



WZ

290

A736a

1838

THE ART  
OF  
PRESERVING HEALTH.

Scientific and  
Medical Books  
For Sale by  
**A. E. FOOTE,**  
1223 Belmont Ave.,  
Philadelphia, Pa.

*anecdotes*

Surgeon General's Office

**LIBRARY**

ANNEX  
*Section*

No. **101133**

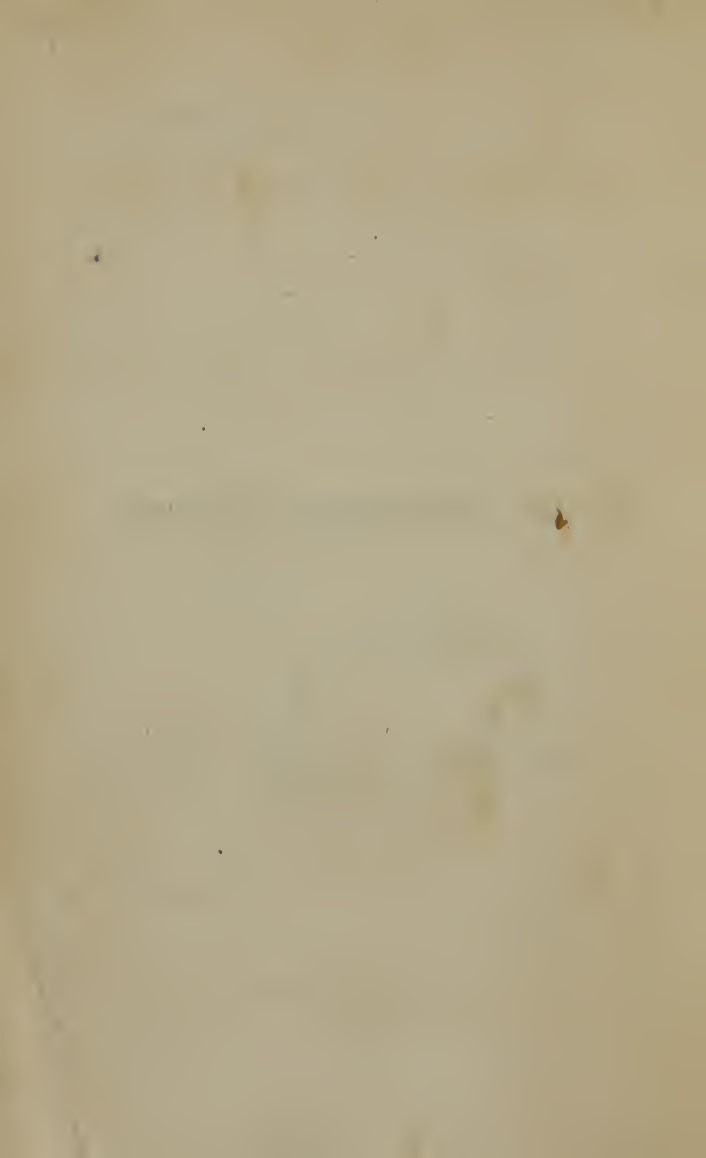
*101133-8*

Chulaque Md.  
Wm.



ART OF PRESERVING HEALTH.





THE ART  
OF  
PRESERVING HEALTH

A POEM, IN FOUR BOOKS.

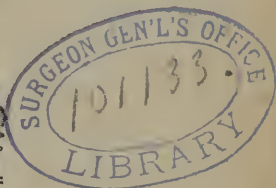
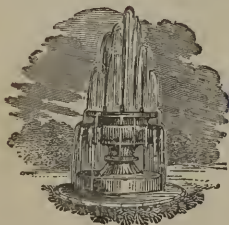
✓  
BY JOHN ARMSTRONG, M. D.

WITH A

✓  
CRITICAL ESSAY BY J. AIKEN, M. D.

AND

✓  
NOTES BY DR. ALCOTT.



BOSTON :  
GEORGE W. LIGHT, 1 CORNHILL.  
1838.

WZ

290

A 7362

1838

Film NO. 6764 no. 1



## PREFACE

BY THE AMERICAN EDITOR.

THIS beautiful little Poem was first published at Edinburgh in 1744—nearly one hundred years ago. It was re-published in Boston in 1802, but is now out of print. With the exception of a few points to which I have adverted in the Notes, and two short paragraphs which it was thought proper to omit, the doctrines of the Poem on the Influence of Air, Diet, Exercise, and the Passions, on Health, are such as must commend themselves to the friends of temperance in every age and in every country. The two passages which I have omitted, related exclusively to the occasional use of wine, which

the doctor, with a strange but very common inconsistency, seems inclined to permit.

It is encouraging and truly cheering to find in so ancient and distinguished a medical man as Dr. Armstrong, the bold and decided advocate of principles which we are laboring to establish in this country at the present time, but which even now—a century later—are deemed by many as in some respects ultra. Truth is truth, however, and must ultimately prevail; and in this we have our consolation.

W. A. A.

BOSTON, JULY, 1838.

# CONTENTS.

CRITICAL ESSAY ON THE POEM, by DR. AIKEN. . . 9—30

## BOOK I.—AIR.

Author's invocation to the goddess of health. He advises his readers to shun the city—to avoid the stagnant marsh—too dry an air—to seek a proper medium. Proper place for building. . . . . 31—46

## BOOK II.—DIET.

Nature of digestion in general. Liquid food. Diseased flesh meat. Extremes. Food for different constitutions. Experience. To what extent man is omnivorous. Evils of mixed dishes. Simple dishes seldom offend. Leanness of body. Food to be adapted in some measure to the seasons, and to climates. Bounties of nature in every clime. Water extolled. Some of the causes of disease. Natural death. Few attain to it. . . . . 47—70

## BOOK III.—EXERCISE.

Case of the hard laborer. Effects of toil on the bodily organs. Virtues of the chase. Gardening. We should, if possible, indulge our taste. Exercise of the differ-

ent parts of the body. Begin physical exercise moderately. Cooling suddenly when over-heated. Warm bathing. Cold bathing. Physical and moral benefits of cleanliness. Diseases produced by errors in regard to study. Physical changes should be gradual. Epidemic diseases. Sweating sickness of England. Its horrors depicted. . . . . 71—98

#### BOOK IV.—THE PASSIONS.

How much the mind affects the body. Rules in regard to study. Position of the body. The great art of life is to manage well the mind. Hypochondria—how cured. Precepts and life of an “old man.” Importance of cheerfulness. Tendency of the selfish passions on health. Effects of love. Its excesses. Effects of anger. Salutory effects of music. . . . 99—120

# CRITICAL ESSAY ON THE POEM.

BY J. AIKEN, M. D.

THE subject of the following Poem seems happily calculated for didactic poetry. To say that it is a peculiarly proper one for a physician to write upon, is saying nothing of consequence to the reader. But the preservation of health is, in the first place, a matter of general importance, and therefore interesting to readers of every class. Then, although its rules, scientifically considered, belong to a particular profession, and require previous studies for their full comprehension, yet in the popular use, they are level to the understanding and experience of every man of reading and reflection. Had the subject been more strictly medical, such as the nature and cure of a particular disease, it would have been liable to the objections attending a con-

finer and professional topic, and could scarcely, by the greatest poetical skill, have been rendered generally pleasing or instructive. But every man being in some measure entrusted with the care of his own health, and being accustomed to speculations concerning Air, Diet, Exercise, and the Passions, the subject may be considered as universal. It is true, these topics can be poetically treated only in a popular manner; and the writer who chooses the vehicle of verse in treating of them, must take up with common and perhaps superficial notions. But by associating these notions with images addressed to the imagination, he may convey them in a more agreeable form; and he may advantageously employ the diction of poetry to give to practical rules an energy and conciseness of expression which may forcibly imprint them on the memory. This power is, indeed, the principal circumstance which imparts real utility to didactic poetry; and we all feel its effects, on becoming acquainted with the moral and critical works of such authors as Horace, Boileau and Pope. Further, the topics with which the Art of Health is conversant, are connected with various of the

loftiest and most extensive speculations on general nature ; and in pursuing the regular vein of thought, many sources of truly poetical ideas may be opened. It remains now to examine how far the author has availed himself of the advantages of his subject, and in what manner he has supported the character of a didactic poet.

As invocation is an established part of a regular poem, it was necessary that the piece before us should be provided with that decoration. The choice of Hygeia, or the goddess of Health, for the object of address, was dictated by a very obvious propriety. The manner is imitated from that of Lucretius in his fine invocation of Venus ; and much imagination is displayed in the description of her approach, and of the various baleful forms of disease and death that fly from her presence.

Of the sources from which health is drawn, salubrious air is one of the most remarkable. Air, therefore, with propriety, is made the peculiar topic of the first book. Perhaps a descriptive passage of more strength can scarcely be met with than that which enumerates the various contaminations of this element in a crowded city. The ideas,

indeed, in their own nature disgusting, might be thought almost too vividly represented, did they not by contrast add to the sweetness of the subsequent rural picture, the effect of which is almost equal to that of the fabled calenture, in calling forth irresistible longings after the country. Every reader familiar with the vicinity of the metropolis, will feel peculiar pleasure from the glimpses given of those favorite summer retreats, Windsor, Richmond, Dulwich and Hampstead, which will excite in his mind particular images, always much more engaging to the fancy than general ones. The poet next exercises his invention in one of the higher efforts of the art, that of allegorical personification. His figure and genealogy of Quartana are well imagined; but like most of those who create these fancy-formed beings, he fails in the *agency* he attributes to her; for in merely inspiring a fit of the ague, she acts not as a person, but as an incorporeal cause.

He goes on to describe the different sites unfriendly to health, particularly the too moist and the too dry, which he makes the foundation of what are called in the schools of physic the phleg-



matic and melancholic temperaments. In his instructions how to guard against the evils of different situations, he somewhat anticipates his future topics of diet and exercise. The passage, however, is full of vigorous description; and the means of correcting the watery and the parched soil afford spirited sketches of landscape. But he is nowhere so minute, as in that perpetual topic of an Englishman, the bad weather under which our island is so frequently submerged. A kind of splenetic strength of painting distinguishes his gloomy draught of loaded skies and eastern blasts, and of that vexatious fickleness of weather, in which all the seasons seem to "mix in every monstrous day."

We are, however, brought into good humor again, by the description of cheerful, dry and sheltered spots, in which atmospherical evils may be palliated; and the concluding eulogy on the cheering and invigorating influence of solar heat, leaves the fancy agreeably impressed with a sensation similar to that imparted by a serene summer's day. On the whole, the descriptive beauties of this book are considerable; but as a leading head of his subject, it might, I conceive, have been lengthened

with advantage, by some circumstances relative to the influence of air upon health, which he has not touched upon. The sudden operation upon the spirits by alterations in the weight of the atmosphere, as indicated by the barometer, and the medicinal effects of change of climate upon invalids, would have afforded matter both for curious discussion, and interesting and even pathetic narration.

DIET, the subject of the second book, is, as the writer observes on entering upon it, comparatively barren and unfavorable to poetry. It is evidently more immersed in technical investigations than the former; and its connection with the grossest of the sensual pleasures, renders it difficult to be treated on without derogating from the dignity of a philosophical poem. Dr. Armstrong, however, has managed it with judgment. He begins with a scientific topic, necessary as a foundation for the preceptive part which is to follow—the circulation of the blood. This function, however, admits of easy illustration from the common principles of hydraulics, as displayed in the motion of water through pipes and channels. The constant waste

of solid particles that such a perpetual current must produce, demonstrates the necessity for a new supply by means of somewhat taken in. Hence naturally follows the consideration of food, its concoction, and the choice of aliments, solid and fluid, suited to persons of different constitutions, and in different climates. This is the general plan of the book. The poet's skill consists in taking the subject out of the language and reasonings of science, familiarizing it by apt illustration, and diversifying it by amusing digression. All this he has attempted, and with success.

We shall not closely follow his steps while he treats of the digestibility and salubriousness of different foods, and lays down rules for the regulation of appetite. The subject, as we before hinted, is not of the most pleasing kind; and it is apparently rather from necessity than choice that he enters into it. His expressions and images are strong; but strength so employed is unavoidably akin to coarseness. A more agreeable topic is the praise of temperance and simple diet, from which he easily slides into a beautiful moral passage, showing how much better riches may be employed than in

the luxuries of the table, by relieving indigence and unfriended merit. One line is almost unrivalled in pathetic energy.

“ Though hushed in patient wretchedness at home.”

The opposite evils arising from too full and too scanty a diet, are next enumerated, and cautions are given respecting the progress from one to the other. The different regimen proper for the several seasons of the year is then touched upon; and this naturally leads the poet to open a new source of variety in description, derived from a view of human life as subsisting in climates removed to the two extremes from our own. The picture of the frigid zone is but slightly sketched; that of the torrid regions is much more minute, and will strongly remind the reader of a similar one by the hand of Thomson; but I dare not assert that it will lose nothing by the comparison. It is rendered less appropriate by the enumeration of vegetable articles which in reality belong to very different climates—the cocoa and anana being many degrees separated from the countries rich in corn and wine. The cedar of Lebanon, likewise, as a native of the

bleak tops of high mountains, ought not to be placed by the side of the palm and plantain.

The succeeding passage, however, which paints the wonders of the Naiad kingdom, though it also has its parallel in the Seasons, is not, I think, surpassed by that, or any other poem, in strength and grandeur of description. The awful sublimity of the scenes themselves, and the artifice of the poet in introducing himself as a spectator, and marking the supposed impressions on his own mind, elevate this piece to the very summit of descriptive poetry.

The praise of water-drinking follows; with the precepts of the father of physic for choosing rightly this pure and innocent beverage. Notwithstanding the apparent earnestness with which the poet dwells on this topic, there is some reason to suspect that he was not quite hearty in the cause. The physician and sage sometimes seem lost in the jolly companion. He soon, however, resumes those characters; and after remarking the tendency of a continued use of wine to bring on premature old age, he digresses into a theoretical account of the process by which the animal machine is gradually impeded in its motions, and at length comes

to a full stop. This conducts him to a striking termination of the book, in a lofty description of the ravages made by time upon the works of human art, and the world itself.

**EXERCISE**, the subject of the third book, is a theme more adapted to poetry, and less immersed in professional disquisitions, than that of the preceding. Its benefits in the preservation of health are universally known; and the poet's task is rather to frame upon it pictures agreeable to the imagination, than to treat of it in a closely preceptive or scientific manner. Dr. Armstrong begins with a lively portrait of the rustic, rendered firm and robust by toil, like a sturdy oak of the forest; and he produces him as a specimen of the influence of exercise on the human frame. He then exhorts the votary of health to partake of the various kinds of rural pastime, the walk in all seasons, the chase, and the sport of fishing. This last amusement introduces a very pleasing passage, in which the poet characterises various streams, particularly the Liddel, on whose pastoral banks he first drew breath. The tribute of affection he pays to his native place, and the retrospect of his own boyish

years, are sweetly interesting, and vie with all that Thomson and Smollet have written on a similar topic.

The species of exercise afforded by gardening, gives occasion to a moral picture, of a man retired from public life to the cultivation of his estate, surrounded with a select society of old companions, of the same tastes and pursuits with himself. This is wrought so much in the manner of Thomson, that, were it not for some difference of style, it might pass undistinguished as a passage of the Seasons. The "noctes cœnæque deum" of Horace have contributed to adorn the piece.

Resuming the medical consideration of exercise, he next adverts to its power in strengthening weak parts by habitual exertion; and he dwells on the propriety of a gradual progress from rest to labor, and on the mischiefs attending too violent and heedless toils. This leads him to a serious and pathetic apostrophe on the fatal effects proceeding from exposure to cold, or draughts of cold liquor, when heated, which he represents as the most frequent of all causes of mortal disease. The ancient use of warm baths and unctions after exer-

cise is his next topic, in speaking of which, he finds it necessary to touch upon that important function of the body, insensible perspiration. The strict connection of this with health and disease, according as it is regular or deranged, has been a favorite argument with certain medical schools, and is here briefly illustrated in poetical language. The use of cold bathing in steeling the frame against the inclemencies of a cold climate, and the advantages of frequent ablution in hot ones, and of cleanliness in all, are further subjects of digression.

He returns to the consideration of exercise, as it is limited by recurring changes of the day and year—warning against it while the body is loaded with food, and during the heats of a summer's noon, and the chills of evening. These preceptive remarks lead him to a vein more fertile of ideas, addressed to the imagination; for, conceiving the day to be sunk into the silence and gloom of midnight, he views the toil-spent hind, wrapt in the arms of profound repose, the sweet soother of his labors. Hence he digresses to the subject of dreams, and paints in vivid colors the horrid scenes that disturb the mind during the delirium of unquiet



slumber. The proper period in which sleep is to be indulged, with its due measure to different constitutions, is next considered. The influence of habit in this respect, brings on an exhortation to proceed very gradually in altering every corporeal habit ; and this is made an introduction to a description of the successive changes of the year, with the distempers they bring. All this, and the remainder of the book, might perhaps with greater propriety have made a part of the first head ; since its connection with exercise is less obvious than with air. To introduce, in some part of his plan, an account of epidemic diseases, was, however, evidently proper, both as a matter for important instruction respecting the preservation of health, and as affording scope for poetical variety. After some common observations on the diseases of spring and autumn, and the means of guarding against them, with a forcible injunction against delay as soon as symptoms of danger appear, the poet proceeds to an imitation of Virgil and Lucretius, in the particular description of a pestilence ; and he very happily chooses for his subject the sweating sickness, which prevailed first in England when the

Earl of Richmond, afterwards Henry VII., came hither on his expedition against the tyrant Richard. So many graphical descriptions in prose and verse have been made of visitations of this kind, that scarcely any source of novelty remained in the *general* circumstances accompanying them. Dr. Armstrong has therefore judiciously introduced as much as possible of the *particular* character of this singular distemper, which, as far as we learn, was entirely unknown before, and has never appeared since that period. He has not even rejected certain popular errors prevalent respecting it, which, though they ought carefully to be avoided in a medical treatise, may perhaps be permitted to enhance the wonder of a poetical narration. Such is that which asserts Englishmen to have been its only victims, both in their own country and abroad—a notion which certainly adds to the interest with which a native of this country reads the relation. The conclusion of this book is a close copy from Virgil in the design, suitably varied in the circumstances. The deaths beyond the Atlantic allude to the unfortunate expedition to Carthage—a popular topic of complaint at that period.

The title with which the fourth and last book is inscribed, is, the *PASSIONS* ; but its subject would be more accurately expressed by the influence of the mind over the body—a large and elevated topic, detached from the technical matter of any particular profession, and in its full extent comprising everything sublime and affecting in moral poetry. The theory of the union of a spiritual principle with the gross corporeal substance, is that which the writer adopts as the basis of his reasonings. It is this ruling power which

“ Wields at his will the dull material world,  
And is the body’s health or malady.”

He evidently confounds, however, (as all writers on this system do,) matter of great subtilty, with what is not matter—or spirit. These “ viewless atoms,” he says, “ are lost in thinking,” yet thought itself is not the enemy of life, but painful thinking, such as that proceeding from anxious studies and fretful emotions. To prevent the baneful effects of these, he counsels us frequently to vary our objects, and to join the bodily exercise of reading aloud, to the mental labor of meditation. Solitary

brooding over thoughts of a particular kind, such, especially, as pride or fear presents to the imagination, is warned against, in a passage full of energy, as the usual parent of madness or melancholy. Sometimes what the poet terms a *chronic passion*, or one arising from a misfortune which has made a lasting impression, such as the loss of a beloved friend, produces a sympathetic languor in the body, which can only be removed by shifting the scene, and plunging in amusement or business. Some persons, however, take a less innocent method of dispelling grief,

—————“and in the tempting bowl  
Of poisoned nectar, sweet oblivion swill.”

The immediately exhilarating effects, and the sad subsequent reverse attending this baneful practice, are here painted in the most vivid coloring, and form a highly instructive and pathetic lesson. Particularly the gradual degradation of character which it infallibly brings on, is finely touched.

A kind of moral lecture succeeds, introduced as the supposed precepts of a sage in human life, whose character is represented as a compound of

manly sense and cheerfulness. How to acquire happiness by moderation in the pursuit of pleasure, and by the practice of virtue, is the topic of this passage, which, though certainly digressive, has however a natural affinity with the leading subject of the book. Virtue has seldom been characterized with more spirit and dignity; and trite as the sentiments are, the energy with which they are expressed commands attention.

The poet next reverts to his more direct purpose, that of considering the passions in their influence upon bodily health. In general, he lays it down as a rule, that all emotions which are pleasing to the mind, are also salutary to the body. But there are exceptions, some being in their nature prone to hurtful excess; as an instance of which he gives the passion of Love. Here, again, he tries his strength with Thomson; and his description cannot but remind the reader of that fine picture of a love-sick youth, drawn by this writer in his *Spring*. Thomson, however, dwells much more minutely on the mental effects of love. Armstrong, with propriety, fixes the attention more on the changes it induces in the corporeal frame, and this,

both as it is a passion, and as it leads to sensual indulgences. With great force, yet with sufficient delicacy, he paints the condition of one unnerved and exhausted by excess in amorous delights. This, indeed, is deviating from the express subject of the book ; since love as a passion, and the appetite for sexual enjoyment, are distinct things—the latter being certainly able to subsist without the former, if not the former without the latter. But an insensible gradation led him easily from the one to the other.

The passion of Anger is his next theme ; and the bold personification with which he has introduced it, is admirably suited to its violent and precipitate character. A fit of rage has frequently been known at once to overpower the vital faculties, and strike with instant death. To guard against it was therefore a point of peculiar importance ; and the poet has presented many striking moral arguments against the indulgence of that habit which makes us prone to ungoverned sallies of this passion. But where reason proves too weak for the control of this and other unruly affections of the mind, to what other power shall we

resort for aid? We may, he hints, oppose passion to passion, and extinguish one by its opposite. But without dwelling on this contrivance, (which, indeed, is neither very philosophical nor manageable,) he proceeds to recognize a power in nature which may be rendered the universal tranquillizer of the breast; and this power is Music. With a contrasted description of the music which exercises this sympathetic dominion over the emotions, and that which is only the execution of difficult trifles, followed by an allusion to the fabulous stories of some ancient masters, and the praise of the art itself, the poet somewhat abruptly closes the book and the work.

From this cursory view of the contents of Dr. Armstrong's piece, it will probably appear, that together with a sufficient variety for the purpose of amusement, there is uniformity of design enough to constitute the proper character of a didactic poem. Almost everything essential to the preservation of health is touched upon during its course; and the digressive parts are neither wholly impertinent to the main object, nor do they occupy a disproportionate space. Many topics of an elevated

nature are occasionally introduced ; and moral sentiment is agreeably interwoven with precept and description. The writer has, apparently, found some difficulty in adhering to the arrangement of his design ; for neither are the proposed topics of the four books equally copious of matter, nor has he with precision confined himself to the subjects belonging to each. However, as the *real* intention of such a work is not to afford systematic instruction, but to impress the mind with detached particulars, and to amuse it with variety, objections in point of method are little to be regarded. If this performance, on the whole, offers a fund of useful advice and rational entertainment to every cultivated reader, and at the same time is in a good degree what it professes to be, it has fulfilled its purpose.

It now remains to consider how far this work is characterized by any peculiarity of style and manner. English blank verse in its structure approaches so nearly to prose, that they who have employed it on elevated subjects, have adopted a variety of methods to give it the stamp of poetry. Some have transplanted as much as possible of the idiom



of the ancient languages into their own. They have used words in uncommon senses, derived rather from etymology than practice; and in the formation of sentences, they have studiously deviated from the natural order, and copied the involutions and inversions of the Latin and Greek. Others have enriched their style with novel terms and compound epithets, and have aimed at an uncommon mode of saying the commonest things. Very different from these is the manner of Armstrong. It is distinguished by its simplicity—by a free use of words which owe their strength to their plainness—by the rejection of ambitious ornaments, and a near approach to common phrasology. His sentences are generally short and easy, his sense clear and obvious. The full extent of his conceptions is taken at the first glance; and there are no lofty mysteries to be unravelled by repeated perusal. What keeps his language from being prosaic, is the vigor of his sentiments. He thinks boldly, feels strongly, and therefore expresses himself poetically. Where the subject sinks, his style sinks with it; but he has for the most part excluded topics incapable either of vivid description or of

the oratory of sentiment. He had from nature a musical ear, whence his lines are scarcely ever harsh, and are usually melodious, though apparently without much study to render them so. Perhaps he has not been careful enough to avoid the monotony of making several successive lines close with a rest or pause in the sense. On the whole, it may not be too much to assert, that no writer in blank verse can be found more free from stiffness and affectation, more energetic without harshness, and more dignified without formality.

THE  
ART OF PRESERVING HEALTH.

BOOK I.

AIR.

Author's invocation to the goddess of health. He advises his readers to shun the city—to avoid the stagnant marsh—too dry an air—to seek a proper medium. Proper place for building.

DAUGHTER of Pæon, queen of every joy,  
Hygeia,\* whose indulgent smile sustains  
The various race luxuriant nature pours,  
And on the immortal essences bestows  
Immortal youth—auspicious, O descend!  
Thou cheerful guardian of the rolling year,  
Whether thou wanton'st on the western gale,

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

Or shak'st the rigid pinions of the north,  
Diffusest life and vigor through the tracts  
Of air, through earth and ocean's deep domain.  
When through the blue serenity of heaven  
Thy power approaches, all the wasteful host  
Of pain and sickness, squalid and deformed,  
Confounded, sink into the loathsome gloom,  
Where, in deep Erebus involved, the fiends  
Grow more profane. Whatever shapes of death,  
Shook from the hideous chambers of the globe,  
Swim through the shuddering air ; whatever plagues,  
Or meagre famine breeds, or with slow wings  
Rise from the putrid wat'ry element,  
The damp, waste forest, motionless and rank,  
That smothers earth, and all her breathless winds,  
Or the vile carnage of the inhuman field ;  
Whatever baneful breathes the rotten south ;  
Whatever ill the extremes or sudden change  
Of cold and hot, or moist and dry produce ;  
Then fly thy pure effulgence ; they, and all  
The secret poisons of avenging heaven,  
And all the pale tribes halting in their train  
Of vice and heedless pleasure ; or if aught  
The comet's glare amid the burning sky,  
Mournful eclipse, or planets ill combined,  
Portend disastrous to the vital world ;

Thy salutary power averts their rage—  
 Averts the general bane : and but for thee,  
 Nature would sicken—nature soon would die.

Without thy cheerful active energy,  
 No rapture swells the breast, no poet sings,  
 No more the maids of Helicon delight.  
 Come then with me, O goddess, heavenly gay !  
 Begin the song ; and let it sweetly flow,  
 And let it wisely teach thy wholesome laws :  
 “ How best the fickle fabric to support  
 Of mortal man ; in healthful body how  
 A healthful mind the longest to maintain.”  
 'T is hard in such a strife of rules,\* to choose  
 The best, and those of most extensive use ;  
 Harder in clear and animated song,  
 Dry philosophic precepts to convey.  
 Yet with thy aid the secret wilds I trace  
 Of nature, and with daring steps proceed  
 Through paths the muses never trod before.

\* This is to concede the truth of the saying—Who shall decide when doctors disagree? *We* do not believe there is such a “strife of rules” among medical and dietetic writers as is generally supposed. Agreement is, in our opinion, the general rule ; and disagreement only the *exception*. A diligent perusal of this little poem has only strengthened in us this very conviction.

Nor should I wander, doubtful of my way,  
 Had I the lights of that sagacious mind  
 Which taught to check the pestilential fire,  
 And quell the deadly Python of the Nile.  
 O thou, beloved by all the graceful arts,  
 Thou, long the favorite of the healing powers,  
 Indulge, O Mead !\* a well designed essay,  
 Howe'er imperfect ; and permit that I  
 My little knowledge with my country share,  
 Till you the rich Asclepian stores unlock,  
 And with new graces dignify the theme.

Ye who amid this feverish world would wear  
 A body free of pain, of cares a mind,  
 Fly the rank city,† shun its turbid air ;  
 Breathe not the chaos of eternal smoke  
 And volatile corruption, from the dead,  
 The dying, sickening, and the living world,  
 Exhaled, to sully heaven's transparent dome

\* A distinguished physician, contemporary with our author.

† Let those who cannot "fly" the city, however, labor to improve it. Cities, instead of being the graves of the human species, as Dr. Gregory, another Scotch medical writer, calls them, *may* be rendered comparatively comfortable and healthful. Dr. Armstrong had the eye of his mind on European cities, of course ; not on Boston or New Haven.

With dim mortality. It is not air  
That from a thousand lungs reeks back to thine,  
Sated with exhalations rank and fell,  
The spoil of dunghills, and the putrid thaw  
Of nature—when from shape and texture she  
Relapses into fighting elements—  
It is not air, but floats a nauseous mass  
Of all obscene, corrupt, offensive things.  
Much moisture hurts ; but here a sordid bath,  
With oily rancor fraught, relaxes more  
The solid frame than simple moisture can.  
Besides, immured in many a sullen bay  
That never felt the freshness of the breeze,  
This slumbering deep remains, and ranker grows  
With sickly rest : and (though the lungs abhor  
To drink the dun fuliginous abyss)  
Did not the acid vigor of the mine,  
Rolled from so many thundering chimneys, tame  
The putrid steams that overswarm the sky,  
This caustic venom would perhaps corrode  
Those tender cells that draw the vital air,  
In vain with all their unctuous rills bedewed ;  
Or by the drunken venous tubes, that yawn  
In countless pores o'er all the pervious skin,  
Imbibed, would poison the balsamic blood,

And rouse the heart to every fever's rage.  
While yet you breathe, away ;\* the rural wilds  
Invite ; the mountains call you, and the vales ;  
The woods, the streams, and each ambrosial breeze  
That fans the ever undulating sky—  
A kindly sky ! whose fostering power regales  
Man, beast, and all the vegetable reign.  
Find then some woodland scene where nature smiles  
Benign, where all her honest children thrive.  
To us there wants not many a happy seat.  
Look round the smiling land, such numbers rise,  
We hardly fix, bewildered in our choice.  
See where, enthroned in adamantine state,  
Proud of her bards, imperial Windsor sits ;  
There choose thy seat, in some aspiring grove,  
Fast by the slowly winding Thames ; or where  
Broader she laves fair Richmond's green retreats,  
(Richmond, that sees an hundred villas rise  
Rural or gay.) O ! from the summer's rage,  
O ! wrap me in the friendly gloom that hides  
Umbrageous Ham ! But if the busy town  
Attract thee still to toil for power or gold,

\* " Away," *we* would also say, when you can ; but if you cannot go away without too much sacrifice, try to make the city and yourself better while you remain.



Sweetly thou mayst thy vacant hours possess  
In Hampstead, courted by the western wind ;  
Or Greenwich, waving o'er the winding flood ;  
Or lose the world amid the sylvan wilds  
Of Dulwich, yet by barbarous arts unspoiled.  
Green rise the Kentish hills in cheerful air ;  
But on the marshy plains that Essex spreads,  
Build not, nor rest too long thy wandering feet.  
For on a rustic throne of dewy turf,  
With baneful fogs her aching temples bound,  
Quartana there presides ; a meagre fiend  
Begot by Eurus, when his brutal force  
Compressed the slothful Naiad of the Fens.  
From such a mixture sprung, this fitful pest  
With feverish blasts subdues the sickening land :  
Cold tremors come, with mighty love of rest,  
Convulsive yawnings, lassitude, and pains  
That sting the burdened brows, fatigue the loins,  
And rack the joints, and every torpid limb ;  
Then parching heat succeeds, till copious sweats  
O'erflow—a short relief from former ills.  
Beneath repeated shocks the wretches pine ;  
The vigor sinks, the habit melts away ;  
The cheerful, pure, and animated bloom  
Dies from the face, with squalid atrophy

Devoured, in sallow melancholy clad.  
And oft the Sorceress, in her sated wrath,  
Resigns them to the furies of her train—  
The bloated Hydrops, and the yellow fiend  
Tinged with her own accumulated gall.

In quest of sites, avoid the mournful plain  
Where osiers thrive, and trees that love the lake ;  
Where many lazy muddy rivers flow :  
Nor, for the wealth that all the Indies roll,  
Fix near the marshy margin of the main.  
For from the humid soil, and watery reign,  
Eternal vapors rise ; the spongy air  
Forever weeps ; or turgid with the weight  
Of waters, pours a sounding deluge down.  
Skies such as these let every mortal shun  
Who dreads the dropsy, palsy, or the gout,  
Tertian, corrosive scurvy, or moist catarrh ;  
Or any other injury that grows  
From raw spun fibres idle and unstrung,  
Skin ill perspiring, and the purple flood  
In languid eddies loitering into phlegm.

Yet not alone from humid skies we pine ;  
For air may be too dry. The subtle heaven,

That winnows into dust the blasted downs,  
Bare and extended wide without a stream,  
Too fast imbibes th' attenuated lymph,  
Which, by the surface, from the blood exhales.  
The lungs grow rigid, and with toil essay  
Their flexible vibrations ; or inflamed,  
Their tender ever moving structure thaws.  
Spoiled of its limpid vehicle, the blood  
A mass of lees remains, a drossy tide  
That slow as Lethe wanders through the veins ;  
Unactive in the services of life,  
Unfit to lead its pitchy current through  
The secret mazy channels of the brain.  
The melancholic fiend, (that worst despair  
Of physic,) hence the rust complexioned man  
Pursues, whose blood is dry, whose fibres gain  
Too stretched a tone : and hence, in climes adust,  
So sudden tumults seize the trembling nerves,  
And burning fevers glow with double rage.\*

Fly, if you can, these violent extremes  
Of air ; the wholesome is nor moist nor dry.

\* We may admit the consequences of too dry an atmosphere to be such as are here described, without admitting the doctor's theory, or mode of explaining the matter.

But as the power of choosing is denied  
To half mankind, a further task ensues ;  
How best to mitigate these fell extremes,  
How breathe unhurt the withering element,  
Or hazy atmosphere : though custom moulds  
To every clime the soft Promethean clay ;  
And he who first the fogs of Essex breathed,  
(So kind is native air) may in the fens  
Of Essex from inveterate ills revive,  
At pure Montpellier or Bermuda caught.  
But if the raw and oozy heaven offend,  
Correct the soil, and dry the sources up  
Of watery exhalation ; wide and deep  
Conduct your trenches through the quaking bog ;  
Solicitous, with all your winding arts,  
Betray th' unwilling lake into the stream ;  
And weed the forest, and invoke the winds  
To break the toils where stranglèd vapors lie ;  
Or through the thickets send the crackling flames.

Meantime, at home with cheerful fires dispel  
The humid air : and let your table smoke  
With solid roast or baked ;\* or what the herds

\* Dr. Armstrong was, of course, a flesh eater ; though we believe a temperate one.

Of tamer breed supply ; or what the wilds  
Yield to the toilsome pleasures of the chase.  
But neither these, nor all Apollo's arts,  
Disarm the dangers of the dropping sky,  
Unless with exercise and manly toil  
You brace your nerves, and spur the lagging blood.  
The fattening clime let all the sons of ease  
Avoid, if indolence would wish to live.  
Go, yawn and loiter out the long slow year  
In fairer skies. If droughty regions parch  
The skin and lungs, and bake the thickening blood,  
Deep in the waving forest choose your seat,  
Where fuming trees refresh the thirsty air,  
And wake the fountains from their secret beds,  
And into lakes dilate the rapid stream.  
Here spread your gardens wide ; and let the cool,  
The moist relaxing vegetable store  
Prevail in each repast : your food supplied  
By bleeding life,\* be gently wasted down,  
By soft decoction and a mellowing heat,

\* Ah, this bleeding life ! this it is—this shock to the moral sensibilities of man, operating from infancy to age—that dwarfs our moral natures, benumbs and destroys our souls ; and out of this consideration arises one of the strongest arguments for its gradual disuse.

To liquid balm ; or, if the solid mass  
You choose, tormented in the boiling wave,  
That through the thirsty channels of the blood  
A smooth diluted chyle may ever flow.  
The fragrant dairy from its cold recess  
Its nectar acid or benign will pour  
To drown your thirst ; or let the mantling bowl  
Of keen sherbet the fickle taste relieve.  
For with the viscous blood the simple stream  
Will hardly mingle ; and fermented cups  
Oft dissipate more moisture than they give.  
Yet when pale seasons rise, or winter rolls  
His horrors o'er the world, thou mayst indulge  
In feasts more genial, and impatient broach  
The mellow cask.\* Then, too, the scourging air  
Provokes to keener toils than sultry droughts  
Allow. But rarely we such skies blaspheme.  
Steeped in continual rains, or with raw fogs  
Bedewed, our seasons droop : incumbent still  
A ponderous heaven o'erwhelms the sinking soul.  
Laboring with storms in heapy mountains rise

\* The doctor, like many other writers on this subject, gives such full and free testimony in favor of water as the exclusive drink of the healthy, that such advice as the above, incidentally applied, cannot be of much weight.

Th' imbattled clouds, as if the Stygian shades  
Had left the dungeon of eternal night,  
Till black with thunder all the south descends.  
Scarce in a showerless day the heavens indulge  
Our melting clime, except the baleful east  
Withers the tender spring, and sourly checks  
The fancy of the year. Our fathers talk  
Of summers, balmy airs, and skies serene ;  
And yet for what unexpiated crimes  
This dismal change ! The brooding elements,  
Do they, your powerful ministers of wrath,  
Prepare some fierce exterminating plague ?  
Or is it fixed in the decrees above,  
That lofty Albion melt into the main ?  
Indulgent nature ! O dissolve this gloom !  
Bind in eternal adamant the winds  
That drown or wither : give the genial west  
To breathe, and in its turn the sprightly north :  
And may once more the circling seasons rule  
The year ; nor mix in every monstrous day.

Meantime, the moist malignity to shun  
Of burthened skies, mark where the dry champaign  
Swells into cheerful hills ; where marjoram  
And thyme, the love of bees, perfume the air ;

And where the cynorrhodon\* with the rose  
For fragrance vies ; for in the thirsty soil  
Most fragrant breathe the aromatic tribes.  
There bid thy roofs high on the basking steep  
Ascend—there light thy hospitable fires.  
And let them see the winter morn arise,  
The summer evening blushing in the west ;  
While with umbrageous oaks the ridge behind  
O'erhung, defends you from the blustering north,  
And bleak affliction of the peevish east.  
O ! when the growling winds contend, and all  
The sounding forest fluctuates in the storm,  
To sink in warm repose, and hear the din  
Howl o'er the steady battlements, delights  
Above the luxury of vulgar sleep.  
The murmuring rivulet, and the hoarser strain  
Of waters rushing o'er the slippery rocks,  
Will nightly lull you to ambrosial rest.  
To please the fancy is no trifling good,  
Where health is studied ; for whatever moves  
The mind with calm delight, promotes the just  
And natural movements of th' harmonious frame.  
Besides, the sportive brook forever shakes  
The trembling air, that floats from hill to hill,

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



From vale to mountain, with incessant change  
Of purest element, refreshing still  
Your airy seat and uninfected goods.  
Chiefly for this I praise the man who builds  
High on the breezy ridge, whose lofty sides  
Th' ethereal deep with endless billows chafes.  
His purer mansion nor contagious years  
Shall reach, nor deadly putrid airs annoy.

But may no fogs, from lake or fenny plain,  
Involve my hill ! And wheresoe'er you build ;  
Whether on sun-burnt Epsom, or the plains  
Washed by the silent Lee ; in Chelsea low,  
Or high Blackheath with wintry winds assailed ;  
Dry be your house ; but airy more than warm.  
Else every breath of ruder wind will strike  
Your tender body through with rapid pains ;  
Fierce coughs will tease you, hoarseness bind your  
voice,  
Or moist Gravedo load your aching brows.  
These to defy, and all the fates that dwell  
In cloistered air tainted with steaming life,  
Let lofty ceilings grace your ample rooms ;  
And still at azure noontide may your dome  
At every window drink the liquid sky.

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

## BOOK II.

### DIET.

Nature of digestion in general. Liquid food. Diseased flesh  
'meat. Extremes. Food for different constitutions. Experience.  
To what extent man is omnivorous. Evils of mixed dishes.  
Simple dishes seldom offend. Leanness of body. Food to be  
adapted in some measure to the seasons, and to climates. Boun-  
ties of nature in every clime. Water extolled. Some of the  
causes of disease. Natural death. Few attain to it.

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

The blood, the fountain whence the spirits flow,  
The generous stream that waters every part,  
And motion, vigor, and warm life conveys  
To every particle that moves or lives—  
This vital fluid, through unnumbered tubes  
Poured by the heart, and to the heart again  
Refunded ; scourged forever round and round ;  
Enraged with heat and toil, at last forgets  
Its balmy nature ; virulent and thin  
It grows ; and now, but that a thousand gates  
Are open to its flight, it would destroy  
The parts it cherished and repaired before.  
Besides, the flexible and tender tubes  
Melt in the mildest—most nectareous tide  
That ripening nature rolls ; as in the stream  
Its crumbling banks ; but what the vital force  
Of plastic fluids hourly batters down,  
That very force, those plastic particles  
Rebuild—so mutable the state of man.  
For this the watchful appetite was given,  
Daily with fresh materials to repair  
This unavoidable expense of life,  
This necessary waste of flesh and blood.  
Hence the concoctive powers, with various art,  
Subdue the cruder aliments to chyle ;

The chyle to blood ; the foamy purple tide  
To liquors which, through finer arteries,  
To different parts their winding course pursue,  
To try new changes, and new forms put on,  
Or for the public, or some private use.

Nothing so foreign but the athletic hind  
Can labor into blood. The hungry meal  
Alone he fears, or aliments too thin,  
By violent powers too easily subdued,  
Too soon expelled. His daily labor thaws  
To friendly chyle, the most rebellious mass  
That salt can harden, or the smoke of years ;  
Nor does his gorge the rancid bacon rue,  
Nor that which Cestria sends, tenacious paste  
Of solid milk. But ye of softer clay,  
Infirm and delicate ! and ye who waste  
With pale and bloated sloth the tedious day !  
Avoid the stubborn aliment, avoid  
The full repast ; and let sagacious age  
Grow wiser, lessoned by the dropping teeth.  
Half subtilized to chyle, the liquid food\*

\* This doctrine, that liquid food digests more readily than solid food, is now, we believe, generally given up. Liquids, as such, cannot be digested at all. They are absorbed without being digested.

Readiest obeys the assimilating powers ;  
And soon the tender vegetable mass  
Relents ; and soon the young of those that tread  
The steadfast earth, or cleave the green abyss,  
Or pathless sky. And if the steer must fall,  
In youth and sanguine vigor let him die ; \*  
Nor stay till rigid age, or heavy ails,  
Absolve him ill requited from the yoke.  
Some with high forage, and luxuriant ease,  
Indulge the veteran ox ; but wiser thou,  
From the bald mountain or the barren downs,  
Expect the flocks by frugal nature fed—  
A race of purer blood, with exercise  
Refined, and scanty fare : for, old or young,  
The stalled are never healthy, nor the crammed.  
Not all the culinary arts can tame  
To wholesome food, the abominable growth  
Of rest and gluttony ; the prudent taste  
Rejects like bane such loathsome lusciousness.  
The languid stomach curses even the pure  
Delicious fat, and all the race of oil :  
For more the oily aliments relax

\* Nothing can be more just than what follows here. We say ; if flesh *must* be eaten—" if the steer must fall"—let it not be without the cautions of this paragraph. We have seldom seen anything better.

Its feeble tone ; and with the eager lymph  
(Fond to incorporate with all it meets)  
Coyly they mix, and shun with slippery wiles  
The wooed embrace. Th' irresoluble oil,  
So gentle late and blandishing, in floods  
Of rancid bile o'erflows. What tumults hence,  
What horrors rise, were nauseous to relate.  
Choose leaner viands, ye whose jovial make  
Too fast the gummy nutriment imbibes :  
Choose sober meals, and rouse to active life  
Your cumbrous clay ; nor on the enfeebling down,  
Irresolute, protract the morning hours.  
But let the man whose bones are thinly clad,  
With cheerful ease and succulent repast  
Improve his slender habit. Each extreme  
From the blest mean of sanity departs.\*

I could relate what table this demands,  
Or that complexion ; what the various powers  
Of various foods ; but fifty years would roll,  
And fifty more, before the tale were done.  
Besides, there often lurks some nameless, strange,  
Peculiar thing ; nor on the skin displayed,

\* Our author seems, however, to be a little too fearful of leanness.

Felt in the pulse, nor in the habit seen,  
Which finds a poison in the food that most  
The temperature affects. There are, whose blood  
Impetuous rages through the turgid veins,  
Who better bear the fiery fruits of Ind,  
Than the moist melon, or pale cucumber.\*  
Of chilly nature, others fly the board  
Supplied with slaughter, and the vernal powers  
For cooler, kinder sustenance implore.  
Some even the generous nutriment detest  
Which, in the shell, the sleeping embryo rears.  
Some, more unhappy still, repent the gifts  
Of Pales—soft, delicious and benign :  
The balmy quintessence of every flower,  
And every grateful herb that decks the spring ;  
The fostering dew of tender sprouting life ;  
The best refection of declining age ;  
The kind restorative of those who lie  
Half dead and panting, from the doubtful strife  
Of nature struggling in the grasp of death.

\* We do not think this is sound reasoning. First, these varieties of habit are often acquired, rather than natural. Secondly, whether natural or acquired, we think there is danger in feeding those whose temperament is hot, with heating food. Contraries seem to us more generally indicated.



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

Led by sagacious taste, the ruthless king  
 Of beasts on blood and slaughter only lives ;

\* Plain bread, of almost every kind, and the more simple  
 fruits, agree with every healthy stomach in a natural state.

† Experience cannot always be trusted. We must correct  
 our experience by that of others, or by science.

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

\* That is, has the capacity and the power to do so. His reason is given him, however, for the purpose, among others, of selecting the best.

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

But other ills the ambiguous feast pursue,  
Besides provoking the lascivious taste.  
Such various foods, though harmless each alone,  
Each other violate ; and oft we see  
What strife is brewed, and what pernicious bane,  
From combinations of innoxious things.\*

\* This is sound doctrine. It is one of the best paragraphs of the whole poem.

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

So heaven has formed us to the general taste  
Of all its gifts—so custom has improved  
This bent of nature—that few simple foods,  
Of all that earth, or air, or ocean yield,  
But by excess offend.\* Beyond the sense  
Of light refection, at the genial board  
Indulge not often ; nor protract the feast

\* This is not very far from the truth. And yet of these *simples* which do not *offend*, some may be far better for us—that is, do us much more *good*—than others.

To dull satiety, till soft and slow  
A drowsy death creeps on, the expansive soul  
Oppressed, and smothered the celestial fire.  
The stomach, urged beyond its active tone,  
Hardly to nutrimental chyle subdues  
The softest food : unfinished and depraved,  
The chyle, in all its future wanderings, owns  
Its turbid fountain ; not by purer streams  
So to be cleared, but foulness will remain.  
To sparkling wine what ferment can exalt  
The unripened grape ? Or what mechanic skill  
From the crude ore can spin the ductile gold ?

Gross riot treasures up a wealthy fund  
Of plagues : but more immedicable ills  
Attend the lean extreme.\* For physic knows  
How to disburden the too tumid veins,  
Even how to ripen the half-labored blood :  
But to unlock the elemental tubes,  
Collapsed and shrunk with long inanity,  
And with balsamic nutriment repair  
The dried and worn out habit, were to bid

\* Dr. Armstrong, however, as we have already seen, inclined to the corpulent habit. He seems to have adopted the popular notion that plumpness and rosy cheeks are the indices of health.

Old age grow green, and wear a second spring ;  
Or the tall ash, long ravished from the soil,  
Through withered veins imbibe the vernal dew.  
When hunger calls, obey ; nor often wait  
Till hunger sharpen to corrosive pain :  
For the keen appetite will feast beyond  
What nature well can bear ; and one extreme  
Ne'er without danger meets its own reverse.  
Too greedily the exhausted veins absorb  
The recent chyle, and load enfeebled powers  
Oft to the extinction of the vital flame.  
To the pale cities, by the firm set siege  
And famine humbled, may this verse be borne ;  
And hear, ye hardiest sons that Albion breeds,  
Long tossed and famished on the wintry main ;  
The war shook off, or hospitable shore  
Attained, with temperance bear the shock of joy,  
Nor crown with festive rites the auspicious day :  
Such feast might prove more fatal than the waves—  
Than war or famine. While the vital fire  
Burns feebly, heap not the green fuel on :  
But prudently foment the wandering spark  
With what the soonest feels its kindred touch :  
Be frugal even of that : a little give  
At first ; that kindled, add a little more ;

Till, by deliberate nourishing, the flame,  
Revived, with all its wonted vigor glows.

But though the two (the full and the jejune)  
Extremes have each their vice, it much avails  
Ever with gentle tide to ebb and flow  
From this to that : so nature learns to bear  
Whatever chance or headlong appetite  
May bring.\* Besides, a meagre day subdues  
The cruder clods by sloth or luxury  
Collected ; and unloads the wheels of life.  
Sometimes a coy aversion to the feast  
Comes on, while yet no blacker omen lowers ;  
Then is a time to shun the tempting board,  
Were it your natal or your nuptial day.  
Perhaps a fast so seasonable starves  
The latent seeds of wo, which, rooted once,  
Might cost you labor. But the day returned  
Of festal luxury, the wise indulge  
Most in the tender vegetable breed :  
Then chiefly when the summer beams inflame  
The brazen heavens, or angry Sirius sheds

\* She learns to bear it, indeed ; but in so far as she learns to bear what is not good for the system, it is at the expense of the vital powers.

A feverish taint through the still gulf of air.  
 The moist, cool viands then, and flowing cup  
 From the fresh dairy virgin's liberal hand,  
 Will save your head from harm, though round the  
                   world

The dreaded Causos\* rolls his wasteful fires.  
 Pale humid winter loves the generous board,  
 The meal more copious, and a warmer fare ;  
 And longs, with old wood and old wine,† to cheer  
 His quaking heart. The seasons which divide  
 The empires of heat and cold, by neither claimed—  
 Influenced by both—a middle regimen  
 Impose. Through autumn's languishing domain  
 Descending, nature by degrees invites  
 To glowing luxury. But from the depth  
 Of winter, when th' invigorating year  
 Emerges—when Favonius, flushed with love,  
 Toyful and young, in every breeze descends  
 More warm and wanton on his kindling bride—  
 Then, shepherds, then begin to spare your flocks,  
 And learn, with wise humanity, to check

\* The burning fever.

† This is the *old* doctrine. This old wine, and cider, and  
 flesh meat of winter, is the cause of many of the evils we  
 suffer in the spring.



The lust of blood. Now pregnant earth commits  
A various offspring to the indulgent sky :  
Now bounteous nature feeds with lavish hand  
The prone creation—yields what once sufficed  
Their dainty sovereign, when the world was young,  
Ere yet the barbarous thirst of blood had seized  
The human breast. Each rolling month matures  
The food that suits it most ; so does each clime.

Far in the horrid realms of winter, where  
The established ocean heaps a monstrous waste  
Of shining rocks and mountains to the pole,  
There lives a hardy race, whose plainest wants  
Relentless earth, their cruel step-mother,  
Regards not. On the waste of iron fields,  
Untamed, intractable, no harvests wave :  
Pomona hates them, and the clownish god  
Who tends the garden. In this frozen world  
Such cooling gifts were vain : a fitter meal  
Is earned with ease ;\* for here the fruitful spawn

\* Rather, this is the only food the inhabitants can obtain, whether fit or not. But they seem to us to be out of place. We doubt whether men have any business—morally speaking—in these polar regions, till the central regions of the earth are more thickly settled. But even in cold regions, vegetables would be preferable if they could be obtained.

Of ocean swarms, and heaps their genial board  
With generous fare and luxury profuse.  
These are their bread, the only bread they know—  
These, and their willing slave, the deer, that crops  
The shrubby herbage on their meagre hills.  
Girt by the burning zone, not thus the south  
Her swarthy sons in either Ind maintains,  
Or thirsty Libya, from whose fervid loins  
The lion bursts, and every fiend that roams  
The affrighted wilderness. The mountain herd,  
A dust and dry, no sweet repast affords ;  
Nor does the tepid main such kinds produce,  
So perfect, so delicious, as the shoals  
Of icy Zembla. Rashly, where the blood  
Brews feverish frays—where scarce the tubes sustain  
Its tumid fervor and tempestuous course—  
Kind nature tempts not to such gifts as these.  
But here in livid ripeness melts the grape ;  
Here, finished by invigorating suns,  
Through the green shade the golden orange glows ;  
Spontaneous here the turgid melon yields  
A generous pulp ; the coco swells on high  
With milky riches ; and in horrid mail  
The crisp ananas wraps its poignant sweets.  
Earth's vaunted progeny ! In ruder air

Too coy to flourish—even too proud to live ;  
Or hardly raised by artificial fire  
To vapid life. Here, with a mother's smile,  
Glad Amalthea pours a copious horn.  
Here buxom Ceres reigns. The autumnal sea  
In boundless billows fluctuates o'er their plains.  
What suits the climate best, what suits the men,  
Nature profuses most, and most the taste  
Demands. The fountain, edged with racy wine  
Or acid fruit, bedews their thirsty souls.  
The breeze, eternal breathing round their limbs,  
Supports in else intolerable air :  
While the cool palm, the plantain, and the grove  
That waves on gloomy Lebanon, assuage  
The torrid hell that beams upon their heads.

Now come, ye Naiads, to the fountains lead ;  
Now let me wander through your gelid reign.  
I burn to view the enthusiastic wilds  
By mortal else untrod. I hear the din  
Of waters thundering o'er the ruined cliffs.  
With holy reverence I approach the rocks  
Whence glide the streams renowned in ancient song.  
Here from the desert down the rumbling steep  
First springs the Nile ; here bursts the sounding Po

In angry waves ; Euphrates hence devolves  
A mighty flood to water half the east ;  
And there, in Gothic solitude reclined,  
The cheerless Tanais pours his hoary urn.  
What solemn twilight ! What stupendous shades  
Enwrap these infant floods ! Through every nerve  
A sacred horror thrills—a pleasing fear  
Glides o'er my frame. The forest deepens round ;  
And, more gigantic still, the impending trees  
Stretch their extravagant arms athwart the gloom.  
Are these the confines of some fairy world ?  
A land of Genii ? Say, beyond these wilds  
What unknown nations ? if indeed beyond  
Aught habitable lies. And whither leads,  
To what strange regions, or of bliss or pain,  
That subterraneous way ? Propitious maids,  
Conduct me, while with fearful steps I tread  
This trembling ground. The task remains to sing  
Your gifts (so Pæon, so the powers of health  
Command) to praise your crystal element :  
The chief ingredient in heaven's various works ;  
Whose flexile genius sparkles in the gem,  
Grows firm in oak, and fugitive in wine ;  
The vehicle, the source of nutriment  
And life, to all that vegetate or live.

O comfortable streams! With eager lips  
 And trembling hand the languid thirsty quaff  
 New life in you; fresh vigor fills their veins.  
 No warmer cups the rural ages knew;  
 None warmer sought the sires of human kind.  
 Happy in temperate peace!—their equal days  
 Felt not the alternate fits of feverish mirth  
 And sick dejection. Still serene and pleased,  
 They knew no pains but what the tender soul  
 With pleasure yields to, and would ne'er forget.  
 Blest with divine immunity from ails,  
 Long centuries they lived; their only fate  
 Was ripe old age, and rather sleep than death.  
 Oh! could those worthies from the world of gods  
 Return to visit their degenerate sons,  
 How would they scorn the joys of modern time,  
 With all our art and toil improved to pain!  
 Too happy they! But wealth brought luxury,  
 And luxury on sloth begot disease.

Learn temperance, friends, and hear without disdain  
 The choice of water.\* Thus the Coan† sage

\* How is it that those who talk so nobly and reason so well on water, can descend afterward to dalliance with wine?

† Hippocrates.

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

Nothing like simple element dilutes  
The food, or gives the chyle so soon to flow.  
But where the stomach, indolently given,

Toys with its duty, animate with wine  
The insipid stream : \* though golden Ceres yields  
A more voluptuous, a more sprightly draught ;  
Perhaps more active. Wine unmixed, and all  
The gluey floods that from the vexed abyss  
Of fermentation spring, with spirit fraught,  
And furious with intoxicating fire,  
Retard concoction, and preserve unthawed  
The embodied mass. You see what countless years,  
Embalmed in fiery quintessence of wine,  
The puny wonders of the reptile world,  
The tender rudiments of life, the slim  
Unravellings of minute anatomy,  
Maintain their texture, and unchanged remain.

What dexterous thousands, just within the goal  
Of wild debauch, direct their nightly course !  
Perhaps no sickly qualms bedim their days,  
No morning admonitions shock the head :  
But ah ! what woes remain ! Life rolls apace,  
And that incurable disease, old age,  
In youthful bodies more severely felt,  
More sternly active, shakes their blasted prime :

\* And yet it will but make the stomach, in the end, the more indolent. How is it that medical men so often overlook this fact ?

Except kind nature by some hasty blow  
Prevent the lingering fates. For know, whate'er  
Beyond its natural fervor hurries on  
The sanguine tide—whether the frequent bowl,  
High seasoned fare, or exercise to toil  
Protracted—spurs to its last stage tired life,  
And sows the temples with untimely snow.  
When life is new, the ductile fibres feel  
The heart's increasing force ; and, day by day,  
The growth advances ; till the larger tubes,  
Acquiring (from their elemental veins,\*  
Condensed to solid chords) a firmer tone,  
Sustain, and just sustain, the impetuous blood.  
Here stops the growth. With overbearing pulse

\* Dr. Armstrong held that in human bodies, as well as in those of other animals, the larger blood vessels are composed of smaller ones ; and that by the violent motion and pressure of the fluids in the large vessels, they lose their cavities by degrees, and degenerate into impervious cords or fibres. In proportion as these small vessels become solid, the larger, it was thought, must of course grow less extensible, more rigid, and make a stronger resistance to the action of the heart and force of the blood. From this gradual condensation of the smaller vessels, and consequent rigidity of the larger ones, the progress of the human body from infancy to old age was supposed to be accounted for. We think there are other and more important causes of old age, but the limits of this work do not permit us to enter upon the discussion of this subject.



And pressure, still the great destroy the small ;  
Still with the ruins of the small grow strong.  
Life glows meantime, amid the grinding force  
Of viscous fluids and elastic tubes ;  
Its various functions vigorously are plied  
By strong machinery ; and in solid health  
The man confirmed long triumphs o'er disease.  
But the full ocean ebbs : there is a point,  
By nature fixed, whence life must downwards tend.  
For still the beating tide consolidates  
The stubborn vessels, more reluctant still  
To the weak throbs of the ill supported heart.  
This languishing, these strengthening by degrees  
To hard, unyielding, unelastic bone,  
Through tedious channels the congealing flood  
Crawls lazily, and hardly wanders on ;—  
It loiters still : and now it stirs no more.  
This is the period few attain—the death  
Of nature ; thus (so heaven ordained it) life  
Destroys itself ; and could these laws have changed,  
Nestor might now the fates of Troy relate ;  
And Homer live immortal as his song.

What does not fade ? The tower that long had stood  
The crush of thunder and the warring winds,  
Shook by the slow but sure destroyer, Time,

Now hangs in doubtful ruins o'er its base :  
And flinty pyramids, and walls of brass,  
Descend : the Babylonian spires are sunk :  
Achaia, Rome and Egypt moulder down.  
Time shakes the stable tyranny of thrones,  
And tottering empires rush by their own weight.  
This huge rotundity we tread grows old ;  
And all those worlds that roll around the sun—  
The sun himself—shall die ; and ancient night  
Again involve the desolate abyss :  
Till the great Father through the lifeless gloom  
Extend his arm to light another world,  
And bid new planets roll by other laws.  
For through the regions of unbounded space,  
Where unconfined omnipotence has room,  
Being, in various systems, fluctuates still  
Between creation and abhorred decay :  
It ever did ; perhaps and ever will.  
New worlds are still emerging from the deep ;  
The old descending, in their turns to rise.

## BOOK III.

### EXERCISE.

Case of the hard laborer. Effects of toil on the bodily organs. Virtues of the chase. Gardening. We should, if possible, indulge our taste. Exercise of the different parts of the body. Begin physical exercise moderately. Cooling suddenly when over-heated. Warm bathing. Cold bathing. Physical and moral benefits of cleanliness. Diseases produced by errors in regard to study. Physical changes should be gradual. Epidemic diseases. Sweating sickness of England. Its horrors depicted.

THROUGH various toils the adventurous muse has past ;  
But half the toil, and more than half, remains.  
Rude is her theme, and hardly fit for song ;  
Plain, and of little ornament ; and I  
But little practised in the Aonian arts.  
Yet not in vain such labors have we tried,  
If aught these lays the fickle health confirm.  
To you, ye delicate, I write ; for you  
I tame my youth to philosophic cares,  
And grow still paler by the midnight lamps.

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

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

Such the reward of rude and sober life ;  
Of labor such. By health, the peasant's toil

Is well repaid, if exercise were pain  
Indeed, and temperance pain. By arts like these ;  
Laconia nursed of old her hardy sons ;  
And Rome's unconquered legions urged their way,  
Unhurt, through every toil, in every clime.

Toil, and be strong. By toil the flaccid nerves  
Grow firm, and gain a more compacted tone ;  
The greener juices are by toil subdued,  
Mellowed, and subtilized ; the vapid old  
Expelled, and all the rancor of the blood.  
Come, my companions, ye who feel the charms  
Of nature and the year ; come, let us stray  
Where chance or fancy leads our roving walk :  
Come, while the soft voluptuous breezes fan  
The fleecy heavens, enwrap the limbs with balm,  
And shed a charming languor o'er the soul.  
Nor when bright winter sows with prickly frost  
The vigorous ether, in unmanly warmth  
Indulge at home ; nor even when Eurus' blasts  
This way and that convolve the laboring woods.  
My liberal walks, save when the skies in rain  
Or fogs relent, no season should confine  
Or to the cloistered gallery or arcade.  
Go, climb the mountain—from the ethereal source

Imbibe the recent gale. The cheerful morn  
Beams o'er the hills; go, mount the exulting steed.  
Already, see, the deep-mouthed beagles catch  
The tainted mazes, and on eager sport  
Intent, with emulous impatience try  
Each doubtful trace. Or if a nobler prey  
Delight you more, go chase the desperate deer,  
And through its deepest solitudes awake  
The vocal forest with the jovial horn.

But if the breathless chase o'er hill and dale  
Exceed your strength, a sport of less fatigue,  
Not less delightful, the prolific stream  
Affords. 'The crystal rivulet, that o'er  
A stony channel rolls its rapid maze,  
Swarms with the silver fry. Such, through the bounds  
Of pastoral Stafford, runs the brawling Trent;  
Such Eden, sprung from Cumbrian mountains; such  
The Esk, o'erhung with woods; and such the stream  
On whose Arcadian banks I first drew air—  
Liddel—till now, except in Doric lays  
Tuned to her murmurs by her love-sick swains,  
Unknown in song: though not a purer stream,  
Through meads more flowery or romantic groves  
Rolls toward the western main. Hail, sacred flood!

May still thy hospitable swains be blest  
In rural innocence ; thy mountains still  
Teem with the fleecy race ; thy tuneful woods  
Forever flourish ; and thy vales look gay  
With painted meadows, and the golden grain.  
Oft, with thy blooming sons, when life was new,  
Sportive and petulant, and charmed with toys,  
In thy transparent eddies have I laved ;  
Oft traced with patient steps thy fairy banks,  
With the well-imitated fly to hook  
The eager trout, and with the slender line  
And yielding rod solicit to the shore  
The struggling, panting prey ; while vernal clouds  
And tepid gales obscured the ruffled pool,  
And from the deeps called forth the wanton swarms.

Formed on the Samian school, or those of Ind,  
There are who think these pastimes scarce humane.  
Yet in my mind, (and not relentless I,)  
His life is pure that wears no fouler stains.\*  
But if through genuine tenderness of heart,

\* This may be true. And yet it were still better to have no stains *at all* on the character. I believe the moral tendency of the chase is far from being salutary. But Dr. A. himself alludes to nobler recreations in the lines which follow close upon the above.

Or secret want of relish for the game,  
You shun the glories of the chase, nor care  
To haunt the peopled stream, the garden yields  
A soft amusement, an humane delight.  
To raise the insipid nature of the ground,  
Or tame its savage genius to the grace  
Of careless sweet rusticity, that seems  
The amiable result of happy chance,  
Is to create ; and gives a god-like joy,  
Which every year improves. Nor thou disdain  
To check the lawless riot of the trees,  
To plant the grove, or turn the barren mould.  
O happy he ! whom, when his years decline,  
(His fortune and his fame by worthy means  
Attained, and equal to his moderate mind,  
His life approved by all the wise and good,  
Even envied by the vain,) the peaceful groves  
Of Epicurus, from this stormy world,  
Receive to rest ; of all ungrateful cares  
Absolved, and sacred from the selfish crowd.  
Happiest of men ! if the same soil invites  
A chosen few, companions of his youth,  
Once fellow-wits perhaps, now rural friends,  
With whom in easy commerce to pursue  
Nature's free charms, and vie for sylvan fame—



A fair ambition, void of strife or guile,  
Or jealousy, or pain to be outdone.  
Who plans the enchanted garden, who directs  
The vista best, and best conducts the stream ;  
Whose groves the fastest thicken and ascend ;  
Whom first the welcome spring salutes ; who shows  
The earliest bloom, the sweetest, proudest charms  
Of Flora ; who best gives Pomona's juice  
To match the sprightly genius of champaigne.  
Thrice happy days ! in rural business past.  
Blest winter nights ! when, as the genial fire  
Cheers the wide hall, his cordial family  
With soft domestic arts the hours beguile,  
And pleasing talk that starts no timorous ~~fame~~, *love*  
With witless wantonness to hunt it down :  
Or through the fairy-land of tale or song  
Delighted wander, in fictitious fates  
Engaged, and all that strikes humanity :  
Till, lost in fable, they the stealing hour  
Of timely rest forget. Sometimes, at eve,  
His neighbors lift the latch, and bless unbid  
His festal roof ; while, o'er the light repast,  
And sprightly cups, they mix in social joy ;  
And, through the maze of conversation, trace  
Whate'er amuses or improves the mind.

Sometimes at eve, (for I delight to taste  
The native zest and flavor of the fruit,  
Where sense grows wild and takes of no manure,)  
The decent, honest, cheerful husbandman  
Should drown his labors in my friendly bowl ;  
And at my table find himself at home.\*

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

As beauty still has blemish, and the mind  
The most accomplished its imperfect side,

\* These "sprightly cups," and "friendly bowls," and tables of late evening hours, are very fruitful of disease. It is far better to taste no pleasures but moral and mental for the last three or four hours before going to bed.

Few bodies are there of that happy mould  
But some one part is weaker than the rest :  
The legs perhaps, or arms refuse their load,  
Or the chest labors. These assiduously,  
But gently, in their proper arts employed,  
Acquire a vigor and springy activity  
To which they were not born. But weaker parts  
Abhor fatigue and violent discipline.

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

Besides, collected in the passive veins,  
The purple mass a sudden torrent rolls,  
O'erpowers the heart, and deluges the lungs  
With dangerous inundation ;—oft the source  
Of fatal woes ; a cough that foams with blood,  
Asthma, and feller peripneumony,  
Or the slow minings of the hectic fire.

The athletic fool, to whom what heaven denied  
Of soul is well compensated in limbs,  
Oft from his rage, or brainless frolic, feels  
His vegetation and brute force decay.  
The men of better clay and finer mould  
Know nature, feel the human dignity,  
And scorn to vie with oxen or with apes.  
Pursued prolixly, even the gentlest toil  
Is waste of health ; repose by small fatigue  
Is earned ; and (where your habit is not prone  
To thaw) by the first moisture of the brows,  
The fine and subtle spirits cost too much  
To be profused, too much the roscid balm.  
But when the hard varieties of life  
You toil to learn, or try the dusty chase,  
Or the warm deeds of some important day—  
Hot from the field, indulge not yet your limbs

In wished repose, nor court the fanning gale,  
Nor taste the spring. O! by the sacred tears  
Of widows, orphans, mothers, sisters, sires,  
Forbear! No other pestilence has driven  
Such myriads o'er the irremeable deep.  
Why this so fatal, the sagacious muse  
Through nature's cunning labyrinths could trace;  
But there are secrets which, who knows not now,  
Must, ere he reach them, climb the heapy Alps  
Of science, and devote seven years to toil.\*  
Besides, I would not stun your patient ears  
With what it little boots you to attain.  
He knows enough, the mariner, who knows  
Where lurk the shelves, and where the whirlpools boil,  
What signs portend the storm. To subtler minds  
He leaves to scan, from what mysterious cause  
Charybdis rages in the Ionian wave;  
Whence those impetuous currents in the main,  
Which neither oar nor sail can stem; and why  
The roughening deep expects the storm, as sure  
As red Orion mounts the shrouded heaven.

\* Probably he would be willing that "seven years" of toil should be given to the learned languages. But would not the same time, given to the knowledge to which he here refers, be far more valuable? Seven years, however, are not required for the purpose.

In ancient times, when Rome with Athens vied  
For polished luxury and useful arts,  
All hot and reeking from the Olympic strife,  
And warm Palestra, in the tepid bath  
The athletic youth relaxed their wearied limbs.  
Soft oils bedewed them, with the grateful powers  
Of nard and cassia fraught, to soothe and heal  
The cherished nerves. Our less voluptuous clime  
Not much invites us to such arts as these.  
'T is not for those, whom gelid skies embrace,  
And chilling fogs—whose perspiration feels  
Such frequent bars from Eurus and the north—  
'T is not for those to cultivate a skin  
Too soft, or teach the recremental fume  
Too fast to crowd through such precarious ways.  
For through the small arterial mouths, that pierce  
In endless millions the close-woven skin,  
The baser fluids in a constant stream  
Escape, and viewless melt into the winds.  
While this eternal, this most copious waste  
Of blood, degenerate into vapid brine,  
Maintains its wonted measure, all the powers  
Of health befriend you, all the wheels of life  
With ease and pleasure move. But this restrained,  
Or more or less, so more or less you feel

The functions labor. From this fatal source  
What woes descend is never to be sung.  
To take their numbers were to count the sands  
That ride in whirlwind the parched Libyan air,  
Or waves that, when the blustering north embroils  
The Baltic, thunder on the German shore.  
Subject not then by soft emollient arts  
This grand expense, on which your fates depend,  
To every caprice of the sky ; nor thwart  
The genius of your clime : for from the blood  
Least fickle rise the recremental steams,  
And least obnoxious to the styptic air,  
Which breathe through straiter and more callous  
pores.

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

The body, moulded by the clime, endures  
The equator heats or hyperborean frost ;  
Except by habits foreign to its turn,  
Unwise, you counteract its forming power.  
Rude at the first, the winter shocks you less  
By long acquaintance. Study then your sky,

Form to its manners your obsequious frame,  
And learn to suffer what you cannot shun.  
Against the rigors of a damp cold heaven  
To fortify their bodies, some frequent  
The gelid cistern ; and where nought forbids,  
I praise their dauntless heart. A frame so steeled  
Dreads not the cough, nor those ungenial blasts  
That breathe the tertian or fell rheumatism.  
The nerves so tempered never quit their tone—  
No chronic languors haunt such hardy breasts.  
But all things have their bounds ; and he who makes  
By daily use the kindest regimen  
Essential to his health, should never mix  
With human kind, nor art nor trade pursue.  
He not the safe vicissitudes of life  
Without some shock endures ; ill fitted he  
To want the known, or bear unusual things.\*  
Besides, the powerful remedies of pain,  
(Since pain in spite of all our cares will come,)

\* This is evidently a mistake, if by "kindest" regimen is meant the mildest or simplest. It is not true that a philosophical attention to our health unfits us to bear with safety the "vicissitudes of life." On the contrary, no man endures so well and with so little shock to his system, the thousand nameless ills which it is so difficult to avoid in life, as he who is, in all things, truly temperate.



Should never with your prosperous days of health  
Grow too familiar : for by frequent use  
The strongest medicines lose their healing power,  
And even the surest poisons theirs to kill.

Let those who from the frozen Arctos reach  
Parched Mauritania, or the sultry west,  
Or the wide flood through rich Indostan rolled,  
Plunge thrice a day, and in the tepid wave  
Untwist their stubborn pores ; that full and free  
The evaporation through the softened skin  
May bear proportion to the swelling blood.  
So shall they 'scape the fever's rapid flames ;  
So feel untainted the hot breath of hell.  
With us, the man of no complaint demands  
The warm ablution, just enough to clear  
The sluices of the skin—enough to keep  
The body sacred from indecent soil.  
Still, to be pure, even did it not conduce  
(As much it does) to health, were greatly worth  
Your daily pains. 'T is this adorns the rich ;  
The want of this is poverty's worst wo ;  
With this external virtue age maintains  
A decent grace ; without it, youth and charms  
Are loathsome. This the venal Graces know ;

So doubtless do your wives : for married sires,  
As well as lovers, still pretend to taste ;  
Nor is it less (all prudent wives can tell)  
To lose a husband's than a lover's heart.

But now the hours and seasons when to toil  
From foreign themes recall my wandering song.  
Some labor fasting, or but slightly fed  
To lull the grinding stomach's hungry rage.  
Where nature feeds too corpulent a frame,  
'T is wisely done ; for while the thirsty veins,  
Impatient of lean penury, devour  
The treasured oil, then is the happiest time  
To shake the lazy balsam from its cells.  
Now while the stomach from the full repast  
Subsides, but ere returning hunger gnaws,  
Ye leaner habits, give an hour to toil ;  
And ye whom no luxuriancy of growth  
Oppresses yet, or threatens to oppress.  
But from the recent meal no labors please,  
Of limbs or mind. For now the cordial powers  
Claim all the wandering spirits to a work  
Of strong and subtle toil, and great event—  
A work of time : and you may rue the day  
You hurried, with untimely exercise,

A half-concocted chyle into the blood.  
The body overcharged with unctuous phlegm  
Much toil demands : the lean elastic, less.  
While winter chills the blood and binds the veins,  
No labors are too hard.\* By those you 'scape  
The slow diseases of the torpid year,  
Endless to name ; to one of which alone,  
To that which tears the nerves, the toil of slaves  
Is pleasure. Oh ! from such inhuman pains  
May all be free who merit not the wheel.  
But from the burning lion when the sun  
Pours down his sultry wrath—now while the blood  
Too much already maddens in the veins,  
And all the finer fluids through the skin  
Explore their flight—me, near the cool cascade  
Reclined, or sauntering in the lofty grove,  
No needless slight occasion should engage  
To pant and sweat beneath the fiery noon.†  
Now the fresh morn alone and mellow eve  
To shady walks and active rural sports

\* Excessive labor is always an evil, in winter or in summer. But constant and moderate daily labor, and in the open air if possible, is what is most conducive to health.

† Much depends on the character of our food and drink. If these are mild, we may toil in the sun much better than if they are hot or irritating.

Invite. But while the chilling dews descend,  
May nothing tempt you to the cold embrace  
Of humid skies ; though 't is no vulgar joy  
To trace the horrors of the solemn wood  
While the soft evening saddens into night ;—  
Though the sweet poet of the vernal groves  
Melts all the night in strains of amorous wo.

The shades descend, and midnight o'er the world  
Expands her sable wings. Great nature droops  
Through all her works. Now happy he whose toil  
Has o'er his languid powerless limbs diffused  
A pleasing lassitude. He not in vain  
Invokes the gentle deity of dreams.  
His powers the most voluptuously dissolve  
In soft repose. On him the balmy dews  
Of sleep with double nutriment descend.  
But would you sweetly waste the blank of night  
In deep oblivion, or on fancy's wings  
Visit the paradise of happy dreams,  
And waken cheerful as the lively morn—  
Oppress not nature sinking down to rest  
With feasts too late, too solid, or too full ;  
But be the first concoction half-matured  
Ere you to mighty indolence resign

Your passive faculties. He from the toils  
And troubles of the day to heavier toil  
Retires, whom trembling from the tower that rocks  
Amid the clouds, or Calpe's hideous height,  
The busy demons hurl, or in the main  
O'erwhelm, or bury struggling under ground.  
Not all a monarch's luxury the woes  
Can counterpoise of that most wretched man,  
Whose nights are shaken with the frantic fits  
Of wild Orestes ; whose delirious brain,  
Stung by the Furies, works with poisoned thought,  
While pale and monstrous painting shocks the soul,  
And mangled consciousness bemoans itself  
Forever torn, and chaos floating round.  
What dreams presage, what dangers these or those  
Portend to sanity, though prudent seers  
Revealed of old, and men of deathless fame,  
We would not to the superstitious mind  
Suggest new throbs, new vanities of fear.  
'T is ours to teach you from the peaceful night  
To banish omens and all restless woes.

In study some protract the silent hours,  
Which others consecrate to mirth and wine—  
And sleep till noon, and hardly live till night.  
But surely this redeems not from the shades

One hour of life.\* Nor does it nought avail  
What season you to drowsy Morpheus give  
Of the ever-varying circle of the day ;  
Or whether, through the tedious winter gloom,  
You tempt the midnight or the morning damps.  
The body, fresh and vigorous from repose,  
Defies the early fogs ; but, by the toils  
Of wakeful day exhausted and unstrung,  
Weakly resists the night's unwholesome breath.  
The grand discharge—the effusion of the skin—  
Slowly impaired, the languid maladies  
Creep on, and through the sickening functions steal.  
So, when the chilling east invades the spring,  
The delicate Narcissus pines away  
In hectic languor ; and a slow disease  
Taints all the family of flowers, condemned  
To cruel heavens. But why, already prone  
To fade, should beauty cherish its own bane ?  
O shame ! O pity ! nipt with pale quadrille  
And midnight cares, the bloom of Albion dies !

By toil subdued, the warrior and the hind  
Sleep fast and deep ; their active functions soon

\* This is a most important doctrine ; happy is he who can receive it. So also the remarks which follow it.

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

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

Observe the circling year : how unperceived  
Her seasons change ! behold, by slow degrees,  
Stern winter tamed into a ruder spring ;  
The ripened spring a milder summer glows ;  
Departing summer sheds Pomona's store ;  
And aged autumn brews the winter storm.  
Slow as they come, these changes come not void  
Of mortal shocks. The cold and torrid reigns,  
The two great periods of the important year,  
Are in their first approaches seldom safe :  
Funereal autumn all the sickly dread,  
And the black Fates deform the lovely spring.  
He well advised who taught our wiser sires  
Early to borrow Muscovy's warm spoils,  
Ere the first frost has touched the tender blade,  
And late resign them, though the wanton spring  
Should deck her charms with all her sister's rays ;  
For while the effluence of the skin maintains  
Its native measure, the pleuritic spring  
Glides harmless by, and autumn, sick to death  
With sallow quartans, no contagion breathes.

I in prophetic numbers could unfold  
The omens of the year, what seasons teem  
With what diseases, what the humid south



Prepares, and what the demon of the east ;  
But you perhaps refuse the tedious song.  
Besides, whatever plagues in heat or cold,  
Or drought or moisture dwell, they hurt not you,  
Skilled to correct the vices of the sky,  
And taught already how to each extreme  
To bend your life. But should the public bane  
Infect you, or some trespass of your own,  
Or flaw of nature hint mortality,  
Soon as a not unpleasing horror glides  
Along the spine through all your torpid limbs,  
When first the head throbs, or the stomach feels  
A sickly load, a weary pain the loins,  
Be Celsus called ; the Fates come rushing on ;  
The rapid Fates admit of no delay.  
While wilful you, and fatally secure,  
Expect to-morrow's more auspicious sun,  
The growing pest, whose infancy was weak  
And easy vanquished, with triumphant sway  
O'erpowers your life. For want of timely care  
Millions have died of medicable wounds.

Ah ! in what perils is vain life engaged !  
What slight neglects, what trivial faults, destroy  
The hardiest frame ! Of indolence, of toil,

We die ; of want, of superfluity.  
The all-surrounding heaven, the vital air,  
Is big with death : and though the putrid south  
Be shut, though no convulsive agony  
Shake from the deep foundations of the world  
The imprisoned plagues, a secret venom oft  
Corrupts the air, the water, and the land.  
What livid deaths has sad Byzantium seen !  
How oft has Cairo with a mother's wo  
Wept o'er her slaughtered sons and lonely streets !  
Even Albion, girt with less malignant skies—  
Albion the poison of the gods has drank,  
And felt the sting of monsters all her own.

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

Rushed as a storm o'er half the astonished isle,  
And strewed with sudden carcasses the land.

First through the shoulders, or whatever part  
Was seized the first, a fervid vapor sprung.  
With rash combustion thence, the quivering spark  
Shot to the heart, and kindled all within ;  
And soon the surface caught the spreading fires.  
Through all the yielding pores the melted blood  
Gushed out in smoky sweats ; but nought assuaged  
The torrid heat within, nor aught relieved  
The stomach's anguish. With incessant toil,  
Desperate of ease, impatient of their pain,  
They tossed from side to side. In vain the stream  
Ran full and clear—they burnt and thirsted still.  
The restless arteries with rapid blood  
Beat strong and frequent. Thick and pantingly  
The breath was fetched, and with huge laborings  
heaved.

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

In some a gentle horror crept at first  
O'er all the limbs ; the sluices of the skin  
Withheld their moisture, till, by art provoked,  
The sweats o'erflowed, but in a clammy tide.  
Now free and copious, now restrained and slow ;  
Of tinctures various, as the temperature  
Had mixed the blood ; and rank with fetid steams,  
As if the pent-up humors by delay  
Were grown more fell, more putrid and malign.  
Here lay their hopes, (though little hope remained,)  
With full effusion of perpetual sweats  
To drive the venom out. And here the Fates  
Were kind, that long they lingered not in pain.  
For who survived the sun's diurnal race,  
Rose from the dreary gates of hell redeemed :  
Some the sixth hour oppressed, and some the third.

Of many thousands few untainted 'scaped ;  
Of those infected, fewer 'scaped alive ;  
Of those who lived, some felt a second blow,  
And whom the second spared, a third destroyed.  
Frantic with fear, they sought by flight to shun  
The fierce contagion. O'er the mournful land  
The infected city poured her hurrying swarms ;  
Roused by the flames that fired her seats around,

The infected country rushed into the town.  
Some sad at home, and in the desert some  
Abjured the fatal commerce of mankind.  
In vain : where'er they fled the Fates pursued.  
Others, with hopes more specious, crossed the main,  
To seek protection in far distant skies :  
But none they found. It seemed the general air,  
From pole to pole, from Atlas to the east,  
Was then at enmity with English blood.  
For but the race of England, all were safe  
In foreign climes ; nor did this fury taste  
The foreign blood which England then contained.  
Where should they fly ? The circumambient heaven  
Involved them still, and every breeze was bane :  
Where find relief ? The salutary art  
Was mute ; and, startled at the new disease,  
In fearful whispers hopeless omens gave.  
To Heaven with suppliant rites they sent their prayers.  
Heaven heard them not. Of every hope deprived,  
Fatigued with vain resources, and subdued  
With woes resistless and enfeebling fear,  
Passive they sunk beneath the weighty blow.  
Nothing but lamentable sounds was heard,  
Nor aught was seen but ghastly views of death.  
Infectious horror ran from face to face,

And pale despair. 'T was all the business then  
To tend the sick, and in their turns to die.  
In heaps they fell; and oft one bed, they say,  
The sickening, dying and the dead contained.

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

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

## BOOK IV.

### THE PASSIONS.

How much the mind affects the body. Rules in regard to study. Position of the body. The great art of life is to manage well the mind. Hypochondria—how cured. Precepts and life of an “old man.” Importance of cheerfulness. Tendency of the selfish passions on health. Effects of love. Its excesses. Effects of anger. Salutory effects of music.

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

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

By its own toil the gross corporeal frame  
Fatigues, extenuates or destroys itself.  
Nor less the labors of the mind corrode  
The solid fabric ; for by subtle parts  
And viewless atoms secret nature moves  
The mighty wheels of this stupendous world.  
By subtle fluids poured through subtle tubes,  
The natural, vital functions are performed.  
By these the stubborn aliments are tamed ;  
The toiling heart distributes life and strength ;  
These the still crumbling frame rebuild, and these  
Are lost in thinking, and dissolve in air.



But 't is not thought, (for still the soul's employed,)  
'T is painful thinking, that corrodes our clay.  
All day the vacant eye without fatigue  
Strays o'er the heaven and earth, but long intent  
On microscopic arts, its vigor fails.  
Just so the mind with various thought amused,  
Nor aches itself, nor gives the body pain.  
But anxious study, discontent and care,  
Love without hope, and hate without revenge,  
And fear and jealousy, fatigue the soul,  
Engross the subtle ministers of life,  
And spoil the laboring functions of their share.  
Hence the lean gloom that melancholy wears,  
The lover's paleness, and the sallow hue  
Of envy, jealousy, the meagre stare  
Of sore revenge; the cankered body hence  
Betrays each fretful motion of the mind.

The strong built pedant, who both night and day  
Feeds on the coarsest fare the schools bestow,  
And crudely fattens at gross Burman's stall,  
O'erwhelmed with phlegm, lies in a dropsy drowned,  
Or sinks in lethargy before his time.  
With useful studies you, and arts that please,  
Employ your mind; amuse, but not fatigue.

Peace to each drowsy metaphysic sage !  
And ever may all heavy systems rest !  
Yet some there are, even of elastic parts,  
Whom strong and obstinate ambition leads  
Through all the rugged roads of barren lore,  
And gives to relish what their generous taste  
Would else refuse. But may nor thirst of fame  
Nor love of knowledge urge you to fatigue  
With constant drudgery the liberal soul.  
Toy with your books ; and as the various fits  
Of humor seize you, from philosophy  
To fable shift, from serious Antonine  
To Rabelais' ravings, and from prose to song.  
While reading pleases, but no longer, read,  
And read aloud resounding Homer's strain,  
And wield the thunder of Demosthenes.  
The chest so exercised improves its strength,  
And quick vibrations through the bowels drive  
The restless blood, which in unactive days  
Would loiter else through unelastic tubes.  
Deem it not trifling while I recommend  
What posture suits. To stand and sit by turns,  
As nature prompts, is best. But o'er your leaves  
To lean forever, cramps the vital parts,  
And robs the fine machinery of its play.

'T is the great art of life to manage well  
The restless mind. Forever on pursuit  
Of knowledge bent, it starves the grosser powers :  
Quite unemployed, against its own repose  
It turns its fatal edge, and sharper pangs  
Than what the body knows embitter life—  
Chiefly where solitude, sad nurse of care,  
To sickly musing gives the pensive mind.  
There madness enters ; and the dim-eyed fiend,  
Sour melancholy, night and day provokes  
Her own eternal wound. The sun grows pale ;  
A mournful, visionary light o'erspreads  
The cheerful face of nature ; earth becomes  
A dreary desert, and heaven frowns above.  
Then various shapes of cursed illusion rise :  
Whate'er the wretched fears, creating fear  
Forms out of nothing, and with monsters teems  
Unknown in hell. The prostrate soul beneath  
A load of huge imagination heaves,  
And all the horrors that the murderer feels  
With anxious flutterings wake the guiltless breast.  
Such phantoms pride in solitary scenes,  
Or fear, on delicate self-love creates.  
From other cares absolved, the busy mind  
Finds in yourself a theme to pore upon ;

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

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

\* We may mingle in the " bustling crowd " without over-anxiety about wealth, power or fame.

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

But most too passive, when the blood runs low,  
Too weakly indolent to strive with pain,  
And bravely, by resisting, conquer Fate,  
Try Circe's arts ; and in the tempting bowl  
Of poisoned nectar, sweet oblivion drink.  
Struck by the powerful charm, the gloom dissolves  
In empty air ; elysium opens round.  
A pleasing phrenzy buoys the lightened soul,  
And sanguine hopes dispel your fleeting care ;  
And what was difficult, and what was dire,  
Yields to your prowess and superior stars :  
The happiest you of all that e'er were mad,  
Or are, or shall be, could this folly last.  
But soon your heaven is gone ; a heavier gloom  
Shuts o'er your head : and as the thundering stream,  
Swollen o'er its banks with sudden mountain rain,  
Sinks from its tumult to a silent brook—

So, when the frantic raptures in your breast  
Subside, you languish into mortal man ;  
You sleep, and waking find yourself undone.  
For prodigal of life, in one rash night  
You lavished more than might support three days.  
A heavy morning comes ; your cares return  
With tenfold rage. An anxious stomach well  
May be endured ; so may the throbbing heart ;  
But such a dim delirium, such a dream  
Involves you—such a dastardly despair  
Unmans your soul, as maddening Pentheus felt,  
When, baited round Cithæron's cruel sides,  
He saw two suns, and double Thebes ascend.  
You curse the sluggish port ; you curse the wretch,  
The felon, with unnatural mixture first  
Who dared to violate the virgin wine.  
Or on the fugitive champagne you pour  
A thousand curses ; for to heaven it rapt  
Your soul, to plunge you deeper in despair.

Besides, it wounds you sore to recollect  
What follies in your loose unguarded hour  
Escaped. For one irrevocable word,  
Perhaps that meant no harm, you lose a friend.  
Or in the rage of wine your hasty hand

Performs a deed to haunt you to your grave.  
Add that your means, your health, your parts decay ;  
Your friends avoid you ; brutishly transformed,  
They hardly know you ; or if one remains  
To wish you well, he wishes you in heaven.  
Despised, unwept you fall—who might have left  
A sacred, cherished, sadly pleasing name ;  
A name still to be uttered with a sigh.  
Your last ungraceful scene has quite effaced  
All sense and memory of your former worth.

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



Versed in the woes and vanities of life,  
He pitied man : and much he pitied those  
Whom falsely smiling Fate has cursed with means  
To dissipate their days in quest of joy.  
“ Our aim is happiness ; ’t is yours, ’t is mine,”  
He said ; “ ’t is the pursuit of all that live ;  
Yet few attain it, if ’t was e’er attained.  
But they the widest wander from the mark,  
Who through the flowery paths of sauntering joy  
Seek this coy goddess ; that from stage to stage  
Invites us still, but shifts as we pursue.  
For, not to name the pains that pleasure brings  
To counterpoise itself, relentless Fate  
Forbids that we through gay voluptuous wilds  
Should ever roam : and were the Fates more kind,  
Our narrow luxuries would soon be stale.  
Were these exhaustless, nature would grow sick,  
And cloyed with pleasure, squeamishly complain  
That all was vanity, and life a dream.  
Let nature rest : be busy for yourself,  
And for your friend ; be busy even in vain,  
Rather than teaze her sated appetites.  
Who never fasts, no banquets e’er enjoys ;  
Who never toils or watches, never sleeps.  
Let nature rest : and when the taste of joy

Grows keen, indulge ; but shun satiety.  
'T is not for mortals always to be blest.  
But him the least, the dull or painful hours  
Of life oppress, whom sober sense conducts,  
And virtue, through this labyrinth we tread.  
Virtue and sense I mean not to disjoin ;  
Virtue and sense are one ; and, trust me, still  
A faithless heart betrays the head unsound.  
Virtue (for mere good nature is a fool)  
Is sense and spirit, with humanity.  
'T is sometimes angry, and its frown confounds ;  
'T is even vindictive, but in vengeance just.  
Knave's fain would laugh at it ; some great ones dare :  
But at his heart the most undaunted son  
Of fortune dreads its name and awful charms.  
To noblest uses this determines wealth ;  
This is the solid pomp of prosperous days ;  
The peace and shelter of adversity.  
And if you pant for glory, build your fame  
On this foundation, which the secret shock  
Defies of Envy and all-sapping Time.  
The gaudy gloss of fortune only strikes  
The vulgar eye : the suffrage of the wise,  
The praise that's worth ambition, is attained  
By sense alone, and dignity of mind.

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

Thus in his graver vein the friendly sage  
Sometimes declaimed. Of right and wrong he taught  
Truths as refined as ever Athens heard ;  
And (strange to tell) he practised what he preached.  
Skilled in the passions, how to check their sway  
He knew, as far as reason can control

The lawless powers. But other cares are mine :  
Formed in the school of Pæon, I relate  
What passions hurt the body, what improve ;  
Avoid them, or invite them, as you may.

Know then, whatever cheerful and serene  
Supports the mind, supports the body too.  
Hence the most vital movement mortals feel  
Is hope—the balm and life-blood of the soul.  
It pleases and it lasts. Indulgent Heaven  
Sent down the kind delusion, through the paths  
Of rugged life to lead us patient on.  
Our greatest good, and what we least can spare,  
Is hope : the last of all our evils, fear.

But there are passions grateful to the breast,  
And yet no friends to life ; perhaps they please  
Or to excess, and dissipate the soul ;  
Or while they please, torment. The stubborn clown,  
The ill-tamed ruffian, and pale usurer,  
(If love's omnipotence such hearts can mould,)  
May safely mellow into love, and grow  
Refined, humane, and generous, if they can.  
Love in such bosoms never to a fault  
Or pains or pleases. But, ye finer souls,

Formed to soft luxury, and prompt to thrill  
With all the tumults, all the joys and pains  
That beauty gives, with caution and reserve  
Indulge the sweet destroyer of repose,  
Nor court too much the queen of charming cares ;  
For while the cherished poison in your breast  
Ferments and maddens, sick with jealousy,  
Absence, distrust, or even with anxious joy,  
The wholesome appetites and powers of life  
Dissolve in languor. The coy stomach loathes  
The genial board ; your cheerful days are gone ;  
The generous bloom that flushed your cheeks is fled.  
To sighs devoted and to tender pains,  
Pensive you sit, or solitary stray,  
And waste your youth in musing. Musing first  
Toyed into care your unsuspecting heart :  
It found a liking there, a sportful fire,  
And that fomented into serious love,  
Which musing daily strengthens and improves  
Through all the heights of fondness and romance :  
And you're undone, the fatal shaft has sped,  
If once you doubt whether you love or no.  
The body wastes away ; the infected mind,  
Dissolved in female tenderness, forgets  
Each manly virtue, and grows dead to fame.

Sweet heaven from such intoxicating charms  
 Defend all worthy breasts ! Not that I deem  
 Love always dangerous, always to be shunned ;  
 Love well repaid, and not too weakly sunk  
 In wanton and unmanly tenderness,  
 Adds bloom to health ; o'er every virtue sheds  
 A gay, humane, and amiable grace,  
 And brightens all the ornaments of man :  
 But fruitless, hopeless, disappointed, racked  
 With jealousy, fatigued with hope and fear,  
 Too serious, or too languishingly fond,  
 Unnerves the body and unmans the soul.  
 And some have died for love ; and some run mad ;  
 And some with desperate hand themselves have slain.

Some to extinguish, others to prevent,  
 A mad devotion to one dangerous fair,  
 Court all they meet ; in hopes to dissipate  
 The cares of love among a hundred brides.  
 The event is doubtful : for there are who find  
 A cure in this ; there are who find it not.  
 'T is no relief, alas ! it rather galls  
 The wound, to those who are sincerely sick.  
 For while from feverish and tumultuous joys  
 The nerves grow languid and the soul subsides,

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

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

Who pines with love, or in lascivious flames  
Consumes, is with his own consent undone :  
He chooses to be wretched—to be mad ;  
And warned, proceeds, and wilful, to his fate.  
But there 's a passion, whose tempestuous sway  
Tears up each virtue planted in the breast,  
And shakes to ruins proud philosophy.  
For pale and trembling anger rushes in,  
With faltering speech, and eyes that wildly stare ;  
Fierce as the tiger, madder than the seas,  
Desperate, and armed with more than human strength.  
How soon the calm, humane and polished man  
Forgets compunction, and starts up a fiend !  
Who pines in love, or wastes with silent cares,  
Envy, or ignominy, or tender grief,  
Slowly descends, and lingering, to the shades.  
But he whom anger stings, drops, if he dies,  
At once, and rushes apoplectic down ;



Or a fierce fever hurries him to hell.  
For, as the body through unnumbered strings  
Reverberates each vibration of the soul—  
As is the passion, such is still the pain  
The body feels ; or chronic or acute.  
And oft a sudden storm at once o'erpowers  
The life, or gives your reason to the winds.  
Such fates attend the rash alarm of fear,  
And sudden grief, and rage, and sudden joy.

There are, meantime, to whom the boisterous fit  
Is health, and only fills the sails of life.  
For where the mind a torpid winter leads,  
Wrapt in a body corpulent and cold,  
And each clogged function lazily moves on,  
A generous sally spurns the incumbent load,  
Unlocks the breast, and gives a cordial glow.  
But if your wrathful blood is apt to boil,  
Or are your nerves too irritably strung,  
Wave all dispute ; be cautious if you joke ;  
Keep lent forever ; and forswear the bowl.  
For one rash moment sends you to the shades,  
Or shatters every hopeful scheme of life,  
And gives to horror all your days to come.  
Fate, armed with thunder, fire, and every plague

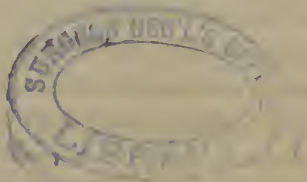
That ruins, tortures, or distracts mankind,  
And makes the happy wretched in an hour,  
O'erwhelms you not with woes so horrible  
As your own wrath, nor gives more sudden blows.  
While choler works, good friend, you may be wrong ;  
Distrust yourself, and sleep before you fight.  
'T is not too late to-morrow to be brave ;  
If honor bids, to-morrow kill or die.\*  
But calm advice against a raging fit  
Avails too little ; and it braves the power  
Of all that ever taught in prose or song,  
To tame the fiend that sleeps a gentle lamb,  
And wakes a lion. Unprovoked and calm,  
You reason well, see as you ought to see,  
And wonder at the madness of mankind :  
Seized with the common rage, you soon forget  
The speculation of your wiser hours.  
Beset with furies of all deadly shapes,  
Fierce and insidious, violent and slow,  
With all that urge or lure us on to fate—  
What refuge shall we seek ? what arms prepare ?  
Where reason proves too weak, or void of wiles  
To cope with subtle or impetuous powers,

\* This, if we understand it, will hardly do. We would say, rather—Fight not at all, either to-night or to-morrow.

I would invoke new passions to your aid :  
With indignation would extinguish fear,  
With fear or generous pity vanquish rage,  
And love with pride ; and force to force oppose.

There is a charm, a power that sways the breast,  
Bids every passion revel or be still,  
Inspires with rage, or all your cares dissolves ;  
Can sooth distraction, and almost despair.  
That power is music ; far beyond the stretch  
Of those unmeaning warblers on our stage,  
Those clumsy heroes, those fat-headed gods,  
Who move no passion justly but contempt,  
Who, like our dancers, (light, indeed, and strong !)  
Do wondrous feats, but never heard of grace.  
The fault is ours ; we bear those monstrous arts—  
Good heaven ! we praise them ; we with loudest peals  
Applaud the fool that highest lifts his heels,  
And with insipid show of rapture die  
Of idiot notes impertinently long.  
But he the muse's laurel justly shares,  
A poet he, and touched with heaven's own fire,  
Who with bold rage or solemn pomp of sounds  
Inflames, exalts and ravishes the soul :  
Now tender, plaintive, sweet, almost to pain,

In love dissolves you ; now in sprightly strains  
Breathes a gay rapture through your thrilling breast,  
Or melts the heart with airs divinely sad,  
Or wakes to horror the tremendous strings.  
Such was the bard whose heavenly strains of old  
Appeased the fiend of melancholy Saul ;  
Such was, if old and heathen fame say true,  
The man who bade the Theban domes ascend,  
And tamed the savage nations with his song ;  
And such the Thracian, whose melodious lyre,  
Tuned to soft wo, made all the mountains weep,  
Soothed even the inexorable powers of hell,  
And half redeemed his lost Eurydice.  
Music exalts each joy, allays each grief,  
Expels diseases, softens every pain,  
Subdues the rage of poison and the plague ;  
And hence the wise of ancient days adored  
One power of physic, melody and song.



# VALUABLE WORKS

PUBLISHED BY

## GEORGE W. LIGHT,

1 CORNHILL, BOSTON.

---

The strong approbation which the following works have met with where they are known, has induced the Publisher to commence stereotyping them, and to take efficient measures for their circulation in all parts of the country.

### THE YOUNG WIFE,

OR

### DUTIES OF WOMAN IN THE MARRIAGE RELATION.

Fifth Stereotype Edition.

*Embellished by a beautiful Steel Plate and Vignette.*

BY DR. WM. A. ALCOTT.

This work is based on the principle, that the great business of the wife is Education—the education of herself and her family. It therefore exhibits the duties of a wife, especially to her husband, in a manner at once original and striking. The author presupposes her to have set out in matrimony with christian principles and purposes; and hence proceeds to inculcate what he deems the best methods of applying them in the routine of daily life and conversation. We believe that no one can rise from the perusal of this volume without a higher respect for female character, as well as a higher confidence in the divine wisdom of matrimony.

The following are a few of the subjects treated upon :

Submission. Kindness. Cheerfulness. Confidence. Sympathy. Friendship. Love. Delicacy and Modesty. Love of Home. Self-Respect. Purity of Character. Simplicity. Neatness. Order

and Method. Punctuality. Early Rising. Industry. Domestic Economy. Domestic Reform. Sobriety. Discretion. Scolding. Forbearance. Contentment. Habits and Manners. Dress. Health. Attending the Sick. Love of Childhood. Giving Advice. Self-Government. Intellectual Improvement. Social Improvement. Moral and Religious Improvement. Moral Influence on the Husband.

The following are selected from the many favorable notices of this work.

"This is one of the best practical treatises of the day; correct and thorough in its teachings—familiar and forcible in its reasonings and illustrations, as well as excellent in its intent and object, on every point of domestic economy and good deportment. The young wife (and many old ones too, as well as those who are neither) will find this volume an able counsellor and guide. We rejoice to perceive that the work has reached a second edition, almost before being known out of the city of Boston, and trust that another edition will not supply the demand of this city alone. A hundred thousand copies would not suffice for the whole country, if all who need its instructions were prepared to receive them. The requirements of economy, industry, temperance, healthfulness, purity, &c., &c., and all domestic virtues, are here most clearly set forth and cogently enforced. May they be as faithfully studied and heeded!"—[NEW YORKER.]

"It contains many excellent hints for the formation of the character of a good and useful wife."—[CHRISTIAN REGISTER.]

"We find much to approve, little to cavil with, and nothing to condemn in this book. It is one of a class of books which should fill a shelf in every lady's book-case."—[LADIES' COMPANION.]

☞ Copies in extra style for Presents.

---

## THE YOUNG HOUSE-KEEPER,

OR

### THOUGHTS ON FOOD AND COOKERY.

*Second Stereotype Edition.*

BY DR. WM. A. ALCOTT.

The grand object of this work is, to promote physical and moral education. In this view it aims to render the maternal house-keeper intelligent, rather than mechanical. It treats of most of the various kinds of food, both animal and vegetable, in common use, and of the most simple and rational modes of preparing them. And in presenting what are claimed to be *improved* views or modes of cookery, it gives reasons why they are so. It shows that a large amount of time now devoted to the preparation of food and drink,

is worse than wasted, and that this time ought to be and must be redeemed, and applied by the house-keeper herself to the physical, moral and social improvement of her family. It is believed that this Manual will save at least one hundred dollars a year to every large family, which may be devoted to other and nobler purposes than mere eating and drinking.

It includes the Dignity of House-keeping; First Principles of the House-keeper; Having a Plan; Keeping Accounts; Keeping a Journal; Nature, Character and Modes of preparing the principal kinds of food produced from Farinaceous vegetables, as wheat, rye, Indian corn, peas, beans, rice, &c., on which subjects there are from twenty to thirty chapters; from twenty to thirty chapters on fruits, &c., and the modes of preparing or using them as food; several chapters on milk, butter, cheese, eggs, flesh and fish; the customs and fashions of cookery as it has been and now is; estimates on the present waste in families; Cooking as it should be; how to begin the work of reform in cookery; a chapter of Recipes for preparing food, especially vegetables and fruit, on rational and simple principles; with several other important subjects.

The following are from the many favorable notices of this work which have already appeared:

"We earnestly recommend it to the favor, not of the Young House-keeper only, but of all who use as well as prepare food. It is a most excellent work."—NEW YORKER.

"The author of this work may be styled the Young Ladies' Friend. No writer has labored more in their behalf than Dr. Alcott. It is replete with sound practical sense—full of useful, nay, invaluable hints—just such a book, in fact, as every lady, whether rich or poor, should have in her hands."—PORTLAND TRANSCRIPT.

"It will be an excellent guide and help to the housewife."—BOSTON MERCANTILE JOURNAL.

---

## THE YOUNG MOTHER,

OR

### THE PHYSICAL EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.

*Third Edition—Embellished by a Vignette.*

BY DR. WM. A. ALCOTT.

The "Young Mother" is designed as an every-day manual for those who are desirous of conducting the physical education of the young—from the very first—on such principles as Physiology and Chemistry indicate. It inculcates the great importance of pre-

venting evil—especially physical evil—by implanting good habits. We believe it to be the only work of a popular character, written by a medical man, on this subject, and that it is, on this account, doubly valuable. It is recommended by the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal, and by the Press generally, as a work which should be possessed by every family.

The following is a brief synopsis of the Contents :

The Nursery. Temperature of the Nursery. Ventilation of the Nursery. The Child's Dress; Swathing the Body; Form of the Dress; Material of Dress; Quantity of Dress; Caps; Hats and Bonnets; Covering for the Feet; Pins; Remaining Wet; Remarks on the Dress of Boys; on the Dress of Girls. Cleanliness. Bathing. Food; Nursing—how often; Quantity of Food; How long should Milk be the only Food? On Feeding before Teething; From Teething to Weaning; During the Process of Weaning; Food subsequently to Weaning; Remarks on Fruit; Confectionary; Pastry; Crude, or Raw Substances. Drinks. Giving Medicine. Exercise—Rocking in the Cradle; Carrying in the Arms; Crawling; Walking; Riding in Carriages; Riding on Horseback. Amusements. Crying. Laughing. Sleep—Hour for Repose; Place for Repose; Purity of the Air; The Bed; The Covering; Night Dresses; Posture of the Body; State of the Mind; Quality of Sleep; Quantity of Sleep. Early Rising. Hardening the Constitution. Society. Employments. Education of the Senses—Hearing—Seeing—Tasting and Smelling—Feeling. Abuses.

The following editorial remarks will give some idea of the manner in which it has been noticed in various parts of the country, though many of the best periodicals have spoken of it in still stronger terms of approbation. The Christian Mirror observes—

“The subject of this book is of vital interest to the whole human family, and is treated by Dr. Alcott with the most intelligible simplicity. We hope it will find its way into the hands of all who are entrusted with the training and rearing of children; and that its sound views will supplant many of those hurtful maxims and practices which are lamentably prevalent, and that the existing generation of mankind will be succeeded by a more healthy and a more moral race.”

The New York Y. M. Advocate says—“This neatly bound and well printed book should be in possession of all mothers, and especially the young. It will undoubtedly meet with a rapid sale, and be extensively useful.”

The Providence Journal says—“It is such a book as we have long wished to see the female part of the community favored with. Dr. Alcott has performed his task in a pleasing and judicious manner, and merits, as we have no doubt he will receive, the thanks of mothers, for the agreeable and faithful guide he has provided for them.”

☞ Copies bound in extra style for Presents.



# THE HOUSE I LIVE IN, OR THE HUMAN BODY.

*Second Edition—entirely re-written, enlarged and improved.*

FOR THE USE OF FAMILIES AND SCHOOLS.

BY DR. WM. A. ALCOTT.

The great difficulty of making a subject which has hitherto been deemed dry and unintelligible, at once agreeable and interesting to the young mind, has led the author of this volume to describe the human body as a **HOUSE**.

The work treats, first, on the **FRAME**—consisting of the bones, muscles, tendons, &c. ; secondly, of the **COVERING**—consisting of the skin, hair, nails, eyes, ears, &c. ; and thirdly, of the **APARTMENTS** and **FURNITURE**—by which are meant the interior cavities and organs. Nearly every anatomical and physiological term which appears in the work is so used or so explained, as to be at once clearly understood and apprehended. The subject is illustrated by numerous engravings.

The best recommendation of this work is, that it has been universally approved of by the families and schools where it has been introduced, and by all medical men who have examined it. It has also received the entire approbation of the Press, and is selling rapidly.

The Christian Register says—“We have examined it with much pleasure. It communicates highly important information in Anatomy and Physiology, in a very interesting manner. The Author, by his Library of Health, &c., and now by this neat little volume, has done and is doing an important work, in regard to one branch of popular education, which has been hitherto too much neglected. Society will reap good from his sowing.”

The Philadelphia Commercial Gazette, in speaking of it says—“It is full of instruction and entertainment. It gives as plain and simple a description of the human body as it is possible to write.”

This work has also received the high commendation of Mrs. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

By letters recently received from Europe, we learn that it is in the course of re-publication in London, and that the teachers in the famous institution of Count Fellenberg, at Hofwyl, in Switzerland, make it one of the regular exercises of their pupils in French to translate it into that language.

LIBRARY OF HEALTH,  
AND  
TEACHER ON THE HUMAN CONSTITUTION.

*Published Monthly—Price \$1 a Year, in advance.*

DR. WM. A. ALCOTT, EDITOR.

This is a Periodical work, originally called the "Moral Reformer, and Teacher on the Human Constitution." It is published in numbers of 32 pages each, in neat book style for binding into a volume, illustrated by engravings, and has now concluded the third year of its publication. The numbers of the past years are for sale, bound in neat volumes.

This work discusses, in a familiar manner, all subjects connected with physical education and self-management. It treats on the connection of LIGHT, AIR, TEMPERATURE, CLEANLINESS, EXERCISE, SLEEP, FOOD, DRINK, CLIMATE, the PASSIONS, AFFECTIONS, &c., with HEALTH, HAPPINESS and LONGEVITY. The editor takes the ground that a proper understanding of the constitutional laws of the human body, and of all its organs and functions, and a strict obedience thereto, are indispensable to the highest perfection and happiness—present and future—of every living human being. He deems this knowledge more and more indispensable in proportion to the progress of civilization and refinement. The work is pledged to support no system nor set of principles, any farther than that system and those principles can be proved to be based on the laws of Physiology, and revealed truth, and on human experience; and consequently its pages are always open to fair and temperate discussion.

The work has recently been warmly approved of by GEORGE COMBE, (author of the "Constitution of Man,") as well as a large number of distinguished men of this country, among whom are the following:

Dr. John C. Warren, Dr. S. B. Woodward, Rev. Dr. Humphrey, Rev. S. R. Hall, Rev. Hubbard Winslow, Rev. R. Anderson, Rev. Baron Stow, Rev. B. B. Wisner, R. H. Gillet, Esq., Rev. Wm. Hague, Roberts Vaux, Esq., Dr. John M. Keagy, Dr. R. D. Mussey, Prof. E. A. Andrews, Rev. L. F. Clark, Rev. M. M. Carll, Rev. Dr. Fay, Dr. Sylvester Graham.

---

A TREATISE  
ON  
BREAD AND BREAD-MAKING.

BY SYLVESTER GRAHAM.

This treatise, by the celebrated lecturer on the Science of Human Life, recently published, has thus far met with a good sale, and will doubtless have a wide circulation. It meets with strong favor even among those who do not agree with Mr. G. in his general principles of diet, &c. It treats on the following subjects :

History of Bread ; Laws of Diet ; Material of Bread ; Properties of Bread ; Fermentation ; Preparation of Bread ; Who should make Bread ; Varieties of Bread.

We insert here but one of the numerous favorable notices of this work :

The Boston Recorder remarks—"It is a treatise, as we judge, of great importance to all who eat bread, and to all who make bread, and to all who love bread. Whatever objections may lie against some of Mr. Graham's theories, or against his 'measures,' this little work deserves the attention of all who regard health, comfort and life itself. Facts are stated which ought to be known ; and reasonings are applied which can be more easily rejected with supercilious scorn, than refuted on philosophical principles."

---

A

LECTURE TO YOUNG MEN,  
INTENDED ALSO FOR THE SERIOUS CONSIDERATION OF  
PARENTS AND GUARDIANS.

*Second Edition—Enlarged and Improved, with Notes.*

BY SYLVESTER GRAHAM.

The second edition of this important work is nearly double the size of the first, although the price is increased but a trifle. It is selling rapidly. It contains warm testimonials in its favor from WM. C. WOODBRIDGE, Editor of the Annals of Education, Dr.

WOODWARD, Superintendent of the Massachusetts Lunatic Asylum, Dr. ALCOTT, and others.

The following brief but highly valuable testimony is from the distinguished superintendent of the Massachusetts Lunatic Hospital at Worcester:

"DEAR SIR:—The subject of your Lecture to Young Men, has been much neglected, although of great importance.

This lecture, while it sounds the alarm to the young, will not fail to awaken the attention of parents, if once perused. It is couched in language as delicate as the nature of the subject will admit, and may be read with propriety and benefit by all.

The evil of which it treats, if I mistake not, is more extensively sapping the foundation of *physical vigor* and *moral purity*, in the rising generation, than is generally apprehended, even by those who are awake to the danger, and who have witnessed the deplorable influence of it upon its victims.

Yours, with respect,

S. B. WOODWARD."

☞ Just out of Press. ☞

### THE BOSTON COMMON, or Rural Walks in Cities.

A very neat and interesting little work, treating on the means of promoting health and comfort in cities and towns. With an Engraving.

---

G. W. L. publishes a number of valuable books in addition to the works here advertised, and keeps on hand a general assortment of SCHOOL, THEOLOGICAL, RELIGIOUS, MORAL, PHYSIOLOGICAL and MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS, together with a good variety of STATIONARY, for sale, wholesale and retail, at as low prices as those of any other house in the country. Special effort is made to keep a complete and constant supply of popular works on HEALTH. He also executes PRINTING, of all kinds, on the most reasonable terms.



