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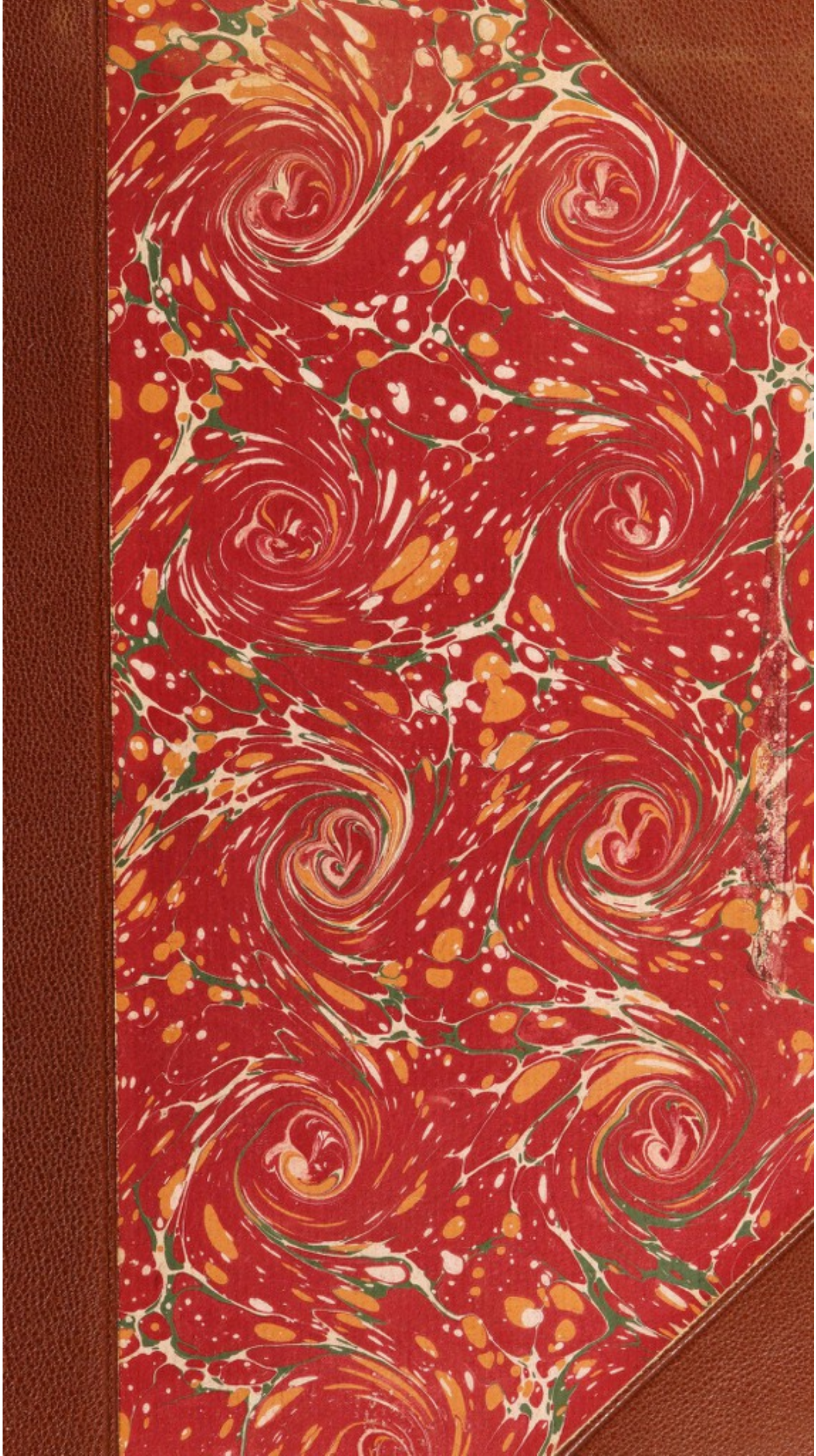
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THE
ART
OF
PRESERVING HEALTH.

W. L. Garrison

THE
ART

W. Farrier

OF

PRESERVING HEALTH:

A POEM,

IN FOUR BOOKS.

FIRST PUBLISHED IN THE YEAR 1744.

BY

JOHN ARMSTRONG, M. D.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED,

A SHORT ACCOUNT OF THE AUTHOR.

HAWICK:

PRINTED BY R. ARMSTRONG.

SOLD BY A. CONSTABLE & CO. AND P. HILL, EDINBURGH.

1811.

Handwritten signature or scribble

A R T

PRESERVING HEALTH

A POEM

IN FOUR BOOKS

BY THE AUTHOR

THE GARDENERS

A SHORT HISTORY OF



W. Linnæus

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ACCOUNT
OF THE
LIFE AND CHARACTER
OF
DR. JOHN ARMSTRONG*.

DR. ARMSTRONG was the son of a Clergyman at Castleton in Roxburghshire, and born at that place about the year 1709. He was distinguished at Edinburgh, where he studied physic, before his twentieth year, by gaining a prize-medal for a prose composition, prescribed

* This account of Dr. Armstrong is chiefly extracted from the Edinburgh Encyclopædia.

by a literary society in that city, and by other promising marks of genius during his studies. His inaugural dissertation, "*De Tabæ Purulenta,*" gained him also some reputation, for being superior to the common bulk of productions of that nature, and for being believed to be his own, a circumstance still more rare than intrinsic merit in these inaugural dissertations.

After obtaining a medical degree at Edinburgh, he professed physic in London, but lived chiefly by writing, as his practice was very limited. To console himself for the want of practice, he published an essay for abridging medical study, with a dialogue between Hygeia, Mercury, and Pluto, relating to the medical practice, as it is managed by a certain illustrious society, and an epistle from Usbeck the Persian to Josuah Ward, Esq. with a dedication to Ward, Moore, and the numerous set of inspired physicians. This appeared anonymously in 1735. The other dates of his

publications are as follow: In 1744, he published his chief, and truly meritorious work, "The Art of Preserving Health." In 1751, appeared his poem "On Benevolence." In 1753, his poem "Taste," in an epistle to a young critic. In 1758, "Sketches on various Subjects," by Launcelot Temple. In 1761, an Epistle to John Wilkes of Aylesbury, entitled "Day." A few lines in this last production, which expressed contempt of Churchill, drew on him the anger of that satyrise; but it is his anger, not his ridicule, which Churchill vents in retaliation: He calls him a *stiff and letter'd Scot*, and taxes him with ingratitude to Wilkes. Armstrong could not recriminate on Churchill that he was *letter'd*; and it would hardly have hurt his character, to have proved the satyrise guilty of ingratitude; but his own character passed undefended and uninjured through the ordeal of satire which consumed meaner victims. The subject of politics divided Armstrong and Wilkes, though in the epistle above

mentioned he concludes a pleasant letter with "ever, ever yours;" but it required a stronger friendship than theirs to resist the menstruum of party-politics. In 1770, he published a collection of Miscellanies in two volumes 8vo, containing the pieces he had published separately, with imitations of Shakspeare and Spencer; "The Universal Almanack," by Nouraddin Ali; "The Forced Marriage," a tragedy; and some Sketches. In 1771, he published a short ramble through some parts of France. In 1773, he gave the world a quarto pamphlet of "Medical Essays," in one of which he explains the causes of his own want of practice as a physician. He could not stoop, by his own account, to the mean arts of intrigue and gossiping, which lead to medical popularity. This is his own account. The failure ought rather to be ascribed to his own dispositions, which were elegant and literary, but indolent. During the remainder of his life, he does not appear to have converted the public to believe

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that his practice ought to have been extensive ; for at his death, in 1779, it was a matter of surprise, that he left £ 3000 behind him, his income having been generally small.

During the course of a long life, devoted early to improvement, Dr. Armstrong had an opportunity of being twice abroad ; in 1760, as physician to the forces in Germany ; and again in 1771, when he seems to have travelled for amusement. From reading, from genius, and from travel, his mind is described by those who knew him best, as having been richly accomplished : and for the value of his conversation, as well as the strength of his friendships, he was deservedly beloved by those who enjoyed them. That he bestowed the wealth of so valuable a mind less copiously on the public than might have been wished, seems to have arisen from two causes—his propensity to deal in sarcastic, and, as he imagined, humorous prose, which was by no means his forte, and

in which oddity and vulgarity are substituted for wit and pleasantry. His disposition, too, if we may judge from the portraiture given of him in "The Castle of Indolence," was morbidly misanthropic, and of course but ill adapted to labour for immortality.

With him was sometimes joined in silent walk

(Profoundly silent, for they never spoke)

One shyer still, who quite detested talk.

Oft stung by spleen, at once away he broke

To groves of pine, and broad o'ershadowing oak ;

There inly thrilled, he wandered all alone,

And on himself his pensive fury wroke.

He never uttered word, save when first shone

The glittering star of eve, "Thank Heaven one day is done."

Castle of Indolence.

It should not be forgotten that Armstrong contributed the description of the diseases at the conclusion of the first part of this admirable poem, "The Castle of Indolence;" diseases so finely personified, that they conduct that en-

chanting allegory to all the moral it requires, and to all the effect it could admit of, from the contrast of grave and severe, with gay and voluptuous images.

The fame of Armstrong rests on his didactic poem, "*The Art of Preserving Health.*" The well-deserved honour which this poem enjoys, of being ranked among the best of modern didactic poems, makes it nothing invidious to remark, that creation of character, invention of story, and expression of feelings which deeply affect us by sympathy, constitute alone the highest honours of poetry. Over the heart Armstrong has not a powerful sway, and over the imagination no vehement influence. He gives a classical and dignified aspect, however, to objects which, in common life, are not only humble, but repulsive. He enlarged the empire of pleasurable association, by teaching us to associate, even by contrast, the bloom and loveliness of health with the paleness of disease.

By touching at that fine, but (to blunt observation) almost invisible point at which the generalized views of poetry and philosophy see objects in the same light; that point at which objects may be contemplated, neither too abstractedly for poetry, nor too fancifully for philosophy, he has united the substance of truth with the colouring of imagination. His language is pure, perspicuous, and full of sober dignity. He could not be expected to rouse the passions where it was not his object to touch them: but he elevates the tone of the mind higher than its usual reflections; and, by combining in one excellent instance the general traits of plague and death, he makes that sublime in description which is repulsive in detail.

It is not easy to find an instance of philosophical reflection conveyed in a more dignified climax than in the following, which deserves to be written on the monument of Armstrong, as a specimen of the noblest poetry.

What does not fade ? The tower that long had stood
The crush of thunder and the warring winds,
Shook by the slow but sure destroyer Time,
Now hangs in doubtful ruins o'er its base ;
And flinty pyramids and walls of brass
Descend. The Babylonian spires are sunk ;
Achaia, Rome, and Egypt, moulder down.
Time shakes the stable tyranny of thrones,
And tottering empires rush by their own weight.
This huge rotundity we tread grows old,
And all those worlds that roll around the sun,
The sun himself shall die, and ancient Night
Again involve the desolate abyss,
Till the great Father through the lifeless gloom
Extend his arm to light another world,
And bid new planets roll by other laws :
For through the regions of unbounded space,
Where unconfined Omnipotence has room,
BEING in various systems fluctuates still
Between creation and abhorred decay :
It ever did, perhaps and ever will :
New worlds are still emerging from the deep ;
The old descending in their turns to rise.

THE
ART
OF
PRESERVING HEALTH.

BOOK I.

AIR.

DAUGHTER of Pæan, queen of every joy,
Hygeia*; whose indulgent smile sustains
The various race luxuriant nature pours,
And on the immortal essences bestows
Immortal youth; auspicious, O descend!
Thou cheerful guardian of the rolling year,

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

Whether thou wantonst on the western gale,
 Or shakst the rigid pinions of the north,
 Diffusest life and vigour through the tracts
 Of air, through earth, and ocean's deep domain.
 When through the blue serenity of heaven
 Thy power approaches, all the wasteful host
 Of Pain and Sickness, squalid and deformed
 Confounded sink into the loathsome gloom
 Where in deep Erebus involved the fiends
 Grow more profane. Whatever shapes of death,
 Shook from the hideous chambers of the globe,
 Swarm thro' the shuddering air: whatever plagues
 Or meagre famine breeds, or with slow wings
 Rise from the putrid watery element,
 The damp waste forest, motionless and rank,
 That smothers earth and all the breathless winds,
 Or the vile carnage of the inhuman field;
 Whatever baneful breathes the rotten south;
 Whatever ills the extremes or sudden change
 Of cold and hot, or moist and dry produce;
 They fly thy pure effulgence: they and all
 The secret poisons of avenging heaven,

And all the pale tribes halting in the train
 Of Vice and heedless Pleasure : or if aught
 The comet's glare amid the burning sky,
 Mournful eclipse, or planets ill-combined,
 Portend disastrous to the vital world ;
 Thy salutary power averts their rage,
 Averts the general bane : and but for thee
 Nature would sicken, nature soon would die.

Without thy cheerful active energy
 No rapture swells the breast, no poet sings,
 No more the maids of Helicon delight.
 Come then with me, O goddess heavenly gay !
 Begin the song and let it sweetly flow,
 And let it wisely teach thy wholesome laws :
 “ How best the fickle fabric to support
 “ Of mortal man ; in healthful body how
 “ A healthful mind the longest to maintain.”
 'Tis hard, in such a strife of rules to choose
 The best, and those of most extensive use ;
 Harder in clear and animated song
 Dry philosophic precepts to convey.

Yet with thy aid the secret wilds I trace
 Of nature, and with daring steps proceed
 Through paths the muses never trod before.

Nor should I wander doubtful of my way,
 Had I the lights of that sagacious mind
 Which taught to check the pestilential fire,
 And quell the deadly Python of the Nile.

O thou beloved by all the graceful arts,
 Thou long the favourite of the healing powers,
 Indulge, O MEAD! a well-designed essay,
 Howe'er imperfect: and permit that I
 My little knowledge with my country share,
 Till you the rich Asclepian stores unlock,
 And with new graces dignify the theme.

YE who amid this feverish world would wear
 A body free of pain, of cares a mind;
 Fly the rank city, shun its turbid air;
 Breathe not the chaos of eternal smoke
 And volatile corruption, from the dead,
 The dying, sickening, and the living world

Exhaled, to sully heaven's transparent dome
With dim mortality. It is not air
That from a thousand lungs reeks back to thine,
Sated with exhalations rank and fell,
The spoil of dunghils, and the putrid thaw
Of nature; when from shape and texture she
Relapses into fighting elements:
It is not air, but floats a nauseous mass
Of all obscene, corrupt, offensive things.
Much moisture hurts; but here a sordid bath,
With oily rancour fraught, relaxes more
The solid frame than simple moisture can.
Besides, immured in many a sullen bay,
That never felt the freshness of the breeze,
This slumbering deep remains, and ranker grows
With sickly rest, and (though the lungs abhor
To drink the dun fuliginous abyss)
Did not the acid vigour of the mine,
Rolled from so many thundering chimnies, tame
The putrid steams that overswarm the sky;
This caustic venom would perhaps corrode
Those tender cells that draw the vital air,

In vain with all their unctuous rills bedewed ;
 Or by the drunken venous tubes that yawn
 In countless pores o'er all the pervious skin
 Imbibed, would poison the balsamic blood,
 And rouse the heart to every fever's rage.
 While yet you breathe, away ; the rural wilds
 Invite ; the mountains call you and the vales ;
 The woods, the streams, and each ambrosial breeze
 That fans the ever undulating sky ;
 A kindly sky ! whose fostering power regales
 Man, beast, and all the vegetable reign.
 Find then some woodland scene where nature smiles
 Benign, where all her honest children thrive.
 To us there wants not many a happy seat.
 Look round the smiling land, such numbers rise
 We hardly fix, bewildered in our choice.
 See where enthroned in adamantine state,
 Proud of her bards, imperial Windsor sits :
 There choose thy seat in some aspiring grove
 Fast by the slowly winding Thames ; or where
 Broader she laves fair Richmond's green retreats,
 (Richmond that sees a hundred villas rise

Rural or gay). O! from the summer's rage
 O! wrap me in the friendly gloom that hides
 Umbrageous Ham!—But if the busy town
 Attract thee still to toil for power or gold,
 Sweetly thou mayst thy vacant hours possess
 In Hampstead, courted by the western wind;
 Or Greenwich, waving o'er the winding flood;
 Or lose the world amid the sylvan wilds
 Of Dulwich, yet by barbarous arts unspoiled.
 Green rise the Kentish hills in cheerful air;
 But on the marshy plains that Lincoln spreads
 Build not, nor rest too long thy wandering feet:
 For on a rustic throne of dewy turf,
 With baneful fogs her aching temples bound,
 Quartana there presides: a meagre fiend
 Begot by Eurus, when his brutal force
 Compressed the slothful naiad of the fens.
 From such a mixture sprung, this fitful pest
 With feverish blasts subdues the sickening land:
 Cold tremors come, with mighty love of rest,
 Convulsive yawnings, lassitude, and pains
 That sting the burdened brows, fatigue the loins,

And rack the joints and every torpid limb;
 Then parching heat succeeds, till copious sweats
 O'erflow: a short relief from former ills.
 Beneath repeated shocks the wretches pine;
 The vigour sinks, the habit melts away;
 The cheerful, pure, and animated bloom
 Dies from the face, with squalid atrophy
 Devoured, in sallow melancholy clad.
 And oft the sorceress in her sated wrath,
 Resigns them to the furies of her train;
 The bloated hydrops and the yellow fiend
 Tinged with her own accumulated gall.

In quest of sites, avoid the mournful plain
 Where osiers thrive, and trees that love the lake;
 Where many lazy muddy rivers flow:
 Nor for the wealth that all the Indies roll
 Fix near the marshy margin of the main.
 For from the humid soil and watery reign
 Eternal vapours rise; the spongy air
 For ever weeps; or, turgid with the weight
 Of waters, pours a sounding deluge down.

Skies such as these let every mortal shun
 Who dreads the dropsy, palsy, or the gout,
 Tertian, corrosive scurvy, or moist catarrh;
 Or any other injury that grows
 From raw-spun fibres, idle and unstrung,
 Skin ill-perspiring, and the purple flood
 In languid eddies loitering into phlegm.

Yet not alone from humid skies we pine;
 For air may be too dry. The subtle heaven,
 That winnows into dust the blasted downs,
 Bare and extended wide without a stream,
 Too fast imbibes the attenuated lymph
 Which, by the surface, from the blood exhales.
 The lungs grow rigid, and with toil essay
 Their flexible vibrations; or inflamed,
 Their tender ever-moving structure thaws.
 Spoiled of its limpid vehicle, the blood
 A mass of lees remains, a drossy tide
 That slow as Lethe wanders thro' the veins;
 Unactive in the services of life,
 Unfit to lead its pitchy current through

The secret mazy channels of the brain.
 The melancholic fiend (that worst despair
 Of physic), hence the rust-complexioned man
 Pursues, whose blood is dry, whose fibres gain
 Too stretched a tone: and hence in climes adust
 So sudden tumults seize the trembling nerves,
 And burning fevers glow with double rage.

Fly, if you can, these violent extremes
 Of air; the wholesome is nor moist nor dry.
 But as the power of choosing is denied
 To half mankind, a further task ensues;
 How best to mitigate these fell extremes,
 How breathe unhurt the withering element
 Or hazy atmosphere: though custom moulds
 To every clime the soft Promethean clay;
 And he who first the fogs of Essex breathed
 (So kind is native air) may in the fens
 Of Essex from inveterate ills revive
 At pure Montpelier or Bermuda caught.
 But if the raw and oozy heaven offend;
 Correct the soil, and dry the sources up

Of watery exhalation: wide and deep
 Conduct your trenches thro' the quaking bog;
 Solicitous, with all your winding arts,
 Betray the unwilling lake into the stream;
 And weed the forest and invoke the winds
 To break the toils where strangled vapours lie;
 Or thro' the thickets send the crackling flames.
 Mean time at home with cheerful fires dispel
 The humid air: and let your table smoke
 With solid roast or baked; or what the herds
 Of tamer breed supply; or what the wilds
 Yield to the toilsome pleasures of the chase.
 Generous your wine, the boast of ripening years;
 But frugal be your cups: the languid frame,
 Vapid and sunk from yesterday's debauch,
 Shrinks from the cold embrace of watery heavens.
 But neither these nor all Apollo's arts,
 Disarm the dangers of the dropping sky,
 Unless with exercise and manly toil
 You brace your nerves, and spur the lagging blood,
 The fattening clime let all the sons of ease
 Avoid; if indolence would wish to live.

Go, yawn and loiter out the long slow year
 In fairer skies. If droughty regions parch
 The skin and lungs, and bake the thickening blood;
 Deep in the waving forest choose your seat,
 Where fuming trees refresh the thirsty air;
 And wake the fountains from their secret beds,
 And into lakes dilate the rapid stream.
 Here spread your gardens wide, and let the cool,
 The moist relaxing vegetable store
 Prevail in each repast: your food supplied
 By bleeding life, be gently wasted down,
 By soft decoction and a mellowing heat,
 To liquid balm; or, if the solid mass
 You choose, tormented in the boiling wave;
 That thro' the thirsty channels of the blood
 A smooth diluted chyle may ever flow.
 The fragrant dairy from its cool recess
 Its nectar acid or benign will pour,
 To drown your thirst; or let the mantling bowl
 Of keen sherbet the fickle taste relieve.
 For with the viscous blood the simple stream
 Will hardly mingle; and fermented cups

Oft dissipate more moisture than they give.
 Yet when pale seasons rise, or winter rolls
 His horrors o'er the world, thou mayst indulge
 In feasts more genial, and impatient broach
 The mellow cask. Then too the scourging air
 Provokes to keener toils than sultry droughts
 Allow. But rarely we such skies blaspheme.
 Steeped in continual rains, or with raw fogs
 Bedewed, our seasons droop: incumbent still
 A ponderous heaven o'erwhelms the sinking soul.
 Lab'ring with storms in heapy mountains rise
 The imbattled clouds, as if the Stygian shades
 Had left the dungeon of eternal night,
 Till black with thunder all the South descends.
 Scarce in a showerless day the heavens indulge
 Our melting clime; except the baleful East
 Withers the tender spring, and sourly checks
 The fancy of the year. Our fathers talk
 Of summers, balmy airs, and skies serene.
 Good Heaven! for what unexpiated crimes
 This dismal change! The brooding elements
 Do they, your powerful ministers of wrath,

Prepare some fierce exterminating plague?
 Or is it fixed in the decrees above
 That lofty Albion melt into the main?
 Indulgent Nature! O dissolve this gloom!
 Bind in eternal adamant the winds
 That drown or wither: give the genial West
 To breathe, and in its turn the sprightly North:
 And may once more the circling seasons rule
 The year; not mix in every monstrous day.

Mean time the moist malignity to shun
 Of burdened skies, mark where the dry champaign
 Swells into cheerful hills; where marjoram
 And thyme, the love of bees, perfume the air;
 And where the cynorrhodon with the rose
 For fragrance vies; for in the thirsty soil
 Most fragrant breathe the aromatic tribes.
 There bid thy roofs high on the basking steep
 Ascend, there light thy hospitable fires.
 And let them see the winter morn arise,
 The summer evening blushing in the west;
 While with umbrageous oaks the ridge behind

O'erhung, defends you from the blustering north,
 And bleak affliction of the peevish east.
 O! when the growling winds contend, and all
 The sounding forest fluctuates in the storm;
 To sink in warm repose, and hear the din
 Howl o'er the steady battlements, delights
 Above the luxury of vulgar sleep.
 The murmuring rivulet, and the hoarser strain
 Of waters rushing o'er the slippery rocks,
 Will nightly lull you to ambrosial rest.
 To please the fancy is no trifling good,
 Where health is studied; for whatever moves
 The mind with calm delight, promotes the just
 And natural movements of the harmonious frame.
 Besides, the sportive brook for ever shakes
 The trembling air; that floats from hill to hill,
 From vale to mountain, with incessant change
 Of purest element, refreshing still
 Your airy seat, and uninfected gods.
 Chiefly for this I praise the man who builds
 High on the breezy ridge, whose lofty sides
 The ethereal deep with endless billows chafes.

His purer mansion nor contagious years
 Shall reach, nor deadly putrid airs annoy.

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

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

Need we the sunny situation here,
 And theatres open to the south commend?

Here, where the morning's misty breath infests
More than the torrid noon? How sickly grow,
How pale, the plants in those ill-fated vales
That, circled round with the gigantic heap
Of mountains, never felt, nor ever hope
To feel, the genial vigour of the sun!
While on the neighbouring hill the rose inflames,
The verdant spring; in virgin beauty blows
The tender lily, languishingly sweet;
O'er every hedge the wanton woodbine roves,
And autumn ripens in the summer's ray.
Nor less the warmer living tribes demand
The fostering sun: whose energy divine
Dwells not in mortal fire; whose generous heat
Glow through the mass of grosser elements,
And kindles into life the ponderous spheres.
Cheered by thy kind invigorating warmth,
We court thy beams, great majesty of day!
If not the soul, the regent of this world,
First-born of heaven, and only less than God!

THE
ART
 OF
PRESERVING HEALTH.

BOOK II.

DIET.

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

Of life; the Table and the homely Gods
Demand my song. Elysian gales, adieu!

The blood, the fountain whence the spirits flow,
The generous stream that waters every part,
And motion, vigour, and warm life conveys
To every particle that moves or lives;
This vital fluid, through unnumbered tubes
Poured by the heart, and to the heart again
Refunded; scourged for ever round and round;
Enraged with heat and toil, at last forgets
Its balmy nature; virulent and thin
It grows; and now, but that a thousand gates
Are open to its flight, it would destroy
The parts it cherished and repaired before.
Besides, the flexible and tender tubes
Melt in the mildest most nectareous tide
That ripening nature rolls; as in the stream
Its crumbling banks; but what the vital force
Of plastic fluids hourly batters down,
That very force, those plastic particles
Rebuild; So mutable the state of man,

For this the watchful appetite was given,
 Daily with fresh materials to repair
 This unavoidable expense of life,
 This necessary waste of flesh and blood.
 Hence the concoctive powers, with various art,
 Subdue the cruder aliments to chyle;
 The chyle to blood; the foamy purple tide
 To liquors, which through finer arteries
 To different parts their winding course pursue;
 To try new changes, and new forms put on,
 Or for the public, or some private use.

Nothing so foreign but the athletic hind
 Can labour into blood. The hungry meal
 Alone he fears, or aliments too thin,
 By violent powers too easily subdued,
 Too soon expelled. His daily labour thaws,
 To friendly chyle, the most rebellious mass
 That salt can harden, or the smoke of years;
 Nor does his gorge the luscious bacon rue,
 Nor that which Cestria sends, tenacious paste
 Of solid milk. But ye of softer clay,

Infirm and delicate! and ye who waste
 With pale and bloated sloth the tedious day!
 Avoid the stubborn aliment, avoid
 The full repast; and let sagacious age
 Grow wiser, lessoned by the dropping teeth.

Half subtilized to chyle, the liquid food
 Readiest obeys the assimilating powers;
 And soon the tender vegetable mass
 Relents; and soon the young of those that tread
 The stedfast earth, or cleave the green abyss,
 Or pathless sky. And if the steer must fall,
 In youth and sanguine vigour let him die;
 Nor stay till rigid age, or heavy ails,
 Absolve him ill-requited from the yoke.
 Some with high forage, and luxuriant ease,
 Indulge the veteran ox; but wiser thou,
 From the bald mountain or the barren downs,
 Expect the flocks by frugal nature fed;
 A race of purer blood, with exercise
 Refin'd and scanty fare: For, old or young,
 The stalled are never healthy; nor the crammed.

Not all the culinary arts can tame,
 To wholesome food, the abominable growth
 Of rest and gluttony; the prudent taste
 Rejects like bane such loathsome lusciousness.
 The languid stomach curses even the pure
 Delicious fat, and all the race of oil;
 For more the oily aliments relax
 Its feeble tone; and with the eager lymph
 (Fond to incorporate with all it meets)
 Coily they mix; and shun with slippery wiles
 The wooed embrace. The irresoluble oil,
 So gentle late and blandishing, in floods
 Of rancid bile o'erflows: What tumults hence,
 What horrors rise, were nauseous to relate.
 Choose leaner viands, ye whose jovial make
 Too fast the gummy nutriment imbibes:
 Choose sober meals; and rouse to active life
 Your cumbrous clay; nor on the enfeebling down,
 Irresolute, protract the morning hours.
 But let the man, whose bones are thinly clad,
 With cheerful ease, and succulent repast
 Improve his habit if he can; for each
 Extreme departs from perfect sanity.

I could relate what table this demands
 Or that complexion ; what the various powers
 Of various foods : But fifty years would roll,
 And fifty more before the tale were done.
 Besides there often lurks some nameless, strange,
 Peculiar thing ; nor on the skin displayed,
 Felt in the pulse, nor in the habit seen ;
 Which finds a poison in the food that most
 The temperature affects. There are, whose blood
 Impetuous rages through the turgid veins,
 Who better bear the fiery fruits of Ind
 Than the moist melon, or pale cucumber.
 Of chilly nature others fly the board
 Supplied with slaughter, and the vernal powers
 For cooler, kinder, sustenance implore.
 Some even the generous nutriment detest
 Which, in the shell, the sleeping embryo rears,
 Some, more unhappy still, repent the gifts
 Of Pales ; soft, delicious and benign :
 The balmy quintessence of every flower,
 And every grateful herb that decks the spring ;
 The fostering dew of tender sprouting life ;

The best refection of declining age ;
 The kind restorative of those who lie
 Half-dead and panting, from the doubtful strife
 Of nature struggling in the grasp of death.
 Try all the bounties of this fertile globe,
 There is not such a salutary food,
 As suits with every stomach. But (except,
 Amid the mingled mass of fish and fowl,
 And boiled and baked, you hesitate by which
 You sunk oppressed, or whether not by all ;)
 Taught by experience soon you may discern
 What pleases, what offends. Avoid the cates
 That lull the sickened appetite too long ;
 Or heave with feverish flushings all the face,
 Burn in the palms, and parch the roughning tongue ;
 Or much diminish or too much increase
 The expense which nature's wise economy,
 Without or waste or avarice, maintains.
 Such cates abjured, let prowling hunger loose,
 And bid the curious palate roam at will ;
 They scarce can err amid the various stores
 That burst the teeming entrails of the world.

Led by sagacious taste, the ruthless king
 Of beasts on blood and slaughter only lives :
 The tiger, formed alike to cruel meals,
 Would at the manger starve : Of milder seeds,
 The generous horse to herbage and to grain
 Confines his wish ; though fabling Greece resound
 The Thracian steeds with human carnage wild.
 Prompted by instinct's never-erring power,
 Each creature knows its proper aliment ;
 But man, the inhabitant of every clime,
 With all the commoners of nature feeds.
 Directed, bounded, by this power within,
 Their cravings are well aimed : voluptuous man
 Is by superior faculties misled ;
 Misled from pleasure even in quest of joy.
 Sated with nature's boons, what thousands seek,
 With dishes tortured from their native taste,
 And mad variety, to spur beyond
 Its wiser will the jaded appetite !
 Is this for pleasure ? Learn a juster taste ;
 And know, that temperance is true luxury.
 Or is it pride ? Pursue some nobler aim.

Dismiss your parasites, who praise for hire ;
 And earn the fair esteem of honest men,
 Whose praise is fame. Formed of such clay as yours,
 The sick, the needy, shiver at your gates.
 Even modest want may bless your hand unseen,
 Though hushed in patient wretchedness at home.
 Is there no virgin, graced with every charm
 But that which binds the mercenary vow ?
 No youth of genius, whose neglected bloom
 Unfostered sickens in the barren shade ?
 No worthy man, by fortune's random blows,
 Or by a heart too generous and humane,
 Constrained to leave his happy natal seat,
 And sigh for wants more bitter than his own ?
 There are, while human miseries abound,
 A thousand ways to waste superfluous wealth,
 Without one fool or flatterer at your board,
 Without one hour of sickness or disgust.

But other ills the ambiguous feast pursue,
 Besides provoking the lascivious taste.
 Such various foods, though harmless each alone,

Each other violate; and oft we see
 What strife is brewed, and what pernicious bane,
 From combinations of innoxious things.

The unbounded taste I mean not to confine
 To hermit's diet, needlessly severe.
 But would you long the sweets of health enjoy,
 Or husband pleasure; at one impious meal
 Exhaust not half the bounties of the year,
 And of each realm. It matters not meanwhile
 How much to-morrow differ from to-day;
 So far indulge: 'tis fit, besides, that man,
 To change obnoxious, be to change inured.
 But stay the curious appetite, and taste
 With caution fruits you never tried before.
 For want of use the kindest aliment
 Sometimes offends; while custom tames the rage
 Of poison to mild amity with life.

So heaven has formed us to the general taste
 Of all its gifts; so custom has improved
 This bent of nature; that few simple foods,

Of all that earth, or air, or ocean yield,
But by excess offend. Beyond the sense
Of light refection, at the genial board
Indulge not often; nor protract the feast
To dull satiety; till soft and slow
A drowsy death creeps on the expansive soul
Oppressed, and smothered the celestial fire.
The stomach, urged beyond its active tone,
Hardly to nutrimental chyle subdues
The softest food: unfinished and depraved,
The chyle, in all its future wanderings, owns
Its turbid fountain; not by purer streams
So to be cleared, but foulness will remain.
To sparkling wine what ferment can exalt
The unripened grape? Or what mechanic skill
From the crude ore can spin the ductile gold?
Gross riot treasures up a wealthy fund
Of plagues; but more immedicable ills
Attend the lean extreme. For physic knows
How to disburden the too tumid veins,
Even how to ripen the half-laboured blood;
But to unlock the elemental tubes,

Collapsed and shrunk with long inanity,
 And with balsamic nutriment repair
 The dried and worn-out habit, were to bid
 Old age grow green, and wear a second spring;
 Or the tall ash, long ravished from the soil,
 Through withered veins imbibe the vernal dew.
 When hunger calls, obey; nor often wait
 Till hunger sharpen to corrosive pain:
 For the keen appetite will feast beyond
 What nature well can bear; and one extreme
 Ne'er without danger meets its own reverse.
 Too greedily the exhausted veins absorb
 The recent chyle, and load enfeebled powers
 Oft to the extinction of the vital flame.
 To the pale cities, by the firm-set siege
 And famine humbled, may this verse be borne;
 And hear, ye hardiest sons that Albion breeds,
 Long tossed and famished on the wintry main;
 The war shook off, or hospitable shore
 Attained, with temperance bear the shock of joy;
 Nor crown with festive rites the auspicious day;
 Such feast might prove more fatal than the waves,

Than war, or famine. While the vital fire
 Burns feebly, heap not the green fuel on;
 But prudently foment the wandering spark
 With what the soonest feels its kindred touch:
 Be frugal even of that; a little give
 At first; that kindled, add a little more;
 Till, by deliberate nourishing, the flame
 Revived, with all its wonted vigour glows.

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

The latent seeds of woe, which rooted once
 Might cost you labour. But the day returned
 Of festal luxury, the wise indulge
 Most in the tender vegetable breed :
 Then chiefly when the summer's beams enflame
 The brazen heavens; or angry Sirius sheds
 A feverish taint through the still gulph of air ;
 The moist cool viands then, and flowing cup
 From the fresh dairy-virgin's liberal hand,
 Will save your head from harm, though round the
 world

The dreaded Causos* roll his wasteful fires.
 Pale humid Winter loves the generous board,
 The meal more copious, and a warmer fare ;
 And longs, with old wood and old wine, to cheer
 His quaking heart. The seasons which divide
 The empires of heat and cold ; by neither claimed,
 Influenced by both ; a middle regimen
 Impose. Through Autumn's languishing domain

* The burning fever.

Descending, nature by degrees invites
 To glowing luxury. But from the depth
 Of winter, when the invigorated year
 Emerges; when Favonius flushed with love,
 Toyful and young, in every breeze descends
 More warm and wanton on his kindling bride;
 Then, shepherds, then begin to spare your flocks;
 And learn, with wise humanity, to check
 The lust of blood. Now pregnant earth commits
 A various offspring to the indulgent sky:
 Now bounteous Nature feeds with lavish hand
 The prone creation; yields what once sufficed
 Their dainty sovereign, when the world was young;
 Ere yet the barbarous thirst of blood had seized
 The human breast. Each rolling month matures
 The food that suits it most; so does each clime.

Far in the horrid realms of winter, where
 The established ocean heaps a monstrous waste
 Of shining rocks and mountains to the pole,
 There lives a hardy race, whose plainest wants
 Relentless earth, their cruel step-mother,

Regards not. On the waste of iron fields,
Untamed, untractable, no harvests wave:
Pomona hates them, and the clownish God
Who tends the garden. In this frozen world
Such cooling gifts were vain: a fitter meal
Is earned with ease; for here the fruitful spawn
Of Ocean swarms, and heaps their genial board
With generous fare and luxury profuse.
These are their bread, the only bread they know;
These, and their willing slave the deer, that crops
The shrubby herbage on their meagre hills.
Girt by the burning zone, not thus the south
Her swarthy sons, in either Ind, maintains;
Or thirsty Lybia; from whose fervid loins
The lion bursts, and every fiend that roams
The affrighted wilderness. The mountain herd,
Adust and dry, no sweet repast affords;
Nor does the tepid main such kinds produce,
So perfect, so delicious, as the shoals
Of icy Zembla. Rashly where the blood
Brews feverish frays; where scarce the tubes sustain
Its tumid fervour and tempestuous course;

Kind Nature tempts not to such gifts as these.
But here in livid ripeness melts the grape;
Here, finished by invigorating suns,
Through the green shade the golden orange glows;
Spontaneous here the turgid melon yields
A generous pulp; the coco swells on high
With milky riches; and in horrid mail
The crisp anana wraps its poignant sweets;—
Earth's vaunted progeny! in ruder air
Too coy to flourish, even too proud to live;
Or hardly raised by artificial fire
To vapid life. Here with a mother's smile
Glad Amalthea pours her copious horn.
Here buxom Ceres reigns: the autumnal sea
In boundless billows fluctuates o'er their plains.
What suits the climate best, what suits the men,
Nature profuses most, and most the taste
Demands. The fountain, edged with racy wine
Or acid fruit, bedews their thirsty souls.
The breeze eternal breathing round their limbs
Supports in else intolerable air;
While the cool palm, the plantain, and the grove

That waves on gloomy Lebanon, assuage
The torrid hell that beams upon their heads.

Now come, ye Naiads! to the fountains lead;
Now let me wander through your gelid reign.
I burn to view the enthusiastic wilds
By mortal else untrod. I hear the din
Of waters thundering o'er the ruined cliffs.
With holy reverence I approach the rocks
Whence glide the streams renowned in ancient
song.

Here from the desert down the rumbling steep
First springs the Nile; here bursts the sounding Po
In angry waves; Euphrates hence devolves
A mighty flood to water half the East;
And there, in Gothic solitude reclined,
The cheerless Tanais pours his hoary urn.
What solemn twilight! What stupendous shades
Inwrap these infant floods! Through every nerve
A sacred horror thrills, a pleasing fear
Glides o'er my frame. The forest deepens round;
And more gigantic, still the impending trees

Stretch their extravagant arms athwart the gloom.
 Are these the confines of some fairy world?
 A land of Genii? Say, beyond these wilds
 What unknown nations? If indeed beyond
 Aught habitable lies. And whither leads,
 To what strange regions, or of bliss or pain,
 That subterraneous way? Propitious maids,
 Conduct me, while with fearful steps I tread
 This trembling ground. The task remains to sing
 Your gifts, (so Pæan, so the Powers of Health
 Command) to praise your crystal element;
 The chief ingredient in heaven's various works;
 Whose flexile genius sparkles in the gem,
 Grows firm in oak, and fugitive in wine;
 The vehicle, the source, of nutriment
 And life, to all that vegetate or live.

O comfortable streams! with eager lips
 And trembling hand the languid thirsty quaff
 New life in you; fresh vigour fills their veins.
 No warmer cups the rural ages knew;
 None warmer sought the sires of human kind.

Happy in temperate peace, their equal days
 Felt not the alternate fits of feverish mirth,
 And sick dejection. Still serene and pleased,
 They knew no pains but what the tender soul
 With pleasure yields to, and would ne'er forget.
 Blest with divine immunity from ails,
 Long centuries they lived; their only fate
 Was ripe old age, and rather sleep than death.
 Oh! could those worthies from the world of gods
 Return to visit their degenerate sons,
 How would they scorn the joys of modern time,
 With all our art and toil improved to pain!
 Too happy they! But wealth brought luxury,
 And luxury on sloth begot disease.

Learn temperance, friends; and hear without
 disdain

The choice of water. Thus the Coan sage*
 Opined, and thus the learned of every school.

* Hippocrates.

What least of foreign principles partakes
Is best; the lightest then what bears the touch
Of fire the least, and soonest mounts in air;
The most insipid, the most void of smell.
Such the rude mountain from his horrid sides
Pours down; such waters in the sandy vale
For ever boil, alike of winter frosts
And summer's heat secure. The crystal stream,
Through rocks resounding, or for many a mile
O'er the chaf'd pebbles hurled, yields wholesome,
pure,
And mellow draughts; except when winter thaws,
And half the mountains melt into the tide.
Though thirst were e'er so resolute, avoid
The sordid lake, and all such drowsy floods
As fill from Lethe Belgia's slow canals;
(With rest corrupt, with vegetation green;
Squalid with generation, and the birth
Of little monsters;) till the power of fire
Has from profane embraces disengaged
The violated lymph. The virgin stream
In boiling wastes its finer soul in air.

Nothing like simple element dilutes
 The food, or gives the chyle so soon to flow.
 But where the stomach, indolent and cold,
 Toys with its duty, animate with wine
 The insipid stream; though golden Ceres yields
 A more voluptuous, a more sprightly draught;
 Perhaps more active. Wine unmixed, and all
 The gluey floods that from the vexed abyss
 Of fermentation spring; with spirit fraught,
 And furious with intoxicating fire;
 Retard concoction, and preserve unthawed
 The embodied mass. You see what countless years,
 Embalmed in fiery quintessence of wine,
 The puny wonders of the reptile world,
 The tender rudiments of life, the slim
 Unravellings of minute anatomy,
 Maintain their texture, and unchanged remain.

We curse not wine: the vile excess we blame;
 More fruitful than the accumulated board,
 Of pain and misery: for the subtile draught
 Faster and surer swells the vital tide;

And with more active poison, than the floods
 Of grosser crudity convey, pervades
 The far-remote meanders of our frame.
 Ah! sly deceiver! Branded o'er and o'er,
 Yet still believed! Exulting o'er the wreck
 Of sober vows! But the Parnassian maids
 Another time perhaps shall sing the joys,
 The fatal charms, the many woes of wine;
 Perhaps its various tribes, and various powers.

Meantime, I would not always dread the bowl,
 Nor every trespass shun. The feverish strife,
 Roused by the rare debauch, subdues, expels
 The loitering crudities, that burden life;
 And, like a torrent full and rapid, clears
 The obstructed tubes. Besides, this restless world
 Is full of chances, which by habit's power
 To learn to bear is easier than to shun.
 Ah! when ambition, meagre love of gold,
 Or sacred country calls, with mellowing wine
 To moisten well the thirsty suffrages;
 Say how, unseasoned to the midnight frays

Of Comus and his rout, wilt thou contend
 With Centaurs long to hardy deeds inured?
 Then learn to revel; but by slow degrees:
 By slow degrees the liberal arts are won;
 And Hercules grew strong. But when you smooth
 The brows of care, indulge your festive vein
 In cups by well-informed experience found
 The least your bane; and only with your friends.
 There are sweet follies, frailties to be seen
 By friends alone, and men of generous minds.

Oh! seldom may the fated hours return
 Of drinking deep! I would not daily taste,
 Except when life declines, even sober cups.
 Weak withering age no rigid law forbids,
 With frugal nectar smooth and slow, with balm,
 The sapless habit daily to bedew,
 And give the hesitating wheels of life
 Gliblier to play. But youth has better joys;
 And is it wise when youth with pleasure flows,
 To squander the reliefs of age and pain?

What dexterous thousands just within the goal
 Of wild debauch direct their nightly course!
 Perhaps no sickly qualms bedim their days,
 No morning admonitions shock the head.
 But, ah! what woes remain! Life rolls apace,
 And that incurable disease old age,
 In youthful bodies more severely felt,
 More sternly active, shakes their blasted prime:
 Except kind nature by some hasty blow
 Prevent the lingering fates. For know whate'er
 Beyond its natural fervour hurries on
 The sanguine tide; whether the frequent bowl,
 High seasoned fare, or exercise to toil
 Protracted; spurs to its last stage tired life,
 And sows the temples with untimely snow.
 When life is new, the ductile fibres feel
 The heart's increasing force; and, day by day,
 The growth advances; till the larger tubes,
 Acquiring (from their elemental veins*,

* In the human body, as well as in those of other animals, the larger blood-vessels are composed of smaller ones; which, by the

Condensed to solid chords) a firmer tone,
 Sustain, and just sustain, the impetuous blood.
 Here stops the growth. With overbearing pulse
 And pressure, still the great destroy the small;
 Still with the ruins of the small grow strong.
 Life glows mean time, amid the grinding force
 Of viscous fluids and elastic tubes;
 Its various functions vigorously are plied
 By strong machinery; and in solid health
 The man confirmed long triumphs o'er disease,
 But the full ocean ebbs: There is a point,
 By nature fixed, whence life must downwards tend.
 For still the beating tide consolidates
 The stubborn vessels, more reluctant still,
 To the weak throbbings of the enfeebled heart.

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

This languishing, these strengthening by degrees
To hard unyielding unelastic bone,
Through tedious channels the congealing flood
Crawls lazily, and hardly wanders on ;
It loiters still ; and now it stirs no more.
This is the period few attain ; the death
Of nature. Thus (so Heaven ordained it) life
Destroys itself ; and could these laws have changed,
Nestor might now the fates of Troy relate,
And Homer live immortal as his song.

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

The sun himself shall die ; and ancient Night
Again involve the desolate abyss :
Till the great FATHER through the lifeless gloom
Extend his arm to light another world,
And bid new planets roll by other laws.
For through the regions of unbounded space,
Where unconfined Omnipotence has room,
BEING, in various systems, fluctuates still
Between creation and abhorred decay ;
It ever did ; perhaps and ever will.
New worlds are still emerging from the deep ;
The old descending, in their turns to rise.

THE
ART
OF
PRESERVING HEALTH.

BOOK III.

EXERCISE.

THROUGH various toils the adventurous muse has
past;

But half the toil, and more than half, remains.

Rude is her theme, and hardly fit for song;

Plain, and of little ornament; and I

But little practised in the Aonian arts.

Yet not in vain such labours have we tried,

If ought these lays the fickle health confirm.

To you, ye delicate, I write; for you

I tame my youth to philosophic cares,

And grow still paler by the midnight lamp.

Not to debilitate with timorous rules
 A hardy frame; nor needlessly to brave
 Unglorious dangers, proud of mortal strength;
 Is all the lesson that in wholesome years
 Concerns the strong. His care were ill bestowed
 Who would with warm effeminacy nurse
 The thriving oak, which on the mountain's brow
 Bears all the blasts that sweep the wintry heaven.

Behold the labourer of the glebe, who toils
 In dust, in rain, in cold and sultry skies:
 Save but the grain from mildews and the flood,
 Nought anxious he what sickly stars ascend.
 He knows no laws by Esculapius given;
 He studies none. Yet him nor midnight fogs
 Infest, nor those envenomed shafts that fly
 When rabid Sirius fires the autumnal noon.
 His habit pure with plain and temperate meals,
 Robust with labour, and by custom steeled
 To every casualty of varied life;
 Serene he bears the peevish eastern blast,
 And uninfected breathes the mortal south.

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

Toil, and be strong. By toil the flaccid nerves
 Grow firm, and gain a more compacted tone ;
 The greener juices are by toil subdued,
 Mellowed, and subtilised ; the vapid old
 Expelled, and all the rancour of the blood.
 Come, my companions, ye who feel the charms
 Of nature and the year ; come, let us stray
 Where chance or fancy leads our roving walk :
 Come, while the soft voluptuous breezes fan
 The fleecy heavens, enwrap the limbs in balm,
 And shed a charming languor o'er the soul.
 Nor when bright winter sows with prickly frost
 The vigorous ether, in unmanly warmth
 Indulge at home ; nor even when Eurus' blasts

This way and that convolve the labouring woods.
 My liberal walks, save when the skies in rain
 Or fogs relent, no season should confine
 Or to the cloistered gallery or arcade.
 Go, climb the mountain ; from the ethereal source
 Imbibe the recent gale. The cheerful morn
 Beams o'er the hills ; go, mount the exulting steed,
 Already, see, the deep-mouthed beagles catch
 The tainted mazes ; and, on eager sport
 Intent, with emulous impatience try
 Each doubtful track. Or, if a nobler prey
 Delight you more, go chase the desperate deer ;
 And through its deepest solitudes awake
 The vocal forest with the jovial horn.

But if the breathless chase o'er hill and dale
 Exceed your strength ; a sport of less fatigue,
 Not less delightful, the prolific stream
 Affords. The crystal rivulet, that o'er
 A stony channel rolls its rapid maze,
 Swarms with the silver fry. Such, through the
 bounds

Of pastoral Stafford, runs the brawling Trent ;
Such Eden, sprung from Cumbrian mountains ;

such

The Esk, o'erhung with woods ; and such the stream

On whose Arcadian banks I first drew air,

Liddal ; till now, except in Doric lays

Tuned to her murmurs by her love-sick swains,

Unknown in song ; though not a purer stream,

Through meads more flowery, or more romantic

groves,

Rolls toward the western main. Hail, sacred flood !

May still thy hospitable swains be blest

In rural innocence ; thy mountains still

Teem with the fleecy race ; thy tuneful woods

For ever flourish ; and thy vales look gay

With painted meadows, and the golden grain !

Oft, with thy blooming sons, when life was new,

Sportive and petulant, and charmed with toys,

In thy transparent eddies have I laved :

Oft traced with patient steps thy fairy banks,

With the well-imitated fly to hook

The eager trout, and with the slender line

And yielding rod solicit to the shore
 The struggling panting prey; while vernal clouds
 And tepid gales obscured the ruffled pool,
 And from the deeps called forth the wanton swarms.

Formed on the Samian school, or those of Ind,
 There are who think these pastimes scarce humane.
 Yet in my mind (and not relentless I)
 His life is pure that wears no fouler stains.
 But if, through genuine tenderness of heart,
 Or secret want of relish for the game,
 You shun the glories of the chase, nor care
 To haunt the peopled stream; the garden yields
 A soft amusement, a humane delight.
 To raise the insipid nature of the ground;
 Or tame its savage genius to the grace
 Of careless sweet rusticity, that seems
 The amiable result of happy chance,
 Is to create; and gives a god-like joy,
 Which every year improves. Nor thou disdain
 To check the lawless riot of the trees,
 To plant the grove, or turn the barren mould.

O happy he! whom, when his years decline,
 (His fortune and his fame by worthy means
 Attained, and equal to his moderate mind;
 His life approved by all the wise and good,
 Even envied by the vain) the peaceful groves
 Of Epicurus, from this stormy world,
 Receive to rest; of all ungrateful cares
 Absolved, and sacred from the selfish crowd.
 Happiest of men! if the same soil invites
 A chosen few, companions of his youth,
 Once fellow-rakes perhaps, now rural friends;
 With whom in easy commerce to pursue
 Nature's free charms, and vie for sylvan fame:
 A fair ambition; void of strife or guile,
 Or jealousy, or pain to be outdone.
 Who plans the enchanted garden, who directs
 The visto best, and best conducts the stream;
 Whose groves the fastest thicken and ascend;
 Whom first the welcome spring salutes; who shows
 The earliest bloom, the sweetest proudest charms,
 Of Flora; who best gives Pomona's juice
 To match the sprightly genius of Champaign.

Thrice happy days in rural business past!
Blest winter nights! when, as the genial fire
Cheers the wide hall, his cordial family
With soft domestic arts the hours beguile,
And pleasing talk that starts no timorous fame,
With witless wantonness to hunt it down;
Or through the fairy-land of tale or song
Delighted wander, in fictitious fates
Engaged, and all that strikes humanity;
Till lost in fable, they the stealing hour
Of timely rest forget. Sometimes, at eve,
His neighbours lift the latch, and bless unbid
His festal roof; while, o'er the light repast,
And sprightly cups, they mix in social joy;
And, through the maze of conversation, trace
Whate'er amuses or improves the mind.
Sometimes at eve (for I delight to taste
The native zest and flavour of the fruit,
Where sense grows wild, and takes of no manure)
The decent, honest, cheerful husbandman
Should drown his labours in my friendly bowl;
And at my table find himself at home.

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

As beauty still has blemish; and the mind
 The most accomplished its imperfect side;
 Few bodies are there of that happy mould
 But some one part is weaker than the rest:
 The legs, perhaps, or arms refuse their load,
 Or the chest labours. These assiduously,

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

But gently, in their proper arts employed,
 Acquire a vigour and elastic spring
 To which they were not born. But weaker parts
 Abhor fatigue and violent discipline.

Begin with gentle toils; and, as your nerves
 Grow firm, to hardier by just steps aspire.
 The prudent, even in every moderate walk,
 At first but saunter; and by slow degrees
 Increase their pace. This doctrine of the wise
 Well knows the master of the flying steed.
 First from the goal the managed coursers play
 On bended reins; as yet the skilful youth
 Repress their foamy pride; but every breath
 The race grows warmer, and the tempest swells;
 Till all the fiery mettle has its way,
 And the thick thunder hurries o'er the plain.
 When all at once from indolence to toil
 You spring, the fibres by the hasty shock
 Are tired and cracked, before their unctuous coats,
 Compressed, can pour the lubricating balm.
 Besides, collected in the passive veins,

The purple mass a sudden torrent rolls,
 O'erpowers the heart, and deluges the lungs
 With dangerous inundation: oft the source
 Of fatal woes; a cough that foams with blood,
 Asthma, and feller peripneumonie*,
 Or the slow minings of the hectic fire.

The athletic fool, to whom what Heaven denied
 Of soul is well compensated in limbs,
 Oft from his rage, or brainless frolic, feels
 His vegetation and brute force decay.
 The men of better clay and finer mould
 Know nature, feel the human dignity;
 And scorn to vie with oxen or with apes.
 Pursued proluxly, even the gentlest toil
 Is waste of health. Repose by small fatigue
 Is earned; and (where your habit is not prone
 To thaw) by the first moisture of the brows.
 The fine and subtile spirits cost too much
 To be profused, too much the roscid balm.

* The inflammation of the lungs.

But when the hard varieties of life
You toil to learn; or try the dusty chase,
Or the warm deeds of some important day:
Hot from the field, indulge not yet your limbs
In wished repose, nor court the fanning gale,
Nor taste the spring. O! by the sacred tears
Of widows, orphans, mothers, sisters, sires,
Forbear! No other pestilence has driven
Such myriads o'er the irremeable deep.
Why this so fatal, the sagacious muse
Through nature's cunning labyrinths could trace:
But there are secrets which who knows not now,
Must, ere he reach them, climb the heapy Alps
Of science, and devote seven years to toil.
Besides, I would not stun your patient ears
With what it little boots you to attain.
He knows enough, the mariner, who knows
Where lurk the shelves, and where the whirlpools
 boil,
What signs portend the storm: to subtler minds
He leaves to scan, from what mysterious cause
Charybdis rages in the Ionian wave;

Whence those impetuous currents in the main,
 Which neither oar nor sail can stem; and why
 The roughening deep expects the storm, as sure
 As red Orion mounts the shrouded heaven.

In ancient times, when Rome with Athens vied
 For polished luxury and useful arts;
 All hot and reeking from the Olympic strife,
 And warm Palestra, in the tepid bath
 The athletic youth relaxed their weary limbs.
 Soft oils bedewed them, with the grateful powers
 Of nard and cassia fraught, to sooth and heal
 The cherished nerves. Our less voluptuous clime
 Not much invites us to such arts as these.
 'Tis not for those, whom gelid skies embrace,
 And chilling fogs; whose perspiration feels
 Such frequent bars from Eurus and the North;
 'Tis not for those to cultivate a skin
 Too soft; or teach the recremental fume
 Too fast to croud through such precarious ways.
 For through the small arterial mouths that pierce
 In endless millions the close-woven skin,

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

The tempered Scythian hence, half-naked treads
His boundless snows, nor rues the inclement heaven;
And hence our painted ancestors defied
The East; nor cursed, like us, their fickle sky.

The body moulded by the clime, endures
The Equator heats, or Hyperborean frost:
Except by habits foreign to its turn,
Unwise, you counteract its forming power.
Rude at the first, the winter shocks you less
By long acquaintance. Study then your sky,
Form to its manners your obsequious frame,
And learn to suffer what you cannot shun.
Against the rigours of a damp cold heaven
To fortify their bodies, some frequent
The gelid cistern; and, where nought forbids,
I praise their dauntless heart. A frame so steeled,
Dreads not the cough, nor those ungenial blasts,
That breathe the tertian or fell rheumatism;
The nerves so tempered never quit their tone,
No chronic languors haunt such hardy breasts.
But all things have their bounds: and he who makes

By daily use the kindest regimen
 Essential to his health, should never mix
 With human kind, nor art nor trade pursue.
 He not the safe vicissitudes of life
 Without some shock endures ; ill-fitted he
 To want the known, or bear unusual things.
 Besides, the powerful remedies of pain
 (Since pain in spite of all our care will come)
 Should never with your prosperous days of health
 Grow too familiar : for by frequent use
 The strongest medicines lose their healing power,
 And even the surest poisons theirs to kill.

Let those who from the frozen Arctos reach
 Parched Mauritania, or the sultry West,
 Or the wide flood that laves rich Indostan,
 Plunge thrice a day, and in the tepid wave
 Untwist their stubborn pores ; that full and free
 The evaporation through the softened skin
 May bear proportion to the swelling blood.
 So may they 'scape the fever's rapid flames ;
 So feel untainted the hot breath of hell.

With us, the man of no complaint demands
 The warm ablution, just enough to clear
 The sluices of the skin, enough to keep
 The body sacred from indecent soil.
 Still to be pure, even did it not conduce
 (As much it does) to health, were greatly worth
 Your daily pains. 'Tis this adorns the rich;
 The want of this is poverty's worst foe;
 With this external virtue, age maintains
 A decent grace; without it, youth and charms
 Are loathsome. This the venal graces know;
 So doubtless do your wives. For married sires,
 As well as lovers, still pretend to taste;
 Nor is it less (all prudent wives can tell)
 To lose a husband's, than a lover's heart.

But now the hours and seasons when to toil,
 From foreign themes recal my wandering song.
 Some labour fasting, or but slightly fed,
 To lull the grinding stomach's hungry rage:
 Where nature feeds too corpulent a frame
 'Tis wisely done. For while the thirsty veins,

Impatient of lean penury, devour
 The treasured oil, then is the happiest time
 To shake the lazy balsam from its cells.
 Now while the stomach from the full repast
 Subsides ; but ere returning hunger gnaws ;
 Ye leaner habits give an hour to toil ;
 And ye whom no luxuriance of growth
 Oppresses yet, or threatens to oppress.
 But from the recent meal no labours please,
 Of limbs or mind. For now the cordial powers
 Claim all the wandering spirits to a work
 Of strong and subtle toil, and great event ;
 A work of time : and you may rue the day
 You hurried, with untimely exercise,
 A half concocted chyle into the blood.
 The body overcharged with unctuous phlegm
 Much toil demands : the lean elastic less.
 While winter chills the blood, and binds the veins,
 No labours are too hard : By those you 'scape
 The slow diseases of the torpid year ;
 Endless to name ; to one of which alone,
 To that which tears the nerves, the toil of slaves

Is pleasure. Oh! from such inhuman pains
 May all be free who merit not the wheel!
 But from the burning Lion, when the sun
 Pours down his sultry wrath, now while the blood
 Too much already maddens in the veins,
 And all the finer fluids through the skin
 Explore their flight; me, near the cool cascade
 Reclined, or sauntering in the lofty grove,
 No needless slight occasion should engage
 To pant and sweat beneath the fiery noon.
 Now the fresh morn alone and mellow eve
 To shady walks and active rural sports
 Invite. But, while the chilling dews descend,
 May nothing tempt you to the cold embrace
 Of humid skies: though 'tis no vulgar joy
 To trace the horrors of the solemn wood,
 While the soft evening saddens into night:
 Though the sweet poet of the vernal groves
 Melts all the night in strains of amorous woe.

The shades descend, and midnight o'er the world
 Expands her sable wings. Great Nature droops

Through all her works. Now happy he whose toil
 Has o'er his languid powerless limbs diffused
 A pleasing lassitude: he not in vain
 Invokes the gentle deity of dreams.
 His powers the most voluptuously dissolve
 In soft repose: on him the balmy dews
 Of sleep with double nutriment descend.
 But would you sweetly waste the blank of night
 In deep oblivion; or on fancy's wings
 Visit the paradise of happy dreams,
 And waken cheerful as the lively morn;
 Oppress not nature sinking down to rest
 With feasts too late, too solid, or too full.
 But be the first concoction half-matured,
 Ere you to mighty indolence resign
 Your passive faculties. He from the toils
 And troubles of the day to heavier toil
 Retires, whom trembling from the tower that rocks
 Amid the clouds, on Calpe's hideous height,
 The busy demons hurl, or in the main
 O'erwhelm, or bury struggling under ground.
 Not all a monarch's luxury the woes

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

In study some protract the silent hours,
Which others consecrate to mirth and wine;
And sleep till noon, and hardly live till night.
But surely this redeems not from the shades
One hour of life: Nor does it ought avail
What season you to drowsy Morpheus give
Of the ever-varying circle of the day;

Or whether, through the tedious winter gloom,
 You tempt the midnight or the morning damps.
 The body, fresh and vigorous from repose,
 Defies the early fogs: but, by the toils
 Of wakeful day, exhausted and unstrung,
 Weakly resists the night's unwholesome breath.
 The grand discharge, the effusion of the skin,
 Slowly impaired, the languid maladies
 Creep on, and through the sickening functions steal.
 So, when the chilling East invades the spring,
 The delicate Narcissus pines away
 In hectic languor, and a slow disease
 Taints all the family of flowers, condemned
 To cruel heavens. But why, already prone
To fade, should beauty cherish its own bane?
O shame! O pity! nipt with pale quadrille,
 And midnight cares, the bloom of Albion dies!

By toil subdued, the warrior and the hind
 Sleep fast and deep; their active functions soon
 With generous streams the subtle tubes supply,
 And soon the tonic irritable nerves

Feel the fresh impulse, and awake the soul.
The sons of indolence, with long repose,
Grow torpid ; and, with slowest Lethe drunk,
Feebly and lingeringly return to life,
Blunt every sense and powerless every limb.
Ye, prone to sleep (whom sleeping most annoys)
On the hard mattress or elastic couch
Extend your limbs, and wean yourselves from sloth ;
Nor grudge the lean projector, of dry brain
And springy nerves, the blandishments of down.
Nor envy while the buried bacchanal
Exhales his surfeit in prolixer dreams.

He without riot, in the balmy feast
Of life, the wants of nature has supplied
Who rises cool, serene, and full of soul.
But pliant nature more or less demands,
As custom forms her ; and all sudden change
She hates of habit, even from bad to good.
If faults in life, or new emergencies,
From habits urge you by long time confirmed,
Slow may the change arrive, and stage by stage ;

Slow as the shadow o'er the dial moves,
 Slow as the stealing progress of the year.

Observe the circling year. How unperceived
 Her seasons change! Behold, by slow degrees,
 Stern winter tamed into a ruder spring;
 The ripened spring a milder summer glows;
 Departing summer sheds Pomona's store;
 And aged autumn brews the winter storm.

Slow as they come, these changes come not void
 Of mortal shocks. The cold and torrid reigns,
 The two great periods of the important year,
 Are in their first approaches seldom safe.

Funereal autumn all the sickly dread,
 And the black fates deform the lovely spring.
 He well advised, who taught our wiser sires
 Early to borrow Muscovy's warm spoils,
 Ere the first frost has touched the tender blade;
 And late resign them, though the wanton spring
 Should deck her charms with all her sister's rays.
 For while the effluence of the skin maintains
 Its native measure, the pleuritic spring

Glides harmless by; and autumn, sick to death
With sallow quartans, no contagion breathes.

I in prophetic numbers could unfold
The omens of the year; what seasons teem
With what diseases; what the humid south
Prepares, and what the demon of the east;
But you perhaps refuse the tedious song.
Besides, whatever plagues in heat, or cold,
Or drought, or moisture dwell, they hurt not you,
Skilled to correct the vices of the sky,
And taught already how to each extreme
To bend your life. But should the public bane
Infect you, or some trespass of your own,
Or flaw of nature hint mortality—
Soon as a not unpleasing horror glides
Along the spine, through all your torpid limbs;
When first the head throbs, or the stomach feels
A sickly load, a weary pain the loins;
Be Celsus called: the fates come rushing on;
The rapid fates admit of no delay.
While wilful you, and fatally secure,

Expect to-morrow's more auspicious sun,
 The growing pest, whose infancy was weak
 And easy vanquished, with triumphant sway
 O'erpowers your life. For want of timely care
 Millions have died of medicable wounds.

Ah! in what perils is vain life engaged!
 What slight neglects, what trivial faults destroy
 The hardiest frame! Of indolence, of toil,
 We die; of want, of superfluity.
 The all-surrounding heaven, the vital air,
 Is big with death. And, though the putrid south
 Be shut; though no convulsive agony
 Shake, from the deep foundations of the world,
 The imprisoned plagues; a secret venom oft
 Corrupts the air, the water, and the land.
 What livid deaths has sad Byzantium seen!
 How oft has Cairo, with a mother's woe,
 Wept o'er her slaughtered sons, and lonely streets!
 Even Albion, girt with less malignant skies,
 Albion the poison of the gods has drunk,
 And felt the sting of monsters all her own.

Ere yet the fell Plantagenets had spent
 Their ancient rage, at Bosworth's purple field;
 While, for which tyrant England should receive,
 Her legions in incestuous murders mixed,
 And daily horrors; till the Fates were drunk
 With kindred blood by kindred hands profused:
 Another plague, of more gigantic arm,
 Arose, a monster never known before,
 Reared from Cocytus its portentous head.
 This rapid fury not, like other pests,
 Pursued a gradual course, but in a day
 Rushed as a storm o'er half the astonished isle,
 And strewed with sudden carcasses the land.

First through the shoulders, or whatever part
 Was seized the first, a fervid vapour sprung:
 With rash combustion thence, the quivering spark
 Shot to the heart, and kindled all within;
 And soon the surface caught the spreading fires.
 Through all the yielding pores the melted blood
 Gushed out in smoaky sweats; but nought assuaged
 The torrid heat within, nor aught relieved

The stomach's anguish. With incessant toil,
 Desperate of ease, impatient of their pain,
 They tossed from side to side. In vain the stream
 Ran full and clear, they burnt and thirsted still.
 The restless arteries with rapid blood
 Beat strong and frequent. Thick and pantingly
 The breath was fetched, and with huge labourings
 heaved.

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

In some a gentle horror crept at first
 O'er all the limbs; the sluices of the skin
 Withheld their moisture, till by art provoked
 The sweats o'erflowed, but in a clammy tide:
 Now free and copious, now restrained and slow,
 Of tinctures various, as the temperature
 Had mixed the blood; and rank with fetid steams;

As if the pent-up humours by delay
 Were grown more fell, more putrid, and malign.
 Here lay their hopes (though little hope remained)
 With full effusion of perpetual sweats
 To drive the venom out. And here the fates
 Were kind, that long they lingered not in pain.
 For who survived the sun's diurnal race
 Rose from the dreary gates of hell redeemed:
 Some the sixth hour oppressed, and some the third.

Of many thousands few untainted 'scaped;
 Of those infected fewer 'scaped alive:
 Of those who lived some felt a second blow;
 And whom the second spared a third destroyed.
 Frantic with fear, they sought by flight to shun
 The fierce contagion. O'er the mournful land
 The infected city poured her hurrying swarms:
 Roused by the flames that fired her seats around,
 The infected country rushed into the town.
 Some, sad at home, and in the desert some,
 Abjured the fatal commerce of mankind;
 In vain: where'er they fled the Fates pursued.

Others, with hopes more specious, crossed the
main,

To seek protection in far-distant skies ;

But none they found. It seemed the general air

From pole to pole, from Atlas to the East,

Was then at enmity with English blood.

For, but the race of England, all were safe

In foreign climes ; nor did this fury taste

The foreign blood which Albion then contained.

Where should they fly? The circumambient heaven

Involved them still, and every breeze was bane.

Where find relief? The salutary art

Was mute ; and, startled at the new disease,

In fearful whispers hopeless omens gave.

To Heaven with suppliant rites they sent their

prayers ;

Heaven heard them not. Of every hope deprived,

Fatigued with vain resources, and subdued

With woes resistless and enfeebling fear,

Passive they sunk beneath the weighty blow.

Nothing but lamentable sounds was heard,

Nor aught was seen but ghastly views of death ;

Infectious horror ran from face to face,
 And pale despair. 'Twas all the business then
 To tend the sick, and in their turns to die.
 In heaps they fell: and oft one bed, they say,
 The sickening, dying, and the dead contained.

Ye guardian gods, on whom the fates depend
 Of tottering Albion! ye eternal fires,
 That lead through heaven the wandering year! ye
 powers,
 That o'er the encircling elements preside!
 May nothing worse than what this age has seen
 Arrive! Enough abroad, enough at home
 Has Albion bled. Here a distempered heaven
 Has thinned her cities; from those lofty cliffs
 That awe proud Gaul, to Thule's wintry reign;
 While in the West, beyond the Atlantic foam,
 Her bravest sons, keen for the fight, have died
 The death of cowards, and of common men;
 Sunk void of wounds, and fallen without renown.
 But from these views the weeping Muses turn,
 And other themes invite my wandering song.

THE
ART
OF
PRESERVING HEALTH.

BOOK IV.

THE PASSIONS.

THE choice of aliment, the choice of air,
The use of toil and all external things,
Already sung; it now remains to trace
What good what evil from ourselves proceeds:
And how the subtle principle within
Inspires with health, or mines with strange decay
The passive body. Ye poetic shades,
Who know the secrets of the world unseen,
Assist my song! For, in a doubtful theme
Engaged, I wander through mysterious ways.

There is, they say, (and I believe there is)
A spark within us of the immortal fire,
That animates and moulds the grosser frame,
And when the body sinks, escapes to heaven,
Its native seat, and mixes with the gods.
Meanwhile this heavenly particle pervades
The mortal elements, in every nerve
It thrills with pleasure, or grows mad with pain.
And, in its secret conclave, as it feels
The body's woes and joys, this ruling power
Wields at its will the dull material world,
And is the body's health or malady.

By its own toil the gross corporeal frame
Fatigues, extenuates, or destroys itself:
Nor less the labours of the mind corrode
The solid fabric. For by subtle parts,
And viewless atoms, secret Nature moves
The mighty wheels of this stupendous world.
By subtle fluids poured through subtle tubes
The natural, vital functions are performed.
By these the stubborn aliments are tamed;

The toiling heart distributes life and strength ;
 These the still-crumbling frame rebuild ; and these
 Are lost in thinking, and dissolve in air.

But 'tis not thought (for still the soul's employed)
 'Tis painful thinking that corrodes our clay.

All day the vacant eye without fatigue
 Strays o'er the heaven and earth ; but long intent
 On microscopic arts its vigour fails.

Just so the mind, with various thought amused,
 Nor aches itself, nor gives the body pain.

But anxious study, discontent, and care,
 Love without hope, and hate without revenge,
 And fear, and jealousy, fatigue the soul,

Engross the subtle ministers of life,
 And spoil the labouring functions of their share.

Hence the lean gloom that melancholy wears,

The lover's paleness, and the sallow hue

Of envy, jealousy ; the meagre stare

Of sore revenge : the cankered body hence

Betrays each fretful motion of the mind.

The strong-built pedant, who both night and day
 Feeds on the coarsest fare the schools bestow,
 And crudely fattens at gross Burman's stall,
 O'erwhelmed with phlegm lies in a dropsy drowned,
 Or sinks in lethargy before his time.

With useful studies you, and arts that please,
 Employ your mind; amuse but not fatigue.

Peace to each drowsy metaphysic sage!

And ever may all heavy systems rest!

Yet some there are, even of elastic parts,

Whom strong and obstinate ambition leads

Through all the rugged roads of barren lore,

And gives to relish what their generous taste

Would else refuse. But may nor thirst of fame

Nor love of knowledge urge you to fatigue

With constant drudgery the liberal soul.

Toy with your books; and, as the various fits

Of humour seize you, from philosophy

To fable shift; from serious Antonine

To Rabelais' ravings, and from prose to song.

While reading pleases, but no longer, read;
 And read aloud resounding Homer's strain,
 And wield the thunder of Demosthenes.
 The chest so exercised improves its strength;
 And quick vibrations through the bowels drive
 The restless blood, which in unactive days
 Would loiter else through unelastic tubes.
 Deem it not trifling while I recommend
 What posture suits: To stand and sit by turns,
 As nature prompts, is best. But o'er your leaves
 To lean for ever, cramps the vital parts,
 And robs the fine machinery of its play.

'Tis the great art of life to manage well
 The restless mind. For ever on pursuit
 Of knowledge bent it starves the grosser powers.
 Quite unemployed, against its own repose
 It turns its fatal edge, and sharper pangs
 Than what the body knows embitter life.
 Chiefly where Solitude, sad nurse of Care,
 To sickly musing gives the pensive mind,
 There madness enters; and the dim-eyed fiend,

Sour Melancholy, night and day provokes
 Her own eternal wound. The sun grows pale,
 A mournful visionary light o'erspreads
 The cheerful face of nature; earth becomes
 A dreary desart, and heaven frowns above.
 Then various shapes of cursed illusion rise;
 Whate'er the wretched fears, creating Fear
 Forms out of nothing; and with monsters teems
 Unknown in hell. The prostrate soul beneath
 A load of huge imagination heaves,
 And all the horrors that the guilty feel,
 With anxious flutterings wake the guiltless breast.

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

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

Oft from the body, by long ails mistuned,
These evils sprung the most important health,
That of the mind, destroy; and when the mind
They first invade, the conscious body soon
In sympathetic languishment declines.
These chronic passions, while from real woes
They rise, and yet without the body's fault
Infest the soul, admit one only cure,
Diversion, hurry, and a restless life.
Vain are the consolations of the wise,
In vain your friends would reason down your pain.
O ye, whose souls relentless love has tamed
To soft distress, or friends untimely fallen!
Court not the luxury of tender thought,
Nor deem it impious to forget those pains
That hurt the living, nought avail the dead.
Go, soft enthusiast! quit the cypress groves,
Nor to the rivulet's lonely moanings tune
Your sad complaint. Go, seek the cheerful haunts
Of men, and mingle with the bustling crowd;
Lay schemes for wealth, or power, or fame, the wish
Of nobler minds, and push them night and day.

Or join the caravan in quest of scenes
 New to your eyes, and shifting every hour;
 Beyond the Alps, beyond the Appenines.
 Or, more adventurous, rush into the field
 Where war grows hot, and, raging through the sky,
 The lofty trumpet swells the maddening soul,
 And in the hardy camp and toilsome march
 Forget all softer and less manly cares.

But most, too passive, when the blood runs low,
 Too weakly indolent to strive with pain,
 And bravely, by resisting, conquer Fate,
 Try Circe's arts, and in the tempting bowl
 Of poisoned nectar sweet oblivion swill.
 Struck by the powerful charm, the gloom dissolves
 In empty air, Elysium opens round,
 A pleasing frenzy buoys the lightened soul,
 And sanguine hopes dispel your fleeting care,
 And what was difficult and what was dire
 Yields to your prowess and superior stars:
 The happiest you of all that e'er were mad,
 Or are or shall be, could this folly last.

But soon your heaven is gone; a heavier gloom
Shuts o'er your head, and as the thundering stream,
Swoln o'er its banks with sudden mountain rain,
Sinks from its tumult to a silent brook,
So when the frantic raptures in your breast
Subside, you languish into mortal man;
You sleep, and, waking, find yourself undone:
For prodigal of life, in one rash night
You lavished more than might support three days.
A heavy morning comes; your cares return
With tenfold rage. An anxious stomach well
May be endured, so may the throbbing head;
But such a dim delirium, such a dream,
Involves you, such a dastardly despair
Unmans your soul, as maddening Pentheus ~~is~~
When, baited round Cithæron's cruel sides,
He saw two suns and double Thebes ascend.
You curse the sluggish Port, you curse the wretch,
The felon, with unnatural mixture first
Who dared to violate the virgin wine;
Or on the fugitive Champaign you pour
A thousand curses, for to heaven it rapt

Your soul to plunge you deeper in despair:
 Perhaps you rue even that divinest gift,
 The gay, serene, good natured Burgundy,
 Or the fresh fragrant vintage of the Rhine,
 And wish that Heaven from mortals had withheld
 The grape, and all intoxicating bowls.

Besides, it wounds you sore to recollect
 What follies in your loose unguarded hour
 Escaped. For one irrevocable word,
 Perhaps that meant no harm, you lose a friend;
 Or in the rage of wine your hasty hand
 Performs a deed to haunt you to the grave:
 Add that your means, your health, your parts decay;
 Your friends avoid you; brutishly transformed
 They hardly know you; or if one remains
 To wish you well, he wishes you in heaven.
 Despised, unwept, you fall, who might have left
 A sacred, cherished, sadly-pleasing name,
 A name still to be uttered with a sigh.
 Your last ungraceful scene has quite effaced
 All sense and memory of your former worth.

How to live happiest, how avoid the pains,
 The disappointments, and disgusts, of those
 Who would in pleasure all their hours employ,
 The precepts here of a divine old man
 I could recite. Though old, he still retained
 His manly sense and energy of mind.
 Virtuous and wise he was, but not severe;
 He still remembered that he once was young;
 His easy presence checked no decent joy.
 Him even the dissolute admired; for he
 A graceful looseness when he pleased put on,
 And laughing could instruct. Much had he read,
 Much more had seen; he studied from the life,
 And in the original perused mankind.

Versed in the woes and vanities of life,
 He pitied man; and much he pitied those
 Whom falsely-smiling Fate has cursed with means
 To dissipate their days in quest of joy.
 "Our aim is happiness; 'tis yours, 'tis mine,"
 He said, "'tis the pursuit of all that live;
 Yet few attain it, if 'twas e'er attained.

But they the widest wander from the mark,
 Who through the flowery paths of sauntering joy
 Seek this coy goddess; that from stage to stage
 Invites us still, but shifts as we pursue.

For, not to name the pains that Pleasure brings
 To counterpoise itself, relentless Fate
 Forbids that we through gay voluptuous wilds
 Should ever roam; and were the fates more kind
 Our narrow luxuries would soon grow stale.

Were these exhaustless, Nature would grow sick,
 And, cloyed with pleasure, squeamishly complain
 That all was vanity, and life a dream.

Let nature rest: be busy for yourself,
 And for your friend; be busy even in vain
 Rather than teize her sated appetites.

Who never fasts, no banquet e'er enjoys;
 Who never toils or watches, never sleeps.

Let nature rest; and when the taste of joy
 Grows keen, indulge; but shun satiety.

“ 'Tis not for mortals always to be blest.
 But him the least the dull or painful hours

Of life oppress, whom sober Sense conducts
 And Virtue, through this labyrinth we tread.
 Virtue and Sense I mean not to disjoin;
 Virtue and Sense are one; and, trust me, he
 Who has not virtue is not truly wise.
 Virtue (for mere good-nature is a fool)
 Is sense and spirit, with humanity:
 'Tis sometimes angry, and its frown confounds;
 'Tis even vindictive, but in vengeance just.
 Knaves fain would laugh at it; some great ones
 dare;
 But at his heart the most undaunted son
 Of fortune dreads its name and awful charms.
 To noblest uses this determines wealth;
 This is the solid pomp of prosperous days;
 The peace and shelter of adversity.
 And if you pant for glory, build your fame
 On this foundation, which the secret shock
 Defies of Envy and all-sapping Time.
 The gaudy gloss of Fortune only strikes
 The vulgar eye. The suffrage of the wise,

The praise that's worth ambition, is attained
By sense alone, and dignity of mind.

“ Virtue, the strength and beauty of the soul,
Is the best gift of heaven ; a happiness
That even above the smiles and frowns of fate
Exalts great Nature's favourites ; a wealth
That ne'er encumbers, nor to baser hands
Can be transferred : it is the only good
Man justly boasts of, or can call his own.
Riches are oft by guilt and baseness earned ;
Or dealt by chance, to shield a lucky knave,
Or throw a cruel sunshine on a fool.
But for one end, one much-neglected use,
Are riches worth your care ; (for nature's wants
Are few, and without opulence supplied.)
This noble end is, to produce the soul ;
To show the virtues in their fairest light ;
To make Humanity the minister
Of bounteous Providence, and teach the breast
That generous luxury the gods enjoy.”

Thus, in his graver vein, the friendly sage
 Sometimes declaimed. Of right and wrong he
 taught

Truths as refined as ever Athens heard,
 And (strange to tell!) he practised what he preached.
 Skilled in the passions, how to check their sway
 He knew, as far as Reason can controul
 The lawless powers. But other cares are mine;
 Formed in the school of Pæan, I relate
 What passions hurt the body, what improve:
 Avoid them, or invite them, as you may.

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

But there are passions grateful to the breast
And yet no friends to life; perhaps they please
Or to excess, and dissipate the soul,
Or while they please torment. The stubborn
 clown,
The ill-tamed ruffian, the pale usurer,
(If Love's omnipotence such hearts can mould)
May safely mellow into love, and grow,
Refined, humane, and generous, if they can.
Love in such bosoms never to a fault
Or pains or pleasures: but, ye finer souls!
Formed to soft luxury, and prompt to thrill
With all the tumults, all the joys and pains,
That beauty gives, with caution and reserve
Indulge the sweet destroyer of repose,
Nor court too much the queen of charming cares;
For while the cherished poison in your breast
Ferments and maddens, sick with jealousy,
Absence, distrust, or even with anxious joy,
The wholesome appetites and powers of life
Dissolve in languor: the coy stomach loathes
The genial board; your cheerful days are gone;

The generous bloom that flushed your cheeks is
fled :

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

And brightens all the ornaments of man :

But fruitless, hopeless, disappointed, racked

With jealousy, fatigued with hope and fear,

Too serious or too languishingly fond,

Unnerves the body and unmans the soul.

And some have died for love, and some run mad,

And some with desperate hand themselves have
slain.

Some to extinguish, others to prevent,

A mad devotion to one dangerous fair,

Court all they meet, in hopes to dissipate

The cares of love amongst an hundred brides.

The event is doubtful ; for there are who find

A cure in this, there are who find it not.

'Tis no relief, alas ! it rather galls

The wound to those who are sincerely sick ;

For while from feverish and tumultuous joys

The nerves grow languid and the soul subsides,

The tender fancy smarts with every sting,

And what was love before is madness now.

Is health your care, or luxury your aim?

Be temperate still: When Nature bids obey;
 Her wild impatient sallies bear no curb.
 But when the prurient habit of delight,
 Or loose imagination, spurs you on
 To deeds above your strength, impute it not
 To Nature: Nature all compulsion hates.
 Ah! let nor luxury nor vain renown
 Urge you to feats you well might sleep without;
 To make what should be rapture a fatigue,
 A tedious task; nor in the wanton arms
 Of twining Laïs melt your manhood down.
 For from the colliquation of soft joys
 How changed you rise! the ghost of what you was!
 Languid, and melancholy, and gaunt, and wan;
 Your veins exhausted and your nerves unstrung.
 Spoiled of its balm and sprightly zest, the blood
 Grows vapid phlegm; along the tender nerves
 (To each slight impulse tremblingly awake)
 A subtle fiend that mimics all the plagues
 Rapid and restless springs from part to part.
 The blooming honours of your youth are fallen;
 Your vigour pines; your vital powers decay;

Diseases haunt you ; and untimely age
 Creeps on ; unsocial, impotent, and lewd.
 Infatuate, impious, epicure ! to waste
 The stores of pleasure, cheerfulness, and health !
 Infatuate all who make delight their trade,
 And coy perdition every hour pursue.

Who pines with love, or in lascivious flames
 Consumes, is with his own consent undone :
 He chooses to be wretched, to be mad ;
 And warned proceeds and wilful to his fate.
 But there's a passion, whose tempestuous sway
 Tears up each virtue planted in the breast,
 And shakes to ruins proud philosophy.
 For pale and trembling Anger rushes in,
 With faltering speech, and eyes that wildly stare ;
 Fierce as the tiger, madder than the seas,
 Desperate, and armed with more than human
 strength.

How soon the calm, humane, and polished man
 Forgets compunction, and starts up a fiend !
 Who pines in love, or wastes with silent cares,

Envy, or ignominy, or tender grief,
 Slowly descends and lingering to the shades.
 But he whom anger stings, drops, if he dies,
 At once, and rushes apoplectic down ;
 Or a fierce fever hurries him to hell.
 For, as the body through unnumbered strings
 Reverberates each vibration of the soul ;
 As is the passion, such is still the pain.
 The body feels ; or chronic, or acute.
 And oft a sudden storm at once o'erpowers
 The life, or gives your reason to the winds.
 Such fates attend the rash alarm of fear,
 And sudden grief, and rage, and sudden joy.

There are, mean time, to whom the boisterous fit
 Is health, and only fills the sails of life.
 For where the mind a torpid winter leads,
 Wrapt in a body corpulent and cold,
 And each clogg'd function lazily moves on ;
 A generous sally spurns the incumbent load,
 Unlocks the breast, and gives a cordial glow.
 But if your wrathful blood is apt to boil,

Or are your nerves too irritably strung;
 Wave all dispute; be cautious if you joke;
 Keep Lent for ever, and forswear the bowl.
 For one rash moment sends you to the shades,
 Or shatters every hopeful scheme of life,
 And gives to horror all your days to come.
 Fate, armed with thunder, fire, and every plague
 That ruins, tortures, or distracts mankind,
 And makes the happy wretched in an hour,
 O'erwhelms you not with woes so horrible
 As your own wrath, nor gives more sudden blows.

While choler works, good friend, you may be wrong;
 Distrust yourself, and sleep before you fight.
 'Tis not too late to-morrow to be brave;
 If Honour bids, to-morrow kill or die.
 But calm advice against a raging fit
 Avails too little; and it braves the power
 Of all that ever taught in prose or song
 To tame the fiend that sleeps a gentle lamb
 And wakes a lion. Unprovoked and calm
 You reason well, see as you ought to see,

And wonder at the madness of mankind ;
 Seized with the common rage you soon forget
 The speculations of your wiser hours :
 Beset with furies of all deadly shapes,
 Fierce and insidious, violent and slow,
 With all that urge or lure us on to fate,
 What refuge shall we seek, what arms prepare?
 Where reason proves too weak, or void of wiles
 To cope with subtle or impetuous powers,
 I would invoke new passions to your aid ;
 With indignation would extinguish fear,
 With fear or generous pity vanquish rage,
 And love with pride, and force to force oppose.

There is a charm, a power, that sways the breast,
 Bids every passion revel or be still,
 Inspires with rage, or all your cares dissolves,
 Can soothe distraction, and almost despair:
 That power is Music; far beyond the stretch
 Of those unmeaning warblers on our stage,
 Those clumsy heroes, those fat-headed gods,
 Who move no passion justly but contempt,

Who, like our dancers, (light indeed and strong!)
 Do wondrous feats, but never heard of grace.
 The fault is ours; we bear those monstrous arts,
 Good Heaven! we praise them; we with loudest
 peals

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

But he the Muse's laurel justly shares,
 A poet he and touched with Heaven's own fire,
 Who with bold rage, or solemn pomp of sounds,
 Inflames, exalts, and ravishes, the soul;
 Now tender, plaintive, sweet almost to pain,
 In love dissolves you; now in sprightly strains
 Breathes a gay rapture through your thrilling breast,
 Or melts the heart with airs divinely sad,
 Or wakes to horror the tremendous strings.
 Such was the bard, whose heavenly strains of old
 Appeased the fiend of melancholy Saul;
 Such was, if old and heathen fame say true,
 The man who bade the Theban domes ascend,
 And tamed the savage nations with his song;

And such the Thracian, whose melodious lyre
Tuned to soft woe made all the mountains weep,
Soothed even the inexorable powers of hell,
And half redeemed his lost Eurydice.
Music exalts each joy, allays each grief,
Expels diseases, softens every pain,
Subdues the rage of poison and the plague;
And hence the wise of ancient days adored
One power of Physic, Melody, and Song.

THE END.



