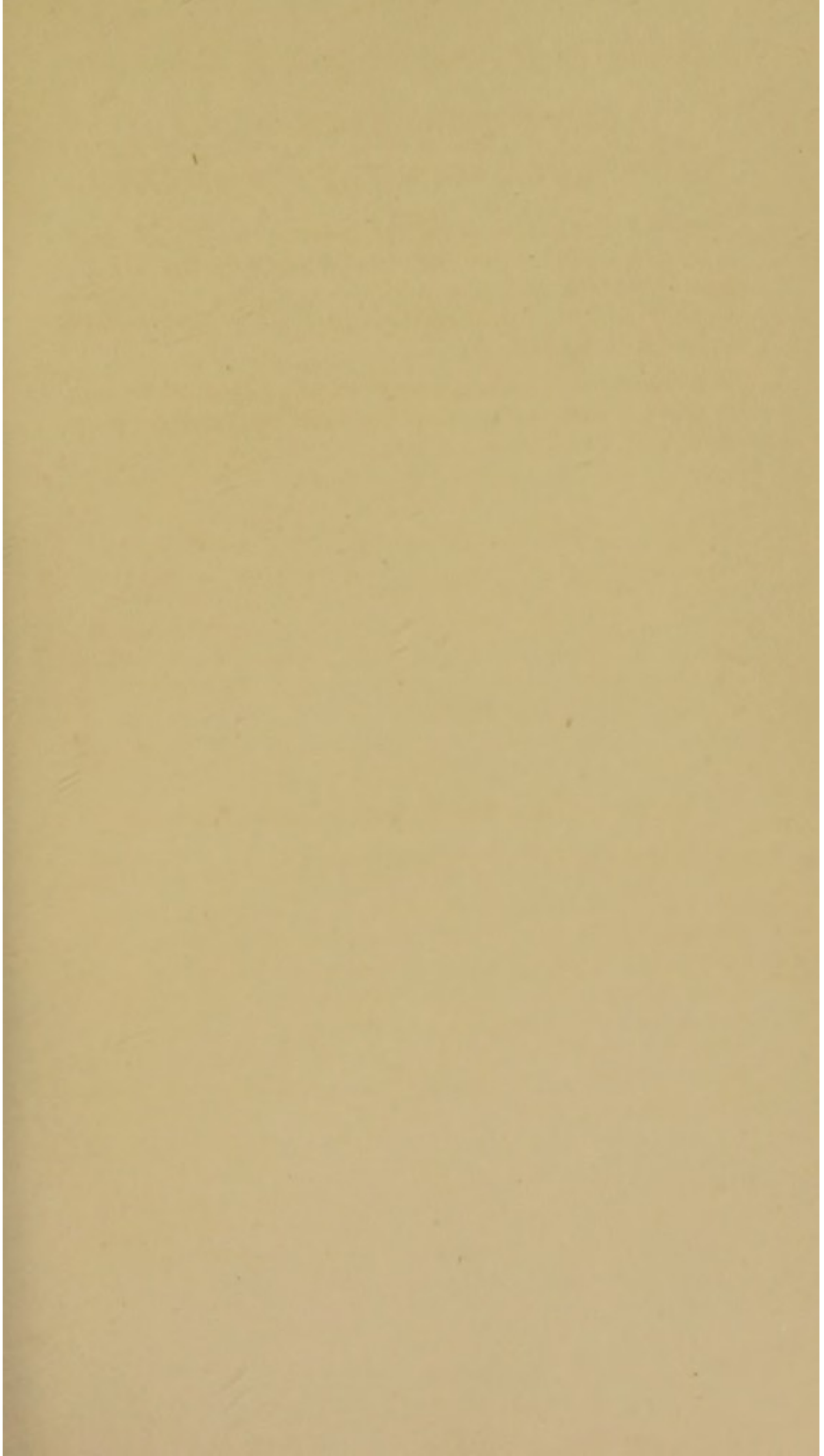
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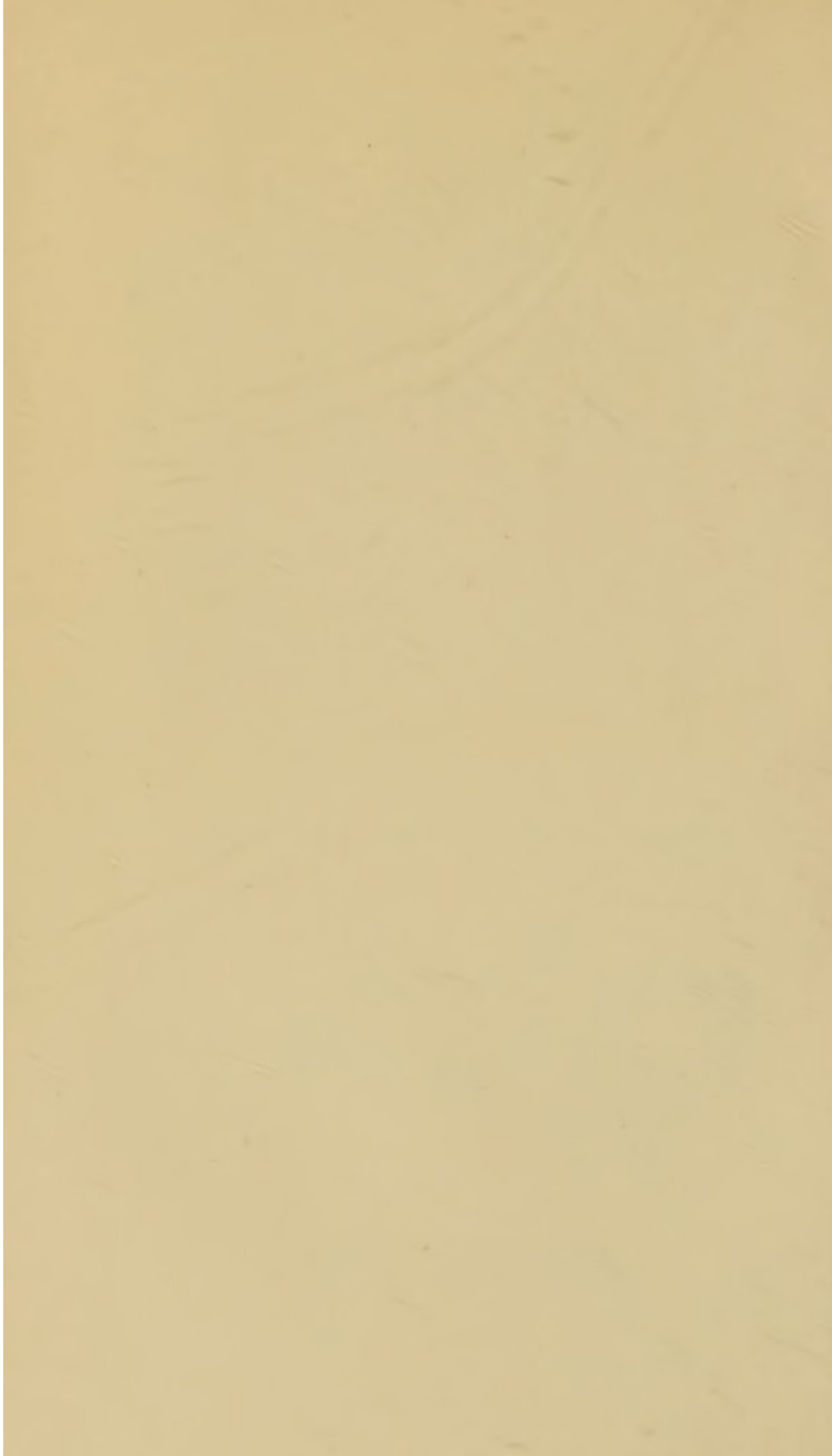
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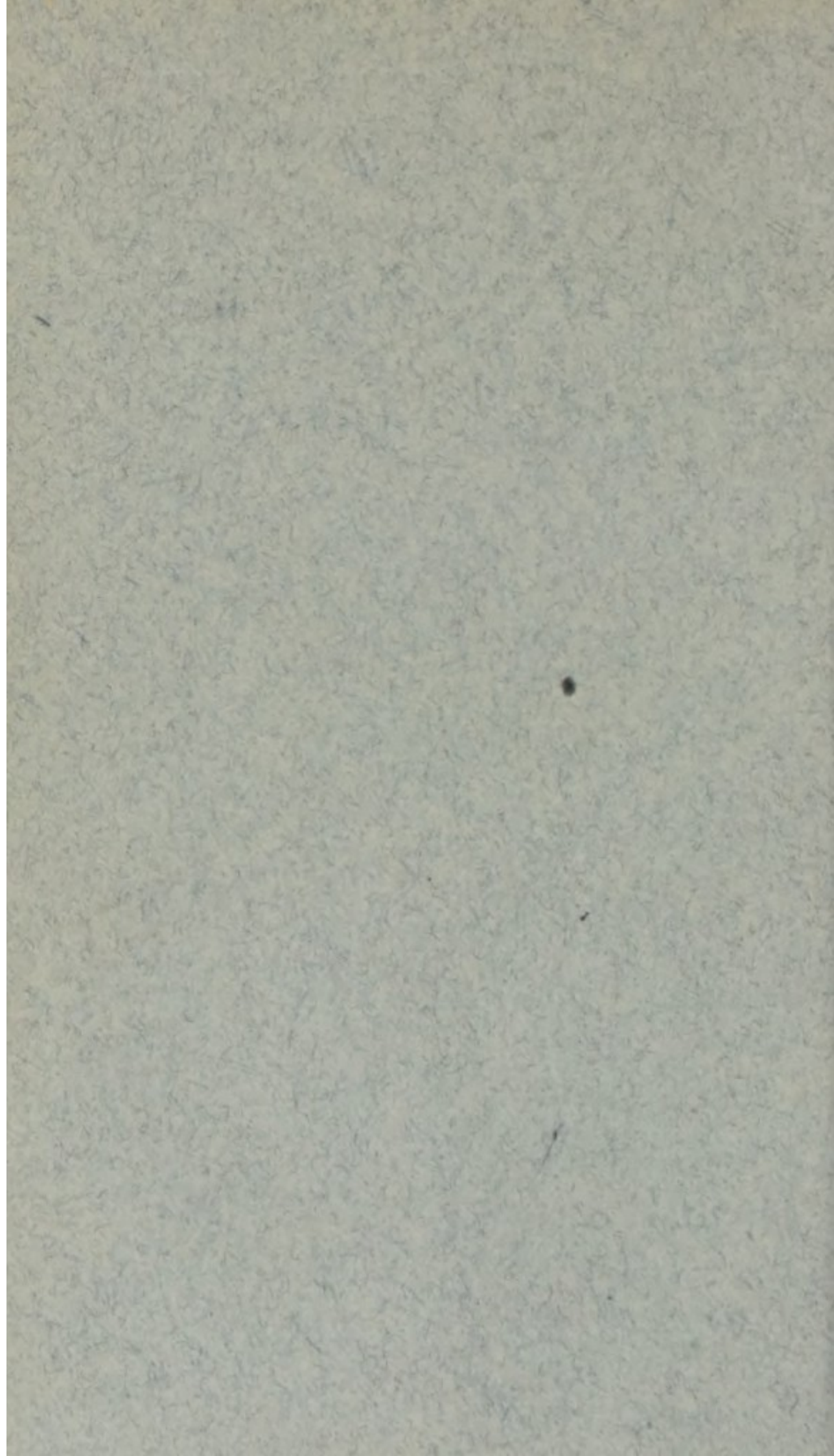
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