The art of preserving health; a poem / In four books. By John Armstrong, M. D.

Contributors

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345 ТНЕ T R OF PRESERVING HEALTH: A E M. P ()In FOUR BOOKS. By JOHN ARMSTRONG, M. D. The SECOND EDITION. L O N D O N:Printed for A. MILLAR, opposite to Katherine-Street, in the Strand.

M.DCC.XLV.



A R T

THE

OF PRESERVING

HEALTH. BOOKI. AIR.

DAUGHTER of Pæon, queen of every joy, HYGEIA*; whofe indulgent finile fuftains The various race luxuriant nature pours, And on th' immortal effences beftows Immortal youth; aufpicious, O defcend! 5

* Hygeia the goddefs of health, was, according to the genealogy of the heathen deities, the daughter of Efculapius; who, as well as Apollo, was diffinguished by the name of Pæon.

Thou,

The ART of

6

Book I.

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

I

Whatever

AIR. preserving HEALTH.

Whatever ills th' extremes or fudden change 25 Of cold and hot, or moift and dry produce; They fly thy pure effulgence: they, and all The fecret poifons of avenging heaven, And all the pale tribes halting in the train Of vice and heedlefs pleafure: or if aught 30 The comet's glare amid the burning fky, Mournful eclipfe, or planets ill-combin'd, Portend difaftrous to the vital world; Thy falutary power averts their rage, Averts the general bane : and but for thee 35 Nature would ficken, nature foon would die.

Without thy chearful active energy No rapture fwells the breaft, no poet fings, No more the maids of Helicon delight. Come then with me, O Goddefs heavenly-gay! 40 Begin the fong; and let it fweetly flow, And let it wifely teach thy wholefom laws:

" How

The ART of

8

Book I.

How beft the fickle fabric to fupport
Of mortal man; in healthful body how
A healthful mind the longeft to maintain." 45
Tis hard, in fuch a ftrife of rules, to chufe
The beft, and those of most extensive use;
Harder in clear and animated fong
Dry philosophic precepts to convey.
Yet with thy aid the fecret wilds I trace 50
Of nature, and with daring fteps proceed
Thro' paths the Muses never trod before.

Nor fhould I wander doubtful of my way, Had I the lights of that fagacious mind Which taught to check the peftilential fire, 55 And quell 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-defign'd effay, Howe'er imperfect : and permit that I 60

My

AIR. preserving HEALTH.

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

B

Much

9

The ART of

10

Book I.

Much moifture hurts; but here a fordid bath, With oily rancor fraught, relaxes more 80 The folid frame than fimple moifture can. Befides, immur'd in many a fullen bay That never felt the freshness of the breeze, This flumb'ring deep remains, and ranker grows With fickly reft: and (tho' the lungs abhor 85 To drink the dun fuliginous abyfs) Did not the acid vigour of the mine, Roll'd from fo many thund'ring chimneys, tame The putrid falts that overfwarm the fky; This cauftic venom would perhaps corrode 90 Those tender cells that draw the vital air, In vain with all their unctuous rills bedew'd; Or by the drunken venous tubes, that yawn In countless pores o'er all the pervious skin, Imbib'd, would poifon the balfamic blood, 95 And roufe the heart to every fever's rage. While yet you breathe, away! the rural wilds

Invite ;

AIR. preserving HEALTH. II

Invite; the mountains call you, and the vales, The woods, the ftreams, and each ambrofial breeze That fans the ever undulating fky; 100 A kindly fky! whofe foft'ring power regales Man, beaft, and all the vegetable reign. Find then fome woodland fcene where nature fmiles Benign, where all her honeft children thrive. To us there wants not many a happy feat; 105 Look round the finiling land, fuch numbers rife We hardly fix, bewilder'd in our choice. See where enthron'd in adamantine state, Proud of her bards, imperial Windfor fits; There chuse thy feat, in some aspiring grove 110 Fast by the flowly-winding Thames; or where Broader she laves fair Richmond's green retreats, (Richmond that fees an hundred villas rife Rural or gay.) O! from the fummer's rage O! wrap me in the friendly gloom that hides 115 Umbrageous Ham! But if the bufy town

B 2

Attract

The ART of Book I.

12

Attract thee still to toil for power or gold, Sweetly thou mayft thy vacant hours poffefs In Hampstead, courted by the western wind; Or Greenwich, waving o'er the winding flood; 120 Or lofe the world amid the fylvan wilds Of Dulwich, yet by barbarous arts unfpoil'd. Green rife the Kentish hills in chearful air : But on the marshy plains that Effex spreads Build not, nor reft too long thy wandering feet. 125 For on a ruftic throne of dewy turf, With baneful fogs her aching temples bound, Quartana there prefides; a meagre fiend Begot by Eurus, when his brutal force Compress'd the flothful Naiad of the fens. 130 From fuch a mixture fprung this fitful peft, With feverifh blafts fubdues the fick'ning land ; Cold tremors come, and mighty love of reft, Convulfive yawnings, laffitude, and pains That fting the burden'd brows, fatigue the loins, 135

And

AIR. preserving HEALTH.

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

In queft of fites, avoid the mournful plain Where ofiers thrive, and trees that love the lake; Where many lazy muddy rivers flow: 150 Nor for the wealth that all the Indies roll Fix near the marfhy margin of the main. For from the humid foil, and watry reign, Eternal 14The ART ofBook I.Eternal vapours rife; the fpungy airFor ever weeps; or, turgid with the weight 155Of waters, pours a founding deluge down.Skies fuch as thefe let every mortal fhunWho dreads the dropfy, palfy, or the gout,Tertian, corrofive fcurvy, or moift catarrh;Or any other injury that grows160From raw-fpun fibres idle and unftrung,Skin ill-perfpiring, and the purple floodIn languid eddies loitering into phlegm.

Yet not alone from humid fkies we pine; For air may be too dry. The fubtle heaven, 165 That winnows into duft the blafted downs, Bare and extended wide without a ftream, Too faft imbibes th' attenuated lymph Which, by the furface, from the blood exhales. The lungs grow rigid, and with toil effay 170 Their flexible vibrations; or inflam'd,

Their

AIR: preserving HEALTH.

Their tender ever-moving ftructure thaws. Spoil'd of its limpid vehicle, the blood A mass of lees remains, a droffy tide That flow as Lethe wanders thro' the veins, 175 Unactive in the fervices of life, Unfit to lead its pitchy current thro' The fecret mazy channels of the brain. The melancholic fiend, (that worft defpair Of physic) hence the ruft-complexion'd man 180 Purfues, whofe blood is dry, whofe fibres gain Too ftretch'd a tone : And hence in climes adust So fudden tumults feize the trembling nerves, And burning fevers glow with double rage.

Fly, if you can, thefe violent extremes 185 Of air; the wholfome is nor moift nor dry. But as the power of chufing is deny'd To half mankind, a further tafk enfues; How beft to mitigate thefe fell extremes,

I

How

15

The ART of 16 Book I. How breathe unhurt the withering element, 100 Or hazy atmosphere : Tho' custom moulds To every clime the foft Promethean clay; And he who first the fogs of Effex breath'd (So kind is native air) may in the fens Of Effex from inveterate ills revive 195 At pure Montpelier or Bermuda caught. But if the raw and oozy heaven offend; Correct the foil, and dry the fources up Of watry exhalation; wide and deep Conduct your trenches thro' the fpouting bog; 200 Solicitous, with all your winding arts, Betray th' unwilling lake into the ftream ; And weed the foreft, and invoke the winds To break the toils where ftrangled vapours lie; Or thro' the thickets fend the crackling flames. 205 Mean time, at home with chearful fires difpel The humid air : And let your table fmoke With folid roaft or bak'd; or what the herds

Of

AIR. preserving HEALTH.

Of tamer breed fupply; or what the wilds Yield to the toilfom pleafures of the chafe. 210 Generous your wine, the boaft of rip'ning years, But frugal be your cups; the languid frame, Vapid and funk from yesterday's debauch, Shrinks from the cold embrace of watry heavens. But neither these, nor all Apollo's arts, 215 Difarm the dangers of the dropping fky, Unlefs with exercife and manly toil You brace your nerves, and fpur the lagging blood. The fat'ning clime let all the fons of eafe Avoid; if Indolence would with to live. 220 Go, yawn and loiter out the long flow year In fairer skies. If droughty regions parch The fkin and lungs, and bake the thick'ning blood; Deep in the waving foreft chufe your feat, Where fuming trees refresh the thirsty air; 225 And wake the fountains from their fecret beds, And into lakes dilate the running stream.

C

Here

17

The ART of 18 Book I. Here fpread your gardens wide ; and let the cool, The moift relaxing vegetable ftore Prevail in each repast : Your food supplied 230 By bleeding life, be gently wasted down, By foft decoction and a mellowing heat, To liquid balm; or, if the folid mafs You chufe, tormented in the boiling wave; That thro' the thirsty channels of the blood 235 A fmooth diluted chyle may ever flow. The fragrant dairy from its cool receis Its nectar acid or benign will pour To drown your thirst; or let the mantling bowl Of keen Sherbet the fickle tafte relieve. 240 For with the vifcous blood the fimple ftream Will hardly mingle; and fermented cups Oft diffipate more moisture than they give. Yet when pale feafons rife, or winter rolls His horrorso'er the world, thou may'ft indulge 245 In feasts more genial, and impatient broach

Fere

The

AIR. preserving HEALTH. 19 The mellow cafk. Then too the fcourging air Provokes to keener toils than fultry droughts Allow. But rarely we for drought blafpheme. Steep'd in continual rains, or with raw fogs 250 Bedew'd, our feafons droop; incumbent ftill A ponderous heaven o'erwhelms the finking foul. Lab'ring with ftorms in heapy mountains rife Th' imbattled clouds, as if the Stygian shades Had left the dungeon of eternal night; 255 Till black with thunder all the fouth defcends. Scarce in a fhowerlefs day the heavens indulge Our melting clime; except the baleful east Withers the tender fpring, and fourly checks The fancy of the year. Our fathers talk 260 Of fummers, balmy airs, and fkies ferene. Good heaven! for what unexpiated crimes This difinal change! The brooding elements

Prepare some fierce exterminating plague? 265

Do they, your powerful ministers of wrath,

baA

C 2

Or

20 The ART of Book I. Or is it fix'd in the decrees above That lofty Albion melt into the main? Indulgent nature! O diffolve this gloom ! Bind in eternal adamant the winds That drown or wither: Give the genial weft 270 To breathe, and in its turn the fprightly north : And may once more the circling feafons rule The year; not mix in every monftrous day.

Had left the dungeon of cternal night;

Mean time, the moift malignity to fhun 274 Of burden'd fkies; 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 rofe For fragrance vies; for in the thirfly foil Moft fragrant breathe the aromatic tribes. 280 There bid thy roofs high on the bafking fteep Afcend; there light thy hofpitable fires.

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

AIR. preserving HEALTH.

And let them fee the winter morn arife, The fummer evening blufhing in the weft; While with umbrageous oaks the ridge behind 285 O'erhung, defends you from the bluft'ring north, And bleak affliction of the peevifh eaft. O! when the growling winds contend, and all The founding forest fluctuates in the florm, To fink in warm repofe, and hear the din 290 Howl o'er the fleady battlements, delights Above the luxury of vulgar fleep. The murmuring rivulet, and the hoarfer ftrain Of waters rushing o'er the flippery rocks, Will nightly lull you to ambrofial reft. 295 To please the fancy is no trifling good, Where health is fludied; for whatever moves The mind with calm delight, promotes the just And natural movements of th' harmonious frame. Befides, the fportive brook for ever shakes 200 The trembling air; that floats from hill to hill,

1

From

21

22 The ART of Book I. From vale to mountain, with inceffant change Of pureft element, refrefhing ftill Your airy feat and uninfected Gods. Chiefly for this I praife the man who builds 305 High on the breezy ridge, whofe lofty fides Th' etherial deep with endlefs billows laves. His purer manfion nor contagious years Shall reach, nor deadly putrid airs annoy.

Howl o'er the fleady battlements, delights

But may no fogs, from lake or fenny plain, 310 Involve my hill. And wherefoe'er you build, Whether on fun-burnt Epfom, or the plains Wafh'd by the filent Lee; in Chelfea low, Or high Blackheath with wintry winds affail'd; Dry be your houfe: but airy more than warm.315 Elfe every breath of ruder wind will ftrike Your tender body thro' with rapid pains; Fierce coughs will teize you, hoarfenefs bind your voice,

Or

AIR. preserving HEALTH.

Or moift Gravedo load your aching brows. Thefe to defy, and all the fates that dwell In cloifter'd air tainted with fteaming life, Let lofty ceilings grace your ample rooms; And ftill at azure noontide may your dome At every window drink the liquid fky.

Chear'd by thy kind invigorating warmth,

Need we the funny fituation here, 325 And theatres open to the fouth, commend ? Here, where the morning's mifty breath infefts More than the torrid noon ? How fickly grow, How pale, the plants in thofe ill-fated vales That, circled round with the gigantic heap 330 Of mountains, never felt, nor ever hope To feel, the genial vigor of the fun ! While on the neighbouring hill the rofe inflames The verdant fpring ; in virgin beauty blows The tender lily, languifhingly fweet ; 335 O'er every hedge the wanton woodbine roves,

23

And

24The ART ofBook I.And autumn ripens in the fummer's ray.Nor lefs the warmer living tribes demandThe foft'ring fun : whofe energy divineDwellsnot in mortal fire; whofe generous heat 340Glows thro' the mafs of groffer elements,And kindles into life the pond'rous fpheres.Chear'd by thy kind invigorating warmth,We court thy beams, great majefty of day !If not the foul, the regent of this world, 345Firft born of heaven, and only lefs than God !

CLokel, the genini vigor of the lunt

While on the neighbouring hill the role Inflances

THE

THE R T OF PRESERVING HEALTH. BOOK II. DIE T.



A R T

H

E

OF PRESERVING HEALTH. BOOKI. DIET.

ENOUGH of air. A defart fubject now, Rougher and wilder, rifes to my fight. A barren wafte, where not a garland grows To bind the mufe's brow; not even a proud Stupendous folitude frowns o'er the heath, 5 To roufe a noble horror in the foul: But rugged paths fatigue, and error leads Thro' endlefs labyrinths the devious feat.

D 2

Farewel,

28 The ART of Book II Farewel, etherial fields! the humbler arts Of life; the table, and the homely Gods, IC Demand my fong. Elyfian gales adieu!

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

Its

Farrenel

preferving HEALTH. DIET. 29 Its crumbling banks; but what the vital force Of plastic fluids hourly batters down, That very force, those plastic particles Rebuild : So mutable the ftate of man. 30 For this the watchful appetite was giv'n, Daily with fresh materials to repair This unavoidable expence of life, This neceffary wafte of flefh and blood. Hence the concoctive powers, with various art, 35 Subdue the cruder aliments to chyle; The chyle to blood; the foamy purple tide To liquors, which thro' finer arteries To different parts their winding course pursue; To try new changes, and new forms put on, 40 Or for the public, or fome private ufe.

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

The ART of Book II. 30 By violent powers too eafily fubdu'd, 45 Too foon expell'd. His daily labour thaws, To friendly chyle, the most rebellious mass That falt can harden, or the fmoke of years ; Nor does his gorge the rancid bacon rue, Nor that which Ceffria fends, tenacious paste 50 Of folid milk. But ye of fofter clay Infirm and delicate! and ye who wafte With pale and bloated floth the tedious day ! Avoid the stubborn aliment, avoid The full repait; and let fagacious age Grow wifer, leffon'd by the dropping teeth.

Half fubtiliz'd to chyle, the liquid food Readieft obeys th'affimilating powers; And foon the tender vegetable mafs 59 Relents; and foon the young of those that tread The ftedfast earth, or cleave the green abyfs, Or pathlefs sky. And if the Steer must fall,

To different parts

DIET. preserving HEALTH. 31

In youth and vigor glorious let him die; Nor stay till rigid age, or heavy ails, Abfolve him ill-requited from the yoke. 65 Some with high forage, and luxuriant eafe, Indulge the veteran Ox; but wifer thou, From the bleak mountain or the barren downs, Expect the flocks by frugal nature fed; A race of purer blood, with exercise 70 Refin'd and fcanty fare: For, old or young, The stall'd are never healthy; nor the cramm'd. Not all the culinary arts can tame, To wholfome food, th' abominable growth Of reft and gluttony; the prudent tafte 75 Rejects like bane fuch loathfome lusciousness. The languid stomach curses even the pure Delicious fat, and all the race of oil; For more the oily aliments relax Its feeble tone; and with the eager lymph 80 (Fond to incorporate with all it meets)

Coily

The ART of Book II. 32 Coily they mix; and fhun with flippery wiles The wooed embrace. Th' irrefoluble oil, So gentle late and blandishing, in floods Of rancid bile o'erflows: What tumultshence, 85 What horrors rife, were naufeous to relate, Chuse leaner viands, ye of jovial make! Chufe fober meals; and roufe to active life Your cumbrous clay; nor on th'enfeebling down, Irrefolute, protract the morning hours. 90 But let the man, whofe bones are thinly clad, With chearful eafe, and fucculent repart Improve his flender habit. Each extreme From the bleft mean of fanity departs.

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

DIET. preferving HEALTH. 33 Peculiar thing; nor on the fkin difplay'd, 100 Felt in the pulse, nor in the habit seen; Which finds a poifon in the food that most The temp'rature affects. There are, whose blood Impetuous rages thro' the turgid veins, Who better bear the fiery fruits of Ind, 105 Than the moift Melon, or pale Cucumber. Of chilly nature others fly the board Supply'd with flaughter, and the vernal pow'rs For cooler, kinder, fustenance implore. Some even the generous nutriment deteft 110 Which, in the shell, the sleeping Embryo rears. Some, more unhappy still, repent the gifts Of Pales; foft, delicious, and benign: The balmy quintescence of every flower, And every grateful herb that decks the fpring; 115 The fost'ring dew of tender sprouting life; The best refection of declining age; The kind reftorative of those who lie

E

Half-
The ART of Book II. 34 Half-dead and panting, from the doubtful strife Of nature struggling in the grasp of death. 120 Try all the bounties of this fertile globe, There is not fuch a falutary food, As fuits with every flomach. But (except, Amid the mingled mafs of fifh and fowl, And boil'd and bak'd, you hefitate by which 125 You funk opprefs'd, or whether not by all;) Taught by experience foon you may difcern What pleafes, what offends. Avoid the cates That lull the ficken'd appetite too long; Or heave with feverish flushings all the face, 130 Burn in the palms, and parch the roughning tongue; Or much diminish, or too much increase, Th' expence which nature's wife æconomy, Without or wafte or avarice, maintains. Such cates abjur'd, let prouling hunger loofe, 135 And bid the curious palate roam at will;

They

DIET. preferving HEALTH. 35 They fearce can err amid the various ftores That burft the teeming entrails of the world.

Led by fagacious tafte, the ruthlefs king Of beafts on blood and flaughter only lives : 140 The tyger, form'd alike to cruel meals, Would at the manger starve : Of milder feeds, The generous horfe to herbage and to grain Confines his wifh; tho' fabling Greece refound The Thracian fteeds with human carnage wild. 145 Prompted by inftinct's never-erring power, Each creature knows its proper aliment; But man, th' inhabitant of every clime, With all the commoners of nature feeds. Directed, bounded, by this pow'r within, 150 Their cravings are well-aim'd : Voluptuous man Is by fuperior faculties mifled ; Mifled from pleafure even in queft of joy. Sated with nature's boons, what thoufands feek,

E 2

With

The ART of Book II. 36 With dishes tortur'd from their native taste, 155 And mad variety, to fpur beyond Its wifer will the jaded appetite ! Is this for pleafure? Learn a juster taste; And know, that temperance is true luxury. Or is it pride? Pursue some nobler aim. 160 Difmiss your parasites, who praise for hire; And earn the fair efteem of honeft men, Whofe praise is fame. Form'd of fuch clay as yours, The fick, the needy, fhiver at your gates. 164 Even modest want may bless your hand unseen, Tho' hush'd in patient wretchedness at home. Is there no virgin, grac'd with every charm But that which binds the mercenary vow? No youth of genius, whofe neglected bloom Unfoster'd fickens in the barren shade? 170 No worthy man, by fortune's random blows, Or by a heart too generous and humane, Conftrain'd to leave his happy natal feat,

And

DIET. preferving HEALTH. 37 And figh for wants more bitter than his own? There are, while human miferies abound, 175 A thoufand ways to wafte fuperfluous wealth, Without one fool or flatterer at your board, Without one hour of ficknefs or difguft.

But other ills th' ambiguous feast pursue, Befides provoking the lafcivious tafte. 180 Such various foods, tho' harmlefs each alone, Each other violate; and oft we fee What strife is brew'd, and what pernicious bane, From combinations of innoxious things. Th' unbounded tafte I mean not to confine 185 To hermit's diet, needlefsly fevere. But would you long the fweets of health enjoy, Or hufband pleafure; at one impious meal Exhaust not half the bounties of the year, And of each realm. It matters not mean while 190. How much to morrow differ from to day;

So

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

So heav'n has form'd us to the general tafte Of all its gifts; fo cuftom has improv'd 200 This bent of nature ; that few fimple foods, Of all that earth, or air, or ocean yield, But by excefs offend. Beyond the fenfe Of light refection, at the genial board Indulge not often ; nor protract the feaft 205 To dull fatiety ; till foft and flow A drowzy death creeps on, th'expansive foul Opprefs'd, and fmother'd the celeftial fire. The ftomach, urg'd beyond its active tone, Hardly

Hardly to nutrimental chyle fubdues 210 The foftest food : unfinish'd and deprav'd, The chyle, in all its future wand'rings, owns Its turbid fountain; not by purer streams So to be clear'd, but foulnefs will remain. To fparkling wine what ferment can exalt 215 Th' unripen'd grape? Or what mechanic skill From the crude ore can fpin the ductile gold? Grofs riot treasures up a wealthy fund Of plagues : but more immedicable ills Attend the lean extreme. For phyfic knows 220 How to difburden the too tumid veins, Even how to ripen the half-labour'd blood; But to unlock the elemental tubes, Collaps'd and fhrunk with long inanity, And with balfamic nutriment repair 225 The dried and worn-out habit, were to bid Old age grow green, and wear a fecond fpring; Or the tall ash, long ravish'd from the foil,

Thro'

The ART of Book II. 40 Thro' wither'd veins imbibe the vernal dew. When hunger calls, obey; nor often wait 230 Till hunger fharpen to corrofive pain : For the keen appetite will feaft beyond What nature well can bear; and one extreme Ne'er without danger meets its own reverfe. Too greedily th' exhausted veins absorb 235 The recent chyle, and load enfeebled powers Oft to th' extinction of the vital flame. To the pale cities, by the firm-fet fiege And famine humbled, may this verfe be borne; And hear, ye hardieft fons that Albion breeds, 240 Long tofs'd and famish'd on the wintry main; The war shook off, or hospitable shore Attain'd, with temperance bear the fhock of joy ; Nor crown with feftive rites th' aufpicious day : Such feast might prove more fatal than the waves, Than war, or famine. While the vital fire 246 Burns feebly, heap not the green fuel on;

2

But

41

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

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

The ART of Book II. 42 Perhaps a fast so seafonable starves The latent feeds of woe, which rooted once Might coft you labour. But the day return'd Of festal luxury, the wife indulge Most in the tender vegetable breed : 270 Then chiefly when the fummer's beams inflame The brazen heavens; or angry Syrius sheds A feverish taint thro' the still gulph of air. The moift cool viands then, and flowing cup From the fresh dairy-virgin's liberal hand, 275 Will fave your head from harm, tho' round the

Whatever chance or headblrow postite

The dreaded * Caufos roll his wafteful fires. Pale humid Winter loves the generous board, The meal more copious, and a warmer fare; 279 And longs, with old wood and old wine, to cheer His quaking heart. The feafons which divide Th' empires of heat and cold; by neither claim'd,

* The burning fever.

Influenc'd

DIET. preferving HEALTH. 43 Influenc'd by both; a middle regimen

Impose. Thro' autumn's languishing domain Descending, nature by degrees invites 285 To glowing luxury. But from the depth Of winter, when th' invigorated year Emerges; when Favonius flush'd with love, Toyful and young, in every breeze defcends More warm and wanton on his kindling bride; 290 Then, shepherds, then begin to spare your flocks; And learn, with wife humanity, to check The luft of blood. Now pregnant earth commits A various offspring to th' indulgent sky : Now bounteous nature feeds with lavish hand 295 The prone creation ; yields what once fuffic'd Their dainty fovereign, when the world was young;

E're yet the barbarous thirft of blood had feiz'd The human breaft. Each rolling month matures The food that fuits it most; fo does each clime. $_{300}$ F $_2$ Far The ART of Book II.

44

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

Or thirfty Lybia; from whofe fervid loins

The

The lion burfts, and every fiend that roams 320 Th' affrighted wildernefs. The mountain herd, Adust and dry, no fweet repast affords; Nor does the tepid main fuch kinds produce, So perfect, fo delicious, as the ftores Of icy Zembla. Rashly where the blood 325 Brews feverish frays; where scarce the tubes fustain Its tumid fervor and tempestuous course; Kind nature tempts not to fuch gifts as thefe. But here in livid ripeness melts the grape; Here, finish'd by invigorating funs, 330. Thro' the green shade the golden Orange glows; Spontaneous here the turgid Melon yields A generous pulp; the Coco fwells on high With milky riches; and in horrid mail The foft Ananas wraps its tender fweets. 335 Earth's vaunted progeny : In ruder air Too coy to flourish, even too proud to live; Or hardly rais'd by artificial fire

EDI W

The ART of Book II. 46 To vapid life. Here with a mother's fmile Glad Amalthea pours her copious horn. 340 Here buxom Ceres reigns : Th' autumnal fea In boundless billows fluctuates o'er their plains. What fuits the climate beft, what fuits the men, Nature profuses most, and most the taste Demands. The fountain, edg'd with racy wine 345 Or acid fruit, bedews their thirsty souls. The breeze eternal breathing round their limbs. Supports in else intolerable air : While the cool Palm, the Plantain, and the grove That waves on gloomy Lebanon, affuage 350 The torrid hell that beams upon their heads.

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

Argonizious pulp j the Cocol fivells on highland

47

With holy rev'rence I approach the rocks Whence glide the ftreams renown'd in ancient fong. Here from the defart down the rumbling fteep3 59 First fprings the Nile; here bursts the founding Po In angry waves; Euphrates hence devolves A mighty flood to water half the Eaft; And there, in Gothic folitude reclin'd, The chearless Tanais pours his hoary urn. 364 What folemn twilight! What flupendous fhades Enwrap these infant floods! Thro' every nerve A facred horror thrills, a pleafing fear Glides o'er my frame. The foreft deepens round; And more gigantic still th' impending trees 369 Stretch their extravagant arms athwart the gloom. Are these the confines of some fairy world? A land of Genii? Say, beyond these wilds What unknown nations? If indeed beyond Aught habitable lies. And whither leads, To what ftrange regions, or of blifs or pain, 375 That VOR L

48 The ART of Book II. That fubterraneous way? Propitious maids, Conduct me, while with fearful fteps I tread This trembling ground. The tafk remains to fing Your gifts, (fo Pæon, fo the powers of health Command) to praife your cryftal element: 380 The chief ingredient in heaven's various works; Whofe flexible genius fparkles in the gem, Grows firm in oak, and fugitive in wine; The vehicle, the fource, of nutriment And life, to all that vegitate or live. 385

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

They knew no pains but what the tender foul With pleafure yields to, and would ne'er forget. Bleft with divine immunity from ails, 396 Long centuries they liv'd; their only fate Was ripe old age, and rather fleep than death. O! could those worthies from the world of Gods Return to visit their degenerate fons, 400 How would they foorn 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 floth begot difease.

Learn temperance, friends; and hear without difdain 405 The choice of water. Thus the * Coan fage Opin'd, and thus the learn'd of every fchool. What leaft of foreign principles partakes Is beft : The lighteft then; what bears the touch

Hippocrates.

Of

The ART of Book II. 50 Of fire the least, and foonest mounts in air; 410 The most infipid; the most void of smell. Such the rude mountain from his horrid fides Pours down; fuch waters in the fandy vale For ever boil, alike of winter frofts And fummer's heat fecure. The lucid ftream, 415 O'er rocks refounding, or for many a mile Hurl'd down the pebbly channel, wholfome yields And mellow draughts; except when winter thaws, And half the mountains melt into the tide. Tho' thirst were ne'er so resolute, avoid 420 The fordid lake, and all fuch drowfy floods As fill from Lethe Belgia's flow canals; (With reft corrupt, with vegetation green; Squalid with generation, and the birth Of little monsters;) till the power of fire 425 Has from profane embraces difengag'd The violated lymph. The virgin stream In boiling wastes its finer soul in air.

Nothing

Nothing like fimple element dilutes The food, or gives the chyle fo foon to flow. 430 But where the ftomach, indolently given, Toys with its duty, animate with wine Th' infipid ftream : Tho' golden Ceres yields A more voluptuous, a more fprightly draught; Perhaps more active. Wine unmix'd, and all 435 The gluey floods that from the vex'd abyfs Of fermentation fpring; with fpirit fraught, And furious with intoxicating fire; Retard concoction, and preferve unthaw'd Th' embodied mafs. You fee what countlefs

years,

Embalm'd in fiery quinteffence of wine, The puny wonders of the reptile world, The tender rudiments of life, the flim Unrav'lings of minute anatomy, Maintain their texture, and unchang'd remain!445

G 2

We

440

The ART of Book II.

52

We curfe not wine: The vile excefs we blame; More fruitful, than th' accumulated board, Of pain and mifery. For the fubtle draught Faster and furer fwells the vital tide; And with more active poifon, than the floods 450 Of groffer 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 Of fober Vows!-But the Parnaffian maids 455 * Another time perhaps shall fing the joys, The fatal charms, the many woes of wine; Perhaps its various tribes, and various powers.

Meantime, I would not always dread the bowl, Nor every trefpais fhun. The feverifh ftrife, 460 Rous'd by the rare debauch, fubdues, expels The loitering crudities, that burden life;

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

And,

And, like a torrent full and rapid, clears Th' obstructed tubes. Besides, this restless world Is full of chances, which by habit's power 465 To learn to bear is eafier than to fhun. Ah! when ambition, meagre love of gold, Or facred country calls, with mellowing wine To moisten well the thirsty suffrages; Say how, unfeafon'd to the midnight frays 470 Of Comus and his rout, wilt thou contend With Centaurs long to hardy deeds inur'd? Then learn to revel ; but by flow degrees : By flow degrees the liberal arts are won; 474. And Hercules grew strong. But when you smooth The brows of care, indulge your festive vein In cups by well-inform'd experience found The leaft your bane; and only with your friends. There are fweet follies, frailties to be feen By friends alone, and men of generous minds. 480

Except

The ART of Book II.

54

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

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

Except kind nature by fome hafty blow Prevent the lingering fates. For know, whate'er Beyond its natural fervor hurries on 501 The fanguine tide; whether the frequent bowl, High-feafon'd fare, or exercife to toil Protracted; fpurs to its laft ftage tir'd life, And fows the temples with untimely fnow. When life is new, the ductile fibres feel 505 The heart's increasing force; and, day by day, The growth advances; till the larger tubes, Acquiring (from their * elemental veins, Condens'd to folid chords) a firmer tone,

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

The ART of 56 Book II. Suftain, and just fustain, th' impetuous blood. 510 Here ftops the growth. With overbearing pulse And preffure, fill the great deftroy the fmall; Still with the ruins of the finall grow ftrong. Life glows mean time, amid the grinding force Of viscous fluids and elastic tubes; 515 Its various functions vigoroufly are plied By ftrong machinery; and in folid health The man confirm'd long triumphs o'er difeafe. But the full ocean ebbs: There is a point, By nature fix'd, whence life must downwards tend. For fill the beating tide confolidates 52I The stubborn vessels, more reluctant still To the weak throbbings of th' enfeebled heart. This languishing, these strengthning by degrees To hard unyielding unelaftic bone, 525 Thro' tedious channels the congealing flood Crawls lazily, and hardly wanders on; It loiters still: And now it stirs no more. This

This is the period few attain; the death Of nature: Thus (fo heav'n ordain'd it) life 530 Deftroys itfelf; and could thefe lawshave chang'd, Neftor might now the fates of Troy relate; And Homer live immortal as his fong.

What does not fade? The tower that long had ftood

Where unconfin'd Omnipotence has room,

The crush of thunder, and the warring winds, 535 Shook by the flow but fure deflroyer Time, Now hangs in doubtful ruins o'er its base. And flinty pyramids, and walls of brass, Descend; the Babylonian spires are sunk; Achaia, Rome, and Egypt moulder down. 540 Time shakes the stable tyranny of thrones, And tottering empires rush by their own weight. This huge rotundity we tread grows old; And all those worlds that roll around the sun, The sum himself, shall die; and ancient Night 545

Again

The ART of Book II. 58 Again involve the defolate abyfs: and add a and I Till the great FATHER thro' the lifeles gloom Extend his arm to light another world, And bid new planets roll by other laws. For thro' the regions of unbounded fpace, 550* Where unconfin'd Omnipotence has room, BEING, in various systems, fluctuates still Between Creation and abhorr'd Decay; It ever did; perhaps and ever will. New worlds are still emerging from the deep; 555 The old defcending, in their turns to rife.

And flinty pyramids, and walls of bals,

Defiend, the Babylonian fpires are funk;

Time fhales the fable tyranny of thrones

H H IT se roundity we tread grows glas

Achaia, Rome, and Exypt moulder down. rao

And tottoring unnires ruth by their own weight.

And all those worlds that roll around the fun,

The fun himfelf, thail die; and ancient Night [15

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ТНЕ R T OF PRESERVING HEALTH. BOOK III. EXERCISE.



A R T

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T

OF PRESERVING

HEALTH.

BOOK III.

E X E R C I S E.

THRO' various toils th' adventurous Muse has past; But half the toil, and more than half, remains.

Rude is her theme, and hardly fit for fong; Plain, and of little ornament; and I But little practis'd in th' Aonian arts. 5 Yet not in vain fuch labours have we tried, If ought thefe lays the fickle health confirm.

1

To

Book III. The ART of 62 To you, ye delicate, I write; for you I tame my youth to philosophic cares, And grow still paler by the midnight lamps. 10 Not to debilitate with timorous rules A hardy frame; nor needlefly to brave Unglorious dangers, proud of mortal ftrength; Is all the leffon that in wholfome years Concerns the ftrong. His care were ill beftow'd Who would with warm effeminacy nurfe 16 The thriving oak, which on the mountain's brow Bears all the blafts that fweep the wintry heav'n.

Behold the labourer of the glebe, who toils In duft, in rain, in cold and fultry fkies: 20 Save but the grain from mildews and the flood, Nought anxious he what fickly ftars afcend. He knows no laws by Efculapius given ; He fludies none. Yet him nor midnight fogs Infeft, nor thofe envenom'd fhafts that fly 25 When Exercife. preferving HEALTH. 63
When rabid Sirius fires th' autumnal noon.
His habit pure with plain and temperate meals,
Robuft with labour, and by cuftom fteel'd
To every cafualty of varied life;
Serene he bears the peevifh eaftern blaft, 30
And uninfected breathes the mortal South.

Such the reward of rude and fober life; Of labour fuch. By health the peafant's toil Is well repaid; if exercife were pain 34 Indeed, and temperance pain. By arts like thefe Laconia nurs'd of old her hardy fons; And Rome's unconquer'd legions urg'd their way, Unhurt, thro' every toil in every clime.

fied a charming inneutor o'er the foul.

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

The ART of Book III. 64 Expell'd, and all the rancor of the blood. Come, my companions, ye who feel the charms Of nature and the year; come, let us stray 45 Where chance or fancy leads our roving walk : Come, while the foft voluptuous breezes fan The fleecy heavens, enwrap the limbs in balm, And shed a charming languor o'er the foul. Nor when bright Winter fows with prickly froft The vigorous ether, in unmanly warmth 51 Indulge at home ; nor even when Eurus' blafts This way and that convolve the lab'ring woods. My liberal walks, fave when the fkies in rain Or fogs relent, no season should confine. 55 Or to the cloifter'd gallery or arcade. Go, climb the mountain; from th'etherial fource Imbibe the recent gale. The chearful morn Beams o'er the hills; go, mount th'exulting fteed : Already, see, the deep-mouth'd beagles catch 60 The tainted mazes; and, on eager fport Intent. Exercife. preferving HEALTH. 65 Intent, with emulous impatience try Each doubtful track. Or, if a nobler prey Delight you more, go chafe the defperate deer; And thro' its deepeft folitudes awake 65 The vocal foreft with the jovial horn.

In rural innocences, thy mountains fill

But if the breathlefs chafe o'er hill and dale Exceed your strength; a sport of less fatigue, Not lefs delightful, the prolific stream Affords. The chrystal rivulet, that o'er 70 A ftony channel rolls its rapid maze, Swarms with the filver fry. Such, thro' the bounds Of paftoral Stafford, runs the brawling Trent; SuchEden, fprung from Cumbrian mountains; fuch The Efk, o'erhung with woods; and fuch the fream I oils of field hor gaibleit bags On whofe Arcadian banks I first drew air, Liddal; till now, except in Doric lays Tun'd to her murmurs by her love-fick fwains, Formid Unknown

The ART of Book III. 66 Unknown in fong: Tho' not a purer ftream, Thro' meads more flow'ry, or more romantic 80 groves, Rolls toward the western main. Hail facred flood! May still thy hospitable swains be bleft In rural innocence; thy mountains still Teem with the fleecy race; thy tuneful woods For ever flourish; and thy vales look gay 85 With painted meadows, and the golden grain ! Oft, with thy blooming fons, when life was new, Sportive and petulant, and charm'd with toys, In thy transparent eddies have I lav'd : Oft trac'd with patient steps thy fairy banks, 90 With the well-imitated fly to hook The eager trout, and with the flender line And yielding rod follicit to the fhore The ftruggling panting prey; while vernal clouds And tepid gales obscur'd the ruffled pool, 95 And from the deeps call'd forth the wanton fwarms. Form'd Unknown

Exercife. preferving HEALTH. 67

Form'd on the Samian school, or those of Ind, There are who think these pastimes scarce humane: Yet in my mind (and not relentlefs I) His life is pure that wears no fouler ftains. 100 But if thro' genuine tenderness of heart, Or fecret want of relifh for the game, You fhun the glories of the chace, nor care To hunt the peopled ftream; the garden yields A foft amusement, a humane delight. 105 To raife th' infipid nature of the ground; Or tame its favage genius to the grace Of careless fweet rufficity, that feems The amiable refult of happy chance, Is to create; and gives a god-like joy, 110 Which every year improves. Nor thou difdain To check the lawless riot of the trees, To plant the grove, or turn the barren mould. O happy he! whom, when his years decline, (His fortune and his fame by worthy means 115

I 2

Attain'd,

The ART of Book III. 68 Attain'd, and equal to his moderate mind; His life approv'd by all the wife and good, Even envied by the vain) the peaceful groves Of Epicurus, from this ftormy world, Receive to reft; of all ungrateful cares 120 Abfolv'd, and facred from the felfish crowd. Happiest of men! if the fame foil invites A chosen few, companions of his youth, Once fellow-rakes perhaps, now rural friends; With whom in easy commerce to pursue 125 Nature's free charms, and vie for fylvan fame : A fair ambition ; void of strife or guile, Or jealoufy, or pain to be outdone. Who plans th' enchanted garden, who directs The visto best, and best conducts the stream; 130 Whofe groves the fastest thicken and afcend; Whom first the welcome spring falutes; who shews The earlieft bloom, the fweeteft proudeft charms, Of Flora; who best gives Pomona's juice

Exercife. preserving HEALTH. 69 To match the fprightly genius of Champain. 135 Thrice happy days! in rural bufinefs paft. Bleft winter nights! when, as the genial fire Chears the wide hall, his cordial family With foft domeftic arts the hours beguile, 139 And pleafing talk that ftarts no timerous fame, With witlefs wantonefs to hunt it down : Or thro' the fairy-land of tale or fong Delighted wander, in fictitious fates Engag'd, and all that ftrikes humanity; Till loft in fable, they the ftealing hour 145 Of timely reft forget. Sometimes, at eve, His neighbours lift the latch, and blefs unbid His festal roof; while, o'er the light repast, And fprightly cups, they mix in focial joy; And, thro' the maze of conversation, trace 150 Whate'er amufes or improves the mind. Sometimes at eve (for I delight to tafte The native zeft and flavour of the fruit,

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

The ART of

70

Book III.

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

5775 Vd.

^{*} This word is much used by fome of the old English poet and fignifies Reward or Prize.

Exercife. preserving HEALTH.

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

Begin with gentle toils; and, as your nerves Grow firm, to hardier by juft fteps afpire. The prudent, even in every moderate walk, At firft but faunter; and by flow degrees Increase their pace. This doctrine of the wise Well knows the master of the flying fteed. 185 First from the goal the manag'd courfers play On bended reins; as yet the fkilful youth

I

Repress

71

The ART of Book III. 72 Repress their foamy pride; but every breath The race grows warmer, and the tempest fwells; Till all the fiery mettle has its way, 190 And the thick thunder hurries o'er the plain. When all at once from indolence to toil You fpring, the fibres by the hafty fhock Are tir'd and crack'd, before their unchuous coats, Compress'd, can pour the lubricating balm. 195 Befides, collected in the paffive veins, The purple mass a sudden torrent rolls, O'erpowers the heart, and deluges the lungs With dangerous inundation : Oft the fource Of fatal woes; a cough that foams with blood, Afthma, and feller * Peripneumonie, 201 Or the flow minings of the hectic fire.

Th' athletic fool, to whom what heav'n deny'd Of foul is well compenfated in limbs, * The inflammation of the lungs.

Oft

Repress

Increase their pace. This doctrine of the white

Exercise. preserving HEALTH. 73 Oft from his rage, or brainless frolic, feels 205 His vegetation and brute force decay. The men of better clay and finer mould Know nature, feel the human dignity; And fcorn to vie with oxen or with apes. Purfued prolixly, even the gentleft toil 210 Is wafte of health : Repofe by fmall fatigue Is earn'd; and (where your habit is not prone To thaw) by the first moisture of the brows. The fine and fubtle spirits cost too much To be profus'd, too much the rofcid balm. 215 But when the hard varieties of life You toil to learn; or try the dufty chace, Or the warm deeds of fome important day: Hot from the field, indulge not yet your limbs In wish'd repose, nor court the fanning gale, 220 Nor tafte the fpring. Q! by the facred tears Of widows, orphans, mothers, fifters, fires, Forbear! No other pestilence has driven

K

Such

74 The ART of Book III. Such myriads o'er th' irremeable deep. Why this fo fatal, the fagacious Mufe 225 Thro' nature's cunning labyrinths could trace : But there are fecrets which who knows not now, Muft, ere he reach them, climb the heapy Alps Of fcience; and devote feven years to toil. Befides, I would not ftun your patient ears 230 With what it little boots you to attain. He knows enough, the mariner, who knows Where lurk the fhelves, and where the whirlpools

What figns portend the ftorm: To fubtler minds He leaves to fcan, from what mysterious cause 235 Charybdis rages in th' Ionian wave; Whence those impetuous currents in the main, Which neither oar nor fail can stem; and why The roughning deep expects the storm, as sure As red Orion mounts the shrowded heaven. 240

boil,

Exercife. preserving HEALTH. 75

In ancient times, when Rome with Athens vied For polifh'd luxury and ufeful arts; All hot and reeking from th' Olympic strife, And warm Paleftra, in the tepid bath 244 Th' athletic youth relax'd their weary'd limbs. Soft oils bedew'd them, with the grateful pow'rs Of Nard and Caffia fraught, to footh and heal The cherish'd nerves. Our less voluptuous clime Not much invites us to fuch arts as thefe. 'Tis not for those, whom gelid skies embrace, 250 And chilling fogs; whofe perfpiration feels Such frequent bars from Eurus and the North; 'Tis not for those to cultivate a skin Too foft; or teach the recremental fume 254 Too fast to crowd thro' fuch precarious ways. For thro' the fmall arterial mouths, that pierce In endlefs millions the clofe-woven fkin, The bafer fluids in a conftant stream Escape, and viewless melt into the winds.

K 2

While

The ART of Book III. 76 While this eternal, this most copious waste 260 Of blood degenerate into vapid brine, Maintains its wonted measure; all the powers Of health befriend you, all the wheels of life With ease and pleasure move : But this restrain'd Or more or lefs, so more or lefs you feel 265 The functions labour. From this fatal fource What woes defcend is never to be fung. To take their numbers, were to count the fands That ride in whirlwind the parch'd Lybian air; Or waves that, when the bluftering North embroils The Baltic, thunder on the German shore. 271 Subject not then, by foft emollient arts, This grand expence, on which your fates depend, To every caprice of the fky; nor thwart The genius of your clime : For from the blood Least fickle rife the recremental steams, 276 And leaft obnoxious to the flyptic air, Which breathe thro'fraiter and more callous pores.

I

The

Exercife. preferving HEALTH. 77 The temper'd Scythian hence, half-naken treads Hisboundlefs fnows, norrues th'inclement heaven; And hence our painted anceftors defied 281 The Eaft; nor curs'd, like us, their fickle fky.

Effortial to his nearth. frould never mix

The body moulded by the clime, indures Th' Equator heats, or Hyperborean froft : Except by habits foreign to its turn, 285 Unwife, you counteract its forming pow'r. Rude at the first, the winter shocks you less By long acquaintance : Study then your fky, Form to its manners your obsequious frame, And learn to fuffer what you cannot shun. 290 Against the rigors of a damp cold heav'n To fortify their bodies, fome frequent The gelid ciftern ; and, where nought forbids, I praise their dauntless heart. A frame so steel'd Dreads not the cough, nor those ungenial blasts, That breathe the Tertian or fell Rheumatism; 296

The

The ART of Book III. 78 The nerves fo temper'd never quit their tone, No chronic languors haunt fuch hardy breafts. Butall things have their bounds: And he who makes By daily use the kindest regimen 300 Effential to his health, should never mix With human kind, nor art nor trade pursue. He not the fafe viciffitudes of life Without fome fhock endures; ill-fitted he 304 To want the known, or bear unufual things. Befides, the powerful remedies of pain (Since pain in fpite of all our care will come) Should never with your profperous days of health Grow too familiar : For by frequent use 309 The strongest medicines lose their healing power, And even the furest poisons theirs to kill.

Let those who from the frozen Arctos reach Parch'd Mauritania, or the fultry West, Or the wide flood that waters Indostan,

Plunge

Exercife. preserving HEALTH. 79 Plunge thrice a day, and in the tepid wave 315 Untwift their fubborn pores; that full and free Th' evaporation thro' the foftned skin May bear proportion to the fwelling blood. So fhall they 'fcape the fever's rapid flames; So feel untainted the hot breath of hell. 320 With us, the man of no complaint demands The warm ablution, just enough to clear The fluices of the fkin, enough to keep The body facred from indecent foil. Still to be pure, even did it not conduce 325 (As much it does) to health, were greatly worth Your daily pains. 'Tis this adorns the rich ; The want of this is poverty's worft woe : With this external virtue, age maintains 329 A decent grace; without it, youth and charms Are loathfome. This the skilful virgin knows : So doubtless do your wives. For married fires, As well as lovers, still pretend to taste;

Nor

80 The ART of Book III.
Nor is it lefs (all prudent wives can tell)
To lofe a hufband's, than a lover's heart. 335

Th' evaporation thro: the foffned skin

But now the hours and feafons when to toil, From foreign themes recall my wandering fong. Some labour fasting, or but slightly fed, To lull the grinding ftomach's hungry rage : Where nature feeds too corpulent a frame 340 'Tis wifely done. For while the thirfty veins, Impatient of lean penury, devour The treasur'd oil, then is the happiest time To shake the lazy balfam from its cells. Now while the stomach from the full repast 345 Subfides; but ere returning hunger gnaws; Ye leaner habits give an hour to toil : And ye whom no luxuriancy of growth Oppresses yet, or threatens to oppres. But from the recent meal no labours pleafe, 350 Of limbs or mind. For now the cordial powers Claim

Exercife. preserving HEALTH. 81 Claim all the wandering fpirits to a work Of strong and subtle toil, and great event; A work of time : and you may rue the day You hurried, with ill-feafoned exercife, 355 A half concocted chyle into the blood. The body overcharg'd with unctuous phlegm Much toil demands: The lean elaftic lefs. While winter chills the blood, and binds the veine, No labours are too hard : By those you 'fcape The flow difeases of the torpid year; 361 Endless to name; to one of which alone, To that which tears the nerves, the toil of flaves Is pleasure: Oh! from such inhuman pains May all be free who merit not the wheel! 365 But from the burning Lion when the fun Pours down his fultry wrath; now while the blood Too much already maddens in the veins, And all the finer fluids thro' the fkin :69 Explore their flight; me, near the cool cafcade Reclin'd. L

The ART of Book III. 82 Reclin'd, or fauntring in the lofty grove, No needless flight occasion should engage To pant and fweat beneath the fiery noon. Now the fresh morn alone and mellow eve To shady walks and active rural sports 375 Invite. But, while the chilling dews defcend, May nothing tempt you to the cold embrace Of humid skies: Tho' 'tis no vulgar joy To trace the horrors of the folemn wood, While the foft evening faddens into night : 380 Tho' the fweet poet of the vernal groves Melts all the night in strains of amorous woe.

The fhades defcend, and midnight o'er the world Expands her fable wings. Great nature droops Thro' all her works. Now happy he whofe toil Has o'er his languid powerlefs limbs diffus'd 386 A pleafing laffitude : He not in vain Invokes the gentle deity of dreams. Exercife. preserving HEALTH. 82 His powers the most voluptuously diffolve In foft repose: On him the balmy dews 390 Of fleep with double nutriment defcend. But would you fweetly wafte the blank of night In deep oblivion; or on fancy's wings Vifit the paradife of happy dreams, And waken chearful as the lively morn; 395 Oppress not nature finking down to reft With feasts too late, too folid, or too full. But be the first concoction half-matur'd, Ere you to mighty indolence refign Your passive faculties. He from the toils 400 And troubles of the day to heavier toil. Retires, whom trembling from the tower that rocks Amid the clouds, or Calpe's hideous height, The bufy dæmons hurl, or in the main O'erwhelm, or bury ftruggling under ground. Not all a monarch's luxury the woes 406 Can counterpoife, of that most wretched man,

L 2

Whofe

The ART of 84 Book III. Whofe nights are shaken with the frantic fits Of wild Oreftes; whofe delirious brain, 400 Stung by the furies, works with poifoned thought : While pale and monftrous painting fhocks the foul; And mangled confciousness bemoans itself For ever torn ; and chaos floating round. What dreams prefage, what dangers these or those Portend to fanity, tho' prudent feers 415 Reveal'd of old, and men of deathlefs fame; We would not to the fuperftitious mind Suggest new throbs, new vanities of fear. 'Tis ours to teach you from the peaceful night To banish omens, and all reftless woes. 420

In ftudy fome protract the filent hours, Which others confectate to mirth and wine; And fleep till noon, and hardly live till night. But furely this redeems not from the fhades One hour of life. Nor does it nought avail 425

Exercife. preserving HEALTH. 85 What feafon you to drowfy Morpheus give Of th' ever-varying circle of the day; Or whether, thro' the tedious winter gloom, You tempt the midnight or the morning damps. The body, fresh and vigorous from repose, 430-Defies the early fogs: but, by the toils Of wakeful day, exhaufted and unftrung, Weakly refifts the night's unwholfome breath. The grand discharge, th' effusion of the skin, Slowly impair'd, the languid maladies 435 Creep on, and thro' the fick'ning functions fleal. So, when the chilling East invades the fpring, The delicate Narciffus pines away In hectic languor; and a flow difeafe Taints all the family of flowers, condemn'd 440 To cruel heav'ns. But why, already prone To fade, should beauty cherish its own bane? O shame! O pity! nipt with pale Quadrille, And midnight cares, the bloom of Albion dies!

By

The ART of Book III.

86.

By toil fubdu'd, the Warrior and the Hind 445 Sleep fast and deep: their active functions foon With generous ftreams the fubtle tubes fupply; And foon the tonic irritable nerves Feel the fresh impulse, and awake the foul. The fons of indolence, with long repofe, 450 Grow torpid; and, with floweft Lethe drunk, Feebly and lingringly return to life, Blunt every fenfe, and powerlefs every limb: Ye, prone to fleep (whom fleeping most annoys) On the hard mattrafs or elaftic couch 455 Extend your limbs, and wean yourfelves from floth; Nor grudge the lean projector, of dry brain And fpringy nerves, the blandifhments of down; Nor envy while the buried bacchanal Exhales his furfeit in prolixer dreams. 460

He without riot, in the balmy feaft Of life, the wants of nature has fupplied Who Exercife. preferving HEALTH. 87
Who rifes cool, ferene, and full of foul.
But pliant nature more or lefs demands,
As cuftom forms her; and all fudden change 465
She hates of habit, even from bad to good.
If faults in life, or new emergencies,
From habits urge you by long time confirm'd,
Slow may the change arrive, and ftage by ftage;
Slow as the fhadow o'er the dial moves, 470
Slow as the ftealing progrefs of the year.

Obferve the circling year. How unperceiv'd Her feafons change! Behold! by flow degrees, Stern Winter tam'd into a ruder fpring; 474 The ripen'd Spring a milder fummer glows; Departing Summer fheds Pomona's ftore; And aged Autumn brews the winter-ftorm. Slow as they come, thefe changes come not void Of mortal fhocks: The cold and torrid reigns, The two great periods of th' important year, 480

Are

The ART of Book III. 88 Are in their first approaches feldom fafe : Funereal Autumn all the fickly dread, And the black fates deform the lovely Spring. He well advis'd, who taught our wifer fires Early to borrow Mufcovy's warm fpoils, 485 Ere the first frost has touch'd the tender blade; And late refign them, tho' the wanton Spring Should deck her charms with all her Sifter's rays. For while the effluence of the fkin maintains Its native meafure, the pleuritic Spring 490 Glides harmlefs by; and Autumn fick to death With fallow Quartans, no contagion breathes.

I in prophetic numbers could unfold The omens of the year : what feafons teem With what difeafes ; what the humid South 495 Prepares, and what the Dæmon of the Eaft : But you perhaps refufe the tedious fong. Befides, whatever plagues in heat, or cold,

Or

Exercife. preserving HEALTH. 89 Or drought, or moisture dwell, they hurt not you, Skill'd to correct the vices of the fky, 500 And taught already how to each extream To bend your life. But should the public bane Infect you, or fome trefpass of your own, Or flaw of nature hint mortality : Soon as a not unpleafing horror glides 505 Along the fpine, thro' all your torpid limbs; When first the head throbs, or the stomach feels A fickly load, a weary pain the loins; Be Celfus call'd : The fates come rushing on ; The rapid fates admit of no delay. 510 While wilful you, and fatally fecure, Expect to morrow's more aufpicious fun, The growing peft, whofe infancy was weak And eafy vanquish'd, with triumphant sway O'erpow'rs your life. For want of timely care Millions have died of medicable wounds. 515

Ah!

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The ART of Book III.

90

Ah! in what perils is vain life engag'd! What flight neglects, what trivial faults deftroy The hardieft frame ! Of indolence, of toil, We die; of want, of fuperfluity. 520 The all-furrounding heaven, the vital air, Is big with death. And, tho' the putrid South Be fhut; tho' no convulfive agony Shake, from the deep foundations of the world, Th' imprisoned plagues; a fecret venom oft Corrupts the air, the water, and the land. 526 What livid deaths has fad Byzantium feen! How oft has Cairo, with a mother's woe, Wept o'er her flaughter'd fons, and lonely ftreets! Even Albion, girt with less malignant skies, 530 Albion the poifon of the Gods has drunk, And felt the fting of monfters all her own.

Ere yet the fell Plantagenets had fpent Their ancient rage, at Bofworth's purple field; While,

For want of timely cars

C'erpow'rs your life.

Exercife. preferving HEALTH. 91 While, for which tyrant England fhould receive, Her legions in inceftuous murders mix'd, 536 And daily horrors; till the Fates were drunk With kindred blood by kindred hands profus'd: Another plague of more gygantic arm Arofe, a monfter never known before 540 Rear'd from Cocytus its portentous head. This rapid fury not, like other pefts, Purfued a gradual courfe, but in a day Rufh'd as a ftorm o'er half th' aftonifh'd ifle, And ftrew'd with fudden carcaffes the land. 545

Firft thro' the fhoulders, or whatever part Was feiz'd the firft, a fervid vapour forung. With rafh combuftion thence, the quivering fpark Shot to the heart, and kindled all within; 549 And foon the furface caught the foreading fires. Thro' all the yielding pores the melted blood Gufh'd out in fmoaky fweats; but nought affuag'd

The

92 The ART of Book III. The torrid heat within, nor aught reliev'd The ftomach's anguifh. With inceffant toil, Defperate of eafe, impatient of their pain, 555 The tofs'd from fide to fide. In vain the ftream Ran full and clear, they burnt and thirfted ftill. The reftlefs arteries with rapid blood Beat ftrong and frequent. Thick and pantingly The breath was fetch'd, and with huge lab'rings heav'd. 560

At laft a heavy pain opprefs'd the head; A wild delirium came; their weeping friends Were ftrangers now, and this no home of theirs. Harafs'd with toil on toil, the finking powers Lay proftrate and o'erthrown; a ponderous fleep Wrapt all the fenfes up: They flept and died. 566

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

The

Exercife. preserving HEALTH. 93

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

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

The ART of Book III. 94 The fierce contagion. O'er the mournful land Th' infected city pour'd her hurrying fwarms : Rous'd by the flames that fir'd her feats around, Th' infected country rush'd into the town. 591 Some, fad at home, and in the defart fome, Abjur'd the fatal commerce of mankind; In vain: where'er they fled the Fates purfued. Others, with hopes more specious, cross'd the main, To feek protection in far-diftant fkies; 596 But none they found. It feem'd the general air Was then at enmity with English blood. For, but the race of England, all were fafe In foreign climes; nor did this Fury tafte 600 The foreign blood which Albion then contain'd. Where should they fly? The circumambient heaven

Involv'd them still; and every breeze was bane. Where find relief? The falutary art 604 Was mute; and, startled at the new difease,

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In

Exercife. preferving HEALTH. 95 In fearful whifpers hopelefs omens gave. To heaven with fuppliant rites they fent their

pray'rs;

Heav'n heard them not. Of every hope depriv'd; Fatigu'd with vain refources; and fubdued With woes refiftlefs and enfeebling fear; 610 Paffive they funk beneath the weighty blow. Nothing but lamentable founds was heard, Nor ought was feen but ghaftly views of death. Infectious horror ran from face to face, 614 And pale defpair. 'T was all the bufinefs then To tend the fick, and in their turns to die. In heaps they fell: And oft one bed, they fay, The fickening, dying, and the dead contain'd.

Ye guardian Gods, on whom the Fates depend Of tottering Albion ! Ye eternal fires, 620 That lead thro' heav'n the wandering year ! Ye powers,

That

96 The ART of Book III. That o'er th' incircling elements prefide ! May nothing worfe than what this age has feen Arrive ! Enough abroad, enough at home 624 Has Albion bled. Here a diftemper'd heaven Has thin'd her cities ; from thofe lofty cliffs That awe proud Gaul, to Thule's wintry reign ; While in the Weft, beyond th'Atlantic foam, Her braveft fons, keen for the fight, have died The death of cowards, and of common men; 630 Sunk void of wounds, and fall'n without renown.

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

THE

R T

ТНЕ

OF PRESERVING

HEALTH. BOOKIV. The PASSIONS.



ТНЕ R OF PRESERVING HEALTH. BOOK IV. The PASSIONS. THE choice of aliment, the choice of air, The use of toil and all external things, Already fung; it now remains to trace What good, what evil from ourfelves proceeds: And how the fubtle principle within 5 Infpires with health, or mines with ftrange decay The paffive body. Ye poetic Shades, That know the fecrets of the world unfeen,

140The ART ofBook IV.Affift my fong !For, in a doubtful themeEngag'd, I wander thro' myfterious ways.10

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

By its own toil the groß corporeal frame Fatigues, extenuates, or deftroys itfelf: Nor lefs the labours of the mind corrode 25 The

And how the fabrile principle within

Paffions. preferving HEALTH. 101
The folid fabric. For by fubtle parts,
And viewlefs atoms, fecret Nature moves
The mighty wheels of this flupendous world.
By fubtle fluids pour'd thro' fubtle tubes
The natural, vital, functions are perform'd. 30
By thefe the flubborn aliments are tam'd;
The toiling heart diffributes life and ftrength;
Thefe the flubborn frame rebuild; and thefe
Are loft in thinking, and diffolve in air.

But 'tis not Thought (for ftill the foul's employ'd) 35 'Tis painful thinking that corrodes our clay. All day the vacant eye without fatigue Strays o'er the heaven and earth; but long intent On microfcopic arts its vigor fails. Juft fo the mind, with various thought amus'd, Nor aches itfelf, nor gives the body pain. 41

But anxious Study, Difcontent, and Care,

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Love

The ART of Book IV.

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

The strong-built pedant; who both night and day

Feeds on the coarfeft fare the fchools beftow, And crudely fattens at groß Burman's ftall; 54 O'erwhelm'd with phlegm lies in a dropfy drown'd, Or finks in lethargy before his time. With ufeful ftudies you, and arts that pleafe Employ your mind, amufe, but not fatigue. Peace to each drowfy metaphyfic fage !

Paffions. preserving HEALTH. 103 And ever may the German folio's reft ! 60 Yet fome there are, even of elastic parts, Whom ftrong and obstinate ambition leads Thro' all the rugged roads of barren lore, And gives to relish what their generous tafte Would else refuse. But may nor thirst of fame 65 Nor love of knowledge urge you to fatigue With conftant drudgery the liberal foul. Toy with your books : and, as the various fits Of humour seize you, from Philosophy To Fable shift; from serious Antonine 70 To Rabelais' ravings, and from profe to fong.

While reading pleafes, but no longer, read; And read aloud refounding Homer's ftrain, And weild the thunder of Demosthenes. The cheft fo exercis'd improves its strength; 75 And quick vibrations thro' the bowels drive The restless blood, which in unactive days

Than what the body knows empitter life.

Would

104The ART of Book IV.Would loiter elfe thro' unelaftic tubes.Deem it not trifling while I recommendWhat pofture fuits: To ftand and fit by turns, 80As nature prompts, is beft. But o'er your leavesTo lean for ever, cramps the vital parts,And robs the fine machinery of its play.

Nor love of knowledge ungo you to fationer

'Tis the great art of life to manage well The reftless mind. For ever on pursuit 85 Of knowledge bent it starves the groffer powers. Quite unemploy'd, against its own repose It turns its fatal edge, and fharper pangs Than what the body knows embitter life. Chiefly where Solitude, fad nurfe of care, 90 To fickly mufing gives the penfive mind. There madness enters; and the dim-ey'd Fiend, Sour Melancholy, night and day provokes Her own eternal wound. The fun grows pale; A mournful vifionary light o'erfpreads 95 The Would

Passions. preserving HEALTH.

The chearful face of nature : earth becomes A dreary defart, and heaven frowns above. Then various fhapes of curs'd illufion rife; Whate'er the wretched fears, creating Fear Forms out of nothing; and with monfters teems Unknown in hell. The proftrate foul beneath 101 A load of huge imagination heaves. And all the horrors that the guilty feel, With anxious flutterings wake the guiltlefs breaft.

Such phantoms Pride in folitary fcenes, 105 Or Fear, on delicate Self-love creates. From other cares abfolv'd, the bufy mind Finds in yourfelf a theme to pore upon; It finds you miferable, or makes you fo. For while yourfelf you anxioufly explore, 110 Timorous Self-love, with fick'ning Fancy's aid, Prefents the danger that you dread the moft, And ever galls you in your tender part.

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Hence

105
The ART of Book IV. 106 Hence fome for love, and fome for jealoufy, For grim religion fome, and fome for pride, 115 Have loft their reafon : fome for fear of want Want all their lives; and others every day For fear of dying fuffer worfe than death. Ah! from your bofoms banifh, if you can, Those fatal guests : and first the Demon Fear; That trembles at impossible events, 121 Left aged Atlas should refign his load And heaven's eternal battlements rush down. Is there an evil worfe than fear itfelf? And what avails it that indulgent heaven 125 From mortal eyes has wrapt the woes to come, If we, ingenious to torment ourfelves, Grow pale at hideous fictions of our own? Enjoy the prefent; nor with needlefs cares, Of what may fpring from blind Misfortune's womb, 130 Appal the furest hour that life bestows.

Serene,

Paffions. preferving HEALTH. 107 Serene, and mafter of yourfelf, prepare For what may come; and leave the reft to heaven.

Oft from the body, by long ails miftun'd, Thefe evils fprung, the moft important health, 135 That of the mind, deftroy: And when the mind They first invade, the confcious body foon In fympathetic languistment declines. Thefe chronic passions, while from real woes They rife, and yet without the body's fault 140 Infest the foul, admit one only cure; Diversion, hurry, and a restless life. Vain are the confolations of the wife, In vain your friends would reason down your pain.

Oh ye whofe fouls relentlefs love has tam'd 145 To foft diftrefs, or friends untimely flain ! Court not the luxury of tender thought : Nor deem it impious to forget those pains

0 2

That

The ART of 108 Book IV. That hurt the living, nought avail the dead. Go, foft enthusiaft! quit the cypress groves, 150 Nor to the rivulet's lonely moanings tune Your fad complaint. Go, feek the chearful haunts Of men, and mingle with the buftling croud; Lay schemes for wealth, or power, or fame, the wifh 154 Of nobler minds, and push them night and day. Or join the caravan in queft of fcenes New to your eyes, and fhifting every hour ; Beyond the Alps, beyond the Appennines. Or, more advent'rous, rush into the field 159 Where war grows hot; and, raging thro' the fky, The lofty trumpet fwells the maddening foul : And in the hardy camp and toilfome march Forget all fofter and lefs manly cares.

But most too passive, when the blood runs low, Too weakly indolent to strive with pain, 165 And

Paffions. preferving HEALTH. 109 And bravely by refifting conquer Fate, Try Circe's arts ; and in the tempting bowl Of poifon'd Nectar fweet oblivion drink. Struck by the powerful charm, the gloom diffolves In empty air ; Elyfium opens round. 170 A pleafing phrenzy buoys the lighten'd foul, And fanguine hopes difpel your fleeting care ; And what was difficult, and what was dire, Yields to your prowefs and fuperior ftars :

The happieft you, of all that e'er were mad, 175 Or are, or shall be, could this folly last. But soon your heaven is gone; a heavier gloom Shuts o'er your head : and, as the thundering

stream,

Swoln o'er its banks with fudden mountain rain, Sinks from its tumult to a filent brook ; 180 So, when the frantic raptures in your breaft Subfide, you languish into mortal man ; You sleep, and waking find yourself undone.

For

The ART of Book IV. 110 For prodigal of life in one rash night 184 You lavish'd more than might support three days. A heavy morning comes; your cares return With ten-fold rage. An anxious ftomach well May be endur'd; fo may the throbbing head: But fuch a dim delirium, fuch a dream, Involves you; fuch a dastardly despair 100 Unmans your foul, as madd'ning Pentheus felt When, baited round Citheron's cruel fides, He faw two funs, and double Thebes afcend. You curfe the fluggish Port; you curfe the wretch, The felon, with unnatural mixture first 195 Who dar'd to violate the virgin wine. Or on the fugitive Champain you pour A thousand curses; for to heav'n your foul It rapt, to plunge you deeper in defpair. Perhaps you rue even that divinest gift, 200 The gay, ferene, good-natur'd Burgundy, Or the fresh fragrant vintage of the Rhine:

And

Paffions. preferving HEALTH. 111 And with that heaven from mortals had withheld The grape, and all intoxicating bowls.

aftre air tireir hours arned

Befides, it wounds you fore to recollect 205 What follies in your loofe unguarded hour Efcap'd. By one irrevocable word, Perhaps that meant no harm, you lofe a friend. Or in the rage of wine your hafty hand Performs a deed to haunt you to your grave. 210 Add that your means, your health, your parts decay ;

Your friends avoid you; brutifhly transform'd They hardly know you; or if one remains To wifh you well, he wifhes you in heaven. Defpis'd, unwept you fall; who might have left A facred, cherifh'd, fadly-pleafing name; 216 A name ftill to be utter'd with a figh. Your laft ungraceful fcene has quite effac'd All fenfe and memory of your former worth.

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Our

How

The ART of Book IV.

How to live happiest; how avoid the pains, The difappointments, and difgusts of those 221 Who would in pleafure all their hours employ; The precepts here of a divine old man I could recite. Tho' old, he still retain'd His manly fense, and energy of mind. 225 Virtuous and wife he was, but not fevere; He still remember'd that he once was young; His eafy prefence check'd no decent joy. Him even the diffolute admir'd; for he A graceful loofeness when he pleas'd put on, 230 And laughing cou'd instruct. Much had he read, Much more had feen; he studied from the life, And in th' original perus'd mankind.

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

Our

Paffions. preferving HEALTH. II3 Our aim is Happines; 'tis yours, 'tis mine, He faid, 'tis the purfuit of all that live : Yet few attain it, if 'twas e'er attain'd. 240 But they the wideft wander from the mark, Who thro' the flow'ry paths of faunt'ring Joy Seek this coy Goddefs; that from ftage to ftage Invites us still, but shifts as we purfue. For, not to name the pains that pleafure brings To counterpoife itself, relentless Fate 246 Forbids that we thro' gay voluptuous wilds Should ever roam: And were the Fates more kind Our narrow luxuries would foon be stale. Were these exhaustless, Nature would grow fick, And, cloy'd with pleafure, fqueamishly complain That all was vanity, and life a dream. Let nature reft : Be bufy for yourfelf, And for your friend; be bufy even in vain, Rather than teize her fated appetites. 255 Who never fasts no banquet e'er enjoys;

P

Who

The ART of Book IV. Who never toils or watches never fleeps. Let nature reft: And when the tafte of joy Grows keen, indulge; but fhun fatiety.

But they the wildelt wander from the mark, l

'Tis not for mortals always to be bleft. 260 But him the leaft the dull or painful hours Of life opprefs, whom fober Senfe conducts And Virtue, thro' this labyrinth we tread. Virtue and Senfe I mean not to disjoin; Virtue and Senfe are one; and, truft me, he 265 Should ever Who has not virtue is not truly wife. Virtue (for mere Good-nature is a fool) Is fenfe and fpirit, with humanity: 'Tis fometimes angry, and its frown confounds; 'Tis even vindictive, but in vengeance just. 270 Knaves fain would laugh at it; fome great ones dare ; dove while d ; basin may sol had

But at his heart the most undaunted fon Of fortune dreads its name and awful charms.

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To

Paffions. preserving HEALTH. 115

To nobleft uses this determines wealth; This is the folid pomp of profperous days; 275 The peace and shelter of adversity. And if you pant for glory, build your fame On this foundation, which the fecret shock Defies of Envy and all-sapping Time. The gawdy gloss of Fortune only strikes The vulgar eye: The suffrage of the wise, The praise that's worth ambition, is attain'd 280 By Sense alone, and dignity of mind.

Virtue, the ftrength and beauty of the foul, Is the beft gift of heaven : a happinefs That even above the fmiles and frowns of fate Exalts great Nature's favourites : a wealth 285 That ne'er encumbers, nor to bafer hands Can be transferr'd : it is the only good Man juftly boafts of, or can call his own. Riches are oft by guilt and bafenefs carn'd ;

Or

116The ART ofBook IV.Or dealt by chance, to fhield a lucky knave, 290Or throw a cruel fun-fhine on a fool.But for one end, one much-neglected ufe,Are riches worth your care; (for Nature's wantsAre few, and without opulence fupplied.)This noble end is, to produce the Soul; 295To fhew the virtues in their faireft light;To make Humanity the MinifterOf bounteous Providence; and teach the BreaftThat generous luxury the Gods enjoy.

Thus, in his graver vein, the friendly Sage 300 Sometimes declaim'd. Of Right and Wrong he taught

Truths as refin'd as ever Athens heard; And (ftrange to tell!) he practis'd what he preach'd. Skill'd in the Paffions, how to check their fway He knew, as far as Reafon can controul 305 The lawlefs Powers. But other cares are mine :

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Paffions. preferving HEALTH. 117 Form'd in the fchool of Pæon, I relate What Paffions hurt the body, what improve : Avoid them, or invite them, as you may.

Know then, whatever chearful and ferene 310 Supports the mind, fupports the body too. Hence the moft vital movement mortals feel Is Hope; the balm and life-blood of the foul. It pleafes, and it lafts. Induigent heaven Sent down the kind delufion, thro' the paths 315 Of rugged life to lead us patient on; And make our happieft ftate no tedious thing. Our greateft good, and what we leaft can fpare, Is Hope; the laft of all our evils, Fear.

But there are Paffions grateful to the breaft, 320 And yet no friends to Life; perhaps they pleafe Or to excefs, and diffipate the foul; Or while they pleafe, torment. The ftubborn Clown, The

The ART of Book IV. 118 The ill-tam'd Ruffian, and pale Usurer, (If Love's omnipotence fuch hearts can mould) May fafely mellow into love; and grow 326 Refin'd, humane, and generous, if they can. Love in fuch bosoms never to a fault waarM Or pains or pleases. But ye finer Souls, Form'd to foft luxury, and prompt to thrill 330 With all the tumults, all the joys and pains, That beauty gives; with caution and referve Indulge the fweet deftroyer of repofe, Nor court too much the Queen of charming cares. For, while the cherish'd poison in your breast 335 Ferments and maddens; fick with jealoufy, Absence, distrust, or even with anxious joy, The wholfome appetites and powers of life Diffolve in languor. The coy ftomach loaths The genial board: Your chearful days are gone: The generous bloom that flush'd your cheeks is fled. 341

To

Paffions. preserving HEALTH. 119 To fighs devoted and to tender pains, Penfive you fit, or folitary ftray, And wafte your youth in mufing. Mufing first Toy'd into care your unfuspecting heart: 345 It found a liking there, a fportful fire, And that fomented into ferious love ; Which musing daily ftrengthens and improves Thro' all the heights of fondness and romance : And you're undone, the fatal shaft has sped, 350 If once you doubt whether you love or no. The body wastes away; th' infected mind, Diffolv'd in female tendernefs, forgets Each manly virtue, and grows dead to fame. Sweet heaven from fuch intoxicating charms 355 Defend all worthy breafts! Not that I deem Love always dangerous, always to be fhun'd. Love well repaid, and not too weakly funk In wanton and unmanly tendernefs, Adds bloom to Health; o'er every virtue sheds 360

The

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120The ART ofBook IV.A gay, humane, and amiable grace,And brightens all the ornaments of man.But fruitlefs, hopelefs, difappointed, rack'dWith Jealoufy, fatigued with hope and fear,Too ferious, or too languifhingly fond,365Unnerves the body and unmans the foul.And fome have died for Love; and fome run mad;And fome with defperate hand themfelves have flain.

Some to extinguish, others to prevent, A mad devotion to one dangerous Fair, 370 Court all they meet; in hopes to diffipate The cares of Love amongst a hundred Brides. Th' event is doubtful: for there are who find A cure in this; there are who find it not. 'Tis no relief, alas! it rather galls 375 The wound to those who are fincerely fick. For while from feverish and tumultuous joys The nerves grow languid and the soul substides; The Paffions. preserving HEALTH. 121 The tender Fancy fmarts with every fting; And what was Love before is Madness now. Is health your care, or luxury your aim, 381 Be temperate still : When Nature bids obey ; Her wild impatient fallies bear no curb. But when the prurient habit of delight, Or loofe Imagination fpurs you on 385 To deeds above your ftrength, impute it not To Nature : Nature all compulsion hates. Ah! let nor luxury nor vain renown Urge you to feats you well might fleep without ; To make what should be rapture a fatigue, 390 A tedious tafk; nor in the wanton arms Of twining Laïs melt your manhood down. For from the colliquation of foft joys How chang'd you rife! the ghoft of what you was! Languid, and melancholy, and gaunt, and wan; Your veins exhaufted, and your nerves unftrung. Spoil'd of its balm and fprightly zeft, the blood

Q

Grows

The ART of Book IV. 122 Grows vapid phlegm; along the tender nerves (To each flight impulse tremblingly awake) A fubtle Fiend that mimics all the plagues 400 Rapid and reftless springs from part to part. The blooming honours of your youth are fallen; Your vigour pines; your vital powers decay; Difeafes haunt you; and untimely Age Creeps on, unfocial, impotent, and lewd. 405 Infatuate, impious, epicure! to wafte The ftores of pleafure, chearfulnefs, and health! Infatuate all who make delight their trade, And coy perdition every hour purfue.

Who pines with Love, or in lafcivious flames Confumes, is with his own confent undone : 411 He chufes to be wretched, to be mad ; And warn'd proceeds and wilful to his fate. But there's a Paffion, whofe tempeftuous fway Tears up each virtue planted in the breaft, 415 And

A tedions talk ; nor in the wanton arms

Paffions. preferving HEALTH. 123
And fhakes to ruins proud philofophy.
For pale and trembling Anger rufhes in,
With fault'ring fpeech, and eyes that wildly ftare;
Fierce as the Tyger, madder than the feas,
Defperate, and arm'd with more than human ftrength. 420

How foon the calm, humane, and polifh'd man Forgets compunction, and starts up a fiend ! Who pines in Love, or waftes with filent Cares, Envy, or Ignominy, or tender Grief, Slowly defcends and ling'ring to the shades. 425 But he whom Anger stings, drops, if he dies, At once, and rushes apoplectic down; Or a fierce fever hurries him to hell. For, as the Body thro' unnumber'd ftrings Reverberates each vibration of the Soul; 430 As is the Paffion, fuch is still the Pain The Body feels; or chronic, or acute. And oft a fudden ftorm at once o'erpowers

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The

124The ART ofBook IV.The Life, or gives your Reafon to the winds.Such fates attend the rafh alarm of Fear, 435And fudden Grief, and Rage, and fudden Joy.

There are, mean time, to whom the boift'rous fit

Flerce as the Tyger, madder than the feas

Is Health, and only fills the fails of life. For where the Mind a torpid winter leads Wrapt in a Body corpulent and cold, 440 And each clogg'd function lazily moves on ; A generous fally fpurns the incumbent load, Unlocks the breaft, and gives a cordial glow. But if your wrathful blood is apt to boil, Or are your nerves too irritably ftrung ; 445 Wave all Dispute ; be cautious if you joke ; Keep Lent for ever; and forfwear the Bowl. For one rash moment sends you to the shades, Or shatters every hopeful Scheme of life, And gives to horror all your days to come. 450

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Fate,

Paffions. preferving HEALTH. 125
Fate, arm'd with thunder, fire, and every plague
That ruins, tortures, or diftracts mankind,
And makes the happy wretched in an hour,
O'erwhelms you not with woes fo horrible 454
As your ownWrath, nor gives more fudden blows.

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

Diftruft yourfelf, and fleep before you fight. 'Tis not too late to morrow to be brave; If Honour bids, to morrow kill or die. But calm advice againft a raging fit 460 Avails too little; and it tries the power Of all that ever taught in Profe or Song, To tame the Fiend that fleeps a gentle Lamb, And wakes a Lion. Unprovok'd and calm, You reafon well, fee as you ought to fee, 465 And wonder at the madnefs of mankind: Seiz'd with the common rage, you foon forget

The

126 The ART of Book IV.

The fpeculations of your wifer hours. Befet with Furies of all deadly fhapes, Fierce and infidious, violent and flow; 470 With all that urge or lure us on to Fate; What refuge fhall we feek? what arms prepare? Where Reafon proves too weak, or void of wiles, To cope with fubtle or impetuous Powers, I would invoke new Paffions to your aid: 475 With Indignation would extinguifh Fear, With Fear or generous Pity vanquifh Rage, And Love with Pride; and force to force oppofe.

There is a Charm: a Power that fways the breaft;

Bids every Paffion revel or be ftill; 480
Infpires with Rage, or all your Cares diffolves;
Can footh Diftraction, and almost Despair.
That Power is Music: Far beyond the ftretch
Of those unmeaning warblers on our stage;

Paffions. preferving HEALTH. 127
Those clums Heroes, those fat-headed Gods,
Who move no Paffion justly but Contempt: 486
Who, like our dancers (light indeed and strong!)
Do wond'rous feats, but never heard of grace.
The fault is ours; we bear those monstrous arts,
Good Heaven! we praise them: we, with loudest
peals, 490

Applaud the fool that higheft lifts his heels; And, with infipid fhew of rapture, die Of ideot notes, impertinently long. But he the Mufe's laurel justly shares, A Poet he, and touch'd with Heaven's own fire; Who, with bold rage or folemn pomp of founds, Inflames, exalts, and ravishes the foul; 497 Now tender, plaintive, fweet almost to pain, In Love diffolves you; now in fprightly strains Breathes a gay rapture thro' your thrilling breaft; Or melts the heart with airs divinely fad; Or wakes to horror the tremendous ftrings.

Such

The ART of Book IV. 128 Such was the bard, whose heavenly strains of old Appeas'd the fiend of melancholy Saul. Such was, if old and heathen fame fay true, 505 The man who bade the Theban domes afcend, And tam'd the favage Nations with his fong; And fuch the Thracian, whofe harmonious lyre, Tun'd to foft woe, made all the mountains weep; Sooth'd even th' inexorable powers of Hell, 510 And half redeem'd his loft Eurydice. Mufic exalts each Joy, allays each Grief, Expels Difeases, softens every Pain, Subdues the rage of Poifon, and the Plague; 515 And hence the wife of ancient days ador'd One Power of Physic, Melody, and Song.

The END.

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