

The miscellaneous works / [Charles Collignon].

Contributors

Collignon, Charles, 1725-1785.

Publication/Creation

Cambridge : F. Hodson, 1786.

Persistent URL

<https://wellcomecollection.org/works/zpm9ad79>

License and attribution

This work has been identified as being free of known restrictions under copyright law, including all related and neighbouring rights and is being made available under the Creative Commons, Public Domain Mark.

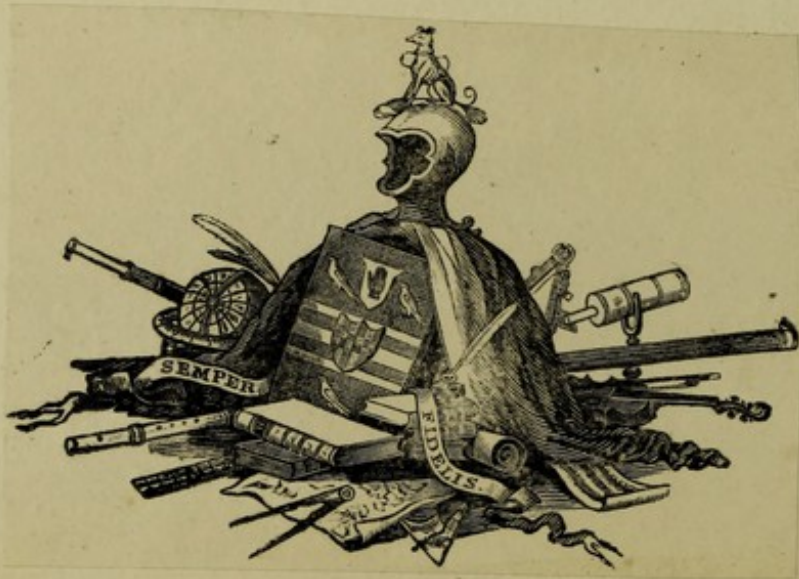
You can copy, modify, distribute and perform the work, even for commercial purposes, without asking permission.



Wellcome Collection
183 Euston Road
London NW1 2BE UK
T +44 (0)20 7611 8722
E library@wellcomecollection.org
<https://wellcomecollection.org>



A. xxxi. Col



T. 7

L2-21



MISCELLANEOUS WORKS

THE
MISCELLANEOUS WORKS
OF
CHARLES COLLIGNON, M.D.

MISCELLANEOUS WORKS

THE

MISCELLANEOUS WORKS

CHARLES COLLINGWOOD, M.A.

T H E
MISCELLANEOUS WORKS

O F
CHARLES COLLIGNON, M.D.

LATE PROFESSOR OF ANATOMY IN THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE.

C A M B R I D G E,

PRINTED BY F. HODSON.

SOLD BY J. & J. MERRILL, IN CAMBRIDGE; B. WHITE AND SON, IN FLEET-
STREET; R. FAULDER, IN NEW BOND-STREET; G. & T. WILKIE, IN ST. PAUL'S
CHURCH YARD, AND J. DEIGHTON, No. 274, HOLBORN, LONDON.

M.DCC,LXXXVI.

92484

MISCELLANEOUS WORKS

CHARLES COLLIGNON, M.D.

PRINTED BY R. HODSON



PRINTED BY R. HODSON
10, BARNARD STREET, CAMBRIDGE, ENGLAND

S U B S C R I B E R S N A M E S .

RICHARD Pepper Arden, Esq;
 M. P. King's Attorney General
 Sir Edm. Affleck, M. P. Colchester
 Lady Affleck, Colchester
 Tho. Aftle, Esq; Battersea Rise
 Tho. Anguish, Esq; Master in Chancery
 Geo. Ashby, Esq; Haslebeach, North-
 amptonshire
 Mrs. Ashby
 Rev. Geo. Ashby, Rector of Barrow,
 Suffolk
 Rev. Mr. Atkinson, late Fell. Trin.
 Hall, Cambridge
 Rev. Mr. Cha. Andrews, Trin. Coll.
 Cambridge
 Rev. Mr. Andrews
 Rev. Mr. Affleck, Stamford
 Colonel Agnew
 Mrs. Affleck, Bury St. Edmund's
 Mrs. Arminger, Bury
 Geo. Arnold, Esq; London
 Rev. Dr. Aphorp, Vice Provost,
 Eton Coll.
 Rev. Mr. Abdy
 Mr. Audley, Cambridge
 Mrs. Atlee, Hartford

B

Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Bangor
 Sir Geo. Baker, Bart. Physician to the
 Queen
 Hon. Mrs. Baillie
 Hon. Mr. Brodrick, Lincoln's Inn
 Hon. Mrs. Bouverie

John Erasmus Blackett, Esq; Newcastle
 Rev. Dr. Bell, Prebendary of West-
 minster
 Rev. Mr. Chancellor Briggs
 Rev. R. Beadon, D. D. Master of Jesus
 College, Cambridge
 Rev. Wm. Backhouse, D. D. Arch-
 deacon of Canterbury
 Rev. Dr. Beardmore, Upper School-
 master of the Charter House
 Rich. Brocklesby, M. D. Norfolk-street
 Rev. Mr. Barnwell, Rector of Lawshall
 Suffolk
 Mr. Blizzard, F. S. A. Surgeon to the
 London Hospital
 Mrs. Buxton, Bury
 Rev. Mr. Bouchery, Vicar of Swaff-
 ham, Norfolk
 John Beevor, M. D. Norwich
 Rev. Mr. Beevor, Norwich
 Jeremiah Berry, Esq; Norwich
 Rev. Mr. Boucher
 Rev. Mr. Bennet, Fell. of Eman. Coll.
 Camb.
 Phil. Bowes Brook, Esq; Nacton,
 Suffolk
 Rev. Brook Bridges, Rector of Dan-
 bury, Essex
 Mrs. Benson, Canterbury
 Rev. Mr. Benson, Vicar of Exning,
 Chaplain to the Earl of Tankerville
 Rev. Mr. Browne, Fell. of Peterhouse
 Coll.

Rev.

S U B S C R I B E R S N A M E S.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>Rev. Dr. Barker, Master of Christ's College, Camb.</p> <p>Rev. Dr. Barford, Fell. of Eton. Coll. and Preb. of Canterbury</p> <p>— Bidle, M. D. Windsor</p> <p>Jacob Bryant, Esq;</p> <p>Mrs. Boys, Colchester</p> <p>Mrs. Baines, Cambridge</p> <p>Andrew Baines, M. D. Barnstaple, Devon</p> <p>Charles Bagg, M. D. East Dereham, Norfolk</p> <p>Sir Edw. Blackett, Bart.</p> <p>Mr. Becher, Fell. of King's Coll.</p> <p>Dr. Blair, Lavenham, Suffolk</p> <p>Rev. Mr. Butts, Rector of Glemsford and Claydon, Suffolk</p> <p>Mrs. Bates, Newcastle upon Tyne</p> <p>Mrs. Burdus, Newcastle upon Tyne</p> <p>Rev. Tho. Bates, D. D. Rector of Whalton</p> <p>Rowland Burdon, Esq; Newcastle</p> | <p>Rev. Tho. Chamberlayne, Fell. of Eton</p> <p>Rev. Mr. Carter, Flimston</p> <p>Rev. Mr. Coulthurst, Fell. of Sidney Coll. Camb.</p> <p>Wm. Colhoun, Esq; M. P. Bedford</p> <p>Rev. Mr. Cowper, Farnham</p> <p>Henry Boulton Cay, Esq; Temple</p> <p>Tho. Cheetham, Esq; Barnwell</p> <p>Mrs. Cheetham</p> <p>Mr. Cock, Cambridge</p> <p>Mr. Cheston, Pembroke Hall</p> <p>E. Cox, Esq; Worcestershire</p> <p>Rev. Tho. Cooke, Rector of Bildeston, Suffolk</p> <p>Rev. William Cook, Rector of Preston, Suffolk</p> <p>Mr. John Clubbe, Surgeon at Ipswich</p> <p>Rev. Cha. Cooper, D. D. Prebendary of Durham</p> <p>Mrs. Cooper</p> <p>Mrs. Cath. Pennant</p> <p>Mrs. Carr, Dunstan Hill near Newcastle</p> <p>John Clutterbuck, Esq; Newcastle</p> <p>Geo. Colpitt, Esq; Killingworth</p> <p>Captain O'Callaghan, of the 10th Regiment</p> <p>Rev. Mr. Cranmer, Rector of Nursling, Hants.</p> <p>Mrs. Cranmer</p> <p>Mr. Cooper, Surgeon to Guy's Hospital</p> <p>Dr. Cook</p> <p>William Charlton, Esq; Alnwick, Northumb.</p> <p>Miss Coldham, Bury</p> <p>Christ College Library</p> <p>Rev. Mr. Cranke, Fell. of Trin. Coll. Camb.</p> <p>Rev. Dr. Cock, Rect. Great Horkeffy, Essex</p> <p>Mr. Carter, Flemton</p> <p>Mr. Creed, Surgeon</p> |
| <p>C</p> | |
| <p>Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Chester</p> <p>Right Hon. Lord J. Cavendish</p> <p>Rev. Wm. Cooke, D. D. Provost of King's Coll. and Dean of Ely</p> <p>Rev. Wm. Coleman, D. D. Master of Bene't Coll.</p> <p>Right Worsh. Peter Calvert, L.L. D. Doctor's Commons</p> <p>Rev. John Chevallier, D. D. Master of St. John's Coll. Camb.</p> <p>Sir Tho. Geary Cullum, Bart. Trin. Coll. Camb.</p> <p>Geo. Chamberlayne, Esq;</p> <p>Rev. Mr. Cooper, Barton</p> <p>Rev. Ralph Carr, Alderley, Cheshire</p> <p>Mrs. Carr</p> <p>Tho. Cockayne, Esq; Soham</p> <p>Mrs. Cockayne</p> <p>Rev. Mr. Cracherode</p> <p>Dr. Cook, Physician to the London Hospital</p> | <p style="text-align: right;">D</p> |

S U B S C R I B E R S N A M E S.

D

His Grace the Archbishop of Dublin
 Rev. Dr. Dampier, Dean of Rochester
 Rev. Mr. Davies, Fell. of Trin. Coll.
 Camb.
 Rev. Dr. Davies, Head Master of Eton
 School
 Rev. Mr. Davy, Rect. of Lavenham,
 Suffolk
 Rev. Cha. Davy, Fell. of Caius College
 Rev. Mr. Darby, Rect. of Watfield,
 Suffolk
 Mr. Wm. Donne, Surgeon, Norwich
 ——— Dealty, M. D.
 Mrs. Dashwood, Bury
 Rev. Dr. Drake, Domestic Chaplain
 to the Archbishop of Canterbury
 Rev. Dr. Duvall, Canon of Windsor
 Wm. Duprè, Esq; Eman. Coll.
 Rev. Mr. Dowker, A. B. Trinity Coll.
 James Devaynes, Esq; Apothecary to
 his Majesty

E

Hon. and Right Rev. the Lord Bishop
 of Ely
 Rev. Dr. Ellifon, Master of Sidney
 College, Cambridge
 Rev. Henry Egerton, Archdeacon of
 Derby, and Prebendary of Durham
 Wm. Howell Ewin, L.L. D. Camb.
 Mrs. Ewin
 Rev. Mr. Easton, Fell. of St. John's
 College, Cambridge
 Miss Eyre
 Rev. Nathaniel Ellifon, Vicar of Bolam,
 Eton College
 Rev. Mr. Edwards, Vicar of Churcham

F

Rev. Rich. Farmer, D. D. Master of
 Eman. College, Camb.
 Rev. Mr. Freston, Clare-Hall
 Sir Wm. Fordyce, M. D.

John Fisher, L.L. D. Fellow of
 Christ's Coll. Cambridge
 John Frere, Esq;
 Brigg Fountain, Esq; Narborough
 Mr. Tho. Fisher, Cambridge
 Rev. Mr. Fisher, Fell. of Caius Coll.
 Rev. Dr. Fowell
 Rev. Mr. John Fofs, Devon
 Mr. Fordham, Roylton

G

Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Glou-
 cester
 Thomas Gisborn, M. D. Physician to
 the Household
 Rev. John Gordon, D. D. Precentor
 of Lincoln
 Rev. Mr. Green, Fell. of Trin. Coll.
 Woodwardian Professor
 R. Glynn, M. D. Fell. of King's Coll.
 Mrs. Goddard, Bury
 Mr. R. Grindal, Surgeon to the Lon-
 don Hospital
 Rev. Mr. Garnham, Fell. of Trin. Coll.
 Joshua Grigby, Esq; M. P. Drinkston
 Mrs. Griffith, Glo'ster-street, Queen's-
 square
 Rev. John Gooch, D. D. Prebendary
 of Ely
 Richard Gough, Esq;
 Mrs. Gray, Colchester
 Mr. Great, Colchester
 Moses Griffith, M. D.
 Mrs. Green, Bury
 Rev. Mr. Gee, Rector of St. Mary's,
 Ipswich
 Rev. Mr. Tho. Gibson, Ipswich
 Capt. Mansergh St. George, 44th
 Regiment
 Mrs. Gibson, Marlborough-street
 Wm. Greaves B. B. Esq; Fulbourn
 Brampton Gurdon, Esq; Dillingham
 ——— Gally, Esq;
 Miss Goate, Brently Hall, Suffolk

H

S U B S C R I B E R S N A M E S .

Mr. Griggs, Bene't College
 Rev. Tho. Grimwood, D. D. Lect. of
 Dedham, Essex
 Rev. Edw. Gregory, M. A. Rect. of
 Langar, Nottinghamshire

H

Right Hon. the Earl of Hardwicke
 Right Hon. Lord Hyde
 Wm. Heberden, M. D.
 Rev. John Hey, D. D. Sidney Coll.
 Norrissian Professor
 Mrs. Hallifax
 Rev. Mr. Hodgson, Cambridge
 Mrs. Hayles, Camb.
 Rev. J. Heslop, A. M. Fellow of Sid-
 ney Coll. Cam.
 Rev. Mr. Halls, Colchester
 Mrs. Halls
 Miss Howes, Colchester
 M. R. Hills, Esq; Colchester
 Tho. Halsted, Esq; Camb.
 Busick Harwood, M. B. F. R. S. Pro-
 fessor of Anatomy, Christ Coll. Camb.
 Wm. Harwood, Esq; London
 Rev. Mr. Hunter, Fell. of Sidney Coll.
 Mr. Hasted, Apothecary, Bury
 Miss Eliza Henley, Windsor
 Rev. Dr. Heath, Fellow of Eton
 Rev. Mr. Gervas Holmes, Ipswich
 Rev. Mr. Hunter, Fellow of Christ
 Coll.
 John Harvey, Esq; Ickwell Bury,
 Bedfordshire
 Mr. Edw. Heathcote, Chesterfield
 Wm. Hargrave, Esq; Shawdon
 Mrs. Harrison, Newcastle
 Rev. William Haigh
 Rev. Dr. Heathcote
 Mrs. Heathcote
 James Heywood, Esq;
 Mrs. Eliz. Heathcote, Chesterfield
 John Holland, Esq; Ford, Derbyshire
 Rev. Mr. Houseman, St. John's Coll.
 — Haygarth, M. D. Chester

J. Hodson, M. D. Northumberland-
 street, London
 Mr. J. Hawes
 Mr. Edw. Heathcote, Chesterfield
 Rev. Mr. Heathcote
 Society at the Hoop Tavern, Camb.

I

Rev. Joseph Jowett, L.L. D. Regius
 Professor of Civil Law, Trin. Hall
 Mr. Alderman Ind, Cambridge
 Jesus College Library, Camb.

K

Gally Knight, L.L. B. Trin. Hall
 Rev. Mr. Keller, late Rector of Kelfall
 Rev. Mr. Kerrich, A. M. Fell. of
 Magd. Coll. Camb.
 Mrs. Kerrich, Bury
 — Kirkland, M. D. Chelmsford
 Rev. Andrews Kersteman, A. B. Christ
 College
 Edw. King, Esq;
 Rev. Mr. Knight, Rector of Stanwick,
 Northamp.
 Wm. Kedington, Esq; Suffolk

L

Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Landaff
 Rev. John Law, D. D. Archdeacon of
 Rochester
 Rev. Mich. Lort, D. D. F. R. S.
 F. A. S.
 Sir James Lake, Bart.
 Mrs. Lacon, Yarmouth
 Rev. James Lambert, A. M. Fellow of
 Trin. Coll.
 Rob. Ladbroke, Esq;
 Rich. Ladbroke, Esq;
 Rev. Mr. Joseph Lathbury, Rector of
 Livermore, Suffolk
 Rev. Mr. Peter Lathbury, Clare Hall
 — Lane, Esq; Fellow of Queen's
 College

Lavenham

S U B S C R I B E R S N A M E S .

Lavenham Book Society
 Hugh Leycester, Esq; Chester
 Rev. Oswald Leycester, Toft, Cheshire
 Geo. Leycester, Esq; Toft, Cheshire
 Mr. Lombe, Cambridge
 Mrs. Mary Lombe, Cambridge
 Rev. Mr. Lushcombe, Bury
 Mrs. Long

M

Dr. Maddocks, Physician to the London Hospital
 Rev. Dr. Mills, Bury
 Rev. Edw. Mills, A. M. Hitcham
 Mrs. Mills
 John Mortlock, Esq; M. P. Camb.
 Mrs. Mortlock
 Miss Eliza Mortlock
 Rev. Robert Masters, B. D. Rector of Landbeach
 Rev. John Mansfield, A. M. Fellow of Clare Hall
 Wm. Mayhew, Esq; Colchester
 Rev. Mr. Moseley, Drinkston
 Wm. Metcalf, Esq; Fordham Abbey
 James Metcalf, Esq; Fordham Abbey, Cambridgeshire
 Mrs. Maynard, Chesterfield
 Rev. Mr. Martyn, Professor of Botany in the University of Cambridge

N

Rev. Dr. Norbury, Fellow of Eton College
 Mr. Nash, Attorney, Roylton

O

John Ord, Esq; M. P. for Wendover
 Mrs. Ockley, Chesterton

P

Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Peterborough, Master of Trin. Coll.
 Russel Plumtre, M. D. Professor of Physic, Camb.

Lady Peyton, Narborough, Norfolk
 Mrs. Pepys, Cambridge
 Wm. Pitcairn, M. D. President of the College of Physicians
 David Pitcairn, M. D. Lincoln's-Inn Fields
 Mrs. Parry
 Rev. Mr. Pine, East Down, Devonshire
 Isaac Pennington, M. D. Professor of Chemistry, and Fellow of St. John's Coll. Camb.
 Ashley Palmer, Esq;
 Jacob Preston, Esq;
 Wm. Parkins, Esq; Chesfield, Hertfordshire
 Rev. Tho. Parkinson, B. D. Fellow of Christ Coll. Camb.
 Rev. Richard Prichett, B. D. Rector of Layham, Suffolk
 Rev. Mr. Postlethwaite, Fell. of Trin. Coll. Camb.

Mrs. Patrick, St. Edmund's Bury
 Rev. Mr. Pemberton, Trumpington
 Rev. Tho. Pemberton, A. M. Rector of Stanton
 Jeremiah Pemberton, Esq; Commissary of the University of Cambridge
 Rev. Mr. Percott, Rector of Stockport in Cheshire
 Mrs. Percott, Cambridge
 Miss Pickard

Rev. John Weller Poley, A. M. Boxted Hall, Suffolk
 Mrs. Poley, Chestnut House, Melford, Suffolk
 John Plampin, Esq; Chadacre Hall, Suffolk
 Mrs. Peareth, Newcastle upon Tyne
 Mr. Pitfield, Apothecary, Exeter

Q

Queen's College Library, Camb.

R

S U B S C R I B E R S N A M E S.

R

Sir George Robinson, Bart. Cranford,
Northamptonshire
Sir Walter Rawlinson, M. P. Stow-
Langton, Suffolk
Rev. Dr. Roberts, Provost of Eton
College
Mrs. Roberts
Mr. John Roberts, Fell. of King's Coll.
Mrs. Rutherford, near Windsor
Mrs. Richardson, Landbeach
Rich. Reynolds, Esq; Paxton
John Round, Esq;
Rev. Mr. Ray, Toftick
W. Dickinson Rastall, A. M. Fell. of
Jesus Coll.
Henry Revell Reynolds, M. D.
James Round, Esq; Birch Hall
Mrs. Rosenhagen, Balsham
Rev. John Rowe, A. M.
Mrs. Rebow, the Park, Wivenhoe,
Essex
Rev. John Rotherham, D. D. Rector
of Houghton le Spring, Chaplain to
the Bishop of Durham
Wm. Rudd, Esq; Durham
John Randby, Esq; Knot's Green,
Layton, Essex
Mrs. Randby

S

Hon. and Right Rev. the Lord Bishop
of Salisbury
Right Hon. Lord Sidney
Right Hon. Earl Stanhope
Right Hon. Lady Ann Simpson
John Simpson, Esq; Bradley, Cheshire
Miss Simpson, Bradley
Mrs. Symonds, Bury
Mrs. Scotchmere, Pakenham
Rev. Geo. Sandby, D. D. Chancellor
of Norwich
Rev. John Smith, D. D. Master of
Caius College, and Chancellor of
Lincoln

Rev. Ant. Shepherd, D. D. Canon of
Windsor, Plumian Professor at Camb.
Sir John Smith, Bart. Sydling, Dorset
Rev. Humphrey Sumner, D. D. As-
sistant Master at Eton
Rev. Mr. Stuart
Richard Saunders, M. D.
Rev. Edm. Smith, L.L. D. Rect. of
Godmaiston, Dorset
Geo. Steevens, Esq;
Rev. Mr. Spencer, Fell. of Trin. Coll.
Cambridge
Wm. Seward, Esq;
Rev. Mr. Sparhauke, Fell. of St.
John's Coll. Cambridge
H. G. Spencer, Esq;
Rev. Mr. William Smith, Fell. of St.
John's College, Cambridge
Mrs. Sumner, Windsor
Sir John Thomas Stanley, Bart. Al-
derley, Cheshire
Rev. Yorick Smythies, A. M.
Rev. Mr. Stevens, Vicar of Bumpstead,
Essex
Rev. Mr. Street, Rector of Barkway
Mr. Joseph Stanley
Mr. Starling, Surgeon, Colchester
Wm. Stevens, Esq;
Rev. Mr. Squire, Rect. of Bratton-
Fleming, Devon
Rev. Mr. Scotman, Vicar of Fisherton
de la Mere, Wiltshire
Mrs. Ann Shafto, Newcastle upon
Tyne
Rev. Mr. Styleman, Ringstead, Nor-
folk
Nich. Styleman, Esq; Norwich
Rev. Mr. Sandiford, Vicar of Awr,
Gloucestershire

T

Rev. Joseph Turner, D. D. Master of
Pembroke-Hall
Sir Noah Thomas, M. D. Physician
to the King

Dr.

S U B S C R I B E R S N A M E S.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>Robert Tomlinson, M. D. Alder-
mary Church-yard, London
— Topping, M. D. Colchester
Cha. Townshend, Esq; Old Burling-
ton-street, London
Mrs. Mary Townshend
Rev. Mr. Tew, Fell. of Eton College
Rev. Mr. Tyrwhitt, A. M. Jesus
College
Tho. Tyrwhitt, Esq;
Rev. Mr. Talbot, Elmset, Norfolk
Mrs. Talbot
Edm. Turnor, Esq; Trin. Coll. Camb.
Rev. Mr. Taylor, Rect. of Bracon Ash,
Norfolk
Rob. Trotman, Esq; Ipswich
Walter Trevelyan, Esq; Nether-Wilton
Mr. Todd, Bookseller, York
Miss H. Townshend, Colchester
Mrs. Trench Chiswell</p> | <p>Rev. Mr. Weston, Prebendary of
Durham
Rev. Adam Wall, B. D. Fellow of
Christ's Coll.
Wm. Watson, sen. M. D. Lincoln's-
Inn Fields
Wm. Watson, jun. M. D. Bath
Samuel Wegg, Esq; Treasurer to the
Royal Society
Mrs. Wegg, Colchester
Rev. Mr. Walford, Fellow of Caius
College
— Woodroffe, Esq; Fellow of
King's Coll.
Mrs. White, Ipswich
Mr. Walsh, Surgeon
Wm. Whitwick, Esq; Sandgate, Surry
Loftus Wood, M. D.
Cha. Wren, Esq; Newcastle upon Tyne
Mrs. White, Newcastle
Mr. Benjamin White, Bookfeller,
Fleet-street
Wm. Walcott, Esq;</p> |
|---|--|
-
- | | |
|--|--|
| <p style="text-align: center;">W</p> <p>Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Wor-
cester
Rich. Wright, M. D. Charles-street,
Grosvenor-square, London
Rich. Warren, M. D. Physician to the
King
Rev. Dr. Woollaston, St. Edmunds
Bury</p> | <p style="text-align: center;">Y</p> <p>Hon. Philip Yorke, M. P. for the
county of Cambridge
Rev. Dr. Young, Fellow of Eton Coll.
Rev. Wm. Young, Swaffham</p> |
|--|--|

T H E

D U E L L I S T,

A

F R A G M E N T.

But Custom, Tyrant Custom, will have BLOOD.

***** may justly excite surprize, that a custom so repugnant to the laws of God, who has declared, that "whoever sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed," so derogatory to the authority of Princes, who by themselves and the laws, are competent to decide every difference; so detrimental to the state, which is thus often robbed of some of its best, and even noblest subjects; should yet be permitted. But thus it must remain, till we can eradicate an opinion, which has taken deep root, and stood for many ages, that duels are a defence of *Honor*, and a proof of *Courage*.

But how difficult, after all, to define Honor: A word in the mouth of many, yet understood by few. Varying in its force and signification, at different times and in different places; yet

B

supposed

supposed to be of indispensable authority, in some degree at least in all.* I do not mean to deny the existence of such a principle as real Honor, or that there exist many persons whose conduct is strictly honorable; but then to Honor I join, or rather by Honor mean, *Virtue*, and at this time of day, Christian Virtue. An attack therefore upon the moral or religious character of a man, may, in the fashionable stile if you please, be called, attacking his Honor, but it is attacking a much more sacred thing. Yet such a one, while there are mild and legal means of repelling the attack, will not venture to commit a crime, to vindicate himself from a false accusation.

But Duels I have said are also considered as proofs of *Courage*. Meer contempt of death can never lay claim to that appellation. This may arise from inattention, intoxication, or hardened insensibility—True Courage consists in daring to die in a good cause. Thus may martyrs go to the stake; soldiers to the breach; and (if such a character could exist) *Curtius* to the Gulph. But who are they that are frequently called upon to give this proof of courage? Men, who on various occasions have shewn its utmost exertions, in defence of their King and Country; who have reaped laurels drenched in the blood of its enemies, and wish not to be called to wet them in that of their friends. The imputation of cowardice belongs not to such characters: Every attempt to fix the stigma would be vain. And yet, till some method is devised, by which they can honorably, as the world calls it, decline a challenge, the lives of these brave and useful members

* How ideal modern Honor can be, is beautifully illustrated by *Montesquieu*, who in tracing the cause why certain modes of attack upon our own persons, are such dreadful wounds to our Honor, thus explains it. When judicial combats were established by authority, the *Vilains*, or inferior order, were permitted to fight with no other arms than sticks; hence whoever struck a gentleman with a stick, treated him like a *Vilain*. Again, this order was obliged to fight with their faces uncovered. Whoever therefore gave a gentleman a blow on the face, treated him like a *Vilain*. So that we see the etiquette of affront, or superstructure remains, though the foundation on which it was built, has long since been demolished; and a blow, for which the law offers us sufficient satisfaction, affronts our Honor, for reasons, which have long since ceased to exist. 4 vol. 20 chap.

members of society, are at the mercy of every peevish, conceited, hot-headed Challenger.

The gentlemen of the army therefore merit much indulgence; in favour of them and their particular situation, I am ready to soften the severity of my censures, nor subject them to indiscriminate condemnation. Cruel custom does not permit them, like other subjects, to decline such calls, or scarce to solicit satisfaction for injured reputation any other way. The consequence of a refusal to fight, as affairs at present stand, endangers the loss both of their character and commission. Whether it is not possible to soften the harsh features of this tyrant custom, and to convert the streams of Honor, from bitter into healing waters, must be left to superior judgements. That it has been so seldom attempted, and with so little success, is a presumption indeed of its being difficult, but not a proof of its being impossible. It would be a glorious event in the reign of any Monarch, entirely to subdue this pernicious monster, and to reconcile the defence of character, and unblemished fame, in every possible situation of life, with the love of one another; with our duty to our Maker, our neighbor and ourselves.

But the farther we examine the nature of our subject, the more absurdity, injustice and cruelty are discovered in it. Every man, every Christian at least, must in his dispassionate moments allow, that the full punishment of offences belongs to God alone; though there is a partial and present one entrusted to the Magistrate, as his Vice-gerent on earth. But this should be inflicted with propriety, and consistently with equity. Let us examine whether it is or not.

Who are louder in the cause of liberty, and of that species of it, trials by juries, than the inhabitants of this our isle? And yet blinded by passion, and biassed by custom, the Duellist can infringe upon this so much boasted privilege, and peremptorily determine in his own cause; being at once Judge to try, Jury to find guilty, and Executioner to fulfil the sentence. But the

evil does not stop here, and the consequence is, what might naturally be expected, that while the laws of God and man impose punishments proportionable to the offence, the Duellist observes no proportion between the punishment and the crime, but for a hasty word, or misconstrued expression, must have Blood, if not Life. Is there reason, humanity, or justice in this proceeding? Can the most despotic Tyrant do more?

But still I have not said enough: Who knows indeed where to stop on so interesting, so affecting a theme? There are still more aggravations behind. I have hitherto considered the crime in general, without attending to the nature of the parties engaged. But this opens a most moving scene, when, as it not unfrequently happens, the bloody engagement is between the firmest friends, those who have perhaps been nursed up together in the fondest intimacy; who scarce knew a pain or pleasure which was not common to both; who would have dared every danger, and defied even Death itself to have saved each other: These must now, for a hasty word, uttered perhaps when they were deprived of reflection, pluck down the altar of friendship, and transfix the Heart they once so dearly loved. What thought can conceive, what pen describe, what language paint the miserable mournful scene?

Quis talia fando
Myrmidonum, Dolopumve, &c.

VIRG.

How natural is it to pursue the subject at this awful period, and to measure back our steps from this scene of blood, to the house of mourning! For perhaps it occurred not to the unthinking combatants, that a parent, a wife or a child, were so entwined with their existence, that whenever the root perished, the branches must necessarily fade. Whatever supplies were furnished by industry or office; whatever counsel by wisdom, or defence by authority, are now all gone and vanished; They can no longer support a parent's weakness, dry the tears of misfortune, or guide the steps of their young and inexperienced offspring.

offspring. The Sun of their Reputation is for ever set in this deed of darkness. Nor have the deserted family the consolation of trusting, that the unfortunate combatants have made a happy exchange; the only consolation sometimes left for the loss of those we love.—Were they sent for?—Were they removed by the hand of a kind providence, to rescue them from impending evils, and when they were best qualified to pass from time into eternity?—These are questions, too painful to ask; too intricate to answer. Submission to God's will, and humble hope in the merits of a compassionate Redeemer, must support and comfort in such distressing scenes.

Hitherto the matter, bad as it is, has not been placed in the most unfavorable light; we must view it in still darker shades; when the motives for a challenge, if indeed at first, the defence of truth, character, country, or party, the vindication of our honor, or the proof of our courage, come at last to degenerate into a settled, and insatiable thirst of *Revenge*: a determination to wash out an offence received, with the last drop of our antagonist's blood. Indeed it has been thought beyond the power of human frailty in any case to point our sword at the breast of our fellow creature, without feeling some spark at least of resentment. And the gentle as well as pious author of the *Christian Hero* has said, "that it is not an ordinary struggle between
 " reason, sense and passion, that can raise men to a calm and
 " steady negligence of life; or animate them to assault without
 " fear, pursue without cruelty, or stab without *Hatred*." But what he suspected to be only probable, fatal experience has shown to be true, that parties who have thus sought satisfaction, have often given the most unequivocal proofs of their being instigated entirely by revenge. I shall recite but two examples, the *horresco referens* must be my excuse for producing no more.

After a long and bloody contest of this kind in a foreign country, when one of the parties growing faint with loss of
 blood,

blood, and thinking a sufficient sacrifice had been made to Honor, cried out, *Is it not enough?* He was answer'd—*How, enough? Are we not both alive?*

The other instance equally harrows up the breast of Benevolence, when, as an ingenious writer relates it, "Dignity of wrath, cool and deliberate preparation, by passing different climes, and waiting convenient seasons for murdering each other, though at last accomplished in a meadow full of water, displayed itself in the fatal conflict." I scarce need to mention the parties alluded to, Lord Bruce and Sir Edward Sackville. Passion may be sudden and hurry us to unwarrantable actions; but such deliberate, and as it were cultivated revenge, as it disdains to shew mercy here, may reasonably despair to meet with it hereafter.

I would not be understood, or be thought too severe in my censures, of all that meet in single combat, as if there were not some who abhor the practice, and most reluctantly comply when called on. I admit, because I firmly believe, there are many who go to the field without malice, and having received no injury, want no satisfaction,—but still they go. There once existed three worthy characters, whom no threats could prevail on to fall down and worship the golden image which Nebuchadnezzar had set up. But alas! to the fashionable Idol of Honor, what multitudes bow the willing knee! The steady refusal of those heroes to comply with what their consciences disapproved, (though the alternative was not the transitory loss of ideal fame, but threatened torments, and a cruel death) procured them an exemplary deliverance.—Let those who would escape as hot a furnace, that of God's wrath hereafter, have the same resolution not to follow a multitude to do evil here.

Let us now turn our attention to those friends of the principals, who attend them to the field, under the denomination of *Seconds*. Whether the providing these, does not a little sully the lustre of this Idol Honor, may I think be doubted, as it seems to imply

a possibility, to say nothing worse, that malice or craft may harbor in the breast of a Duellist: For what is the office of Seconds; what the principal object of their care and attention? To examine the weapons, that they be of equal temper and length; that neither of the parties should quit their ground during the combat, or avail themselves of any accident contrary to the laws of Duelling. Does not this afford some little ground of suspicion, that these men of Honor do not always chuse to trust one another?*

It may however be commendable to provide Seconds, as their office is also to assist the Principals if wounded, to interfere to prevent farther mischief, and to try to promote a reconciliation.

But horrid formerly, as well as absurd was the custom, that the Seconds were to be so far angry through their Principals, as to fight also, and to try to kill each other. Absurd, because any palliation from sudden heat and passion, cannot be applied to resentment at second-hand: And horrid, because it would enlarge the field of blood; as the friends or relations of the Seconds might think it incumbent on them to revenge their deaths, and thus it would be late and long before the devouring sword could be restored to its peaceful scabbard.

PART THE SECOND.

MANY observations have been made by serious and ingenious men on the guilt of the practice of Duelling, and various methods recommended to prevent a disposition towards it. It may therefore perhaps be thought needless to say any thing on the subject, as I can as little hope to add to the
force

* In very remote times I believe it was customary for the Principals to examine the Seconds, as well as the Seconds the Principals; and the reason assigned, lest they should have a coat of mail, or any other hidden and unsuspected security.

force of their reasoning, as to equal the beauty of their style. But in a work of this kind, no argument can properly be omitted, however the repetition may be vain, or the rejection certain.

The guilt of this horrid practice, however diversified by the several circumstances I have purposely enumerated, is principally and essentially this. The daring to part with or take away Life, without the consent of him who lent it: For that it is not, or can be our own to dispose of, we shall ourselves acknowledge, if we reflect at all, on the reasons for which existence was given us. Some of these are for our own sakes; that we might in this state of probation, qualify ourselves for everlasting happiness in another. But when we are arrived as far towards perfection (for perfection itself we shall never reach) as our particular state allows, is known to God alone; and therefore to put a period to our own or another's life, however fashionable the mode, is to interfere with his omniscience, and to frustrate his gracious intentions in our behalf.

But we are not born for ourselves alone, or for our own interests only. Our existence and conduct affects other men, and for ought we know, other worlds. Does not the Duellist therefore venture upon a crime of complicated magnitude, the extent of which he cannot see, the malignity of which he cannot fully conceive?

But God, whose mercies never fail, foreseeing what daring attempts would be made this way, against his sovereignty, has implanted in us a natural desire to live, a dread and reluctance to die; yet so deceitful and wicked is the human heart, that it can rise superior to every check; and we dare part with our own life, or take that of another, at the instigation of passion, ill humor, or caprice.

But farther yet, the positive precepts of the Gospel, relative to these subjects, which the most illiterate cannot mistake, had sufficiently guarded, one would have hoped, against the Overt-Act, by summoning before the awful tribunal at the last day,
the

the very thoughts and intentions of the heart; showing us, our designs may have the guilt of deeds, and our wishes of Murder. And by a positive precept which excludes every evasion and subterfuge, commands us not only to love one another, but to love even our Enemies, though they despitefully use us and persecute us. If the injunction be difficult, it is not however impossible, since he who best knows what is in man, hath enjoined it. But if you cannot love, at least do not hate; strive to *forget* till you have learnt to *forgive*; cease to do evil, though you have not resolution to do well. For till the tares of the malevolent passions are rooted up, the Christian virtues have no room to shoot.

What more then in *mercy* could have been done, which has not been done, to warn, to dissuade, to check men in their progress to this crime? But so little warned, dissuaded or checked is the Duellist, by any scruples about *taking life away*, that usurping the Authority of the Creator, he even offers to *give it*. "This meer Non-entity, says an ingenious Author,* who subsists only by the will of his Creator, by the continuance of his sustaining power; this arrogant dependant *Nothing*, talks of *giving* his fellow creature *Life*, and thinks himself generous in not doing, what he has not the least right to do."

—— giving his fellow creature, LIFE! ——

What an awful pause is this! How vanish before it the highest finished fictions of the Mæonian Bard, while he makes all Heaven lean forward to attend the decision of the unimportant combats of pagan heroes. Here——a Saviour *groans*, pitying Angels *weep*, all Heaven *shudders*, while the conqueror is pleased to offer, not to hazard plunging his Antagonist at once into Eternity, with all his sins on his head, if he will but condescend

to

C

* Dialogues on Anger and Forgiveness, by a Clergyman.

to *ask his Life*: And while the vanquished (in desperation) dares to deliberate whether he shall fally his *honor*, or hazard his Soul.

————— WAS EVER PAUSE LIKE THIS PAUSE? †

† We should not have expected that under the reign of *Christian Kings* such *unchristian determinations* should have passed relative to this subject, as we find was once the case, when, “Celui qui
“ *etoit navré et se rendit a Son Ennemi*, *etoit infame toute sa Vie*, et ne lui *etoit permis* de couper
“ *sa Barbe*, de posseder aucun honneur ny charge, de porter aucunes armes, ni de monter jamais
“ *a Cheval*: Mais celui qui *etoit tué dans le camp*, en combattant, sans s’etre voulu rendre, *etoit*
“ *enseveli honorablement*; et le vainqueur mené en triomphes en sa maison, et declare véritable,
“ *et capable de tous honneurs, charges et offices.*”

Memoires de Sully, 2 tom. 50 ch. p. 346.

THE

T H E

D U E L L I S T.

P A R T T H E T H I R D.

THE Guilt of Duelling being by this time I hope sufficiently established, let us offer some farther reflections naturally arising from the Subject, and which pursued may be of use to prevent its future progress. Now there is nothing of more importance to the reformation so devoutly wished, than the nicely distinguishing, between what is, and what is not, *Reputation*. No one that reflects at all can be ignorant, that Vice can wear the Mask of Virtue, Falsehood of Truth. But few examine whether public Opinion is well founded, if a practice can but shelter itself under that name. Whereas it is no Misanthropy now, if it ever was, to distinguish between “ the undiscerning Many, and sensible Few.” It is an age when it is allowed to combat the most established truths, how much more so then, specious falsehoods? Let Reputation still mean the plaudits and approbation of our fellow creatures; but let it be of those, whose applause can confer honor. We may rejoice indeed *laudari*, but it must be, *a laudatis viris*. If we apply this to the

unhappy subject of this disquisition, we shall soon see that we court the applause of those, whose principles we condemn, and neglect the opinion of those, whose approbation only is desirable. I would therefore, if I could, inspire every worthy breast with this genuine fortitude, *Bene agere, male audire*. I would oppose the durable pleasure of a satisfied conscience, to the empty momentary congratulations of a few Worldlings. To believe in the immutability of Rectitude, so as to conceive it founded on a Rock; and to consider the arbitrary and variable fashions of Opinion, as founded on Sand. The former supported by truth will remain for ever; the latter will sink with the props that support it, Passion, Prejudice and Error. So preferable is it in some cases, to be singular rather than popular; and upon all occasions, *Esse, quam videri Bonum*.

There are two states in which the prevention of this mischief may be attempted; when the seeds of it are but first bursting, and when it has made a considerable progress: For indeed whatever are designed as antidotes to this malignant poison, are usually administered too late. For Resentment and Anger, like all other irregular passions, acquire strength by degrees: There is a time when a very little care and attention would conquer them. For it would be very hard indeed, if while Goodness is progressive, and slowly encreases with years, the irregular affections should as it were be born compleat, and at once reach the Summit of their Malignity.

What therefore might not the care and culture of an infant mind produce, to prevent this growth of peevishness and passion? But how different is the conduct of mankind? Children's tender hearts and hands are armed against each other, as soon almost as they have power to think, and almost before they have strength to strike; the standers-by perhaps encouraging and applauding. Must it not follow from hence, that the little Conqueror will be vain, and wish to gain a similar triumph on some future occasion? Nay, perhaps quarrel on purpose to find one?

one? While the Conquered will repine at the success of his Antagonist, and if reproached and ridiculed, will bear malice, and silently meditate revenge. It matters not how trifling are the objects of contention, if the passion runs but sufficiently high; and the event may be sufficiently important, for it may chance that an unlucky blow from an unarmed hand, may prove as effectually fatal, as the sharper weapons of maturer years.

Let us now turn to the grown-up Man, who, neglected and unchecked by parents and friends, when their admonitions would have had weight, finds himself not only easily provoked, but with difficulty appeased: Discerning too nicely, feeling too acutely, and judging too rashly—Is it yet too late to find a remedy? At all events let us endeavor to seek one.

And first, let such a man constantly avoid the company of those, whose intoxication, pride or insolence, are likely to provoke his resentment. *Virtus est Vitium fugere.* Next, let him immediately, if he can, retire when the storm is about to rise in his breast, and examine himself, whether he views the affront the next morning, in the same affecting light, as when the offence was first given.

After this, let him wait a little, to see whether the person who has incurred his displeasure, is not desirous of retracting what he has said, of explaining it to his satisfaction, and of fully apologising for his conduct. Many resentments of this sort, would be stifled in their birth, could we condescend to confess what we often feel, that our behaviour is not to be justified.

Another rule, which I would recommend on this occasion, is, that the parties should seriously examine whether they are angry or not.—Ridiculous as this proposal may at first appear, it is founded on Experience. There are many men who take a barbarous pleasure in trying to excite resentment, in persuading one or both of the disputants, that though they are not, they
ought

ought to be affronted. Cruel and absurd as such a proceeding is, many have been weak or wicked enough, to be so far influenced by it, as to fight. To put our conscience into other men's keeping, has never been considered as a proof of sense or prudence. And to permit other men to determine our feelings, and regulate when we shall be in a passion or not, is of very serious consequence; as it leads perhaps to disgrace here, and, it may be, to destruction hereafter.

Vices, we know, are checked by the exercise of their opposite virtues: Contrary dispositions may be played off against each other.—The good dispositions, it is confessed, must be acquired. *Hic Labor, hoc Opus.*—But if accomplished, will amply repay our pains.

Against *Pride*, that Serpent that engenders so many bloody conflicts, let us oppose a habit of modesty and distrust, by intimately conversing with ourselves, and examining the many vices, follies and failings, which make us as odious to others, as theirs do them to us. Against *Revenge*, let us oppose gentleness and meekness, dispositions to be acquired by the frequent and awful consideration of the forbearance of him, who, was he extreme to mark but the hundredth part of what we do amiss, none of us, alas! could abide it.

Against the sudden rise of heat and passion, let us oppose every cooling and conciliatory reflection—The possibility of our mistaking what has been said, or of our taking it in a sense foreign to the Speaker's intention; deceived, it may be, by a look that was accidental, or a gesture, which was not designed.*

But

* There is something of originality both of Sentiment and Expression, in the following Observation of Lord Hunsdon's, as quoted out of a Manuscript in the British Museum: "To have the *courage* to observe an affront, is to be even with an Adversary—to have the *patience* to forgive it, is to be above him."

But if, after all, the words were really spoken, their meaning too clear to be misunderstood, the provocation pointed, and the affront designed—there is still a remedy before we come to the desperate resolution of bloody retaliation. I mean, FORGIVENESS.—How, forgive? Can I forgive while I feel?—Whom must I forgive? My cruellest Enemy?—What must I forgive? His robbing me of every thing dear and valuable, nay, of the dearest and most valuable thing on earth, my good name and character?—It cannot be done—perhaps not by a CHRISTIAN—but HEATHENS have done it, and done it often. Heathens, who, living in a state of intellectual darkness, compared with the meridian lustre of Christianity, were under the dominion of every irregular passion, and of Anger among the rest: Yet, strange and painful to tell, this practice was scarce known among Heathens, whose forgiveness extends to a pitch of heroism, that Christians do not often reach: Though meekness is the badge of their profession, and forgiveness the indispensable condition of their Salvation.

A Heathen Philosopher could say—Now would I strike thee, was I not in a passion.—*Antigonus* could calmly bid his soldiers remove farther from his Tent to rail at him, lest the King should hear them.—And another declared, that calumnies should never excite his wrath, because he would so live, that no one should give credit to what his enemies said of him.—And many instances are to be found in the ages strictly Pagan, of great forbearance and forgiveness among all ranks of men: Feeling the injury, but subduing the resentment; and sometimes rewarding instead of punishing the offender: But scarce an instance that I know of, any where occurs among them, of revenging affronts by Challenges, or defending character by shedding blood.

What

What shall we say then? That our Saviour literally came not to send Peace on earth, but a Sword?—No—but that men may be born of Christian Parents, in a Christian Country, and even profess the Christian religion, and yet be exceeded by Pagans, in one of the principal and purest of the *Christian Virtues*.

MISCELLANEOUS REFLECTIONS

ON SEVERAL PASSAGES IN

CLASSICAL and HISTORICAL WRITERS,

CONNECTED WITH AND DERIVED FROM

The STRUCTURE of the BODY.

TOGETHER WITH A FEW

OBSERVATIONS in the PHYSIOLOGY.

IT was always my wish, since I was appointed to read Anatomical Lectures, to blend, as far as the Subject would admit, the pleasant with the profitable; which, however acceptable in every place, is remarkably so in this. While I labored therefore to improve those, who made Anatomy their Profession, I strove not to disgust those, who seemed to take it up meerly as an Amusement. This suggested to me the plan of calling in classical and literary passages to my assistance. How successfully is not for me to determine. The plan however being large and extensive, could not be compleated all at once, and therefore I determined, as opportunity offered, to give to the public what I had ready and finished at the time; and to which, if my Health permits, I shall probably keep continually adding.

MISCELLANEOUS REFLECTIONS, &c.

ANIMAL SPIRITS:

MONS. SCUDERI, in his observations on the *Cid* of *Corneille*, is very angry with him for having used the word *Esprit* in the plural number. It is in the following passage.

“ *Elle rendra le calme a vos Esprits flotans.*”

If the Author meant to allude to the agitation of what are called the *Animal Spirits*, he could not have expressed himself more happily. But *Mr. Scuderi's* difficulty arises not from hence: He cannot comprehend, it seems, how all the Senses can partake in a pleasure, occasioned only by something we hear—for the Poet had said

“ *Deux mots dont tous vos Sens doivent etre charmés.*”

now, says he, “ *La Vue, l'Odorat, le Gout, ny l'Attouchement n'y peuvent avoir aucun part.*” Strictly and literally this is true, but surely is very allowable, and even beautiful in poetic and metaphorical description. We have a phrase in our own language which seems to correspond with the Poet's Idea, and which we express by, “ *being glad all over.*”

HEAD—CRANIUM, &c.

It is to do honor to this part I suppose, that Hippocrates makes it the first that is formed in the womb; that from hence, as from

the root, the human tree may spring: For such is his whimsical allusion: And all Etymologists on the same principle, are fond of deriving the word *Caput*, from *incipit*.—Too minute an investigation of the mysterious parts of our Structure, seems better calculated to encrease Vanity, than to promote Knowledge.

This part among the Greeks was called *οὐρανός*, derived from the favorite hackney'd similitude between the Micro and Macrocosmos. Though most nations seem agreed, about the dignity and supremacy of the Head, above the rest of the Body, the practice of the Chinese is sometimes contradictory to it, especially in the mode of punishing crimes with death. Most European Nations consider beheading as a more honorable Exit, and grant it in consideration of the rank of the Sufferer; whereas according to du Halde, the Chinese look on this punishment as most ignominious, because the Head, which they consider as the principal part of Man's Body, is thus unnaturally separated from it; and that such unhappy persons do not preserve their Bodies entire, as they received them from their parents at their birth. They seem to have a superstitious regard, for dying in what is called a whole skin.

The Sea of Life in which we ride, says an Author, is first *Egean*, and then *Axine* (*Euxine*) full of rocks while we are sailing, and inhospitality when we are landed. It was called *Ἀξείνος* by the Ancients (from *ἀ* privativa, and *ξείνος* hospes) from the barbarity of those who inhabited its shore, who sacrificed all strangers that fell into their hands, feeding on their flesh, and making drinking cups of their skulls.

To the real catalogue of Diseases, which is sufficiently large, Avarice and Cunning have added artificial ones. Hildanus speaks of a Man and his Wife, who, by introducing Air under the hairy scalp of their Child, blew it up to an enormous size, so as to resemble a real Disease. It procured them at first what they wanted, a maintenance; but at last, what they better deserved, severe punishment.

EYES.

There are some entertaining remarks derived from the situation of the Eyes.

CYCLOPS—COCLES.

Neither the Greeks, Pliny, or Aulus Gellius have remarked, that Virgil does not place the Eye of the Cyclops, as other Authors do, in the middle of the Forehead. Borrichius saw it in two Monsters; in the middle indeed of the Os Frontis, but at the root of the Nose—thus Virgil

————— *telo Lumen terebramus acuto*
Ingens quod torva solum sub Fronte latebat.

When there is a great flatness of the Nose, so that the space between the Eyebrows is scarcely visible, two Eyes at a distance may appear but like one. The word *Cocles* is said to signify *Monoculus*; if so, it must be given to persons born with this infirmity, as it does not seem natural to superadd a title which should spread the defect, where the knowledge of the misfortune would not otherways have reached. Hence the surname of *Horatius Cocles* is said to be derived.—If there should be a whole people whose Eyes are thus crowded together, may not the credulous sailor, carelessly sailing, without setting his foot on shore, bring home surprising tales of nations that have but one Eye? If we value our Character for veracity, I should recommend, to be extremely careful how we admit of violent deviations from the customary structure of the Human Body; as nature does nothing wantonly, foolishly, or in sportive mood.

FASCINATION.

The doctrine of Fascination among the Ancients was truly ridiculous; but Superstition lays hold of every thing for a support. Much power of this kind was naturally attributed to the Eyes. Pliny says, the Triballi and Illyrians had usually two Pupils, which were thought extremely conducive to Fascination:
and

and observes from Cicero, that in all places where Women had double Eyeballs, they could easily hurt any one on whom they fixed their Eyes.

PUPILLA—KOPH.

However cold and insipid the remarks are, on the double meaning of the word *Κοπη*, as quoted, and justly condemned by *Longinus*, and which took their origin from too eager a pursuit of a new turn of thought; yet the good Bishop Hall has derived from it a useful Lesson, and allowing for the Style then in vogue, not overstrained.—“*Eyes full of Adultery.*” The Greek word, *Κοπη*, says he, signifies both the Apple of the Eye, and a Virgin. Sure I am, many an Eye proves a Bawd to the Soul, and I may safely say, Virginity is first lost in the Eye.

ACIES OCULORUM.

Some words are used by classical writers in a different Sense from what they are by Anatomists, which is necessary to be attended to. *Acies Oculorum* signifies the act of seeing in general, or rather distinctly and perfectly, and thus might be translated sharp-sightedness: But it has been applied to particular parts of the Eye. Thus Cicero, “*Acies ipsa qua cernimus, PUPILLA vocatur.*” And Lactantius, “*Acies, id est, membrana illa pellucens, quam sicari et obarescere non oportet: Et nisi humore assidue tersa, pura riteat, obsolescit;*” thus describing the *Lucid Cornea*. This is usually meant by the Apple of the Eye.

GLAUCOMA.

Is used by some Authors, for deceiving, whether the mental or bodily Eye. Thus Plautus.

*Ei nos facitis fabricis, et doctis dolis
Glaucoram ob oculos objiciemus: cumq; ita,
Faciemus, ut quod viderit, non viderit.*

Miles Glorios. 1—2—70.

This

This word being so technical, and the disease not having an absolutely decided meaning among Anatomists, as to its real seat, would seem to be rather unintelligible on the Stage. It may here be remarked, that *Plautus*, of all the comic writers in Latin, abounds most with anatomical allusions, and in general with accurate ones. Historians also have adopted the Metaphor, “ Ne quis inhonesta, Cupiditates, Religionis *Glaucomate* obtegat.”

SUPERCILIA.

If we could see how strongly Hauteur, Ill-nature and Self-importance may be marked on the Countenance, by a particular make and motion of the Supercilia, we need only to turn to those beautiful passages in Tully, where gratifying his resentment against his Antagonist Piso, he thus summons all the powers of his Eloquence. “ Respondes altero ad frontem sublato, altero ad mentum depresso supercilio;” and again, “ cujus supercilio tanquam Atlante Cœlum niti videbatur.” And once more, “ Lateant Libidines ejus tenebricosæ, quas fronte et Supercilio, non pudore et Temperantia, correxit.”

It is curious to observe, that Beauty is not determined so much by natural Symmetry, as by custom and fashion. It is not here meant to allude to the disfigurement of savage nations. Instances may be found among the politer inhabitants of Greece and Rome. To have the Eyebrows meet, is reckoned by us a blemish, and generally the superfluous hairs are extirpated: Whereas *Petronius* and *Ovid* speak of it as a Beauty of the Sex in their time, and if not natural, should be procured by Art.

Arte, supercilia confinia nuda repletis.

CILIA.

White Eyelashes are said not to bear the light well, and Caspar Hoffman mentions a person, who, by painting his Eyelashes black,
saw

fav considerably better. I know not how true the remark is, that people with white Eyelashes do not see so well if their heads are shaved.

TEARS.

It is allowed by Anatomists that the greater part of the Tears steal through the lacrymal ducts into the mouth and first passages, and are taken again into the Road of Circulation; but not in quantities sufficient to answer Juvenal's difficulty, whence the fons perennis of *Heraclytus'* Tears, or the bolder fiction of a perpetually weeping *Niobe*.

EAR—LOBE.

Pliny says, "Est in Aura ima Memorix Locus, quam tangentes "attestantur," and it seems they added, "Memento." Muretus speaks of a Medal, where one man is represented touching the Lobe of another man's Ear, with this Inscription, *Μνημονευε*. Servius says the Ear was consecrated to Memory, as the Forehead to Genius, and the Fingers to Minerva. The custom of retaining a witness, which was called *Antestari*, was by taking hold of the Party's Ear, which custom however was dispensed with towards women, or where the party to be tried was of infamous character. This we learn from the *Perfa* of *Plautus*.

DORDALUS. *Nonne antestaris?*

SATURIO. *Tuane ego causa carnufex*

Quoiquam mortali libero Aures atteram?

Horace brings an instance in himself of this kind of *Subpæna*, when his troublesome companion seizes on him.

————— *Licit Antestari. Ego vero*
OPPONO AURICULAM.

MOTION

MOTION OF THE EARS.

Notwithstanding the muscles sent to the external Ear in the human subject, which, according to *Santorini*, are far from inconsiderable either as to number or size, yet we read of very few who have had the power of moving their Ears. The Abbe Marolles says in his *Memoires*, that the Regent Crassus could move his Ears with great Ease. And St. Austin knew a man in his time, who, without using his Hands, could erect his Hair, and move his Ears. Eustachius speaks of a man who had this Talent. And Caspar Hoffman, in his Commentaries, on Galen de Ufu Partium, mentions a similar instance. This power is said to be destroyed by binding down the Ears in Infancy; but the Indians, who, I believe, bind the Ears of their Children forwards, have not any motions in them, as far as I have read or heard.

On the other hand, it seems to be looked upon as disreputable, to have this talent; whether because the Ears of Asses are almost always in motion, I know not. Thus *Epicharmus* in *Athenæus*, ridicules Hercules on this account, when he describes him cramming himself:

σίζει δὲ τὰς πινέουσι, κίβει δ' ἄλλα.

Cruquius on the 15th Epode of Horace says, the name *Flaccus* was derived from some person, who had flaccid or moveable Ears, so that the name must at least have been imposed without any such reason, or else the number of those who had this power, must have been pretty considerable.

But Martial is most severe on this head, of any Author, in his picture of a fool:

*Hunc vero acuto capite, et auribus longis
Quæ sic moventur ut solet ASELLORUM
Quis MORIONIS filium neget MYRRHÆ ?*

Procopius

Procopius, to render Justinian ridiculous, whom he disliked, compares him to an Ass, not only for Heaviness and Stupidity, but because he used to move his Ears to and fro; on which account in the open theatre he was called $\Gamma\alpha\upsilon\delta\alpha\pi\epsilon$ or *Asinego* by the *Prasini* or Green Faction, to which he was an Enemy.

How moveable soever *Justinian's* Ears might be, he was by no means so stupid as his calumniators would make him — nay, some even doubt, whether for *Justinian* we should not read *Justin*.*

AUDITORY NERVE.

Some Historian writes of Cardinal Richlieu, that he was found to have three Auditory Nerves on each side. Now without straining the meaning beyond what the Author ever meant, to signify metaphorically, that a Minister should have the power of hearing quicker than other men, for on the same principle it would be convenient for him to have double Eyeballs to see the quicker; we are assured that the *Portio mollis* of the *Auditory Nerve*, may be divided into three branches by an accurate Dissector.

NOSE.

In Greek $\Pi\iota\varsigma$ and $\Pi\iota\upsilon$, whence $\pi\iota\upsilon\alpha\omega$ decipio, taken from Dogs at fault.

A common phrase among the Ancients, was “*Homo emunctæ Naris.*” They imagined all the Mucus of the Nostrils to be separated by this part from the Brain, which thus purified that Organ, and rendered it more free from Obstructions which impeded, as they thought, cunning and foresight. Hence a cunning and clever Man, was said to be *emunctæ Naris.*

We

* See Jortin's Remarks on Ecclesiastical History. 4 vol. p. 347—355.

We read of wonderful refreshments produced by Scents. Democritus is said to have prolonged his life many days, by *smelling* of Bread dipped in Wine. And Aristotle speaks of a person, living above forty days solely by the *smell* of Honey. Very sudden refreshment, we know, is conveyed by the Nerves of the Nose, in Fainting, &c. but such a prolongation of Life by such means only, is not to be credited.

MUSCLES OF THE NOSE.

Much of the power of moving the Nose and Nostrils, by its Muscles, is impaired, as in the Ears, but yet many can dilate and contract their Nostrils at pleasure, and alter the whole, so as to express fastidiousness, and sometimes longing after culinary indulgences. This we find alluded to in Horace, and other writers:

————— *fateor me dixerit ille*
Duci ventre levem, Nasum nidore SUPERIOR.
 And ————— *Naso suspendis adunco.*

MOUTH.

The Palate or Roof of the Mouth is most elegantly stiled by Lucretius, the Temple of the Tongue; whose roof however I fear does not always reflect the Sounds of Piety or Praise.

————— *suaviter omnia tractant*
Humida Linguae circum sudantia Templa.

TEETH.

Tertullian, for what reason I know not, calls the Teeth the Seeds of Immortality.

The two farthest Teeth in each Jaw have particular names, as *Dentes Sapientiae*, as they are usually cut very late after the rest, at an age when we should have some discretion. These are also

called *Genuini*, and belong to the five Grinders. As these are very large and strong, and placed to great advantage with respect to the Centre of Motion, they are used very properly, whether designedly or not, by classical Authors, for satyrical purposes. Thus Juvenal, in describing the hard mouldy crusts, which the proud Patron sets before his needy dependants, has these strong expressions:

*Ecce alius quanto porrexit murmure panem,
Vix fractum, solidæ jam mucida frustra farinae,
Quæ GENUINUM agitant, vix admittentia Morsum.*

And Persius, to show the force with which the Satyrs of Lucilius could bite, carries the metaphor farther still:

————— *secuit Lucilius urbem*
Te Lupe, Te Muti, et GENUINUM fregit in illis.

The Histories of double and triple rows of Teeth, may, I believe, be fairly treated as fabulous. It is very common in the mouths of Children, whose parents neglect the drawing the first set when loose, to make room for the second, to have them continue behind, and thus I have seen a double row for three or four in succession. As little credible is it, that some persons have been born with one continued bone, of the structure of Teeth, slightly marked with lines where the division into separate teeth usually takes place. And it is not a little remarkable, that solid, or triple rows of Teeth, are the privileges only of great personages. As of Pyrrhus, Lewis the 13th of France, and others.

To be born with teeth, though preternatural, is not without example. Hildanus, an Author of good credit, tells us, he drew a tooth from a child six days old, which stood as far out of the Gum, as in a child of two years old. It was one of the Incisores of the lower Jaw. Albinus has given us, in his *Annotiones Academicæ*, a print of the places through which he had seen
teeth

teeth inconveniently make their way: As through the cheek under the Eye, and almost in the middle of the Palate.

Pliny says, the Family of the *Dentati* among the Romans, took its appellation from some of its Ancestors being born with Teeth. And some modern Travellers of high character and unimpeached veracity, relate such treatment of the teeth by some nations, as entirely overturns all theories both of their structure and use.

Thus Scaliger, Exerc. 271, says, the Youth in the Island of Tandaia, saw their teeth down to the roots, to make them thicker and firmer, as Gardiners make Pollards of Trees. This certainly contributes not to encrease the rugged surface of the Molares upon which much of their use depends, and entirely destroys the sharp cutting edges of the Incifores.

God never made his work for man to mend.

We read in the Academy of Sciences, that the Inhabitants of Dog's Island in North America, have the surface of their Incifores broad, and similar to the Molares of other Nations. And I have somewhere read of a people who destroyed the enamel of their Teeth in order to strengthen their Substance.*

OESOPHAGUS. GULA. ΟΙΣΩΝ ΦΑΓΟΣ.

By this is meant the passage from the mouth through which the food is conveyed into the stomach. It is a great error to make this part the feat of exquisite taste; so that *Philoxenus* would have been miserably disappointed, though his wish had been gratified of having his Gullet as long as that of a Crane. We owe this Error, as we do many others, to the injudicious labors of the Etymologists, who are more apt to assert than to prove a point. Λαυχανια, say the Etymologists, signifies Guttur or Gula, παρα το λαυειν quasi απολαυειν. *Quia e Cibo Potuq; hæc pars præ cæteris sentiat.*

* For farther strange treatment of the Teeth, see Marsden's History of Sumatra.

fentiat.—There is indeed another sense, in which *Λευχαια* may fairly be deduced from *απολαυειν*, as it means also, *damnum capere*. And who will dispute the power of the Oesophagus to procure this, in the fullest sense, in the intemperate at least, and *Epicurean Feeder*?

RIBS.

These are twelve in number, the seven uppermost distinguished, on account of their attachment to the Sternum, from the five lowermost. Particular attention is paid by Authors, and especially in the Old Testament, to the *fifth Rib*, in relating two melancholy catastrophes, the Death of *Afahel* and *Abner*, which Commentators explain thus, though the Event might have been the same, between whatever Ribs the Spear had passed; for they consider the five Bastard Ribs, collectively as one fifth Rib, under which lay the Liver and Gall Bladder on the right side. These therefore were probably thrust through in *Afahel* by the Spear of *Abner*, who is said to have smote him under the fifth Rib.

Joab afterwards smites *Abner* under the fifth Rib, (but from their mutual position) on the left side, and probably through the spleen; but by a direction of the Instrument, perhaps through the Heart also.

According to the Syriac version, the side of our Saviour pierced by the Centurion's Spear, means under the fifth Rib.

It probably pierced at the same time the Pericardium and Heart, from the pendant situation of our Saviour's Body. This too is the Spot, where Authors fix the Dagger in the Catastrophe of *Dido* and *Lucretia*.

PRÆCORDIA.

This word, as far as used in a metaphorical sense, signifies the parts about the Heart, to denote fortitude, courage, &c.

————— *redit in Præcordia Virtus.*

In a medical Sense it has unfortunately too many meanings, which is usually the parent of obscurity.

HEART.

This being a part so essential to Life and Action, and so long privileged in Metaphor, to signify almost every passion, we cannot wonder that in one manner or other, it is made the subject of Allusion, by Writers of every sort, particularly the Divine, the Moralist, and the Poet. But as far as a strict attention to the Nature of the Subject goes, I think Anatomical Allusions the least calculated of any, to illustrate a doctrine, or enforce a religious Precept, which is however a favorite use made of them by Old Divines. One can hardly refrain smiling at the honest, but simple intention of those, who account for earthly enjoyments not contenting the Heart of Man, because the world being round, and the Heart triangular, the latter can never be compleatly filled by the former.

Another observes, Man's Heart is broad above, narrow beneath, open at the top, close below, to signify that we should enlarge and spread our Affections towards Heaven, and draw them to as narrow a point as we can towards Earth. And that our hold of Earth should be very slight, represented it seems by the smallness of the point; and very strong of Heaven, represented by the breadth of the Heart's base.

But it is happy for mankind, that providence has not left us to collect our duty from such hieroglyphical insinuations as these. Those who have daily opportunities of viewing this *moral structure*, if I may so call it, of the Heart, are a race of Men, who are very unlikely, if we may judge by experience, of making this use of it. Nor do we know whether the Sacrificers among the Levites were more disposed for serious thoughts every time they were called upon to offer a victim.

Another Author tells us, we must not have divided Hearts, a Heart and a Heart, like the Hares in Bifaltia, or the Partridges
in

in Paphlagonia. What sort of Hearts these are, the Author who mentions them, best can tell.

These allusions however are innocent, and draw after them no consequences. Not so, the fatal illustration of *Servetus*, who attempting to elucidate the circulation of the blood, compared it to the Trinity, for which he was burnt to Death at Geneva.

Historians in aid of Prodigy, or to insinuate the magnanimity of a Hero, treat us sometimes with a *hairy Heart*. What has occurred of this sort to Physicians, seems to have been the effect of violent Inflammation, when in separating the adhering Pericardium, filaments of concreted mucus are thus raised, and drawn away, and which put on the appearance of Hairs.

That the Heart should ever be wanting, may fairly be disbelieved when asserted of victims offered by Heathens, as the Sacrificer had often some interest in disguising the truth of Appearances; but it may ever be doubted, when asserted of human Bodies. It is the part of all others probably, which is never wanting, even in the structure of the smallest Insect.

If a part generally so well understood, and with which the Eye is tolerably well acquainted, cannot properly be adduced as illustration or argument, what shall we think of other parts produced for the same purpose, which are perfectly unknown to the generality of mankind, and of which I shall give some remarkable instances in their place?

ABDOMEN.

This word is sometimes applied to the fat of the Belly :

MONTANI quoque Venter adest, Abdomine tardus.

And metaphorically to Gluttony, by Tully :

Ille Gurgis natus Abdomini suo, non laudi—

Corresponding to this part, is the Sumen of the Sow, a luxurious dish among the Romans, nempe "Suis Abdomen cum Mammis Lacte turgentibus." Thus MARTIAL :

Esse

*Esse putes nondum Sumen, sic Ubere largo
Effluit, et vivo Lacte Papilla fluit.*

MICHAEL NEANDER, in his *Erotemata Hebraica*, gives us an admirable Specimen of the Marvellous, so frequent among the Talmudists, in the account of two Rabbis, ELIAZER and ISMAEL, whose Abdomens were so protuberant, that when they stood face to face, and their bodies touched, two large Oxen could pass between them, “*neutrum contingendo.*”

NAVEL.—UMBILICUS.

There seems to be abundant reason for supposing, that the Ancients looked upon the Navel, as capable of being the seat of great pleasure or great pain. Thus among the exquisite torments inflicted during the horrors of persecution, we find pouring cold water on the Navel to be one. There was a set of remedies called *Exomphalia*, because applied to the Navel, with a view, no doubt, of their thus gaining a speedy admittance into the whole Oeconomy, which is rendered probable by some circumstances. Thus *Riolan* mentions a large quantity of Water evacuated at the Navel; *Hildanus*, of Blood at the same place; in both which instances the Umbilical Vein is supposed to have been preternaturally pervious, as the *Urachus* sometimes is, after Birth. The Navel therefore having been supposed by the Ancients, to communicate Sensations to the whole Body, might give rise to that passage in the Book of Proverbs; “It shall be health to thy Navel, and marrow to thy Bones.”

VISCERA.

In anatomical language signifies certain Organs that secrete various fluids in the Abdomen; but Poets apply the word differently. Thus *SENECA* in his *THYESTES*, makes it stand for Flesh and Skin:

Hæc

*Hæc verubus hærent viscera,
Et lentis data stillant Caminis.*

Sc. quum interiora jam essent exempta. And another Author, "cum DEJANIRA sanguine Centauri tinctam tunicam induisset, in- hæfissetq; visceribus," though this poison might penetrate to the internal viscera. ISIDORE in his *Origines*, says, "Viscera non tantum Intestina dicimus, sed quicquid sub Corio est, a VISCO, quod est inter Cutem, et Carnem." Quere, Whether the Author means by this the *Rete mucosum*?

OMENTUM.

This was one of the parts to which the Soothsayers paid great attention in sacrifices, so that the word is by some derived from *Omen*. Thus SENECA in *Oedipus*.

————— non molli ambitu
Omenta pingues viscerum obtendunt sinus.

Some deviate in their use of it, from the anatomical meaning, and signify by it, a covering or *Operimentum*; thus MACROBIUS calls the Membranes of the Brain, *Omenta Cerebri*, the *Dura and pia Mater*.

JECUR.

The use of this word among classical writers is pretty well known. It stands for the seat and principle of Love, heightened almost into Lust. It is also made the seat of Heat and Passion; and hence also the significant phrase of "*alieno jecore sapere*," to gain wisdom by other people's follies. It is so conspicuous a part of the Viscera, that it could not be well overlooked in Sacrifices; and being so large, has been distinguished into minuter portions whose appearances were nicely attended to, though the descriptions of them are rather obscure. Thus we do not exactly understand the *Mensa* or *Trapeza Hepatis* of NICANDER:

The Lobe of the Liver is generally used in the singular number. As Λοβος signifies the pod of pease or beans, it has been translated the covering of the Liver, the same with the cawl of the Liver, mentioned in the Old Testament. But if the Liver wrapped up in the Cawl, was a customary offering in sacrifice, this seems a more natural interpretation of the Passage, as the Liver has no natural covering, but what it has in common with the other Viscera, from the *Peritonæum*.

VENA PORTARUM.

Lord Bacon in his Essay on Empire, has this passage, “ For their Merchants, they are *Vena Porta*, and if they flourish not, a Kingdom may have good limbs, but will have empty veins, and nourish little.” A Reader unacquainted with the history of this Vein, can never understand this passage. The ingenious and learned Author alludes to this Vein conveying the Chyle into the Liver, in order to its there being changed into Blood, which was the received doctrine when he wrote; for want of being acquainted with which, the passage must be totally unintelligible to many readers.

INTESTINES.—CHORDÆ.

Chordæ was the ancient name given to the Intestines. As the strings of the Lyre were made of Intestines, all musical strings got the name of *Chordæ*. And hence there is a disease of the Intestines called *Chordapsus*.

BOWELS.

This is probably derived from an old French word, which is to be seen in an old French Manuscript of *Ovid*.

————— *par le flanc l'a si profendu*
Que la BOELE li chei ————— *Q. from cheoir.*

ILEUM.

One of the small Intestines. It is applied to the Guts in general, or Gluttony. This is made the foundation of a very bad Joke in Servius, as founded on false spelling, changing e into i. A Parasite for his constant attendance on Feasts is there thus addressed :

Tu ut HECTOR, ab Ilio nunquam recedis.

E X T R E M I T I E S.

ARMI.

This word applied to Quadrupeds means the Shoulders, as in *Horace*:

“ Facundi leporis Sapiens sectabitur ARMOS.”

————— *ferentes*
Et Leporum avulsos, ut multo suavius, ARMOS.”

And of a Horse:

Luduntq; Juba per Colla, per ARMOS.

But in the following passage we cannot well understand the Horse's Shoulders, or we must think meanly of the Author's Judgment in spurring:

“ Seu spumantis Equi foderet calcaribus ARMOS.”

Here Commentators suppose a part for the whole, and that we should translate it in general, “ spurring his Horse.”

Catillus in the 11th *Æneid* thus kills *Herminius*:

————— *latos*

————— *latus huic Hasta per ARMOS*
Acta tremit —————

Here the Spear had passed perhaps near the top of the Os Humeri, through the Scapula, and divided the *Axillary Artery*.

ANCONÆUS. A Muscle.

Derived from *Αγκων*, the Joint and Bones of the Fore Arm. Hence *Ancus* is said to denote *Homo adunco Brachio et exporrectu difficilis*. From this defect, ANCUS MARTIUS the 4th King of the Romans is said to have derived that name, which, if true, shows that the custom of furnaming persons from peculiarities, or even deformities in their structure, was very early introduced among the Romans, and seems to have been very long continued.

FINGERS.

Their number sometimes six on each hand. Pliny mentions the daughters of QUINTUS HORATIUS, a Patrician family, hence named *Sedigitæ*, which was the case also with the Poet *Volcatius*.

EXTREMITIES LOWER.

PERONE.—FIBULA.

The lesser Bone of the Leg, derived from, or rather giving name to, *Pero*, a Countryman's Leather Boot. Anatomists commonly call it *Fibula*, but some muscles of the foot, from their situation on it, are called *Peronei*. We meet with the word in JUVENAL and PERSIUS:

————— *quem non pudet alto*
Per glaciem PERONE tegi ————— JUVEN.

Navim si poscat sibi PERONATUS Arator. PERSIUS.

TARSUS:

TARSUS.

Is well enough defined the first part of the Foot, which immediately succeeding the Leg, is answerable to the wrist of the Hand. The City of Cilicia so called, is said to have derived its name, from Pegasus losing a Hoof or Shoe on this Spot.

Ταρσος ευκλιμενε: τοθι δε ποτε Πηγασος ιππος
 Ταρσου αφης χωρω λιπεν νομοα.—Dion. Perieg. 714.

ASTRAGALUS.

In Astragalis nobilitatem geris, is an ancient proverb: To understand which it must be remembered, that by a Synecdoche, the *Astragalus* or second bone of the *Tarsus* or Instep, is taken for the whole Instep, and on which were placed the ornamental Clasps or Buckles of the Roman Nobility, which, in imitation of the Arcadians, who traced their Origin beyond the Moon, were frequently shaped like Crescents. Those therefore who had no other proof of their nobility to produce, are properly enough ridiculed in the above proverb. But so uncertain is fashion, that the support of these fashionable ornaments, not only require the Astragalus, and all the remaining six bones of the Tarsus, but are sometimes obliged to be indebted even to the sides of the shoe for support.

CALX, OS CALCIS.

The Line or boundary from which the Racers started among the Ancients, was drawn with Calx, or Chalk; hence *Os Calcis* comes to signify the Heel Bone.

Achilles is said to have been only vulnerable in the Heel; yet Homer wounds him in the Arm, (*Iliad* ε—161) and makes him equally liable to wounds and death with other men; and without which, as the ingenious Dr. Beattie observes, the *Iliad* would have been one continued absurdity.

FLAT

FLAT FEET.

Strada, in his Prolusions, has the following remark, “ *Plauto* “ nomen fuit M. Accius; sed cognomento a planitie pedum, “ *Plotus* est appellatus. Qui enim pedibus sunt planis, *Plotos* “ vocant Umbri; postea *Plautus* cœptus est dici. Non Plautinum “ nomen ergo deductum opinemur ab iis Canibus, quorum “ Aures, cum languidæ sunt ac flaccidæ, latiusq; patent, *Plauti* “ *Canes* appellantur.”

FIBRES, ANIMAL.

The word *Fibra* occurs perpetually in classical Authors, and with some variety of signification, which is easily accounted for in poetry, where the measure of the word is more considered, than the precision of the meaning: Besides which, it avoids the inconvenience of too frequent a sameness of Expression.

We find the word Fibre applied to the Heart, and its Affections, by *Perfius*:

————— *neque enim tibi CORNEA FIBRA est.*

In another place it is supposed to mean the Heart exclusively, as a faithful repository of Secrets:

Quod latet arcana non enarrabile FIBRA.

Or whatever intellectual part of us possesses that retentive power. The word is indiscriminately applied to Sacrifices:

————— *Mercuriumq;*
Arcessis FIBRA.—————

And for every part of the Viscera examined on these occasions, and particularly for that important one, the Liver, with its edges. Hence some Glossaries—*Fibræ* (a word much applied to this Viscus) quasi *Fimbriæ*. Thus the Immortality, if I may so speak, of *Tityus' Liver*, or more properly of all his Viscera, implied in these words:

————— *ncc*

— nec FIBRIS requies datur ulla renatis.

And here, I cannot help remarking, that some Poets display much greater knowledge of the human structure in their descriptions than others, and kill their Heroes more according to Art. *Homer* is perhaps the most correct of any on this account, and *Ovid* the least so. Indeed the latter seems particularly desirous of rendering his descriptions as horrid as possible. The following of flaying *Marfyas* is of this kind, where he seems to use *Fibræ* in rather an undetermined Sense. There is indeed some incorrectness in supposing the bare removal of the Skin, would bring to view such a horrid scene.

*Clamanti, Cutis est summos direpta per Artus,
Nec quidquam nisi vulnus erat. Cruer undiq; manat
Detectiq; patent Nervi: trepidæq; sine ulla
Pelle micant Venæ: salientia viscera possis,
Et pellucentes numerare in pectore FIBRAS.*

This description is certainly lively and animated, and perhaps within bounds: But in the Combat between the Centaurs and *Lapithæ*, the horror of the Scene is heightened till it becomes ridiculous. The Poet makes the Bowels of one of the Combatants to tumble out, to trail along the ground, notwithstanding they are confined by the *Mesentery*: to wind themselves round his legs, so as to encumber him in walking, till at last he treads them to pieces, and then, (as indeed it is high time he should)

———— INANI CONCIDIT ALVO.

The whole passage runs thus:

———— *Mediam ferit ense sub Alvum
Profiluit, terraq; ferox sua viscera traxit
Traçtaq; calcavit, calcataq; rupit, et illis
Crura quoque impediit—ET INANI CONCIDIT ALVO.*

CUTIS,

CUTIS, CUTICULA, PELLIS, SKIN.

A metaphorical use of these words, is frequent among the Poets, though we may quote them in their most literal sense—to such a height is the delicacy and pride of the fashionable world arrived:

————— *ire domum atq;*
Pelliculam curare jubes—————
In cute curanda plus æquo operata Juventus.

A writer in *Mist's Journal* has the following strange and incorrect allusion to the human skin, and Cuticula. “ I am not displeas'd with *Boccalini* for flaying *Seneca*, and taking his moral skin off, and discovering another SUBCUTICLE, covering the flesh of a Knave. For my part, I ascribe all the blunders of Life, to the ignorance of people who cannot separate these two skins from each other.”—And for my part, I think it will always be a fruitful source of blunders, when the writer goes out of his way for strained allusions, which scarce any of his Readers can understand. This instance may be added to some similar ones quoted before. Many superstitious notions are entertained about the virtues of the human Skin. Thus the Turks think Bucklers lined with human Skin, a particular security against the impression of an Arrow, or the stroke of a Sabre. There are several of these Bucklers, we read, lined with human Skin, and tanned like leather, at *Bologna*.

HAIR.

So many, and such superstitious customs have belonged, and still belong to this part of us, that one can hardly pass them over entirely, though they do not belong so intimately to our subject, as some of the foregoing.

The Romans in times of great danger, cut off their hair, and in a storm at Sea, shaved their heads. Some think this is the meaning of St. Paul's words, “ There shall not a hair fall from the head of any of you.” That is, the tempest at Sea shall

not be so great and dangerous, that you shall have occasion to shave your heads. But St. Paul could not assert this, as the shipwreck had actually taken place. Perhaps he only meant by his authority, to forbid their practising that Heathenish custom of shaving their heads, in his presence.

But the greatest instance of Superstition, is the violent disputes that have arisen about the different modes of wearing the hair, and involving Heaven and Damnation in the contest. A Dutch Commentator, Poimenander, in the outrageousness of his zeal, will not suffer a man's hair to reach lower than his Ears: It must barely cover his Skull; and asserts, that to wear the hair below the Ears, is a sin deserving eternal death.

How much more rational the advice given by a moderate Divine! "We are concerned," says he, "to avoid extremes on either side. As a man must not go as a Nazarite, a Greek Philosopher, or a Nebuchadnezzar at Grass, with his hair hanging down about him; so neither must he appear like a shorn animal, with a bare skull, or like an affrighted Jew in his days of mourning; like a cropped Cynic, or like a shaven Monk; he must observe a decent medium."*

But enough of this, which I confess is not intimately connected with our subject.

FAT

* I know not whether an apology will not be expected from me, by some persons, for inserting Quotations, without always referring to my Author. The reason is, that some were taken down immediately as they occurred, and often from books that were not my own. Others were designed to have been referred to their proper Authors, but by omitting to do it directly, I could not after a time recollect where to seek them. However, thus much I undertake to affirm, that they all really exist somewhere, none are designedly omitted to perplex, or invented to amuse the Reader.

FAT—ADEPS.

Its soft and smooth quality, has been transferred metaphorically to Language by Tully. “ Asciverunt aptum suis auribus “ opimum quoddam, et tanquam adipatæ dictionis genus.” Some read, *adipale*.

It is applied to delicate dishes by *Juvenal*:

Livida materna fervent ADIPATA Veneno.

I know not whether it be material to observe, that some doubt, whether the above passage be really *Tully's* or not.

VENA CAVA:

It is asserted by many, that *Homer* is remarkably accurate in his description of the situation of wounded parts, and hence an argument is derived to prove the good state of Anatomy in his days. It would be curious enough to examine all his wounded and slain, with this view. Observations on some of them are scattered up and down in different Authors. I find, however, at present, only one memorandum of my own, on this subject, which belongs to the *Vena Cava*, which he is supposed to describe in these lines:

————— απο δε φλεβα πασαν εκερσεν
Η' ανα νωβα θεσσα διαμπερες αυχεν ικανει.

MESERAIC VEINS.

We meet with the old notion of the *Meseraics* taking up the Chyle, and conveying it to the *Liver*, for the purpose of Sangui- fication, in the Comedy of *Albumazar*, by Ben Johnson.

————— *The World's a Theatre of Theft;*
Guts from the Stomach steal, and what they spare
The MESERAICS filch, and lay it in the LIVER.

May

May not this be added to some former instances of the allusion being too deep for common apprehensions, and of all who are ignorant of the parts alluded to?

Classical writers borrow allusions from the Anatomist, but in a different manner from any of the former. The most illiterate understand the uses and functions of the organs of Sense; that the Eye is the organ to see with, the Ear to hear with, &c. But it was reserved for those of the first form of Literature to confound these entirely, and to apply to the organ of Taste, what particularly and exclusively belongs to that of Hearing. I have no objection to the familiar phrases, of bitter and sour Scents, because it means to signify what is true; that if such substances were applied to the Tongue, they would impress on it the sensation of a bitter or sour taste. And as the Nose, in the Brute creation at least, seems to have been designed in some measure to determine beforehand what is wholesome for food, so there is a natural and intimate connection between them; they improve and are impaired together. However *Horace* has ventured upon a bolder transposition than any of these: He has used a word, which, literally taken, signifies to *deafen*, and applied it to the functions of the palate, in the following line:

Fervida quod subtile EXSURDANT Vina Palatum.

Monf. *Dacier* admires these bold strokes, “ Exsurdant, est un beau mot, et cette Figure est heureuse, de détourner un mot d’un sens a un autre.” I allow it in *Horace’s* hands, but would not recommend so strong a stile to every one’s imitation.

The most elegant however, and expressive of all the Allusions, taken from the organs of Sense, are those taken from that of HEARING. Thus, listening to, obeying, and complying, are beautifully applied even to inanimate beings:

Fertur Equis Auriga, neque AUDIT currus HABENAS. VIRG.

And

And more forcibly still:

*Unam seposuit, sed qua nec acutior ulla
Nec minus incerta est, nec quæ magis AUDIAT ARCUM.*

OVID.

ENMONTERY.

In the year 1621, George Abbott, Archbishop of Canterbury, being invited by the Lord Zouch, to hunt a Buck, at Bramshill in Hampshire, let loose a barbed Arrow, and unhappily hit the Keeper. He was shot, says Fuller, in his Church History, through the *Enmontery* of the left Arm, and the Arrow dividing those grand *Auxiliary* (Q. *Axillary*) Vessels, he died of the Flux of Blood, immediately. There is no doubt, I think, that his death was owing to the opening the *Axillary* Artery; but it is not easy to conjecture what part the *Enmontery* is. I consulted the late Dr. William Hunter, who thought the Enquiry curious enough to merit investigation, but neither by himself, or several ingenious Surgeons, whom he consulted, was he able to discover any thing.—Mr. Geary Cullum, an eminent Surgeon at St. Edmund's Bury, for *Enmontery* thinks we should read *Emuntory*, and that the old writers placed these in different parts, by way of Drains. There is much ingenuity in this conjecture.

A P P E N D I X.

A P P E N D I X.

HEART.

THE size of the Heart is asserted by some to be determinable by that of the Arteries and Veins, so that large Blood-vessels denote a large Heart, and vice versa. And also, that Courage and Magnanimity are the consequence of a large Heart. Examples however to the contrary are not unfrequent. Van der Wiel mentions the Heart of a most intrepid daring Fellow, which was scarcely the size of a middling Pear. The Heart, say some Authors, is as the Sea to this Microcosm or little World, Man. The circulation of the Blood, is as the flux and reflux of the Tide. The Passions are the Storms and Tempests. The Arteries that carry the Blood from the Heart to all the other parts, are the subterraneous Channels that come from the Sea; and the Veins which bring back the Blood to the Heart again, are the Rivers and Rivulets that carry it back to the Sea: So that the little world as well as the great, is divided into Sea and Land; the Fluids being as the Waters, and the Solids, as dry Land. Of all Allusions of this kind, this perhaps is the most elegant.

A full enquiry into the real claim of the discovery of the Blood's Circulation, cannot be entered upon here. I shall content myself with a very pertinent remark on the Subject, by Malphigi, and examination of the impropriety of fixing on Hippocrates, as anticipating Harvey's Fame in the Discovery.

In the Postscript to the third Edition of Wootton's Reflections on Ancient and Modern Learning, after quoting a passage from a piece of *Servetus*, relative to the motion of the Blood, the

Author

Author makes this pertinent and useful observation. “ If, says
 “ he, we compare this notion, thus explained by *Servetus*, with
 “ Dr. *Harvey's* Theory of the Circulation of the Blood, we
 “ shall plainly see, that he had imperfect glimmerings of that
 “ light, which afterwards Harvey communicated with so bright
 “ a Lustre to the learned World, which glimmerings, since
 “ they were so true, having nothing in them of a false fire, I
 “ much wonder that he went no farther; though at the same
 “ time, I cannot but heartily congratulate the felicity of my
 “ own Country, which produced the Man, who first saw the
 “ importance of these noble hints, which he improved into a
 “ Theory, and thereby made them truly useful to Mankind.”

Thus far Wootton—And it is for want of attending to this
 necessary distinction, that such warm and unguarded attacks
 have been made on our Harvey's Fame. The whole dispute of
 the honor of this discovery of the circulation, may easily be
 settled, if we can determine, which deserves our preference, a
 rude hint, or a mathematical demonstration; ingenious conjec-
 ture, or indisputable proof. “ Who, says the ingenious
 “ *Malphigi*, are called the Founders of Empires? those who flee
 “ with a scattered people, and land where wind and fortune
 “ drives; or those who polish these fugitives by Manners, secure
 “ their properties by Laws, and their persons by Walls and
 “ Citadels? So in Arts and Sciences, he is properly to be
 “ deemed the Discoverer, who, by a proper investigation,
 “ unravels Nature's perplexities; calls in Reason and Experience
 “ to strengthen, and facts to confirm what he asserts.”

No sooner, however, did Harvey publish his first thoughts on
 the subject at Franckfort, in the year 1623, than he was attacked
 upon it from every quarter; nor need it, I think, surprize us,
 to see foremost in the list of those who were supposed well
 acquainted with the Circulation in question, the name of the
 venerable *Hippocrates*. We are so much indebted to the Father
 of Physic, for a great part of the successful manner in which
 the

the art of healing is practised, that we almost blindly believe, that Nature had no Secrets for Him. Gratitude is very apt to leap the bounds of Propriety, and at length to idolize, what it has long warmly admired. Yet great as our Veneration may be for this Coan Apollo, yet surely it were better to let him rest on his own bottom, than to defend him so injudiciously, as an Antagonist of Harvey's has done; who gives this reason, why we find so few traces of the knowledge of the Circulation in the works of Hippocrates—that having many other *important* things to treat of, he left this well-known part of the Physiology to be taught by others. An undertaking, says our Author, as unnecessary in the days of Hippocrates, as would be writing an Iliad after Homer. Now there cannot be a more compendious road to fame, than having our silence construed into skill; and that which is more usually taken for a mark of Ignorance, thus good-naturedly explained into a proof of Understanding.

But if Hippocrates had indeed been such a Master of the Subject, he would probably have thought it important enough to have been repeatedly inculcated. It could never have been misplaced in any part of his Works. It would probably have explained some passages that are obscure, and, what is of equal importance, rectified some parts of his practice that are faulty. And indeed the erroneous reasoning into which he sometimes falls, seems to be owing, in a great measure, to the want of that greater light, in which the Doctrine of the Circulation has since been placed.

I have formerly said, that Anatomical Allusions are not generally calculated to explain or illustrate an Author's meaning. I must exempt from this censure, the account given by Dr. Burney, of the Musical Performances in Commemoration of Handel. Nothing was ever more accurate, strictly applicable, or more judiciously expressed (had the pulsation of the Veins been omitted) than the following passage. “ The pulsation in
“ every limb, and ramifications of Veins and Arteries in an
“ Animal,

“ Animal, could not be more *regular, isochronous*, and under
 “ the Direction of the *Heart*, than the Members of this Body of
 “ Musicians, under that of the *Conductor* and *Leader*.” Nor
 will any one be surprized at this, who knows the uncommon
 abilities, and active musical powers of Mr. Bates, joined with
 the Skill and Judgement of the late amiable and deservedly
 admired Mr. Hay.

FACE, COUNTENANCE.

The Face, or Countenance, as it is usually called, is too
 apt, at first sight, to conciliate the esteem, or raise a preju-
 dice in the Beholder; whence a good face has, properly
 enough, been stiled, *a Letter of Recommendation*. And here
 give me leave to remark, that whatever principles we may
 lay down, of what proportion or situation of Features constitute
 the best Face, our benevolent as well as wise Creator, tho' he has
 not formed any two faces in the Universe exactly alike, has made
 none but what are perfect in their kind. For however a single
 Feature, as the Nose, Eye, &c. may appear to us, capable of
 being improved, we may venture to assert, that it is exactly such
 a one, as suits the rest of the face it belongs to: and therefore,
 could we collect together all the beautiful Features of separate
 Faces, and constitute one Face out of the whole, the Face, col-
 lectively, would be monstrous, though each Feature, separately,
 was beautiful.

The varying looks, as well as the natural unagitated cast of
 the Countenance, depend partly upon the powers of the Mind,
 acting upon the Face, and this by its muscles. The language of
 the Eyes, though carried to a ridiculous excess in the enthusiastic
 flights of Poetry, has a foundation in fact. And there is no
 passion that cannot be visibly impressed, by the respective
 Muscles of the Face. Nay farther, I believe, that we have, in
 fact, no command of our Countenance; but, that such, as are
 reputed to be Masters of this power, are Masters of a much bet-

ter thing, I mean of their passions; which, when once kindled, will affect the Features, in spite of all our Philosophy.

I know not how it has happened that the Forehead has got the privilege of representing, as it were, the whole Face, so that a Man who has a natural inaptitude to blush, is said to have a good Front: Whence the *Spectator* wittily reckons a *good Forehead* among the *necessary Organs of Speech* in a young Orator.

The make of the Cheeks, the free and extensive motion of the Lips, though not much attended to, contribute largely to graceful elocution, and melodious pronunciation. Nor is the different motion and opening of the Eyelids, co-operating with the motions of the Eye, especially, if heightened by Art and Study, without very apparent effects on the persuasive powers, which we can by this means exert.

Strange distortions of these parts are described by Capt. Cook, and other Travellers. Hawkesworth tells us, that in the War Dance of the New Zealanders, the Eyelids are so forcibly drawn up, that the White of the Eye appears above and below, as well as on each side of the Iris, so as to form a circle round it.

PHYSIOGNOMY—PAINTING.

The Science of Physiognomy, as far as it is a Science, owes its existence to the nature of Muscles. Particular Passions throw particular Muscles of the Face into Action. And it is well known, that Muscles grow stronger, and more prominent, in proportion to their frequent and continued use. Thus, may the Muscles of the Face in some instances prove an index of the passions of the mind. Thus far was *Zopyrus* right in his judgement of *Socrates*, in whom, though Reason and Philosophy had corrected the irregularity of his passions, they neither did, or could remove the fixed deformity of his features.

The whole unaffected, unembarrassed countenance, unwarped by passion, is called by Tully *Frons*, which he thinks capable of exposing to the By-standers whatever passes in the mind, and
therefore

therefore calls it *Animi Janua*—Thus he advises his Brother *Quintus*, when a Candidate for the Consulship, to meet his friends with this open countenance, of more avail, he tells him, than a minute attention to every punctilio without it. “Cura
 “ inquit ut aditus ad te diurni atq; nocturni pateant; neque
 “ foribus solum ædium tuarum, sed etiam vultu et fronte, quæ
 “ est *Animi Janua*. Quæ si significat voluntatem abditam esse,
 “ ac retrusam, *parum refert patere Ostium*.” In such a beautiful variety of meanings is this word *FRONS* employed.

Nay, other muscles may be called in to aid this representation of human Affection, whether in Painting or Sculpture; as the eager clasping of the hands, or raising the feet to stamp; and all this, *without the aid of Countenance*. But, that SHAME, REGRET, and REPENTANCE can be more strongly expressed by a painter, in the Muscles of the Back, Legs and *Soles of the Feet*, than could have been in those of the Face, is what I cannot easily comprehend. Yet this is asserted in the following passage. “Here is
 “ the famous *Prodigal Son* by *Guercini*. This Picture is a proof
 “ of the expression a human figure is capable of discovering,
 “ without the aid of *Countenance*; for the face of the Prodigal
 “ Son is not seen: He is represented in a kneeling posture, his
 “ Back is turned towards the Spectators, *but every feeling of his*
 “ *mind is shown in the Muscles of his Back, Legs, and Soles of his*
 “ *Feet*, better than they could have been in his Face.”*

SKELETON.

There seems to be no necessity for multiplying the number of imaginary Beings, which the Superstition of Mankind has rendered sufficiently great; more especially, if to secure Events equally attainable by natural Means. And yet Men formerly defended the existence of an ideal personage, a kind of *Skeleton-maker*.—Some call him *Azazel*, others *Euronymus*, but in whose

* Letters from Italy, by an English Woman (Mrs. Wraxhall) Lady of the English Resident at Brussels. 1st. vol. p. 107.

department it was, to pick and clean the Bones of such, as chanced to lay long unburied.

The beautiful Skeletons which Galen saw, "*nive candidiora,*" and many others in different parts, were usually exposed, and for a considerable time, to the alternate influence of Sun and Rain, on sandy Shores, washed by the Tide, or scattered in long extended deserts, drenched by Rain, and then dried by sharp and penetrating Winds. To personify natural causes in anatomical affairs is so common, that I shall not scruple to divest *Azazel* both of Office, and even Existence. Causes similar to the above are still used for the purpose, though seldom with equal success.

It will be allowed me then, I suppose, that by a Skeleton is generally understood, a collection of Bones, arranged as near as may be, in their natural Attitudes, but entirely *detached* from every thing that formerly covered or adhered to them, unless perhaps the original ligaments should remain. And therefore, I have often doubted of the propriety of *cloathing Skeletons*; but which an ingenious writer has lately done.

Having laid down some excellent rules for the composition of a *Sermon*, he thus proceeds. "There are Sermons of the first Merit, in all other respects, that may justly be compared to *fine Skeletons*, in which the Bones, Muscles and Sinews, are *fashioned, arranged and adjusted*, in the most perfect manner: "But a composition of this sort, though ever so consummate for its Strength and Symmetry, can only be pleasing to the Eye of a Virtuoso."

Death, on the white walls of a Country Church, may chance to have too many or too few Ribs on a Side: and Time, his usual companion on these occasions, may be indulged with a short Apron, Embroidery and Purple. But this is of no consequence; affecting neither moral or religious improvement, however it may be designed for that purpose. Not so, when handed round at an Egyptian Feast, to promote serious thoughts,
and

and strengthen pious resolutions; or when seriously applied for the same purpose in religious composition. Here let us not lose sight of its proper derivation, σκελλειν deficcare; a collection of dry, and disgusting Bones, of which it may, with the strictest propriety be affirmed,

Ornari Res ipsa negat. —————

BONES.

The opinions of the Rabbins are so originally and entertainingly absurd, one knows not how to pass them over, when applied to anatomical purposes. They give this curious account of the commandments in *Moses*; that they are 613 in all, whereof 365 are *negative*, which happen to be as many as the Days in the Year; and 243 *affirmative*, just so many, say they, as there are *Limbs* or *Bones* in Man's Body: To show that all parts of Man's Body are at all times to be employed in doing God's will. (Now besides that, the Limbs, if so many in number, would constitute a most formidable monster, instead of a Man) The real number of Bones, which is what the Rabbins probably mean by Limbs, is not decided; so that a poor Jew with the best intentions in the world, may be always doing *too little or too much*.

SPLEEN.—LIEN.

The Spleen is a part much mentioned and alluded to by classical Writers, and sometimes in a very contradictory way; to understand which, we must give a short history of this part, as well as we can collect it from Anatomical Writers. There have been great disputes concerning, and various uses assigned to the Spleen; for wherever a Subject is but little understood, erroneous and even absurd Conjectures will be the consequence. There have been men, foolish enough shall I say, or impious, to assert, that the only use of the Spleen was to serve as a Counterpoise to the Liver on the opposite side. Could we suppose such

a bungling contrivance ever to have proceeded from infinite Wisdom, the rules of mechanics would at least have been observed, by placing the lesser weight at the greater distance. Others, tho' with as little modesty, assert, that this part is either hurtful or useles. Pliny tells us, that it is a great hindrance to rapid motion, and, that therefore those who would excel in a foot race, would do well to have it extirpated. But, as Men did not come into the world to live the life of Greyhounds, the operation may as well, I think, be omitted in the human race.

To prove it useles, they bring experiments of its having been often extirpated, even for experiment's sake, and the animal has survived it and recovered. The fact is true; but besides that this argument proves too much, [for thus our limbs may be proved useles, since they can be cut off with safety, and often with advantage]—yet, we must remember what the Poet says, “*Non est vivere, sed valere vita.*” The Animal survives indeed the loss of his Spleen, but among other inconveniences, becomes a prey to two violent appetites, Lust and Hunger, which betray him into dangerous intemperance. Now, though it would be unfair, from hence, to conclude that the use of the Spleen is to regulate Hunger or repress Lust, yet it certainly follows, that if inconveniences and irregular motions are consequent upon the loss of it, that its presence is useful, and its function necessary.

The Spleen seems of all parts of the Body to have been the most familiar to classical and moral writers, and doubtful as its structure is to Anatomists, at this time of day, they sometimes found in it the seeds of Mirth.

Splen videre facit.

Sum petulanti splene cachinno. PERS.

At other times of a deep Melancholy, hence Splenetic and having the Spleen, denote deep Discontent, and Melancholy Gloom.

These

These dispositions however seem to depend, according to classical writers, on diseases of the Spleen, and with which they seem intimately acquainted. Thus *Olympio* in the *Casina* of Plautus, ascribes the palpitation of his heart to vapors sent to it from the Spleen:

OLYMP. ————— *ubi sim nescio*

Perii! Cor lienosum opinor habeo; jamdudum salit.

The obstruction of this viscus was known to the Ancients, and that an over-distended Spleen would reach entirely across the Abdomen, this they called *præcordia occupare*.

Thus *Cappadox* in the *Curculio* of Plautus:

Nam jam quasi Zona, Liene cinctus ambulo.

In obstructions of the Spleen, they knew that Indolence was detrimental, and Exercise necessary.

But whoever would see these particulars more at large, may consult Dr. Stukely in his *Gulstonian Lecture*, which he read entirely on the Spleen; and, in which, he has endeavoured to collect together every fanciful and fabulous, as well as more authenticated circumstances relative to this Subject, and even to account for the seeming contradiction, of making it the seat both of Mirth and Melancholy.

SALIVA.

Though the principal use of this Fluid is to assist in digesting our food, yet very great and extensive have been the other virtues ascribed to it, some few perhaps founded on fact, but most derived from Superstition. "That we are fearfully and wonderfully made," no serious Enquirer into our Structure can doubt; but that every disease finds a remedy in some or other of the human fluids, and much more all in *One*, is too absurd to deserve Confutation. The Saliva, however, both internally and externally applied, has by different Authors had these powers ascribed

ascribed to it. I shall take the opportunity which such errors afford to mention an observation or two worth notice.

The whole of our *Saliva* in a natural state is swallowed, we do it continually, without attending to it. Hence the effluvia of the Small Pox, Plague, putrid Diseases, &c. may be, and generally are, communicated to us by our *Saliva*. Hence the propriety of spitting frequently, when we are in such a situation, and even of provoking this discharge with tobacco or some other stimulant. Antiquity seems to have had the practice without the *Rationale*. *Morbus qui sputatur* is Plautus' name for the *Epilepsy*; they considered spitting as a Charm to preserve them from that disease. Superstition at last got the better of reasoning, and spitting three times into one's bosom, became a noted Antidote to Witchcraft.

As this is not now a modern Disease, and infectious ones are but occasional, let me observe, that an unnecessary waste of this fluid is very prejudicial to health, and therefore the custom of spitting frequently should by all means be laid aside.

As the *Saliva* is often impregnated with certain taints in the constitution, some are extremely cautious how they drink out of the same Cup with Strangers; however that is, it is certainly a very improper practice which prevails among nurses, to moisten all the solid food they give children with their own *Saliva*. A Venereal taint might certainly be thus communicated.

Whatever power, if any, the external application of *Saliva* may have, it is probable it would have most in a fasting state. Arguments applied to the use of *Saliva* derived from Animals licking themselves and others are inconclusive, unless a proper share of the effect is attributed to the powerful force exerted by the friction of the Animal's Tongue.

As the *Saliva* or poison of venomous Animals is worse when they are enraged, so the bite of men has been said to be fatal, when no otherways mad, than in a passion; which, if true, would corroborate Horace's assertion, *Ira Furor brevis est*.

Those

Those who are conversant with classical Authors, see to what fanciful purposes they carry this custom of spitting, though I doubt not but that it was founded originally on the medical uses ascribed to it, as in *Tibullus*:

*Hunc puer, hunc juvenis turba circumstetit arcta
Despuit in molles et sibi quisque sinus.*

Which the younger Stephens thus explains. “ Non esse invidiam vitare volentium, sed irradientium duntaxat.” De sene amatore loquitur *Tibullus*, ancillam charæ puellæ in medio foro detinente. *Theocritus* represents a girl persecuted by an odious lover, who, after having abused him handsomely, finishes with,

ΤΡΕΙΣ ΕΙΣ ΕΟΝ ΕΠΙΥΣΕ ΚΟΛΠΟΝ.

But *Lucian* makes the disappointment of fascination to depend on some friend singing some stanzas three times over, and on three times spitting in the face of the party, who was in danger of being fascinated.

ODORATUS.

The Sensation of Smelling is produced by certain effluvia, which all bodies, more or less, especially when put in motion, emit, and which, entering the Nostrils by Inspiration, make a sensible impression on the numerous Ramifications of the Olfactory Nerves, as disseminated through the *Schneiderian Membrane*. Some Animals have this sense in greater perfection than Man. The sagacity of a Dog's Nose is too obvious to need mentioning, except it be to remark, the nice personal distinction they are thus said to be capable of making, between their intimate acquaintance and strangers, which they carry so far, it seems, as to be able to select a particular stone out of a large heap, which their Master has chanced to touch. If this sense is not equally *acute* in us, it is perhaps more *universal*; for we have no reason to think that the smell of Flowers or Perfumes are any particular

gratification to Brutes in general. And indeed they seem to have this sense so perfect with respect to a few objects, merely for the reason that they are but few; for even the distinctive power of the human smell, loses its force when exercised on too great a variety of Odours at once.

As the perfection of every sense depends (if I may so speak) upon using it gently, that of smelling like the rest is injured by violence. Thus the constant and continued irritation of the Olfactory Nerves by Snuff, Volatile Salts, &c. gradually impairs this Sense; and the being too long familiar with strong Scents, will render us insensible to weaker ones; hence the nice scent of Dogs is thought to be injured by placing their Kennels too near a Kitchen. Something of this sort also obtains in Men, if we may give credit to a story related by Sir Kenelm Digby, of a Youth, who retired with his parents, in times of danger, into a forest, where living on roots, and sequestered from the world, he acquired a sagacity of Scent equal to that of Dogs, so as to discover by it, the approaching enemy when at a distance; till being at last taken prisoner, and mixing in public life, he found his smell by degrees to be gradually impaired, till at length it no ways differed from that of other Men.

We do not exercise this faculty so much as Brutes, I believe, in order to discover what is wholesome for food, from what is not. And were we to swallow nothing that did not recommend itself to us by the agreeableness of its scent, we should exclude from our use much food as well as physic. Whether there is a material difference in the structure of these nerves in different people, or from whatever causes it arises, it is certain, that there is scarce any known scent, but to some person or other proves agreeable.

The superficial disposal of these nerves within the nostrils, gives easy access to whatever we apply that way; and hence by the irritation of things smelled to, people are refreshed, roused from fainting, recovered from fits, &c.

We

We lose our power of smell when we have a violent Cold, partly because the redundancy of moisture injures the sensation, and because the passage into the nostrils is obstructed by the swelling of the Membrane, so that we are forced to breathe with our mouths open.

AUDITUS.

The Sensation of *Hearing* depends on the impression which the external or internal Air makes on the Auditory Nerve, as ramified through the Meanders of the Ear. As a variety of parts are instrumental in conveying this Sensation to the Brain, the Causes of Deafness, or of vitiated hearing, are very numerous; sometimes difficult to discover, generally so to remove.

The *Membrana Tympani*, must neither be too lax or too tense for vibration. The former is occasioned by very moist weather; therefore we do not hear distinctly in rainy weather; and from a redundancy of moisture in the habit. Such persons require a stronger motion in the parts of the surrounding Air than what the voice can give, and therefore hear best in a Noise. There are two whimsical instances of this sort mentioned by Dr. Willis. One of a Lady who could never hear but when a drum was beating in the room, for which purpose her Husband kept a Drummer constantly in the House; the other of a Man who lived near a Steeple for the benefit of the noise, for while the bells were ringing he heard distinctly.—A French Counsellor could no otherways be made to hear a Case, than by his Client relating it to him in his Coach, while he drove as hard as he could over the stones. Braziers and Pewterers, probably from being constantly in a great noise, hear best if they keep gently hammering when spoken to.

The opposite state to this is too great Tensity of the Tympanum, the effect usually of Inflammation and Fever, in which Case the Hearing is most painfully acute.

Noise may be too loud and violent for the Ear to bear, the nerve may be irrecoverably injured, and the membrane of the

Tympanum cracked. Travellers tell us that all the Inhabitants who are situated near the Catadupes of the Nile, become deaf as they grow up.

Whatever acts upon the Ear in the same manner as an external Sound would do, gives us the sensation of Sounds, which none therefore can hear but ourselves. Of this sort is the *Tinnitus Aurium*, or ringing in our Ears, occasioned by the internal Air pent up, and pressing on the nerve, and this occasions the buzzing Sound we seem to hear, when we apply the hollow part of a Shell to our Ears. In Fevers this part is so affected, as to strike the bewildered patient with the Idea of the voices of absent people and non-existing sounds.

But the Air does not only strike upon the Tympanum on its external side, but likewise along the channel of the *Eustachian Tube*, at the back of the fauces. We perceive this very sensibly, by putting any sounding body, a Watch for instance, between our Teeth [and yet more remarkably in the vibration of a Poker against a Fender.] The common people, whether for this reason or not, when uncommonly attentive, are apt to open their mouths. Thus then our hearing may be impaired by whatever stops up the Eustachian Tube; and perhaps it is upon this principle, that some Practitioners recommend the smoking Tobacco through the Ears.

By a Law of *Justinian*, none are allowed to be so deaf, as to be absolutely incapable of being made to hear, by some method or other. It would have been better worded, I think, thus. "Incapable of being made to *understand what is said*." As I suppose it means only to prevent a pretence, which, if admitted, and might be feigned, would obstruct the course of Justice.

Whatever stops up the external Ear, as Wax, or swells the Membrane lining the Cavity, as Colds: Whatever destroys or impairs the Nerves of the part, as the Palsy, Old Age: Whatever
weakens

weakens the Tympanum, or removes the Bones of the Ear, as Abscesses, in which they have been known to come away : These, I say, and many more similar diseases, render the causes of Deafness almost innumerable.

For several more entertaining parts of the Physiology, the reader may consult *Mr. Verduc, sur l'Usage de Parties; et La Physiologie de Dufieu.*

T
H
E
C **H** **A** **R** **A** **C** **T** **E** **R**
O **F**
E **U** **D** **O** **X** **U** **S.**
A
D **I** **A** **L** **O** **G** **U** **E.**

TO borrow the words of celebrated Authors, is not only lawful, I apprehend, but sometimes necessary; yet to adopt whole sentiments, as well as the very identical words of an Author, and that without the ceremony of an acknowledgement, would be Plagiarism of the highest kind. Yet what is the following, it may be fairly asked, but a collection of this sort, unless where for the sake of attempting something like connection, the compiler has ventured to intersperse a little of his own?

To explain this—the Reader must be informed, that it was once started in conversation, whether the beauty of thought and language, dispersed through a variety of Authors, might not be brought forward to advantage, if placed in one point of view; and whether this would not be preferable to entering what we read, in a Common-Place-Book, and which we seldom, perhaps, refer to, because we know, we at any time, may.

On this Plan the following Dialogue is attempted; with what success, must be submitted to the Candor of the Reader.

T H E
C H A R A C T E R
O F
E U D O X U S.

HIS Window salutes the East. The Valleys must be gilded by the Morning Rays by the time I get to *Eudoxus*, for already have they made the Uplands smile, and the Face of Nature chearful.—With this Soliloquy in his mouth, *Philemon* sprang from bed, and hurrying on a dress calculated for convenience, rather than show, sallied out to call on his friend *Eudoxus*.

The freshness of the Air, the verdure of every field and tree; the enamel of the meadows, the music of the birds, that with melodious and chearful voices welcomed so fair a Morning—the curious orient streaks with which the rising Sun embellished the eastern part of Heaven; and, above all, that Source of Light, who, though he shows us all that we see of glorious and fair, shows us nothing so glorious and fair as himself, quite charmed and transported *Philemon*. He was roused from his extasy, by a female Songstress, whose voice, though not governed by skill, did by its native sweetness so repair the want of it, that Art was absent without being missed.

Curiosity prompted him to see who was the possessor of so much power to please, whom he soon discovered in the habit of a Milkmaid.—This fair Creature had the blushes of the Morning

in her Cheeks, the splendor of the Sun in her Eyes; the freshness of the Fields in her Looks, the whiteness of the Milk she was expressing, in her Skin, and the melody of Larks in her Voice. Her Cloaths were almost as coarse as cleanly, and though they suited her condition, were very ill matched with her Beauty.

Having listened awhile attentively to this artless Syren, he pursued his way, where in a narrow path his Eyes were saluted by a far different object, an Epitome of human Stature, a superannuated figure of Mortality, whose shrivelled meagre face, hollow eye and tattered squallid rags, recalled to his imagination the customary ingredients necessary to make a *Witch*, when Superstition, Mistake and Malice, are disposed for such a work.

This miserable object was crawling to her wretched home, under a burthen too much for her strength to bear; though consisting but of the refuse of boughs which the wind of the preceding night had snapped from the lofty trees of a neighbouring Avenue. A few answers satisfied *Philemon* of the reality of her sufferings, and, influenced by the tenderest and most powerful Instinct of Nature, Compassion, he hastened to relieve her distress, and to gratify himself in the exquisite raptures that flow from Compassion and Benevolence.

He soon arrived at the habitation of *Eudoxus*, who had, in the course of two months, buried an affectionate Wife, and a promising amiable Son. He found the worthy Divine, (for such he was) with a book before him, in which he seemed to read attentively.—At the sight of *Philemon* he sprang forward, and embracing him, placed him on a seat beside him; when wiping away a tear, that would force itself into his eye, he thanked him for his friendly visit. *Philemon* saw with pleasure the Christian Deportment of this holy Mourner—no falling into loud complaints; no wringing of the hands, or beating of the breast, or wishing himself unborn, which are but the ceremonies of Sorrow,
the

the pomp and ostentation of an effeminate Grief, which speaks not so much the greatness of the misery, as the littleness of the mind.

To whom *Philemon*.—I thought it my duty to come, seeing we are not born for ourselves only, but by the very condition of our nature, are obliged to consecrate our lives to the service of others: It is a reciprocal debt, from which no mortal is free. I rejoice to find you so composed, after so severe a visitation, and could almost wish to ask on what considerations that comfort is founded, that so much exceeds the expectations even of your friends.

I am sorry, replied *Eudoxus*, if any reasons are thought necessary for my present composure; but I will faithfully give them all. And I will begin by confessing, that I did at first sincerely wish to follow, where all that I held dear, was gone before. For who can either marvel at, or blame the desire of Advantage? Can any thing be more natural than that the weary Traveller should long for Rest, the Prisoner for Liberty, and the Banished for Home? But I recollected what I had so often myself preached to others, that in general we should only hope in this world for Content; that if we aim at any thing higher, we shall chiefly meet with Grief and Disappointment. That our endeavors as rational Beings, should be principally directed at making ourselves easy now, and happy hereafter; as Misery and Affliction are not less natural in this World, than Snow and Hail, Storm and Tempest; and it were as reasonable to hope for a Year without Winter, as for a Life without Trouble. Life, however sweet it seems, is a draught mingled with bitter Ingredients: Some drink deeper than others, before they come at them: But if they do not swim at the top for Youth to taste them, it is ten to one but Old Age will find them thicker at the bottom; and it is the employment of Faith and Patience, and the work of Wisdom and Virtue, to teach us to drink the Sweet part with thankfulness and pleasure, and to swallow the Bitter without reluctance and

repining. Nay, I have told my flock, that we stand indebted to divine Providence for our Phyfic, as well as our Food; that the Contempt they experience from Men, is a wholesome purge for Pride, their Poverty a cure for Luxury and wanton Desires, and that Sicknefs makes us duly grateful for Health.

I next reflected that my visitations were not like those of Job, sudden, and treading on the heels of each other, but were gradual and foreseen; and so much as an evil touches on the means, so much help it yields towards Patience. Every degree of Sorrow is a preparation for the next; but when we pass to extremes without the means, we want the benefit of recollection, and must trust entirely to our strength. To come from all things to nothing, is not a descent, but a downfall, where it is a rare case not to be maimed at least.

I next considered the force of Example; how great, in the sacred Office I bear; which puts it into my power, not only to excuse, but almost to canonize the worst actions, which ought therefore to make me remarkably strict and wary in all my behaviour; since many of my parishioners, thinking it perhaps impossible to fail, in imitating me, my faults may contract a deeper guilt, by being precedents, than by being sins.

Lastly and principally, my Friend, I support myself in knowing, that through the merits of my Redeemer, the day will shortly come, that will cast no cloud upon my mind, nor stir the least breath of inordinate passion in my soul: When I shall be always serene, and have the happiness to live in a constant tranquillity, and unruffled repose, without pain, sickness or infirmity, in the presence of the divine Majesty, and the blessed Jesus; in the Society of glorious Angels, and Good Men made perfect; to partake of a felicity great as God's Goodness could design, his Wisdom contrive, or his Power effect, for my entertainment.

Such a noble instance of pious resignation, such a specimen of rational comfort, kept for awhile even *Philemon* silent; which

Eudoxus

Eudoxus interpreting as a mark of his not being sufficiently convinced by what he had yet said, he added—Some pious Men, *Philemon*, have gone much farther than this, and have asserted, that to be corrected by such a Father as God, and with so much Love, doth put us rather into a need of Humility for moderating that Joy, which we shall be apt to conceive from his charity towards us, than of the virtue of Patience, whereby to endure the punishment that he lays upon us: For though he sometimes gives a pardon without correction, yet never correction without an intent to pardon. The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, Blessed be the name of the Lord.

Eudoxus was now so composed, that he pressed his Friend to stay and breakfast with him, and while it was preparing, proposed walking with him a little into the fields, during which he expressed such satisfaction at every thing about him, as convinced *Philemon* his mind was entirely at peace. A very short walk brought them in sight of a handsome house, which the good Divine pointed to with a sigh. Being asked the reason, he replied, There lives *Varanes*, a Youth whose faults are more the effect of a remiss education, and the contagion of loose company, than the product of a bad heart. As soon as I am able, my first visit must be there. The indecency and intemperance of his conduct demands my friendly interposition. He has but lately taken that house, and, this circumstance excepted, I have no reason to complain of my situation. I have rather reason to think myself happy. Zachary and Elizabeth, we read, had good neighbors, who did not envy their happiness, but rejoiced with them when they rejoiced, and doubtless would have wept with them, had they wept. A Preacher that liveth among such, hath obtained a fair benefice, and may well acknowledge with David, “ that the Lot is fallen unto him in a fair ground, and that he hath a goodly heritage.” But woe to that *Zachary*, as an old Writer emphatically says, “ who is a brother to Dragons, and a com-
panion

“panion unto Ostriches; constrained to dwell with *Mesech*, and
 “to have his habitation among the tents of *Kedar!*”

I have sometimes thought, said *Philemon*, this is one of the principal hardships of your function. Your preferment may be advantageous, and the situation healthy and delightful, while the persons with whom you must associate, may chance to be perfectly disagreeable, or, which is much worse, and yet very frequent, disposed to quarrel upon every occasion, if not with you, at least with one another.

Of all that is commanded us, said *Eudoxus*, there is nothing more contrary to our wicked nature, than to love our Neighbor as ourselves. We can with ease envy him if he be rich, or scorn him if he be poor—but to love him—the Devil hath more Craft than so. It were hard for him to prevail over so many, if men should once begin to love one another. But we must take our lot as we find it, and endeavor to mend as many as we can, and to bear patiently with those we cannot reform.

As they walked gently towards home, *Philemon* could not but often stop to view the agreeable prospect the Country afforded; where the verdure of the trees, mixed with the brightness of the ripening corn, the party-coloured meadows and the lowing herd, tempted his eye into a controversy of Pleasure, neither knowing well how to take it off, or where to fix it amidst so beautiful a variety, and so much orderly confusion.

Yes, my *Philemon*—for *Eudoxus* read his thoughts, the supreme disposer of Events has commanded Delight and Profit, to walk hand in hand through his ample creation, making all things so perfectly pleasing, as if Beauty was their only end, yet all things so eminently serviceable, as if Usefulness had been their sole design.—And therefore, never do I walk abroad, but my heart expands with Gratitude, and I consider myself put into this Temple of God, this lower World, as the Priest of Nature, to offer up the incense of Thanks and Praise, not only for myself, but for the mute and insensible part of the Creation. O! how amiable

amiable is Gratitude! I have always looked upon it as the most exalted Principle that can actuate the heart of Man. Repentance indicates our Nature fallen; and Prayer turns chiefly upon a regard to ourselves; while the exercise of Gratitude subsisted in Paradise, when there was no fault to deplore, and will be perpetuated in Heaven, when God shall be all in all. Nay, some have gone so far as to say, that were there no positive command that enjoined it, nor any recompence laid up for it hereafter, a generous mind would indulge in it, for the natural gratification that accompanies it.

Here a Footman appearing to acquaint *Eudoxus* that Breakfast was ready, the conversation was put an end to, for the present.

available is Ourselves. I have always looked upon it as the work
 of the Holy Spirit, that can create the heart of Man. He is the
 indicator of the Holy Spirit, and I have seen chiefly upon a
 regard to ourselves; while the creature of God made himself in
 Paradise, when there was no fault to deplore, and will be per-
 petrated in Heaven, when God shall be all in all. I have found
 have gone to far as to say that were there no matter of sin
 that existed it, nor any recompence laid up for it, because
 generous, and would indulge in it, for the narrow gratification
 that accompanies it.
 There is a people appearing to assist in the work of the
 Holy Spirit, and conversation was put on the ground, for the people.

H. 1

To adapt and unite the passages selected from different Authors, so as to form a *Yankee's* was found

upon Trial, to be more than was at first expected. The former part of the book is a

part of the difficulty, and the latter part is a

another in the following way, which equally

taken from a history, to express myself

whatever is beautiful for strength of imagination, is chosen

of the same kind, and the same manner of expression

T H E
B E A U T I E S
O F T H E
T U R K I S H S P Y.
L

TO adapt and unite the passages selected from different Authors, so as to form a uniform WHOLE, was found, upon Trial, to be more difficult, than was at first suspected. But from hence it is not inferred, that the thing itself is impracticable. Superior Abilities may get the better of this difficulty, and the attempt may still succeed. The Compiler, however, of the preceding Dialogue, declines pursuing that plan any farther, and has adopted another in the following pages, which equally tends to rescue from a literary prison, if I may so express myself, whatever is beautiful for strength of imagination, liveliness of thought, or sublimity of expression. The plan, is that of selecting and placing together, what may justly be stiled, the Beauties of some particular Writer.

The Book fixed upon, out of which to try the present experiment, is the *Turkish Spy*. An Author not so well known, perhaps, or generally read, as he seems to deserve. But let the Extracts speak for themselves. Some passages however, (though very sparingly) I have taken the liberty to soften.

lions, Tygers, Bears, and such like voracious Beasts, with
 inexorable hatred and revenge. They devour their kindred
 Spiders, Toads, Serpents, and other venomous Creatures, and
 yet are all these things taken for the most part
 and exchange their dispositions
 B E A U T I E S
 O F T H E

T U R K I S H S P Y.

A M B I T I O N

IS a Vice so nearly bordering on Virtue, so refined and subtle
 in complexion, that when the Passion which cherishes it, is
 once gratified with its proper object, it becomes a Virtue itself;
 and ranks a man to-day among the most deserving *Heroes*, who,
 but yesterday, was in the number of the *Seditious*.

A B S O L U T I O N.

Gold is the great God of the Romans, and the ultimate object
 of their Adoration, since that alone can open or shut Heaven or
 Hell. Neither need the most enormous Sinners to despair, if
 they have but *Pluto* for their *Proflor*, and *Gold* for their *Apology*;
 there being certain rates set upon all Sins; which, if paid, those
 of the deepest dye are as readily resolved, as the smallest
Peccadillo.

C R U E L T Y.

There arises a vast complacency in doing good, though to a
 Stranger, or even to an Enemy. Man is naturally generous, and
 he has debauched his Soul, who acts contrary to this principle.
 Yet the greatest part of men are degenerated. They pursue

Lions, Tygers, Bears, and such like ravenous Beasts, with inexorable hatred and revenge. They bear secret antipathies to Spiders, Toads, Serpents, and other venomous Creatures; and yet are all these things *themselves*. Men have for the most part laid aside their Humanity, and exchanged their dispositions for that of Savages: Nay, we transcend them in what is cruel and vicious, as if our reason was given us only to teach us more refined methods of Impiety, and to be a more exquisite Spur to Vice.

C O U N S E L.

It is easy to give counsel to another, which, in the same circumstances, we are far from practising ourselves. Then we can be full of wisdom and grave Morals: But when it once comes home, all our *Philosophy* vanishes; and there remains nothing to be seen, but a mere sensitive Animal, without *Virtue* and without *Patience*.

E D U C A T I O N.

I *left* my parents, or rather they *left* me, before I *found myself*, being but an Infant when they died; but in the City I found friends; which is not a less endearing title. They gave me but my Birth, whereby I entered on a Stage of Miseries, with which, soon after, *they* left me to struggle, before I could distinguish Misery from Happiness: But *these* gave me *Education*, which taught me to shun those Evils, which are the natural consequences of our Birth.

E X P E R I E N C E.

Every Man's Experience perfects his Speculation, and he who trafficks in the mart of *Philosophy*, on the stock of his own discoveries, is in a fairer way to improve himself, than a Man, who trades altogether on the credit of *other Men's Conceptions*.

The

The latter is but Wisdom's *Factor*; or he may be called a *Broker* in the Sciences; a *Banker* of other Men's imaginations. Whereas the former is a rich substantial *Merchant*, dealing on his own bottom. He ventures on the wide world's peevish, censorious humor, runs the hazards of *Shipwrecks* and *Corfairs*. The winds and storms of human *malice* do not fright him; nor all the rocks of *Superstition*, established by the Law of Nations; as no Sands or Shelves, or any undermining private interests can balk his courage, while he has the *Gale of Truth, and Tide of primitive Reason on his side*; for then he knows that common *fortune* will be his *Pilot*, and steer him safe through it.

G O D.

That Being, which has no resemblance; neither is divided into parts, nor circumscribed with limits; whose centre is every where, circumference no where. Who hath neither beginning nor end: The only *Omnipotent*, from whom all other things flow, and to whom they all return; to whom I owe all that I have, and will pay what I can.

H U M I L I T Y.

A humble Heart is like a kindly mould, receiving the Dews of Heaven with advantage and profit; but Pride is a rock, which spatters away the blessings poured down upon it.

I N T E G R I T Y.

I find in myself some Virtues and Vices, which I never yet could observe so oddly blended together in any other Mortal. I am always *campaigning* on the frontiers of Good and Evil, yet my passions are not mercenary: No price can tempt me to treason, or perfidy. I am master of a certain fastness of Spirit, which no human charm is able to dismantle. My Integrity cannot be *warped by Gold*.

J O Y.

O *Hebetolla!* What is there on this obscure Globe, that deserves to be compared with those serener Joys above, those unfulled pleasures, that untarnished blifs? And yet we sometimes taste strange felicities here on earth. But it is only when the Gates and Casements of *Paradise* are open. When a celestial wind transports hither the leaves of the *Trees of Eden*, perfumes the Air and the Skies with the transcendent Odors of that happy Region; wafting also *imperfect sounds; music in soft fragments, and echoes* from the choirs of the blessed. It is then the Hearts of Mortals feel a secret and inexpressible Joy. This happens not every day; but only at the seasons of divine indulgence, on the Festivals of some particular Saints, and in the time of the immortal Jubilee; when God exhilarates the Universe with uncommon favors, *and an infinite Largess.*

I N F I R M I T Y—H U M A N.

We are all *Men*, and God does not expect our conduct to be that of *Angels*. His repose is in himself, and if he takes any complacency in the things of this world, it is in beholding every thing *according to its nature*. The exquisite form and symmetry of a *Bee*, a *Spider*, or a *Pismire*, with the innumerable *architecture* of the two former, and the admirable *providence* of the latter, may, for ought we know, afford him as much delight, as the most celebrated beauty, strength, science, and performances of Men. For his Power and Wisdom are equally manifest in all things. Every Creature is perfect in his kind. *A wicked Man only, is a Blot in the Creation.*

L I F E.

I look upon my *Life*, not as my own, but altogether lent me. I esteem not only Men, but Beasts, and even inanimate things, my *Creditors*, for the permission I have to *breathe.*

L E A N N E S S.

L E A N N E S S.

My Body sensibly decays; Age and Care, Watching and Sicknefs, with a thousand Casualties besides, have almost dissolved this congealed Medley of the Elements. Methinks I am now no more than a poor Skeleton, to which Nature and Fortune have left a dry and withered Skin for Modesty's sake, to cover its nakedness; with a few evacuated Veins and Arteries, shrunk Sinews, Tendons, Muscles and Cartilages, to tack this Machine together, and keep it in motion.* I seem to myself, to be only a Hobgoblin, or Ghost in disguise; I cannot say *incarnate* (for I have lost all my *Flesh*) but only bagged and clouted up, in the most contemptible Shreds, Rags, and antiquated Reliques of Mortality—like a Maudlin or Scare-Crow, I hang together by Geometry.

M I S F O R T U N E S.

It generally happens that when one Misfortune befalls a Man, it brings a train along with it: So that sometimes we seem to be *besieged by Evils*, or at least so *closely blocked up* by an *army of Calamities*, that there is no passage left open, for *Relief* or *Intelligence*.

P A R T Y.

It generally happens to all Ringleaders of *Party*, that when once the spirit of a faction is spent, the *Lees* (which consist of *Regret and Confusion*) are discharged on those, *who first fermented them*, mixed with the *revenge of the State*.

P R I D E.

He was not privy to the wickedness of the Age. His *retirement* guarded him from other Men's *Vices*, while his incomparable *Humility* defended him from his *own Virtues*. He was
not

* In this *metaphorical* application of ideas, I think we may admit of *cloathing the Skeleton*.

See page 52.

not puffed up with his own sublime perfections. *Pride* is a Serpent which commonly poisons the root of the fairest endowments, but he crushed this *Serpent in the Egg*.

P O V E R T Y.

It eclipses the brightest *Virtues*, and is the very sepulchre of *brave designs*, depriving a Man of the means, to accomplish what nature has fitted him for, and stifling the noblest thoughts in Embryo.

P L E A S U R E.

Though Man like a *Moth* be passionately enamoured with the light of this world; though he *flutters and dances about it* for a while, basking in the *splendor and warmth* of his good fortune, yet at last he is consumed by the very *flame* that gave him nourishment, and falls a victim to his own pleasures.

PROMULGATION OF THE LAW ON MOUNT SINAI.

Doubtless the most *High* came down through the Heavens, attended with *Myriads of Angels, and thirty-two Chariots of Fire*, and when he stood on the top of the Mountain, the rear of his *Train* had not passed the *silver gates of the Moon*. The Sun appeared in his circuit as one astonished: He blushed and fled away from the *eternal Brightness*, not able to endure the lustre of a glory so far surpassing his own. The *Stars* were dazzled at the immortal Splendor, and mistook their course; they ran against each other in their affrighted career; and as a lasting memorial of that glorious descent, the *Angels* left the bright impressions of their Footsteps in the heavenly Road, the *Galaxy or Milky Way*.

The *Nations of the Earth* were amazed at the tremendous Vision, and Noise; for the *Mountain* was all on Fire, whose flames reached up to the Clouds, and its smoak to the Mid-heaven. The *Globe trembled and quaked* at the dreadful *Thunderings*, and the *Lightnings* penetrated the Abyss of Hell. The *infernal Spirits* were

were startled at the uncouth flashes, and asked one another, "IF THE DAY OF JUDGEMENT WAS COME." *The Waters* hid themselves in their fountains, and *the Ocean* uttered a deep murmur. Every thing in nature was surprized with wonder and dread, and *Moses* himself, when he came down from the Mountain, was all *transformed into Light*.

R E A D I N G.

We must not suffer our imaginations to be tainted *with those enchanting Ideas of Evil*, which are drawn by the Pens of some *elegant writers*. All that we should seek in Books should be, what may inform our *Understanding*, rectify our *Judgements*, and *inflame our Affections with the Love of Virtue*.

S T U D Y.

As his body was infirm and weak, subject to a thousand maladies, so was his mind harrassed by distempers without number; but above all, he laboured under a kind of *intellectual Fever*, a perpetual *thirst of Knowledge*, a *Dropsy of the Mind*.

S L E E P.

Till *Sleep* eclipses the light of my busy imagination, and puts out every *glaring thought*. Then my Soul takes her repose, stealing from my Body, enters into the *shady vales of Visions*, and sports with *innocent Ideas*. Thus having diverted myself with jumbling monstrous essences together, and hurling one Chimera after another, I return again to my Body, and sighing awake.

T R U T H.

It is an immortal thought that can transport the Soul through such an infinity of ages. Yet the pleasure is agreeable to the undertaking, because Truth, as serene as the mornings of Egypt, enlightens the prospect, and tempts the mind, if it were possible, to look even beyond Eternity itself. Whereas he that only con-

M

fines

fines his view to the narrow Horizon of particular Histories, is like a man in a Wilderness, or in a low and shady Vale, where his Eye is curbed with the interposition of thickets, uneven ground, and envious inclosures. For such are the dark controversies, inextricable difficulties, and affected umbrages of most Writers; who never durst peep over the mountains of received Opinions; or if they did, they fearfully or maliciously hid their discoveries from the rest of Mortals. One of the *Fathers* in great severity calls *Poetry* the Wine of Devils, because it fills the imagination with vain things; though Poetry is but the shadow of a Lie. Certainly it is a Heaven upon Earth, when a Man's Mind moves in *Charity*, rests in *Providence*, and turns upon the *Poles of Truth*. Mixture of Falsehood is like Alloy in Coin of Gold and Silver. It may make the Metal *work the better*, but it *debases it*. *Montaigne* said very acutely, when he was required the reason why giving the Lie, should be such a disgraceful and odious Charge, "that a Man who lies, is a *Bravado towards God, and a Coward towards Man.*"

U N C E R T A I N T Y.

The most blandishing *Gifts of Fortune*, and such as we are extremely taken with, many times grow like the *Trojan Horse*, only fair and gay in outward appearance; while like that deceitful Engine of the Grecian Craft, they carry *an Army of hidden Calamities within*; which in the midst of our secure purpose, when we least dream of any Evil, rush upon us from their concealed and unsuspected Ambuscades, and put us all in Terror and Confusion.

V I C I S S I T U D E.

Certainly all *Sublunary things* ebb and flow like the Waters, and though Men may sometimes enjoy a *Spring Tide of Felicity*, yet Fate has *hidden Sluices*, which in a moment shall convey the *mighty Torrent into another Channel.*

V I R T U E.

V I R T U E.

At the day of Judgement, we shall not be asked what proficiency we have made in *Logic, Metaphysics, Astronomy, or any other Science*, but whether we have lived according to *our Nature, as Men endued with Morality and Reason*. In that hour, it will more avail us to have thrown a handful of *Flowers in Charity*, to a Nest of Pismires, than that we could *muster all the Host of Heaven, and call every Star by its proper Name*.

V A N I T Y.

These Infidels appear in all things passionately affected with the *glories of our mortal State*, which, at the height, are but *transient shadows, or something less considerable*.

W A R.

Surely men ought to be *hardened* for War, Conquest and Plunder, where the Victors are to cut their way to Honor and Riches, *through the hearts of the vanquished*, to quench their ardent thirst of Glory with *human Blood*, and to celebrate their *Triumphs*, only in the midst of *horrid Massacres*.

W I F E.

She is given thee by Fate to poise the Balance of thy Life, that neither too much Ease nor Pain, excess of Joy and Grief, should turn the doubtful scale of Sense, and make thee either swim in Floods of Pleasure, or sink in the Mire of baneful Grief and Melancholy.

W I S D O M.

The eternal Sapience wanders through the Universe, to seek out such as will, or can imbibe her free Impressions. She voluntarily slides into receptive Souls, and fills them with her Rays. Thus the sublimer Genii of the Air, bask in an open Orb of intellectual Light, because they are embodied, in the most

refined, and purest matter: Whereas we Mortals must be thankful for her Illuminations by retail. She only shines on us through Chinks and Crannies of our dungeon Flesh. And yet seldom even so in direct Beams: Few Men can boast that Privilege. The greater part walk only *in the Twilight of Opinion*, or at best, in the faint languid glimmerings of *human Reason*, which, like *the Moon*, conveys the original Light of Science to us by *Reflection*, and at second hand. We are to learn the rest from Books, from Conversation and Experience.

Y O U T H.

The Spartans esteemed *Infancy and Youth*, the *Spring time* of good manners, when *Virtue is in the Blossom*. If that be nipped or blasted, the *fruit* must prove *abortive or unprofitable*.

Z E A L.

The different *parties in Religion*, are all at War, about words and exterior Ceremonies; so zealous for *Charity and Peace*, that they are *in perpetual war* for its sake, *murthuring one another*, in the *Love of Love*, and such stout Champions for the *Truth*, that they scruple not to *tell ten thousand lies for its sake*.*

* Several passages from this Author, having been inserted in the *Character of Eudoxus*, are designedly omitted here.

Tyrocinium Anatomicum:

O R, A N

I N T R O D U C T I O N

T O

A N A T O M Y.

Tyrocinium Anatomicum:

O R, A N

I N T R O D U C T I O N

T O

A N A T O M Y.

Strongly is the thirst of knowledge inherent in our nature, and the attainment of it attended with so much sensible satisfaction, that however the liberality of fortune may have precluded Gentlemen from the practical part of a profession, they are generally enough disposed to become acquainted with its theory. At least it may be asserted of this University, that its most distinguished members for Behaviour, Birth and Fortune, are remarkable for paying a proportional regard to every offered opportunity of improvement.

The Author of the following sheets, sensible of the pleasure he has received from those Audiences by which he has been favoured, when demonstrating the parts of the human body; and having been often previously consulted about the nature of the study, the qualifications of its students, the books to be read, &c. thinks he may best by this method satisfy every head of Enquiry; and at the same time give a general notion of the nature and tendency of the study.

Anatomy, from the Greek word *ανατομειν*, denotes simply the art of dissecting an animal body; but in a more general sense, a knowledge of the Situation, Figure, Action and Use of the Parts.

That

That which treats of the two latter properties; namely the Action and Use of the Parts, is distinguished by the name of the *Physiology*.

Anatomy is divided into the human and comparative. The latter comprehends the dissection of the whole brute creation; the former has Man alone for its object. This, or the human Anatomy, is the usual subject of Lectures. For though comparative Anatomy be highly entertaining, and indeed, often useful in guiding us to conjectures in the human, which without this Analogy we might longer have wanted, or perhaps even never have arrived at: Yet is the field too large for the limits assigned in common, to these enquiries. And even much of the subject yet lies uncultivated, from the amazing extent of the animal creation.

The substituting animal subjects for dissection, where human ones were not to be obtained, has been the source of many errors in Anatomy. In the early ages of the world, so great was the prejudice which Men entertained of this necessary employment, that even in countries, where the practice of embalming had (to all appearance) the sanction of the publick, the person who made the first and principal incision, did it at the hazard of his life: The mistaken zeal of the deceased's relations prompting them to drive him out of the house, by every rude and offensive kind of behaviour. But even supposing they had been allowed to perform their task quietly, and without molestation; little knowledge surely could they have gained of the Structure of those men or women, whose brains they drew out through the nostrils with a hook; and whose viscera they dragged through a hole made in the belly. Among the Jews, it was made pollution by their law, to handle a dead body. And a similar prohibition has been suspected by some authors to have obtained even among the Greeks. These, and other similar causes, would seem to have long prevented any considerable progress in this branch of medicine. While on the other hand, the custom of offering sacrifices,
so

so ancient and so universal; together with the great share that Kings, Priests and Prophets bore in those frequent Solemnities, naturally gave a bias to men's enquiries into the structure of the brute creation. When from a regular and acquired knowledge of what was the most natural situation and appearance of the parts of animals, they came at last to find a kind of prophetic augury, of which the ambitious and crafty in after ages made such proper use, as when human powers were not sufficient for their daring designs, fetched down (as it were) the Gods to their assistance.

Much too must be allowed for the obscurity of Traditions, derived down to us from very remote periods.

It would seem that the sum of Anatomical Knowledge could have amounted to but little in the times we are speaking of, by the inconsiderable figure it made, even when *Hippocrates* brought medicine into reputation. That *Hippocrates*, whose fame has extended to such distant ages: On whom grateful Posterity has conferred a title more durable than monumental brass, of Father of Physic, and Divine Old Man: Whom *Macrobius* is not afraid to equal with divine Omniscience, when he says "*Hippocrates tam falli, quam fallere nescit:*" And *Prosper Martianus* "*falsus nunquam potuit, nos fallere nunquam.*" And yet it has been doubted and very sharply disputed, whether this so famous Sage of antiquity ever dissected a human Body.

Now without embarking on this boundless ocean of dispute, let it suffice briefly to observe, that we have not sufficient *Data* on which to ground the decision of so important a point; for besides, that some pieces are handed down to us as the works of *Hippocrates*, which have long since been set aside as spurious, it happens unluckily for the question before us, that those passages which seem most to favour the opinion of his skill in Anatomy, are found in those pieces of whose genuineness we doubt. Yet to do justice to a character, to which (take it all in all) too much gratitude can never be paid, let it be observed that *Galen*, in his

list of Books written by *Hippocrates*, but unfortunately lost even in *Galen's* time, mentions a treatise on Anatomy.

Whatever be the fact, he certainly left his Cotemporaries far behind him in the glorious field of reputation. Yet whoever would shine a modern *Hippocrates*, will not, I presume, discard Anatomy as an unnecessary ingredient in the Character; unless he should adopt the tenet of preferring being in the wrong with *Hippocrates*, to being in the right with all the world besides. Which sacrifice of common sense and reason to an idolized reputation, is (I fear) not without example.

But to leave the dark ages of conjecture, and to come to times where we have the light of history to guide us. In the reigns of the Egyptian Kings, *Ptolemy Soter*, and his successor *Philadelphus*, lived those famous Anatomists, *Erasistratus* and *Herophilus*; who were furnished by those Princes with plenty of Bodies for dissection. That they cut up men alive, is probably a report founded on that abhorrence which the generality of the world even then entertained of these enquiries; and which (by the by) makes it probable that dissections were hardly very common in the much earlier æra of *Hippocrates*.

It seems, I think, very improbable, that the multitude (who can so hardly divest themselves of prejudice, and in this instance perhaps the seldomest of any) would ever have proposed to open this inlet to knowledge; and thus Physic would have been robbed of a material support, had not the Kings of Egypt, men of noble and exalted minds, dared to assert superior freedom by knocking off the fetters of superstition. Which observation is confirmed by events in succeeding times, when great men still interposed to defend and promote dissections; the mob to brand and vilify dissectors. The opinions of these two Anatomists are quoted by *Galen* and others; but the originals have long since been lost.

I shall mention but one great name more on this occasion, and that is *Galen's*, the great admirer of *Hippocrates*, and, in general, best commentator upon him. If we consider the age he lived in,

four hundred years later than the *Ptolemies*, we should naturally expect to find him improving on the Anatomy left him by his Predecessors. But when we consider the place of his residence, and the unlucky circumstances under which Anatomy labored at Rome, from superstitious doubts and scruples, we shall not be surprized to find him making no additions to the (then common) stock of knowledge. The chief opportunities which he had of satisfying himself in these enquiries, were (as he himself informs us) such and so precarious as the following. When the bodies of men slain in battle, lay long enough unburied to have their flesh eaten off by wild beasts; when the overflowing of the Tiber washed bodies out of the tombs; when the bodies of malefactors were publicly exposed: from these, and such opportunities as these, he tells us, he was forced to get his knowledge, which were certainly very unfavourable for a regular and satisfactory examination of parts.

The unnatural custom indeed which prevailed among the Romans, of exposing their children on little altars covered with leaves, might supply him at home with bodies for dissection: But whether he ever made this use of the Roman barbarity, is more than has come to our knowledge. He is generally faulty in interspersing descriptions taken from brutes, and applying them to the human body. I wish the same fault could not be placed to the account of more modern Anatomists, who had not the same plea to bring in excuse that *Galen* had, a scarcity of human bodies. But from this, some of the greatest Anatomists of Antiquity have not kept clear; who by thus blending true and false descriptions together, have rendered their influence and testimony so much the more dangerous, by how much their reputation made them the less suspected.

—*Pudet hæc opprobria nobis
Et dici potuisse, et non potuisse refelli!*

From the times of *Galen* to the present, the discoveries and improvements in Anatomy have been continually increasing. But a minute detail of these would be foreign to the present Undertaking.

The first and principal end of the Study of the human body, should be to awaken in us an awful Sense of the amazing power of its Creator. Those who are conversant with the discourses preached at the Lectures which the great and good Mr. *Boyle* has founded, may see what strong and convincing arguments a *Bentley* and a *Derham* have opposed to the impious deniers of a God, taken from the structure of the Body of Men. And if these arguments could be supposed to lose any part of their force, by coming from the mouths of Christian Divines; let the sentiments and confession of an unenlightened Heathen (the celebrated *Galen*) be considered. Whose whole work, “*de usu partium*,” is one continued rapturous admiration of the great Artificer. Nay, he goes so far as to call the work he had undertaken, “the foundation as it were of all Theology.”

And yet farther—we shall in the contemplation of the human frame, as strongly see the necessity of Providence to preserve, as we did of Omnipotence to create such a Being. The familiar phrase of Life hanging by a thread, approaches much nearer to literal truth, than the generality of mankind imagine. Yet the inclemency of the Elements, the violence of the Passions, and the hidden, yet not less destructive arts of Luxury, are ever conspiring to cut it through. Hence (but for the reasons just assigned) we might reasonably wonder how we could live so long; and that the art of medicine can do so much (instead of wondering that it can do no more) for the reparation of the human frame.

If we apply this study to the particular instances in which it makes the rational foundation of practice, it will appear to be very extensive. The knowledge of the parts with relation to situation and structure, may be subservient to the prevention, as well

well as cure of diseases. Hence we learn to avoid costiveness, in habits liable to the piles; to avoid immoderate repletion in apoplectic dispositions; a constantly supine posture in nephritic complaints; and so of many more cases than can be enumerated.

Again, a very important advantage we reap from a thorough knowledge of the human structure, is its assisting us in determining the part originally affected, which, amidst a variety of Symptoms, and pretty large extent of pain, is alone the clue that can guide us through a labyrinth of doubts. It is from hence we are furnished with what Physicians call the *Signa pathognomonica*, or Characteristic marks of a disease, such as do (as it were exclusively) point out the particular distemper. Nay, farther still, it furnishes Prognostics, or a prophetic foresight into the event, together with a nice estimation of the degree of danger. A remarkable instance of this kind is to be found in *Galen's* account of the *Hepatitis*.

Again, Anatomy leads to the cure of diseases, and that most particularly by leading to a rational application of assistance. And this will appear to be founded on a knowledge of the course and communication of the several orders of vessels; and particularly of that most conspiring harmony carried on by the nerves. From this principle we learn to open particular veins and arteries, in particular distempers, as we would relieve a part, placed perhaps without our reach, but by these methods. Hence we derive the practice of that warm internal fomentation, which Clysters convey, in some excruciating disorders of the Kidneys and Bladder. And hence (to add no more on this head,) we learn to avoid many idle, external (if not dangerous) applications which disgrace as well as disappoint the Recommender.

But I hasten to another advantage we reap from the dissection of bodies; and which is of so extensive a nature, and carries with it so much conviction, that many on their death-beds have laid the strictest injunctions on their relations to submit their Bodies to an Anatomical inspection. And that is, because from
hence

hence we may often learn what was the cause of a disease, which eluded perhaps every conjecture; or at least may deduce from thence such Observations as may benefit thousands yet unborn. But here two previous cautions must be laid down. The one, that we do not confound the consequences with the causes of the disease: The other, that we do not attribute to the disease, all the appearances after death. Thus, a quantity of matter being found in the Thorax, must not be set down as the occasion of those symptoms which appear in a Pleurisy; or the gangrenous spots of the Bowels, as of those symptoms which appear in some dreadful Colics. But each are to be understood as the consequence of Inflammation, in one instance terminating in a suppuration, in the other, in a mortification of the part affected.

The effect of the last struggles of life are coagulations of the blood in the Heart and large vessels; but are frequently mistaken by the unwary for *Polypuses*; a distemper perhaps as rare as it is fatal. And here it may be useful to observe, that in dissecting bodies it is no unusual thing to find small stones in the Kidneys, knots in the Lungs, concretions in the Gall Bladder, though the parties during life were never troubled with any sensible pain from them. On which occasion it is elegantly remarked by Dr. *Simpson*, "that one who would investigate diseases among the dead, should have a large history before him, of what the living can bear without disturbance." And then he gives a remarkable instance to the purpose.

But there is a most extraordinary, as well as melancholy instance of what I have advanced; That dissections lead us to the knowledge of cases which conjectures could never reach; and which may therefore afford us very new, and it may be very necessary cautions. What I mean is, the case of *Baron Waffenaer* in Holland, set forth at large by *Boerhaave*, who attended him, and which, epitomis'd, is as follows. The Baron being frequently afflicted with the gout, and sensible of having a weak digestion, used occasionally to solicit the discharge of what was offensive

five to his stomach, by drinking repeated draughts of warm water. He was attempting to relieve himself in the usual method, on account of some duck he had eaten that day, when not readily obtaining his end, he kept enlarging his draught, till after a violent strain, though without the expected consequence, he fell into so dreadful an agony as he could scarce endure, much less accurately describe. Nothing was omitted that the skill and friendship of *Boerhaave* and another Physician could devise. —But every thing was in vain, and nothing perhaps was less suspected than what proved to be the real case; for on opening the body, the Oesophagus, or passage from the mouth into the stomach, was split through, half round its circumference, at the part where it terminates in the stomach; and the duck and medicines were found floating free, upon the surface of the intestines. Now though such a case probably never had, (it is to be hoped,) never will again, have its parallel, yet we may, for the greater security of mankind, make the following useful observation from it.

That as the Oesophagus makes an acute angle with the upper orifice of the stomach, and the acuteness of that angle must increase in proportion to the distention of the stomach (which from its situation principally swells forwards and upwards;) there may come a time when it is so much distended, as to close up the exit (by the upper orifice) entirely. Therefore the quantity of warm liquors drank to forward the operation of an emetic, should not exceed a pint at a time.

The causes of sudden death cannot always be accounted for [except conjecturally] but by dissection. Though it is not to be expected that even thus we shall always succeed. Whoever is curious to see what can be brought in support of this argument, may consult *Boneti Sepulchretum Anatomicum*, which is a collection of the appearances after death, compared with the complaints of the party while living, and ranged under proper heads.

Another

Another use of Anatomy is to enquire into the several parts of a dead body, where there has been any ground to suspect that some violence has been the occasion of the Party's death. This branch is called by Authors (and many have wrote expressly on the subject) *Anatomia Medico-forensis*. It is certainly highly proper that the utmost tenderness should be shewn, and the fullest enquiries made on occasion of suspected violence; lest a hasty, and ill-grounded opinion should involve the innocent, in the punishment due to the guilty. And as not only all who profess any branch of medicine, but even Gentlemen (by being commissioned to put the laws in execution) may occasionally be concerned in this unpleasing task; it will not be entirely useles to spend a few pages on this Subject.

Now the circumstances which Anatomy brings to light upon these occasions are some or other of the following:

And first, *Blows*: This perhaps is one of the most common cases, and yet we meet with instances, where though death has seemed to be the consequence of a blow, an Anatomical inspection has cleared the culprit. Of this kind take an instance. A man was beat and bruised on the *right* side with a stick; during the skirmish, his foot slipped, and he fell with force, and pitched on his *left* side, and after a groan or two, expired. On opening the body, the Spleen (whose seat is on the left side) was found half cracked through; and a great quantity of coagulated blood, within the cavity of the Abdomen. On dissecting away the muscles where the blow with the stick was given, the bruise was found to be quite superficial, so that his death was pronounced to be occasioned by the fall. This, too, is one of those instances, in which the real mischief could never have been ascertained, but by inspection. It must be observed of blows in general, that many, though in themselves not fatal, may become so through mismanagement, age, or other circumstances of the patient. Which distinction should always be offered by the medical gentlemen, though the decision on it appertains to another class of men.

2. Another

2. Another source of enquiry may be concerning *Poisons*. By which are meant such substances, as work soon and violently to the destruction of the body. For as to the refined subtlety to which some nations have been reported to have brought their poisons, we may justly at least suspend our judgement of what we never had an opportunity of examining; and instances of which therefore can never become the object of a British inquest. However it should here be remarked, that many of the chymical preparations are so violent in their own nature, that in too large a dose they may, and often do, bring on, all the dreadful consequences of a real poison; such as violent inflammation of the Stomach and Intestines, with purging, vomiting, fainting, &c. So that enquiry should in this case be made into the substance taken. But suppose a real dose of poison given, (arsenic for instance) if the dose be small, constitution strong, and the unhappy object immediately discovers what he has done; if at such a time, some ignorant old woman, instead of pouring down oil, or fat broths, and throwing them up in clysters, in order to provoke the stomach and bowels to eject the poison, and at the same time to take off the force of the stimulus, should give an antimonial or other rough vomit, the case would infallibly become desperate, and the party die. If the rather instance in this case, because whoever was to found his verdict upon the appearances after death, without being made acquainted with all circumstances, would see reason sufficient to condemn an acrid poison as the cause of the party's death; but the circumstances would surely plead in favour of the criminal.

3. With respect to *Wounds*, it is very certain, that if a large vessel be cut, and no help at hand to stop the hæmorrhage, the patient must quickly perish, though the wound in its own nature was not mortal. On the contrary, if the vessel is not to be come at, the wound must of consequence prove fatal.

4. Some disputes have occasionally arisen about the legitimacy of children's birth. *De justo partus tempore*. We should in this case,

case, where character is at stake, as well as where life is concerned, act with a proper degree of caution. *Fætuses* coming into the world before they are quick, are called abortions. Women are delivered of live children in the seventh, as well as ninth month, without any imputation on their character: But such children, as not being at their full time, are smaller, weaker, scarce able to eat or suck; their parts are not all exactly compleat; and they usually sleep away the chief part of that time they wanted of their compleat nine months.

The next enquiry to that of legitimacy of birth, is with respect to *Miscarriages*. Now it is agreed on all hands, that there are no medicines specifically productive of abortion: Whatever diminishes the quantity of blood in too great a proportion to what is necessary for the nourishment of the *fætus*, may occasion it; or whatever violent medicines, or methods, have the power of loosening the Placenta, or of forcing the *Menses*: But experience teacheth us, that it is not so easy a matter to procure a miscarriage as deluded unhappy women imagine. And considering in what a laborious, and often penurious situation, many of the sex must ever breed, this is surely one, among many instances, of a most tender, and indulgent Providence. In fact, all attempts to destroy the child in the womb, have a tendency to destroy the mother also. Opinions formed on the appearance of the child when born, are presumptive; but presumptive proofs only: For bad diet, misfortunes, distress, and imprisonment may bring on a miscarriage, and impress on the unhappy infant, that withered and shrivelled appearance (if not kill it) which the most wicked attempts for a like purpose could have done.

Lastly, and to conclude with the highest instance of unnatural cruelty. We are sometimes called upon to give our opinion concerning the murder of bastard children. Now the once usual and admitted criterion, whereby to judge and determine, namely, the sinking of the lungs in water, has since been found capable of deceiving us. An instance was known, where an
 infant

infant strangled by its mother after the birth, had the blood-vessels of the lungs so extremely distended with blood, as to render them specifically heavier than water; but such an error, could it often take place, would still be on the merciful side: And even this can scarce happen without leaving sufficient marks of violence behind it. What is of more consequence to remember, is, that though a child be still-born, yet its lungs may be specifically lighter than water. This may happen from two causes: From a malicious person blowing air into the lungs, previous to a juridical examination: And when the lungs are so far corrupted, as to generate air; to the expansion of which, in dead bodies, that have been long drowned, is owing that relative enlargement of their surface, which makes them capable of floating on the water.

These include, I think, the principal heads of enquiry, that usually come before an inquest. And from what has been said it will appear, that too much caution cannot be used where we are sitting upon the life, or upon what perhaps is dearer than life, the reputation of a fellow creature.

From hence then it appears, that the study of Anatomy belongs not so exclusively to the province of medicine, but that it is capable of adorning, if not of assisting, various other branches of knowledge. With respect indeed to Divinity, I think it is in general misapplied, when called in to illustrate any Scriptural or Moral difficulties: And if some important points of religion, depended only on such collateral evidence, they must, as such allusions are often managed, inevitably fall to the ground. The boldest attempt of this nature, as well as the most unfortunate, was that of *Michael Servetus*, who by way of illustration, compared the *Trinity* to three juices in the body; and for which work he was burnt to death at *Geneva*; and, as it is said, at the instigation of *Calvin*. It is usual, also, to mention the advantages which Sculpture and Painting receive from this study. But these are too obvious to need insisting on. It may be more

applicable in these seats of Literature to observe, that the study of which we are speaking, may serve to illustrate several poetical descriptions; and point out the propriety of several epithets and allusions, which we meet with in classic authors: And particularly with relation to the celebrated *Homer*; whose description of wounded parts is so accurate in general, that some have admitted it as an undoubted proof of the good state of Anatomy in his days.

The different, and often opposite opinions concerning the Structure, and Use of the Parts, cannot but be very disagreeable to impartial minds, which are always ready to embrace truth, wherever they can find it; and may justly raise suspicions in some, that there is less of certainty in the science than is pretended. But it must be remembered, that a fondness for our own discoveries, may bias our senses to the prejudice of truth; and a desire of raising our own reputation, may determine us to cavil at the assertions of others; and particularly to chuse out as the most glorious rivals, the foremost in the list of fame. While, on the other hand, the paying too blind a deference to a name, may make us hastily receive an *Ipse dixit*, unexamined, and unapproved. But supposing nothing of this to be the case; Anatomists may easily differ in their accounts of the Use, and Structure of Parts, where the least handling defaces, or the least distemper has aggravated, or obliterated their natural form. And it is pretty certain, that unfair practices have sometimes been used to support, and defend a favorite theory, against a more successful, and therefore obnoxious rival. So that we must not place all the perplexity of dissenting opinions to the obscurity of the subject; but some share of it, at least, to the obstinacy of its Professors.

To reconcile every jarring opinion, or to offer new solutions of doubts, where ingenious men have already failed, are tasks for which I have no inclination. I therefore purposely omit entering into the *Minutiæ* of Anatomy, that I may not be tediously

tediously prolix, and often unintelligible. And there is the less occasion for this, as the most obvious parts of our frame, are generally the chief seats of our disorders; and the principal functions of those several parts, are pretty well understood. For this reason, plain and (as far as the Subject will admit,) indisputable descriptions are the best. Any one may increase these ideas among Authors, and wade deep in the unpleasant streams of controversy at their leisure.

The books necessary to be consulted on this occasion, lie in a very narrow compass; — *Heisteri Compendium Anatomicum*, *Munickius de re Anatomica*, and the little Compendium publish'd by *Keill*, seem to answer all the purposes of a beginner. *Winslow's Anatomy*, written in French, and translated by *Douglafs*, is the minutest description of parts that can well be penned; but it is for that reason, the most unentertaining, and certainly not fit for a beginner. Besides that it has none of the Physiology, which, properly interspersed, greatly relieves the nauseous Satiety of bare description: On this account *Drake's Anatomy* is not unuseful.

I think the principal Use of Plates, is to express such appearances, as cannot be seen without great preparation, and very good glasses; and even then not understood, unless minutely, and frequently examined; or such as rarely fall into a course of Lectures. And therefore the appearance of *Fætuses* from the first impregnation of the *Ovum*, gradually through every stage of increase, till it becomes ready for exclusion, as published by *Malphigi*; the gradation of foetal bones by *Kerckringius*; and the appearance of an impregnated *Uterus*, with an almost nine months *fætus* inclosed, as the ingenious Dr. *Hunter* has been long preparing for the press; these, or such as these, are well worth consulting. In general, there is too much attention paid to the beauty of Plates; which, while it adds to the expence, takes off from the improvement. *Vesalius* is among the first, who gave elegant representations of the parts of the body; though probably
their

their being designed by *Titian*, is a mistake. However, the three principal Authors in this way, and which are the most easily met with, are *Eustachius*, *Cowper*, and *Albinus*.

If we attend to the description given of Man's body by Authors, we shall find it debased to a level with the beasts by some, and exalted into something more than human by others: Whereas the truth is removed from both extremes. It would seem, that the same cause which gave rise to the great number of Gods, gave origin to the high opinion of the nature of man. To the heathens, incomprehensible was the doctrine of all perfection centring in one Being; they therefore divided it into parts, and assigned to each its Patron. Whence sprung the God of Wisdom, Eloquence, Valour, &c. Agreeable to the confined notions of this their supreme *Jupiter*, they judged the formation of Man a task too hard for him alone, and therefore kindly assigned him the joint assistance of the other Gods. Each was to form his part; and more particularly to preside over that part when formed; to which *Homer* is supposed to allude in that much canvassed simile of *Agamemnon*, when compared to *Jove*, *Mars*, and *Neptune*. *Iliad*. B. ver. 477.

As Heathens thought their *Jupiter* incapable of forming Man, the Astrologers think the Deity incapable of preserving him: which task they divide equally among the twelve signs of the Zodiack; but which, by providing for but one part of the body at once, seems a very whimsical, and imperfect kind of Providence.

The Philosophers labor hard to find all the beauties of nature in Man's body; making him, as it were, an Epitome, or a kind of analogous representation of every thing that is beautiful in the creation. The Sun, and Man's Heart; the Ocean, and his Blood; with other equally far-fetched comparisons, are adopted to make out this magnificent assertion. The Harmony observable in all the parts of the material world, gave occasion to its being denominated *κοσμος*. And a no less similar harmony among
all

all the parts of man, might justly give origin to the term applied to him, of *Μικροκοσμος* which seems a more plausible Etymology, than any that can be drawn from labored, and fanciful comparisons between the two.

But there have been on the other hand a set of Cynic Philosophers, to whom Man's body appears a dungeon, a prison, a hell, in short, every thing that is truly deplorable. The body (say these men) is called *Δεμας*, because it fetters and shackles the Soul; which, though true, is not so in the dreadful sense of earthly fetters. The Soul (go on, these melancholy complainers) is call'd *Ψυχη* because numbed and frozen in its operations by the body. To these discontented minds there are endless imperfections found in Man: they lament, he has no horns, claws, or other offensive weapons. In their eyes, every part betrays infirmity: They make him crawl on all fours at his birth; lament his passage into the world near the two Cloacæ of the body; and enlarge on what, they call, the prophetic cries of Infancy. Thus opposite, and perhaps equally unlike, are the pictures which Melancholy or Enthusiasm design for a representation of human nature.

There have been several wild conjectures about the standard of man's body, particularly, I think, we may call so, that which supposes the dimensions of the Ark, to have been taken from it. The Ark, we know, was 300 cubits long, 50 broad, and 30 high. To make out the calculation therefore, a man should be six times as high as he is broad; ten times as high as he is deep; or the breadth taken from the shoulder blades to the Sternum. I need not comment upon the great deviation we find in men, from this plan of proportion. What that is now supposed to be, or at least, the proportions of the several parts of the body to be observed by Painters and Statuaries, is laid down by *Albert Durer*, in a work first published in Dutch, then translated into Latin, and published at *Nuremberg*, in the year 1532. And afterwards in French at *Arnheim* in 1614.

Dr.

Dr. Grew, in his *Cosmologia Sacra*, gives us a very elegant and ingenious reason, why Man was formed of the size we see him, rather than of any other; namely, his relation to the rest of the Creation, which was formed before him. “ Had the whole
 “ species of mankind been gigantic (says he) Man could not
 “ so commodiously have been supplied with food; for there
 “ would not have been flesh enough to serve his turn: And had
 “ beasts been made proportionably bigger, there would not have
 “ have been grass enough for the beasts: Boats and shipping
 “ likewise must have been answerably bigger; and thus too big
 “ for the rivers and sea-coasts. Nor would there have been the
 “ same use, and opportunities for the exercise of man’s reason;
 “ inasmuch as he would then have done many things by mere
 “ strength, for which he is now obliged to invent innumerable
 “ engines: And thus far, man would have been reasonable in
 “ vain.” Nor are his observations on the figure of man, less just or elegant. “ He might have come out of the Creator’s hands
 “ (says he) a reasonable beast, or bird: But had he been a
 “ quadruped, his figure would have wanted that majesty which
 “ is suitable to his dominion over all other creatures: Or had he
 “ been a bird, he would have been less sociable; for on every
 “ apprehension of danger, he would have been flying to some
 “ other place; and Man, instead of inhabiting cities, would, like
 “ the eagle, have made his nest in the rocks.”

Upon the whole, then, the present structure of our bodies, has nothing but what claims our admiration and gratitude: Whether we consider the advantages of an erect position, with abilities to diversify our posture in every useful shape; so that by the various and extensive motion of our trunk, and limbs, we can reach every part of our surface: Or the functions of animal nature, which, however disagreeably necessary, are yet so disposed, as to shew an indulgence, in what probably was meant to mortify the pride of man: While the vital functions seem to require no attention of ours at all, but kindly preserve our being
 in

in general; and sometimes, it would seem, even in spite of ourselves.

To give then, by way of conclusion, the outlines of the subject, which is explained in a course of Lectures. The Body of man, is not improperly termed a hydraulic machine, whose fluids circulate in various, and convenient channels. The Blood, from whence all other secretions are made, is sent into every part of the body, by the arteries. Various organs are placed in different parts, to be as strainers for the separation of their respective fluids. The Liver, to separate, *Bile*; the Glands of the jaws and mouth, *Saliva*; the Testicles, *Semen*; and so of the rest. Such parts of this mass of fluid, as by their circulation, or from any other causes, are become useless, are sent out of the body by the kidneys, intestines, and numberless pores of the skin. The remaining blood being returned to its fountain, the heart, through the veins.

The *Being* thus existing, must be preserved, and its wanting substance restored. This is done by conveying food down the *Oesophagus* into the *Stomach*; by its being properly changed by the digesting power of the stomach, and its fluids; by the chyle then conveyed along the *Mesentery* through the *Lacteals*, and into the Blood, along the *Thoracic Duct*.

The *Being* thus recruited, must have the power to move its limbs for self-preservation, and to shift its place for amusement or advantage. This it is enabled to do by the wonderful contrivance of the *Muscles*; whose structure we admire, but whose action we do not fully comprehend.

The *Being* thus put in motion, and as the Receptacle of the "*divinæ particula auræ*," must have inlets of different sensations, and a conscious perception of all things, about it. This, as far as depends on corporeal substances, is effected by the mechanism of the *Brain* and *Nerves*, conveyed through the medium of the *Organs of Sense*.

But

But how imperfect would be its enjoyment of these sensations, was its joy incapable of utterance? Kindly therefore are we endowed with *Lungs* to breathe, and with organs to modify, and articulate that Breath; and whence we derive the noble, and useful Privilege of Speech.

The Parts too, are not only beautifully framed, but supported and defended in as extraordinary a manner, by the Structure, Disposition, and Mechanism of the *Bones*.

And we have not only the satisfaction of possessing such a curious frame ourselves, but have superadded organs for the continuance of our species, and for the renewing ourselves in our posterity. The wonderful provision for which in all its branches, has puzzled our best *Philosophy* to explain.

Upon the whole then it will appear, that Man's Body may be termed a Machine; such a one as is worthy of the divine Architect, and which we must ever admire, though perhaps we may never compleatly comprehend. Nor let it be alledged to the prejudice of this Study, that some functions in our frame are mysterious: For while the minuteness of some parts elude our research; and the union of our divine part acts upon, and influences the other; we must sometimes submit our reason to our faith; and conclude the wisdom of what is not seen, from the harmony and beautiful contrivance of the parts that are seen.

Again, we shall be convinced of the assertion so frequently occurring in enquiries of this Nature, that this machine is so contrived, as by spontaneous efforts to relieve, and restore itself from oppression: In consequence of which, the sagacious *Sydenham* long since declared, "Morbum nihil esse aliud, quam naturæ conamen, materiæ morbificæ exterminationem in ægri salutem, omni ope molientis." And which power has long been personified by the help of *Allegory*, and known by the names of Φύσις, the *Anima*, and *Nature*.

We may also hence acquire a tolerable idea of the essential import of the terms, *Life* and *Death*. That, Life depends on the

the circulation being kept up at any rate; and that Death commences from the time when the circulation irrecoverably stops. But when that circulation is in its full vigour, and leaves not the minutest part unvisited; when all the secretions and excretions are duly, and daily performed, then is the vital fluid in full perfection; then will it afford such pure and exhilarating emanations from the seat of Sense, as to compose that compendium of supremest health,

— *Mens sana in Corpore sano.*

And lastly we shall see, that the exact situation which constitutes health, differs widely in each individual, as his frame is more or less delicate by nature. And that therefore no one settled measure of abstinence, or indulgence; neither Cold Water, nor Tar Water, nor any however fashionable Medicine of the age, can specifically prevent the attack of Disease; or for any considerable time prevent the approach of Death.—

Such is the Machine proposed to be explained in these Lectures, of which, it may (if ever) with propriety be said,

—*MATERIEM SUPERARE OPUS.*

the circulation being kept up at all times, and that Death comes
whence from the time when the circulation necessarily flows.
But when that circulation is in the full vigour, and matter comes
inwardly part unvisited, when all the motions and conditions
are duly, and daily performed, then it is the will said to be
perfect, and will afford the part, and continuing certain
time from the rest of body, as to compare that condition of
superior health.

— *Materia in Materia* —

And lastly we shall see that in each situation which comes
into being, either within each individual, or his time, is
more or less decays by nature. And that therefore no one
is free from the influence of sickness, or indigestion, or other Cold
Water, nor in *Water*, nor any other, in the same manner
of things, and perhaps prevent the work of Nature: for
any considerable time prevent the operation of
such as the Nature is supposed to be explained in
Lectures, of which, it may (if ever) with propriety be said.

— *Materia in Materia* —

A N
E N Q U I R Y
I N T O T H E
S T R U C T U R E
O F T H E
H U M A N B O D Y,
R E L A T I V E T O I T S
S U P P O S E D I N F L U E N C E
O N T H E
M O R A L S o f M A N K I N D.

E. N. Q. U. I. R. Y.

S. T. R. U. C. T. U. R. E.

O. F. T. H. E.

H. U. M. A. N. B. O. D. Y.

R. E. L. A. T. I. V. E. T. O. I. T. S.

S. U. P. P. O. S. E. D. I. N. F. L. U. E. N. C. E.

M. O. R. A. L. S. O. F. M. A. N. K. I. N. D.

TO HIS GRACE
THE
DUKE OF GRAFTON,
CHANCELLOR
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE.

MY LORD,

HAVING occasion to reprint some Sheets, that have been twice favourably received, on a Subject which your GRACE has been pleased to honour in a very distinguished manner, I could not omit the opportunity, of thus publickly acknowledging my Obligations to the DUKE of GRAFTON.

May

May you long, My Lord, very long continue to
preside over this UNIVERSITY; so fruitful in Men of
Abilities, that your GRACE can never want opportunities
of indulging your favorite passion, that of countenancing,
assisting and rewarding Merit.

I am,

MY LORD,

YOUR GRACE'S

most obliged

and obedient Servant,

CHARLES COLLIGNON.

Cambridge,
Jan. 24, 1771.

An ENQUIRY into the
S T R U C T U R E
O F T H E
H U M A N B O D Y, &c.

TO remove the objections that have been made against Providence by some, as if he had formed men of such materials, as almost necessarily impelled them to illicit actions, is the design of the following sheets. A design interwoven with the study, and demonstration of the Structure of man; and therefore a very natural subject of the Author's reflections. And which it is hoped will be received with the usual candor of this Seminary of Religion, and Seat of Literature.

But it will not be found disadvantageous to the subject, to set out at first with some medical reasoning. For it will by and by appear, that for want of duly attending to the relative fitness of things, not only the Prescriber, but the Preacher may miscarry; And that this fitness considered with a view to the art of healing, will greatly clear up the subsequent reflections, on that of reforming.

The remedies which Physicians apply, have no innate, and absolute qualities; but such only as the nature of the parts which they touch, or can influence, will allow them to exert; so that a variation in the structure, or condition of parts, will vary,

and even sometimes frustrate the effects of a medicine. And hence the classing of remedies which have no universal or invariable effects, as it tempts many to profess a Science, which seems thus easy of attainment, so will often really distress the mind of a conscientious prescriber.

For how few among the many that offer their services to the sick, will at first keep clear of the specious temptation, of attacking a disorder by some privileged medicine, sent to it in its supposed fortress? and with which aids, all Catalogues of both simple and compound remedies do too much abound. Whereas the attentive practitioner quickly finds, that there is a time for all things, necessary to be observed, to secure even a possibility of success; and that a hasty determining of the disease, and an indiscriminate application of the remedy, proves as little for his own reputation, as for his patient's advantage. For after all, what is this but to act the part of the *self-conceited Nurse*, that fatal character to the human race, who, like Homer's Hero, though with other weapons,

— πολλὰς ἰσθίμους ψυχὰς αἰδὶ προΐαψεν.

and indeed were disorders as easily known as named, and every appropriated remedy as certainly efficacious, as it is sure to be applied by such people, there would be no want of Physicians in the world, whose very business it is to make these necessary distinctions; but who are frequently not called upon, till fatal experience has convinced the Patient, that such distinctions ought previously to have been made.

As remedies therefore have no necessary, self-existing, independent virtues, considered abstractedly from the Body to which they are applied; so the same is (in a great measure at least) true of diseases. I question whether there can exist a morbid cause, which no Constitution, Sex, Age, Climate, Circumstance or Condition is capable of eluding. At least we know that those most virulent destroyers of mankind, Plague and Poison,

son, cannot claim this privilege: many escaping the former, though constantly conversing with the sick; and many Animals feeding innocently on the latter, and sometimes even the human race.

Nor is there any thing that need astonish us in all this. Man's Body is made of matter, as well as the rest of the Creation, and while alive must be subject to the laws of matter, and motion; and every thing applied to it, whether as food, or physic, can act only by being put in motion, and communicating that motion to certain parts. And it is no more surprising that the same cause should not operate equally on all bodies, than that the same degree of heat, should not equally affect Gold and Lead.

If it be objected, that *Hippocrates* refers us to a Θεῶν τι as the cause of some diseases: we answer, that he did not mean thereby, such an exertion of the divine power, as suspended the known laws of nature in those diseases; in which sense only, this could be any objection: but he either means to conceal his ignorance of the true cause of the disease, under this so specious a supposition; or really struck with the horrid appearance of some epileptic Patient, he fancied it inflicted as a judgement, and so of divine original.

It appears then that a relative fitness of Body may be as necessary for the admission of a Disease, as of a Remedy. And upon this relative fitness of causes and their effects, is built the whole of rational practice; and this knowledge possessed in greater, or less perfection, determines the several degrees of reputation possessed by different practitioners; and the total want of which, is the glaring badge of the audacious, and desperate Quack.

There have not been wanting those, who have thought this knowledge too extensive for human nature to compass. While others, as though it were confined in too narrow bounds, have increased, instead of removing the difficulty. And both are in the wrong. To prove the first so, we need but to appeal to the

number

number of such, who have been recovered from long and dangerous illnesses, of which the nature was explained, the consequences foreseen, and the effects of the remedies foretold. Nor let it be objected that this success must depend on certain, and repeated experience; for it is granted. But then we assert, that what was the labor of Ages, to our Predecessors in practice, becomes our own on easier terms. Namely, by the study of their works; and that the many hours they lost in a mistaken theory, for want of understanding the circulation of the blood, and in a mistaken practice, for want of that knowledge, is so much time and experience gained to their successors.

But it is the second sort of men, who multiply causes *ad infinitum*, who have contributed to this mistaken notion; especially such as have created imaginary governors, or rather tyrants, shall I call them, of the human frame. If it were not attended with so much danger to the public, one could almost be diverted at the absurd Rhapsodies of these writers. What a whimsical Triumvirate has *Dolæus* given us? *Microcosmetor*, King of the Brain. *Cardimelech*, of the Heart. And *Gasteranax* of the Abdomen! and what mad pranks does he not make these royal Personages play? Speaking of the *Phrenitis*, he thus describes it. "*Quemadmodum Imperatoris illud monstrum Nero, furibundo ardore Romanas ædes accendit, indeque maximas turbas excitavit, sic, et hic noster, Microcosmetor fit Cosmetorges, i. e. Rex Iræ.*" A very improper ruler sure for the rational part of Man. And indeed he sometimes (we are told) quits the reins of government rather abruptly; "*Cosmetorges aliquando a seipso vindictum poscit, et tanquam Ajax, in proprium gladium incumbit.*" This is the case in melancholy. But in madness it is, that he shines supremely mischievous, and scatters his fire-brands in sport. "*Hoc in affectu (Mania) Microcosmetor nobis est quasi incendiarius, qui spiritus animales hominis accendit. Qui ita accensi instar Vulpium Samsonicarum, percurrunt omnes fossulas cerebri.*" These and similar effusions of an over-heated imagination to be met with in
writers

writers of this Stamp, would indeed extend the territories of medical knowledge beyond the reach of the life as well as the apprehension of man. But to return —

Thus much I suppose will be allowed me, 1st, That God has created substances, Vegetable, Animal, and Mineral, with certain fitnesses relative to the state of Man's Body, both in health and sickness, and whereby the former may be preserved, and the latter often removed. 2dly, That we are capable of discovering what these relations are, so as to apply them properly for the benefit of our fellow-creatures. 3dly, That if we apply them unsuccessfully, through ignorance, or inattention, it no ways destroys the certainty on which much of the art of Physic is founded. And lastly, That the changeable condition of our bodies, by varying the effects of the same application, though it may astonish heedless and unreflecting men, is a very natural effect, of an unavoidable cause. For whatever alters the tone of the Solids (by which is meant a certain degree of strength and resistance,) and destroys the proper crasis of the fluids, lays a foundation for, if not actually brings on, a disease; while whatever has the power of bringing back these parts to the point, or nearly so, from whence they first deviated, lays a foundation for, if not absolutely performs, a cure. Thus far of the medical state of things.

As there are no two bodies perhaps in the world, so exactly alike in their construction, as to be affected in the same degree, either by the force of external objects, or the bias of internal reflection; so there must ever be a vast variety in the natural and innate propensions of men: Natural and innate perhaps, but not unalterable. At least it is the design of the following observations to enquire, how far (the natural structure of the body considered) man may still be *free*; free from the greatest tyranny, that of unreasonable and impatient desires! And how far the fatal force by which he is drawn aside, may be imputed to some acquired imperfection in his structure. And then, if by any
rule

rule of conduct, we can prevent that alteration taking place, it will then be allowed, "that Providence has not formed men of such materials, as necessarily impel them to illicit actions."

Man is compounded of Soul as well as of Body; and so compounded, that they frequently struggle, and occasionally conquer each other. Whatever be the mode of communication between these differing parts, or which ever first proves a traitor to the other, by stubborn rebellion, instead of friendly intercourse, the man is sure to suffer. Instances of this are the produce of every hour. The perceptions of the mind are sometimes preternaturally suspended; at others, as painfully acute. In those diseases (for such they are, however momentary the Passions,) how is the natural strength of Reason and Judgement impaired! a word, nay, even a look shall have power to pull reason from her throne, and make the evening which began with the social intercourse of friends, terminate like the bloody contention of the *Centaur*s and *Lapithæ*. In other cases, the tide of Life, instead of swelling into storm, is almost congealed into stagnation: and the material part, instead of being agitated into furious motion, degenerates almost to lifeless Clay :

—*She pin'd in thought.*
She sat like Patience on a Monument
Smiling at Grief—

The not unusual effect of disappointed hope, and silent sorrow:—happy for the marble, if at last it can be brought to weep.

The nearer we come to understand the influence, and assistance which our bodies give to these, and the like unfortunate changes, the nearer we shall approach to the spring of our rational happiness. For the Body is in general ordained to be the medium of our pains and pleasures here below. And with respect to the joys arising from health, I shall not think I
advance

advance an improbability in asserting, that the regular government of our passions, is more preventive of the troubles, and even decays of the body, than the guarding against unfavourable seasons, or unwholesome diet. At least, that the duly tempered mind, will in general carry about with it so heroic a body, as bravely to bear up against rude attempts, and dangerous efforts for its destruction.

The unthinking, self-contented peasant, feeds on the coarsest fare, braves the unfriendly dews, and dares almost the whole artillery of Heaven, perhaps without an ail. While his master, formed in as rough a mould, and partaking of some indulgences, which the other lacks; yet wearied with anxious projects, and tormented with eager desires for a splendid fortune, neither tastes the refreshing sleep, nor enjoys the balmy health of his poor contented hind.—

Observations of this kind will appear of more extensive consequence, than at first sight, perhaps, would easily be imagined. For besides that those, who pay the least attention to the rational means of being well, are usually the most querulous amongst us; there are, who by an equally fatal extreme, are too solicitous to enjoy the happy state when found;—who sink *below* happiness, by aspiring to rise *above* Health. A constant attention to any one particular point, is always prejudicial to man: but a restless anxiety about present health, is to poison at the fountain head, the source from whence such blessings flow. Nay, so foreign is it to the voice of reason, and experience, that *Hippocrates* even advises some occasional excursions into mirthful jollity, as safer than the contracted path of unremitting regularity. However that may be, what we fear, we already in some degree feel: And some have brought themselves to such strong feelings of imagination, and such durable impressions of fancy, as no art has been capable at last of erasing. A cruel refinement this, upon self-deceit, when we have not only opened the fatal *Box*, but cannot shut it again so quick, as to confine *Hope*.

But

But it is not designed to deny, that we are liable, without great care, to be biassed by some internal feelings. The Sects of Philosophers probably first arose, from the constitutional dispositions of their respective founders. It would not, perhaps, have been an easy attempt to have made *Cato* an *Epicurean*, or *Mark Anthony* a *Stoick*. Nor is it every one at this time of day, that can modestly doubt, or decently dispute. The dull and phlegmatic cannot soar with *Plato*, or think with *Tully*. The impetuous, reap no laurels by a *Fabian* delay; nor the cautious post to conquest with a *Cæsar's* speed. But yet may we bend, what we cannot break; and prune the luxuriances, of what we cannot eradicate; and so blend the jarring ingredients of a faulty frame, as to become happy to ourselves, and profitable to others.

To understand which position, we must observe in a general way, that the substance of the body is twofold, which may be divided into Solids and Fluids; and experience warrants our asserting, that the one contains the other. These fluids are originally in the form of Blood, and from whence every other fluid derives its origin. This red Blood is in perpetual motion, called its circulation, and so contrived, as very frequently to visit every, the minutest part. The Solids are nourished and maintained by the fluids; and those fluids in their turn kept in motion by the Solids, which have the principal share in this Enquiry; and these are the fibres, and nerves. And then whatever may be the disposition of the man, examine what innovations we are capable of introducing, by the regulation of these particular parts.

Of the Blood.

THAT fluid which is to contribute to Health and Happiness must constantly and freely flow. *Vivitur ex motu*, is the first of Aphorisms, and as comprehensive as it is concise. And if the purity of even water, which is in its own nature elementary and unmixed, continues such only in the *exercita cursu flumina*; what difficulties may we not think the purity of the Blood exposed to, which is a compound of such discording principles? Which flows in such confined channels? Which is liable to the dominion of so many tyrants? But yet man was never meant to be, nor ever really was, the sport of Fate or Fortune. That Idea and Expression served well enough to throw a cloud over some perplexities, and to cut the Gordian Knot of some difficulties which the Pagan Theology could not unravel; and has given rise besides to not inelegant descriptions in some of their Poets. And thus far it may be suffered to go; but not a step farther. For in fact, such is the nature of the fluid in question, that Sobriety in every animal Indulgence, and Temperance in every intellectual pursuit, will leave it in that state for the most part, which is best calculated for the happiness of the individual. For however the Souls of men agree in their more notorious qualities of Immateriality, Immortality, &c. there is no necessity that there should be, nor would there arise any advantage if there was, a strict similarity in their other dispositions. On the contrary, the difference observable in the mode and manner of the Soul's exercising its functions in different men, is advantageous to the good of the whole; while all Mercy and Pity, or all Fortitude and Resolution, would probably be subversive of that universal scheme of Harmony, which was meant to spring from this apparent

rent discord. And that men who are laying siege to one and the same object of their Ambition, should differ widely in the manner of carrying on their approaches, is so far from favoring the notion of Chance, and Fortune, that it proves in favor of superintending Providence; for thus is there scope given to the unnumbered inhabitants of the globe, to pursue and even attain the desired point, without treading on, or overturning their fellows in the race.

The Blood then is allowed to be a very material instrument, in the actions of the rational world; nay, so great an influence has this fluid been supposed to have upon our moral, as well as natural Life, that greatness of Soul and Sentiment, every noble and heroic act, are attributed almost proverbially to a particular degree of excellence in the blood, transmitted down to us from the veins of our Ancestors; but whose stream flows not always pure, and untainted to the latest descendant of noble Stocks. And even other sciences borrow the metaphor to express high degrees of merit, such as the great Orator's, "*Sanguis et Color Orationis.*"

Hippocrates talks of making men wiser by Diet: And it has been ingeniously debated how far the morals of men might be amended by altering their mass of blood. The thought is not entirely chimerical, when confined within proper bounds. The heat, and other properties which wine imparts to blood, are too notorious to need description; and to which shameful metamorphosis of the divine Image alludes an antient, but perhaps fabulous tradition, which tells, that the earliest cultivators of the Vine, were wont on that occasion to make use of the emblematical manure of the dung of Lambs, and Lions, Monkeys, and Swine. And who knows not that those Productions, which were meant to support our Life, and refresh our Nature, may, by studied refinements, be converted into fuel for illicit flames? and that something even worse than disease and death

death, may be the fatal consequence of an unlimited indulgence at the Epicurean's Board?

It would seem then, that to secure an unruffled calm in the breast of man, and to maintain the empire of reason, against the attack of lawless passion; some attention must be paid to the course, and quality of this fluid. Nor can any one be at a loss how to conduct himself in this important undertaking, while Experience is at once an Avenger and a Guide. It is a very trite, but at the same time, injudicious enquiry, what is, in general, *wholesome*: And which *Van Swieten* not unaptly compares, to asking, whether the Wind is fair, without specifying to what Port we are bound. It would be giving useless, as well as abstracted advice, to say, that the Blood must be kept temperate, and fluxile. Every man of sense knows when he rises refreshed from Table; and when he retires to rest a chearful, and a rational Being. That measure is to be always his Rule of Action, whatever relation it bears to that of other men: So again, must each man determine for himself, how far to hurry, or expend his fluids by exercise. Some men have set out with mirth, and chearfulness, who have returned peevish, and discontented, because they returned too much fatigued: And to remove that uneasiness, have indulged in excess of mirth and wine. Every Constitution cannot equally bear to ride, much less in the most rapid manner: And some can even enjoy Health, and Rest together. I have been the more particular on this head, because rough Exercise is the darling Idol of the *English*: And Youth, fired by examples from the Greek and Roman Games, are apt to engage too far in manly sports, not promiscuously beneficial to *All*.

Every one, I suppose, is well enough acquainted with the celebrated fiction of *Medea's* proposal to restore *Æson* to youth and vigor, by letting out his old, and effete blood, and filling his veins with better; or in *Ovid's* own words,

———*Veterem*

———*Veterem haurire cruorem*
Ut repleat vacuas juvenili Sanguine Venas.

This fiction was realised about the middle of the last Century. Dr. *Lower* at *Oxford*, having made several experiments by injecting different liquors into the veins of animals, came at length to suspect, that the blood of one animal, might safely be injected into the veins of another: He made the experiment with success, and at last brought it to such perfection, as easily to convey the Blood from the divided Artery of an animal, into the vein of a human Subject; a proper quantity of blood being first taken away, to make room. Lamb's Blood was generally preferred for the purpose.

The *Transfusion* of the blood was tried upon the human Subject, in more than one instance, both in *France* and *England*; and seemingly with good success. But as all striking discoveries seem to throw a shade of disgrace on those, who have not been so happy as to have any share therein; and there are always people weak enough, to fear new, and bold strokes in Physic; so this, as carrying with it something uncommonly bold and adventurous, soon gave way to the attacks of the multitude. A Woman was persuaded by some of the faculty in *France*, who were the warmest in opposing this practice, to insist on having it performed the third time on her husband, who had been recovered by it from Madness twice before. The man died after the Operation; but upon a civil inquiry, it appeared he had been previously poisoned. The thing then became the object of public regulation, and was fettered with such restrictions as to prevent its making any farther progress.

A proper regard for the welfare of mankind, rendered our countrymen very wary and cautious in their trials, so as, (if I mistake not,) to refuse an offer made them by the government, of having the bodies of Malefactors, to make experiments upon.

This

This tenderness would rather increase, than eradicate any prejudices which the novelty of the undertaking naturally occasioned; and thus the affair ended at home, with less noise indeed, but with more reputation than in *France*.

Though many advantages were proposed, as the consequence of this transfusion of the blood, the most specious was that which *Lower* mentions; namely, to restore blood quickly to those, who in battle, or by any other accident had lost so large a quantity of it, that the remainder was insufficient to preserve life, or turn the aliment into chyle. But whether so weak a state of body, is capable of admitting, and circulating a sudden reinforcement of Blood, may, I think, justly be doubted.—The other, and next most material enquiry is, whether by putting in a quantity of good blood, the remaining bad blood can be amended, or will not rather itself be changed, and vitiated by degrees. This is certain, that if the *Viscera* have contracted any stain, it will prove a constant source of infection to whatever blood you put in. And therefore *Lower* dissuades the Practice in such cases, quoting the well known remark of the Poet,

Sincerum est nisi vas, quodcunque infundis acescit.

This Scheme, as very extraordinary in itself, and not very foreign to the plan of amending men's morals, by altering their Blood, I thought not improper to mention.

But I would in the last place recommend Reason, strengthened by Religion, as the most efficacious Instrument, to curb painful, and dangerous commotions of the blood. And how great and sensible the pleasures are which wait on this greatest (though usually most silent) of Conquests, will be best known to those, who, by avoiding every vicious indulgence, and cultivating every noble, and worthy Sentiment, endeavour to discharge their duty in the most acceptable manner, to their Maker, their Country, and their Friend.

And

And that a devout frame of mind, does greatly affect the material functions of the body, might be collected (if other proofs could not be found) from that tyrannical efficacy which false Religion, and its consequences, exert on its many deluded followers. Dejection of mind beginning; Amazement and Horror continuing; and (as we have too often seen, and even in these our days) Distraction terminating the melancholy Scene.

Of the Fibres.

THE next parts concerned in this enquiry, are the Threads or Fibres, which by their various form, and different force of cohesion, constitute the Solids of the Body: That is, form the coats of the Vessels, the substance of the Muscles, and the firmness of the Bones; three very essential parts to the healthy existence of Man. The Fibres have a natural elasticity, as may be observed by the receding of their extremities, in a gaping wound: besides which they are endued with what Dr. *Nicholls* calls their *Vis restitutiva*, or a power of gradually returning to their proper length, after having been forcibly overstretched, as is seen after Strains, Delivery of the Fœtus, &c. They are supposed likewise to be always in a certain degree of Tension, which is therefore called their *Tone*; whether different from the elasticity above mentioned, is not necessary at present to enquire. It is probably this state of the Fibres, which gives that strength and firmness of the flesh which is perceptible in Health, and on this side the depredations of Age. Authors go still farther, and suppose a kind of *Tonic Motion*, or a power of keeping up a proper resistance to the force of the pervading fluids, and a salutary pressure on such as flow within their influence. When these are considered as making the coats of the vessels, they become of more apparent importance in their influence over health; but it will not be difficult to understand, how, on every account, they bear a relation to the present Enquiry.

It is necessary that our Fibres should be in such a state, as readily to admit the nutritious particles of our food; yet neither so weak as to be over-distended with the force of the circulating fluids, or so tense as to be unapt to receive them. In the one
 case,

case, the part withers, in the other, it swells. We have instances of this, both in a natural and preternatural state of the body. In Sleep, there is so manifest a relaxation of the Fibres, that during this state of insensibility, the body becomes more plump, so as that Ligatures, if close, are apt to be painful. Whence the custom with many, to unbutton the Collar at going to rest. The Color is also at this time more florid; and usually a greater degree of perspiration, and in some subjects, a plentiful sweat breaks out. A very opposite state of the Fibres to this, namely, a tenseness of them, is the consequence of the winter's cold: when the Skin shrivels up, and the parts are remarkably contracted; and during which, perspiration being disappointed of an exit at the Pores, makes a successful effort to escape by the Kidneys; whence the difference of that evacuation, in the different seasons of the year. In a preternatural state of the body, this vicissitude in the state of the Fibres, is likewise observable, but never more so, than in the paroxysms of an intermitting fever: when in the cold fit, we look pale, shrink and tremble; in the hot fit, heat and color return, and a profuse Sweat commonly finishes the attack for that time. From what has been said, we may see the propriety of the term *relaxation*, when applied in a metaphorical sense. For though meant in general of such employments, or amusements, as were supposed to unbend, and refresh the mind, yet in their consequences, may be literally applied to a relaxation of the body. As in fact, a long and close attention of the mind, has a tendency to dry up and overbrace the body. Perhaps Providence has thus given a check to that insatiable thirst of Knowledge which is often prejudicial, either by feeding our pride, or by destroying our health; and has thus made social intercourse, as absolutely necessary, as it is natural, and decent among indigent fellow-creatures. This at least we may say, that we are hereby cautioned to guard against all peevish discontent, and moroseness, by a moderation in our pursuits of intellectual

intellectual improvement. Since the wisest, are not always either the happiest or the worthiest of men.

A hereditary Debility, and Laxity, in these original *Stamina*, constitute a weak and lax State of the Solids; as a contrary extreme, or too great a degree of elastic tension, produces a constitutional disposition to an opposite class of disorders, namely, inflammatory. We see this doctrine proved *a posteriori*, by the different effects of hot, and cold baths, the former evidently relaxing, the latter bracing up, and strengthening the Fibres. Infomuch that some northern barbarous Nations, are said to plunge their children, as soon as born, into the River, that they may try their natural, and give them an additional strength; no ways repining, when by this method they are soon killed; as thinking a constitution, that cannot bear this trial, incapable of ever becoming advantageous to its Country, or comfortable to itself. On the other hand, in proportion as a soft, and shameful effeminacy got ground among (that once hardy people) the *Romans*, the use of perfumed ointments, and warm baths, became more frequent and irreproachable.

Something like these effects, our bodies will naturally feel, from that constant universal Bath we live in, the Air. And as this is sometimes better and drier, at other times warmer and moister, and this in all the possible vicissitudes of our uncertain *English* atmosphere, we cannot wonder at finding so great a fluctuation in our health. There is a month famous to a Proverb among us, for inspiring gloomy thoughts, and desperate actions. If we extend all this one step farther, from the casual influence of a day, to the more permanent one of a whole climate, we may in part account for the various make, and stature of men, the difference of their parts and geniuses, and in some measure for their virtues, and vices, as far at least as they flow from an indulgence of constitutional proneness. *Asiatic* Luxury, and *German* Intemperance, have been usually ascribed to such a cause. And hence there seems an elegant propriety in *Montes-*

quieu's observation, that all Laws are or should be calculated with a relative view to the influence of the Climate, on the manners, and dispositions of the people.

The fluids of our bodies, and especially the Blood, will suffer in their health, and texture, from a vitious state of the Solids. And hence it is, that the passions of the mind, however they may be first in fault, do so instantaneously spread the mischief over the material part of us; and which mischief must ever be in some proportion, to the force of resistance, which in such cases the Solids and Fluids are capable of exerting. Hence as the Passions meet with a stronger, or weaker frame, must they rage in greater, or less degrees; become subservient to the true enjoyment, or perhaps only to the amusement of the mind. How great the difference, even in the constitution of lawful passions, is elegantly and graphically described by a celebrated Divine in the instance of Joy. "Joy (says he) was not then, that which
 " now often usurps the name; that trivial, vanishing, superficial
 " thing, that only gilds the apprehension, and plays upon the
 " surface of the soul. A sudden blaze of the spirits; the exulta-
 " tion of a tickled fancy, or pleased appetite. Joy was then a
 " masculine and a severe thing: the recreation of the Judgment,
 " the jubilee of Reason." And thus will it ever be in all the other rational affections of the soul, where a proper cultivation of the mind, and a prudent regulation of the body, are happily met together in the same man. Of such importance is it, by what means we may, to adapt the body to receive, and reflect the splendor of the soul.

But farther—The growth of Animals as well as of Vegetables, is the consequence of a gradual unfolding and expansion of their vessels; by a slow, and progressive insinuation of fluids, adapted to their respective diameters, until being stretched by the utmost bounds allotted them by Providence, they reach their state of perfection, or in other words arrive at their full growth. This gradual unfolding seems to depend on the progressive, and percussive

cussive force of the circulating fluids; which force of circulation elongating the Fibres, seems in some constitutions too great, in proportion to the force of their lateral extension; or in other words, the animal grows too fast, and thus the Fibres are not nourished in all parts equally. And therefore it is, we see those premature growths generally attended with a great weakness of the blood-vessels, especially those of the Lungs. From this account we may understand, why children who discover an uncommon penetration, and strength of genius too early, are so often short lived: Because a great part of those subtle fluids, which should give strength and maturity to the body, are called off, to become subservient to the operations of the mind.—*Quintilian*, who had just experienced this cruel stroke, by losing a Son in whom were the promises of early and uncommon merit, makes the same reflection; but argues with a kind of sullen impiety on the cause, as though through the Envy of the Gods. “*Ut prorsus (says he) possit hinc esse tanti fulminis metus, quod observatum fere est, celerius occidere festinatam maturitatem; et esse, nescio quam, quæ spes tantas decerpit, invidiam; ne videlicet ultra quam homini datum est, nostra provehantur.*”

Whatever therefore conduces to defraud the body of its nourishment, while in a growing expanding state; as too early an application to serious employments; or which when grown, enervates and debilitates the vigor of its fibres, as shameful ease, and unremitting sloth: Or on the contrary, what heats and dries, and winds up the man to an offensive degree of tension, as excess of liquor, and improper labor; has a manifest tendency to render the body an uneasy companion, or rather a bosom traitor to the soul.

Of the Nerves.

WE come now to the most difficult part of our Subject. A kind of boundless ocean; a deep unfathomable abyfs. The Nerves are those (almost tyrannical) instruments of our sensations, without which we can have no bodily perceptions, and by the means of which we can suffer such variety of pains. So that the ingenious author of the *Neuropathia*, had reason to exclaim,

*O fortunatos nimium, sua si bona norint,
Queis cerebrum et nervi nativo robore pollent,
Spirituumque latex dives fluit, ac generosus!*

For the different state of nerves in different men, is no inconsiderable source of that variety of characters to be met with in the world. 'Tis these that, in a great degree, form the man, whom no threats can move, and no dangers affright. That supply the flowing streams of oratory; or keep back almost breath, as well as words; that rouse to madness; melt to softness, or fix to insensibility.—But let me not be misunderstood, as if I meant hereby to make man a meer machine. For if Reason were capable of holding her peace at such an assertion, Religion would certainly cry out. But this only is to be understood by it; that as the Nerves are, by the construction of our bodies, made the necessary mediums of our pains and pleasures; and as the hinges on which the most of human actions turn, are the pursuing of what we wish, and avoiding what we dread; it cannot be denied, but that our actions must be biassed by the probable consequences of them, which we paint to ourselves: And yet more so, if perchance we have tasted of the bitter pill, and can quote experience in our favour. Thus can I conceive

a man fired with an honest, or (if you please) even an enthusiastic love for his country, without daring to burn with *Scævola*, or bleed with *Regulus*. As I can (on the other hand) that the exquisite torments, devised in some *Christian* countries, should sometimes not be able even to extort confession. But as I cannot allow human nature to support itself under exquisite torments, without internal aids which the world cannot give; so can I scarce conceive this to have been the case with those enthusiastic *Romans*, who courted such deliberate deaths; and I must absolutely refuse it to horrid Regicides, in every age, who must ever stain the annals of any country.

It will easily be collected from hence, that I suspect there must be a strength, and ability to bear bodily torture, before a man can attempt the character, or arrive at the reward of a suffering *Hero*; and that many Heathens have probably been indebted for their reputation in this kind of conflict, to some natural, or acquired insensibility of the *Nerves*.

Nay, invention has been called in, to give artificial fortitude, where (even corrupted) nature could not keep the field. I mean on those shocking, and barbarous occasions, when loud, and noisy instruments were forced to be employed, to drown the piercing shrieks of innocent children, thrown to fry in agonies, to the honor of the *DEVIL*.

There are, doubtless, many good and upright men in the world; and in a degree beyond what a meer heathen could ever have conceived. And yet who (with all these superior advantages) would not venture to promise for themselves what the Poet (as such) has beautifully done:

*Si fractus illabatur orbis,
Impavidum ferient ruinæ.*

Nay, whom Storms, and Thunder, and similar alarms, do too often, as it were *constitutionally* affright.

But

But be it remembered, that these reflections, are not meant to extend to those sacred Characters, that braved every Danger, and felt every Torture, that the rage of Persecution could invent. These had supernatural assistances to carry them through this, their fiery trial; And therefore no arguments can be drawn from thence to invalidate the force of the present reasoning.

But to come yet nearer to the subject of this Enquiry. The Nerves, like the Fibres, and other Solids, are capable of being improved in (what I may call) their fortitude; and of being degraded from that height of firmness they were formed to possess.

If the Nerves of the Female are delicate, weak, and easily put into hurries; yet by moderate exercise, and many prudent aids, they may be brought to share, even the fatigues of men. And on the other hand, Man by dishonest sloth, and disreputable indulgence, may enervate himself even to the weakness of a child. That the strength of Nerves is variable in the same man, at different times, needs no better proof, than the different force of resolution he is capable of exerting, when under the influence of a chearful flow of spirits, or a stupid insensibility and stagnation of mind.

The pallid consumer of midnight oil, though his mind be stored with the choicest precepts of philosophy, and enriched with the experience of ages, yet finds himself apt to start, and tremble at a sudden noise. And the hurry of imagination, and solemn stillness of night, has conjured up many more Spectres than that in *Brutus's* tent. Debauchery, and excess even in weak liquors, can shatter this necessary part of our system, to a degree that will imitate, and even anticipate, the tremulous unsteadiness of age.

But here is another source of evils, in which our Nerves seem to be officiously busy, which bring on us very sensible troubles, and are thought scarce possible to be removed. And these are the *Antipathies*, and abhorrences of our nature. Some harsh,
grating

grating sounds, throw us into disorders which Reason cannot correct; and some sensations seem so constitutionally repugnant to our quiet, that we suffer, without (as it would seem) even attempting to contend. Something however might surely be tried, to obviate this misfortune; (for such it is in a greater, or less degree to most) and that by using every external art to fortify our Nerves, as Temperance, Bathing, and Exercise; and by avoiding every kind of folly, that tends to relax their Vigor. Besides which, let us try, whether here, as in most other cases, familiarity will not breed contempt; a contempt of that plague, which is such, not in its own nature, but in our unhappy misapprehensions. It is not perhaps the *Spider*, or the *Cat*, which we fear on their own account; but that we have formed an imaginary state of suffering, and horror, as the necessary consequence of such creatures touching us. Could we once be persuaded to let them approach us, with resolution, we should soon come to touch them without pain. At least it is a very notorious fact, that nervous aversions are the most frequent, in persons of the liveliest imagination.

It seems therefore no unnecessary piece of advice upon the whole, but applicable enough to the present Subject, that as we should not often venture, in a moral view, to the utmost bounds of lawful pleasure; so in a medical one, we should not give the utmost scope to the powers of pleasing sensation. If the nerves of the palate be too intensely, as well as frequently incited to minister to the gratification of luxurious appetite, what can we expect will be at last the consequence, but disappointment in relishing the highest seasoned food? The abuse of odoriferous scents, and exquisite perfumes, are found very prejudicial to some constitutions, and particularly to the functions of the Brain. And to such who have impaired their scent by such refinements, it is in vain to talk of the cheap and natural fragrances, of blooming meads and new mown hay.

But

But the greatest variety in the structure of this part of our frame, is perhaps with relation to the effect of sound. If by music be meant that Sound, which pleases the ear, and charms the soul, we may include almost all mankind in the musical class. Even the *Warwhoop* of Indians, and the funereal ululation of one part of the world, is melody to some ears; to which the dying strains of a thrilling Italian would probably be an intolerable pain. As Philosophers and Legislators viewed this science in different lights, they applauded, or condemned it accordingly. Some banished it as corrupting the morals; others modified it, as regulating the passions of the subject. The use of it in war, is certainly productive of good consequences, by exciting to martial ardor, whether that was originally the design of it, or not. Upon the whole, taking it in the extensive sense of pleasing sound, or cadence, music is the greatest blessing of mankind, because the most universal. The feathered race, the whistling winds, the pleasing declaimer, the chearful artisan, the specific sounds of all vocal creation, cannot but furnish out at all times, and to all men, a proportion of this indulgence. And perhaps this enjoyed in moderation by attuning the passions, and calming any little tendency to irregularity in the blood, may be the most wholesome indulgence that man can partake of here below.

Of the Temperaments, and Ages of Man. Of the Force of Habits; and supposed Decay of all Nature.

I Proceed now to some other difficulties, which must be removed, before we can rescue man out of the hands of all those tyrants, to whose power, *Opinion* so readily gives him up. And the first is, the prevailing force of *Temperament*; the *Sanguine*, the *Choleric*, the *Frigid*, and the *Melancholic*. Now Authors have laid down rules for the actions, and dispositions of men under these supposed influences, not only differing from each other, but such as do not invariably agree with the experience of the world: Not unlike to the *Spleen* being made the seat of *Mirth*, by the Ancients; the nursery of serious *Sullenness* by the Moderns. And indeed there has always been a labor of affectation, in drawing comparisons between what (probably) have no just or necessary similitude, the *Humors* of the body, (as they are called,) and *Elements* of the material world. For even supposing the *Melancholy* man *earthy*, and therefore *stable* in all his resolves; the *Choleric* man possessing *fire*, which may be smothered for a time, but not extinguished; the *Frigid* man to be a reservoir of *watery, cold affections*; how can the *blood* and *air* be brought into any rational similitude? and yet under the dominion of these elementary influences is the free agency of man to operate, according to these philosophers. But they go farther yet, and not only suppose these humors thus inherent in the man, but that they look out, and proclaim themselves externally, in the features, the form, and the color of the Body. And I suppose that Providence itself, would hardly have been allowed capable, by these men, of putting, or preserving an amiable Soul, in the *Zoilus* of a *Martial*, or the *Thersites* of a
T
Homer.

Homer. And yet it is almost an established truth, (at least it is a benevolent error,) that, in general, the misfortunes and defects of the body, are amply recompensed by the superiority of the mind. But to give up even all this; and to allow the *Physiognomists* to be men of sense and penetration, even thus there arises no fatal impulse from hence; at least if we will believe the judgment, and trust to the example of a *Socrates*. And as this method of judging of men, has a tendency to the most illiberal of failings, prejudice; and to the most inexcusable of prejudices, those formed hastily, and at first sight, it cannot be too much discountenanced by all ranks of men.

Next to the *Temperaments*, we are attacked with the *Ages* of Man, with the indisputable variety of *Youth*, *Manhood*, and *Old Age*; for *Infancy* may fairly be left out of the question. But shall we give, without distinction, folly, and almost madness, to Youth; prudence, rare as the phoenix, to Manhood; and a churlish frost of mind, as well as of body, to Old Age? we should in this case determine, with neither sense, nor judgment, against the suggestions of candor, and the unerring voice of truth. Let the two extremes, as we may call them, of Youth and Age, be allowed their accustomed propensities. Let Youth be warm with hope, and eagerly expect beyond the possibility of full satisfaction. 'Tis the error commonly of an unreflecting mind; not the tyranny of an untameable body. Let Age be waspish, discontented and severe; 'tis generally the fruit of an unfair comparison between the present, and the past. It forgets all the long continued, and repeated blessings it has enjoyed, in a protracted, and prosperous length of days, to reflect on, and envy those indulgences, which are calculated for younger breasts. At least, eager expectation, and over-bearing selfishness, with many other unbecoming follies, are confined to no particular season of life; but found as well in those whose blood creeps in lazy mood, as where it riots in brisk and lively flow. It cannot be denied, but that there is a difference in the texture of both

Solids

Solids and Fluids, in Youth, and Age; in the morning bloom, or solemn evening of life. But either their influence over man is inconsiderable, or may be brought into subjection by wisdom, and goodness. At least, the world has known, and I trust ever will know, many young men made more amiable by blending prudence with vivacity; and many old ones truly venerable by mixing cheerfulness with wisdom.

Some attention is due on occasion of this enquiry, to the prevalent influence of *Custom*, and which is so exceedingly great, as to be allowed the force of a second nature. This, as it displays itself in the strength of evil habits, the fruit of the irregular dispositions of the heart, none I suppose are inconsiderate enough to go about to defend. As the mischief here is not only seen by many, but usually felt by all; by all at least, who are within the reach of their extensive and baneful influence. But the excuse for this will most probably be laid on the body, that frail part of us, that has now perhaps been indulged (though doubtless for wonderful good reasons at first) to such a degree as has warped it beyond a possibility of being brought right; and attempts of which kind, so far from regulating the manners, would (it is generally taken for granted) destroy the man.

Now acknowledging, what is incontestibly true, that the obligations of custom are most fatally binding, and the fetters of habit, perhaps the heaviest we can wear, yet shall we therefore submit tamely to the yoke, and not rather the more vigorously labor till we have shook it off? I speak of those habits, and customs of the body, which draw along with them the faculties, and dispositions of the mind. For as to those habitual indulgences of a lighter sort, while they amuse without disgust, and entertain without detriment, they are at least innocent, if not in some degree useful. But there are certainly many of a fatal tendency.

There are perchance who arrive not to move, nay too often alas, not to think (at least to any purpose) till repeated draughts have rouzed and wound up, as it were, the faculties of their

foul. Whose trembling limbs owe their momentary firmness, to the deceitful aids, which liquor supplies. And can we safely say to such unhappy victims of error, that they are mad if they pursue their course? Might they not with some shew of reason reply, that if they did not pursue it, they should come to be mad indeed? But to rescue even such, if not too far gone, from a worse than *Egyptian* bondage, let them try whether their fibres, nerves, and strength, may not yet be saved, by very gradually diminishing, what contributes to their ruin. For thus the subtraction, like the addition, by being gradual, becomes scarce sensible: Since *Habit*, like a complex mathematical scheme, flowed originally from a point; which insensibly became a line, which unfortunately became a curve, which finally became a difficulty not easily to be unravelled.

To any other (and there will always be many importunate suitors at the gate of *Sense*) let us still find a cause for delay; and what better excuse for not receiving such dangerous guests, than urgent business; that is constant, and useful employment. The story of *Penelope*, whether fiction or not, affords us a very beautiful lesson; that we should prudently dissemble, and artfully deal with those enemies, whom we dare not attack in open combat. The body both can, and most inevitably will, be won over to the interests of the enemy, unless by some finesse, some unexpected stratagem, we carry it to the standard which Reason sets up, or save it under the pointed cannon of rational employment.

Another head of enquiry on this occasion arises from a strange and (with many) a favourite supposition, that the *World*, and all *Creation*, grows *old* and *infirm*; and if so, it is no wonder that the strength and vigor of man's body should come in for its share of this decay. And indeed great and uncommon pains have been laid out upon this hypothesis, which, if true, would not affect the argument, but which may easily be shewn to be false. For in the first case, let us suppose, for a while, that the frame of the
early

early inhabitants of the world, was greatly different from that of the present. The race of giants is certainly extinct, and the age of man is indisputably curtailed. Be it so: But will it follow from these, or similar observations, that such a structure of the bodies of those ancient inhabitants of the earth, was a defence to their sacred tenant, the soul? That the imaginary purity of its elements, and beautiful harmony of its texture, never interfered with the functions of religion, or attempted to throw a cloud over the emanations of reason? This we certainly know, that *Adam* fell; and we may well believe that *He* had as pure a Soul, in as fair a Body, as any meer man ever possessed. Yet he knew what a defection from innocence meant; and experienced some (at least) of the frailties of his posterity. Even murder, the first, and foulest of crimes, was committed by one of his immediate descendants. Here then seems to be no room for the *Soul's* Apology, as if the *Body*, which its Maker had given it for a *Companion*, had *beguiled* it, and therefore it had *sinned*. And in fact, not only bodies of the purest texture on earth, have been united to sinning Souls; but superior Beings, unembodied Spirits, even *glorious Angels* fell.

But in the second place, to what strange absurdities does not the opinion tend, which supposes this continued degradation of Body to be real? The argument, if it proves any thing, proves too much; and thus is destructive of the consequences it is brought to favor. The constant deviation of man, and his virtue on this plan, from the earliest ages, to the present time, must have arrived to such a degree of infirmity of body, and impurity of soul, as would long since have rendered the world, a habitation only fit for devils, or diabolic minds in human shape.

But it is well known, that this opinion, however diligently urged, has been both resolutely attacked, and as successfully refuted. Philosophers might at first be inclined to give it countenance, as it afforded much matter for elegant speculation.

And

And some few perhaps might have hastily adopted it, in consequence of, but a partial view of things; an examination of but a few links, in the prodigious chain of nature. But whoever *planted*, or whatever *watered*, it was the *Corruption* of mankind, that gave it *increase*, that it might catch hold of its *twigs*, when it feared to *sink* into condemnation: Or that it might be *hid* behind its *leaves*, when the voice of *Conscience* called to it, to appear *naked*.

Of Education, and Fashion.

A Very considerable preservative against both bodily, and mental Ills, is, without doubt, a *good Education*. But education, like honor, has a very vague signification at this time of day; and like it too in another sense, must be relative to the subject to which it is applied. And if (as indeed we must) we call in *Fashion* to assist in settling the definition, how very whimsical and variable will the import of the expression be?

Education in the abstract, means but feeding the body, while in the other extreme of definition, it extends to forming the mind. And yet very seldom perhaps is the body fed, or the mind formed, with that degree of prudence, which has a tendency to give health to the one, or happiness to the other. And then the fault in general will be sure to be thrown on some fatal propensity in our constitutional frame.

But into what strange deviations from designed perfection, may not our bodies be brought, when fashion has unlimited authority to mould, to turn, and twist them at her will?—The prudent *Gardener*, keeps off, or invites the Sun, as he thinks most conducive to bring his plants to perfection.—The tender blossoms, which are to be followed by much pleasant fruit, are the objects of his constant and unwearied care.—The *Husbandman* sees with concern (what still he cannot any way prevent) that drought or moisture which will endanger his crop. But unthinking *Man*, in higher stations, dares submit the greater hopes, the hopes of his posterity, to influences more fatal than any Season, to vicissitudes more changeable than any Climate.

For whatever be the form, or how tender soever the texture of the most amiable part of the creation, the fair Sex; yet who can overlook, in an enquiry of this nature, that degree of exposure,
which

which an attention to their health, should, in many of them, necessarily preclude? For to go more or less *naked*, more or less decently covered, depends not, in our days, on the state of seasons, or periods of age; but on the *undistinguishing* edicts of fashion.

From the same unhappy source sprung the custom of binding that part of the body, which nature, by discontinuing the inclosure of the ribs, seems to have evidently pointed out, as designed for perfect freedom.

If we look into the terrors and apprehensions of this Sex, how many (too often) and unnecessary do they seem? Proceeding it may be from judging erroneously of what is really becoming; or the effect of an education, for which they deserve perhaps to be pitied. Let it be this, or whatever else you please, so that it be not mistaken for the consequence of such a frame of body, that it is impossible for it not to be constantly, *trembling* most *exceedingly*.

Yet equally great would the error be on the other hand, if that sex which was formed to please by natural softness, and to charm by native elegance, was to be, by rude and rough education, hardened, as it were, into man. This would be a change in every sense to their detriment; not only in the estimation of the world, but in the article of their own health and well being.

But these are not the only inconveniencies to be pointed out, in the enquiry we have undertaken. For to what, but to the prevalence of being led by custom, rather than by reason, shall we attribute that want of attention to the earlier part of life, when human nature is almost blindly, and indiscriminately submitted to one invariable rule of management? The puny offspring of the sons of debauchery, as well as the stout productions of the unenergated peasant, must alike, if fashion leads, tread with naked feet, the cold, the wet, or rugged path. And if by these, or any (yet to be invented) errors an unhappy state of body, shall be for ever entailed on such innocent sufferers, how can

we

we with propriety blame the author of mercies; the benevolent Designer of Man's happiness?

To lay down then one general rule for rational education; let it ever be made relative to the sex, the situation, the temper, and profession of the party. And let us vary our method of building up human nature, in proportion to the height, it may be expected to arrive at; and the situation in which it is likely to be placed. Thus would many painful conflicts of mind be spared; and many dangerous propensities of body, avoided.

If the Soldier and the Plowman require to be fleeced and hardened; the Gentleman, however, and the Scholar, need not be ashamed of *Sensibility*. Let those who from their employment must face danger, and frequently encounter difficulties, be well acquainted with the nature, and appearances of both. But those who are never likely to come into this situation, may well be spared the painful impression on their minds; need not be made to struggle with fancied terrors, and to fight the windmills of imagination.

As far as constitutional proneness is really apparent, let it by all means be kept under; at no rate encouraged, or inflamed. And this attempt, if set on foot in the ductile age, when pliant nature almost bends to *Instruction's* hand, will be found a matter of no great difficulty. The carrying the eye of attention, in more advanced states, to scenes and prospects widely differing from what the mind would brood upon within, has been often practised with success. A tendency to amorous softness, and *Sybaritic* luxury, may not improbably be overcome by the severer pursuits of mathematical investigations: While too thoughtful a mind, and one of too serious a turn, must walk abroad over smiling nature, and expatiate among the brightest scenes of laughing creation.

If

If *Nature* in the material world, has provided every poison with its proper antidote, (which seems probable, and agreeable to the goodness of Providence) we cannot think the more important health of the mind has been less attended to; much less entirely neglected. So far otherwise, that there is ample provision made, to obviate every inconvenience that Man can reasonably complain of. But some men, alas! are too indolent to *seek*; and some even too abandoned to *desire* a Cure.

However

ff

Of the Passions.

WHAT has not been said on the subject of the *Passions*, by authors of almost every denomination? *severely* by the Moralist; *fancifully* by the Declaimer; *elegantly* by the Man of Sense, and polite literature. But shall I venture to suspect, that in general, more amusement than improvement has sprung from these their labors? Shall I be allowed to hint, that the *cynic* frown of some moral teachers, has terrified from the attention due to their good design; and the too *metaphorical* imagery of others, imposed *flowers* for *fruit* on *undistinguishing* readers?

The *Heart*, like the shop of *Vulcan*, has been supposed the *Forge* of the human passions. The *Blood*, the *glowing flame* that was necessary to the operation; and I know not what tenseness, or other mode of structure in the fibres, the *hammers* that were to compleat the work.

Or if it is more necessary to raise a *Storm*, the *blood* can even *hiss* and *ferment*; the *Solids* *vibrate* with unremitting fury; *Palinurus* be dashed from the *helm*; and man's frail *Bark* be driven on the pointed rocks of *ruin*.

Or on the contrary, let us see Man becalmed, when his *milky* blood flows delicately through his *silken* veins. His Solids, like *Cleopatra's silver oars*, striking gently on the *placid* stream.—Or lastly, shall *Man* be a chemical laboratory, where sorrow is *distilling*; towering thoughts *sublimating*; patience *evaporating*; and hope *precipitating*?

Have not these allusive descriptions a tendency to strengthen the errors we are striving to remove? Do they not seem to make it as impossible for man to resist the force of his passions, as for the leafy grove to withstand the boisterous violence of *Æolus*; or the trembling earth to subdue, and conquer the *undermining* flames of an *Ætna*?

However that may be, to eradicate the Passions is the attempt of folly; but to bring them under proper regulation, is the triumph of wisdom, and wisdom of the truest sort; which inclines us to the paths of duty, in order to put us into the possession of happiness; and in which undertaking, if the Body does not co-operate, it may at least be prevented from hindering the work.

Providence, like an indulgent parent, has not only endued us with an appetite to the pursuit of happiness, but has laid the scene of it within our reach; nay, planted it within our breasts. But we must not give so important, and sacred an appellation, to the being masters of those gaudy trifles, or unnecessary incumbrances, for which some men toil, to the destruction of their health; and even strive to the detriment of their reputation. For in this pursuit, every *nerve* must be strained; and the *blood* be put into, and kept in constant agitation: And if the bodily powers sink under such a load, they fail but as every other power does, when exerted beyond its natural abilities.

Would men object any thing to the purpose here, they should advance, that many are so unfortunately framed, that they cannot help being *avaricious, ambitious, or cruel*. They should insist that *Alexander* was *impelled to run* about the world: And that it was *Nature* made him burst in tears, when there was nothing left to conquer.—That *Nero*, who shed such torrents of his subjects' blood, and refined on every species of cruelty, was *constitutionally* hurried on, by insuperable necessity, to look with composure, and even smile with rapture, at scenes of barbarity, which nature shrinks to name. And yet, this *same Nero* could once (as we are told) when a sentence of condemnation was brought to him to sign, "*pathetically* lament, *that ever he had been taught to write.*" So true is it, that our evil habits are usually acquired, not born with us; and our little tendencies, if they become formidable, the work of our own hands.

What

What is there then in the nature, or structure of Man, as such, that is incompatible with serenity of Soul; inconsistent with such a composure of mind, as to render him neither insensible to pleasure, nor too impatient of pain; suffering neither this to depress, or that to elate him, beyond what his own reason can approve? How can the body tyrannically fix the force of evil, in opposition to the influence of that well-tempered mind, which reduces great evils to lesser ones, and small ones to none at all? which, superior to the blandishments of flattery, makes a man intimately acquainted with himself, and proof against the attacks of malice; courteous, and affable to all about him? which gives a lasting relish to every enjoyment; exalts the most trifling circumstance into amusement; and confirms his satisfactions, by stamping them with the approbation of *reason*?

It is true, if we view men at certain times, when turbulent with rage, and fired with frenzy; glowing with revenge, or sickening with envy; swelling with false hope, or turning pale with disappointment; we shall see the body in *agitations* indeed. But it is then apparently trembling under the *iron rod*, with which the imperial tyrant, *Passion* governs. Though at length perhaps, by too long custom, it becomes so tame and helpless, as to yield its obedience at the faintest call. And then indeed it must be allowed to operate fatally, and influence too effectually the actions of the man.

To lay down rules for the regulation of the mind, or to give a chart to point the quicksands which intercept us in our voyage to Content, may not be thought perhaps to fall properly within my plan. However that may be, it seems so very intimately connected with the Subject, that I cannot entirely dismiss it, without a few observations on that head.

Now, without examining with the ingenious Madam *Dacier*, whether all the passions are reducible to *Love* and *Envy*; or with *Horace*, whether "*Nil admirari*," be a remedy for every mental disease; I would recommend as an Antidote to the poison of
disquiet,

disquiet, which lurks most probably at the root of every turbulent passion, the prudent submitting of ourselves, to what may be called, if properly understood, *Necessity*. By which is not meant such an opposition to our wills, as is unmountable by human power (for then there is no room to contend) but such a firm conjunction of unfavorable circumstances, as to overcome, or even oppose, would be productive of greater evils to ourselves, and the system to which we are allied, than a patient acquiescence under them: Where a victory would border nearly on the ruins of a defeat. In this instance copying the subtlety of *Mahomet*, who determined, with great prudence, to go to that mountain, which he knew, in the nature of things, could never come to *him*; and by this lucky expedient, at once palliated his disappointment, and obviated his disgrace.

But however the wisdom of such a step, may be granted by some, many doubtless will object to the great difficulty which attends it. Let the following method therefore be laid down as conducive to enable us to overcome the seeming reluctance of our nature, to the hard terms proposed.

As in the natural world we distinguish the heavenly bodies into their real, and apparent magnitudes, so in the moral world, let us distinguish between the real, and apparent magnitudes of those objects, which have a tendency to throw our frames into confusion. There is a moral good, and evil, inseparably attached to the nature of things; and relative to ourselves, and the system of which we make a part. But this, when viewed through a deceitful medium, will appear to be greater, or nearer than it really is. What illusive phantoms of greatness did not *Alexander* view, through the magnifying glass of *Ambition*? And the destroyer of the *Temple of Diana*, through the false one of *Fame*?

The method then proposed, is to aim at viewing every thing, in a fair, and favorable light, or at least to cheat ourselves (if
cheat

cheat ourselves we must) into a comfortable, and happy situation. The well known story of *Procrustes* may be improved to this purpose. Every thing was soon made subservient to the measure of his will. The redundancy of unhappy victims were lopped off from some; while additional torture extended others. What was his iron bed, should metaphorically be our downy couch; that is, by submitting our wills to the rule and square, of what is, with respect to us, in the place of unavoidable necessity, we should purchase lasting peace, and pleasure. We contentedly suffer the change of the seasons, because we prudently provide against their influence; and what a thick coat is against the cold of *December Snow*, a resolute mind should be against the nipping frosts of *Adversity*.

In a word,—are we disappointed in our most eager and earnest expectations? Let us cease to hope for what we cannot obtain, and learn to seek what is within our reach. Do we pant and toil after a flying fortune? Is not Content sitting at our door? Are our arms too short to encompass the globe? The waist of competency perhaps may come within our grasp. Thus may we ever elude the bitter draught of disappointment, and carry about with us an Antidote to its intoxicating poison. So wisely did the *Stoics* judge, that they have left this remarkable character of their *summe Sapiens*, “ that he can never be disappointed, “ because whatever he sees *necessary* for him, he makes it his “ *Choice*.”

How unsatisfactory the attainment often proves, of what we so eagerly admire, the experience of multitudes can testify. If *Power* be the Idol we worship, 'tis a dangerous possession: If *Learning*, a conditional advantage: If *Riches*, an uncertain good. *Sejanus* lost his life; *Galileo* his liberty; and *Cræsus* was near losing *both*. To be too anxious therefore in the pursuit of these, is something more than *Folly*. Suppose indeed the world should condescend to value us, in proportion to such accidental
appendages,

appendages, we have little reason to be proud of their good opinion, who praise, and condemn with so little discretion. And one thing at least we should do well to remember, that every degree of pre-eminence we have over our fellow creatures, may be compared to a *shining* light, which necessarily places the faults and failings of its owner in a more *conspicuous* point of view.

C O N C L U S I O N.

UPON the whole then, and to look back on the scenes we have passed, in this little journey over the body of Man.—What have we found in those three capital parts of our composition, the *Blood*, the *Fibres*, and the *Nerves*, which can justly be deemed the artificers of our *Misery*; or the unavoidable corrupters of our *Innocence*? Have we not on the contrary seen the assertion verified, “*that God hath made man upright; but they have sought out many inventions.*” Have we not seen that he often yields himself a willing captive to the dominion of favorite passions? That he knowingly supplies his enemy with strength and ammunition, to be employed against himself? And that he first dismisses his *Guards*, and then complains of inability to ward off *danger*? Or if by more prudent conduct, and serious reflection, he keeps clear of such a shameful overthrow; yet does he not suffer the force of *Example*, of *Custom*, or of *Fashion*, to mislead him into great inconvenience? So that if we will confess the truth, we shall be forced to own, that we bring on ourselves much the greatest part of those mischiefs we are so fond of attributing to the influence of our *Bodies*.

A *hereditary*, *weak*, and *crazy* constitution, incapable of much benefit from Reason and Regimen, would be the strongest objection that could be brought. But even that will almost vanish by considering, that 'tis the lot of but very few, compared with all creation; and that even such by the assistance of *Temperance* and *Religion*, have struggled with, and almost conquered these great infirmities: Not with a *Stoic Apathy*, denying *pain*; but with a *Christian Fortitude*, refusing to *murmur*.

DETERMINATIO MEDICA.

UTRUM

PERUTILIS SIT IN SALUTEM VIVENTIUM,

APERTIO CADAVERUM MORBO EXTINGTORUM.

DETERMINATIONEM quæ proxime sequitur, ex Cathedra proposuisse decreveram, sed prohibuit adversa Valetudo.—Sub hac forma igitur Lectori benevolo exponere liceat quæ secandis Cadaveribus morbo extinctis, sentio, semperque sentii.

Commoda, quæ a Cadaverum morbo extinctorum sectione derivantur, cum ratione et Cautela sunt investiganda. Nam qui omnem in Medicina Hypothesin respuunt, vel qui singulas, quæ fere *quotidianæ jam emergunt*, statim amplectuntur, æque mihi peccare videntur. Media potius tenenda via est, ne in *Scyllam* improvidus incidat, qui cupit vitare *Charybdim*.

Faxit D. O. M. ut in Academia semper floreat sana, et salutifera Medicina. Quod si in hunc finem labores nostri, jam per triginta annos in Prælectionibus Anatomicis impensi, aliquid contulisse viderentur, est quod serio, perque lætemur.

Sed utcunque hæc fuerint, votum semper erit “ Dum Spiritus hos regit Artus,” ut ob sanam doctrinam, mores incorruptos, et Literarum purum et illibatum splendorem, *prima vel inter celeberrimas Orbis Terrarum Athenas emineat*,

ACADEMIA CANTABRIGIENSIS.

Q U Æ S T I O M E D I C A .

*Perutilis in Salutem Viventium, est Apertio Cadaverum
Morbo extinctorum.*

NEMINEM adeo in Medicina hospitem esse crediderim, cui non constiterit, Corpus humanum non solum summa sapientia, sed ea quoque solertia, miroque Artificio conflatum, ut vel captum nostrum superet: Ubi non solum in totius generis salutem, sed in cujusque individui quoque, conspirant omnia. Hinc miræ in corpore varietates, quas cum omnino comprehendere difficile, penitus ignorare, funestum. Hinc Corporis paginam oportet, qui Medicinam colunt:

Nocturna versare manu, versare diurna.

Sed si hæc facienda in sanis corporibus, quanto potiori jure in morbo extinctis? Ubi plurimum a naturali flatu multæ partes, interdum, tantum non omnes desciverint: Ubi in nihilum fere redactæ sint aliæ: Aut in unum coaluerint, quæ certo intervallo a se distare debent; aut in Thoracem sint protrusæ, quibus a Natura Sedes in Abdomine destinata est. Nimius essem, si omnia mala sic partibus inducta, singulatim recensere vellem; Patentior est Campus, quam ut intra limites mihi concessos, totum percurrere liceat.

In tam caliginosa rerum nocte, unde Lucem certio rem, quam ex Sectione Anatomica derivare licet? Audiamus in hanc rem *Harvæum* nostrum, “ Sicut (inquit) sanorum et boni habitus
“ Corporum Dissectio, plurimum ad Philosophiam et rectam
“ Physiologiam

“ Physiologiam facit; ita corporum morbosorum et cachectico-
 “ rum inspectio, ad *Pathologiam philosophicam*. Neque quisquam
 “ facile crederet, quantum in morbis, præsertim chronicis,
 “ *Interiora pervertantur*, et quanta partium internarum monstra
 “ in morbis gignantur. Ausim dicere unius Dissectionem et
 “ Apertionem Tabidi, aut morbo aliquo antiquo vel venenato,
 “ confecti corporis ad medicinam plus attulisse commodi, quam
 “ decem corporum strangulorum.” Hæc *Harveius*.

Ab eo autem Sectiones hujusmodi institutas vellem, qui probe intellexerit, quæ sit forma, qui situs vel nexus cujusque visceris in sano; et quod forsan rarius, cui vel ex sua, vel ex aliorum experientia perspectum sit quas mutationes partium internarum, sustinere valent viventium Corpora nullo subsequente malo. Ut verbo dicam, eam Sectionem vellem, quam nobis tradidit in summum totius humani generis emolumentum, Doctissimus apud Italos *Morgagnius*, in opere suo nunquam satis laudando, *de Causis et Sedibus Morborum*.

Non quod debita laude fraudari vellem qui strenue in eadem palæstra quoque defudavit, *Theophilum Bonetum* cujus eo magis improbus Labor, quoniam (ut ipse conqueritur) viam ingressus sit sine Duce, devio nec prius trito calli insilens: Qui in unum collegit quicquid ex evisceratis Cadaveribus, in usum viventium tradidere Auctores; abditas quam plurimorum morborum causas in apricum proferentes, et, quo vitam humanam productiorem redderet, perpetuo in iis locis occupati, in quibus,

Luctus ubique, Pavor, et Plurima Mortis Imago.

Operi tam difficili nonnullos irrepsisse errores, quis jure mirabitur, quos in suo libro supra citato, et notavit et correxit *Morgagnius*.

Commoda quæ ex inspectis defunctorum penetralibus oriuntur, non sunt unius Generis. Dantur inter Morbos nonnulli, qui obscurum nimis sui indicium produnt, quam ut inde certa eorum natura definiri possit. Arcta adeo est vicinitas nonnul-
 lorum

lorum in Corpore Viscerum, ut difficile sit Ægrotanti certam ejus designare Sedem. Quanta Mala quotidie in Ventriculum rejici vidimus quorum Origo post Mortem, in Pancreate, Duodeno, Hepate, Liene, vel et in Omento detecta fuit—nec

————— *Pudet hæc opprobria nobis*
Et dici potuisse, et non potuisse refelli.

“ Non enim est mortale quod optant” hi Viri, ut nihil sit in corpore nobis non intellectum, vel pathema quod subigere nequit Medicina. Satis est, quod ab exercitatis in corporum sectionibus deteguntur plures Morborum Sedes, quam quod solummodo ex Ægrotantium querelis, vel suspicari licuisset.

Mors quæ fere nunquam non acerba, quanto fit acerbior, quum uno quasi ictu hominem prostermit: Calamitatis tam improvise causas quam miras detexit Anatomica Sectio. Nota est Historia Principis nostri *Serenissimi Georgii Secundi*, cujus ruptus Cordis Ventriculus, purpureum evomit laticem. Quod et aliis nonnunquam accidisse notum est. Quam multas in Cerebro Apoplexiæ causas ex Cadaveribus detexit *Wepferus*. Mortem improvissam a rupto Liene, Diaphragmate, Ventriculo detexit in omni Seculo Anatomica Investigatio. In nobili Belgico *Barone de Waffenaar Boerhaavii* Amico ruptus Oesophagus ubi Ventriculo inseritur, prohibuit quo in subsidium misere ejulantis, vel medicamenta vel cibaria ulterius porrigerentur. Morbus certe insanabilis, sed novum hoc inauditum Miseriæ Genus, salutare et Prophylacticum præbuit consilium; scilicet, ne nimis aquæ onere Ventriculum gravaremus, dum emesin excitare animus est Sub acuto enim adeo Angulo, cum Oesophago jungitur Ventriculus ut distentis ejus ad summum parietibus, præcludatur per Oesophagum ad Fauces Reditus; unde in vomendo, Contractio in parietes Ventriculi nisu adeo valido agat, ut funesta hujus Visceris ruptura, vix vitari possit. Ita saltem periit nobilis ille Baro qui ad Emesin provocandam, ob molestantem nauseam, profusos et repetitos haustus indefinenter flagitavit.

Unum

Unum alterum Morbi rarioris exemplum afferre sufficiat, de Puero nempe biennio, qui post Tussim, Dyspnœam et multas Pulmonum laborantium notas, in febrem hecticam incidit: Tumido Abdomine reliquum corporis ad summum Marasmi gradum emarcuit. Paracentesi instituta, loco Serii, erupit Chyli lactes centis copia, ad plurimas Libras: Brevi fato cessit Æger: in cujus Cadavere Pulmones sanissimi sunt inventi; sed in pollice parte prope Tracheam, glandulæ numerosæ, scirrhosæ se in conspectum dedere, quæ ductum Thoracicum adeo premebant, ut inde Chyli, in *Venam Cavam* trajectus, omnino esset prohibitus; unde Vasa Lactea ultra tonum distenta, rupturam passa sunt, hinc Chylosus Succus, Vitæ Sustentaculum, Abdominis necessario impleverat Cavitatem.

Relictis vero quæ rariora occurrunt Exemplis, ad quotidianos magis morbos nos convertamus, et, ad examen revocemus, quas contra Utilitatem Apertionis Cadaverum, Objectiones attulerint Adversarii.

Et primo contendunt, difficile esse non decipi quoad sedem et causam Morborum, quoniam nonnullæ mutationes in Corporibus fiunt in actu fere moriendi; nonnullæ vel, et post mortem. Aliæ, quæ non tam morbo, quam Medicamentis debentur: Denique aliæ, quæ non tam Causæ, quam effectus sunt morborum. Sed in hos errores non facile incidunt, qui in hoc opere caute procedunt; qui in sanorum sectionibus satis sunt versati; qui non unum, vel alterum, sed, qui perplura corpora morbosa secuerint; qui omnium in vivente Symptomatum, cum phænomenis in demortuo comparationem, rite instituere noverint. *Talis Professor*, non diu hærebit, quæ sit vera morbi natura. “ Si plura cadavera “ inquit *Morgagnius*, post eundem morbum denatorum, inter “ se comparentur; tunc, quod præter naturam in omnibus similiter fuerit, id pro *causa* Morbi: Quod vero, in aliis aliter, id “ pro Morbi *effectu* est habendum.”

Sed urgent ulterius,—inutiles esse has Cadaverum Sectiones, quoniam inde non deteguntur Morborum abditissimæ, et Sensus eludentes

eludentes causæ; vel si fuerint detectæ, hi morbi nihilo minus sanationem respuunt: quibus respondi solet; quod si Causæ morborum primariæ, sensus nostros penitus eludant, quippe in occultis interdum conformationibus et nexibus particularum invisibilium positæ; aut in motibus et viribus quæ eos nexus et motus afficiunt—non inde sequi, quod *Effectus* quoque causarum illarum sensus fugiant: Cadunt enim in partes manifestas, suntque eæ ipsæ pravæ mutationes, evidentes multorum morborum *Causæ*.

Nec denique, ullo modo concedendum est, quod si nonnulli morbi ex sua natura medelam necessario respuant, idcirco eorum cognitionem esse supervacaneam. Quid enim magis Hippocratis evexit celebritatem, quam felicia ejus plerunque in morbis difficilioribus præfagia? Neque nihil est, quod inde fere cognoscere datur, ubi parcendum *Ægris*, ubi *Promissis*. Post tot devorata medicamentorum tædia, post tot in Spem Salutis perpeffos dolores, quum Sagacitas medentis, morbum esse plane insanabilem noverit, præstat medicamenta non diutius porrigere, ne incassum trepidet officiosa Sedulitas, et multa intempestive agendo, non solum nihil agere videamur, sed (apud indoctiores forsan) ne eos “*occidere videamur, quos servare non potuimus.*”

Sed nequid Medicinæ desit honori, vel Anatomicarum Sectionum famæ, liceat postremo monere, ex hoc fonte derivari utilissimam illam Scientiam, quam in emolumentum languentium, exercent Medici: Nempe eos cruciatus minuere, eos dolores lenire, quos omnino sustinere nequit *Ægrotus*, radicitus tollere, nescit Medicina.

Quæ cum ita sint, mecum dolete Academici, adeo adhuc ab hac Sectione fere abhorrescere omnes. Nonne hæc nimia *Animi* mollities in publica peccat commoda? Quæ prohibet, quo morbi obscurioris causas, vel mutationes vix suspicandas, in Amicorum vel Cognatorum cadaveribus, scrutemur; et quæ interdum prohibet, quo ii, qui viventes nihil profuerint, nec profint quidem mortui. Et si fas sit quod sentiam fari, vereor (summa

tamen habita erga eos qui Leges Angliæ condunt, reverentia) ne Lex quæ interfectorum Cadavera publice secanda tradit, huic praxi quasi Infamiæ notam inuri videatur, ut esset quasi turpe Spectaculum, et quædam post mortem Pœna.

Gratulandum igitur nobis est Academici quod in Nosocomio nostro conceditur hæc aperiendi Corpora licentia; nam ubi est felix ille Medicus, utcunque annis, aut luculentissima praxi clarus, cui non interdum dicere liceat "*Disce, docendus adhuc.*"

Ex præmissis igitur cum Respondente concludo, *Perutilem in Salutem viventium, esse, Apertionem Cadaverum Morbo defunctorum.*

Medicina Politica:

O R

R E F L E C T I O N S

O N T H E

A R T of P H Y S I C,

A S

I N S E P A R A B L Y C O N N E C T E D W I T H T H E

P R O S P E R I T Y of a S T A T E.

Y 2

REPORT OF THE

COMMISSIONERS

OF THE

INSURANCE COMPANY

OF THE STATE

Medicina Politica:

O R

R E F L E C T I O N S

O N T H E

A R T of P H Y S I C, &c.

C H A P. I.

A General View of the Subject.

WE learn from authentic records of early history, that considerable honors, and very exemplary rewards, were conferred on the Professors of medical science. *Æsculapius*, *Hippocrates*, and many more, might be quoted in support of the truth of this assertion. It would seem that they thought no recompense could be too great for those, who saved a father, a child, a patriot, or a friend. If self-love should be said to have had a principal hand in this grateful profusion of reward, the observation is not without probability. But we likewise learn, and from authority of an equal date, that the Art itself was held in high estimation; as being the result of laborious and painful researches, for the benefit of human Nature.

Through a long succession of Ages, the Profession has undergone a disagreeable variety of changes; influencing to a greater, or less degree, its estimation in the eyes of the public. For as states and empires have their rise and fall, as Rulers change and deviate

deviate from the principles of their predecessors; so at different periods have Physicians arose, who from ignorance, superstition, enthusiasm, or affectation, have brought confusion, and discredit on the art of healing. Not that to bring back medicine to its original principles (however loud the name of *Hippocrates*, has deservedly founded) would be, to restore it to real purity: For the experience of later ages, has learned to correct many errors, that obscured the ancient theories; and extensive navigation has introduced much more efficacious, and at the same time less dangerous medicines, into modern practice.

The discovery of the circulation, like that of the longitude, teaches us how to avoid the rocks, and quicksands on which the ancients so often split. Too much diffidence on the one hand, and too much temerity on the other, were the two fatal extremes of the ancient phlebotomy. The capital Medicines even of later times, were many of them little less compounded, than the *Mithridate*; of which the very ingenious Author* of the *Antitheriaca* elegantly observes, “that it resembles the numerous
“undisciplined forces of a barbarous King; made up of a dis-
“sident crowd, collected from different countries, mighty in
“appearance, but in reality an ineffective multitude, that only
“hinder one another.” A very striking picture of such farraginous Compositions, and applicable to many still retained *abroad*.

Under these regulations, the Science in question is allowed to be necessary, and usually beneficial to mankind. But this general commendation of it, does not seem calculated, sufficiently to defend it from the malevolent attacks of unreasonable men. And indeed there has never been (as far as I know) a sufficient enquiry made, how far the advantages of Medicine can reach; or (which is the same thing) what are all the possible blessings we derive

* Dr. Heberden.

derive from Health. Every one will be ready here to exclaim, That the value of health is perfectly understood; that the most ignorant have at some time or other experienced the loss of it; that without it, life is scarce a blessing; and the good things of life without it, become insipid. In this light it is acknowledged that Health is understood by all; and this, as far as it goes, is a fair representation. But it is proposed in the following sheets to examine, whether we may not extend the influence of this salutary blessing, considerably farther; so as to make the well-being, prosperity, and stability of *Empires*, greatly dependent on the health of *Individuals*: and if this can be made out, then that Study must be deemed of the utmost importance, which thus influences (as it were) the Actions of a *Universe*. And its importance thus once established, the subject will naturally lead us on to examine, what methods are likely to extend the benefit of *Physic*.

Now the witty and severe sarcasms that have been so frequently employed against the practice of *Physic*, cannot be brought to discountenance the present Enquiry. Were there indeed existing such men, or nations, as never knew the feelings of pain, or disease; the introducing of medicines into such constitutions, would undoubtedly introduce a series of both; and the remedy be more properly the disease. But in what happy land such Beings exist, as are ever exempt from the baleful vicissitudes of Heat and Cold; Moisture and Drought; from internal Passions and external Violence; from Errors of Judgement, and Excess of Indulgence, is incumbent on such Scoffers to shew. These Observations are calculated for the World *as it is*; not for a primæval *Paradise*, or a fictitious *Utopia*.

It will readily be granted me, and therefore need but cursorily be hinted, that health, and strength, are as necessary to execute, as sound reason, and sober judgement to plan schemes for the benefit of the community. That the Spirit and robustness of individuals, are literally the Strength, as numbers are the Riches
of

a State. And that a mind pining under real, or but imaginary misfortunes, will scarce look abroad in domestic troubles, or lend a hand to save the national ship. And should there be truth in observations like these, then every thing that promotes, or preserves health; that procures strength and robustness of Body; greatness and fortitude of Soul; that regulates the affections, and subdues the corruptions of our nature, must necessarily be the Object of national concern, and the Study that promotes it, a benefit to the *Public*.

There are such various ways by which the manners, and conduct of Individuals, may be warped from their original rectitude, so as to introduce confusion into a state, that to pursue them all through their utmost extent, would be almost an endless undertaking; but we have this consolation on our side, that such a task is unnecessary. If Evils can be traced from principles into action; a variety of combination of them, may easily be foreseen, to give variety and vigor to their effects. The persons on whom, the place where, and the time when, it acts, will usually account for every kind of appearance it puts on. And in some such comprehensive form as this, it is imagined the proposed Enquiry may be made.

But there is one general Observation necessary to be premised, as it affects every part of the Argument; namely, that it is inconsistent with the nature of Man, to be totally uninterested in what passes in the world around him. A single link discontinued at both ends, was never known in the *chain of nature*. Nor is the reason at all difficult to be assigned. Man is not *God*, a self-existent, independent being, without parts, or passions: Man therefore must be connected with his own rank of Beings; and they of consequence with him; and then, how can it be asserted, with any degree of reason, that it is of no importance to others how, and in what manner, a Man behaves by himself, since others must be liable to the consequence of his actions, though

though they are not perhaps witnesses of the actions themselves? And in this sense an idle Man may be said to do mischief; and a recluse, prove the efficient cause of a popular tumult.

But negative Virtues, if not productive of Evil, are as little calculated to be productive of good. It is not sufficient, to discharge my duty to my neighbor, that I did not actually *direct* the Knife, which it was once in my power to have *wrested* from the *Murthurer's* hand. The retirement of *Achilles* from the army of the *Greeks*, when wanted on the scene of Action, though it might sooth his own resentful disposition, was prejudicial to the public cause. It is not therefore, nor ever can be, absolutely insignificant to the welfare of society, what part an Individual is pleased to act.

The experience of all history may be brought to support a similar method of reasoning. Thus we find the founders of Empires, and the most celebrated among the Lawgivers, laying down rules, and often very strict ones, for the bodily, and mental advantages of those, who were one day to be called to the management of the State; and providing the same precautionary regulations to secure the due obedience of the *Subject*; insomuch as not to trust the partial fondness of a parent, with the power of misconducting the education of his Child.

It is admitted then (to bring our reasoning nearer to the point in hand) that the health, and hardiness of Individuals, is one desirable circumstance in a State. It is not necessary to enquire minutely into the efficient causes of *Courage*. We know it may be a transient quality, vanishing with the precarious circumstance that gave it birth. It is easy to account for the change of that fellow's conduct, who fairly confessed it by saying,

Ibit eo quo vis qui Zonam perdidit—.

And we read of a singular, and perhaps single instance, where bodily Sufferings were the parent of artificial fortitude, by
inciting

inciting to despair; and where Cowardice ever after was the consequence of a cure. But the assertion remains unshaken by such instances, while there are so many painful labors both in the Cabinet, and Field; and while it requires as well fortitude of Constitution, as vivacity of Thought, to plan judiciously, and execute successfully the various schemes that are necessary in a state.

C H A P. II.

Of Sobriety and Temperance.

PERHAPS *Sobriety* and *Temperance* may be deemed the Guardian Angels, that watch over the welfare of a State. But it may be thought as impossible to secure these Blessings, as for Men to be transformed into Angels on earth. And it may appear very absurd to suppose, that *Medicine* is capable of contributing any thing more towards it, than by obviating the ill effects of an opposite practice. But Constitutions may be partially changed, or hardened against the insidious attack. The properties of destructive liquors, may be greatly changed, and sometimes even improved into salutary ones. What is said of the fiercest of the brute creation, by some of the writers on natural history, is indisputably true of Medicines taken from the mineral kingdoms; namely, that the most virulent compositions among them, may be corrected into use, and even reduced to a state of absolute inspidity. But there is a celebrated vegetable, an Indian Root, which when first extracted from the earth is full of deadly poison; of which, however, properly managed, the Inhabitants afterwards make all their bread. And the symptoms that usually follow on the eating of certain noxious plants, are so exactly similar to those of intoxication, as to make it not improbable, that the same remedies might successfully be employed for both. Medical cautions and precepts have been advanced, in order to obviate the mischiefs of too plentiful Ingurgitation; but I think when they affect only the offending party, he ought to suffer them in all their painful consequences. However I will give an Instance or two, relative to useful

cautions on this head, as a pledge for the possibility of more; and it shall be referred to private experience, whether they are destitute of foundation, namely, that Liquor acts in general, with a quicker inebriating force on blood when heated; whether that heat arises from the temperature of the air, the force of exercise, or the lively sallies of noisy mirth. And that the free use of such liquors, have a contrary effect to what was designed, by disordering, instead of raising the spirits depressed by *Grief*. An observation which is very much to be attended to on this occasion: As many unfortunate persons have both ruined their reputation, and health, and, even sometimes, broke in on the happiness of the public, by this inadequate method of seeking *ease*.

C H A P. III.

Of Pity and Compassion.

PITY and *Compassion* will surely be allowed me, to be useful passions in the human breast. They throw a light of comfort on obscure distress, and gild over the gloomy mansions of Sorrow. But how shall we obtain such desirable dispositions; how plant them in the human heart? Not surely by Medicine, it will be said, but by the authoritative voice of Religion; by the animating example of the Benevolent, by the experience of those, who have tasted what it is, to be a father to the fatherless; a friend to the widow; a patron of the afflicted in their most aggravated sufferings; and it may be thought that from powers so great as these, every desirable degree of success must follow. It must, it would follow, was Man but left to his natural biases. For I assert, because I firmly believe, that the seeds of Pity and Compassion, have been designedly scattered thicker, than perhaps those of any other pleasing propensity of the human heart. When Poets or Historians are representing some unnatural behavior, which contradicts the established maxims by which human nature should in those circumstances have acted; how plainly do they insinuate the truth in question, by having recourse to such extraordinary expedencies to bring their Heroes off. Then it is, we hear of *Marpesian Rocks*, *Hyrcean Tygers*, and the bloody nipple of a *Nero's nurse*. One of them has expressly owned, and elegantly described, what uncorrupted nature should be,

————— *Molissima corda*
Humano generi dare se Natura fatetur
Quæ lacrymas dedit. Hæc nostri pars optima sensus.

The

The assistance then that *Medicine* must give on this occasion, is to destroy the acquired propensities, that inflame to an opposite behavior: A behavior founded in pride or passion, arising, it may be, from reiterated fullness, provoking to peevishness, and not allowing a proper attention to human sufferings; whether those sufferings arise from the calls of importunate hunger, or from the complicated miseries that may overtake even the industrious poor, those useful members of every state, to whose labors we owe not only our houses and cloathing, but, in some degree, also our *daily bread*. What medical treatment might here be necessary is apparent from the very nature of the Argument, and might be enforced by a higher authority, and from very awful considerations: But that to those who reflect at all, it can never be necessary; and especially in an age, when *Charity*, in its utmost extent, is the characteristic ornament of the *British* nation.

C H A P. IV.

Of Ambition, Pride, Cruelty, &c.

*I*NNOCENCE, *Content*, and *Health*, are allowed to be the principal supports of human happiness; as the contrary conditions are of human misery. But they are not such only in a single, and abstracted, but in an extensive, and universal manner. For that the *Individual* should feel comfort, from whatever can administer to its own private satisfaction, and convenience, is agreeable to the strictest laws of nature; but may be considered in a higher light, may be placed in a fairer and more amiable view; as having in him something so very active, something of so generous, and communicative a disposition, that he seems to think it an absolute debt he owes to others, to let them into a participation of *his* happiness; and on the contrary, that he has a claim, if occasion be, to call on others to partake of *his* sorrows. And hence it is, that the satisfied, and contented mind, overflows and refreshes all around it. The Neighborhood partakes of the pleasing sensation, readily catching, and eagerly communicating the benevolent disposition. While *Torture*, and *Anxiety* breed private *repinings*; and dissatisfied *Murmurers*, public *discontent*.

Some irregular motions, some internal distemperature; working through the mass of humors, and spreading itself on the Countenance of those about him, gave birth to the jealousy, and force to the suspicions, of (in general) a too *confident Cæsar*. For he exclaims—

Let

*Let me have Men about me that are fat,
Sleek-headed Men, and such as sleep o' nights:
Yon CASSIUS hath a lean and hungry look,
He thinks too much—such Men are dangerous.*

And in another place,

Such men as he be never at heart's ease.

Let a man brood *in private* over his fancied distresses, and weigh them in the partial balance of pride, and self-sufficiency, and there will be little more left, (after what he keeps to torment *himself* with) but a few remains of peevish passion, for his more immediate dependents. But let him tell, as he will be inclined, and spread abroad, as he will be apt enough to do, the private History of his wrongs, and sufferings; and he will by degrees obtain a degree of credit, beyond his warmest hopes; and kindle a flame perhaps too fierce, at last, for his sincerest endeavors to extinguish. And if this be (as sure it is) no exaggerated picture of human infirmities, then may it be of more importance, than perhaps at first sight was suspected, to watch over whatever mismanagement of ourselves, or others, can invite or entertain the *malignant passions*.

But what force will these reflections not derive, from applying them to the *illustriously* (I had almost said) the *reputably wicked*? For it is suspected, that some of the most famous scourges of mankind, whether a *Xerxes*, an *Alexander*, or any other *Hero* of a similar stamp, might have occasionally been called off from their destructive Amusements, by some judicious kind of medical treatment. If *Anger* is allowed to be a short degree of madness, why should it not be treated in a similar manner? And what is *Ambition*, but a more protracted paroxysm, of an extensively mischievous *Insanity*? And perhaps to cure *Ambition* would be as public a benefit, as to find remedies for the greatest tortures that afflict the Body: For if it is not allowed to be a
disease

disease itself; it becomes the cause of very great ones to the subjects of its power.

But it is not meant by quoting a *Xerxes* or an *Alexander*, to limit ambition to gilded domes, or stately palaces. It were happy for the public, if the infection could be so confined. But it is apt to attack people of every rank, and by breaking in upon a regular, and necessary subordination, to be the parent of confusion in *Societies*. It imposes on itself, and others, under deceitful appearances, and by improper, and false appellations; for sourness and ill-nature are but disappointed ambition, at least in the greater part of Mankind. Too good an opinion of ourselves, and too indifferent a one of others, are the fruitful parents of this troublesome affection: And could we restrain the restless blood, and calm the irregular sallies of the Spirits, we might hope to expel ill-nature, peevishness, and discontent, from their residence in the human breast.

Some farther light may be thrown on the subject before us, by observations derived from the source of impartial History; which warrants us to assert, that *bodily pains* have begun, and often fatally increased, some natural tendencies of a degenerate mind, to deeds of horror, and public confusion. But take those degenerate minds in their infant tendencies, and spare them, if it may be, this acquired malignity, and what benefits shall we say this attention has conferred on *them*; or what blessings shall we not say, it has, or may, perhaps, have derived on *Millions*? Examples, I am afraid, might be drawn from *English*, as well as *Roman* History, in support of such melancholy truths. And from all which I am authorized to conclude, that a proper, and occasional treatment, though but of one Individual, may, from the nature of circumstances, prove the means of preventing such unexpected and dreadful consequences, as would seem improbable to any other experience, but that of a world like ours, loaded with the weight exorbitant offences, and filled with so many instances of unnatural *Cruelty*.

CHAP. V.

Of Suicide.

A Nation suffers by the success of even its own victorious forces—for the sword must *slay*: By the peaceable death of Subjects in their beds at home—for diseases must *kill*: By the execution of the laws on malefactors—for crimes must be *punished*. But there are a set of self-deluded, unhappy mortals, who have found out a way, without any such apparent necessity, to rob the State of a Subject; their dependants of a Patron; Religion of its honor; and their Creator of his undoubted right to dispose of the workmanship of his own hands.

There is something so complicated in the crime of the self-murderer, that it would furnish matter for a treatise by itself; or to speak more properly, it has furnished matter for the tongues, and pens, of some of the ablest, and best of Men: Yet I fear, without so good and desirable an effect as must sincerely be wished for by all, but the unhappy designers of so black a crime.

We read of a Nation, who were unprovided with laws, for the punishment of those who should destroy a parent; and who alledged in excuse when it was objected to them as a neglect, that they looked upon such a crime, as *impossible*. With much greater reason might we, at this time, of day, in a kingdom blessed with plenty, under a Religion void of superstition, and a Government which makes the happiness of each Individual its

its constant care, think that *self-murder* could never take place. And the rather, because in countries, where so many blessings do not center, the crime is so very rarely committed. And indeed we ourselves prove, how amazing a fact we think it, by having almost laid it down as a general rule, to refer such a behavior to the influence of *Lunacy*. Which whether we do properly or not, I will not stay to enquire; but avail myself of it, to the present purpose, by considering it as implying, that proper care might have been taken, and probably would have prevented things coming to such a desperate issue. For men are generally led by previous, and gentle steps, to crimes of an enormous dye. And if we chuse to consider the fact, as the consequence of *Insanity*, we should do well in time to remove, whatever tends to bring on such a melancholy disposition. And in fact, whether it be from Pride, Disappointment, or Despair, if no rational methods are used, to curb such dangerous passions, the Blood and Spirits must sink under the unremitting oppression, and desert the post, they might have maintained for the security of the Man.

If there are situations, and circumstances, where the precept of the *Philosopher* can do more than the prescription of a *Physician*, by all means apply what help you may; but at all events the Body must be brought into better order, before the Mind is at liberty to pursue its natural biases; a bias ever tending to the defence of the Body; and abhorring a violent separation from it. And this in ordinary circumstances is often brought about, by such a degree of exercise, and such a choice of company, as hastens the circulation into salutary briskness; by such inward applications, as tend to thin the viscid blood, and resolve obstructions, and by every method that tends to make the Body a comfortable companion, and rational auxiliary to the Soul.

And

And this would in general operate as we could wish, on such critical occasions: Or at least would contribute no inconsiderable share toward the calling back a dissatisfied, and desponding mind, from venturing on the verge of that precipice of horror, from whence one step farther plunges—into *Eternity's Abyss.*

C H A P. VI.

Of Religion.

IT may possibly seem strange, and at first sight perhaps give offence, to have *Religion* introduced on this occasion; especially with a design of shewing, that it may be influenced by, and is in some degree dependant on, the power of *Medicine*. Is it not, may some hasty reader be apt to say, the acknowledged province of Religion, because derived from Divine authority, to regulate by its own power the unruly passions; to subdue innate corruptions, and to bring the Body, and its offences, into proper subjection? And if so, is not the order of things here inverted; the cause mistaken for the effect; if not occasion given to draw a dangerous inference, (that at this rate *Religion* may come to be proved the same with *Constitution*?) To obviate such unwarrantable, and undesigned consequences, and to render the proposition not improbable, let it be remarked in the first place, that by Religion here, is not meant only the assent which the mind gives to divine truths; but the actual complying with whatever is commanded, and abstaining from whatever is forbidden, especially when it contradicts our warmest inclinations. And in what manner can such a victory be ever obtained, if the Body is not at least as tractable as the mind? But many Arguments may be brought to favor the assertion even in the first instance. Thus no resolutions, however strong, or reward, however considerable, could make that Man alert, or even keep himself awake, who had taken down a strong opiate, instead of something to recruit his Spirits; nor any Arguments of Religion make a Man, overpowered with drink, or inflamed with rage, to be

be in an instant sober, rational and calm; to listen with attention, or to obey with alacrity, whatever was proposed as the exact, and proper rule of his actions. Nothing less than a miraculous influence would here be necessary, which is entirely out of the question. I am only hinting at the ordinary, and established methods, by which truths are offered to the understanding; and by which mankind, in their impartial intervals, are readily brought to compliance. I say impartial intervals; inasmuch as too great a portion of our active life, leans to a bias prejudicial to our true interest.

But I am warranted from the highest of all Authorities, no less than that of the sacred Scriptures, to assert the necessity of a proper disposition of the *Man*, to procure a serious belief, and conscientious practice of the extensive duties of the *Christian*. I am aware of a solution of this, from a different power, the power of *Grace* in our Hearts. I suppose the meaning of this expression universally understood; and I admit the awful truth in its utmost latitude. But this will rather confirm, than any way invalidate my reasoning. For it is apparent, that the precepts "not to be full of wine wherein is excess;" "not to be angry overmuch;" "to abstain from fleshly lusts," &c. can no other ways be understood of such high importance, so fatal to Man's everlasting welfare, but as they exclude, while indulged, the possibility of admitting serious, and salutary reflections; or if it were possible to admit them in such moments of dissipation, of improving them to the important purposes, for which they were graciously designed. And in either case, as far as the present reasoning goes, Religion feels itself at a loss, how to proceed for the safety of the Man.

But unfortunately it is not necessary to take up the subject in its most aggravated state. For let Man be viewed in a much cooler, and more familiar path of life; and still we shall have too much reason to suspect, that his deviations from rectitude of sentiment, and conduct, are no otherways the effect of want of
Religion,

Religion, than as he chuses to keep himself in such a constant dissipation of pleasure, such a distraction of business, or such a fullness of self-interest, as utterly unqualifies him from listening to those suggestions, which are ever at hand to direct him to his truest good. But principally disqualified even in these instances, from a preter-natural, and noxious change introduced into the animal Oeconomy: Inasmuch as abstinence from unlawful indulgences; a withdrawing from the fatigue, and hurry of fervile business; a bidding adieu to the sordid slavery of an unbounded love of riches; sets him at liberty to experience the exalted truths, and to share the rapturous pleasures of Virtue. And then suppose the Man once more to immerse his powers in hurry and fatigue, and to give his Body to the excesses already mentioned; and he will experience the same ignorance of intellectual truths, and find the same inaptitude to pursue his real advantage.

The hardening of the *Heart of Pharaoh*; and making the *Heart* the seat of good and evil affections; the breaking of the *Heart* with sorrow, and the like, however they have a metaphorical meaning, will also admit of one, favorable to our present purpose. For man is a free agent, because there is a capability in him of attending to the voice of truth, and of walking in the path of duty, and yet it is in his power, so to mismanage himself, as to be incapable of doing either the one, or the other. The operations of the mind cannot be duly exerted, but in a proper constitution of bodily organs. In death, *not at all*; in some diseases *imperfectly*; in the tumult of vicious affections, *improperly*. The chief and most important seat then of corporeal influence, exerting itself against the benevolent intentions of the Soul, must be the *Blood* with its fountain the *Heart*; and therefore it is not without reason made the source, or efficient cause, of many mischiefs the *Body* brings on the *mind*.

A Man may firmly believe all the truths of the Gospel, acknowledge the propriety, as well as the obligation he is under,
to

to bear with insults, to forgive injuries, to abstain at all events from embruing his hands in blood; and yet let this Man be but raised to a proper degree of passion, and he will dare not only to curse his *enemy*, but to stab his *friend*: and then in the interval of a very few minutes he shall see, acknowledge, and lament his *crime*; that is, when (as we properly express it) the *heat* of his *passion* is over, and the *Man* (that is, his *blood*) is once more cool. Hence in proportion to the readiness with which some constitutions are inclined to sudden commotions of the blood beyond others, arises the propensity to more frequent offences against decency and duty. And therefore I hope it is by this time made sufficiently apparent that the keeping in due temper the fluids, and solids of the Body, whether by a prudent attention to the nature, and quantity of our nourishment; the times and degrees of our exercise; the constant, and suitable employment of the active powers of the mind; that this, I say, has a natural aptitude to lay us open to the conviction of religious truths, and to make us pliant to be directed in our behavior, by its laws. And then (to borrow the words of an admired Author)

“ to what a blessed harmony would it tune the world! What
 “ order and peace would it introduce! There would then be no
 “ oppressive Governors, or mutinous Subjects: no unnatural
 “ Parents, or contumacious Children; no idle Shepherds, or
 “ straying Flocks: None of those domestic jars which often
 “ disquiet, and sometimes subvert families.—All would be calm
 “ and serene, and give us in reality that *golden age*, of which
 “ the Poets did but *dream*.”

This may perhaps be thought too great a blessing, to spring from so inconsiderable a source, as the feeding on acorns; slaking the thirst at a crystal spring; or any other instance of *primæval* abstinence and *rustic* simplicity. Yet if Poets sometimes feign, misrepresent, or lavishly adorn their Subject, (and who doubts but that they often do all this) yet whence shall we derive the
 received

received notion, of a more untainted age of manners; how account for the concurring allusions of so many reputable writers, but from their drawing their most interesting scenes from Nature herself, and handing down to us, what they had received from their Predecessors, as the representation of the earlier purity of manners?

But if we cannot so readily give our assent to such propositions, because depending on uncertain testimony; we may trust (I presume) to the sacred Records; where there are sufficient tokens of plainness of diet, simplicity of ornament, and unaffectedness of conduct, beyond almost conception or comparison. And from the same Records we learn (when other customs prevailed) that suitable consequences were as invariably seen to arise, Rebellion, and every offensive species of foul ingratitude, being the returns made to the kindness of an indulgent Providence; and fullness ever proving the parent of *discontent* and *Sin*.

Would it have been thus, if such causes did not naturally tend to produce such proportional effects? Would not one miracle more, have been superadded to the repeated, and amazing number, which the favoured Nation experienced, to have kept it from such gross offence? But perhaps Providence saw fit to leave Man to the necessary consequences of actions, the tendencies of which he was endued with sense enough to discover, and which he knew it was in his own power to bring on, or avoid.

But the very ceremonies, and rites of *Religion* itself, seem in some countries to have been entirely modelled, by the propensities, and dispositions of the Inhabitants. The *Lupanaria* were certainly never instituted in honor of *Continence*; nor the combat of *Gladiators* to promote *Pity*. A large and fruitful crop of detestable vices would unavoidably arise from seeds, that were so diffusively scattered, as were those of unbounded
sensuality,

sensuality, and brutal *ferocity*, in the capital of the *Roman Empire*. So that vicious propensities, and wicked habits, may not only counteract the benign influence of *Religion*, but even sometimes give it a total overthrow ; and then transfer its name, and give the sanction of its authority, to the most impure and detestable *Crimes*.

C O N C L U S I O N.

BUT I hasten in the last place to a melancholy consideration with respect to the subject of *Health*: Which is, that how great soever are its blessings to the *Individual*, or the *Public*, it stands exposed not only to dangers which cannot be foreseen; or foreseen, could not be prevented: But to some that are foreseen, felt, not prevented, but (what is more extraordinary) encouraged. The wisdom and piety of the Legislature recommends the extirpation of *Immorality* as the best means to secure public, as well as private happiness; this is the language of the Press, the Pulpit, and the Throne. If *Health* then may be deemed a blessing of so diffusive a nature as to affect the *manners*, as well as the *prosperity* of a people, can we help lamenting that *injudicious books, mistaken zeal, and pernicious patents* should join their formidable forces to destroy so great a *Good*?

Ignorance, or Knavery, in this arduous profession, is the *Herod* that murders such troops of *Innocents* from two years old, and under, who might reasonably have been presumed (at least a considerable part of them) to have been formed capable of reaching the proper period, when they might have been an ornament, or defence to their Country. But not only the promising blossoms, but the ripening fruit of merit, is doomed to fall by the same pestilential blast. So that when the sword of foreign discord is sheathed by *Peace* abroad; the lives of *Englishmen*, are still liable to be destroyed by *Poison*, at home.

With respect to *Books*—can it be supposed, that three or four prescriptions, of different, and even opposite tendencies, and directed for the same disease, can have any better chance of being applied successfully to the restoration of *Health*, than the *Atoms of Epicurus* to the construction of a *World*?

But mischief may be done, where the intent was good. I am afraid this is the case with some reverend and zealous opposers of a custom which has all the arguments in favor of its perfect establishment, that a rational theory, and a successful practice can supply. And in a disease so generally fatal before this invention, as deservedly to rank it among the severest scourges of Providence.

I know it is pleaded in defence of *patent Medicines*, that they were originally the prescriptions of eminent practitioners in Physic. This perhaps may in part be true. But what will this avail in their defence? No prudent Physician prescribes the same remedy to the same patient, even in the same disease, if circumstances materially vary. And change of weather, constitution, and the very age of Man, are *constantly* introducing some *material* changes.

A designation of diseases by *general appellations*, is another source of fatal errors. Of how extensive a signification is the word *Fever*? From what different causes may it arise; with what various and even discording symptoms is it sometimes attended; and yet how *compendiously* is it offered to be cured! A Colic is another of those undistinguishing names that must ever impose on the *unwary*; and accordingly, we generally see it among the lower class of Mankind, particularly, nursed with every thing *comfortable* and *cordial*; till by adding sufficient fuel to the internal flame, the Disease and the Patient are *consumed* together. In short, what can be expected, but horrid devastation of *Lives*, where one remedy is constantly, and confidently applied for disorders, differing in every circumstance, but a *misapplied* resemblance of *Names*.

There is indeed a set of worthy, and ingenious members of the *Faculty*, who do every thing in their power to stand in the breach, and to defend the lives of their Countrymen from such dangerous attacks: Who employ the Authority with which they are invested as a *College*, in vindicating the genuine honor of
Physic,

Physic, and preventing the practice of it from being entrusted in desperate, or designing hands. But the evils here complained of, are perhaps of too complicated a nature for their power alone to prevent. And indeed should the Public at any time be less careful of Life, and Health, than of such imaginary advantages, as, without Health, it would be incapable of tasting, there would be no room to hope for a proper reformation, till it arose from such a sense of necessity, such a painful experience, as it is earnestly wished such hints as these may in some measure prevent.

Without entering into a thorough examination of what might probably increase the powers and extend the utility of the art of healing, I shall finish what I have farther to say on this head, at present, with a single, but an important Observation.

I take it for an indisputable fact, that without a knowledge of the structure of the Body, every attempt to keep it in Health, to repair its decays, or restore it to its pristine vigor, must prove unsuccessful. And *Medicine*, in such circumstances, would fall into as great disgrace as even a *Moliere*, or a *Montaigne* could wish. Unsupported by facts, and unenlightened by experience, what could it forbid, foretel, or promise on rational, or satisfactory grounds? It would then be indeed as conjectural and delusive, as its warmest opposers have asserted. But if opportunities are not given under the sanction of Law, for a sufficient number of Subjects to be dissected by the numerous Students of *Physic* in this Kingdom, they must be obtained at all events. And if methods have sometimes been used, that offend the decorum due to the dead, or the dignity of the laws of the land, it must have arisen from such causes, as might well deserve the serious attention of the Legislature. Whether the Bodies of all Malefactors *indiscriminately*, might not after execution be consigned to such uses, as well as the Bodies of Murderers, must be left to higher powers to determine. Those of the last sort being generally confined to the respective neighborhood in which they suffer,

suffer, makes them not extensively useful; besides that it is to be hoped that the number of such wretches, will always be comparatively small. Add to this, that the *natural* appearance and disposition of parts, is as necessary to be known, as the changes of them introduced by *Disease*; and if this can be learnt from such as die in *Hospitals*; the former will be plainer in those who suffer at the *Tree*.

Upon the whole—Whoever would be happy himself, or contribute to happiness in others, must guard against such attacks upon, and innovations of, his *constitution*, as tend to introduce disquieting and irregular appetites in himself, and to extend them (by a kind of unavoidable communication) to the disturbance of his *Country*, his *Neighbor*, or his *Friend*.

MORAL AND MEDICAL

DIALOGUES.

MORAL AND MEDICAL

DIALOGUES

M O R A L A N D M E D I C A L

D I A L O G U E S.

D I A L O G U E I.

SOPHRONIUS, HORTENSIUS, CLEANTHES,
and PHILALETHES.

SOPHRONIUS.

WELCOME, my friends, to this pleasant retirement; where sheltered from the bustle and impertinence of public life, we steal a few hours for the enjoyment of chearful conversation.

CLEANTHES.

Indulgences of this kind, seem as necessary as a calm after a storm; that the powers of nature may have time to recruit, and become equal to the busy scenes in which mortality is so often engaged.

PHILALETHES.

There are other advantages likewise to be derived from these friendly meetings; such as, the free discussion of topics, in which all men do not agree, and yet, in which all men, more or less, are materially concerned: For here the disputant need not fear to offer the most trifling reason, because his antagonist contradicts with candor, and calmly waits a reply.

C c

HOR.

HORTENSIUS.

I acknowledge that when this is the case, much benefit may arise from a set of sensible people meeting together, to discourse on useful topics.—But do all companies meet and part on such friendly terms?

PHILALETHES.

I am afraid not. Truth itself may be defended with too much acrimony; and self-love may impose shadows for realities on the mind. And even though reason herself be of the party, it sometimes happens that clamor and positiveness are too loud to suffer *her still small voice* to be heard.

SOPHRONIUS.

For which reason, in these meetings, we observe the following rule: That each, in his turn, shall propose a subject of which he happens to be fond; and of which, therefore, there is the more probability he has made himself master; and then every one is at liberty to offer his objections; or to pass over, and become an auxiliary to the disputant of the day.

HORTENSIUS.

Very fair and equitable; and though my youth prevents my presuming to instruct others, it renders me a fitter object of improvement myself.

PHILALETHES.

Though your modesty may restrain you from beginning a debate, yet your good sense qualifies you for, and, if I am not mistaken, your vivacity will insensibly draw you into, mixing your sentiments with ours.

HOR-

HORTENSIUS.

So it proceeds not from an impertinent forwardness, I am content to take my chance; however undeserving of the compliment you are pleased to pay me.

SOPHRONIUS.

If I remember right, it is with CLEANTHES to begin.

CLEANTHES.

An ingenious writer has observed, that when the mind has been long engaged in a particular train of thought, it is difficult for it to disengage itself, so as to pass readily to another. I offer this as an apology for my venturing again on a subject, to which I have more than once already bespoke your attention, when I endeavored to shew, that the structure of the body did not necessarily influence the morals of the man: Nay, I went a step farther, and supposed, that a judicious management of the body might eventually become the happiness of kingdoms as well as of individuals; thus sowing, as it were, the seeds of characters, on medicated ground.

Few, I believe, dispute the power of constitution to determine propensities, or that from thence many salutary or hurtful actions flow: But that such propensities are greatly dependant on the body, very much in our power, and therefore to be fought for and regulated, at their fountain head, will not, I am afraid, be so easily allowed me; but if a conquest can be gained at any rate over the unruly passions, I am content; let the methods employed be what they may.

PHILALETHES.

Proceed then, CLEANTHES, to examine the subject which you seem to hint has some connection with your former enquiries.

CLE-

CLEANTHES.

Give me leave then, PHILALETHES, to suspect, that the sufferings of human nature are not fairly stated, when we make them the almost unavoidable consequence of the body's structure: There is, I know not how, an unfortunate bias which carries us to the less eligible side of things. We are in general more prone to censure than to commend, to repine and murmur, than to be pleased.—It is taken for granted that we have, or think we have, reason to countenance this conduct; and it is of this, I take the liberty to doubt.

PHILALETHES.

You enquire therefore, whether Man with his present structure is, upon the whole, as happy as Providence designed him. The enquiry is entertaining.

CLEANTHES.

Say rather important, PHILALETHES; for on the right understanding of this point, depends, I conceive, the essential welfare of rational beings; for who will offer the incense of praise and thanksgiving to the benevolent Creator, who looks upon his body as the prolific parent of continued and unavoidable wretchedness; and to whose influence and dominion, he supposes subject, the order or irregularity of his passions, and the exertion of powers, for which he is one day to account? Can content in theory, or philanthropy in practice be reasonably expected, where reflection is taught to dwell on so much connate misery? and will not human nature be apt to leap the bounds of duty, and try to make itself amends for such years of suffering, by some hours of dissipation, or some minutes of guilty pleasure? Can we see men so frequently bewildered in these errors, and not lend a friendly hand to guide them? Can we refuse to disperse the clouds that thus benight their understanding, when by shewing them reason
to

to be content with their condition, we might lead them perhaps by degrees, to be wiser in their choice.

HORTENSIUS.

I shall fulfil PHILALETHES' prophecy. I cannot help interrupting CLEANTHES, to observe, that all antiquity and daily experience, give a very different account of this matter.

CLEANTHES.

I acknowledge, that the condition of human nature has never been much the subject of panegyric; but on the contrary, the uniform and repeated occasion of much melancholy discussion in all ages. Passages are laid hold of, and quotations produced, without attending to any connection of argument, or propriety of inference. It is much easier to join in general declamation, especially on popular topics, than to examine, in order to disprove; especially if there be any thing of considerable deference due to the authority produced on such occasions. We scarce care to examine whether any favorable interpretation can be put on passages of this sort in Scripture. Man's troubles, compared with the sparks that fly upward, or with the sands upon the sea shore, are formidable representations against us—That sober and reflecting men, secluding themselves from the tumult of life, on purpose to give themselves up to the study of wisdom, and hence stiled Philosophers, that these too in their retirement should still draw the same gloomy picture of human misery, is a corroborating evidence in the affair: And can we wonder that the opinion thus handed down and enforced, should become a part of our moral Creed?

HORTENSIUS.

But supposing we strain the texts of Scripture too far, and that Poets and Philosophers rather indulge a passion for flowery description, than really describe the state of nature, may we not
trust

trust the evidence of our own senses; and does not our own experience justify the assertion, of man being born to trouble? I hardly think you mean to contradict so evident a proposition.

CLEANTHES.

You say true: But I mean to restrain and qualify it, by examining the intrinsic weight of some of the evils complained of; endeavoring to diminish their force and number, and, when possible, to change their nature.

SOPHRONIUS.

But surely, CLEANTHES, you have treated the Philosophers a little severely.—The *Stoics* at least are ready to range on your side—for if there be no such thing as pain, the sufferings of the body will almost vanish entirely.

CLEANTHES.

Objections started for the sake of keeping up the spirit of a debate, are allowable; for I am very sure my friend is not serious in the observation.—The pride of Philosophy was indisputably the principle and support of the *Stoics* apathy.—If *Pofidonius* affected to triumph over pain, it was before an illustrious witness, and when his lectures gave him the pleasing hope of immortal fame.—“ Pain, thou mayest torment me, but I will “ never acknowledge thee to be an evil,” is a speech above the abilities of the most christian resignation; and therefore never could be the real voice of Philosophy, and especially of that kind of it, falsely so called.

PHILALETHES.

It has been suspected, and perhaps with justice, that the first founders of philosophic sects among the ancients, were more reasonable both in principles and practice; than their enthusiastic successors: Thus their indolence, by degrees came to be mistaken
for

for voluptuousness, their resolution for apathy, and their modest desire of being rightly informed, is now exaggerated into universal doubting.

CLEANTHES.

Take it in any light you will, it is not material to my present purpose. The Christian Hero, and the Pagan Sensualist, imbibing their doctrines from far different schools, must differ as remarkably in sentiment and behavior:—But as all were not Pagan Sensualists formerly, neither are all Christian Heroes now—therefore the argument stands thus—that unassisted human nature, surrounded by temptations, and obnoxious to suffering, will probably try to lay the fault, and throw the load of infamy, on second causes, indisposed or averse to examine, to what height of content or comfort mankind may arrive, even in this present state of unfavorable circumstances.

PHILALETHES.

Willing as I am to believe that every thing is ordered for the best, with respect to all the creation, yet to us who see so little at once, of the large comprehensive scheme of Providence, and of which some parts never can be seen by us at all; difficulties relating to ourselves must frequently occur. But leaving all abstruse speculation, proceed to defend the cause you have undertaken, in what manner you think best. We shall hear you patiently, and be convinced if we can.

HORTENSIUS.

I wish CLEANTHES would indulge us with a definition of health, as of a state which seems essential to that happy condition to which he has undertaken to prove mankind may arrive. To judge by common appearances, she is but a stranger guest, and rarely visits the habitations of men.

CLE-

CLEANTHES.

Your request is not only reasonable but necessary, as upon the right understanding of what is meant by health, will depend much of what I have to offer.

SOPHRONIUS.

You have hampered CLEANTHES in asking for a definition.

CLEANTHES.

I confess I am not fond of them. I do not (except in a few cases) think them the most useful handmaids to science. In the instance before us, we are rather told what health is not, than what it is: Or if positively defined, 'tis like a grammar rule, true, but with numberless exceptions.

SOPHRONIUS.

How would you determine then what is health?

CLEANTHES.

By a certain experience, of which all men are judges, better than by any words, or form of description.

SOPHRONIUS.

But you think the desire of it, is very natural and commendable, Cleanthes?

CLEANTHES.

Health, SOPHRONIUS, could it really exist adequate to the idea formed of it, would promise the fairest, as it would approach the nearest to the summit of earthly happiness: And no attempt can be more prudent, no labor more profitable, than what is employed to invite and detain this valuable guest. I know not what self-enjoyment, what diffusive benevolence, what exalted efforts of goodness, what fervors of piety might not spring from,
and,

and flourish in such a temperature of body, joined to a religious disposition of soul.—But this state is somewhat rare.

PHILALETHES.

Nor surely can this seem strange, CLEANTHES, when we consider the necessary conditions to constitute it; such as that neither in the solids, nor in the fluids, nor in the motion of the fluids through the solids, must there be the least defect or irregularity, though we are placed among so many enemies to this our peaceful structure, as the elements, the seasons, the passions, the temptations, and the thousand accidents and dangers in life: So that as he is the best man in a moral light, who has the fewest faults; he is the healthiest in a medical one, who has the fewest complaints.

CLEANTHES.

And for this reason GALEN argues very sensibly, when he says, “ *Non absoluta ipsa est nec indivisibilis simul quæ est, et dicitur* “ *Sanitas: verum etiam quæ ab hac deficit, modo usibus nostris non* “ *fit inepta;*” and in another place, “ *perfecte sanus nemo dici* “ *potest, sed sani dicuntur, qui nulla parte dolent, et qui ad vitæ* “ *munera haudquaquam sunt impediti.*”

SOPHRONIUS.

Nay some will tell us that health consists rather in the absence of pain than in the perception of pleasure—that there is nothing positive in it; that we feel it not while we have it, and know it only by its opposite state: And that therefore this so much celebrated blessing of health, proves at last a chimæra, and eludes our research.

CLEANTHES.

Senseless declamation on the wretchedness of our nature, however meant as an arraignment of Providence, is in fact a Satire on ourselves. But let us erect, for a while, a temple to the

goddeſs *Salus*, and ſee in what unaccountable ways, men ſolicit her favor—Some approach her with all the rigor and aſterity of ſelf-denial, and an anxious contradiction of their moſt innocent inclinations—others aſſault her temple with bacchanalian jollity, and fancy themſelves able to take the goddeſs by ſtorm—while a third kind of men doubt of, and diſpute her exiſtence, neither courting her favor, nor fearing her frowns.. And yet after all, there is in every one of us that power, to a certain degree, which we thus fooliſhly invoke, or raſhly deſpiſe; a certain conſtitutional arrangement of parts, which by reciprocal aptitudes form the whole of corporeal man; and which kept in order, give room for the ſoul to promote ſuch tranquil or pleaſurable ſenſations, as conſtitute that ſtate, which we generally mean by health, in contradiſtinction to diſeaſe; or a certain condition of the human body, exempt from ſickneſs and pain.

HORTENSIUS.

But I am not yet convinced, that Providence has left it ſo much in our power to avoid this evil as you ſeem to inſinuate.—If this can be proved, you will have removed a great difficulty, I confeſs.

CLEANTHES.

And why not? Conſider only, and ſeriouſly reflect on the never-failing mercies of the great Author of our nature. The fall of man was ſcarce compleated by the wicked artifices of the Devil, than an amazing remedy was found for ſo aſtoniſhing a loſs: And it cannot be doubted, but that in wrath there was mercy extended to the bodies, as well as to the ſouls of men? It does not appear from the ſacred records, that there was any thing at that time ſo abſolutely miſerable entailed on the human race, as to warrant general murmurs, or peeviſh diſcontent; much leſs invectives againſt Providence in this reſpect. The Patriarchs and their deſcendants were liable indeed to death as
we

we are; but they lived to a great age, in uncommon vigor, and (as far as we can collect) with little interruption of health.

PHILALETHES.

But we find their longevity decreasing, in every succession after the flood, and fewer marks of that vigor, the more removed men became from their first parent.

CLEANTHES.

True, PHILALETHES, and therefore, after this period, we find the painful situation of mankind accounted (I had almost said apologized) for, by that tender Being, whose mercies are over all his works—But if bodily sufferings should at any time be found necessary, and useful preparatives to introduce a change finally and eternally beneficial to the creature, how can we doubt but that the darker clouds of bodily suffering, have yet some streams of light to gild the solemn scene?—It is, I trust, only the fate of the finally condemned, to suffer unceasing torture—a fever, which knows no remission; a thirst, no abatement; agonies without support, or horrors without end.—But this is a consideration that more properly belongs to another branch of this enquiry.

HORTENSIUS.

But I cannot see how this wretched earth, these jarring elements, this diminished vigor, can conduce to any thing like happiness, when compared with those earlier scenes of bliss.—Nor can I, by casting my eyes abroad, see those symptoms of satisfaction, which your argument aims to prove, is yet the lot of man.

CLEANTHES.

A wrong manner of taking the measure of human happiness, has given rise to a multiplicity of errors, and perhaps to none more frequently than to that, we are now considering.

HORTENSIUS.

Do you suppose that an earthly Paradise, would not still be such to the present race, as it was to ADAM?

CLEANTHES.

I do indeed—I believe that were such a happy spot still existing, and man not prohibited from taking possession, it would not furnish him with such rapturous sensations in his present state, as it did our first parents, before the fall.

PHILALETHES.

From some alteration in ourselves, perhaps.

CLEANTHES.

Undoubtedly—Sin and disease have introduced visible changes into the nature of the human œconomy. We know by experience that some sounds are now too pleasing, some scents too powerful for our nature to bear without uneasiness; and that the brightness of faded creation, is even yet sufficiently great, to oblige us to view it with a prudent caution.

SOPHRONIUS.

Nor would our inclinations and pursuits probably agree with the nature of the primæval paradise.

CLEANTHES.

I was just going to assert as much.—What would become of modern health without exercise? Yet what could prompt to labor, in a land luxuriantly plentiful, and spontaneously pouring forth unmeasurable profusion? If ease, or indolence; if a constant succession of pleasurable sensations were adapted to the nature of the first man in a state of innocence, it is certain far other comforts are become the lot of his fallen descendants; but comforts there are still; and sufficient to make the present world, though

though inferior in blifs to the garden of Eden, neither a melancholy vale of ever-flowing tears; nor a desert gloomy as the shadow of death.

SOPHRONIUS.

If we are not careful in our explanation of certain passages on this subject, we shall form notions of our nature very dissonant from facts. If we understand that saying in too literal a sense, that God has made men little lower than the angels, we shall be apt to exalt his character too high; but if we cloath him with that mortality which is his undoubted birth-right, we shall find him allied to many sorrows, and intimately acquainted with many griefs.

CLEANTHES.

Your distinction is very proper—I would only beg leave to add, that there seem to be certain degrees of perfection in the human frame, adapted to the sensations it is designed at different times to share—The most consummate, divests it of all terrestrial incumbrances, and gives it a celestial nature—The compleatest below this was probably that of ADAM, co-operating at first with the perfection of every thing about him—His posterity, it is confessed, are cast in a more imperfect mould, but still capable of comforts in a higher degree, and more in number, than we are grateful enough to own, or prudent enough to secure. But we may talk of this some other time, the shades of evening admonish me to retire.

SOPHRONIUS.

CLEANTHES, you have obliged us much, but at the same time so raised our expectations of what is yet to come, that we must intreat your return to us again, and that we may have your company to-morrow.

CLE-

(206)

CLEANTHES.

I will do myself then the pleasure of waiting on you again,
but will not disturb you too early.

SOPHRONIUS.

There is no great danger that you will; for few leave their
bed at this time of year sooner than myself. I value an hour in
the morning, as an ingenious Writer expresses it, as much as
the libertine does one at midnight, and find in it the same beau-
ties which he so elegantly describes.

CLEANTHES.

Farewell then my friends.

ALL.

We are yours, CLEANTHES.

D I A L O G U E II.

SOPHRONIUS, HORTENSIUS, CLEANTHES;
and PHILALETHES.

SOPHRONIUS.

NOW that we are once more assembled, and have refreshed ourselves with a temperate repast, we shall be glad if CLEANTHES will resume the subject, where he left it yesterday.

PHILALETHES.

I think, SOPHRONIUS, the substance of CLEANTHES' last observation amounted to this: That a relative fitness between our natures, and the objects of sense, is the true foundation of that pleasant or tolerable situation of man, which constitutes health or happiness; and that an unlucky disproportion in this matter, or absolute opposition to this fitness, creates most of the disturbances and miseries of which we complain.

CLEANTHES.

You take my meaning very right—and this position will lead us to consider our structure on a more extensive plan, than we are commonly accustomed to do; we are apt to determine hastily, and in a contracted manner, on a subject of considerable latitude: When we reason on the mind or disposition, we proceed by a fairer rule; we agree almost unanimously, that it is impossible to determine, what must necessarily be pleasing or displeasing to another.—But when we come to discourse of the body, and its functions, we draw a very little circle around it, within whose scanty limits we place the seat of all enjoyment, while all beyond
is

is disappointment, discontent, and suffering.—We know where the shoe pinches, better than those who wear it; and are almost ready to say, it ought to pinch, whether it does or no.—Not so, the wisest, as well as the kindest of Beings; He has formed men in so amazing, so advantageous a manner, that each sex, with their variety, temperature, structure and disposition, cannot but meet with something relatively agreeable, in almost every condition of existence; whence country and climate, employment, situation and events, are all, at different times, and under certain circumstances, reconcilable with human happiness.

HORTENSIUS.

But how does this appear?

CLEANTHES.

Take one instance, HORTENSIUS, in which this truth appears so very plain, that instead of denying it, we lend it all the assistance we can; even borrowing in its favor, the ornaments of rhetoric and harmony of numbers; and this in an instance where (if ever) we should least of all expect to be thus employed.

PHILALETHES.

I almost guess what you are going to say: but proceed.

CLEANTHES.

I mean in the accomplishment of that awful threatning at the fall of ADAM; “that he, and his posterity, should earn their bread “with the sweat of their brow;” and yet what savory meals, what satisfaction and pleasure, does not, or may not flow, from this very situation of life? And therefore flow—not from an absolute necessity in general of bodily fatigue to happiness, but from the suitability of its nature to the robust make, and untutored strength of thousands. If however, the clown should be persuaded out of his happiness, by holding up to him a flattering
portrait

portrait of refin'd enjoyments, let him try the change, and be as happy as idleness and soft amusement can make him: when being incapable of acquiring new sensations, and out of the reach of his natural ones, he will own himself formed for a rougher task; and that a life of labor is to him a life of sweets.

HORTENSIUS.

What a pity it is your clown is not qualified to lament in numbers——

——*pol me occidistis amici*
Non servastis——cui sic extorta voluptas.

CLEANTHES.

Be as jocular as you will, HORTENSIUS, but you cannot deny the fact. The greatest obstacle in this, as in other cases, to the attainment of truth, is prejudice, whether of liking or distaste, and very hard to be removed. It has been prettily observed, that people will hunt, as it were, for reasons to confirm first impressions, in compliment to their own sagacity; nor is it every mind that has the ingenuity to confess itself mistaken every time it finds itself wrong.—And so much for our clown.

HORTENSIUS.

I must confess you have made him a very rational being, and capable to instruct his betters. But go on, if you please, to remove those many difficulties which seem to oppose your passage.

CLEANTHES.

Upon a similar plan of reasoning, I go on to suppose, that we judge very improperly, when we consign over to inevitable misery, and a wretched prolongation of life, all such as live by occupations that appear disagreeable to us; that we know to be

hazardous and sometimes fatal. For is it strictly true, that a given occupation, as such, shall prove certainly detrimental to all who undertake it; and that even to a certain point and degree? I am confident I am authorised to say, it is not; and to assert, that the disposition of men towards the vast variety of employments of every kind, depends on a particular frame of mind, and force of constitution, in consequence of which they neither dread, or experience the miseries which the slanderer is apt to fix as their inevitable lot.—And hence, not only with content, but with indisputable marks of mirth, do the poor enter on undertakings of the most alarming nature, to the eye, and apprehension of the public.

SOPHRONIUS.

There seems a good deal of probability in what you say, CLEANTHES, and indeed what would become of the world if it were otherwise? There would then be an immense number of human beings daily delivered over to certain perdition of health, and miserable sensations, who from their own private situation, and that of human affairs, must unavoidably enter the lists with these formidable antagonists, or be obliged to want necessaries themselves, and to distress the public.

CLEANTHES.

And yet neither the one nor the other of these, is (in my opinion) absolutely necessary. The indigent may pursue most occupations, with little or less detriment than the rich can wallow in luxury, and excess of riot—and the apparent inconveniences that are sometimes attendant on poverty, are equalled, if not exceeded by those, that spring from the abuse of riches.

PHILALETHES.

But you do not pretend to deny, that certain trades and employments have in themselves a natural tendency to impair health; or that they really do so on some occasions?

CLE-

CLEANTHES.

Certainly not—Many have undoubtedly fallen a sacrifice to the unhealthy situation in which they were placed—but this is no more a certain proof of the absolute fatality of an employment, than it would be of the unavoidable consequence of a tempest, that one sheep or horse should perish, when hundreds escape; or that ten trees should be blasted out of a crowded wood.

SOPHRONIUS.

There are more reasons probably assignable in favor of your argument, CLEANTHES, than the general one you hinted at just now.

CLEANTHES.

Those I have, are at your service—Such as, that among this class of men, either natural strength of constitution, the advantage of use and habit, or some prudential customs known to, and practised by artificers in their respective situations, do carry the greater part of them with safety through their danger.

SOPHRONIUS.

If the king of Pontus could so familiarise his constitution to poison, that no application of that kind could ever kill him, why may not artificers accustom themselves to deal with danger, and to handle deadly things, yet escape unhurt?

CLEANTHES.

Besides all which, a very considerable portion of those who are obliged to labor hard for food, are usually addicted to such excess in the article of liquor, as almost exculpates their calling from having any share in their misery; and would have made them an easy prey to disease and suffering, had their lot been cast in a much more promising ground.

PHILALETHES.

And may we not add another cause, the real distresses of the deserving poor, whether from modesty, misfortune, or the difficulty of procuring the necessaries of life, owing to a real or pretended scarcity? In which case we may comprehend how labor of any kind meerly as such, may become detrimental to health, and too great a burden for so much wretchedness to bear. And can we wonder that nature in such a sinking situation (especially uninstructed by education, and unassisted by religion) should grasp at any twig of momentary relief, or catch at the temporary support of liquor, when it cannot obtain the more durable refreshment of food?

CLEANTHES.

Indeed I am willing to make great allowances for the Irregularities of which the poor are apt to be guilty on these occasions, yet too often I fear they are to blame. But to finish this part of my argument, as very different means will sometimes bring men into very similar distresses, it is impossible for opinion alone to determine, what degree of health would have fallen to any person's share in this or that particular trade or situation of life—At least it is certain, that there is scarce a distemper to which the laboring world is deem'd peculiarly subject, which is not, at one time or other, the lot of the higher ranks of life.

HORTENSIUS.

Pardon me, CLEANTHES, if I raise another difficulty. While I was pursuing my studies in the University, I dipped into an Author, of whom I know not whether he pleased me more with the elegance of his stile, and variety of his learning, or terrified me, with the dreadful picture of the sufferings of tradesmen.

CLEANTHES.

The book you mean is *Ramazzini de Morbis Artificum*. The ingenious

ingenious author, struck with the disorders with which he saw mankind afflicted, set himself to enquire what share of them could be imputed to the nature of the trade and employment of each respective artificer.—And hence the diseases thus appropriated to tradesmen have been thought as unavoidable, as the inheritance of a gout or some other disorder, derived from parents, without a possibility of cutting off the miserable entail.

HORTENSIUS.

But are his accounts then exaggerated, and can the long catalogue be fairly reduced to a more comfortable size?

CLEANTHES.

Indeed I think so, and to tell you the truth, I have sometimes amused myself with striking off some superfluous accusations: but indeed, he is on my side of the question as far as he gives rules, and prescribes medicines, to prevent, or remove these inconveniences; and this he does very frequently.

SOPHRONIUS.

I wish we could have a specimen of what you have objected to this Author.

HORTENSIUS.

I think CLEANTHES will let the first chapter pass.—The digging in the mines is so notoriously dreadful, as to be inflicted only as a punishment for the most outrageous offences—He can strike off nothing there.

CLEANTHES.

What, not the *Viruli*? the little demons and spectres, which run about, and terrify the workmen, and can be cast out only by fasting and prayer, as KIRCHER informs us—an employment to which neither the place nor the people seem very well adapted.

adapted. The flaps they are said to receive from these demons, and which are usually followed by death in a day or two, are probably occasioned by some pestilential blast—the little footsteps they leave behind them, like those of children of two years old; their large hats and goggle eyes, I leave to be accounted for, by the powers of imagination; especially in a place, where the vapors may disturb the brain perhaps, and impair the sight.

HORTENSIUS.

But RAMAZZINI argues in a different manner, with respect to their sight, which he says is strengthened by looking on brass, agreeable to a quotation from PLUTARCH, as explained by MACROBIUS; and mentions in support of it a Collyrium found in the works of CELSUS, in which *Squama Æris* is an ingredient; and hence accounts for HOMER's using the expression of *νῦροπα χαλχόν.*

CLEANTHES.

I have always considered the epithet in a different sense, and that the Poet designed by it to represent such a high polish of *Agamemnon's* armor, as should dazzle the eyes of the beholders.—And the epithet in this sense, is literally applicable to a few instances, where persons have been cruelly deprived of their sight, by having their eyes exposed to the surface of highly polished brass, rendered burning, as well as shining, by the beams of a bright sun.

SOPHRONIUS.

But did RAMAZZINI himself believe in these spectres?

CLEANTHES.

At first he doubted, but at last his credulity seems to have got the better, for he thus expresses himself, "*A perito metallurgo*
"*Hannoverensi*

“ *Hannoverensi accepi, fabulosum non esse, ut putabam, id quod de hujusmodi dæmunculis in fodinis stabulantibus tradunt;*” and then adds, that the Hanoverians had given these little devils a name in their own language.

HORTENSIUS.

But I think the devils should be rather employed in encouraging men to dig for metals, the *opes irritamenta malorum*, than in blasting their labor.

CLEANTHES.

You are at liberty to comment upon it as you please, and you may even doubt with respect to brass, how it happens, that being a creature of art, it should have any subterraneous dwelling at all.

HORTENSIUS.

I have been told by ingenious men, that the word in strictness should be rendered copper—but at any rate, I suppose, you do not mean to exculpate these horrid caverns, from impairing the health, or shortening the lives of men?

CLEANTHES.

By no means, nor to contradict RAMAZZINI universally: but by appealing to the great improvement in natural knowledge since his time, and to the more certain discovery of the properties of various bodies, to deduce, that much less inconvenience follows from many trades now, than did in his days. —The putrid air of ships, hospitals and crowded jails have doubtless made dreadful havock formerly; but since the introduction of ventilators, this no longer makes a necessary part of the sufferings of sailors, prisoners, or patients so confined.

PHILALETHES.

But surely, CLEANTHES, there are trades which can have nothing brought in their favor, meerly as trades?

CLEANTHES.

Fix on one if you please.

PHILALETHES.

What think you of a Painter, or grinder of colors?

HORTENSIUS.

RAMAZZINI himself gives up this point you know, and observes, that painters in general are very short lived.

CLEANTHES.

The materials employed by painters are of a noxious nature, if constantly admitted by the nose and mouth. RAMAZZINI observes of portrait painters, that they are generally unhealthy, and very often short lived.—So far as this observation holds true, it may better be imputed to their sedentary life, and stertch of thought and invention, than meerly to the smell of their colors. But if we look into their history, we shall find that many of them were intemperate followers of mirth, and engaged very deep in debauchery—and on the other hand, we have names of a capital rank among them, who have been instances of health and longevity—PERRUGIN who had the honor to instruct RAPHAEL, reached his seventy-ninth year—CARLO MARATT his eighty-ninth year—one died upwards of eighty, without ever having known a day's illness—TINTORETTI died at eighty-four—and the celebrated TITIAN lived to the hundredth year of his age, and then died of a no less fatal disorder than the plague; and yet is said to have discovered a genius, and exercised himself in painting so early as the ninth
year

year of his age—**FERNELIUS'** instance of a painter, who sucked his brush, is entirely out of the question.

SOPHRONIUS.

As well as instances of workmen in a glass-house drinking large draughts of cold water, or reapers sweating in the heat of summer, and intemperately pouring down small beer.

CLEANTHES.

These points are certainly to be attended to, in a critical estimate of human sufferings; and I think my general position is pretty well established; and that **RAMAZZINI** may be supposed to have been a little mistaken in other articles, as well as in those already treated of.

HORTENSIUS.

I will interrupt you but this once; and it shall be with observing, that the pursuit of knowledge, and the compounding of medicines, are both placed by this Author in the same black catalogue.—Men of learning and study, have taken up, it seems, an unwholesome employment; and the preparers of medicine, and dispensers of health, are but themselves devoted victims to pain and disease. Who then can be safe?

CLEANTHES.

Those who do not confine themselves too long to one spot or subject; but mix occasionally with amusing company, and exercise themselves in a convenient manner.—Then will study be so far from hastening the decline of nature, that it will longer keep the powers of the body in a state of placid pleasure, by uniting them more strictly to the sensible workings of the mind.

Nor will the compounders of medicine receive any other detriment, than what imprudence in blending powerful drugs, or constitutional antipathy to many scents, may chance to

occasion. In short, there seems to be little wanting here but rules, and some care to observe them; and these are wanting on many occasions in human life; and in some employments, from which, I believe, you would not wish to be wholly excused. What think you of the occupation of eating? More calamities, I will venture to say, arise from our irregularity in the discharge of this universal and yet very dangerous duty, than belong of necessity to any, or all the trades, which, with the diseases in their train, make so dreadful an appearance in RAMAZZINI. But it is impossible to give you all my observations on this Author at this time.

SOPHRONIUS.

Nor is it necessary—as much as belongs to the general argument is sufficient. If I mistake not, you submit your opinion to be judged of, rather than lay down principles, to which you demand assent.—You can have no motive for attempting to reconcile men to their lot, but the pleasure of making more men happy; and therefore if ever a free enquiry is particularly commendable, it is when public utility is all the end proposed.

But you were saying, that the higher ranks of life were generally subject to as many distempers as the laboring poor. Now they are so far from boasting an exemption from suffering, that they readily join in the general accusation, of the body being an ill support to the generous undertakings, and extensively useful plans, in which their influence and importance naturally engage them.

CLEANTHES.

Natural indeed is the attempt of the sensible and noble subject, to lend every assistance, and exert every power he is possessed of, for the service of his country, and for the comfort and glory of his king. And when the peasant disbelieves, and the satyrist exclaims against, the possibility of men being disposed to
 so

so arduous a task, it will be easy for those who reason upon the plan of relative fitness to understand, how men of noble birth and exalted sentiment, cannot but enjoy every opportunity of advancing the public welfare, and from a warmth of true zeal, bear any fatigues relative to the glorious cause in which they engage. Nor has it been peculiar to ancient history to furnish characters, in which accidental or constitutional infirmity was no bar to the exertion of such mental powers and active endeavors as the critical state of affairs more particularly claimed.—Nay farther, it has been known, that sudden and important occasions for great and desperate efforts, have roused the infebled powers, and restored the banished abilities of men, born, and qualified for the execution of the most important trusts.—An effort this as ill suited to those of sordid rank or education, as would be the peasants toil and drudgery to the senators of the land.

SOPHRONIUS.

I suppose CLEANTHES means to shew, that while the great and powerful are liable to the same accidents and sufferings with others, a greatness of spirit, and eager desire, carries them occasionally through greater difficulties, than could be otherwise sustained; and that a steady resolution, and persevering spirit, may bear up against misfortunes, which would crush and conquer less elevated minds.

CLEANTHES.

Yes, SOPHRONIUS; and therefore that we ought not to be so very apprehensive of the dangers, and so fond of describing the wretchedness of an elevated rank and station. As if providence had confined the possibilities of happiness to particular spots, and not scattered it over all creation: or had bestowed it on silent and retired natures, and withheld it from the more active and useful part of mankind.—In short, that no employment,

merely as such, should be the object of our censure, till we have thoroughly weighed all the arguments on the favorable side. But HORTENSIUS looks grave.

HORTENSIUS.

I was thinking of that melancholy picture of human nature, given us by the ROMAN SATYRIST, where each man is discontented with his own employment, and envies that of his neighbor.—To what shall we impute this, CLEANTHES?

CLEANTHES.

We bring on ourselves a great part of those evils, which we are so fond of lamenting, by a mistaken choice of employment or profession of life, no ways adapted to any powers we possess, or inclinations we experience; and thus while we are ever acting against natural bias, we become, of consequence, restless and unhappy. Among those who seek subsistence or immortal fame, by engaging in the dangers and fatigues of a military life; how many have been known whose delicate frames were never designed for such rough and boisterous encounters, some of whom were entered on the list of warriors, almost with rattles in their hands? It requires strength of constitution, and fortitude of mind, to brave the extremes of climate, to cross inhospitable deserts,—and face undauntedly all the horrors of war.—The noisy fame and extensive reputation of a Demosthenes and a Cicero, have determined many to the toil and labors of the bar, whose lungs and bodily vigor, were not a match for such fatigues. We destine our children, as it were from the womb, to certain employments, without consulting either heaven, or common sense in the choice.—It may be said, we consult convenience; and a very proper judge too, provided we lay the whole of our case before it, and consider the happy, as well as the splendid condition, in which we are aiming to place the object of our tender regard.

So-

SOPHRONIUS.

The freedom of our nature seems to require, that we should be left in a great measure to ourselves on some occasions; of which number is the kind of employment or profession we chuse for life. But then doubtless we should watch every possible indication, that can discover in ourselves or others, which way real genius tends.

CLEANTHES.

And yet what is more common than to derive an almost insuperable bias from the accidental circumstances of birth, connexion or example? If example has so prevalent a force, as to make us stem the stream of natural propensities, and seductive pleasures, can we wonder that in lesser instances, and of a less important nature, it should govern almost with a nod? Yet example, I am persuaded, has been often sufficient, to give an early determination to youth, to tread the self same paths, of whatever kind, which their parents, or particular friends did before them. And thus inclination, mistaken for ability, has led them into scenes of life, for which they were never designed, by disposition of mind, or texture of body. But by whatever means we arrive at so much discontent, the consequence is almost always the same; that we are ready to lay the fault on our own particular situation; and to think that a different employment or station, would have suited us better, and rendered us a great deal happier—Yet where (to pursue a little the poet's plan) is the mighty difference between the soldier's camp, and the sailor's cabin? Both callings are exposed to frequent dangers, and to horrible distress; and the starting of a plank may as effectually put an end to the mariner's, as a bullet, to the soldier's troubles; supposing this was the only circumstance to be attended to, on the occasion.—The interruption of rest and peace, is more the fate of crowded cities, than of rural scenes, and calm retirements: but solitude may

at

at some times be more painful than crowds; and hurry is better calculated for some dispositions, than indolence and ease.

SOPHRONIUS.

You will allow however, that the number of the happy, is comparatively few.

CLEANTHES.

I am afraid so; though the possibility of attaining happiness is generally admitted; and the eager pursuit of it, evident beyond a doubt. For wherever there remains a situation untried for the purpose, that will appear to be the one, from which our happiness is to spring.—But how much better would it be to bring back the search for it nearer home, than thus to hunt for it in obscure, and unknown paths; by reviewing our particular bent and disposition, and endeavoring to seek things fitting and convenient to it; by attending to our favorite inclinations, not only in their earliest dawn, but as they grow up, and keep pace with the improvement of our reason.—Let us attend likewise to consequences; and though we do not always see a necessary connexion, between such an action, and such a suffering; yet, inasmuch as we have often experienced it, let us ever suspect them as combining against our peace. Another cause which often involves us in great inconveniences, is that amazing propensity in most men to *imitation*. *To live like ourselves*, is a sensible phrase, as meaning a life adapted to our circumstances and disposition; but the fashionable folly now *is to live like others*, for which we enter on pursuits, quite absurd in their nature, and as unsuccessful in their event. Those steps which have led another to fortunate preferment, may be impossible for me to tread with safety; and that storm of life which only makes another sick, may send my poor shattered bark to the bottom. Our disposition, not our rank and situation in life, should determine the nature of our principal pursuits, and mode of living; and thus the field or the closet, expensive taste or regular sobriety, are all compatible with, and
may

may occasionally make a part of public, as well as private characters.

SOPHRONIUS.

You might have added, CLEANTHES, that whenever we act in opposition to our natural inclinations, in relation to things indifferent in themselves, we must be constantly wretched and uneasy. When we go out of *ourselves* (as it were to occupy *another*) we necessarily become strangers at home—whereas every thing desirable, and that can give us true content, must be relative to feelings there: to feelings of our *own*, peculiarly, and complexionally such. TULLY, that great master of reasoning, as well as of eloquence, gives us advice to the same purpose. “*Omnino si quidquam est decorum, nihil est profecto magis, quam æquabilitas universæ vitæ, tum singularum actionum; quam autem conservare non possis, si ALIORUM NATURAM IMITANS, OMITTAS TUAM.*—But for the present we will drop this subject, and resume it again in another place, as I am desired to introduce you to spend the remainder of the day, with our worthy neighbor ARISTUS, who would very willingly be admitted a sharer in these our friendly debates—it is about the time I promised to be with him.—

ALL.

We shall willingly attend you thither.—

End of the Second Dialogue.

DIA-

D I A L O G U E III.

CLEANTHES, HORTENSIUS, SOPHRONIUS,
PHILALETHES, and ARISTUS.

ARISTUS.

I Think myself peculiarly happy, in having this agreeable company at my table; and am not without hopes that they will honor it with some such conversation, as I know they frequently hold together. I doubt not but it would prove as useful as what we have transmitted to us of that kind, from the philosophers of *Greece* and *Rome*.

HORTENSIUS.

Had you been present, ARISTUS, at the entertainment of yesterday, and this morning, you might well have fancied yourself at the table of some such antiquated sages. For CLEANTHES has been employed in varnishing over all the cracks and imperfections of our nature, and endeavoring to persuade us, that whatever we complain of in this world, is either not worth complaining of, or what we might easily avoid if we pleased.—I have been taught to lay a great deal to the charge of human frailty, and am not willing to be robbed of so easy a defence.—And yet I cannot help owning there is more truth in some things which he asserts, than I formerly even so much as suspected.

SOPHRONIUS.

Want of consideration, HORTENSIUS, is the permanent cloud that obstructs the rays of truth.—Your youth deserves pardon, and your ingenuous confession, praise.—But I am mistaken if

CLE-

CLEANTHES has not more artillery to play off, before he quits the field.

ARISTUS.

I hope I shall be present at the engagement.

HORTENSIUS.

Why not? CLEANTHES is no Rhodian leaper. He is ready to perform on any ground.

ARISTUS.

Let us then repair to that arched bower, where neither heat nor noise are likely to disturb us.—Give me leave to lead the way. The fruit and wine shall follow us.

CLEANTHES.

I will not decline a task so obligingly imposed upon me, though I doubt not but many present are better qualified for it than myself.

HORTENSIUS.

I promise you I am not of the number; and I even tremble for your success.

CLEANTHES.

I am obliged to your friendly fears; but lest they should mislead ARISTUS, I think it necessary in a summary way to explain the nature of my undertaking to him. I happen, ARISTUS, to be wonderfully disposed to fancy, that all things are so contrived, as that we generally have it in our power to make them subservient to our interest.—We are unavoidably affected with every thing around us; this is granted. But it appears to me, that we might avoid many unhappy influences, under which we daily suffer, by a due observance of certain

rules in our own power: and that many of the evils which occasion such frequent complaints, may be robbed of their more malignant quality, and rendered harmless, when they cannot be made palatable.—I repeat it, (for it cannot sink too deep into our minds) that relative fitness is the whole of human happiness, whether applied to mind or body; and I have asserted that in most cases, there is so little attention paid to it, that from hence, more than from any unfavorable circumstances in our nature, much of human suffering flows. Is there any thing in this so very paradoxical, any thing repugnant to reason or experience?

SOPHRONIUS.

I acknowledge the truth of much of what you have said; but some difficulties still remain. For instance, I have remarked many, who though they seemed pleased, and made the best of events for a part of their lives, yet seldom could keep their temper or good humor to the end. And this in people, who fancied they were taking the very steps you recommend, of adopting things agreeable to their taste.

CLEANTHES.

This disappointment is easily accounted for. There are such changes introduced by the hand of time, both of mind and body, that the same thing cannot always please: And not unusually very distant tastes and even opposite inclinations are seen to follow in succession. Hence those salutary cautions of not tying ourselves to unrelaxing rules of conduct, when the satisfaction resulting from them no longer exists. The things remain the same; it is we that alter—*Non sum qualis eram*, may be applied by every mortal; and with respect almost to every amusement.—There is a decency, there is a propriety, I am sure there is a pleasure, in always acting conformably to the dictates of reason. But if age (for instance) will affect the levity,
and

and join in the giddy schemes of such, whose powers and passions are of a higher form, what can be expected but disappointment? What ought to follow but derision? Nor will youth reap any comfort from affected formality, or from disguising itself in the garb of soberer years.—In nothing more, perhaps, is this absurdity seen, than in the levelling tyranny of fashion, where tottering age must face the same inclement skies, and as lightly clad, as the sprightly glow of buxom youth. What wonder then, if man anticipates, or doubles the infirmities to which he is naturally heir? The disposition will determine our real feelings in spite of all our tricks; as our constitution will the pain or pleasure of our pursuits.—

ARISTUS.

Yet, alas! this tyranny is extended to the table as well as to the toilet; and we must eat and drink, not only what we do not like, but even what we do not know.

CLEANTHES.

'Tis very true; and yet independant of whim and caprice, there is a real change of palate, as well as of the powers of digestion, at different periods of our lives.

ARISTUS.

I have occasionally conversed with medical gentlemen, who were of opinion, that this alteration of taste and appetite, was an instance of the perpetual care of Providence for our welfare.

HORTENSIUS.

Those gentlemen you speak of, are pleased to call wine the *Lac Senum*. But I find nothing repugnant to my constitution, even at present, in good *Burgundy* and *Champaign*, though my follies and flights denote me *young*.

PHILALETHES.

The juice of the grape in moderation, suits all ages above infancy, and perhaps disagrees with few constitutions.— But the remark of CLEANTHES, remains notwithstanding unrefuted. If the powers of digestion, and the condition of our fluids vary, as they certainly do, at different periods of our lives, so doubtless should our diet; and to say that we have no natural propensity to guide us to a judicious choice, would be to allow the brutes to have more foresight than ourselves.

SOPHRONIUS.

But do we not on the other hand, PHILALETHES, frequently see people fond of what is particularly noxious to their constitution? What is dame NATURE's design here?

PHILALETHES.

The very circumstance of being denied, greatly enhances the value of what we covet, and makes us proportionally more eager after it; and then the mind rather than the body is to be called to an examination; but it may be accounted for even on the principle of constitution: Inasmuch as we can never eagerly desire, what always gives us pain; and the things which now for a while disagree, having formerly given us pleasure, we naturally hope to recover that state again, and feel internal longings to make the experiment. And in general, with success. Antipathies born with us, and unintelligible abhorrences, as they are rare, so they need not be introduced into this account.

HORTENSIUS.

But upon this principle of Nature being man's internal prompter to whatever is peculiarly proper, how can we account for the universal abhorrence we all entertain for medicine? Should not this DEA CONSERVATRIX impel us on to our good, and make

us

us pant for the medicated bowl, whether crowned with worm-wood, or roses?

PHILALETHES.

I do not in the first place allow there is an universal abhorrence in our nature to physic; for use, or some other cause makes it palatable to many; nay, we introduce one of the most fetid drugs into sauce, and even into snuff.—But when other-ways, it is sufficient to say, that nature is not idle where our health is concerned.—She receives and retains the most nauseous compositions, when instrumental to the grand object, health.—She foresees probable sufferings in the way, and willingly embraces them, as necessary to success.—The greatest generals have not been ashamed to confess some little tremor at the onset to battles in which they have come off conquerors.—And martyrs have not always viewed the stake without transitory terror. For I speak not of nature as of a compulsive force, but as of an impelling and generally prevailing principle.

But it is time to restore the oar to CLEANTHES' hand, though from his silence I presume we have not steered much out of the way.

CLEANTHES.

No—but to use your own metaphor, you have not crowded all the sail you might; you have passed over that very salutary sagacity of nature, which in illness so particularly disposes us to covet things beneficial, and to loath things detrimental. Of this kind is our great aversion to flesh in every shape during a putrid state of our juices, and our eagerness for every thing acid.

HORTENSIUS.

By your leave then, either *Nature* or her handmaids were mistaken, in a violent fever I lately had.—For my nature called aloud for water and small beer, and I well remember they were both denied me.

CLE-

CLEANTHES.

It was yourself only that was mistaken.—*Nature* called aloud, and properly, for small diluting liquors; it was HORTENSIUS called for cold water and small beer.

ARISTUS.

I believe CLEANTHES is pretty right.—Not but there are instances of very successful temerities to be met with in the chronicles of the sick.

CLEANTHES.

Perhaps they only appear such to us, from our ignorance of what nature is designing.

HORTENSIUS.

I must not ask CLEANTHES for a definition, it seems; but I may, perhaps, for an explanation, of what is meant by the word NATURE, in medicine.

CLEANTHES.

It is a power with which the human body is endued, resulting from the union and harmony of its parts, and their intimate communication with the seat of sense, the brain, of raising such commotions within itself, as have an immediate tendency to remove obstructions, throw off what is hurtful, and change or check the course of various fluids. Some personify as it were this power, and give it the name of ANIMA, enthroning it in the mind, whence it darts its providential eyes into every part of our frame, to prevent diseases, and ward off danger: but if we consider all the artifices attributed to this imaginary being, we shall find her sometimes over-acting her part, and sometimes mistaking it. Which errors are easily accounted for, if we make the word Nature stand for matter and motion, as blended in the structure of the body. In this sense I understand the *Φύσις* of HIPPOCRATES and the ancients, the NATURA of SYDENHAM and the moderns.

ARISTUS.

ARISTUS.

You allow therefore that nature is sometimes mistaken in her operations, and stands in need of correction.

CLEANTHES.

Very frequently; and yet these errors have been ascribed to a providential interposition of the ANIMA. Take an instance: Violent reachings usually attend a sharp fit of the stone or gravel. This is said to be a contrivance of this tutelary being, to drive the stone along the passage to the bladder, whereas it is more likely to retard its progress, and certain to impair the strength.

SOPHRONIUS.

What is NATURE doing then all this time?

CLEANTHES.

Nothing—she is overpowered, and wants assistance. The reachings are the consequence of a general irritation begun by the asperities or size of the concretion, and communicated to the nerves of the stomach—till these and all the parts are more composed, there is little chance of expelling the enemy.

HORTENSIUS.

By your leave, let us change the discourse: I shall grow whimsical if I hear too much of these things.

CLEANTHES.

With all my heart: Though I forget where we were.

ARISTUS.

I'll help you on—an observation occurs to me, from your reflection on the change of disposition, being dependant on that of years, which seems to make a little against your very comprehensive scheme of happiness. It is this——that there seems

to be no season or period of life which a reasonable man would dare to fix on, might he have his choice of remaining in it, during his residence on earth.—For indeed where could he fix? He would hardly prefer the helpless state of infancy; and yet infants have their joys it is certain; but they leave not sufficient traces on the memory, to be afterwards described. Much of the apparent suffering, the sobs and sorrows of this age, arise from the improper conduct of those about us, as well as many that are really such. But it cannot be supposed, that man, after having known the use of reason, should fix on an existence where he has so few powers at command.

The life and fire of youth, would seem more strongly to recommend itself, but that unfortunately this age is not without alloy. The fire often burns too furious for our own safety, and not unfrequently endangers that of the public; so that the parties themselves have acknowledged the unsatisfactoriness of their pursuits, and have experienced the approach even of autumn with pleasure, tired with the dangerous surfeit of a youthful summer.

HORTENSIVS.

You have said enough on that head.—Pray hasten to the next state.

ARISTVS.

A state, which is doubtless the best calculated for the true enjoyment of life; but in which we act perhaps more injudiciously than might be expected.

The latter end and dregs of life, are so frequently held out to us in an unfavorable manner, as almost to establish a necessity of supposing bodily infirmity and mental perverseness, the unavoidable concomitants of age. But though this is not quite a fair representation of the matter, yet there is too much truth in
it,

it, to allow the least probability of this being the situation, to which we should give the preference.

HORTENSIUS.

Unless, when Nature sends new teeth, furnishes fresh crops of hair, and beats off each hovering infirmity, as a careful mother would do the flies that were about to settle on her sleeping babe.

CLEANTHES.

You can ridicule this age I see, HORTENSIUS, without blushing; but these are *Raræ Aves*, not to be brought into precedents.—The proper reply to what ARISTUS has offered I take to be this:—That each state in succession has a reserve of comforts for man, dependant on, and connected with each other.—Happiness, like some prospects, arising not from a single view, but from comparing a wide expanse together, where deserts are opposed to fruitful vallies, rocks to plains; the terrors of the main, to the foothings of the rill; the solemnity of a ruin, to the enchanting melody of a grove.

And from thus arguing on the principles of variety and comparison, as relative to human happiness, a word or two might be offered in favor of sickness and pain, if I was not afraid of surprising HORTENSIUS too much.

HORTENSIUS.

You cannot surprize me more than you have already done; you have opened a scene quite new to my imagination, and may (for the present at least) transport me whither you will.—I have read, that health for want of change becomes disease: Nay, that there is a pleasure in madness which none but madmen know; but I must confess these are pleasures I am not eager to taste.

CLEANTHES.

These are very strong expressions, it must be allowed; but that something similar to the first of these assertions is not entirely without foundation, is not perhaps so difficult to make appear.

HORTENSIUS.

To speak in defence of sickness, pain, and infirmity, seems to me, as strange an attempt, as a panegyric on folly.

CLEANTHES.

It is proposed only to strip it of what does not essentially belong to it, and to set it in the fairest light it will bear; when we may probably see reason, not only to suppress our murmurs, but to grow reconciled to our sufferings; when we find that as pain often treads on the heels of pleasure, so pleasure not unfrequently follows pain.

The parching heat of a raging fever, excites such eager desires after cooling and plentiful drink, that gratified to its wish, it is productive of such pleasurable sensations, as experience alone, not description, can comprehend. Even fancy sometimes lends her transitory aid, by refreshing the slumbers of the sick with the idea of cooling streams. Let a less degree of thirst, the effect of heat and labor, but seize the weary traveller, and what boasted nectar can exceed the sweets of the most plain and obvious drinks?

To spread the languid limbs on easy beds, or give the tired eye to sweet slumber, are abatements in the calculation, and must be subtracted from the sum total, of sickly sufferings; they become a kind of comparative enjoyment.—There are several delightful sensations, which we either experience not, or very faintly, in a state of uninterrupted ease.—A cessation of pain is productive of such exquisite happiness, that we can find no properer method of expressing it, than by comparing it to celestial bliss. For as an exemption from pain is one of the ingredients
of

of happiness above, so the removal of it, constitutes a heaven below.

HORTENSIUS.

You allow then that disease and suffering are the lot of man, but that some how or other, he will get the better of them at last, and so be happy. The little *Douceurs* you throw in, of soft beds, comfortable drinks, and the like, are unknown to all the lower class of men, and consequently to the far greater part of the creation. There are numerous beings who feel the pains of sickness, and the sting of poverty together; where to their bodily trials are added, the more excruciating sufferings of the mind; from a helpless family weeping around, and calling for that *daily bread*, which they are too young to expect at present from any, but their *father which is on earth*. Where can such an object derive arguments of comfort to support him under such accumulated trials? Are not bodily sufferings in such circumstances, indeed an intolerable load?

CLEANTHES.

From the feeling manner in which you paint these sufferings, I am certain you have been used to relieve them; and if so, allow Providence has not entirely deserted the poor man's cause.

HORTENSIUS.

I have, CLEANTHES,—and the first serious check I ever gave to my follies, was owing to the rapturous pleasure I experienced on such an occasion. I found myself repaid with interest, the happiness I bestowed on others,—But what proportion does such relief bear to the constant distresses of the poor?

CLE-

CLEANTHES.

You seem to forget, HORTENSIVS, that whatever virtues may have deserted your native country, CHARITY still continues to adorn it. There are numberless benevolent spirits who go about doing good, who by their counsel and example in different parts of this happy island, have raised, and support charitable foundations, for the reception of the really poor, laboring under diseases of whatever kind. This heavenly principle of compassion, almost keeps pace with the claims upon it, from the number of the wretched; and may this spirit never fail!

SOPHRONIUS.

It never can, CLEANTHES, in a nation, that has so often been merciful, even to its captive foes.

CLEANTHES.

But to return from this digression. The benevolent Creator, has not been wanting in providing armor for all ranks of his creatures, against the assaults of so dreadful an enemy as *pain*.— It is acknowledged that our bodies are capable of feeling such excruciating tortures, such inexpressible agonies, as have made heathens desert the station appointed them by Providence, and rashly put an end to their lives. The resignation of the christian, does not so far alter the man, as to divest him of his bodily feelings. And pain may continue till it gets the better of life, or (what is much worse) till it gets the better of reason. But in this dreadful state of things, we are provided with a remedy, a plant of which we may taste and live: Whose juice has the power of obtunding the sharpest sufferings, and of giving (almost in a moment) insensibility and ease.

ARISTUS.

Did not SYLVIUS declare, that he could not have been present at some scenes he was called to, and must have given
over

over the practice of physic, if such a drug as Opium had not been discovered?

CLEANTHES.

He did; and with a degree of zeal that does honor to humanity. It is not only hard to endure, it is most affecting and shocking even to look on some of the conflicts which human nature undergoes: Yet for which immediate ease could not possibly be procured, but from medicines of this particular class.

PHILALETHES

I entirely agree with you in the fact. But I think you might add something farther in defence of your cause. There is a power within us, whencesoever derived, to which we commonly give the name of *Resolution*.—But it has this effect, in general, that by exerting it, we suffer less than we should do without it. That it is not imaginary, or entirely dependant on constitution, is evident from the persons who are often seen to exert it.—And indeed we frequently do not know we possess it, till a disagreeable occasion, makes the happy discovery.

CLEANTHES.

I am very well convinced there are latent powers both of mind and body, that called forth in great extremities, are capable of blunting the keen edge of affliction and pain; and that no one in the calm season of health and ease, can form any proper notion of what his behavior would be, under heavy trials. Be this assistance derived from supernatural aid, or inferior causes, it fights still on the side of human nature.

SOPHRONIUS.

I have observed, that in proportion to the aversion with which medicines are swallowed, they become less serviceable, or more troublesome

troublesome in their operation; and I have read of persons who have worked themselves up to such a degree of antipathy, that the very sight and smell of physic, has brought on all the consequences, that the composition taken down could possibly have done.

CLEANTHES.

This too has been observed by BOYLE and others. But to conclude the topic of sick men's comforts, let me add, the return of taste and appetite after constant loathings; of air and exercise, after tedious confinement; of the sight and enjoyment of friends, after a state of stupidity, or frenzy: these are so many inlets of new perceptions of pleasure, to be set against the exceptionable parts of the scenes we have gone through; but of pleasure, which owes its origin and force, to antecedent misfortunes. In a word, we enjoy blessings better, after having known the want of them: and we are apt to lose the relish of them as such, when they become the constant companions of our lives. And in this sense probably it is, HORTENSIUS, that health, for want of change, was boldly stiled disease.

PHILALETHES.

But on this principle, should not misery, if terminating at last, be the most promising soil for producing a full and lasting crop of happiness?

CLEANTHES.

I venture not to assert so much: but I am inclined to think, that a life unchequered by disappointments, unagitated by desires, and unruffled by misfortunes, would in the present state of human nature be a very insipid existence: and that we have but little reason to complain of that regulation, which makes many hardships conducive to our truest interest, and crowns our very sufferings with pleasure.

HOR-

HORTENSIUS.

I must confess that the happiness which can only be extracted from misery, is not much to my palate.

CLEANTHES.

Perhaps not. But if I should substitute the passions instead of the misfortunes of life, and prove that some of those which are deemed so troublesome, are very capable of being instrumental in the happiness both of body and mind, what would you say to this, HORTENSIUS?

HORTENSIUS.

That you can change all you touch to gold. The LYDIAN KING however, as I remember, was no great gainer by the experiment. I know not what success it may have in your hands.

CLEANTHES.

The passions, HORTENSIUS, were indisputably given us for our present as well as future advantage. They require some kind of management, as what does not, that is capable of doing harm as well as good? A certain degree of wind carries the mariner briskly, yet safely on: in the same manner a proper proportion of warmth in our temper, animates zeal and perseverance in things commendable; while a storm endangers or oversets the vessel. 'Tis not the briskness with which we sail on the sea of life, but our touching at improper ports, that ruins us.

ARISTUS.

This is no new doctrine with respect to the mental part of us: but I am at a loss to know how you make a brisk exertion of the passions subservient to the body's advantage? I thought health had consisted in keeping them very tame. You would not bring fire and faggot to put out a fever?

CLE-

CLEANTHES.

No—but to kindle one I might. You are to know that physicians in some cases stand in great need of such a commotion of blood, as is understood by that term, and yet cannot always obtain it. I am almost inclined to give you a pleasant history of this sort, on which I should be glad of HORTENSIUS's remarks.

HORTENSIUS.

But if I don't understand the subject?

CLEANTHES.

We shall see that presently.—A reporter of strange events informs us, that the Emperor PALÆOLOGUS the second of the name, was sick, and kept his bed a twelve-month together, of a disease that his physicians could scarce find a name for, and much less medicines to cure; but when all despaired of his recovery, an *Old Woman* told the Empress, that if she made it her business to vex and anger the Emperor to purpose, and would pursue that method continually, it would restore him to his former health. *That Sex* (says the scandalous historian,) *being generally provided with such a remedy*, the Empress applied it immediately, and to that degree, as to suffer nothing to be done which he commanded; but so crossed and vexed him in every thing, that the torment she continually gave him, at length forced him into a sweat, by which means the natural heat being stirred up, and augmented by ill usage, it perfectly dissipated and discharged the offending humors that occasioned his sickness, and the Emperor was perfectly recovered; survived this distemper twenty years, and continued in health, till he was sixty. What think you of this, HORTENSIUS?

HORTENSIUS.

That 'tis a history of the author's own invention, calculated only for the trite purpose of calumniating the fair sex, who deserve not such ungenerous treatment.

CLE-

CLEANTHES.

I see you do understand the subject, because you fire at a proper time and in a proper manner, in the sex's defence.

HORTENSIUS.

I am afraid a little too late, to revenge myself on the author of your tale.

CLEANTHES.

Whatever becomes of the tale, the assertion is extremely true, that unaccountable cures have been performed, by the effects of fright, fear and fury, whether accidentally or designedly excited:—The Gout has not only been instantly removed by the passions of fear and surprize, but eradicated for life; and paralytic lameness and contractions, have been succeeded by freedom of motion; in consequence of violent and outrageous passion; at least, if we may give credit to histories that are very well attested.

HORTENSIUS.

Why this is charming—Pain, Poverty, Labor, Sicknes— all trifles! PASSION, the *furor brevis* of former moralists, salutary and commendable!

CLEANTHES.

A comfortable instance at least among many, that Providence is ever watching to bring good out of evil, for the more extensive happiness of the creation.

But view it in a medical light, and there is nothing in it contradictory to our best founded notions of the human structure. Think only of the fluids driven back as it were from the circumference to the centre of the body, by a sudden fright, and as instantly driven out again, by the necessity of as sudden and impetuous a resolution. What a shock must the body thus sustain between such contradictory motions? and what can be effected

similar to this, by the power of any known medicine? especially if we consider, that some things which might promise to bring about great revolutions in our system, throw the stomach generally into such disorder, as to prevent the experiment from being brought to a conclusion: or else they are so weakened by the compass they are forced to take, as to arrive at the place of their destination with too little force to conquer, or even to attack the enemy.

ARISTUS.

These instances, I presume, are very rare, and therefore it would not be prudent to venture on the Gout, because now and then a miracle is performed in its favor.

HORTENSIUS.

No, ARISTUS, nor on many pursuits which recommend themselves to inconsiderate youth, by a promise of present satisfaction, and a possibility of no disagreeable consequences. But prudence does not flourish very remarkably in this soil.

But there is another thing which troubles me much. I feel a perpetual thirst for variety, and experience a restlessness in myself, and observe the same in others of my age. I wish this might be pardonable in the eyes of such a Philosopher as CLEANTHES, I can hardly expect more.

CLEANTHES.

Indeed, my lively friend, but you may.—It can be vindicated upon rational principles, deduced from the structure of the body, which cannot remain long in the same state and condition, without manifest inconveniencies.—Let us suppose a man, in order to avoid troublesome fatigue, to sit still many days, and to enjoy life as he may fancy, by partaking of delicacies in which he delights. The highest happiness his condition seems capable of, would be to fall asleep—perchance that sleep, unquiet,

quiet, and unrefreshing—let him by way of trial, at some other time, pursue business or amusement, till he is hungry and fatigued; and then let him tell us, which day's meal appeared to him the most savory, and from which sleep, he derived the most refreshment.

The weariness we complain of when we continue long in one posture, even in sitting still, may seem a hardship upon our nature; and it sounds like a paradox to assert, that rest may be productive of uneasiness; yet nothing is more certain; and it is a wise and excellent provision for the welfare of man, by prompting him to frequent change of posture, and urging him to such degrees of motion, as are necessary to promote the circulation of his fluids, through the many crooked meanders in which they are destined to flow; and on the uninterrupted course of which, so much of health depends. And hence the restlessness of children, and even their frequent crying, is attended with salutary effects.

HORTENSIVS.

I wish this had been known sooner; for it was my lot, and I suppose it is that of most children, to be frequently chastised, for being, as it was called, naughty, whereas to fret and cry, it seems, is but a natural exercise.

SOPHRONIUS.

I am afraid HORTENSIVS will strain your observation to patronize the unlucky tricks of school boys; and persuade himself, that activity in leaping fences to get at fruit, is only following the salutary dictates of nature, and that robbing orchards is essential to health.

CLEANTHES.

As he is past those sorts of temptation now, we will not enquire how he acquitted himself in that lively period—*Dulce est desipere in loco.*

HORTENSIUS.

After so genteel a compliment, I can only object, with a view of real information. And therefore I should be glad to know whether the satiety, and even tendency to loathing, which is apt to follow the constant use of any one sort of diet, be likewise of the number of the salutary motions of nature.

CLEANTHES.

I am persuaded myself that it is: Inasmuch as all animal or vegetable food is consistent with the health of very few: but from a proper mixture of the two, we obviate the effect of either being predominant. For however digestion ought to render the *ingesta* exactly homogenous, it neither does nor can constantly accomplish the point; owing perhaps to accidental weakness, or to some peculiarity of the parts, or fluids appointed for the purpose; or it may be, to our own intemperate use, and therefore, abuse of things salutary in themselves.

SOPHRONIUS.

It is well known that enquiries have been set on foot, and rules laid down, in what order to taste the greatest variety of dishes, with the least hazard of health.

PHILALETHES.

Nay you might as well have added the last refinement of beastly luxury in the *Romans*, who took care to make artificial vacancies, for the gluttonous reception of the expected treat.

CLEANTHES.

Without these faulty refinements, nature is well qualified to enjoy variety, both in food and physick. We can in general range over the whole creation, through the vegetable, animal, and mineral kingdoms, and freely take down, not only without hurt, but with benefit, food and physick of very opposite qualities; such

such as luscious sweets or corrugating acids; the natural heat of spices, and the artificial chill of ice.—And is not this a more welcome prospect, for the welfare of the human body, than the scanty plan, and contracted allowance, of a handful of herbs? of food and physic only from the vegetable tribe?

ARISTUS.

I have heard that it is a favorite opinion with some authors, that we are constitutionally formed to feed on *Vegetables* only.

CLEANTHES.

This has been the opinion of some physicians, and particularly of Monf. HECQUET. The argument thrown into an anatomical form, stands thus—Man, say the patrons of this doctrine, and all animals, who have blunt teeth, and long intestines, were designed originally to feed on vegetables only: while those with sharp teeth, and short intestines, were framed to feed on flesh; as blunt teeth are fitter for grinding, and long intestines for allowing the food when ground, to remain in the body a convenient time, to be fully digested, so as to have the finer parts taken up and conveyed into the blood; while sharp teeth are much fitter for rending asunder animal food, and short intestines for hurrying that food out of the body, which in its nature is liable to speedy putrefaction.

PHILALETHES.

The anatomical reasoning may be very just, for any thing I know; and there seems to be something ingenious in the theory; but still I am afraid it is not agreeable to fact; for not to mention, that the beautiful variety of the animal, was coæval with that of the vegetable creation, we have the express direction of God himself to the JEWS, under the MOSAIC dispensation, to abstain from the flesh of some animals, as unfit, and to chuse that of others as very fit, and lawful to be eaten—a singular instance

instance surely, to give man a liberty to enjoy that kind of food, for which, according to this theory, he was not furnished with proper organs and receptacles by his Maker.

CLEANTHES.

There is no occasion for deep enquiries on the subject. Experience has entirely settled the matter; for beside that man's stomach is formed like that of other carnivorous animals, we find he can, and does digest all sorts of flesh; and to give a still stronger proof of this disposition in the human stomach, there are some barbarous nations, such as the TARTARS and HOTTENTOTS, that actually eat flesh raw and unprepared.

ARISTUS.

I must confess I had never yet considered this circumstance, in any other light, than as an opportunity offered us, by our Creator, of indulging the pleasures of the palate more extensively than if confined to one kind of diet. And in that light it would have deserved our acknowledgement; but more so, when profit is thus combined with pleasure.

SOPHRONIUS.

And yet it would seem as if Providence had not yet done enough for us, by the uncommon pains we take to diversify and prematurely force the productions of every season, or to imitate them, and prolong them beyond their natural bounds.

CLEANTHES.

It does not seem reasonable on a supposition which I think cannot be denied me; which is, that the products of the earth come forth and bloom at those particular times, when the circumstances of the season render them most salutary to man.—In climates indeed where a fainter sun fails to ripen juices to perfection, we
cannot

cannot wonder at the calling in auxiliary heat; though besides that the counterfeit is probably discoverable, I should doubt whether such places stood equally in need of such productions.

SOPHRONIUS.

But in places where the Sun is sufficiently powerful, we are told that impatient man still interferes; and that the stalks of the *Frontiniac grape* are twisted, in order to cut off the supply of cruder juices, and thus hasten the maturing of those already formed.

PHILALETHES.

Nay authors go farther, and introduce a kind of vegetable adultery; (for in these very terms they speak of it themselves) which is a method of uniting the pips of lemons and oranges, so as to produce a tree compounded of the scent and flavor of each. This is said to have been frequent at *Florence*.

CLEANTHES.

There seems to be no harm in exercising the wit and ingenuity of man on such occasions; what I am only concerned to defend is, that Providence has furnished every part of the known world with whatever is necessary for the life and comfort of his creatures; and that as he has greatly diversified the influence of the elements in different parts of the globe, he has provided different kinds of food and physic, respectively suitable to each.

HORTENSIUS.

And every poison carries about with it its own antidote.

CLEANTHES.

That I do not hold necessary to be believed. It is sufficient that antidotes are to be had from other hands.

HOR-

HORTENSIUS.

What think you of "a hair from the same dog," CLEANTHES?

CLEANTHES.

As of an experiment, which it is probable HORTENSIUS has had the curiosity to make, and therefore knows very well, what to think of it himself.

ARISTUS.

But I know not how to reconcile to the opinion of every thing salutary growing in our own climate, the custom of fetching so much of our phyfic from distant parts.

CLEANTHES.

You may understand it, if you please to consider that at this time of day we import much of our food, as well as of our phyfic, from the same distant quarters. Such as spices, pickles, turtles, &c. and that universal favorite with all ranks of people, TEA. We only fetch the poison and the antidote from the same market.

ARISTUS.

I suspect you do not think this liquor wholesome.

CLEANTHES.

Pardon me—it may be innocently, and advantageously drank; but it was never designed to be the principal support of the laboring poor; yet this abuse of it is seen, or rather felt, in almost every cottage.

The argument however was only meant to show, that while we are feeding on foreign diet, we may chance to experience diseases, which foreign drugs are particularly qualified to cure.

ARIS-

ARISTUS.

But setting aside this circumstance, I cannot think that every thing is produced in our own country, that is necessary for the health and welfare of it's inhabitants.

PHILALETHES.

Nor can I—what *Succedanea* can we find at home, I would ask, for *Bark*, *Rhubarb*, and similar drugs? Or even if we had these plants, and yet our climate should not be capable of bringing them to their destined perfection, would it not be the same thing as if we had them not?

SOPHRONIUS.

But after all, perhaps our being thus obliged to seek necessaries from other countries was providentially imposed, to teach us universal benevolence, by making us dependant on our fellow-creatures of every place: Thus subduing the prejudices we are so apt to entertain, against people whose customs, or even complexions happen to differ from our own.

CLEANTHES.

This is no bad hint—but we have wandered far enough for the present. Let us make for port while we have light enough to guide us.—I have probably fatigued my audience as much as myself.

HORTENSIUS.

You have carried me, I must confess, into regions a little new to me, but in a manner, that has not been attended with the least fatigue.

CLEANTHES.

I could expect no less than a compliment from the polite HORTENSIUS.

K k

ARIS-

ARISTUS.

I believe HORTENSIUS has spoken the sentiments of all this company—but we cannot for your own sake urge you to proceed any farther now; yet as I shall be glad to hear all you have left to say on this argument, I will invite myself as SOPHRONIUS' guest to-morrow.

SOPHRONIUS.

A very acceptable one I assure you, and doubly welcome, because you have prevented me in my design.

ALL.

Then farewell ARISTUS.

ARISTUS.

My worthy friends, farewell.

End of the Third Dialogue.

D I A L O G U E IV.

SOPHRONIUS, HORTENSIUS, CLEANTHES,
PHILALETHES, and ARISTUS.

SOPHRONIUS.

I Am glad to see my friends arrived in good time, as the clouds seem to threaten a storm.—ARISTUS, you much oblige me by this visit.

ARISTUS.

I know of no obligation I have laid you under, SOPHRONIUS, unless by giving you an opportunity of indulging your favorite passion, of making your friends happy.

SOPHRONIUS.

If the task of speaking to-day rested principally on me, I should be greatly at a loss how to answer. But I have no other merit than that of bringing my friends together, who will amply reward this trifling mark of my esteem.

HORTENSIUS:

Very polite on both sides, gentlemen; and if you think it sufficient, suppose we call upon CLEANTHES, to resume his task.

CLEANTHES.

A task indeed, HORTENSIUS, and such a one as the Roman Orator himself seemed to dread—to speak professedly on an important subject, before judges listening with eager attention.

HORTENSIUS.

I believe, CLEANTHES, we shall some of us take the liberty of breaking in upon you, and relieve you by interruption. So take courage.

CLEANTHES.

Interruption is what I am about to recommend. For to what I have already said of the constitutional powers of our body, to evade or conquer customary dangers, I must add, that our nature is seldom, (if ever) tied down to invariable rules, in applying the many comforts of life. The same person may at different times indulge in much variety, and act as if he were of a very different constitution. A change of place, of thought, pursuit, or amusement, is capable of diversifying our sensations: for while air, food, and exercise, have so great an influence over the bodies of men, as we feel they have, and these can be variously compounded both as to manner and degree, there cannot but result from hence a power to partake with impunity, if not with advantage, of the variety of enjoyments which nature offers us.

HORTENSIUS.

Why then does youth so often smart, for what gravity calls imtemperate pursuits? or how can any age tell exactly, when Nature is in such wonderful good humor?

CLEANTHES.

Perhaps only from experience; which will very soon furnish us with general rules to guide us successfully in our pursuit. An experience to be attained by all, who will attend a little carefully to it.

PHILALETHES.

I suppose CLEANTHES means, that health does not depend on eating or drinking by weight and measure, in the static chair
of

of SANCTORIUS; or on walking or riding over a particular spot of ground at certain hours.

CLEANTHES.

I mean rather more—that occasionally we may transgress the most settled rules for our conduct in these matters, and find ourselves benefited by it. And indeed without such a privilege, society would be confined to very hard conditions, and intimacies be formed, not on the plan of corresponding souls, but of sympathizing nerves and bowels.

HORTENSIUS.

This doctrine, I suppose, is in favor of CATO, when flushed with wine, and of other grave characters, who seem, to common apprehensions, to have sometimes fallen into culpable excess.

CLEANTHES.

It is meant in favor of what Providence most undoubtedly designed, that man should be capable of very extensive comforts, notwithstanding the frailty of his lapsed condition. This latitude however is calculated only for persons in health: sickness requires a stricter regimen, and an uncomfortable sameness.

HORTENSIUS.

But the poets tell us, CLEANTHES, who, if not medical, were certainly moral doctors, that this freedom of ranging, this latitude of choice, is very unable to procure the comforts it pretends to, at least for man as compounded of mind, as well as of body.

CLEANTHES.

The poets must pardon me if I subscribe not to these tenets univervally; they may perhaps be applicable to a disordered mind,

mind, and a guilty conscience—but affliction for the loss of something dear to us, or the gloominess of an accidental indisposition, are certainly capable of alleviation from change of scenes, and of being removed by new, and entertaining objects.

There cannot be a more elegant and picturesque description, of the difficulty with which the mind attempts to shake off sorrow, than the “*post equitem sedet ATRA CURA*” of HORACE, thus emphatically translated by COTTON,

*And who does mount his horse for this, will find,
He carries Black-brow'd Madam Care behind.*

And yet this dark-complexioned gentlewoman will, in a medical sense, find her hold, during a journey, become less and less firm; and by the rider's perseverance, be forced at last to quit her seat.

In whatever manner the soul and body act together, it is certain that the latter is very differently affected in its constituent parts, and active powers, under different ranges of thought. The idea of pain and pleasure, even of others, if heightened by imagination, becomes in some degree realized in ourselves; and the solids and fluids sympathize accordingly. The nature of our pursuits, and subjects of our meditation, give irresistible laws to the animal economy; it is our business to vary them so judiciously, that something like a harmonious disposition may result from apparent discord.

PHILALETHES.

As upon the whole, storms, and calms, heat and cold, light and darkness, jointly contribute to the safety of the Universe.

HORTENSIUS.

The disposal of these events, is in the hands of an all-wise, as well as of an all-powerful being, and may doubtless be conducted for the good of the whole. But I cannot compliment
man,

man, with being master either of so much power, or prudence, as to raise or lay the storm of passion, just as health requires, or to be always in the exact temper, on which this nice experiment is founded. This seems to be a refinement, beyond the possibility of a proof.

CLEANTHES.

It will always be a difficult undertaking to gain assent to a theory, which does not in general suit with experience; and it is more usual to suppose, that because things are so, they must be so *necessarily*. Whereas what we receive from nature, with respect to passion and inclination, is inconsiderable, to what is added by education and art. I know not whether there is in nature, a single passion, or desire, which it is not in our power to render so manageable, as that it shall never be very materially inconvenient to us. And on the other hand, I scarce know any man, be he ever so well esteemed for prudence, who does not, at some time or other, suffer himself to be the slave of very unquiet desires.

SOPHRONIUS.

I think I have somewhere seen the PASSIONS compared to the horses of the *Sun*, requiring a very nice management of the reins, to prevent their flying out of the road. Will you be our APOLLO, and teach us how to drive safely?

HORTENSIUS,

Or rather how to prevent the chariot from running away with the horses: for I think the *Body* is under CLEANTHES' direction now.

CLEANTHES.

The destination of the blood and humors must not be too long employed, in supporting any one scheme of inclination;
but

but must be prudently called off, to flow in other directions, and be conducive in their turn, to serve a different purpose.—The too long, or repeated gratification of any desire, seems to form and model our bodily powers to a degree of proneness, which, when we can no longer contradict, we call *Habit*; and the antecedent progressive steps, *Temper*. And yet these might be, in a great measure, what we would chuse to have them; but the work must be undertaken early, and be dependant at first on the friendly care of others.

ARISTUS.

Considering therefore how nice the undertaking is, and to what hands it is generally entrusted, we cannot wonder at seeing it so often miscarry.

CLEANTHES.

And yet for want of this, there grows insensibly such a disposition of body, as will prove a constant tempter to the repetition of follies, of which we shall often repent, and yet perhaps never be cured; for as I have already hinted, we may bring ourselves at last to be moved with so slight a touch, that imagination will act as strongly upon us as reality, and thus between visible and invisible enemies, we must struggle desperately, if we mean to conquer.

SOPHRONIUS.

How far do you think the body has greater or less influence than the mind, in determining us to particular actions?

CLEANTHES.

It is impossible to be certain of that—but it is easy to see, and we may fairly allow, that the content of the body is seldom left out, in calculations for the pleasure and comfort of the mind.—In proportion therefore as we have made the
happiness

happiness of the body more necessary, it will urge its satisfactions with more warmth, and frequency; and by a fatal, but notorious disposition, will encrease in its demands, the more we humor and indulge it.

HORTENSIUS.

That is, in other words, spare the rod and spoil the child. But is all this fairly deducible from your first favorite principle, —the structure of the body?

CLEANTHES.

If I am not mistaken, it is—since a certain degree of secretion, and destination of fluids, a certain tone and disposition of solids, are the necessary attendants on the actions of the body, and affections of the mind: and in whatever manner, or in whatever part, they have been too frequently and habitually exercised, there will they incline with so forcible a propensity, as it will be scarce in the power of judgment and reason to withstand; and the soberer mind, roused at length from its dream of happiness, strives, but alas too late, to reduce the body to that point of moderation, from which alone satisfaction flows.

Invite the drunkard to lay aside the pernicious habit, of swallowing down continual and intemperate draughts, and he will fairly confess to you, it is too late to do it; and the answer may be literally true; for the trembling, sick and giddy state of such a man, after abstinence, is a disease which cannot be cured, but by a free return to the pleasing and necessary poison.—He has altered the machine, and given it laws of his own; and by them he must now be content to stand or fall.

Nature, for the convenience of the human race, opens and shuts occasional channels: but the end once answered, we should not urge her to a dangerous continuance. How much we have it in our power to forward or check secretions, is notorious in many instances.—The woman, or the *Lady*, for there are still a few

kind mothers of that class, would in vain attempt to lose her milk, while continually handling and embracing her child. The fond idea would excite desire, and encrease the secretion of that fluid, which she means to check, so that a mutual separation may in this case be said, as well to wean the parent as the child.

It would not be deemed a rational step, in order to avoid hunger, to expose the senses to beautiful sights, or savory steams of food; or, but in recollection, to act over again, the delicious scenes of the last banquet.

In short, not to tire your attention, these are a few of the many instances that might be brought to show, that the keeping the body in subjection is not only a necessary, but a possible task; and this upon principles, which, as they have a real foundation in our make and structure, could not be omitted on this occasion.

HORTENSIUS.

Give me leave to observe, that there is one instance of an attempt to keep the body in subjection, which is seldom attended with the desired success. I mean in the case of *Corpulency*; and yet surely this state might seem, if any, to be subject to our controul.

CLEANTHES.

There are some constitutions, HORTENSIUS, so extremely frugal, as to convert all the parts possible of their food into nourishment: and hence a foundation is laid for that increase of bulk, which becomes an imaginary, or a real burden.

HORTENSIUS.

But I am speaking of persons, who really do every thing in their power, to avoid this inconvenience: I mean, who try for the purpose both *Abstinence* and *Exercise*.

CLE-

CLEANTHES.

By *Abstinence* in this case, is usually meant an imaginary subtraction of the quantity of food, by eating perhaps but one meal in the day. Now if this should be attended, as I am afraid it often is, by a great increase of appetite for that meal, the advantages of the practice will be very trifling, if indeed any at all.

HORTENSIUS:

But *Exercise* must surely waste bulk—as is very well known to jockies.

CLEANTHES.

If you please, let us confine ourselves to the exercise of gentlemen—It is supposed to obviate corpulency, as carrying off superfluities by perspiration—Now exercise is either moderate or violent. The former kind of it, as it keeps the body in health and vigor, proportionally encreases the appetite, and powers of digestion: and for violent exercise, I believe no person ever thought of taking it, but upon an empty stomach or a slight breakfast. And those who are fond of a fox, or a stag chace, have no aversion after it to a plentiful meal of the most solid, usually, and nourishing food. But this is not all: for in proportion to the expense of spirits during the sport, and the necessary refreshment after it, a sweet and sound sleep takes possession of the man, and thus greatly facilitates a due concoction of the aliment. These circumstances being neglected and left out of the computation of such persons' method of life, betrays them into that necessary surprize, that exercise will not keep down their fat.

PHILALETHES.

I have known another method tried by the fair sex, the drinking of vinegar, in order to keep their persons slender—a practice I have heard much condemned.

CLEANTHES.

And with great reason—and, by the by, this is another instance of our being the artificers of our own misfortunes, when to avoid being as we fancy inelegant, we run the hazard of being all our lives unhealthy.

HORTENSIUS.

But seriously, what is the proper and rational method whereby safely and conscientiously to obviate a threatening, or reduce an actual corpulency?

CLEANTHES.

To introduce an expence in our constitution, whereby part of our food may be, as it were, squandered, and never placed to the account of nutrition, which may be done by certain kinds of diet. Besides which, let the bed be hard, the sleep short, the meals moderate, and the dishes few.

SOPHRONIUS.

It is easier perhaps to prescribe methods for the health or convenience of the body, than to advise what is the likeliest method to make it a profitable companion to the mind. I have seen many ways proposed, and different regimen recommended, without that success which was expected to follow; especially in instances where *religious* motives were concerned.

HORTENSIUS.

You think perhaps that the voluntary sufferings of the de-luded BONZES have no great efficacy in a religious light, or many other similar hardships, which the members of particular sects are fond of undergoing?

SOPHRONIUS.

Much I think depends on what we understand by hardships in these cases; As far as any severity of treatment can answer a religious

religious end, I can see no objection to it. But I shall draw myself into an argument when I mean only to be listening to
CLEANTHES—Will you have the goodness to proceed?

CLEANTHES.

It was in very good hands before, but if you insist upon it, I will proceed. I agree with you entirely, that before we ought to practise what may be called austerities, we should be very certain of their producing the ends, for which they were designed. And perhaps this is not always the consequence even of religious abstinence.

PHILALETHES.

Your remark might be supported by experience; and has not entirely escaped very devout writers on the subject. But as this practice is not likely to extend its influence too far, we had better see what other errors in this affair are to be avoided; will
CLEANTHES give us his opinion on this subject?

CLEANTHES.

Indeed I am not very willing to meddle in so nice a point. All I can say with propriety, and a benevolent wish of advising for the best, is, that whenever abstinence or particular diet rather feeds, than famishes desire, it does not seem to agree with the design of a religious institution. And that therefore some forms of this sort, might advantageously be dispensed with, by those in whom this consequence is found to follow.

HORTENSIUS.

The founders of religious sects do not seem to have dreamt of your relative fitnesses.

CLEANTHES.

Those of meer human institution, I fear, do not often answer their design; at least we know that confinement does not always
make

make the *Nun* chaste, or the *Friar* holy,—and that scandalous indecencies are frequent in those countries, where the use of wine is not permitted to inflame.

ARISTUS.

It is certain, I think, that we may use to our comfort, or abuse to our cost, almost every thing, or opportunity, that is put in our power; and that in general we are too apt to pervert the ends, and frustrate the designs of Providence in our favor.

CLEANTHES.

You grant me all I ask—for I do not suppose that a life totally exempt from any degree of pain and suffering, was designed, or ever known to be the lot of mortal man. But if the representation I have given of this matter be fair and just, we bring on ourselves many of the troubles which we might avoid; many of these troubles are not what exaggeration makes them; and in proportion to the sharpness of them, is the shortness of their duration. If after all, querulous men can find pleasure in decrying human Nature, or sceptical ones in doubting all that has been said, they are at liberty to live on their own terms, and make the most of their own opinions.

HORTENSIVS.

A very fair latitude indeed, CLEANTHES, but a very necessary one. For after all you have said, *Opinion* is the sovereign power which regulates the greater part of the world. And *Health* itself is thought by some, not to be worth the purchasing, at the price of so much pain, as denying an appetite.

SOPHRONIUS.

It would be a nice, but perhaps dangerous enquiry, how to balance exactly pain and pleasure; nor indeed is it in our power
to

to do it. For whatever satisfactions we endeavor to procure ourselves, with a certainty of speedy sufferings being the consequence, can never deserve the name of pleasure. And pleasure and pain distributed to us eventually, and accidentally, is too complex to admit of such an estimate.

PHILALETHES.

As you allow every one to follow their own opinion, I am inclined to believe that the good and evils of life, are more equally distributed among individuals than is usually imagined: only as suffering makes the deepest impression, so it is apt to make the loudest noise; while silent satisfaction glides on imperceptibly, a transparent unheeded stream.

HORTENSIUS.

I know one thing, PHILALETHES, that I shall leave this company with a kind of pain, I never knew before. But I must also acknowledge, that I have felt pleasure of a new and unusual kind: which most predominates I scarce can say. I seem however to have acquired new powers, which I long to employ; and if I should come off conqueror in the conflicts of youth with danger, I will come, and lay my trophies at my instructor's feet.

PHILALETHES.

We all have obligations to CLEANTHES, for his observations; and every age, I presume, may profit by them.

CLEANTHES.

If I have given my friends pleasure, I am happy, and in this agreeable condition permit me to take my leave. Farewel to all this company.

ALL.

Farewel, CLEANTHES.

E X P L A.

to do it. For whatever the pleasure we endeavor to procure or
obtain, with a certainty of the only pleasure being the conse-
quence, can never derive the name of pleasure. And pleasure
and pain distinguished to us eventually, and essentially, is too
complex to admit of such an estimate.

Pleasure.

As you allow every one to follow their own course, I am
inclined to believe that the good and evils of life, are more
equally distributed among individuals than is usually imagined:
only as fortune makes the unequal distribution, so it is apt to
make the worst of it; while those who are less favored on nature,
usually, a transient unnumbered train.

Happiness.

I know one thing, that I shall leave this com-
pany with a kind of pain, I never knew before. But I must
be contented, that I have not the pleasure of a new and beautiful
kind: which my presentiment I cannot deny. I seem how-
ever to have acquired new powers, which I long to employ;
and it should come off conqueror in the conflict of youth with
age, I will come, and lay my rights as my inheritance

Friendship.

We all have obligations to our friends for his observations;
and every eye, I am sure, may profit by them.

Gratitude.

If I have given my friends pleasure, I am happy, and in this
agreeable condition permit me to take my leave. I am well to all

All.

New York, October 17, 1787.

E X P L A

EXPLANATORY REMARKS
ON THE
GREAT UTILITY
OF
HOSPITALS
FOR THE
SICK AND POOR.
BY A
GOVERNOR
OF
ADDENBROOKE'S HOSPITAL.

EXPLANATORY REMARKS

ON THE

GREAT UNITED

HOSPITALS

FOR THE

SICK AND Dying

IN

ENGLAND

AND

Wales

S I R,

YOU may remember when I had the pleasure of spending a day with you at your seat in ———shire, that the discourse after dinner turned on the subject of Hospitals, as lately erected in many of the counties in England. The Company in general applauded such undertakings; a few doubted whether they were always conducted in the most proper manner, while one person ventured to say, they did more harm than good. I perceived your humanity was hurt at this last insinuation, and saw by the significancy of your looks, that you wished, as you knew how highly I approve such institutions, that I would have stood forth in their defence.

What I then declined doing in conversation, I am very willing to do by Letter. I had two reasons for not entering on the subject at that time; one, because I was not prepared to treat it fully; the other, because a large company is very seldom an attentive one. You must often have observed, that in the unrestrained freedom essential to social debates, too many are apt to speak at once; and thus bring objections faster and in greater number, than the defendant has time to remove or comprehend; whereas several objections would successively vanish before an uninterrupted explanation; and arguments are known to derive accumulated force, from relative and necessary connections.

It is possible, I believe, for minds to be so influenced by error, as to indulge speculation to the exclusion of practical duties; it must have been from such a principle, that any one should have thought the life of a mutilated slave, not worth preserving, or that we were under the dominion of such a fatality, as rendered succor to the sick, needless.

M m 2

It

It is not to such as these I direct my thoughts, but to such as, convinced of the utility and necessity of this branch of benevolence, wish only to see it exercised in the best manner possible, and as little injured as may be, by the imperfections of human management.

The chief and foundation stone of these benevolent structures, is the relief of sick and suffering poverty. Thus far all build alike; this is the undoubted aim of every contributor. And yet though this principle seems of a very simple kind, it becomes when reduced to practice more complicated than could be wished; and hence it is that the rules and orders of most Infirmarys, can so seldom be entirely complied with. They generally exist previous to any trial, how far they may chance to be more or less beneficial to the main design; experience, and experience only, can properly teach us this. There is a variety of perplexed circumstances in the case of many who petition for relief in Hospitals, which no rule can regulate, and a multiplicity of rules make worse; while the relaxation of a rule, begins confusion, and a temporary suspension, compleats it.

The Rules and Orders of every Hospital are designed to operate in two points: For the benefit of the patient, and to preserve the good order of the house; to state what are the qualifications that render the sick, proper objects of charity; and what conduct of theirs is necessary to give them a chance for relief. To which is added, and with great propriety, what kind of behavior is expected from them, in return.

I shall speak to each of these articles, by which it will appear how difficult it is to confine them to uniform rules.

With respect to *Poverty*, I would have that always rest upon the credit of the recommender, as it would be impossible to examine into it, during the time allotted for the admission of patients; besides that the state which qualifies the petitioner to be favorably heard, does not entirely depend on his being in absolute

lute want. The poor wretch who has by severe labor accumulated a few pounds, may be very unable to support himself and family, under a severe illness, without ruining his little hoard; and spending perhaps in a few weeks, what was the labor of years to acquire. Humanity seldom errs, tho' judgement may.

But the nature of the distemper is a more difficult circumstance. There is a certain fence between the pauper and this kind of Charity, which one knows not easily where to place. There will in most infirmaries be more candidates for relief, than money to accomplish the good design; it is very proper therefore to lay it out, where there is the greatest likelihood of success, and to withhold it from such as seem incapable of benefit. On this principle is founded the regulation of *excepted cases*. Some disorders proclaim at first sight the impossibility of a cure, and are therefore properly rejected; others are so far advanced, that we have little chance of removing them; yet it is not always safe to pronounce the disorder in the last stage, and the patient in a dying condition; here the Physician holds the scale with a trembling hand, to see whether Pity or Justice should preponderate. *Monstra fiunt in Medicina*, is a well known and indisputable axiom, and to say exactly when nature has done her all, and art can do no more, is in some cases impossible. You see by this that my inclination tends to admit of almost hopeless cases, in order for *trial*. How trifling does the objection of hazarding a little expence appear, when set in opposition to the attempt of saving life?

But supposing our hope of success should be too sanguine, and the impossibility of giving any relief confirmed, and the patient during the experiment become too bad for removal, what is to be done then? I make no scruple to answer, the patient ought to die with us. I acknowledge that the primary intention of these charities is the restoration of health and ease, and that when the undertaking appears very unfavorable, we should deliberate before we determine to receive the patient; but should

we

we be accidentally obliged to let the patient die with us, I insist we are *Charitable* still. There are sufferings at the close of some lives, which humanity must ever wish to soften; and which these institutions certainly do; nay the letting one single life expire with us, may be the preservation of many. The pauper would probably at home have expired (perhaps offensively) in the same small bed, with his wife and infant family; distemper might thus be propagated, for want of air and room, to a whole cottage, and seven perish instead of one. We improve on humanity, while we prevent those evils which we are not certain we could cure, and do as much good and at less expence, by obviating, as by removing complaints.

It is acknowledged on all hands, because it is demonstrable, that the expence of the in-patients is considerably encreased by the length of time they are obliged to stay in the house; but would the superficial readers of our annual accounts, or the rigid advocates for unremitting œconomy, deign to visit these scenes of suffering, they would acknowledge their money was not wantonly expended, and that the number of wretched sufferers must occasion a considerably larger disbursement; still however as far as may be, to reconcile œconomy with humanity, let it be seriously remembered, that would the paupers themselves, or their friends or parish officers for them, send them for help at the beginning of sores, hurts in the joints, &c. their cures would be compleated in a much shorter time, with infinitely less pain to themselves, and proportionally less expence to us. If they come to us however in a far advanced state of evil, in God's name let us spare no expence for their recovery. I had rather Addenbrooke's Hospital should never be any larger than it is, than figure away in our account with twenty times the number of patients, and not do half the good.

To obviate however every objection of this kind as much as may be, and to keep clear of a tax which Infirmarys moderately endowed

endowed can ill support, it is one of our rules, that Patients living at a great distance where we cannot examine them ourselves, should send by an Apothecary or Surgeon, the exact state of their Case, that their coming may be prevented, if deemed unnecessary or improper.

One of the Cases generally refused admittance into Hospitals is that of Epileptic Fits, and with great propriety; as the sight of them has been known to occasion the same disorder, in persons not before afflicted with them. Indeed they are in many instances so unconquerable, that all attempts to relieve them are fruitless. But even to allow these objects every possible chance, they are constantly admitted on the list as out patients. It were however to be wished that all objects of this kind could reside in the same town in which the Infirmary is placed; as such persons being obliged to walk a considerable way, to or from an Hospital, may chance to fall, in going over narrow planks, walking by the side of ditches, &c.

The only poor to whom I think we should deny, or but sparingly afford our assistance, are the Veterans in iniquitous habits; not from any want of common humanity, or from a presumptuous condemning of others, but because we here strive against the stream, we attempt impossibilities. The disease, as well as habit, is become incurable from a repetition of the same causes, which first produced it, and the constant continuance of which, feeds and inflames it. Habitual drunkenness is therefore the greatest disqualification of an object, that desires relief in this way. And indeed the very few patients of this class, who have not entirely drowned their understandings, are sensible enough of the impropriety of their application, and acknowledge their expectation of relief to be very little; because they own they have drank hard in *their time*, which generally means, as long as they were able.

Another species of disease, at least in an advanced state, is rejected, because very troublesome in its consequences, and very tedious

tedious in its cure, requiring sometimes uncommon attendance, and usually the lot of the very profligate. Our Hospital, as far as it can, endeavors to send out its patients more virtuous than it receives them; endeavoring to promote, as will hereafter be observed, every good disposition by prayers, advice and books.

There is yet one kind of patients more, who must ever be deemed proper objects of our charity. I mean those, who are taken ill during a constant residence here, in a diligent exercise of their employment, though barely sufficient for the maintenance of themselves, or family. To send these in a dangerous or languishing state to such Hospitals, as from their settlement they would have a claim to, would be often impossible, and always inhuman. And it should be remembered that the benevolent Founder of our Hospital, meant it to be for any poor sick person whatever, not limiting them to place or county; and whatever regulations have been obliged to be introduced of this kind, are entirely owing to the impossibility of fulfilling his wish, and the propriety of giving a preference, when necessary, to our town, county, and the isle of Ely.

Having now finished my observations on what seem the necessary qualifications to render patients proper objects for an Infirmary to relieve, it comes next in turn to consider, by what methods the relief of each, can best be attempted.

As no Hospital can properly contain the numbers that every week solicit to be admitted, the sick are on this account necessarily divided into *In* and *Out* Patients. This is unavoidable, and attention is therefore paid to the most immediate distress, and objects of this sort preferred to be taken in. But it often happens that patients are not excluded for want of room, but because they cannot find time to come in. The heads of families cannot always be spared from home. If a mother, she is wanted to look after the children; if a father, he must try to work, however little, to maintain them. Whatever be the cause, the consequence is clear, that out patients cannot have equal assistance,
with

with those within; and some inconveniences follow, and cannot be avoided both to themselves, and the charity that assists them. Assistance can only be given to such sufferers, by obliging them to come to the Hospital for advice, and medicines. They must come for these upon a stated day of the week, whatever may chance to lengthen the intervals between their coming. If they come in bad weather, they encrease their complaints; if they wait too long for good, they are without medicines. It often happens that they come many miles, and almost always that they walk. These circumstances, it is to be feared, abate the efficacy of prescriptions, and sometimes entirely frustrate their design. Besides which, the treatment cannot always be so well adapted to their complaint, as in the House; some remedies require caution in the administering, and most find an auxiliary in proper diet, little of which I suppose is to be met with in poor cottages; nay the very form of the medicines participate in some measure of the inconvenience, and as the time of the year happens, such as will keep longest must have the preference to others, that would exert their effect more speedily or powerfully.

And here let me note a prevalent error among the ignorant part of mankind in general, and that is a notion that the first prescription is always meant for the immediate eradication of the disease, and therefore if they find themselves disappointed in this, they give over and take no more. Whereas some cases and constitution require a little previous preparation, to give medicines a chance of doing good, and perhaps to prevent them doing harm. Bleeding and some other evacuations, belong to this introductory class of relief. And I have sometimes had reason to suspect, that more harm has been done by thus unseasonably stopping short, than would have followed from having done nothing at all.

I have dwelt the longer on this explanation, in order to account for the reason of the great number of Out Patients generally remaining on Hospital Books, as also for the tediousness as well

as:

as additional expence of their cure, which probably would not in some instances have been greater in the house.

There is no stronger instance of the superior advantage of being an *In*, to that of being an *Out Patient*, than what is taken from those complaints which arise entirely from the want of proper warmth and nourishment, and which is often the fate of the country poor. I have seen some of these in vain attempted to be relieved at home, who, when they came into the house, scarce wanted any other prescription, than a warm bed, and a full belly, and which often completed their cure in a fortnight.

Nor let it be said, that relief in these circumstances is rather given to the parish than to the poor, for distempers are equally such, whether brought on by poverty, or any other cause. Nay such a sufferer surely deserves double compassion, who owes his sufferings to a neglect he dares not complain of, and yet wants strength of constitution to support.

Parishes are often burthened with a numerous poor; and like the rest of their fellow creatures, there are good and bad among them. It is not easy for officers to know the exact merit of each family; it is more likely that to save themselves trouble, they will lay down one uniform mode of relief, without nicely distinguishing between them; to which the modest will ever submit without reply, whatever fatal consequences it brings upon their health.

On the other hand, there are some cases which cannot bear the close air of wards, but require the purer effluvia of hills and country, and these are of course, and with propriety, refused admittance within.

Thus much is sufficient to explain the different methods of relieving patients. It remains in the last place to say something of that behavior, which we expect from the paupers to their benefactors, the rules of which in some degree are not so convenient as could be wished.

The

The *Out Patients* as well as *In*, are required, when cured, to attend the governors at the board, to return thanks for all favors received, when a little book of prayers or advice, is put into their hands, if they or any of their family can read; and they are enjoined to return God thanks the first convenient opportunity, at their respective places of worship, for their cure. Now the regular attendance of patients from great distances, while under cure, has been shewn to be in some instances scarce possible, and in many, what they do not like. In the present case it operates much stronger. Persons of that education which is usually the lot of the illiterate, are more strongly actuated by a present sense of pain, than by a sense of gratitude when it is once past, especially if attended with trouble to themselves; indeed in bad weather it is not required of them: where it proceeds from an ungrateful temper, no alleviation should be proposed; but where it is particularly inconvenient to them on account of the distance, or other unfavorable circumstances, I think it might in part be dispensed with, by their returning their thanks to the charity in the person of their physician, and being by him furnished with books and customary monitions; by which means too, their boxes, gallipots or phials, would be more punctually returned, than at present.

These observations may appear trifling at first sight, but are of some importance as connected with another rule, whose natural tendency operates to the disadvantage of this unthinking class. It is always more desirable to prevent faults, than to punish them; and an attempt at too much regularity, generally introduces confusion. In proportion as you introduce allowances and admit exceptions, you get farther removed from, and insensibly destroy your first design. It were better to make laws, if possible, of a comprehensive nature at first, that should virtually include every power which we might in any case wish to exert, than such as we must entirely run counter to, upon every unforeseen event.

Now the reasons of an unprofitable, or faulty attendance of the out patients being so numerous, as has been explained, it is difficult to know when to adopt the usually prescribed punishment, of dismissing them for this fault, and rendering them incapable of the benefit of the Hospital *for ever*. This interdiction indeed is directed to be taken off, when they give a proper reason for their absence. That reason however sometimes does not come till months after the patient and his fault are forgotten, and 'tis often, very difficult to know, whether that reason be a true one. It might therefore perhaps be better to substitute in its place, the obliging persons to get a fresh recommendation, who have forfeited the reasonable advantages of the first. Their friends to whom they would apply in this case, would if they found them faulty reprimand them properly, or refuse them; and if innocent, vindicate them much better than they can do themselves.

It is very difficult to make the country poor understand the formalities, necessary for their admission; they cannot comprehend what recommendation can be wanted to a Christian Hospital, besides the pain, the poverty, or sores of the object; all beyond is unintelligible to them; such as that there must be a written or printed recommendation, signed by a subscriber, that subscriber not three months in arrear, not having a patient at the same time in the house, nor having had more than a certain number, &c. They do not see how this tends to their immediate relief. And indeed the pathetic exclamation of "must I go back and die?" accompanied with the haggard look of despair, may well get the better of the best planned schemes of prudent and provident regulations. But for this difficulty also I would suggest a remedy, that those Subscribers who live in other counties, or are never resident within reach of the charity to recommend for themselves, should leave their recommendations in the hands of some friend, who would take care to use them only for the service of proper objects, when their own recommendations, and those of their neighbors, were exhausted.

But

But it is time to release you, for I have made these observations longer than I intended. I cannot however conclude without doing justice to the managers of our most excellent charity. They are ever attentive to do all the good they can with the money appropriated for that use: To do good where they can, with strict œconomy, but at all events to do it. That useful charities may ever abound, and that all charities may be rendered as useful as possible, is the sincere prayer of,

S I R,

Your very humble servant,

* * * * *

M E S-

But it is time to release you, for I have made this observation:
 larger than I expected. I cannot however conclude without
 doing justice to the managers of our most excellent charity. They
 are ever attentive to do all the good they can with the money
 appropriated for that use: To do good where they can, with
 the greatest economy, but at all events to do it. That useful cha-
 rity may ever abound, and that all charities may be rendered
 as beneficial as possible, is the sincere prayer of

SIR,

Your very humble servant

W. A. G. R. I. U. P. O. R. M.

M E S S I A H,

A

S A C R E D P O E M.

M E S S I A H

S A C R E D P O E M

M E S S I A H,

A

S A C R E D P O E M.

TO thee, my GOD, my grateful voice I'll raise,
To bless thy goodness, and proclaim thy praise:
I'll join in rapt'rous notes of warmest love
The Hallelujahs of the Saints above:
For I have cause—Ye blessed Spirits say,
WHO deign'd to beam on Man, salvation's ray,
On Man accurs'd, a rebel to his GOD,
Unmov'd by mercy's smiles, unaw'd by terror's rod:
Say, for ye know how heaven's wide concave rang,
When your bright hosts the Saviour's praises sang;
As from his lips those blessed accents flow'd,
“ On me, my Father, lay man's guilty load,
“ Let me thy utmost indignation prove,
“ So man becomes the object of thy love.”
And thou, O deign t'inspire the sacred lay,
And teach a Saviour's mercy to display,
Blest Spirit, whose divine infusions seal'd
The Truths eternal in his Word reveal'd:

O o

Inspire

Inspire the Muse with sacred zeal to trace
 The plan mysterious of redeeming grace;
 To point the steps the blessed JESUS trod,
 And teach ungrateful Man to bless the ways of GOD.

IN NAZARETH, a town of mean report,
 Where pomp and splendor never kept their court,
 There liv'd an humble Maid to fame unknown,
 Tho' her descent she trac'd from Judah's throne;
 Betroth'd of late, so Providence decreed,
 To Joseph, also sprung from David's seed:
 While yet apart each led a blameless life,
 The plighted husband, and the virgin wife,
 One morn, as wrapt in holy thought profound
 She mus'd, uncommon splendor shone around,
 A form angelic to her sight appears,
 Gabriel, whose words thus dissipate her fears;
 " Blest Mary, hail! for GOD himself is thine,
 " And thou, above thy sex, ordain'd to shine:
 " O highly favor'd! confidently raise
 " Thy soul to rapture, and thy voice to praise:
 " For know, from thee the Son of GOD shall spring,
 " The PRINCE of PEACE, and Judah's promis'd King;
 " Destin'd the throne of David to ascend,
 " Whose universal empire knows no end."
 When Mary, long with admiration dumb,
 " How can this blessing to a virgin come?"
 To whom the angel—" By no common way,
 " Will GOD this mercy to the world display:
 " The Holy Ghost shall shed creative power,
 " And o'er thy womb prolific influence shower:

His

" His Name ordain'd before the world began;
 " JESUS the SON of GOD, JESUS the FRIEND of MAN.
 " Elizabeth, tho' barren call'd, will share
 " The pleasing struggles of a promis'd Heir;
 " She feels the prelude of that happy day,
 " Since twice three moons have trac'd their destin'd way.
 " Nor wonder; since from weakness, GOD can raise,
 " Proofs of unbounded pow'r, subjects of endless praise."
 Mary no longer could her joy contain,
 But spoke her rapture in this pious strain:
 " Behold the humble handmaid of the LORD;
 " Be it to me according to his word!"
 She said; and Gabriel cleft the yielding air,
 Leaving the maid to solitude and prayer.

THAT GOD is great, creation's works disclose;
 That GOD is true, the happy Virgin knows:
 Yet much she muses on the wond'rous plan,
 Of GOD incarnate for the sake of man:
 While Providence (whose wond'rous ways, in vain
 Men seek by human wisdom to explain,
 Decrees in more extensive scenes to prove,
 This act of boundless, unexampl'd love.
 To David's city must this pair proceed,
 For so the Roman edict had decreed;
 Which bade, that to their city each repair
 To prove their parentage, their house declare,
 And bear a tax impos'd. From David's race
 The happy Joseph could his lineage trace.
 Hence little Bethlehem thy honor'd name,
 'Midst Judah's thousands claims unrivall'd fame:

But, when obedient to the hard command,
 They reach, at length, the distant happy land,
 No kind repose attends the wearied pair,
 Neglect their lot, and poverty their share.
 For greater numbers would admittance gain,
 Than Beth'lem's crouded inn can now contain.
 Hence, when at length arriv'd the mystic hour,
 Destin'd to manifest Almighty pow'r,
 The blessed Virgin in a stable knows
 Amid surrounding herds a mother's throes;
 Then soon perceives the wond'rous Son is giv'n;
 And, in that rude retirement, blesses Heav'n.
 Her grateful heart extatic praises pour'd,
 She kiss'd the Infant, but the GOD ador'd.
 Great GOD! shall pride the regal state invade,
 When thou wert in the humble manger laid?
 Great God! shall poverty distrust thy care,
 When such distress encompass'd Heaven's Heir?

THE mystic birth which poverty conceals,
 The watchful care of Providence reveals;
 Reveals to shepherds while by night they keep
 And guard from hungry wolves their tender sheep:
 Night sudden shone beyond the blaze of day,
 For light celestial beam'd a dazzling ray;
 The trembling shepherds prostrate, fear to rise,
 Nor dare to such effulgence lift their eyes;
 When lo! a heavenly messenger appears,
 And soon these dulcet accents charm'd their ears.
 " Fear not, ye mortals, henceforth sons of heav'n,
 " To you this day a blessed child is giv'n.

" Arise,

" Arise, and swift to Bethlehem repair;
 " Behold the CHRIST, the LORD, an Infant there:
 " Within the scanty manger see him laid,
 " While peace and poverty surround his bed."

The Angel said, while num'rous hosts appear,
 And with their Hallelujah's fill the air,
 " To GOD on high be adoration paid
 " Let peace on earth her fruitful blessings shed:
 " Let hate and malice from the world remove;
 " And man, by GOD's example, learn to LOVE."

Thus sung the blessed choir, and singing soar'd,
 The joyful shepherds wonder'd, and ador'd.
 Then rising strait th' Angelic voice obey,
 The Infant Saviour find, and homage pay;
 Admire GOD's goodness, whom compassion mov'd,
 At such a price, to save the souls he lov'd;
 And spread abroad, throughout Judea's land,
 The gracious dealings of th' Almighty's hand.

WHEN eight days old, (so Moses' rites ordain,)
 CHRIST bore the mystic circumcision's pain;
 And took the name of JESUS, as foretold,
 When Gabriel did the holy birth unfold.

BUT not alone does Judah's land confine
 These blissful tidings of a birth divine;
 Where orient suns emit their lucid ray,
 And gild the mountain tops with early day,
 A new-form'd star its glorious influence sheds,
 And heav'nly brightness o'er Arabia spreads.
 The Magi, skill'd each planet to declare,
 Which proudly glitters in the liquid air,

Amaz'd,

Amaz'd, this new inhabitant survey,
 Shining resplendent in the face of day.
 But **GOD**, who form'd the firmament on high,
 And nam'd each spangling tenant of the sky;
 Reveals what eastern wisdom had in vain
 With painful musings labor'd to explain:
 Joyful they learn what blessings are decreed,
 Prepar'd to follow as the star shall lead,
 To pay their homage in the calm retreat,
 And lay their tribute at a Saviour's feet.
 It led, where Salem's lofty city lay;
 It stop'd, and with it stop'd the Sages' weary way.

Now rumor swift to Herod's ear conveys
 Such tidings as his inmost soul amaze;
 For rumor tells, that eastern fages bring
 Unquestion'd proofs of Judah's new-born King:
 The thought strikes terror through the tyrant's soul,
 Unapt to bear restraint, or know controul:
 But subtle arts supply their soothing aid,
 And future ills to present peace persuade.
 He smooths his ruffled brow, and sighing feigns
 Much approbation of their pious pains;
 Bids to proceed to Bethlehem, and bring
 More certain tidings of this new-born King;
 That he with them devoutly may adore
 This Child of wonder, and this Prince of pow'r.
 Dismiss'd, the Sages seek the blest abode,
 Where anxious Mary tends the Infant **GOD**.
 The faithful star their destin'd journey leads,
 And o'er the spot distinguish'd lustre spreads:

Awful

Awful they enter, prostrate they adore,
 And full profusion of their duty pour;
 Sabeian gums (as prophets had foretold,)
 Sweet-scented incense, and resplendent gold.
 Th' astonish'd mother silent blest the ways
 Which GOD ordain'd to spread the Infant's praise:
 The Magi bend submissive at his feet,
 And, with reluctance, quit the blest retreat,
 Resolving at the early dawn of day,
 To Herod's ears this wonder to convey.
 When, in a dream, the will of GOD ordains,
 They seek no more to visit Salem's plains:
 For Herod means to pour destruction's flood,
 And deluge Judah with a sea of blood.
 Admonish'd thus, they chearfully obey,
 And to their native country bend their way:
 While Mary hastes to Salem to repair,
 To pay redemption's tribute for her Heir.
 There, in the sacred temple, offers doves,
 Emblems of chaste and unpolluted loves:
 Old Simeon's breast the blessed JESUS fires,
 He speaks prophetic as the LORD inspires;
 The pious Anna joins her voice of praise,
 While gath'ring crouds in admiration gaze.

WHO sees the Lybian lion roar for food,
 By hunger pinch'd, and ravenous for blood;
 Beholds the rage of madness which possess'd
 And fir'd the disappointed Herod's breast.
 A rising Prince, whose heav'n-descended sway,
 Creation's utmost limits must obey:

Whose

Whose fame and pow'r extensively must spread,
 Hangs like a baleful meteor o'er his head.
 (The blessed Saviour's age, till now conceal'd,
 The unsuspecting Magi had reveal'd;
 The letter'd Sages of the Hebrew race
 From sacred records told the destin'd place.)
 He views with horror now, each infant mild,
 That sports coeval with this dreaded child,
 Each blooming innocent of Beth'hem's coast,
 Love's mutual pledge, and happy Judah's boast;
 At length with impious madness gives the word,
 Thro' Rama rages the insatiate sword;
 The horrid deed distracted mothers view'd,
 And clasp'd their tender infants dipp'd in blood:
 Their dying shrieks affright th' astonish'd air,
 And all was murder, horror, and despair.
 But know, proud Tyrant, impotently great,
 God's pow'r is boundless, and his will is fate;
 If man could soar to reach the realms above,
 Or could the mountain's firm foundations move,
 Still God is there—for all creation lies,
 Like a vast volume, open to his eyes.
 Thy horrid purpose was to Joseph known,
 And man's Redeemer is to Egypt flown;
 Far from the reach of malice stain'd with blood,
 Egypt protects and cherishes the God;
 There when dark night her awful gloom had spread,
 And placid peace stood guardian at their bed;
 Their active thoughts a watchful God informs,
 That calms succeeded to Judea's storms:

Commands to leave Egyptian lands, and bring
 To Judah's borders Judah's destin'd King:
 Joyful to Nazareth they bend their way,
 And in its peaceful region fix their stay.

AND now twelve suns had warm'd the fertile earth,
 Since Beth'lem first proclaim'd this wond'rous birth;
 By duty led, to Salem they repair,
 And pay the tribute of accustom'd pray'r,
 In dread remembrance of that solemn hour,
 When Egypt's first-born felt avenging pow'r:
 Throngs flock'd to celebrate those sacred days,
 And all Jerufalem was joy and praise.
 This task perform'd, they measure back their way,
 Nor stop their speed, until the setting day:
 But how shall weak description paint their fear,
 When looking round they saw no JESUS near?
 Robb'd of the comfort of their blessed Child,
 Eager through hope, and, through impatience, wild,
 They hasten back to Salem's hallow'd ground,
 If there, perchance, the Saviour may be found;
 With care parental, anxiously enquire,
 Where strays the object of their souls' desire?
 What dwelling hides, what happy walls contain
 The source of all their joy, but now of all their pain?

Now thrice the sun had shot his orient ray,
 And thrice night's gloom had veil'd the face of day;
 When to the temple's sacred courts they tend,
 O'erwhelm'd with grief before their God to bend.
 Here with a joy too great to be express'd,
 They find the child, and clasp him to their breast;

They find him plac'd, where ancient Rabbis hung
 Attentive to the dictates of his tongue:
 Truth, as he spake, with radiant brightness glow'd,
 And wisdom, more than human, mark'd the **GOD**.
 At length the mother thus express'd her care.
 " Son, why forsake, and leave us to despair?"
 " What? Wist ye not" (the gentle **JESUS** said)
 " My Father's business must not be delay'd?"
 Then rose, and follow'd, as his parents led,
 The peaceful paths of **NAZARETH** to tread;
 Where, sever'd long from life's polluted ways,
 Filial obedience mark'd his early days,
 'Till time's still course brought on the destin'd hour,
 When Isra'l should behold his mighty pow'r.

THEN whilst **HIS MESSENGER** the Baptist stood,
 To wash repentant converts in the flood,
 Where Jordan rolls its sacred tide along,
 The guiltless **JESUS** came amid the throng:
 The heav'n-taught Baptist knew his Saviour near,
 And thus address'd him, aw'd by holy fear.
 " Why comest thou to me, who hast no need
 " Of cleansing streams?"—In scripture 'tis decreed,
JESUS replies, and plunges in the flood;
 When lo! heav'n opens to declare its **GOD**;
 The holy Spirit strait descends, to shed
 A radiant glory on his sacred head;
 Dove-like it sat, and blaz'd celestial day,
 While thus a voice like thunder burst its way:
 " **THIS IS MY SON BELOV'D**"

Now

Now trials hard for human strength to bear,
 By GOD's decree, became the Saviour's share.
 Where dreary wastes a gloom of horror pour'd;
 Where wolves prowl'd fierce, and savage lions roar'd;
 No verdant turf the longing eye to chear,
 No path of man to speak compassion near,
 No roof to shelter from the noon-tide ray,
 From night inclement, or tempestuous day:
 In such a scene, unpitied and alone
 Behold the Saviour plac'd, GOD's only SON.
 Prostrate he falls, and to his Father prays,
 His will to strengthen, and his hopes to raise;
 To grant him power, with firmness to sustain,
 A life of sorrow, and a death of pain;
 To bear ingratitude for mercies shown,
 And suffer for offences not his own;
 That all his actions might his FATHER's name
 And glory, to the universe proclaim,
 And to compleat redemption's wond'rous plan,
 His precious blood might save offending man.

'Twas thus in fervent pray'r, and lofty praise,
 Fasting he pass'd the space of forty days.
 HE hungers now, who all creation fills,
 Who forms the cattle on a thousand hills!
 Satan meanwhile, that foul apostate fiend,
 Each hell-born passion in his breast conven'd,
 He meditates the rash, the daring plan,
 His envy form'd to tempt this spotless man.
 At length, approaching with malicious sneer,
 " How comes the LORD of all creation here?

- “ Is this a palace for the King of Heav'n,
“ To whom, men say, all pow'r on earth is giv'n?
“ Bid then, from sapless stones, nutrition rise,
“ Seek for thy hunger, in the flints, supplies:
“ For such thy pow'r (so scripture does record)
“ That all creation shall obey thy word.”
“ The scriptures tell (so JESUS meekly said)
“ That man may live by other means than bread;
“ The heav'nly precepts of the GOD above,
“ Can every wish supply, can every want remove.”

THE TEMPTER foil'd, another scene prepares,
And JESUS to the temple's summit bears;

- “ Hence, SON of GOD, (if such indeed thy name)
“ Cast thyself headlong, and thy pow'r proclaim;
“ Angels shall bear thee (if of thee 'tis meant)
“ Angels shall bear thee in thy swift descent:
“ Lest pain or mischief should thy fall attend,
“ Thy bones to fracture, or thy flesh to rend.”

JESUS replies, “ Thus says the written word,
“ Thou shalt not vainly seek to tempt the LORD.”

Vanquish'd again, and yet averse to yield
The wreath of conquest in temptation's field;
The DEVIL plants him where steep mountains rise,
And, with their lofty summits, dare the skies.
From thence presents creation's ample rounds,
Its splendid cities, and its smiling bounds:

- “ Whatever feeds ambition's tow'ring flame,
“ Can quench the lust of pow'r or thirst of fame;
“ Earth's richest treasures, gems from Indus' shore,
“ All these are mine, the subjects of my power.

“ All

“ All these be freely thine, the Tempter said,

“ Only to ME be adoration paid.”

To thee, vile fiend—apostate spirit—go;

To thee, nor hands shall spread, nor knee shall bow:

To him alone each pious soul must bend,

Whose Being knows nor origin, nor end.

As when a serpent vainly seeks to hide

In tufted wood or brake its scaly pride;

If chance discovers to the passing swain,

The loathsome reptile on the grassy plain.

With horror struck, he sees the deadly foe,

And lifts his arm to aim the hostile blow.

Th' affrighted beast unfolds its glitt'ring spires,

Swells as it moves, and with a hiss retires:

So fled the Devil by our Lord reprov'd;

So, fullen to the realms of darkness mov'd:

When strait, angelic messengers prepare

To wing their flight through tracts of ambient air;

Dart through the azure plains, and joyful bring

Celestial sustenance to Glory's King.

THE Saviour thus replenish'd from above

With full profusions of eternal love,

Feels in his heav'nly breast fresh ardor glow,

To rescue helpless man from endless woe.

BUT where shall this his blessed task begin?

Where all was latent guile, or open sin:

The Law, by Moses to their fathers giv'n,

(A sacred transcript from the God of Heav'n)

By Scribes perverted to a selfish end,

Defil'd the morals it was meant to mend;

Where

Where devious each from duty dar'd to stray,
 And stamp a path through pleasure's flow'ry way;
 The meek and helpless to oppress with power,
 And aggravate affliction's galling hour:
 To such a fallen world this Preacher came,
 To save that fallen world, his gracious aim;
 The heavy laden sinner to relieve,
 Rest to the weary sufferer to give,
 With truth's pervading warmth each breast to thaw,
 And with the Gospel abrogate the Law.

THERE were, whom poverty compell'd to gain
 A small support at much expence of pain;
 Who knew by stormy night or sultry day
 To spread destruction o'er the finny prey:
 Untutor'd, poor in learning's subtle lore;
 Plain sense their lot, and peace of mind their store:
 Such are the men to whom the Saviour lends
 Instruction's aid, and chuses for his friends:
 Ordains them partners in his work of love,
 And pre-lects them to the joys above.

No sullen gloom, no pharisaic pride
 His looks express, nor sternly does he chide:
 For genuine piety in smiles displays:
 How pleasant, and how peaceful, are her ways.
 See him to CANA's bridal rites repair,
 And chearful in their festive pleasures share;
 Nay, kindly bid the limpid streams combine
 To pour profusion of enliv'ning wine:
 The noise of this first miracle, convey'd
 Far as the sounding voice of fame could spread,

Prepar'd

Prepar'd attentive Judah to receive
 What self-conceit forbad them to believe.
 Can Joseph's son, of humble Nazareth known,
 Be born for empire, born for David's throne?
 The force of words with heav'nly truth replete
 The name of NAZ'RETH can at once defeat,
 From thence no Prophet ever took his rise,
 Thus mists of prejudice o'ercloud their eyes:
 External pomp in JESUS they demand,
 The regal purple, and the scepter'd hand:
 But different far, the gentle Saviour's aim,
 As different far, the end for which he came;
 To conquer sin, redeem the captive soul,
 From error's pow'r, and pleasure's sweet controul;
 To wipe the mists of prejudice away,
 And banish darknes from Religions day.

'Twas now the boundless love of CHRIST began,
 To sooth the sorrows of afflicted man.
 Are there who never knew the joys of light,
 Condemn'd to grope in dark unfriendly night?
 He bids to wake and instantly survey
 The streaming glories of meridian day.
 Are there, whose limbs in vain attempt to bear,
 Or on their tott'ring base the body rear?
 If such, with modest faith request to stand,
 They spring uplifted by his strength'ning hand.
 The tongue, unapt to form the mind's request,
 By native impotence of speech oppress'd,
 His kind command with readiness obeys
 And utters sounds of wonder, notes of praise.

Nor

Nor delug'd dropfy, nor the fever's rage,
 Unfeeling palsy or distemper'd age,
 Nor any ills which wretched nature knows,
 Th' almighty FIAT of his will oppose;
 Crowds flock, by sin and misery distress,
 Ask help in faith, receive it, and are blest.
 Nay, Devils tremble at his powerful word,
 And own him all creation's sovereign LORD:
 Cast forth, in legions tear their boist'rous way,
 And leave the sufferer to reason's sway.

To warm affection and attention raise,
 CHRIST chose the parable's instructive phrase;
 And as he saw mistaken notions move,
 To sever man from GOD's forgiving love,
 Thus kindly told his blessed Father's mind,
 And by this parable his love defin'd:

THERE flourish'd once a man for worth renown'd,
 Whose actions justice rul'd, and mercy crown'd;
 Two sons mature of years adorn'd his age,
 And with affection did his cares assuage.
 At length, the younger was dispos'd to rove,
 And quit the sunshine of a father's love:
 Big with the thought, he asks his fire to spare
 A present portion, and a brother's share.
 Tears, as he spoke, o'erwhelm'd the parent's eyes,
 While love each tender soothing art supplies,
 To win him in those safer walls to stay,
 And shun the snares that throng temptation's way:
 But youth is deaf, a father's tears are vain;
 Passions are headstrong, nor obey the rein.

Now

Now see the youth embark on seas of joy;
 No riots surfeit, and no follies cloy.
 Beguil'd by novelty's seductive charms
 He sinks supine in pleasure's silken arms;
 Swift pinion'd hours in dissipation move,
 And dip their wings in luxury and love.
 But soon, too soon, the golden dream is o'er,
 And mirth and joy and transport are no more.
 Deserted by those friends his bounty fed,
 He knows the want of pity, as of bread.
 Reflection seiz'd the thought-compelling hour,
 To lend her healing aid, her blessed power:
 Then first he saw with horror and amaze,
 What dangers wait on pleasure's sinful ways.
 And now he seeks in meek and abject mood,
 To furnish to the swine their daily food:
 Nor thus obtains sufficient to repair
 The wants of nature, and the wastes of care;
 He wishes to partake the meal with swine,
 And pinch'd with hunger, on the husks to dine:
 But this refus'd he casts a longing eye,
 To where each want once met a kind supply.
 " I will arise, (the wretched convert said,)
 " And at my father's feet my sorrows spread,
 " Confess my folly, by myself undone,
 " Nor worthy of the tender name of Son:
 " Rather a servant's humble station ask,
 " There cheerfully perform the meanest task."
 When, as approaching, (full of anxious care,
 Lest harsh resentment should become his share)

His son, the parent at a distance spies,
 And tears of rapture fill his aged eyes;
 He runs to meet him, and with accents mild,
 " Welcome, my wretched, but my still lov'd child!"
 " Father, I've sinn'd, (the prostrate suppliant said)
 " And of thy just displeasure am afraid:
 " I'm guilty in the sight of thee and heaven,
 " Through mercy only ask to be forgiven."
 " No more" — the weeping father fondly cries,
 " But once more welcome to my arms arise:"
 Then bids bring forth the robe of Tyrian dye,
 And every ornament of dress supply:
 Prepare the banquet and the flowing bowl,
 To kindle rapture and exalt the soul:
 The voice of melody and music join
 To celebrate a blessing so divine:
 A son restor'd to bless a parent's sight,
 And transport's day succeeding sorrow's night.
 That son, who never from his father stray'd,
 But ever chearfully his will obey'd;
 Complain'd such honors never were his share,
 Nor favor shewn his most assiduous care.
 Griev'd with his words, the father thus replies,
 And to remove his envy mildly tries;
 " Son of my love, why should'st thou thus repine,
 " Thou knowest all I had, was ever thine;
 " But sure 'tis cause for rapture to survey
 " And find the sheep whom error led astray:
 " To find again, whom long as dead we mourn'd,
 " Alive, and to his father's arms return'd."

So,

So, when repenting finners sue for grace,
 And all their confidence in mercy place;
 Th' Almighty Parent of forgiving love
 Deigns the returning convert to approve:
 Stretches his arms of mercy to receive,
 And kindly bids the trembling sinner live.

IF man from God can such compassion find,
 Man to his fellow creatures must be kind.
 To love our neighbor even Jews allow'd
 A duty binding and a precept good:
 But scanty limits did their love confine,
 Where neighbor meant their family and line.
 It chanc'd, (for so our Saviour did declare
 To one that ask'd, Who claim'd a neighbor's care?)
 A certain man, defenceless and alone,
 Was journeying to reach a distant town:
 When, from a wood, (with villainous intent
 Watching the way which lonely travellers went)
 The spoilers rush'd, the wretched man they wound,
 Plunder, and leave him senseless on the ground.
 A Priest and Levite saw him as he lay,
 They turn'd aside, and pass'd another way;
 Not so a good SAMARITAN; his breast
 With pity melts to succor the distressed:
 " Wretched, unknown; thy gaping wounds demand
 " The healing blessings of a skilful hand:
 " Stretch'd on the rugged earth thou seem'st to know,
 " Depriv'd of sense, but half thy share of woe."
 He said, and soothing oil and wine apply'd
 To stay the purple current's bubbling tide:

Plac'd on his beast, and led with tender care,
Gently, as such unhappy wounds could bear;
Bespeaks compassion's hospitable aid,
And on a bed of comfort sees him laid:
Requites the landlord for the present day,
And promises for future ones to pay.

Who was the neighbor here?——

Unanimous they cry, Who pity show'd,
And whose soft bosom sympathy o'erflow'd.
Then said the LORD, Hence freely learn to pour
Impartial blessings in affliction's hour.

As to a certain village he drew near,
The voice of supplication met his ear;
Ten lepers stand, and with intreaty, pray
To wipe their spots of infamy away.
The Saviour bids them to the priest repair,
And in their hands the legal off'rings bear.
Obedient as their journey they pursue,
Amaz'd they feel their former health renew;
Happy to be to such a state restor'd,
ONE hastens back to bless his gracious LORD.
To whom the SAVIOUR,—Gratitude is thine—
TEN were restor'd,—but where the guilty NINE?
Fond man, in want, can supplication pour,
God's wisdom celebrate, and pow'r adore;
Intreat with fervor, mercies to secure,
Health to restore, or safety to insure;
The benefit obtain'd, man's thoughtless race
Forgets its tribute at the throne of grace;

The task of thanks ungratefully delays,
Eager to pray, yet negligent to praise.

WHEN duty calls to lift thy soul in pray'r,
Do it with fervent zeal, but awful care;
Nor in vain phrases, clamorous and long,
Employ the awful function of thy tongue:
In still retirement, on thy knees attend,
And thus on high thy supplications send:

FATHER of ALL! RULER Supreme in Heav'n!
All praise, all honor to thy Name be giv'n!
Let earth's extensive round thy pow'r obey,
Thy gospel rule with universal sway;
Thy holy will to swift obedience move,
As well the souls on earth, as saints above:
This day, with needful food, supply our want,
And each succeeding day, that blessing grant:
Thy pardon to our trespasses extend,
As we compassionate, who us offend:
From dangerous temptations guard our way,
Nor evil's fore affliction on us lay:
For thou art holy, and to Thee belong
The CHERUB's praises, and the SERAPH's song:
Power, glory, majesty are thine alone,
And, through eternal ages, guard thy throne.

BUT if with decent, and religious care
Thou joinest fasting as the wings to pray'r,
Fast to thyself and GOD; nor strive to show
Affected marks of languor or of woe:
For such do human approbation claim;
Nor fast through sense of sin, but thirst of fame.

Or,

Or, if thy hands prepare to spread relief
 Through pregnant scenes of misery and grief,
 In secret give; and thus sincerely prove,
 Ye mean God only should reward your love:
 For God to men and angels shall reveal
 Those deeds of mercy ye on earth conceal;
 The mind's intention gives the virtue's name;
 Hence acts derive their scandal, or their fame.
 Who thirsts for blood, but waits some happier time
 More safely to commit the plotted crime,
 Already stabs—and calls upon his head
 The curse which follows, where man's blood is shed.
 Who looks on innocence with lustful eyes,
 And each seductive artful method tries;
 Though no pollution stain his secret hours,
 He sins in purpose, and, in will, deflow'rs:
 Thus shall your heav'nly Father nicely weigh,
 And bring each hidden thought to open day,
 Though blind yourselves, officiously ye try
 To pluck the mote from out your brother's eye:
 Ye foolish hypocrites! to this attend—
 Yourselves correct, then may ye others mend.
 To love the good, or gratefully repay
 The pleasing warmth of friendship's fost'ring day,
 This even reason bids; nay, barb'rous climes
 Have stamp'd Ingratitude the first of crimes:
 Still stricter bonds of duty I enjoin,
 A newer precept, and a love divine.
 Bless, who with imprecations curse your name,
 Love, who with venom'd malice blast your fame;

Pray

Pray for their good, who every means employ
 To hurt your person, and your peace destroy.
 But,—how, ye say, if such compassion tend
 In vain the morals of our foe to mend?
 How oft, or long, must we complacent prove,
 And, in return for hatred, give our love?
 Often, as foes repentant, sue for grace,
 With mercy's arms those penitents embrace.
 Copy your heav'nly Father's boundless plan,
 Profuse of blessings to the race of man:
 His rain refreshes, and his sun-beams gild
 As well the wicked as the good man's field:
 As YE forgive, so shall your GOD display
 Forgiving mercy at the last great day.
 For know, the day will come, when all, with fear,
 Before GOD's just tribunal must appear,
 To reap the recompence of acts below;
 Thence soar to bliss, or sink in endless woe.
 The trumpet's awful sound shall raise the dead,
 And dire amazement o'er creation spread;
 The Son of Man shall come, with pomp and pow'r,
 To speak the sentence of that dreadful hour:
 Myriads of Angels shall the Judge attend;
 Loud bursts of thunder heaven's concave rend;
 Those who through life obey'd his pure command
 Behold like spotless sheep, at his right hand;
 While guilty souls, of every hope bereft,
 Like fordid goats stand trembling at his left:
 To those this gracious sentence shall proceed;
 " Receive a crown, before the world decreed

“ For

" For I was hungry, and your tender care
 " Did sweet refreshments for my wants prepare;
 " My parching thirst, with pleasant draughts remov'd;
 " And brought it willingly, for much ye lov'd:
 " Ye saw me friendless, and a stranger come,
 " Ye bade me welcome, and ye took me home:
 " My nakedness in robes of comfort clad,
 " And on my bed of sickness made me glad:
 " In prison, and in fetters bound, ye strove
 " To sooth the sorrow ye could not remove."

Amaz'd the righteous say, " When, gracious Lord,

" Did we these succors to thy wants afford?

" When did we ever see thee in distress,

" Or sick, or bound, and did thy ills redress?"

Know ye, the JUDGE replies, when ye relieve

My brethren, 'tis to ME ye succor give.

But to the goats, " Ye cursed spirits, say,

" What acts of mercy did your lives display?

" When did your hands supply the wish'd relief?

" When did your souls responsive sigh to grief?

" Did not the plaintive poor unheeded lye?

" And, to excite compassion, vainly try?"

Then shall these wretches suddenly descend,

To suffer torments which shall have no end!

While happy spirits shall ascend, and prove

Increasing bliss and never-ceasing love:

For think not 'tis enough to call me LORD,

And render no obedience to my word;

Obedience only shall the test endure,

And HEAVEN'S bright crown of happiness secure.

THE man, who aims a lasting house to raise,
 With care each spot, and every soil surveys,
 To give a firm foundation to the base,
 He fixes on the solid rock its place;
 Completed, sees it with a conscious pride,
 The war of jarring elements deride;
 If rains descend, the furious tempest blows,
 The whirlwind rages, and the deluge flows;
 Still does it firm these rude assaults endure;
 The rock supports it, and the rock is sure.
 But not thus firmly will that building stand,
 Whose basis rests upon the fickle sand:
 When whistling winds, and cloud-born torrents meet,
 Swell into storm, and on its turret beat,
 It shakes—it nods—till with a dreadful sound,
 It pours rebounding ruin on the ground.
 Who hears my words, and strict obedience pays,
 His faith upon the rock of ages lays:
 Though storms of persecution should arise,
 Temptation's blasts, and sorrow's floods surprise,
 They cannot shake him, for his base is sure;
 And shall to all eternity endure.
 Not so, whom negligence permits to stray,
 And quit, unthinking, virtue's safer way:
 When persecution frowns, or terror pours
 Its fiery tempests, and ensanguin'd showers,
 He sinks—unapt such fury to withstand;
 For lo! he trusted to a base of sand.

THUS taught the LORD, and as he moves along,
 Encreasing multitudes around him throng:

When lo—the sons of grief, with solemn pace
 Seek through the croud their weeping way to trace;
 Aloft they bear, who in his bloom had won
 Fair virtue's race—a hopeful, only son:
 The mother, led by sorrow and despair,
 Now beats her bosom, and now rends her hair;
 Then checks her grief, and meekly prays to God,
 To heal the scourges of affliction's rod:
THAT FRIEND, still ready to relieve our want,
 Designs an unexpected aid to grant:
 Approaching near, **CHRIST** bade the bearers stay,
 And to the mournful mother made his way.
 “ Weep not, unhappy parent, said the **LORD**,
 “ Thy son shall live, obedient to my word!”
 Then to the youth, “ Arise, thou senseless clay,
 “ Again to pass life's transitory day,”
 He said—when strait the youth with vigor sprung,
 And, wrapp'd in wonder, on his parent hung.
 Th' astonish'd crowd exclaim, **A GOD** is here—
A GOD whom **DEATH** obeys, and **DEVILS** fear.
 Thus to reclaim the captive soul he strove,
 By marks of pow'r, or winning acts of love:
 When thousands listen'd in the desert's wild,
 The hungry parent, and the fretful child,
 He bid five scanty loaves subsistence yield;
 They took, they eat, they wonder'd, and were fill'd:
 The distant regions caught the mighty fame,
 The distant regions bless the Saviour's name.
 Retiring from the throng at eventide,
 He shipping took to reach the farther side;

While

While weary nature fought repose in sleep,
 A gath'ring storm burst furious o'er the deep;
 Tempestuous winds conspir'd with foaming tides,
 And angry billows lash'd the vessel's sides:
 The tir'd disciples to their LORD repair,
 Rouse him to help, and hear their earnest pray'r.
 Their want of confidence he gently blames,
 And strait the elemental fury tames
 With "BE AT PEACE,"——

Amaz'd each trembles at that awful pow'r,
 Which rescues thus from danger's threat'ning hour;
 Confess divine that universal sway,
 Which lawless winds, and madd'ning waves obey.

WHERE, at BETHESDA'S pool, crowds flock to know
 The healing powers that from its waters flow,
 A cripple lay supine: misfortune's cries
 Few deign to hear, and many more despise:
 To whom our Lord, "Dost thou not wish to gain
 "A respite from the galling bands of pain?"
 Vainly I wish, the wretched man replies,
 None will assist, nor can I, helpless, rise;
 Thus, e'er my limbs have crawl'd their tardy way,
 The shades of night o'ertake the parting day.
 When JESUS,—"Henceforth be thy members found,
 "Nor longer press th' inhospitable ground;
 "Take up thy bed, and on thy shoulders bear
 "The fruit of steady faith, and modest pray'r."
 But when the Pharisaic tribe perceiv'd
 A cripple, on the sabbath-day, reliev'd;

Outrageous indignation fir'd their soul,
 To blast CHRIST'S actions, and his pow'r controul:
 Who though through headstrong, senseless zeal revil'd,
 Yet kindly taught what actions man defil'd.
 " To rest upon the sabbath's sacred day,
 " That GOD himself commands, ye rightly say;
 " But 'tis a rest from sin, and servile pains,
 " From folly's riot, and pollution's stains;
 " To give our souls to GOD, and grateful raise
 " The welcome incense of uplifted praise.
 " Yet at such times, if helpless cattle stray,
 " Or fall to danger, and distress, a prey;
 " What PHARISEE but would assistance lend,
 " Nor fear a sacred precept to offend?
 " How much the rather, when a brother stands
 " And asks assistance at a brother's hands?
 " O SCRIBES and PHARISEES, ye love to wear
 " A mask of piety and rigid care;
 " In ostentation's trappings to deceive,
 " Studious of how ye look, not how ye live.
 " Like hollow sepulchres, whose outward face
 " The glowing tints of art, or sculptures grace;
 " But hide within, corruption's mould'ring bones,
 " The sighs of orphans, and the widow's groans.
 " 'Tis not enough to cleanse with nicest art
 " The cup, or hands, or body; cleanse the heart:
 " In guilt alone pollution's stain is seen,
 " The hand's unspotted, when the heart is clean.
 " 'Tis not enough to pay the legal share,
 " Of what your flocks produce, or gardens bear;

“ If

“ If JUSTICE be a stranger to your door,
“ And MERCY smile not on the prostrate poor;
“ In vain ten thousand hecatombs arise,
“ And curl their mounting fragrance to the skies;
“ In vain each oily torrent pours along,
“ And rapt’rous melody exalts the song;
“ In vain loud, long, and clam’rous pray’rs ascend,
“ If no sincerity of heart attend;
“ Unmeaning actions GOD will ne’er approve,
“ Nor give to hypocrites the praise of love.

A youth enquires, “ What means shall I employ

“ To gain possession of eternal joy ?”

The LORD commands his MAKER to adore,

And grateful praises to his God to pour ;

That next, to fellow-man his love extend,

And (as his own) to be creation’s friend.

The youth asserts, these p̄cepts are obey’d,

Nor had he from these duties ever stray’d.

“ One thing, O youth, the blessed LORD replies,

“ (And with that one, his half-form’d virtue tries ;)

“ One thing remains, disperse thy ample store,

“ And call the needy to thy friendly door.”

Too late he wish’d the bitter truth untold,

He lov’d his MAKER, but ador’d his gold.

THEN JESUS to the multitude,—“ Beware

“ When dazzling riches spread their subtle snare ;

“ Where affluence smiles, and wealth profusely flows,

“ How few attain religion’s calm repose !

“ As soon may cables pass the needle’s eye,

“ As those ascend the realms of blifs on high ;

“ Who

- “ Who wretched souls have made a God of ore,
“ Who but for plenty never had been poor.
“ Seek not on earth to heap unbounded wealth,
“ Which thieves by force may take, or fraud by stealth;
“ But lay up treasures in the realms of joy,
“ Which rust corrupts not, nor can thieves destroy.
“ Yet why so eager, wretched man, to gain
“ Superfluous wealth at such expence of pain?
“ What profit, if thy arbitrary sway
“ The sons of all creation did obey;
“ If in exchange, thy forfeit soul became
“ A prey to vengeance, and devouring flame?
“ Or why distrust GOD’s providential care,
“ Which compasses the earth, and sea, and air?
“ Behold the vegetable race, or view
“ The maiden lily in her silver hue;
“ Unapt to spin, and uninform’d to toil,
“ She finds subsistence in her destin’d soil:
“ Yet SOLOMON in regal pomp array’d,
“ A fainter glow of ornament display’d.
“ Be only fervent in the voice of pray’r,
“ Nor doubt, however mean, GOD’s constant care;
“ The smallest bird that wings its rapid way
“ Through yielding air, and wide expanse of day,
“ Flies but as GOD permits; who gives to raise
“ And stretch its throat, to chant it’s MAKER’s praise.
“ Then seek not, with an anxious care, to know
“ What good or ill the morrow will bestow;
“ Where, for thy hunger, thou shalt find supplies,
“ Or what shall guard thee from inclement skies;

“ Approve

" Approve thy actions to the GOD above,
 " And find him GOD of mercy, GOD of love.
 " Ye fear the pow'r of man, whose little sway,
 " Extends no farther than life's fleeting day;
 " Whose utmost empire o'er the body reigns,
 " And who inflicts, if sharp, yet ceasing pains :
 " O rather fear that dreadful GOD, who pours
 " His fiery wrath in everlasting show'rs ;
 " Who casts the never-dying soul to hell,
 " That proudly dares against his will rebel :
 " NOR think, ye kind companions of my care,
 " In smiling ease, or worldly pomp to share ;
 " Far other treatment must your lives attend,
 " Denied that balm of human life, a friend :
 " Oppression, torture must their labors crown,
 " Who preach my doctrine, and the world disown.
 " Nay, time shall come, when hypocrites shall plead,
 " GOD's cause demands that Innocence should bleed.
 " But I your Shepherd, with unwearied care,
 " My tender sheep for happiness prepare :
 " I die to save them, and they know my voice,
 " And happy, in the well-known sound, rejoice ;
 " But other's invitations will not hear,
 " They know their Shepherd, but a stranger fear :
 " And yet what greater blessings could I give
 " To tempt all straying flocks to hear and live ?
 " But these, O blessed Father, are my share,
 " For these I pray'd, and thou hast heard my pray'r ;
 " O guard them from temptation's snares below,
 " And crowns of never-fading blifs bestow."

DISCOURSING thus, near BETHANY they come,
 Where LAZARUS slept within the silent tomb,
 His weeping sisters to the Saviour cried,
 Hadst thou been here our brother had not died:
 Mov'd with the anguish of his sorrowing friends,
 He sadly to the gloomy cavern tends,
 There wept!———
 Yes, JESUS wept—the gentle PRINCE of LOVE
 Vouchsafes man's tender passions to approve;
 Allows in grief to lift the streaming eye,
 And heave the bosom with the heart felt sigh:
 Then from the grave, while crowds with wonder gaze,
 He hastes the happy LAZARUS to raise.
 He bids, *Come forth*, and with an awful dread
 The gloomy cavern yields her ghastly dead.
 Attending Jews convinc'd, their homage pay,
 Believe with wonder, and with faith obey;
 Save who, replete with malice, haste to spread
 A swift destruction o'er the Saviour's head.
 For now approach'd the black, tremendous hour
 When Jewish rage conspir'd with Roman power,
 To act a deed, the genuine deed of HELL,
 Which scarce can thought conceive, and nature shrinks to tell;
 To kill, who to relieve each sorrow strove,
 Whose life was mercy, and whose breath was love.
 Ye sons of darkness, where was conscience fled?
 Where stray'd your pity? or was justice dead?
 Accursed SALEM, theatre of blood,
 The grave of ev'ry prophet great and good!

Accursed

Accursed theatre of senseless rage;
 Which goodness moves not, nor can love assuage.
 But JESUS, born to save rebellious man
 Pursues unmov'd redemption's wond'rous plan;
 Prepar'd to slaughter, as a lamb to go,
 To drink the cup, and suck the dregs of woe.
 Yet some concern his gentle bosom mov'd
 To leave those dear disciples whom he lov'd,
 Like sheep without the shepherd's care to stray,
 And face the heat of fury's scorching day;
 But thus the wisdom of God's councils stood;
 And even mercy triumph'd but in blood.

FOR now the day approach'd, when crowds prepare
 The Paschal Feast in SOLYMA to share:
 The Saviour with his chosen train attends
 To bless (while yet they may be call'd) his friends.
 Each rite observ'd which MOSES' law ordain'd,
 A new command the Saviour then explain'd:
 He broke the bread, and blessing, bid to take;
 " This is my body broken for your sake:
 " Eat it in token of my dying love,
 " And thus each comfort of my passion prove.
 " This cup my blood for sin's remission shed,
 " Drink it in mem'ry of your Master, dead;
 " Thus shall ye do till time shall be no more,
 " Thus share my blessings, and my name adore."
 And now the pow'rs of darkness are at hand,
 Now restless malice arms her bloody band;

S f

Soon

" Soon must I taste the bitter cup of death,
 " Soon to redeem offenders yield my breath;
 " Betray'd by one who ever shar'd my love,
 " For whom my pity, and my mercy strove;
 " But Satan wins him to the fatal deed,
 " And thus the Saviour by his friend must bleed."
 The traitor heard, and self-convicted fled,
 The darkest paths of deepest guilt to tread.
 Now black-brow'd sorrow with her pensive train,
 Commenc'd her gloomy, unexamp'd reign;
 Desponding thoughts invade each tortur'd breast,
 Once so compleatly happy, once so blest!
 Silent, each muses on CHRIST's mystic speech,
 Too dark, too dreadful for conception's reach.
 At length the Lord—" This is indeed the hour
 " When darts in malice dip'd, must fly with pow'r;
 " Fly and prevail, till crucifixion rends
 " The dying Saviour from his scatter'd friends:
 " But soon I mount bright mansions to prepare,
 " That each disciple may my glory share.
 " Should then the tempest of affliction roar,
 " And persecution all her horrors pour;
 " Should vice and malice, league with spiteful joy,
 " Your peace to ravish, or your lives destroy,
 " Yet still have HOPE,—the COMFORTER shall come,
 " And lead you Victors to your destin'd home:
 " His SPIRIT shall your doubtful footsteps guide,
 " And bear you stedfast through temptation's tide.
 " Then let no sharp despair your bosoms rend,
 " GOD is your Father, and the SON your friend:

" But

" But yet so dreadful must the trial prove,
 " That each disciple shall forget to love;
 " Each shall this night desert his suffering LORD,
 " Deny his faith, and disobey his word."

What, O my GOD, the zealous PETER cried,
 By us, by ME, my Master be denied?—
 Sooner shall death, with agonizing pain,
 Each fibre torture, open ev'ry vein.

" Mistaken man! scarce shall the cock crow twice,
 " E'er with like warmth thou shalt deny me thrice.
 " E'er thou shalt fail me, and in fear pretend,
 " Thy LORD a stranger, and thy GOD no friend:
 " But still my pray'rs are for your souls preferr'd,
 " And, little flock, my earnest pray'rs are heard."

As when the night, with horrible array,
 In darkness wraps the life-reviving day;
 The cautious traveller uncertain treads,
 And mischiefs, copious as his fancy, dreads;
 If now some lucky chance presents to fight
 The glimm'ring lustre though of distant light,
 Bright hope revives his soul; so they afar,
 Rejoic'd in hope at comfort's promis'd star.

THEN rising, silent each prepares to go
 Where CEDRON'S brook flows musically flow;
 They seek a garden's still sequester'd shade,
 By night's dark empire more seclusive made.
 Ent'ring, CHRIST bids the favor'd three attend
 The dreadful conflict of their suff'ring friend;
 The sons of ZEBEDEE, with PETER, share
 That awful task to sooth a Saviour's care:

For crowding horrors now amaze his soul,
 As loud, and near, despair's black billows roll;
 He bids the three retire; then calls, to stay,
 To watch, and with their utmost fervor pray:
 'Till agitations, more than thought can reach,
 Than language paint, or tongue of angels teach,
 O'erpower his mind; all trembling he adores,
 And thus his anguish to his Father pours:
 " O FATHER! let this bitter cup remove,
 " And make me happy with thy former love:
 " Yet, if thy heav'nly will has so decreed,
 " And thou ordain'st thy victim Son to bleed,
 " **THY WILL BE DONE,**"—he said, and drops, like blood,
 Profuse, and large, o'er all his body flood.
 Scarce could his breast his struggling heart confine,
 So great the terrors of the wrath divine:
 Convulsive pangs each wretched fibre strain,
 While inward horror gives an edge to pain:
 The heavenly Father with compassion mov'd,
 An Angel sent to strengthen him he lov'd.
 He wings his flight from realms of endless day,
 Yet stoops, to see the Godhead prostrate lay;
 Then hovers gently, and with awful dread,
 Bids the world's Saviour raise his drooping head;
 Tells how Redemption's act the **CHERUBS** sing,
 And **SERAPHS** chant **HOSANNAHS** to their King:
 That **SATAN'S** pow'r must to his triumphs yield,
 And vanquish'd Death fly stingsless from the field;
 'Till men on earth accord with saints above,
 To speak him **KING** of Glory, **GOD** of Love;

Thus

Thus rous'd, the prospect of his passion paints,
 His glorious martyrs, and triumphant faints ;
 Unnumber'd souls, a bright extatic crowd,
 The precious purchase of Redemption's blood :
 The blessed prospect fires his raptur'd breast,
 And, in his features, mercy shone exprest.

He hastens to his friends, where Satan shed
 Sleep's drowfy poppies on each pendant head ;
 To whom (while yet intranc'd in sloth they lay)

“ And is it thus, my friends, ye watch and pray ?

“ But what avails ? the tempter must succeed ;

“ The sheep must wander, and the shepherd bleed :

“ But still arise, see where a hostile band,

“ Led by deceitful JUDAS, is at hand.”

He said, and torches shot a lurid glare,

And senseless uproar rous'd the silent air :

When lo ! in front th' apostate Judas stood

Prepar'd for treachery, prepar'd for blood ;

Yet dares to meet the man devoid of guile,

And gild his hellish purpose with a smile :

Dares on those lips, which never spake amiss,

To print the venom of a traitor's kifs ;

With fulsome, feign'd respect, to hail him LORD,

And thus for open mischief give the word.

But vainly, weak descriptive numbers flow,

The calm composure of the GOD to show ;

In vain must fancy's pencil aim to trace

The mild forgiveness of the Saviour's face :

Conceive it all whom trifles overcome,

And fully piety with passion's gloom ;

Conceive

Conceive it (if ye can) ye sons of fame,
 Whom modish insults kindle into flame;
 Who, hurried by the tide of honor's flood,
 Dare wash off infamy with brother's blood;
 O learn like him to act, like him to live;
 O learn that god-like lesson, to FORGIVE:
 One only soft rebuke the Saviour gave,
 And, in rebuking, meant that soul to save.
 Then to the crowd thus mildly deigns to speak—
 “ My name is JESUS; is it me ye seek?”
 That sacred name no sooner reach'd their ear
 Than prostrate fell the band, o'er aw'd by fear.
 O tyrant conscience! thy despotic sway
 The stoutest rebels to their God obey,
 Amply confess before thy awful throne,
 Shrink at thy touch, and with thy terrors groan!
 Again, “ If me ye seek, the Saviour said,
 “ Bid me alone the paths of sorrow tread;
 “ Be my disciples free”——
 Him, while he spake, his enemies surround,
 And MAN'S REDEEMER is in fetters bound.
 Too hard a fight for Peter's zeal to bear;
 He draws his sword, smites off a servant's ear:
 But CHRIST reproves his too abundant zeal,
 And bids the tumult of his breast be still.
 Tells how his Father's legions are at hand,
 Eager to execute some dread command:
 But that such rescue would defeat the end
 To which his labours and his PASSION tend;
Then,

Then heals the wounded ear; but such their rage,
 Nor miracles, nor mercies could assuage.
 But, O my Saviour, what attempt can reach,
 What power on earth, what eloquence can teach
 The painful road thy injur'd mercy trod;
 Or paint the tortures of the SON of God?
 With PETER, distant, trembling I survey
 The fatal triumphs of that bloody day;
 Yet see a sight my guilty soul to rend;
 For Oh! my sins transfix'd that dying friend.

MEAN while the cruel Sanhedrim debate,
 How to pursue their malice and their hate;
 And seek false witnesses, who should proclaim
 Christ a blasphemer of GOD's holy name.
 To this unjust tribunal see HIM led,
 Whom God decrees the Judge of quick and dead:
 Patient, and gentle, as a lamb he stands,
 Nor answers to the Pontiff's rough demands,
 Till he adjures him by the sacred name,
 His office to declare, and whence he came;
 " Art thou the Christ?"—He answers, " Thou hast said,
 " And in the last great day shall be display'd
 " THE SON OF MAN, up-born by clouds on high."
 What need of farther witnesses, they cry.
 Their garments with a furious zeal they rend,
 To Pilate bound the spotless victim send.
 Their accusation heard, soon Pilate finds
 The latent malice of their envious minds.
 It was the custom at this sacred feast,
 To have a pris'ner (whom they would) releas'd;

On

On JESUS, long he fought to fix their choice,
 But for Barabbas was the gen'ral voice;
 One who for murder and seditious strife
 Had forfeited to law his guilty life.

As when the produce of descending rains
 Rolls from the mountains, and o'erflows the plains;
 When rapid streams their hasty force combine,
 And floods with floods unmercifully join;
 At length a deluge pours—th' affrighted ground
 Yields to its force, nor flays to mark its bound;
 It breaks away; triumphantly it pours,
 Bursts o'er the land, and as it ruins, roars:
 So fierce, so headstrong rag'd the JEWISH crowd,
 Than floods more forcing, and than torrents loud.
 They ask with clamor that the cross should bear
 The man of mercy, though affliction's heir.
 Uncertain and amaz'd the Roman stood;
 He saw no guilt, and wish'd to shed no blood;
 But overcome with riot's restless cry,
 Reluctant yields the Saviour up to die.

Now, now they drag and nail him to the wood,
 Who bathes my sorrows with his healing blood:
 They nail him to the cross—O view him there,
 His blessed limbs they stretch, his blessed limbs they tear;
 They pierce those hands, which yet desire to spread,
 And bring down blessings on each sinner's head:
 They fix those feet, which yet would move, to show
 Unwearied mercy to their greatest foe.
 But nor malicious Jews nor Pilate's pow'r,
 Nor all the fury of that hell-born hour,

Had

Had kill'd the LORD of LIFE, if wretched man
 Had never wander'd from his Maker's plan;
 To wretched man yet mercy is reveal'd,
 And by his stripes our wounded souls are heal'd.

ONE part, barbarians, yet unhurt remains,
 To speak his anguish, and express his pains;
 Which yet—O bid each mountain lend its gloom,
 Or in earth's yawning caverns seek for room;
 E're yet ye hear that unexempl'd pray'r,
 " O FATHER, pardon; blessed FATHER, spare,
 " Spare these inhuman shedders of my blood,
 " Be mine, through torture, to procure them good."
 At length all nature felt, and darkness spread
 Her blackest veil to shade his sacred head;
 Rocks rent, earth shook, confusion pour'd abroad,
 And all creation spoke th' expiring GOD:
 While thus aloud, " My GOD, where art thou fled,
 " Thy SON forfook?"—He bow'd his sacred head,
 And yielded up the ghost.—

As when some flow'r, o'ercharg'd with ev'ning dew,
 Shuts for a while its glories from our view,
 Again to bloom, and brighter tints to show
 Than deck the dawn of day, or heaven's bow;
 So drooping hung the blessed Saviour's head,
 While death's dark night her woe-dipp'd mantle spread;
 'Till resurrection's morn restor'd the day,
 And, through the grave's dark horrors, burst its way;
 Then rose the LORD of LIFE.
 The glad disciples in a transport gaze,
 And wrapp'd in wonder, scarce have pow'r to praise;

Instructed, see Heav'n's wide-extended plan,
 And how important are the hopes of man!
 The LORD commands them to proclaim abroad
 The glorious freedom of the sons of GOD;
 And, through the universe, with ceaseless care,
 The healing comforts of his word to bear;
 Tells that GOD'S Spirit shall their bosom fire,
 And sacred truth and holy zeal inspire.
 Then, "PEACE I leave," that heav'nly peace which flows
 At GOD'S right hand, and only virtue knows.
 Thus breathing peace, the Saviour rose and soar'd;
 The bless'd disciples awfully ador'd,
 'Till clouds impede their view,—but angels tell,
 That He who conquer'd Death, and fetter'd Hell,
 In bright array shall once again descend,
 And to creation's beauties put an end;
 Shall come in glory, who on earth display'd
 Virtue eclips'd by sorrow's deepest shade;
 Within his loving arms his flock shall hold,
 And gather careful to his Father's fold;
 They said, and vanish'd.—The disciples heard,
 And weigh'd attentive each important word:
 Then joyful to the holy city move,
 "There live in unity and godly love;"
 'Till ample pow'rs they from on high obtain,
 To found the gospel's placid peaceful reign,
 And spread diffusive through the world's domain.

ALPHONSO:

ALPHONSO:

O R,

THE HERMIT.

*Et quid suademus dimittas? vincula, QUINTI,
Vincula—vel quid projicias? quæ tu ipse potitus
Fastidis plerumque———*

ANTI-LUCRET.

ALPHONS

o n

THE HERMIT

It will be admitted that the
Liberals — not only the
Liberals — but the

Anti-Slavery

A L P H O N S O :

O R,

T H E H E R M I T.

WHERE livid lightning shot a forky glare,
 And bursting peals of thunder rent the air,
 Where sable clouds in cataracts of rain
 Pour'd down the hills, and smoak'd along the plain,
 The young ALPHONSO urg'd his trembling way,
 In search of shelter from this rage of Day ;
 A youth—to pleasure prone ; who fondly sought
 Whatever flatter'd sense, or murder'd thought.
 Early through every stage of vice he ran :
 Maturely wicked, scarce compleatly man.
 But God's kind providence this day assign'd,
 To beam instruction on his darken'd mind ;
 His senseless soul with heavenly truth to warm,
 To heal by terror, and to save by storm.

FOR this—He guides to where a HERMIT lay
 Prostrate within his cell, prepar'd to pray :
 A length of beard was to his girdle spread,
 Some silver honors deck'd his reverend head,

A

A russet mantle did his limbs embrace,
 And crowded furrows mark'd his time-plow'd face.
 The youth rush'd in abrupt——fear had imprest
 Her keenest horrors on his coward breast.
 Pardon, he would have said—but tardy hung
 Each trembling accent on his falt'ring tongue
 Till tears burst forth—tears which alone can find
 A vocal passage for the lab'ring mind.

So when the stormy force of BOREAS flies,
 And bids the cedars bow, the billows rise;
 When furious blasts lay low the lofty trees,
 And spread new horror o'er destructive seas;
 Should some relenting cloud in friendship pour
 The kind asswagement of a rapid show'r,
 Soon will the tumult of the storm subside,
 Calm blow the breeze, and smoothly flow the tide.

MEANWHILE the Hermit rose, and thus address'd
 In unexpected terms the stranger guest.
 Seest thou, my Son, yon elemental strife?
 —A faithful copy of Man's wretched life,
 When jarring passions in his breast rebel,
 And proudly at the vital fountain swell:
 When rage and madness, senseless volleys pour,
 And loud and long dire imprecations roar:
 From fury's glance when murth'rous lightning flies,
 Till reason faints, and blasted virtue dies.

BUT wherefore this to THEE?——
 Thy cheeks, thus blushing, speak the sprightly flow
 Of health's brisk tide and pleasure's wanton glow;

To

To thee, harsh discord must my accents seem,
 A fable, frenzy, or an old man's dream.
 Tasteless, as those sad reliques Egypt brought
 To gain her straying sons to sober thought,
 When tasting to excess the chearful bowl
 They call'd it food of life, and flow of soul.

HE said, and placing on his humble board,
 Display'd the treasures of a Hermit's hoard;
 The nut inmur'd, fit emblem of his state,
 The ruffet apple, and the luscious date;
 Raisins and figs, matur'd by solar heat,
 Furnish'd a simple but salubrious treat.

BEHOLD the meal which Providence has sent,
 Who gives us all things, when he gives content.
 Tis true, no silver shines upon my board,
 Nor bowing treach'rous Vassals hail me, Lord,
 Yet far more bless'd than Emperors I dwell,
 Lord of myself, within a peaceful cell.
 Here learn, my Son, with temperance to feed,
 Nor seek supplies for luxury, but need:
 With me partake what dainties I esteem,
 And quaff the nectar of the crystal stream.

OLD Man—at length the reddening youth replied,
 Well dost thou aim to mortify my pride.
 Raisins and nuts, the murm'ring crystal stream
 May mock ALPHONSO in a transient dream;
 But other dainties are for me decreed;
 For me the fatlings of the flock must bleed.
 For know—where HILDA spreads her ample vale,
 And filken Zephyrs breathe a balmy gale,

A lofty pile magnificently stands,
 The boasted labor of the ablest hands ;
 Whose gilded turrets in the Azure seem
 Like streaks of orient day, or noontide gleam :
 Where marble colonades their pride display,
 To yield refreshment in the blaze of day.
 Nor want the neighb'ring woods, the verdant groves,
 Ten thousand choiristers to chant their loves :
 Those sweet transporters of the human heart,
 Whose music mocks the impotence of art.
 Nor far remov'd a gentle river glides,
 Fann'd by soft winds to curl in mimic tides :
 Beneath whose lucid veil, in sportive mood,
 Skim the swift tenants of the silver flood.
 Within the dome, profusion boundless shines,
 Luxurious boards, and more luxurious wines :
 The proudest pomp of Persia's boasted looms,
 And all the wanton solace of perfumes.
 These, and a thousand other joys, prevail
 To bless th' inhabitants of HILDA's Vale :
 Come then with me, Old Man, if yet you may,
 And taste the pleasures of life's laughing Day.

To whom the fighting SAGE —————

Long have I listen'd to your eager tale,
 Of all the joys that dwell in HILDA's Vale.
 I see your sparkling eye with pride elate,
 And all the marks that speak you rich and great.

THE peasant hind, recumbent on the mead,
 While fleecy flocks securely round him feed,

Sucks

Sucks in perfumes beyond what Art can gain,
 The choice effluvia of the wholesome plain;
 Whose vivid variegated colours vie
 With Tyrian tints, and Persia's proudest dye.
 The azure vault where Sol in splendor shines,
 Mocks every roof bedeck'd from labor'd mines;
 While vocal choirs in melody of strain
 Unite their notes to cheer the shepherd swain,
 No cloud of sorrow on his brow is seen,
 His nights refreshing, and his days serene;
 While pomp and state embitter wealth and ease,
 And greatly punish whom they seem to please.
 Then cease, fond youth, your fulsome flattering tale
 Of all the joys that bloom in HILDA'S vale.

POOR as I seem, far brighter days I've known,
 When basking in the sunshine of a throne;
 'Midst life's delusive scenes have freely rov'd,
 And pleasure courted, for I pleasure lov'd.
 Yet no foul guilt my wretched bosom stain'd,
 My deeds, the public nor the parent pain'd:
 Unapt to practise what my soul abhor'd,
 I trusted Virtue for my whole reward;
 And found her, blessed Mistress, true and kind,
 Health to my body, heaven to my mind.
 Not so the wretched PEDRO, once my friend,
 Vice stain'd his life, and ruin mark'd his end.

FOR think what mischief on his prospect lowers
 Who gathers pleasure's sweets from poison's flowers:
 Who dares to crop th' unsullied virgin rose,
 Enjoy, and strait to infamy expose;

Within a Syren's fordid arms to lay,
And give to Lust the night, to Blasphemy the day.

For know, within each breast resides a power,
The dread accomptant of each mispent hour,
Who from this throne with strict attention views,
And straying Man through every path pursues,
He whispers first in kind and gentle mood,
Virtue alone is man's supremest good.

Unheeded—still repeats the friendly strain
And grieves when admonition proves in vain.
Conscience at length unscales our darken'd eyes,
And strait each dear delusive image flies:
The film remov'd, a dreadful change appears,
Our mirth, now sorrow, and our laughter, tears.
Each guilty passion wears a Demon's air,
As Truth deforms, what Folly painted fair.

Now view the garden of a cultur'd mind,
Within Religion's blessed pale confin'd,
Producing fertile crops of heavenly deeds,
The fruit of education's pious seeds:
Where Modesty by blushing tints is known,
And Charity that makes each pang her own;
Where pious Zeal bids aspirations rise,
And mount their grateful fragrance to the skies.
Yet these fair plants, these bright and blooming flowers,
Water'd by dews divine, and heaven's blest showers,
The wild-boar Passion can at once destroy,
And trample ruin through the realms of Joy.

No more—replied the Youth—
 How great the agonizing pangs I feel
 While these important lessons you reveal!
 Yes—I have madly liv'd without controul,
 And call'd it food of life, and flow of soul.
 O Godlike Sage, (for such indeed you seem,
 Your words nor frenzy, nor an Old Man's dream)
 Your kind assistance mercifully lend,
 And be to wretched ruin'd Youth, a friend.
 Debauch'd by Education more than choice,
 I'll listen eagerly to Heaven's voice.
 Tears down his cheeks, thus speaking, freely stole,
 And mark'd the terror of his troubl'd soul.
 —Where was the grim remembrancer of wrong?
 What check'd the awful function of his tongue?
 Or was I too abandon'd for his care,
 Fit sacrifice for folly and despair?

ALAS! replied the Sage, when tempests roar,
 And maddening billows lash the sounding shore,
 Should some kind voice, from off the craggy steep,
 Point out the dangers of the threatening deep,
 Vain and unheeded would the counsel fly,
 Dispers'd and scatter'd by a stormy sky.

IN this cool hour of recollection, poise,
 And try the weight of fashionable joys.
 When senseless mirth, and noisy shout combine
 To crown with roses, and to drench with wine,
 One moment sacrific'd at Reason's throne,
 Makes the decisive victory our own.

Or say, if temperance at length should yield,
 And baffled resolution quit the field;
 Say, to what envied height can transport rise,
 When madness follows fast as reason flies?
 When the fair transcript of the form divine,
 Mingles in all the fordidness of swine?
 'Till faltering tongues no longer can betray
 Their fruitful follies in the face of day?—
 Examine all—survey Pollution's gains,
 The pleasure passes, but the sting remains.

THAT warm blood bubbling from that downy breast,
 Your friend perhaps—He dies—for what? a jest!
 Or mov'd like you by beauty's blooming charms,
 He wish'd your favorite destin'd for his arms;
 Or indiscreetly ventur'd to approve
 The man or minister you could not love:
 He was, you own it, noble, kind and good,
 But custom, tyrant custom, must have blood.
 When this foul deed sits heavy on your heart,
 Try boasted fame to mitigate the smart;
 Against a never ending sorrow, weigh
 The trifling plaudit of a transient day.

WHEN pride and passion tempt you to profane,
 And rashly take God's sacred name in vain,
 Consider well, and reverently know
 From whom, both Life, and Life's best blessings flow:
 'Twas he who form'd with unexamp'd art
 The beauteous structure of each wond'rous part:
 'Tis his, to bid the purple current glide,
 Or stop abrupt th' invigorating tide:

Each

Each sense that pleases, and each nerve that feels,
The kind indulgence of a God reveals.

YET farther—see his providence prepare
Supplies for every want, with tender care.
His never-ceasing bounty spreads the mead
With flocks to cloath us, and with herds to feed;
To cheer the heart he taught the prefs to flow,
And yield the heavenly lenitive of woe.
In fine—the comfort and the blifs of man
Compleat the purpose of Creation's plan.

HERE let me dwell, rejoin'd the wondering youth,
Here worship virtue, innocence and truth;
Here bid adieu to Life's tumultuous day,
To Folly's riot, and to Passion's sway.
Henceforth I banish every guilty joy,
To seize on raptures which can never cloy;
While in this lonely cell Reflection's power
Shall mend each thought, and sanctify each hour:

'Tis in Retirement's sober calm retreat,
We best enjoy this salutary sweet;
Yet think not, Youth, reflection only found
Where dull lamps quiver, hollow vaults resound;
Reflection may be rais'd in every soil;
The fruit of letter'd ease, and rustic toil;
Not banish'd court or city, crowd or wood,
Companion on the road, the field, the flood:
In vain to shun this monitor, we roam—
The feet may wander, but the Man's at home.
But active duties better suit YOUR state;
'Tis yours, to be at once both good and great.

For

For power and riches, health and strength demand
 To deal out blessings with a bounteous hand :
 These gifts to you by Providence conſign'd,
 By you muſt benefit and bleſs mankind.
 Go ſeek the naked in his cot of clay,
 Receptive of each boiſterous blaſt of day.
 Support the weak, and raiſe the languid head,
 And bleſs deſpairing Poverty with bread.
 Defend the injur'd; break Oppreſſion's rod ;
 Man's guardian Angel! Substitute of God!
 Let every aim, and every action, prove
 Your bowels tun'd to ſympathy and love;
 On you and yours eternal peace entail,
 And real bleſſings plant in HILDA'S Vale.

HERE break we off—for ſee yon lamp of light
 Proclaims, in borrow'd beams, the reign of night.
 To-morrow early as the dawn of day,
 To this my cell direct your welcome way:
 Your heart, my ſon, by ſerious truths I'll move,
 And fill your boſom with ſeraphic love.
 Your ſins, though ſcarlet, ſhall, I truſt, outvie
 The fleecy product of a winter's ſky,
 Waſh'd in the blood that from a Saviour flow'd,
 To make repentant man the child of God:
 To raiſe from falſe, deceitful joys below,
 To raptures pure, that never-ceaſing flow
 At God's right hand————

THE Youth retired—but now no balmy reſt
 Sooth'd the contending ſtruggles of his breſt;

Around,

Around, he saw avenging horrors stand,
 Nor knew of help but from the Hermit's hand ;
 For active conscience forg'd each venom'd dart,
 That wing'd a passage through his guilty heart.

PEDRO'S dire end sat heavy on his soul,
 HIS thoughts as impious, and HIS deeds as foul,
 No flattering hope his terror could assuage,
 He'd liv'd a moment, and had sinn'd an age.

EARLY he left his couch and sought the cell,
 Where now alone he saw true goodness dwell:
 Here soon he learnt each failing to amend,
 To banish vice, and live Religion's friend;
 To love that God, who ever strives to keep,
 Or in his bosom fold returning sheep;
 To know the mystery of love divine,
 And worship grateful at Redemption's shrine.
 Thus were at length the Leopard's spots remov'd,
 The sinner pardon'd, and the Saint approv'd:
 Incessant acts of goodness gilt his days,
 And gave his setting Sun its brightest rays.

WITH joy he met the fable tyrant's dart,
 And blest the stroke that rent his dying heart :
 Serenely sigh'd his lovely soul away,
 Which Angels wafted to immortal day,
 Where tears ne'er flow, and bliss knows no alloy. }

H A P P I .

Around, he saw evening horrors flash,
 Nor knew of help but from the Heav'n's hand,
 For active conscience long'd each venial sin,
 That wind'd a passage through his guilty brain,
 Pains, dire and far heavy on his soul,
 His thoughts as torments, and his doings as toil,
 No flattering hope his errors could disguise,
 He'd liv'd a moment, and had liv'd in vain,
 When now alone he saw the goodness dwelt,
 Here soon he learnt each failing to amend,
 To banish vice, and save Religion's laws,
 To love that God, who ever liveth to keep,
 Or in his bosom hid remaining lies,
 To know the mystery of love divine,
 And worship grateful at Redemption's shrine,
 Thus went at length the Leopard's spots removed,
 The inner pardon'd, and the salt approv'd,
 And gave his being o'er in highest rest,
 With joy he met the Saviour's blissful rest,
 And like the flock that rent his dying heart,
 Scarcely e'er his lovely soul away,
 Which Angels wait'd to immortal day,
 Where tears ne'er flow, and bliss knows no alloy.

H A P P I

H A P P I N E S S :

A N

EPISTLE TO A FRIEND.

X x

HAPPINESS:

HAPPINESS:

LETTER TO A FRIEND

H A P P I N E S S :

A N

E P I S T L E T O A F R I E N D .

THROUGH Life's wide scenes, who thoughtfully has stray'd,
Its sorrows counted, and its pleasures weigh'd,
Measur'd the moments dropping smiles and tears,
Pregnant with blithsome hope, or chilling fears,
Joins the loud cry, and echoes to the strain
Of "Man is wretched, and Existence, pain."
Yes—Man is wretched when the fever burns,
Or gout and stone succeed in painful turns.
No—even when our bodies feel no smart—
I understand you—Man is sick at heart
When disappointment on his prospect lowers,
And beats to dust ambition's lofty towers;
Sick, when unnotic'd merit droops away,
Unfoster'd by the warmth of Reputation's day;
When injur'd honor or neglected pride
Swells into fury life's empurpled tide;
When reason, overcome by passion, fails,
Or melts before relaxing pleasure's gales;

X x 2

When

When pierc'd by Envy's rankling darts, he pines,
 Or pants for painted toys and dirty mines;
 Aspires to giddy pow'r or fickle fame,
 And courts that grasp eluding cloud, a Name.
 Most as I judge, the reasons thus explain
 Why "Man is wretched, and Existence, pain."
 But what seductive arts, LORENZO, say
 Thus taught our race through devious ills to stray?
 Upright and free the great Creator gave
 His work to shine, nor meant it Vice's slave.
 We fix those faults on Nature, and on Man,
 Which God abhors and fools alone could plan.
 For where's the cause compulsive, tell me where,
 That lifts our tow'ring aims to soar in air?
 On fancy's waxen wings to roam abroad,
 And place our peace in all things, but in God?
 If thus to empty honor we aspire,
 Or shrink before Ambition's scorching fire,
 No inborn-force compell'd us to despise
 The safer lot of Virtue's calmer skies.
 Pride was not made for mortals sprung from earth,
 Who date their dissolution from their birth.
 None have that wisdom God at first design'd,
 All weep the forfeit honors of the mind.
 Yet pigmy Wisdom struts with giant pride,
 And deals contempt and scorn on every side.
 But grant your wisdom great—then greatly shine
 In doing good, that first of acts divine.
 Be to the shallow, sense, be Virtue's friend;
 Reprove with meekness; by example, mend.

Let

Let your superior conduct plainly prove
Yourself deserving of superior love.

YET fandy foils do Reputation bear,
Fair to the sense, yet fickle as 'tis fair;
The shifting voice of party, and of pow'r
Breathes on its root, and nips the short-liv'd flow'r.
No—Conscience still shall Reputation give,
And worth, by Conscience foster'd, greatly live.

BUT other ills o'erspread these scenes of woe,
And aim their heavy stroke, and deadly blow:
Insults—They surely must the bosom warm;
Insults, that kindle meekness into storm.
But can resentment fill a Christian's breast?
As well the Dove might on the billows rest,
When bursting floods the highest hills o'erran,
And spread destruction o'er the race of man:
Those ebbing floods were harbingers of peace,
And thus with Christians, should contention cease.
Perhaps those words which forc'd the blood to rise,
Were Fiction's cruel spawn, adjusted lies;
Those acts perhaps, which kindled into rage,
Trac'd to their source, that passion might assuage.
We judge not, or we judge amiss of those
Whom Rumor whispers, Passion paints as foes.

BUT if foul Calumny my conduct stains,
And through my guiltless bosom darts her pains,
Too sensibly I feel—yet Truth shall bring
Her healing aid to blunt the venom'd sting;
Truth shall the malice of my foe controul,
And smooth the short-liv'd tempest of my soul.

BUT

BUT see where Anguish seeks that poor abode—
 And now she spreads Affliction's heavy load,
 Stretch'd on a scanty bed, a father lies,
 Unheeding mother's shrieks and infants' cries;
 Distracted view him with a senseless joy
 In Fancy's works each busy limb employ :
 See him, by gentle tender words unmov'd,
 Assault the bosom which he fondly lov'd;
 'Till spent with empty rage he pants for breath,
 And gasping turns, and sobs, and sinks in Death.
 Dreadful the scene!—yet Hope shall still attend;
 The poor man's comfort, and the good man's friend.
 'Twas thine, LORENZO, thine perhaps to bear
 The noblest part that falls to mortal's share:
 To seek those helpless souls, and give to flow
 The tear respondent to another's woe;
 To ease the torture which misfortune brings,
 And hasten comfort on Compassion's wings.
 So when a poison, by no arts affwag'd,
 Through WATT'SHAM's melancholy cottage rag'd;
 When tabid limbs defil'd the homely floor,
 And each new sun beheld one cripple more;
 Then meek-ey'd Pity strove who best should lend
 The wanted aid, and be Misfortune's friend.
 Then hasted WOLLASTON,* whose gentle breast
 Beats high to sooth and succour the distress;

Then

* Dr. Wollaston, then physician at Bury.

A farther account of this melancholy catastrophe may be seen in the Annual Register for the year 1762, and in the Phil. Transactions, vol. 52d. articles 83, 84, 85.

Then hast'ned all whom fell disasters move,
 The sons of Christian Grace, and Christian Love:
 —Compassion thus o'er darkest scenes displays
 The chearing lustre of her heav'n-born rays.

BUT lesser sources of distress arise,
 That baffle oft the studious and the wise.
 A distant prospect of preferment fires,
 And cherishes the flame of fond desires:
 The something unpossess'd still galls the mind,
 Ungratefully to present comfort blind.
 Yet have I known, whom riches never mov'd
 To quit the station which he most approv'd;
 Who greatly knew when Nature's little call
 Had giv'n to Man his necessary ALL;
 Who, rather than betray a sacred trust,
 Could live on less, inexorably just;
 Whose honest soul employ'd each social pow'r,
 And where Contentment gilt each well spent hour.

BUT Age perchance has griefs to us unknown,
 That force the tart reply, and peevish groan.
 Yet still ARISTUS, with a weight of years,
 Cheerful and pleasant as in youth appears;
 Active to think, and diligent to plan,
 How best to bless his fellow-creature Man;
 With his own hands distributing his store,
 Giving much happiness, yet wishing more.

SUCH too, THE GUARDIAN of my tender years,
 Who watch'd my welfare with a Parent's fears;
 His sweet complacence ev'ry wish outran;
 An honest, upright, good—a kind old man.

How

How great those virtues, which that heart supplied,
 Which never pain'd another, till it died!
 Yet say, when pestilential mischief reigns,
 And spreads wide ravage o'er th' affrighted plains;
 When pining fleecy flocks unnumber'd fall,
 And madd'ning oxen struggle in the stall;
 Say from what source must consolation flow?
 What art can hide the bitterness of woe?
 Look UP—ON PROVIDENCE securely rest
 To light up comfort in thy gloomy breast;
 Thy flocks again shall o'er the meadows spread,
 And laughing corn shall wave her golden head;
 Plenty again within thy walls shall reign,
 And Peace succeed to Poverty and Pain:
 Th' Arabian Sage this heav'nly maxim knew,
 He trusted—and he found the maxim true.

If then, nor age, nor penury, nor pain
 Do of necessity life's lustre stain;
 If fancied wants, and unimportant cares
 Betray us heedless into hidden snares;
 Our folly, not our fate, has mark'd the plan,
 And MischieF is the handy-work of man.
 —In fine, **WHATSOEVER IS** (view'd in the light
 Of Providence's act and deed) **IS RIGHT.**
 The seeds of happiness are freely sown,
 And each may reap a harvest of his own.
 Then let the jarring sound of murmur cease;
 Content is **HAPPINESS**, and Virtue **PEACE!**

THUS

THUS to LORENZO would the Muse have said,
But mournful cypress veils LORENZO's head.
Much valued friend! whose truly noble soul
Disdain'd resentment's narrow base controul;
Benevolence adorn'd thy short liv'd days,
And stamp'd on fleeting hours a never-ceasing praise.
Sacred to FRIENDSHIP be this tender page;
Be mine, each care and sorrow to assuage,
Where painful sighs distend a gentle breast,
And almost call thee from thy blissful rest.

F I N I S.

Thus to Lorenzo would the Muse have said
 The mortal eye's voids voids Lorenzo's said
 Much valued friend, whose truly said
 Myself's retention's narrow said
 Benevolence asked the heaven's day
 And hand'd on looking down a never-ending pain
 Sacred to Patience in this tender page
 Be mine, each care and sorrow to all eyes
 Where painful's the distant's gentle beam
 And shall all see how they bring a tale

THE END OF THE FIRST VOLUME
 OF THE HISTORY OF THE
 REIGN OF CHARLES THE FIRST
 BY JOHN BURNET
 IN TWO VOLUMES
 THE SECOND VOLUME
 LONDON, Printed by J. Sturges, at the
 Sign of the Anchor, in St. Dunstons Church
 Lane, 1679.

E R R A T A.

Pag. 11, pro *lauderi*, lege *laudari*. P. 22, pro *riteat*, lege *niteat*, P. 24, pro *Aura*, lege *Aure*. Page 51st, line 15th, read *they*, before *could*. P. 52, l. 2d, for *lay*, read *lie*. P. 151, l. 4, for *were*, read *was*. P. 317, l. 16, for *sesen-
less*, read *senfeless*.

In prefatione ad *Quæstionem Medicam*, lin. 4, ante *fecandis*, insere *de*, et ad lin. 17, ejusd. pro *perque*, lege *semperque*.

T. X. B. A. T. A.

The first part of the book is devoted to a general
description of the country and its inhabitants.
The second part contains a detailed account of the
history of the country from the earliest times
to the present day.

The third part of the book is devoted to a
description of the natural history of the country,
including the animals, plants, and minerals.
The fourth part contains a description of the
arts and manufactures of the country.

