

## **The art of preserving health; a poem / [John Armstrong].**

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Armstrong, John, 1709-1779.

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Still am I busy, books assembling,  
For to have plenty is a pleasant thing.  
Shyp of Fools  
Ppasse 1800, fol.







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T H E  
A R T  
OF PRESERVING  
H E A L T H:  
A  
P O E M.

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L O N D O N:

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T H E  
A R T  
OF PRESERVING  
H E A L T H.  
B O O K I.

A I R.

**D**AUGHTER of Pæon, queen of every joy,  
HYGEIA\*; whose indulgent smile sustains  
The various race luxuriant nature pours,  
And on th' immortal essences bestows  
5 Immortal youth; auspicious, O descend!  
Thou, chearful guardian of the rolling year,  
Whether thou wanton'st on the western gale,

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

B

Or



Or shak'ft the rigid pinions of the north,  
Diffuseft life and vigour thro' the tracts  
10 Of air, thro' earth, and ocean's deep domain.  
When thro' the blue serenity of heav'n  
Thy power approaches, all the wasteful host  
Of pain and sickness, squallid and deform'd,  
Confounded sink into the loathsom gloom,  
15 Where in deep Erebus involv'd 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 flow wings  
20 Rise from the putrid watry element,  
The damp waste forest, motionless and rank,  
That smothers earth and all the breathless winds,  
Or the vile carnage of th' inhuman field ;  
Whatever baneful breathes the rotten south ;  
25 Whatever ills th' 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  
30 Of vice and heedless pleasure : or if aught  
The comet's glare amid the burning sky,  
Mournful eclipse, or planets ill-combin'd,  
Portend disastrous to the vital world ;  
Thy salutary power averts their rage,  
35 Averts the general bane : and but for thee  
Nature would sicken, nature soon would die.

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



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

Nor should I wander doubtful of my way,  
Had I the lights of that sagacious mind  
55 Which taught to check the pestilential fire,  
And quel the dreaded Python of the Nile.  
O Thou belov’d by all the graceful arts,  
Thou long the fav’rite of the healing powers,  
Indulge, O MEAD ! a well-design’d essay,

How-



60 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.

Y E who amid this feverish world would wear  
65 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, sickning, and the living world  
70 Exhal'd, to fully 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 dunghills, and the putrid thaw  
75 Of nature ; when from shape and texture she  
Relapses into fighting elements :

It



It is not air, but floats a nauseous mass  
Of all obscene, corrupt, offensive things.  
Much moisture hurts ; but here a fordid bath,  
80 With oily rancor fraught, relaxes more  
The solid frame than simple moisture can.  
Besides, immur'd in many a fullen bay  
That never felt the freshness of the breeze,  
This slumbring deep remains, and ranker grows  
85 With sickly rest : and (tho' the lungs abhor  
To drink the dun fuliginous abyfs)  
Did not the acid vigour of the mine,  
Roll'd from so many thundring chimneys, tame  
The putrid salts that overwarm the sky ;  
90 This caustick venom would perhaps corrode  
Those tender cells that draw the vital air,  
In vain with all their unctuous rills bedew'd ;  
Or by the drunken venous tubes, that yawn  
In countless pores o'er all the pervious skin,

Im-



95 Imbib'd, would poison the balsamic blood,  
And rouse the heart to every fever's rage.  
While yet you breathe, away ! the rural wilds  
Invite ; the mountains call you, and the vales,  
The woods, the streams, and each ambrosial breeze  
100 That fans the ever undulating sky ;  
A kindly sky ! whose soft'ring power regales  
Man, beast, and all the vegetable reign.  
Find then some woodland scene where nature smiles  
Benign, where all her honest children thrive.  
105 To us there wants not many a happy feat ;  
Look round the smiling land, such numbers rise  
We hardly fix, bewilder'd in our choice.  
See where enthron'd in adamantinè state,  
Proud of her bards, imperial Windsor sits ;  
110 There chuse thy feat, in some aspiring grove  
Fast by the slowly-winding Thames ; or where  
Broader she laves fair Richmond's green retreats,  
(Richmond



(Richmond that sees an hundred villas rise  
Rural or gay.) O! from the summer's rage  
115 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;  
120 Or Greenwich, waving o'er the winding flood;  
Or lose the world amid the sylvan wilds  
Of Dulwich, yet by barbarous arts unspoil'd.  
Green rise the Kentish hills in chearful air;  
But on the marshy plains that Essex spreads  
125 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  
130 Compress'd the slothful Naiad of the fens.



From such a mixture sprung this fitful pest,  
With feverish blasts subdues the sick'ning land :  
Cold tremors come, and mighty love of rest,  
Convulsive yawnings, lassitude, and pains  
135 That sting the burden'd 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 ;  
140 The vigour sinks, the habit melts away ;  
The chearful, pure and animated bloom  
Dies from the face, with squalid atrophy  
Devour'd, in fallow melancholy clad.  
And oft the forcerefs, in her fated wrath,  
145 Relinquishes them to the furies of her train ;  
The bloated Hydrops, and the yellow fiend  
Ting'd with her own accumulated gall.



In quest of fites, avoid the mournful plain  
Where osiers thrive, and trees that love the lake ;  
150 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 watry reign,  
Eternal vapours rise ; the spungy air  
155 For ever weeps ; or, turgid with the weight  
Of waters, pours a founding deluge down.  
Skies such as these let every mortal shun  
Who dreads the dropsy, palsy, or the gout,  
Tertian, corrosive scurvy, or moist catarrh ;  
160 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



Yet not alone from humid skies we pine ;  
165 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 th' attenuated lymph  
Which, by the surface, from the blood exhales.  
170 The lungs grow rigid, and with toil essay  
Their flexible vibrations ; or inflam'd,  
Their tender ever-moving structure thaws.  
Spoil'd of its limpid vehicle, the blood  
A mass of lees remains, a drossy tide  
175 That flow as Lethe wanders thro' the veins,  
Unactive in the services of life,  
Unfit to lead its pitchy current thro'  
The secret mazy channels of the brain.  
The melancholic fiend, (that worst despair  
180 Of physic) hence the rust-complexion'd man  
Pursues, whose blood is dry, whose fibres gain



Too stretch'd a tone : And hence in climes adust  
So sudden tumults seize the trembling nerves,  
And burning fevers glow with double rage.

- 185 Fly, if you can, these violent extremes  
Of air ; the wholesome is nor moist nor dry.  
But as the power of chusing is deny'd  
To half mankind, a further task enfues ;  
How best to mitigate these fell extreams,  
190 How breathe unhurt the withering element,  
Or hazy atmosphere : Tho' custom moulds  
To every clime the soft Promethean clay ;  
And he who first the fogs of Essex breath'd  
(So kind is native air) may in the fens  
195 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



Of watry exhalation ; wide and deep  
200 Conduct your trenches thro' the spouting bog ;  
Solicitous, with all your winding arts,  
Betray th' unwilling lake into the stream ;  
And weed the forest, and invoke the winds  
To break the toils where strangled vapours lie ;  
205 Or thro' the thickets send the crackling flames.  
Mean time, at home with chearful fires dispel  
The humid air : And let your table smoke  
With solid roast or bak'd ; or what the herds  
Of tamer breed supply ; or what the wilds  
210 Yield to the toilsom pleasures of the chase.  
Generous your wine, the boast of rip'ning years,  
But frugal be your cups ; the languid frame,  
Vapid and sunk from yesterday's debauch,  
Shrinks from the cold embrace of watry heavens.  
215 But neither these, nor all Apollo's arts,  
Disarm the dangers of the dropping sky,

Unless



Unless with exercise and manly toil  
You brace your nerves, and spur the lagging blood.  
The fat'ning clime let all the sons of ease  
220 Avoid ; if indolence would wish to live.  
Go, yawn and loiter out the long flow year  
In fairer skies. If drougthy regions parch  
The skin and lungs, and bake the thick'ning blood ;  
Deep in the waving forest chuse your seat,  
225 Where fuming trees refresh the thirsty air ;  
And wake the fountains from their secret beds,  
And into lakes dilate the running stream.  
Here spread your gardens wide ; and let the cool,  
The moist relaxing vegetable store  
230 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 chuse, tormented in the boiling wave ;



235 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  
240 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  
245 His horrors o'er the world, thou may'st 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.  
250 Steep'd in continual rains, or with raw fogs  
Bedew'd, our seasons droop ; incumbent still  
A ponderous heaven o'erwhelms the sinking soul.  
Lab'ring



Lab'ring with storms in heapy mountains rise  
Th' imbattled clouds, as if the Stygian shades  
255 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 fourly checks  
260 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,  
265 Prepare some fierce exterminating plague?  
Or is it fix'd in the Decrees above  
That lofty Albion melt into the main?  
Indulgent nature! O dissolve this gloom!  
Bind in eternal adamant the winds  
270 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  
275 Of burthen'd skies ; mark where the dry champain  
Swells into chearful hills ; where Marjoram  
And Thyme, the love of bees, perfume the air ;  
And where the \* Cynorrhodon with the rose  
For fragrance vies ; for in the thirsty soil  
280 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 ;  
285 While with umbrageous oaks the ridge behind  
O'erhung, defends you from the blust'ring north,

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



And bleak affliction of the peevish east.

O! when the growling winds contend, and all

The sounding forest fluctuates in the storm,

290 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,

295 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 th' harmonious frame.

300 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



- 305 Chiefly for this I praise the man who builds  
High on the breezy ridge, whose lofty sides  
Th' etherial deep with endless billows laves.  
His purer mansion nor contagious years  
Shall reach, nor deadly putrid airs annoy.
- 310 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  
Wash'd by the silent Lee ; in Chelsea low,  
Or high Blackheath with wintry winds assail'd ;
- 315 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.
- 320 These to defy, and all the fates that dwell



In cloister'd air tainted with steaming life,  
Let lofty ceilings grace your ample rooms;  
And still at azure noontide may your dome  
At every window drink the liquid sky.

325     Need we the funny 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  
330 That, circled round with the gigantic heap  
Of mountains, never felt, nor never hope  
To feel, the genial vigor of the sun!  
While on the neighbouring hill the rose inflames  
The verdant spring; in virgin beauty blows  
335 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 soft'ring sun : whose energy divine  
340 Dwells not in mortal fire ; whose generous heat  
Glow's thro' the mass of grosser elements,  
And kindles into life the pond'rous spheres.  
Chear'd by thy kind invigorating warmth,  
We court thy beams, great majesty of day !  
345 If not the soul, the regent of this world,  
First born of heaven, and only less than God !



T H E

For the winter long time  
The sun had not  
The sun had not  
The sun had not

A R

We count the hours  
It is the best  
The best of the world  
The best of the world

H E A L T H

BOOK  
D E T

THE



THE  
ART  
OF PRESERVING  
HEALTH.

BOOK II.

D I E T.

THE

A B T

A R T

H E A D T H

H E A D T H

E B O O K

D I E T



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T H E  
A R T  
OF PRESERVING  
H E A L T H.  
B O O K II.  
D I E T.

**E**Nough 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  
5 Stupendous solitude frowns o'er the heath,  
To rouse a noble horror in the soul :  
But rugged paths fatigue, and error leads  
Thro' endless labyrinths the devious feet.

E

Fare-



Farewel, ethereal fields! the humbler arts  
10 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, vigor, and warm life conveys  
15 To every particle that moves or lives;  
This vital fluid, thro' unnumber'd tubes  
Pour'd by the heart, and to the heart again  
Refunded; scourg'd for ever round and round,  
Enrag'd with heat and toil, at last forgets  
20 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 cherish'd and repair'd before.  
Besides, the flexible and tender tubes  
25 Melt in the mildest, most nectareous tide  
That



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



Nothing so foreign but th' athletic hind  
Can labour into blood. The hungry meal  
Alone he fears, or aliments too thin,  
45 By violent powers too easily subdu'd,  
Too soon expell'd. His daily labour thaws,  
To friendly chyle, the most rebellious mass  
That salt can harden, or the smoke of years ;  
Nor does his gorge the rancid bacon rue,  
50 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  
55 The full repast ; and let sagacious age  
Grow wiser, lesson'd by the dropping teeth.

Half subtiliz'd to chyle, the liquid food  
Readiest obeys th' assimilating powers ;

And



And soon the tender vegetable mass  
60 Relents ; and soon the young of those that tread  
The steadfast earth, or cleave the green abyss,  
Or pathless sky. And if the Steer must fall,  
In youth and vigor glorious let him die ;  
Nor stay till rigid age, or heavy ails,  
65 Absolve him ill-requited from the yoke.  
Some with high forage, and luxuriant ease,  
Indulge the veteran Ox ; but wiser thou,  
From the bleak mountain or the barren downs,  
Expect the flocks by frugal nature fed ;  
70 A race of purer blood, with exercise  
Refin'd and scanty fare : For, old or young,  
The stall'd are never healthy ; nor the cramm'd.  
Not all the culinary arts can tame,  
To wholesome food, th' abominable growth  
75 Of rest and gluttony ; the prudent taste  
Rejects like bane such loathsome lusciousness.

The



The languid stomach curses even the pure  
Delicious fat, and all the race of oil ;  
For more the oily aliments relax  
80 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. Th' irresoluble oil,  
So gentle late and blandishing, in floods  
85 Of rancid bile o'erflows : What tumults hence,  
What horrors rise, were nauseous to relate.  
Chuse leaner viands, ye of jovial make !  
Chuse sober meals ; and rouse to active life  
Your cumbrous clay ; nor on th' enfeebling down,  
90 Irresolute, protract the morning hours.  
But let the man, whose bones are thinly clad,  
With chearful ease, and succulent repast  
Improve his slender habit. Each extreme  
From the blest mean of sanity departs.

I could



95 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,  
100 Peculiar thing ; nor on the skin display'd,  
Felt in the pulse, nor in the habit seen ;  
Which finds a poison in the food that most  
The temp'rature affects. There are, whose blood  
Impetuous rages thro' the turgid veins,  
105 Who better bear the fiery fruits of Ind,  
Than the moist Melon, or pale Cucumber.  
Of chilly nature others fly the board  
Supply'd with slaughter, and the vernal pow'rs  
For cooler, kinder, sustenance implore.  
110 Some even the generous nutriment detest  
Which, in the shell, the sleeping Embyro rears.  
Some, more unhappy still, repent the gifts  
Of



Of Pales ; soft, delicious and benign :  
The balmy quintessence of every flower,  
115 And every grateful herb that decks the spring ;  
The soft'ring dew of tender sprouting life ;  
The best refection of declining age ;  
The kind restorative of those who lie  
Half-dead and panting, from the doubtful strife  
120 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,  
125 And boil'd and bak'd, you hesitate by which  
You sink oppress'd, or whether not by all ;)  
Taught by experience soon you may discern  
What pleases, what offends. Avoid the cates  
That lull the sickn'd appetite too long ;  
130 Or heave with feverish flushings all the face,



Burn in the palms, and parch the roughning tongue;  
Or much diminish or too much increase  
Th' expence which nature's wise oeconomy,  
Without or waste or avarice, maintains.

135 Such cates abjur'd, let prouling 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  
140 Of beasts on blood and slaughter only lives:  
The tyger, form'd alike to cruel meals,  
Would at the manger starve: Of milder feeds,  
The generous horse to herbage and to grain  
Confines his wish; tho' fabling Greece resound  
145 The Thracian steeds with human carnage wild.  
Prompted by instinct's never-erring power,  
Each creature knows its proper aliment;

F

But



But man, th' inhabitant of every clime,  
With all the commoners of nature feeds.  
150 Directed, bounded, by this pow'r within,  
Their cravings are well-aim'd: Voluptuous man  
Is by superior faculties misled;  
Mislled from pleasure even in quest of joy.  
Sated with nature's boons, what thousands seek,  
155 With dishes tortur'd 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.  
160 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. Form'd of such clay as yours,  
The sick, the needy, shiver at your gates.  
165 Even modest want may bless your hand unseen,  
Tho'



Tho' hush'd in patient wretchedness at home.

Is there no virgin, grac'd with every charm

But that which binds the mercenary vow?

No youth of genius, whose neglected bloom

170 Unfoster'd sickens in the barren shade?

No worthy man, by fortune's random blows,

Or by a heart too generous and humane,

Constrain'd to leave his happy natal seat,

And sigh for wants more bitter than his own?

175 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 th' ambiguous feast pursue,

180 Besides provoking the lascivious taste.

Such various foods, tho' harmless each alone,

Each other violate; and oft we see



What strife is brew'd, and what pernicious bane,  
From combinations of innoxious things.

185 Th' 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,

190 And of each realm. It matters not mean while  
How much to morrow differ from to day ;  
So far indulge : 'tis fit, besides, that man,  
To change obnoxious, be to change inur'd.

But stay the curious appetite, and taste  
195 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



So heav'n has form'd us to the general taste  
200 Of all its gifts ; so custom has improv'd  
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  
205 Indulge not often ; nor protract the feast  
To dull satiety ; till soft and slow  
A drowzy death creeps on, th' expansive soul  
Oppress'd, and smother'd the celestial fire.  
The stomach, urg'd beyond its active tone,  
210 Hardly to nutrimental chyle subdued  
The softest food : unfinish'd and depriv'd,  
The chyle, in all its future wand'rings, owns  
Its turbid fountain ; not by purer streams  
So to be clear'd, but foulness will remain.  
215 To sparkling wine what ferment can exalt  
Th' unripen'd grape ? Or what mechanic skill  
From



From the crude ore can spin the ductile gold?  
Gross riot treasures up a wealthy fund  
Of plagues : but more immedicable ills  
220 Attend the lean extreme. For physic knows  
How to disburden the too tumid veins,  
Even how to ripen the half-labour'd blood ;  
But to unlock the elemental tubes,  
Collaps'd and shrunk with long inanity,  
225 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 ravish'd from the soil,  
Thro' wither'd veins imbibe the vernal dew.  
230 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



- 235 Too greedily th' exhausted veins absorb  
The recent chyle, and load enfeebled powers  
Off to th' extinction of the vital flame.  
To the pale cities, by the firm-set siege  
And famine humbled, may this verse be borne ;  
240 And hear, ye hardiest sons that Albion breeds,  
Long tofs'd and famish'd on the wintry main ;  
The war shook off, or hospitable shore  
Attain'd, with temperance bear the shock of joy ;  
Nor crown with festive rites th' auspicious day :  
245 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 :  
250 Be frugal ev'n of that : a little give  
At first ; that kindled, add a little more ;  
Till,



Till, by deliberate nourishing, the flame  
Reviv'd, with all its wonted vigor glows.

But tho' the two (the full and the jejune)  
255 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  
260 The cruder clods by sloth or 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,  
265 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 return'd  
Of



Of festal luxury, the wise indulge  
270 Most in the tender vegetable breed :  
Then chiefly when the summer's beams inflame  
The brazen heavens ; or angry Syrius sheds  
A feverish taint thro' the still gulph of air.  
The moist cool viands then, and flowing cup  
275 From the fresh dairy-virgin's liberal hand,  
Will save your head from harm, tho' round the  
world  
The dreaded \* Causos roll his wasteful fires.  
Pale humid Winter loves the generous board,  
The meal more copious, and a warmer fare ;  
280 And longs, with old wood and old wine, to cheer  
His quaking heart. The seasons which divide  
Th' empires of heat and cold ; by neither claim'd,  
Influenc'd by both ; a middle regimen

\* The burning fever.



Impose. 'Thro' autumn's languishing domain  
285 Descending, nature by degrees invites  
To glowing luxury. But from the depth  
Of winter, when th' invigorated year  
Emerges ; when Favonius flush'd with love,  
Toyful and young, in every breeze descends  
290 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 th' indulgent sky :  
295 Now bounteous nature feeds with lavish hand  
The prone creation ; yields what once suffic'd  
Their dainty sovereign, when the world was  
young ;  
E're yet the barbarous thirst of blood had seiz'd  
The human breast. Each rolling month matures  
300 The food that suits it most ; so does each clime.

Far



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



Or thirsty Lybia ; from whose fervid loins  
320 The lion bursts, and every fiend that roams  
Th' 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 ſtores  
325 Of icy Zembla. Raſhly where the blood  
Brews feveriſh frays ; where ſcarce the tubes ſuſtain  
Its tumid fervor and tempeſtuous courſe ;  
Kind nature tempts not to ſuch gifts as theſe.  
But here in livid ripeneſs melts the grape ;  
330 Here, finiſh'd by invigorating ſuns,  
Thro' the green ſhade the golden Orange glows ;  
Spontaneous here the turgid Melon yields  
A generous pulp ; the Coco ſwells on high  
With milky riches ; and in horrid mail  
335 The ſoft Ananas wraps its tender ſweets.  
Earth's vaunted progeny : In ruder air

Too



Too coy to flourish, even to proud to live ;  
Or hardly rais'd by artificial fire  
To vapid life. Here with a mother's smile  
340 Glad Amalthea pours her copious horn.  
Here buxom Ceres reigns : Th' autumnal sea  
In boundless billows fluctuates o'er their plains.  
What suits the climate best, what suits the men,  
Nature profuses most, and most the taste  
345 Demands. The fountain, edg'd 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  
350 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 thro' your gelid reign.

I burn



I burn to view th' enthusiastic wilds

355 By mortal else untrod. I hear the din  
Of waters thundering o'er the ruin'd cliffs.

With holy rev'rence I approach the rocks  
Whence glide the streams renown'd in ancient  
song.

Here from the desert down the rumbling steep  
360 First springs the Nile; here bursts the found-  
ing Po

In angry waves; Euphrates hence devolves  
A mighty flood to water half the East;  
And there, in Gothic solitude reclin'd,  
The chearless Tanais pours his hoary urn.

365 What solemn twilight! What stupendous shades  
Enwarp these infant floods! Thro' every nerve  
A sacred horror thrills, a pleasing fear  
Glides o'er my frame. The forest deepens round;  
And more gigantic still th' impending trees

Stretch



- 370 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,  
375 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 Pæon, so the powers of health  
380 Command) to praise your chrystal 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  
385 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 vigor fills their veins.  
No warmer cups the rural ages knew ;  
390 None warmer fought the fires of human-kind.  
Happy in temperate peace ! Their equal days  
Felt not th' alternate fits of feverish mirth,  
And sick dejection. Still serene and pleas'd,  
They knew no pains but what the tender soul  
395 With pleasure yields to, and would ne'er forget.  
Blest with divine immunity from ails,  
Long centuries they liv'd ; their only fate  
Was ripe old age, and rather sleep than death.  
Oh ! could those worthies from the world of Gods  
400 Return to visit their degenerate sons,  
How would they scorn the joys of modern time,  
With all our art and toil improv'd to pain !



Too happy they ! But wealth brought luxury,  
And luxury on sloth begot disease.

405 Learn temperance, friends ; and hear without  
disdain

The choice of water. Thus the \* Coan sage  
Opin'd, and thus the learn'd of every school.

What least of foreign principles partakes  
Is best : The lightest then ; what bears the touch

410 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

415 And summer's heat secure. The lucid stream,  
O'er rocks resounding, or for many a mile  
Hurl'd down the pebbly channel, wholesome yields

\* Hippocrates,



And mellow draughts; except when winter thaws,  
And half the mountains melt into the tide.

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

The fordid lake, and all such drowfy floods  
As fill from Lethe Belgia's flow canals;

(With rest corrupt, with vegetation green;  
Squalid with generation, and the birth

425 Of little monsters;) till the power of fire

Has from profane embraces disengag'd

The violated lymph. The virgin stream

In boiling wastes its finer soul in air.

Nothing like simple element dilutes

430 The food, or gives the chyle so soon to flow.

But where the stomach, indolently given,

Toys with its duty, animate with wine

Th' insipid stream: Tho' golden Ceres yields



A more voluptuous, a more sprightly draught ;  
435 Perhaps more active. Wine unmix'd, and all  
The gluey floods that from the vex'd abyfs  
Of fermentation spring ; with spirit fraught,  
And furious with intoxicating fire ;  
Retard concoction, and preserve unthaw'd  
450 Th' embodied mafs. You fee what countless years,  
Embalm'd in fiery quintefcence of wine,  
The puny wonders of the reptile world,  
The tender rudiments of life, the flim  
Unrav'lings of minute anatomy,  
455 Maintain their texture, and unchang'd remain !

We curfe not wine : The vile excefs we blame ;  
More fruitful, than th' accumulated board,  
Of pain and misery. For the fubtle draught  
Faster and furer fwells the vital tide ;  
460 And with more active poison, than the floods



Of grosser crudity convey, pervades  
The far-remote meanders of our frame.

Ah! fly deceiver! Branded o'er and o'er,  
Yet still believ'd! Exulting o'er the wreck

465 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,  
470 Nor every trespass shun. The feverish strife,  
Rous'd by the rare debauch, subdues, expels  
The loitering crudities, that burthen life;  
And, like a torrent full and rapid, clears  
Th' obstructed tubes. Besides, this restless world  
475 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



Or sacred country calls, with mellowing wine  
To moisten well the thirsty suffrages ;  
480 Say how, unseason'd to the midnight frays  
Of Comus and his rout, wilt thou contend  
With Centaurs long to hardy deeds inur'd ?  
Then learn to revel ; but by slow degrees :  
By slow degrees the liberal arts are won ;  
485 And Hercules grew strong. But when you smooth  
The brows of care, indulge your festive vein  
In cups by well-inform'd experience found  
The least your bane ; and only with your friends.  
There are sweet follies, frailties to be seen  
490 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



Weak withering age no rigid law forbids,  
495 With frugal nectar, smooth and flow 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,  
500 To squander the reliefs of age and pain ?

What dext'rous 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.  
505 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



- 510 Prevent the lingering fates. For know, whate'er  
Beyond its natural fervor hurries on  
The sanguine tide ; whether the frequent bowl,  
High-season'd fare, or exercise to toil  
Protracted ; spurs to its last stage tir'd life,  
And sows the temples with untimely snow.
- 515 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,  
Condens'd to solid chords) a firmer tone,

\* In the human body, as well as in those of other animals, the larger blood-vessels are composed of smaller ones ; which, by the violent motion and pressure of the fluids in the large vessels, lose their cavities by degrees, and degenerate into impervious chords or fibres. In proportion as these small vessels become solid, the 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.

Sustain,



520 Sustain, and just sustain, th' 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  
525 Of viscous fluids and elastic tubes ;  
Its various functions vigorously are plied  
By strong machinery ; and in solid health  
The man confirm'd long triumphs o'er disease.  
But the full ocean ebbs : There is a point,  
530 By nature fix'd, whence life must downwards tend.  
For still the beating tide consolidates  
The stubborn vessels, more reluctant still,  
To the weak throbbings of th' enfeebled heart.  
This languishing, these strengthening by degrees  
535 To hard unyielding unelastic bone,  
Thro' tedious channels the congealing flood  
Crawls



Crawls lazily, and hardly wanders on ;

It loiters still : And now it stirs no more.

This is the period few attain ; the death

540 Of nature : Thus (so heav'n ordain'd it) life

Destroys itself ; and could these laws have chang'd,

Nestor might now the fates of Troy relate ;

And Homer live immortal as his song.

What does not fade ? The tower that long  
had stood

545 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 ;

550 Achaia, Rome, and Egypt moulder down.

Time shakes the stable tyranny of thrones,

I

And



And tottering empires rush by their own weight.  
This huge rotundity we tread grows old ;  
And all those worlds that roll around the sun,  
555 The sun himself, shall die ; and ancient Night  
Again involve the desolate abyfs :  
Till the great FATHER thro' the lifeless gloom  
Extend his arm to light another world,  
And bid new planets roll by other laws.  
560 For thro' the regions of unbounded space,  
Where unconfin'd omnipotence has room,  
BEING, in various systems, fluctuates still  
Between creation and abhorr'd decay ;  
It ever did ; perhaps and ever will.  
565 New worlds are still emerging from the deep ;  
The old descending, in their turns to rise.

T H E



**A R T**  
**THE**  
**OF PRESERVING**  
**H E A L T H.**  
**B O O K III.**  
**E X E R C I S E.**



IN A

THE

ART

OF PRESERVING

THE

BOOK

EXERCISE

THESE AND OTHER  
PRACTICAL  
EXERCISES  
FOR THE  
USE OF  
SCHOOL  
AND  
COLLEGE  
LIBRARIES  
AND  
INDIVIDUALS  
INTERESTED  
IN THE  
PRESERVATION  
OF BOOKS  
AND  
MANUSCRIPTS  
BY  
J. H. M. J. VAN  
DER  
KAM  
M.D.  
AMSTERSDAM  
1891



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T H E  
A R T  
OF PRESERVING  
H E A L T H.  
B O O K III.  
E X E R C I S E.

**T**Hro' various toils th' adventurous muse has  
past ;

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

Rude is her theme, and hardly fit for song ;

Plain, and of little ornament ; and I

5 But little practis'd in th' Aonian arts.

Yet not in vain such labours have we tried,

If ought these lays the fickle health confirm.

To



To you, ye delicate, I write ; for you  
I tame my youth to philosophic cares,  
10 And grow still paler by the midnight lamps.  
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  
15 Concerns the strong. His care were ill bestow'd  
Who would with warm effeminacy nurse  
The thriving oak, which on the mountain's brow  
Bears all the blasts that sweep the wintry heav'n.

Behold the labourer of the glebe, who toils  
20 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,



25 Infest, nor those envenom'd shafts that fly  
When rabid Sirius fires th' autumnal noon.  
His habit pure with plain and temperate meals,  
Robust with labour, and by custom steel'd  
To every casualty of varied life ;  
30 Serene he bears the peevish eastern blast,  
And uninfected breaths 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  
35 Indeed, and temperance pain. By arts like these  
Laconia nurs'd of old her hardy sons ;  
And Rome's unconquer'd legions urg'd their way,  
Unhurt, thro' every toil in every clime.

Toil, and be strong. By toil the flaccid nerves  
40 Grow firm, and gain a more compacted tone ;



The greener juices are by toil subdu'd,  
Mellow'd, and subtilis'd; the vapid old  
Expell'd, and all the rancor of the blood.  
Come, my companions, ye who feel the charms  
45 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.  
50 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 lab'ring woods.  
My liberal walks, save when the skies in rain  
55 Or fogs relent, no season should confine  
Or to the cloister'd gallery or arcade.  
Go, climb the mountain; from th' ethereal source  
Imbibe the recent gale. The chearful morn  
Beams



Beams o'er the hills ; go, mount th' exulting steed,  
 60 Already, see, the deep-mouth'd 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 ;  
 65 And thro' its deepest solitudes awake  
 The vocal forest with the jovial horn.

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



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

On whose Arcadian banks I first drew air,  
Liddal ; till now, except in Doric lays

Tun'd to her murmurs by her love-sick swains,  
Unknown in song : Tho' not a purer stream,

80 Thro' meads more flow'ry, 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

85 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 charm'd with toys,

In thy transparent eddies have I lav'd :

90 Oft trac'd with patient steps thy fairy banks,

With



With the well-imitated fly to hook  
The eager trout, and with the slender line  
And yielding rod sollicit to the shore  
The struggling panting prey ; while vernal clouds  
95 And tepid gales obscur'd the ruffled pool,  
And from the deeps call'd forth the wanton  
    fwarms.

Form'd on the Samian school, or those of Ind,  
There are who think these pastimes scarce humane.  
Yet in my mind (and not relentless I)  
100 His life is pure that wears no fouler stains.  
But if thro' 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  
105 A soft amusement, an humane delight.  
To raise th' insipid nature of the ground ;



Or tame its savage genius to the grace  
Of careless sweet rusticity, that seems  
The amiable result of happy chance,  
110 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,  
115 (His fortune and his fame by worthy means  
Attain'd, and equal to his moderate mind ;  
His life approv'd by all the wise and good,  
Even envied by the vain) the peaceful groves  
Of Epicurus, from this stormy world,  
120 Receive to rest ; of all ungrateful cares  
Absolv'd, and sacred from the selfish crowd.  
Happiest of men ! if the same soil invites  
A chosen few, companions of his youth,  
Once fellow-rakes perhaps, now rural friends ;  
With



125 With whom in easy commerce to pursue  
Nature's free charms, and vie for sylvan fame :  
A fair ambition ; void of strife or guile,  
Or jealousy, or pain to be outdone.  
Who plans th' enchanted garden, who directs  
130 The vists best, and best conducts the stream ;  
Whose groves the fastest thicken and ascend ;  
Whom first the welcome spring salutes ; who  
shews  
The earliest bloom, the sweetest proudest charms,  
Of Flora ; who best gives Pomona's juice  
135 To match the sprightly genius of Champain.  
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,  
140 And pleasing talk that starts no timorous fame,  
With witless wantoness to hunt it down :

Or



Or thro' the fairy-land of tale or song  
Delighted wander, in fictitious fates  
Engag'd, and all that strikes humanity;  
145 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;  
150 And, thro' 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)  
155 The decent, honest, chearful husbandman  
Should drown his labours in my friendly bowl;  
And at my table find himself at home.

What-



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

170 As beauty still has blemish; and the mind  
The most accomplish'd its imperfect side;  
Few bodies are there of that happy mould

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



But some one part is weaker than the rest :  
The legs, perhaps, or arms refuse their load,  
175 Or the chest labours. These assiduously,  
But gently, in their proper arts employ'd,  
Acquire a vigor and elastic spring  
To which they were not born. But weaker parts  
Abhor fatigue and violent discipline.

180       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  
185 Well knows the master of the flying steed.  
First from the goal the manag'd coursers play  
On bended reins ; as yet the skilful youth  
Repress their foamy pride ; but every breath  
The race grows warmer, and the tempest swells ;  
Till



190 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 tir'd and crack'd, before their unctuous coats,  
195 Compress'd, 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  
200 Of fatal woes; a cough that foams with blood,  
Asthma, and feller \* Peripneumonie,  
Or the slow minings of the hectic fire.

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

\* The inflammation of the lungs.



- 205 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.
- 210 Pursued proluxly, even the gentlest toil  
Is waste of health : Repose by small fatigue  
Is earn'd ; and (where your habit is not prone  
To thaw) by the first moisture of the brows.  
The fine and subtle spirits cost too much
- 215 To be profus'd, too much the roscid balm.  
But when the hard varieties of life  
You toil to learn ; or try the dusty chace,  
Or the warm deeds of some important day :  
Hot from the field, indulge not yet your limbs
- 220 In wish'd repose, nor court the fanning gale,  
Nor taste the spring. O ! by the sacred tears  
Of widows, orphans, mothers, sisters, fires,  
Forbear !



Forbear! No other pestilence has driven

Such myriads o'er th' irremeable deep.

225 Why this so fatal, the sagacious muse

Thro' nature's cunning labyrinths could trace :

But there are secrets which who knows not now,

Must, ere he reach them, climb the heapy Alps

Of science; and devote seven years to toil.

230 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

235 He leaves to scan, from what mysterious cause

Charybdis rages in th' Ionian wave;

Whence those impetuous currents in the main,

Which neither oar nor sail can stem; and why

L 2

The



The roughning deep expects the storm, as sure  
240 As red Orion mounts the shrowded heaven.

In ancient times, when Rome with Athens vied  
For polish'd luxury and useful arts ;  
All hot and reeking from th' Olympic strife,  
And warm Palestra, in the tepid bath  
245 Th' athletic youth relax'd their weary'd limbs.  
Soft oils bedew'd them, with the grateful pow'rs  
Of Nard and Cassia fraught, to sooth and heal  
The cherish'd nerves. Our less voluptuous clime  
Not much invites us to such arts as these.

250 'Tis not for those, whom gelid skies embrace,  
And chilling fogs ; whose perspiration feels  
Such frequent bars from Eurys and the North ;  
'Tis not for those to cultivate a skin  
Too soft ; or teach the recremental fume  
255 Too fast to crowd thro' such precarious ways.

For



For thro' the small arterial mouths, that pierce  
In endless millions the close-woven skin,  
The baser fluids in a constant stream  
Escape, and viewless melt into the winds.

- 260 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 restrain'd  
265 Or more or less, so more or less you feel  
The functions labour. From this fatal source  
What woes descend is never to be fung.  
To take their numbers, were to count the sands  
That ride in whirlwind the parch'd Lybian air ;  
270 Or waves that, when the blustering North embroils  
The Baltic, thunder on the German shore.  
Subject not then, by soft emollient arts,  
This grand expence, on which your fates depend,  
To



To every caprice of the sky ; nor thwart  
275 The genius of your clime : For from the blood  
Least fickle rise the recremental steams,  
And least obnoxious to the styptic air,  
Which breathe thro' straiter and more callous pores.  
The temper'd Scythian hence, half-naked treads  
280 His boundless snows, nor ruest h' inclement heaven ;  
And hence our painted ancestors defied  
The East ; nor curs'd, like us, their fickle sky.

The body moulded by the clime, indures  
Th' Equator heats, or Hyperborean frost :  
285 Except by habits foreign to its turn,  
Unwise, you counteract its forming pow'r.  
Rude at the first, the winter shocks you less  
By long acquaintance : Study then your sky,  
Form to its manners your obsequious frame,  
290 And learn to suffer what you cannot shun.



Against the rigors of a damp cold heav'n  
To fortify their bodies, some frequent  
The gelid cistern; and, where nought forbids,  
I praise their dauntless heart. A frame so steel'd  
295 Dreads not the cough, nor those ungenial blasts,  
That breathe the Tertian or fell Rheumatism;  
The nerves so temper'd never quit their tone,  
No chronic languors haunt such hardy breasts.  
But all things have their bounds: And he who makes  
300 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  
305 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



Grow too familiar : For by frequent use  
310 The strongest medicines lose their healing power,  
And even the surest poisons theirs to kill.

Let those who from the frozen Arctos reach  
Parch'd Mauritania, or the sultry West,  
Or the wide flood that waters Indostan,  
315 Plunge thrice a day, and in the tepid wave  
Untwist their stubborn pores ; that full and free  
Th' evaporation thro' the softned skin  
May bear proportion to the swelling blood.  
So shall they 'scape the fever's rapid flames ;  
320 So feel untainted the hot breath of hell.  
With us, the man of no complaint demands  
The warm ablution, just enough to clear  
The fluices of the skin, enough to keep  
The body sacred from indecent soil.  
325 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 woe :  
 With this external virtue, age maintains  
 330 A decent grace ; without it, youth and charms  
 Are loathsome. This the skilful virgin knows :  
 So doubtless do your wives. For married fires,  
 As well as lovers, still pretend to taste ;  
 Nor is it less (all prudent wives can tell)  
 335 To lose a husband's, than a lover's heart.

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

M

The



The treasur'd oil, then is the happiest time  
To shake the lazy balsam from its cells.

345 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.

350 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

355 You hurried, with ill-seasoned exercise,  
A half concocted chyle into the blood.  
The body overcharg'd with unctuous phlegm  
Much toil demands: The lean elastic less.

While winter chills the blood, and binds the veins,

360 No labours are too hard: By those you 'scape

The



The flow 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  
365 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 thro' the skin  
370 Explore their flight ; me, near the cool cascade  
Reclin'd, or fauntring in the lofty grove,  
No needless flight occasion should engage  
To pant and sweat beneath the fiery noon.  
Now the fresh morn alone and mellow eve  
315 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 : Tho' 'tis no vulgar joy



To trace the horrors of the solemn wood,  
380 While the soft evening saddens into night :  
Tho' the sweet poet of the vernal groves  
Melts all the night in strains of amorous woe.

The shades descend, and midnight o'er the  
world  
Expands her fable wings. Great nature droops  
380 Thro' all her works. Now happy he whose toil  
Has o'er his languid powerless limbs diffus'd  
A pleasing lassitude : He not in vain  
Invokes the gentle deity of dreams.  
His powers the most voluptuously dissolve  
390 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,



395 And waken chearful 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-matur'd,  
Ere you to mighty indolence resign  
400 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, or Calpe's hideous height,  
The busy daemons hurl, or in the main  
405 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,  
410 Stung by the furies, works with poisoned thought:  
While pale and monstrous painting shocks the soul;  
And mangled consciousness bemoans itself

For



For ever torn ; and chaos floating round.

What dreamsprefage, what dangers these or those

415 Portend to sanity, tho' prudent seers

Reveal'd of old, and men of deathless fame ;

We would not to the superstitious mind

Suggest new throbs, new vanities of fear.

'Tis ours to teach you from the peaceful night

420 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

425 One hour of life. Nor does it nought avail

What season you to drowsy Morpheus give

Of th' ever-varying circle of the day ;

Or whether, thro' the tedious winter gloom,

You tempt the midnight or the morning damps.

The



430 The body, fresh and vigorous from repose,  
Defies the early fogs: but, by the toils  
Of wakeful day, exhausted and unstrung,  
Weakly resists the nights unwholsome breath.  
The grand discharge, th' effusion of the skin,  
435 Slowly impair'd, the languid maladies  
Creep on, and thro' the sickning functions steal.  
So, when the chilling East invades the spring,  
The delicate Narcissus pines away  
In hectic languor; and a slow disease  
440 Taints all the family of flowers, condemn'd  
To cruel heav'ns. But why, already prone  
To fade, should beauty cherish its own bane?  
O shame! O pity! nipt with pale Quadrille,  
And midnight cares, the bloom of Albion dies!

445 By toil subdu'd, the Warrior and the Hind  
Sleep fast and deep; their active functions soon  
With



With generous streams the subtle tubes supply,  
And soon the tonick irritable nerves  
Feel the fresh impulse, and awake the soul.  
450 The sons of indolence, with long repose,  
Grow torpid ; and, with flowest Lethe drunk,  
Feebly and lingringly return to life,  
Blunt every sense and powerless every limb.  
Ye, prone to sleep (whom sleeping most annoys)  
455 On the hard mattrass 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  
460 Exhales his surfeit in proluxer 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



But pliant nature more or less demands,  
465 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 confirm'd,  
Slow may the change arrive, and stage by stage ;  
470 Slow as the shadow o'er the dial moves,  
Slow as the stealing progress of the year.

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



480 The two great periods of th' 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 advis'd, who taught our wiser fires  
485 Early to borrow Muscovy's warm spoils,  
Ere the first frost has touch'd the tender blade ;  
And late resign them, tho' the wanton spring  
Should deck her charms with all her sister's rays.  
For while the effluence of the skin maintains  
490 Its native measure, the pleuritic Spring  
Glides harmless by ; and Autumn, sick to death  
With fallow Quartans, no contagion breathes.

I in prophetic numbers could unfold  
The omens of the year : what seasons teem  
495 With what diseases ; what the humid South  
Prepares, and what the Dæmon of the East :  
But



But you perhaps refuse the tedious song.  
Besides, whatever plagues in heat, or cold,  
Or drought, or moisture dwell, they hurt not you,  
500 Skill'd to correct the vices of the sky,  
And taught already how to each extream  
To bend your life. But should the public bane  
Infect you, or some trespass of your own,  
Or flaw of nature hint mortality :  
505 Soon as a not unpleasing horror glides  
Along the spine, thro' all your torpid limbs ;  
When first the head throbs, or the stomach feels  
A sickly load, a weary pain the loins ;  
Be Celsus call'd : The fates come rushing on ;  
510 The rapid fates admit of no delay.  
While wilful you, and fatally secure,  
Expect to morrow's more auspicious fun,  
The growing pest, whose infancy was weak



And easy vanquish'd, with triumphant sway  
515 O'erpow'rs your life. For want of timely care  
Millions have died of medicable wounds.

Ah! in what perils is vain life engag'd!  
What flight neglects, what trivial faults destroy  
The hardiest frame! Of indolence, of toil,  
520 We die; of want, of superfluity.  
The all-surrounding heaven, the vital air,  
Is big with death. And, tho' the putrid South  
Be shut; tho' no convulsive agony  
Shake, from the deep foundations of the world,  
525 Th' 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 slaughter'd sons, and lonely streets!  
Even



530 Even Albion, girt with less malignant skies,  
Albion the poison of the Gods has drunk,  
And felt the sting of monsters all her own.

*A Fine Description of the Swarming  
Sickness.*

Ere yet the fell Plantagenets had spent  
Their ancient rage, at Bosworth's purple field ;  
535 While, for which tyrant England should receive,  
Her legions in incestuous murders mix'd,  
And daily horrors ; till the Fates were drunk  
With kindred blood by kindred hands profus'd :  
Another plague of more gygantic arm  
540 Arose, a monster never known before  
Rear'd from Cocytus its portentuous head.  
This rapid fury not, like other pests,  
Pursued a gradual course, but in a day  
Rush'd as a storm o'er half th' astonish'd isle,  
545 And strew'd with sudden carcases the land.

First



*Symptoms.*


First thro' the shoulders, or whatever part  
Was seiz'd the first, a fervid vapour sprung.  
With rash combustion thence, the quivering spark  
Shot to the heart, and kindled all within ;  
550 And soon the surface caught the spreading fires.  
Thro' all the yielding pores the melted blood  
Gush'd out in smoaky sweats ; but nought assuag'd  
The torrid heat within, nor aught reliev'd  
The stomach's anguish. With incessant toil,  
555 Desperate of ease, impatient of their pain,  
They toss'd from side to side. In vain the stream  
Ran full and clear, they burnt and thirsted still.  
The restless arteries with rapid blood  
Beat strong and frequent. Thick and pantingly  
560 The breath was fetch'd, and with huge lab'rings  
heav'd.  
At last a heavy pain oppress'd the head,

A



A wild delirium came ; their weeping friends  
Were strangers now, and this no home of theirs.  
Harass'd with toil on toil, the sinking powers  
565 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 fluices of the skin  
Withheld their moisture, till by art provok'd  
570 The sweats o'erflow'd ; but in a clammy tide :  
Now free and copious, now restrain'd and flow ;  
Of tinctures various, as the temperature  
Had mix'd the blood ; and rank with fetid steams :  
As if the pent-up humors by delay  
575 Were grown more fell, more putrid, and malign.  
Here lay their hopes (tho' little hope remain'd)  
With full effusion of perpetual sweats  
To drive the venom out. And here the fates  
Were

 *Thomson*



*Prognostic*

Were kind, that long they linger'd not in pain.  
580 For who surviv'd the fun's diurnal race  
Rose from the dreary gates of hell redeem'd :  
Some the sixth hour oppress'd, and some the  
third.

*Effects*

Of many thousands few untainted 'scap'd ;  
Of those infected fewer 'scap'd alive :  
585 Of those who liv'd some felt a second blow ;  
And whom the second spar'd a third destroy'd.  
Frantic with fear, they sought by flight to shun  
The fierce contagion. O'er the mournful land  
Th' infected city pour'd her hurrying swarms:  
590 Rous'd by the flames that fir'd her seats around,  
Th' infected country rush'd into the town.  
Some, sad at home, and in the desert some,  
Abjur'd the fatal commerce of mankind ;

In



In vain : where'er they fled the Fates pursued.  
595 Others, with hopes more specious, cross'd the  
main,  
To seek protection in far-distant skies ;  
But none they found. It seem'd the general air *Endemial.*  
Was then at enmity with English blood.  
For, but the race of England, all were safe  
600 In foreign climes ; nor did this fury taste  
The foreign blood which Albion then contain'd.  
Where should they fly ? The circumambient  
heaven  
Involv'd them still ; and every breeze was bane.  
Where find relief ? The salutary art  
605 Was mute ; and, startled at the new disease,  
In fearful whispers hopeless omens gave.  
To heaven with suppliant rites they sent their  
pray'rs ;  
O Heav'n



Heav'n heard them not. Of every hope depriv'd ;  
Fatigu'd with vain resources ; and subdued  
610 With woes resistless and enfeebling fear ;  
Passive they sunk beneath the weighty blow.  
Nothing but lamentable sounds was heard,  
Nor ought was seen but ghastly views of death ;  
Infectious horror ran from face to face,  
615 And pale despair. 'Twas all the business then  
To tend the sick, and in their turns to die.  
In heaps they fell : And oft one bed, they say,  
The sickening, dying, and the dead contain'd.

*Prayer* — Ye guardian Gods, on whom the Fates depend  
620 Of tottering Albion ! Ye eternal fires,  
That lead thro' heav'n the wandering year ! Ye  
powers,  
That o'er th' incircling elements preside !  
May nothing worse than what this age has seen  
Arrive !



Arrive! Enough abroad, enough at home  
625 Has Albion bled. Here a distemper'd heaven  
Has thin'd her cities ; from those lofty cliffs  
That awe proud Gaul, to Thule's wintry reign ;  
While in the West, beyond th' Atlantic foam,  
Her bravest sons, keen for the fight, have died  
630 The death of cowards, and of common men ;  
Sunk void of wounds, and fall'n without renown.

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





Arrive! Enough abroad, enough at home  
Has Albion bled. Here a dissembler'd heaven

Has thin'd her cities; from those lofty cliffs  
That awe proud Gaul, to Gaul's wint'ry reign;

While in the West, beyond the Atlantic foam,  
Her bravest sons, known for the fight, have died

The death of cowards, and of common men;

Stunk void of wounds, and fall'n without renown.

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



THE  
ART  
OF PRESERVING  
HEALTH.

BOOK IV.

The PASSIONS.



THE

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OF PRESERVING

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BOOKS

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T H E  
A R T  
OF PRESERVING  
H E A L T H.  
B O O K IV.

The P A S S I O N S.

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

Assist



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

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

By its own toil the gross corporeal frame  
Fatigues, extenuates, or destroys itself:

Nor



25 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 pour'd thro' subtle tubes  
 30 The natural, vital, functions are perform'd.  
 By these the stubborn aliments are tam'd ;  
 The toiling heart distributes life and strength ;  
 These the still-crumbling frame rebuild ; and these  
 Are lost in thinking, and dissolve in air.

35 But'tis not Thought (for still the soul's employ'd)  
 '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.  
 40 Just so the mind, with various thought amus'd,  
 Nor aches itself, nor gives the body pain.

P

But



But anxious Study, Discontent, and Care,  
Love without hope, and Hate without revenge,  
And Fear, and Jealousy, fatigue the soul,  
45 Engross the subtle ministers of life,  
And spoil the lab'ring functions of their share.  
Hence the lean gloom that Melancholy wears ;  
The Lover's paleness ; and the fallow hue  
Of Envy, Jealousy ; the meagre stare  
50 Of fore Revenge : The canker'd 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 ;  
55 O'erwhelm'd with phlegm lies in a dropsy drown'd,  
Or sinks in lethargy before his time.  
With useful studies you, and arts that please  
Employ your mind, amuse but not fatigue.

Peace



Peace to each drowsy metaphysic sage !

60 And ever may the German folio's rest !

Yet some there are, even of elastic parts,

Whom strong and obstinate ambition leads

Thro' all the rugged roads of barren lore,

And gives to relish what their generous taste

65 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

70 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.

75 The chest so exercis'd improves its strength ;



And quick vibrations thro' the bowels drive  
The restless blood, which in unactive days  
Would loiter else thro' unelastic tubes.

Deem it not trifling while I recommend

80 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

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

90 Chiefly where Solitude, sad nurse of care,  
To sickly musing gives the pensive mind.  
There madness enters ; and the dim-ey'd Fiend,

Sour



Sour Melancholy, night and day provokes  
 Her own eternal wound. The sun grows pale ;  
 95 A mournful visionary light o'erspreads  
 The chearful face of nature : earth becomes  
 A dreary desert, and heaven frowns above.  
 Then various shapes of curs'd illusion rise ;  
 Whate'er the wretched fears, creating Fear  
 100 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.

105     Such phantoms Pride in solitary scenes,  
 Or Fear, on delicate Self-love creates.  
 From other cares absolv'd, the busy mind  
 Finds in yourself a theme to pore upon ;  
 It finds you miserable, or makes you so.

For



110 For while yourself you anxiously explore,  
Timorous Self-love, with sick'ning Fancy's aid,  
Presents the danger that you dread the most,  
And ever galls you in your tender part.  
Hence some for love, and some for jealousy,  
115 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,  
120 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?  
125 And what avails it that indulgent heaven  
From mortal eyes has wrapt the woes to come,  
If we, ingenious to torment ourselves,

Grow



Grow pale at hideous fictions of our own?

Enjoy the present ; nor with needless cares,

130 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 mistun'd,

135 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

140 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.

Oh



145 Oh ye whose souls relentless love has tam'd  
To soft distress, or friends untimely slain!  
Court not the luxury of tender thought:  
Nor deem it impious to forget those pains  
That hurt the living, nought avail the dead.

150 Go, soft enthusiast! quit the cypress groves,  
Nor to the rivulet's lonely moanings tune  
Your sad complaint. Go, seek the chearful haunts  
Of men, and mingle with the bustling croud;  
Lay schemes for wealth, or power, or fame, the wish  
155 Of nobler minds, and push them night and day.  
Or join the caravan in quest of scenes  
New to your eyes, and shifting every hour;  
Beyond the Alps, beyond the Appennines.  
Or, more advent'rous, rush into the field  
160 Where war grows hot; and, raging thro' the sky,  
The lofty trumpet swells the maddening soul:

And



And in the hardy camp and toilsome march  
Forget all softer and less manly cares.

But most too passive, when the blood runs low,  
165 Too weakly indolent to strive with pain,  
And bravely by resisting conquer Fate,  
Try Circe's arts ; and in the tempting bowl  
Of poison'd Nectar sweet oblivion drink.  
Struck by the powerful charm, the gloom dissolves  
170 In empty air ; Elysium opens round.  
A pleasing phrenzy buoys the lighten'd soul,  
And sanguine hopes dispel your fleeting care ;  
And what was difficult, and what was dire,  
Yields to your prowess and superior stars :  
175 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

Q

Shuts



Shut so'er your head: and, as the thundering stream,  
Swoln o'er its banks with sudden mountain rain,  
180 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  
185 You lavish'd more than might support three days.  
A heavy morning comes ; your cares return  
With tenfold rage. An anxious stomach well  
May be endur'd ; so may the throbbing head :  
But such a dim delirium, such a dream,  
190 Involves you ; such a dastardly despair  
Unmans your soul, as madd'ning Pentheus felt  
When, baited round Citheron's cruel fides,  
He saw two suns, and double Thebes ascend.  
You curse the sluggish Port ; you curse the wretch,  
195 The felon, with unnatural mixture first  
Who



Who dar'd to violate the virgin Wine.  
 Or on the fugitive Champain you pour  
 A thousand curses; for to heav'n your soul  
 It rapt, to plunge you deeper in despair.  
 200 Perhaps you rue even that divinest gift,  
 The gay, ferene, good-natur'd Burgundy,  
 Or the fresh fragrant vintage of the Rhine:  
 And wish that heaven from mortals had withheld  
 The grape, and all intoxicating bowls.  
 205 Besides, it wounds you sore to recollect  
 What follies in your loose unguarded hour  
 Escap'd. By one irrevocable word,  
 Perhaps that meant no harm, you lose a friend.  
 Or in the rage of wine your hasty hand  
 210 Performs a deed to haunt you to your grave.  
 Add that your means, your health, your parts  
 decay;



210 Your friends avoid you ; brutishly transform'd  
They hardly know you ; or if one remains  
To wish you well, he wishes you in heaven.

Despis'd, unwept you fall ; who might have left  
A sacred, cherish'd, sadly-pleasing name ;  
215 A name still to be utter'd with a sigh.

Your last ungraceful scene has quite effac'd  
All sense and memory of your former worth.

How to live happiest ; how avoid the pains,  
The disappointments, and disgusts of those  
220 Who would in pleasure all their hours employ ;  
The precepts here of a divine old man  
I could recite. Tho' old, he still retain'd  
His manly sense, and energy of mind.  
Virtuous and wise he was, but not severe ;  
225 He still remember'd that he once was young ;  
His easy presence check'd no decent joy.

Him



Him even the diffolute admir'd; for he  
A graceful looseness when he pleas'd put on,  
And laughing cou'd instruct. Much had he read,  
230 Much more had seen; he studied from the life,  
And in th' original perus'd mankind.

Vers'd in the woes and vanities of life,  
He pitied man: And much he pitied those  
Whom falsely-smiling fate has curs'd with means  
235 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 attain'd.  
But they the widest wander from the mark,  
240 Who thro' the flow'ry paths of saunt'ring Joy  
Seek this coy Goddess; that from stage to stage  
Invites us still, but shifts as we pursue.  
For, not to name the pains that pleasure brings  
To



To counterpoise itself, relentless Fate  
Forbids that we thro' gay voluptuous wilds  
Should ever roam : And were the Fates more kind  
Our narrow luxuries would soon be stale.

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

Let nature rest : Be busy for yourself,  
And for your friend ; be busy even in vain

255 Rather than teize her fated 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.

260 '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



And Virtue, thro' this labyrinth we tread.

Virtue and Sense I mean not to disjoin ;

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

Who has not virtue is not truly wise.

Virtue (for meer good-nature is a fool)

Is sense and spirit, with humanity :

'Tis sometimes angry, and its frown confounds ;

270 '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 ;

275 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



The gawdy gloss of Fortune only strikes  
The vulgar eye: The suffrage of the wise,  
280 The praise that's worth ambition, is attain'd  
By Sense alone, and dignity of mind.

Virtue, the strength and beauty of the soul,  
Is the best gift of heaven: a happiness  
That even above the smiles and frowns of fate  
285 Exalts great Nature's favourites: a wealth  
That ne'er encumbers, nor to baser hands  
Can be transfer'd: it is the only good  
Man justly boasts of, or can call his own.  
Riches are oft by guilt and baseness earn'd;  
290 Or dealt by chance, to shield a lucky knave,  
Or throw a cruel sun-shine on a fool.  
But for one end, one much-neglected use,  
Are riches worth your care: (for Nature's wants  
Are few, and without opulence supplied.)

This



This noble end is, to produce the Soul ;  
To shew the virtues in their fairest light ;  
To make Humanity the Minister  
300 Of bounteous Providence ; and teach the Breast  
That generous luxury the Gods enjoy.

Thus, in his graver vein, the friendly Sage  
Sometimes declaim'd. Of Right and Wrong he  
taught  
Truths as refin'd as ever Athens heard ;  
305 And (strange to tell !) he practis'd what he  
preach'd.

Skill'd in the Passions, how to check their sway  
He knew, as far as Reason can controul  
The lawless Powers. But other cares are mine :  
Form'd in the school of Pæon, I relate  
310 What Passions hurt the body, what improve :  
Avoid them, or invite them, as you may.

R

Know



Know then, whatever chearful and serene  
Supports the mind, supports the body too.  
Hence the most vital movement mortals feel  
315 Is Hope ; the balm and life-blood of the soul.  
It pleases, and it lasts. Indulgent heaven  
Sent down the kind delusion, thro' the paths  
Of rugged life , to lead us patient on ;  
And make our happiest state no tedious thing.  
320 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 ;  
325 Or while they please, torment. The stubborn Clown,  
The ill-tam'd Ruffian, and pale Usurer,  
(If Love's omnipotence such hearts can mould)  
May safely mellow into love ; and grow  
Refin'd,



Refin'd, humane, and generous, if they can.  
 330 Love in such bosoms never to a fault  
 Or pains or pleasures. But ye finer Souls,  
 Form'd to soft luxury, and prompt to thrill  
 With all the tumults, all the joys and pains,  
 That beauty gives ; with caution and reserve  
 335 Indulge the sweet destroyer of repose,  
 Nor court too much the Queen of charming cares.  
 For, while the cherish'd poison in your breast  
 Ferments and maddens ; sick with jealousy,  
 Absence, distrust, or even with anxious joy,  
 340 The wholesome appetites and powers of life  
 Dissolve in languor. The coy stomach loaths  
 The genial board : Your chearful days are gone :  
 The generous bloom that flush'd your cheeks is fled.  
 To sighs devoted and to tender pains,  
 345 Pensive you sit, or solitary stray,  
 And waste your youth in musing. Musing first



Toy'd into care your unsuspecting heart :  
It found a liking there, a sportful fire,  
And that fomented into serious love ;  
350 Which musing daily strengthens and improves  
Thro' 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 ; th' infected mind,  
355 Dissolv'd 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 shun'd.  
360 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, and amiable grace,  
And brightens all the ornaments of man.

But



365 But fruitless, hopeless, disappointed, rack'd  
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;  
370 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 a hundred Brides.  
375 Th' event is doubtful: for there are who find  
A cure in this; there are who find it not.  
'Tis no relief, alas! it rather galls  
The wound, to those who are sincerely sick.  
For while from feverish and tumultuous joys  
380 The nerves grow languid and the soul subsides;  
The tender Fancy smarts with every sting;  
And



And what was Love before is Madness now.  
Is health your care, or luxury your aim,  
Be temperate still: When Nature bids obey;  
385 Her wild impatient fallies 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.  
390 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.  
395 For from the colliquation of soft joys  
How chang'd you rise! the ghost of what you was!  
Languid, and melancholy, and gaunt, and wan;  
Your veins exhausted and your nerves unstrung.  
Spoil'd of its balm and sprightly zest, the blood  
Grows



400 Grows vapid phlegm ; along the tender nerves  
(To each flight 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 ;  
405 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, chearfulness, and health !  
410 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 chuses to be wretched, to be mad ;  
415 And warn'd proceeds and wilful to his fate.  
But there's a Passion, whose tempestuous sway  
Tears



Tears up each virtue planted in the breast,  
And shakes to ruins proud philosophy.

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

How soon the calm, humane, and polish'd man  
Forgets compunction, and starts up a fiend!  
425 Who pines in Love, or wastes with silent Cares,  
Envy, or Ignominy, or tender Grief,  
Slowly descends and ling'ring to the shades.  
But he whom Anger stings, drops, if he dies,  
At once, and rushes apoplectic down;  
430 Or a fierce fever hurries him to hell.

For, as the Body thro' unnumber'd strings  
Reverberates each vibration of the Soul;  
As is the Passion, such is still the Pain

The



The Body feels ; or chronic, or acute.

435 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 boist'rous  
fit

440 Is Health, and only fills the fails 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 folly spurns th' incumbent load,  
445 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 ;

S

Keep



Keep Lent for ever ; and forswear the Bowl.

450 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, arm'd with thunder, fire, and every plague

That ruins, tortures, or distracts mankind,

455 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.

460 '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 tries the power

Of



Of all that ever taught in Prose or Song,  
465 To tame the Fiend that sleeps a gentle Lamb,  
And wakes a Lion. Unprovok'd and calm,  
You reason well, see as you ought to see,  
And wonder at the madness of mankind :  
Seiz'd with the common rage, you soon forget  
470 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 ?  
475 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,  
480 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 sooth Distraction, and almost Despair.

485 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 !)  
490 Do wond'rous feats, but never heard of grace.

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

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

But



But he the Muse's laurel justly shares,  
A Poet he, and touch'd with Heaven's own fire;  
Who, with bold rage or solemn pomp of sounds,  
Inflames, exalts, and ravishes the soul;  
500 Now tender, plaintive, sweet almost to pain,  
In Love dissolves you; now in sprightly strains  
Breathes a gay rapture thro' your thrilling breast;  
Or melts the heart with airs divinely sad;  
Or wakes to horror the tremendous strings.  
505 Such was the bard, whose heavenly strains of old  
Appeas'd the fiend of melancholy Saul.  
Such was, if old and heathen fame say true,  
The man who bade the Theban domes ascend,  
And tam'd the savage nations with his song;  
510 And such the Thracian, whose harmonious lyre,  
Tun'd to soft woe, made all the mountains weep;  
Sooth'd even th' inexorable powers of Hell,  
And



And half redeem'd his lost Eurydice.

Musick exalts each Joy, allays each Grief,

515 Expells Diseases, softens every Pain,

Subdues the rage of Poison, and the Plague ;

And hence the wise of ancient days ador'd

One Power of Physic, Melody, and Song.

*The E N D.*

























