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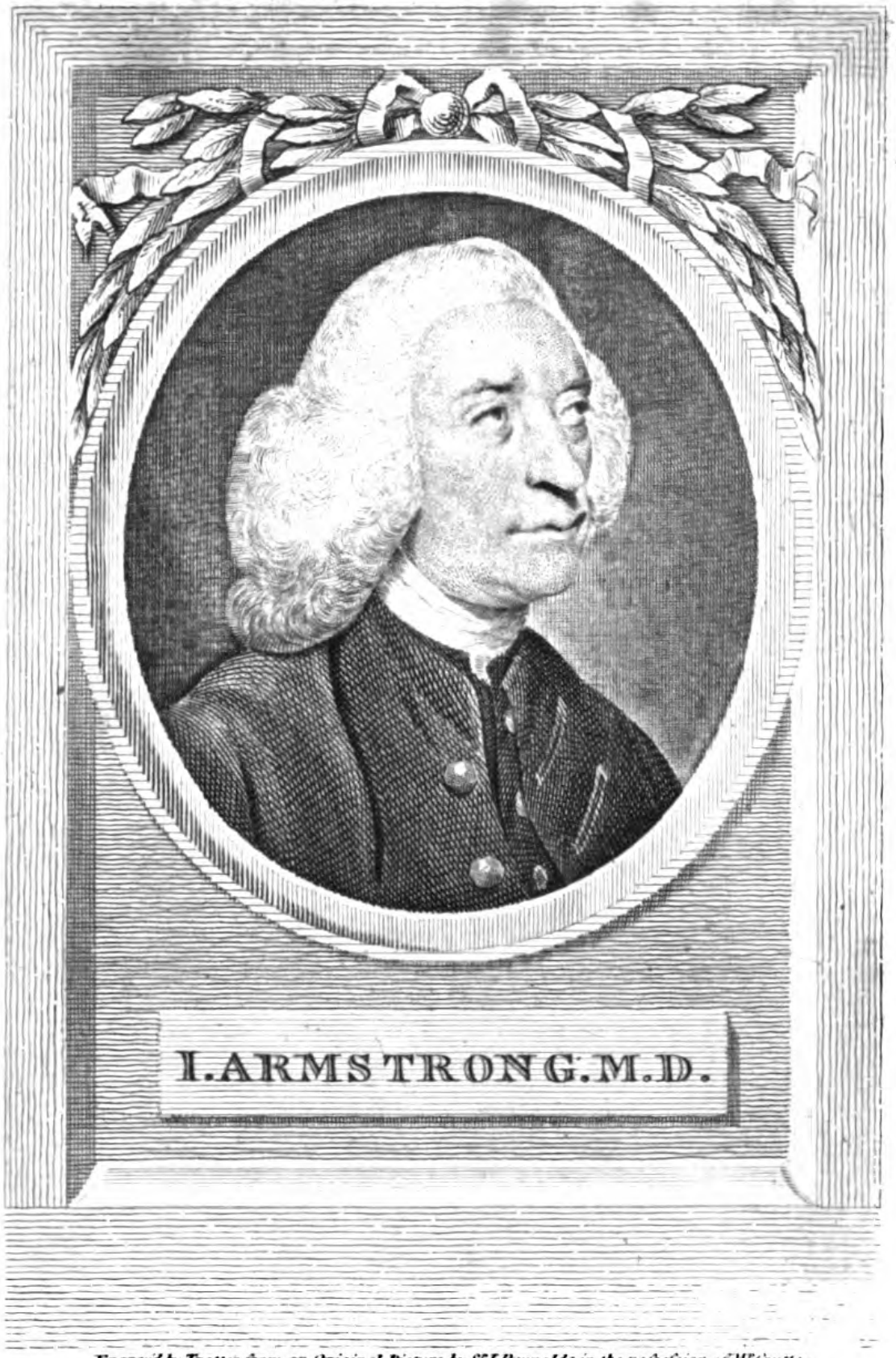

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Stodhart del: *Grignion Sculp:*

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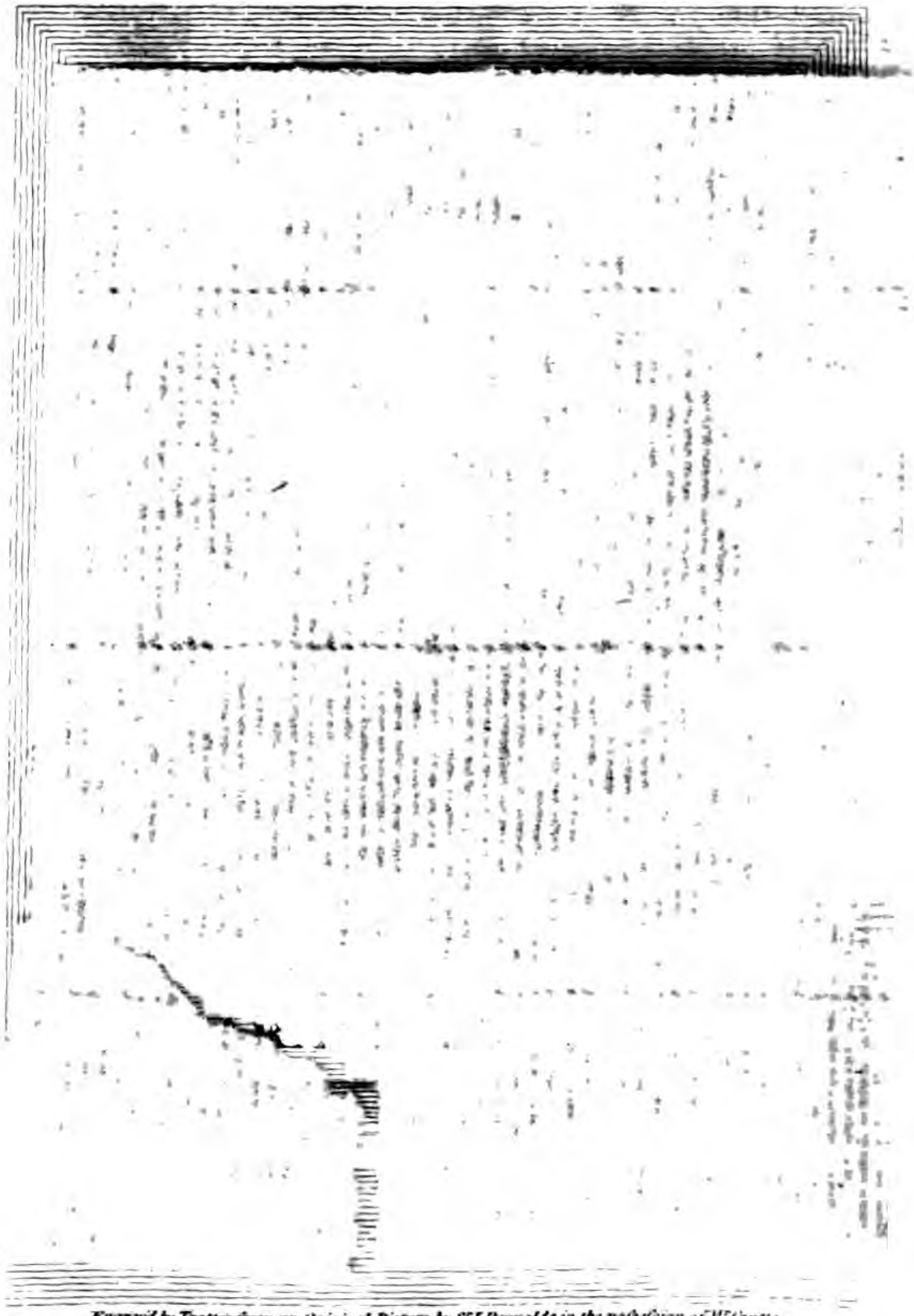

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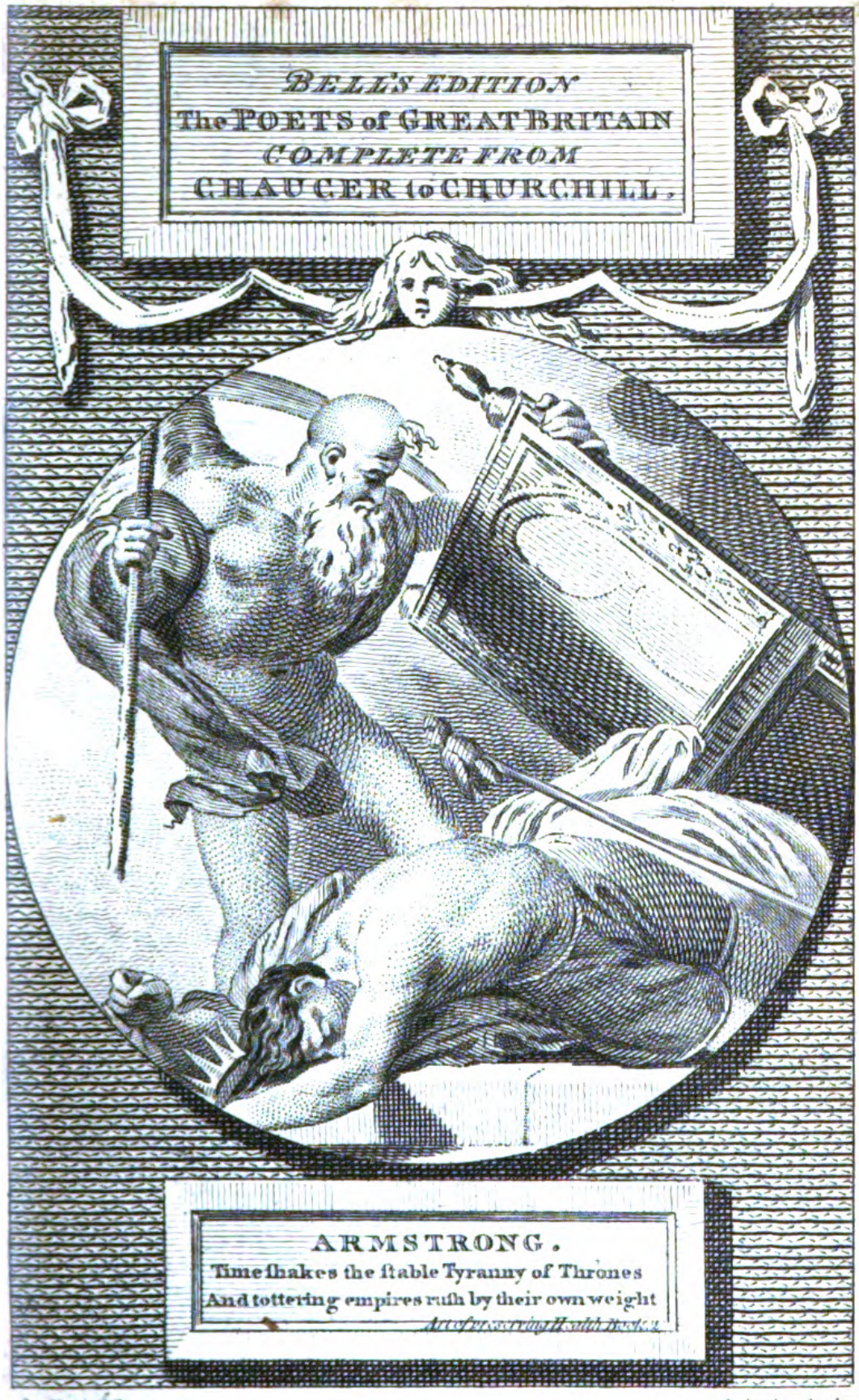

Stodhart del: *Grignion Sculp:*

Printed for John Bell British Library Strand April 22 1782.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

J. ARMSTRONG, M.D.

Daughter of Pæon, queen of ev'ry joy,
Hygeia!———O descend
Thou cheerful Guardian of the rolling year!———
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 heav'nly gay!
Begin the song, and let it sweetly flow.———
——With thy aid the secret wilds I trace
Of Nature, and with daring steps proceed
Thro' paths the Muses never trod before. ART OF HEALTH.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.
Anno 1781.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

JOHN ARMSTRONG, M.D.

CONTAINING HIS

ART OF HEALTH. IN FOUR BOOKS,	TASTE. AN EPISTLE,
BENEVOLENCE. AN EPIST.	IMIT. OF SHAKESPEARE,
	IMIT. OF SPENSER,

&c. &c. &c.

Not in vain such Labours have we try'd
If aught these Lays the fickle Health confirm.
To you ye Delicate! I write, for you
I tame my youth to philosophick cares,
And grow still paler by the midnight lamps. ART OF HEALTH.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.
Anno 1781.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Author of the following Pieces has at last taken the trouble upon him to collect them, and to have them printed under his own inspection, a task that he had long avoided, and to which he would hardly have submitted himself at last but for the sake of preventing their being some time hereafter exposed in a ragged mangled condition, and loaded with more faults than they originally had, while it might be impossible for him, by the change perhaps of one letter, to recover a whole period from the most contemptible nonsense.

Along with such pieces as he had formerly offered to the publick he takes this opportunity of presenting it with several others, some of which had lain by him many years: what he has lost, and especially what he has destroyed, would probably enough have been better received by the great majority of readers than any thing he has published.

But he never courted the publick: he wrote chiefly for his own amusement, and because he found it an agreeable and innocent way of sometimes passing an idle hour: he has always most heartily despised the opinion of the Mobility from the lowest to the highest; and if it is true what he has sometimes been told, that the best judges are on his side, he

desires no more in the article of fame and renown as a writer: if the best judges of this age honour him with their approbation, all the worst too of the next will favour him with theirs, when by Heaven's grace he 'll be too far beyond the reach of their unmeaning praises to receive any disgust from them.

THE

ART OF PRESERVING HEALTH.

IN FOUR BOOKS.

FIRST PUBLISHED IN THE YEAR 1744.

BOOK I. AIR.

DAUGHTER of Pæon, queen of ev'ry joy,
Hygeia *! whose indulgent smile sustains
The various race luxuriant Nature pours,
And on th' immortal essences bestows
Immortal youth, auspicious O descend 5
Thou cheerful Guardian of the rolling year!
Whether thou wanton'st on the western gale
Or shak'st the rigid pinions of the north,
Diffusest life and vigour thro' the tracks
Of air, thro' earth and ocean's deep domain. 10
When thro' the blue serenity of heav'n
Thy pow'r approaches all the wasteful host
Of Pain and Sickness, squalid and deform'd,
Confounded sink into the loathsome gloom,
Where in deep Erebus involv'd the fiends 15
Grow more profane. Whatever shapes of death,

* Hygeia the goddess of Health was, according to the genealogy of the Heathen deities, the daughter of Æsculapius, who as well as Apollo was distinguished by the name of Pæon.

Shook from the hideous chambers of the globe,
Swarm thro' the ſhudd'ring air; whatever plagues
Or meagre Famine breeds or with ſlow wings
Riſe from the putrid wat'ry element, 20
The damp waſte foreſt, motionleſs and rank,
That ſmothers earth and all the breathleſs winds,
Or the vile carnage of th' inhuman field;
Whatever baneful breathes the rotten ſouth;
Whatever ills th' extremes or ſudden change 25
Of cold and hot or moiſt and dry produce,
They fly thy pure effulgence, they and all
The ſecret poiſons of avenging Heav'n,
And all the pale tribes halting in the train
Of Vice and heedleſs Pleaſure; or if aught 30
The comet's glare amid the burning ſky,
Mournful eclipſe, or planets ill combin'd,
Portend diſaſtrous to the vital world,
Thy ſalutary pow'r averts their rage,
Averts the gen'ral bane; and but for thee 35
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 heav'nly gay! 40
Begin the ſong, and let it ſweetly flow,
And let it wiſely teach thy wholeſome laws;
" How beſt the fickle fabrick to ſupport
" Of mortal man; in healthful body how

" A healthful mind the longeſt to maintain." 45
'Tis hard in ſuch a ſtrife of rules to chuſe
The beſt, and thoſe of moſt extenſive uſe;
Harder in clear and animated ſong
Dry philoſophick precepts to convey:
Yet with thy aid the ſecret wilds I trace 50
Of Nature, and with daring ſteps proceed
Thro' paths the Muſes never trod before.
Nor ſhould I wander doubtful of my way
Had I the lights of that ſagacious mind
Which taught to check the peſtilential fire 55
And quell the deadly Python of the Nile.
O thou belov'd by all the graceful arts,
Thou long the fav'rite of the Healing Pow'rs,
Indulge O Mead! a welldeſign'd Eſſay
Howe'er imperfect, and permit that I 60
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 fev'riſh world would wear
A body free of pain of cares a mind, 65
Fly the rank city, ſhun its turbid air,
Breathe not the chaos of eternal ſmoke
And volatile corruption, from the dead,
The dying, ſick'ning, and the living, world
Exhal'd, to ſully Heav'n's tranſparent dome 70
With dim mortality. It is not Air
That from a thouſand lungs reeks back to thine,

Sated with exhalations rank and fell,
The ſpoil of dunghills and the putrid thaw
Of Nature, when from ſhape and texture ſhe 75
Relapſes into fighting elements;
It is not Air, but floats a nauſeous maſs
Of all obſcene, corrupt, offenſive, things.
Much moiſture hurts; but here a ſordid bath,
With oily rancour fraught, relaxes more 80
The ſolid frame than ſimple moiſture can.
Beſides, immur'd in many a ſullen bay
That never felt the freſhneſs of the breeze
This ſlumb'ring deep remains, and ranker grows
With ſickly reſt; and (tho' the lungs abhor 85
To drink the dun fuliginous abyſs)
Did not the acid vigour of the mine,
Roll'd from ſo many thund'ring chimnies, tame
The putrid ſteams that overſwarm the ſky,
This cauſtick venom would perhaps corrode 90
Thoſe tender cells that draw the vital Air,
In vain with all their unctuous rills bedew'd,
Or by the drunken venous tubes that yawn
In countleſs pores o'er all the pervious ſkin
Imbib'd, would poiſon the balſamick blood, 95
And rouſe the heart to ev'ry 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, 100

A kindly ſky! whoſe foſt'ring pow'r 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: 105
Look round the ſmiling land, ſuch numbers riſe
We hardly fix, bewilder'd in our choice.
See where enthron'd in adamantine ſtate,
Proud of her bards, imperial Windſor ſits;
There chuſe thy ſeat, in ſome aſpiring grove 110
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 115
Umbrageous Ham!—But if the buſy Town
Attract thee ſtill to toil for pow'r or gold,
Sweetly thou may'ſt thy vacant hours poſſeſs
In Hampſtead, courted by the weſtern wind,
Or Greenwich, waving o'er the winding flood, 120
Or loſe the world amid the ſylvan wilds
Of Dulwich, yet by barb'rous arts unſpoil'd.
Green riſe the Kentiſh hills in cheerful Air;
But on the marſhy plains that Lincoln ſpreads
Build not, nor reſt too long thy wand'ring feet; 125
For on a ruſtick throne of dewy turf,
With baneful fogs her aking temples bound,
Quartana there preſides, a meagre fiend

Begot by Eurus, when his brutal force
Compreſs'd the ſlothful Naiad of the Fens. 130
From ſuch a mixture ſprung this fitful peſt
With fev'riſh blaſts ſubdues the ſick'ning land:
Cold tremours come, with mighty love of reſt,
Convulſive yawnings, laſſitude, and pains
That ſting the burden'd brows, fatigue the loins, 135
And rack the joints and ev'ry torpid limb,
Then parching heat ſucceeds till copious ſweats
O'erflow, a ſhort relief from former ills:
Beneath repeated ſhocks the wretches pine;
The vigour ſinks, the habit melts away, 140
The cheerful, pure, and animated bloom
Dies from the face, with ſqualid Atrophy
Devour'd, in ſallow melancholy clad,
And oft' the ſorc'reſs in her ſated wrath
Reſigns them to the Furies of her train, 145
The bloated Hydrops, and the yellow fiend
Ting'd 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; 150
Nor for the wealth that all the Indies roll
Fix near the marſhy margin of the main;
For from the humid ſoil and wat'ry reign
Eternal vapours riſe; the ſpungy air
For ever weeps, or turgid with the weight 155
Of waters pours a ſounding deluge down.

Skies ſuch as theſe let ev'ry mortal ſhun
Who dreads the dropſy, palſy, or the gout,
Tertian, corroſive ſcurvy, or moiſt catarrh,
Or any other injury that grows 160
From raw ſpun fibres idle and unſtrung,
Skin ill-perſpiring, and the purple flood
In languid eddies loit'ring into phlegm.
Yet not alone from humid ſkies we pine,
For Air may be too dry. The ſubtile heav'n, 165
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 170
Their flexible vibrations, or inflam'd
Their tender ever-moving ſtructure thaws:
Spoil'd of its limpid vehicle the blood
A maſs of lees remains, a droſſy tide
That flow as Lethe wanders thro' the veins 175
Unactive in the ſervices of life,
Unfit to lead its pitchy current thro'
The ſecret mazy channels of the brain:
The melancholick fiend (that worſt deſpair
Of phyſick) hence the ruſt-complexion'd man 180
Purſues whoſe blood is dry, whoſe fibres gain
Too ſtretch'd a tone; and hence in climes aduſt
So ſudden tumults ſeize the trembling nerves,
And burning fevers glow with double rage.

Fly if you can these violent extremes 185
Of Air; the wholesome is nor moist nor dry.
But as the pow'r of chusing is deny'd
To half mankind a further task ensues,
How best to mitigate these fell extremes,
How breathe unhurt the with'ring element 190
Or hazy atmosphere; tho' custom moulds
To ev'ry clime the soft Promethean clay,
And he who first the fogs of Essex breath'd
(So kind is native Air) may in the Fens
Of Essex from inveterate ills revive 195
At pure Montpelier or Bermuda caught.
But if the raw and oozy heav'n offend
Correct the soil, and dry the sources up
Of wat'ry exhalation; wide and deep
Conduct your trenches thro' the quaking bog; 200
Solicitous with all your winding arts
Betray th' unwilling lake into the stream,
And weed the forest, and invoke the winds
To break the toils where strangled vapours lie,
Or thro' the thickets send the crackling flames: 205
Mean-time at home with cheerful fires dispel
The humid Air, and let your table smoke
With solid roast or bak'd, or what the herds
Of tamer breed supply, or what the wilds
Yield to the toilsome pleasures of the chase: 210
Gen'rous your wine, the boast of rip'ning years,
But frugal be your cups; the languid frame,

Vapid and ſunk from yeſterday's debauch,
Shrinks from the cold embrace of wat'ry heav'ns.
But neither theſe nor all Apollo's arts 215
Diſarm the dangers of the dropping ſky
Unleſs with exerciſe and manly toil
You brace your nerves and ſpur the lagging blood.
The fatt'ning clime let all the ſons of Eaſe
Avoid. If Indolence would wiſh to live, 220
Go yawn and loiter out the long ſlow year
In fairer ſkies. If droughty regions parch
The ſkin and lungs and bake the thick'ning blood,
Deep in the waving foreſt chuſe your ſeat,
Where fuming trees refreſh the thirſty Air, 225
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 ſupply'd 230
By bleeding life be gently waſted down
By ſoft decoction and a mellowing heat
To liquid balm; or if the ſolid maſs
You chuſe, tormented in the boiling wave,
That thro' the thirſty channels of the blood 235
A ſmooth diluted chyle may ever flow.
The fragrant dairy from its cool receſs
Its nectar acid or benign will pour
To drown your thirſt, or let the mantling bowl
Of keen ſherbet the fickle taſte relieve; 240

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 horrours o'er the world, thou may'ſt indulge 245
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:
Steep'd in continual rains, or with raw fogs 250
Bedew'd, our ſeaſons droop; incumbent ſtill
A pond'rous heav'n o'erwhelms the ſinking ſoul:
Lab'ring with ſtorms in heapy mountains riſe
Th' embattled clouds, as if the Stygian ſhades
Had left the dungeon of eternal Night, 255
Till black with thunder all the ſouth deſcends.
Scarce in a ſhow'rleſs day the heav'ns indulge
Our melting clime, except the baleful eaſt
Withers the tender ſpring and ſourly checks
The fancy of the year. Our fathers talk 260
Of ſummers, balmy airs, and ſkies ſerene:
Good Heav'n! for what unexpiated crimes
This diſmal change! The brooding elements
Do they, your pow'rful miniſters of wrath,
Prepare ſome fierce exterminating plague? 265
Or is it fix'd in the decrees above
That lofty Albion melt into the main?
Indulgent Nature! O diſſolve this gloom!

Bind in eternal adamant the winds
That drown or wither, give the genial weſt 270
To breathe, and in its turn the ſprightly north,
And may once more the circling ſeaſons rule
The year, not mix in ev'ry monſtrous day!
Mean-time the moiſt malignity to ſhun
Of burden'd ſkies, mark where the dry champaign
Swells into cheerful hills, where marjoram 276
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 aromatick tribes: 280
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 ev'ning bluſhing in the weſt,
While with umbrageous oaks the ridge behind 285
O'erhung defends you from the bluſt'ring 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 290
Howl'o'er the ſteady battlements delights
Above the luxury of vulgar ſleep!
The murm'ring rivulet and the hoarſer ſtrain
Of waters ruſhing o'er the ſlipp'ry rocks
Will nightly lull you to ambroſial reſt. 295

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

To pleaſe the fancy is no trifling good
Where Health is ſtudy'd; for whatever moves
The mind with calm delight promotes the juſt
And nat'ral movements of th' harmonious frame.
Beſides, the ſportive brook for ever ſhakes 300
The trembling Air that floats from hill to hill,
From vale to mountain, with inceſſant change
Of pureſt element, refreſhing ſtill
Your airy ſeat and uninfected gods.
Chiefly for this I praiſe the man who builds 305
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 310
Involve my hill! and wherefoe'er you build,
Whether on ſunburnt Epſom or the plains
Waſh'd by the ſilent Lee, in Chelſea low
Or high Blackheath, with wintry winds aſſail'd,
Dry be your houſe, but airy more than warm, 315
Elſe ev'ry breath of ruder wind will ſtrike
Your tender body thro' with rapid pains,
Fierce coughs will teaſe you, hoarſeneſs bind your [voice,
Or moiſt gravedo load your aking brows.
Theſe to defy, and all the fates that dwell 320
In cloiſter'd Air tainted with ſteaming life,
Let lofty ceilings grace your ample rooms,
And ſtill at azure noontide may your dome
At ev'ry window drink the liquid ſky.

Need we the ſunny ſituation here 325
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 gigantick heap 330
Of mountains never felt, nor ever hope
To feel, the genial vigour of the ſun!
While on the neighb'ring hill the roſe inflames
The verdant ſpring, in virgin beauty blows
The tender lily languiſhingly ſweet, 335
O'er ev'ry hedge the wanton woodbine roves,
And autumn ripens in the ſummer's ray.
Nor leſs the warmer living tribes demand
The foſt'ring ſun, whoſe energy divine
Dwells not in mortal fire, whoſe gen'rous heat 340
Glows thro' the maſs of groſſer elements,
And kindles into life the pond'rous ſpheres:
Cheer'd 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 Heav'n, and only leſs than God! 346

THE

ART OF PRESERVING HEALTH.

BOOK II. DIET.

ENOUGH of Air; a desert subject now,
Rougher and wilder, rises to my sight;
A barren waste, where not a garland grows
To bind the Muse's brow, not ev'n a proud
Stupendous solitude frowns o'er the heath 5
To rouse a noble horrour in the soul,
But rugged paths fatigue, and Errour leads
Thro' endless labyrinths the devious feet.
Farewell ethereal Fields! the humbler arts
Of life, the Table and the homely Gods, 10
Demand my song: Elysian Gales adieu!
The blood, the fountain whence the spirits flow,
The gen'rous stream that waters ev'ry part,
And motion, vigour, and warm life, conveys
To ev'ry particle that moves or lives, 15
This vital fluid, thro' unnumber'd tubes
Pour'd by the heart, and to the heart again
Refunded, scourg'd for ever round and round,
Enrag'd with heat and toil, at last forgets
Its balmy nature; virulent and thin 20
It grows, and now but that a thousand gates
Are open to its flight it would destroy

The parts it cherish'd and repair'd before.
Besides, the flexible and tender tubes
Melt in the mildest most nectareous tide 25
That rip'ning Nature rolls, as in the stream
Its crumbling banks; but what the vital force
Of plastick fluids hourly batters down
That very force those plastick particles
Rebuild: so mutable the state of man! 30
For this the watchful appetite was giv'n,
Daily with fresh materials to repair
This unavoidable expense of life,
This necessary waste of flesh and blood:
Hence the concoctive pow'rs with various art 35
Subdue the cruder aliments to chyle,
The chyle to blood, the foamy purple tide
To liquors, which thro' finer arteries
To diff'rent parts their winding course pursue,
To try new changes and new forms put on 40
Or for the publick or some private use.
Nothing so foreign but th' athletick hind
Can labour into blood. The hungry meal
Alone he fears or aliments too thin,
By violent pow'rs too easily subdu'd, 45
Too soon expell'd. His daily labour thaws
To friendly chyle the most rebellious mass
That salt can harden or the smoke of years;
Nor does his gorge the lusicious bacon rue,

Nor that which Ceſtria ſends, tenacious paſte 50
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 55
Grow wiſer leſſon'd by the dropping teeth.
Half ſubtiliz'd to chyle the liquid food
Readieſt obeys th' aſſimilating pow'rs,
And ſoon the tender vegetable maſs
Relents, and ſoon the young of thoſe that tread 60
The ſtedfaſt earth or cleave the green abyſs
Or pathleſs ſky. And if the ſteer muſt fall,
In youth and ſanguine vigour let him die,
Nor ſtay till rigid age or heavy ails
Abſolve him ill-requited from the yoke. 65
Some with high forage and luxuriant eaſe
Indulge the vet'ran 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 70
Refin'd and ſcanty fare; for old or young
The ſtall'd are never healthy nor the cramm'd.
Not all the culinary arts can tame
To wholeſome food th' abominable growth
Of reſt and gluttony; the prudent taſte 75
Rejects like bane ſuch loathſome luſciouſneſs;
The languid ſtomach curſes ev'n the pure

Delicious fat and all the race of oil,
For more the oily aliments relax
Its feeble tone, and with the eager lymph 80
(Fond to incorporate with all it meets)
Coyly they mix, and ſhun with ſlipp'ry wiles
The woo'd embrace. Th' irreſoluble oil,
So gentle late and blandiſhing, in floods
Of rancid bile o'erflows: what tumults hence 85
What horrours riſe were nauſeous to relate.
Chuſe leaner viands ye whoſe jovial make
Too faſt the gummy nutriment imbibes,
Chuſe ſober meals, and rouſe to active life
Your cumbrous clay, nor on th' enſeebling down 90
Irreſolute protract the morning hours:
But let the man whoſe bones are thinly clad
With cheerful eaſe and ſucculent repaſt
Improve his habit if he can; for each
Extreme departs from perfect ſanity. 95
I could relate what table this demands
Or that complexion, what the various pow'rs
Of various foods; but fifty years would roll
And fifty more before the tale were done.
Beſides, there often lurks ſome nameleſs, ſtrange, 100
Peculiar thing, nor on the ſkin diſplay'd,
Felt in the pulſe, nor in the habit ſeen,
Which finds a poiſon in the food that moſt
The temperature affects. There are whoſe blood
Impetuous rages thro' the turgid veins. 105

Who better bear the fiery fruits of Ind
Than the moist melon or pale cucumber:
Of chilly nature others fly the board
Supply'd with slaughter, and the vernal pow'rs
For cooler kinder sustenance implore: 110
Some ev'n the gen'rous 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 ev'ry flow'r, 115
And ev'ry grateful herb that decks the spring,
The fost'ring dew of tender sprouting life,
The best refection of declining age,
The kind restorative of those who lie
Half dead and panting, from the doubtful strife 120
Of nature struggling in the grasp of death.
Try all the bounties of this fertile globe
There is not such a salutary food
As suits with ev'ry stomach: but (except
Amid the mingled mass of fish and fowl, 125
And boil'd and bak'd, you hesitate by which
You sunk oppress'd, or whether not by all)
Taught by experience soon you may discern
What pleases what offends. Avoid the cates
That lull the sicken'd appetite too long, 130
Or heave with fev'rish flushings all the face,
Burn in the palms, and parch the rough'ning tongue,
Or much diminish or too much increase

Th' expenſe which Nature's wiſe economy
Without or waſte or avarice maintains. 135
Such gates abjur'd 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 140
Of beaſts on blood and ſlaughter only lives;
The tiger, form'd alike to cruel meals,
Would at the manger ſtarve; of milder ſeeds
The gen'rous horſe to herbage and to grain
Confines his wiſh, tho' fabling Greece reſound 145
The Thracian ſteeds with human carnage wild.
Prompted by Inſtinct's never-erring pow'r
Each creature knows its proper aliment;
But man, th' inhabitant of ev'ry clime,
With all the commoners of Nature feeds. 150
Directed, bounded, by this pow'r within
Their cravings are well aim'd. Voluptuous man
Is by ſuperiour faculties miſled,
Miſled from pleaſure ev'n in queſt of joy.
Sated with Nature's boons, what thouſands ſeek, 155
With diſhes tortur'd from their native taſte
And mad variety, to ſpur beyond
Its wiſer will the jaded appetite!
Is this for pleaſure? learn a juſter taſte,
And know that temp'rance is true luxury: 160
Or is it pride? purſue ſome nobler aim;

Dismiss your parasites who praise for hire,
And earn the fair esteem of honest men,
Whose praise is fame. Form'd of such clay as your's
The sick the needy shiver at your gates; 165
Ev'n modest Want may bless your hand unseen,
Tho' hush'd in patient wretchedness at home.
Is there no virgin grac'd with ev'ry charm
But that which binds the mercenary vow?
No youth of genius whose neglected bloom 170
Unfoster'd sickens in the barren shade?
No worthy man by Fortune's random blows,
Or by a heart too gen'rous and humane,
Constrain'd to leave his happy natal seat,
And sigh for wants more bitter than his own? 175
There are while human miseries abound
A thousand ways to waste superfluous wealth
Without one fool or flatt'rer at your board,
Without one hour of sickness or disgust.
But other ills th' ambiguous feast pursue 180
Besides provoking the lascivious taste.
Such various foods tho' harmless each alone
Each other violate, and oft' we see
What strife is brew'd and what pernicious bane
From combinations of innoxious things. 185
Th' unbounded taste I mean not to confine
To hermit's Diet needlessly severe;
But would you long the sweets of Health enjoy
Or husband pleasure, at one impious meal
Exhaust not half the bounties of the year 190

Of ev'ry realm. It matters not mean-while
How much to-morrow differ from to-day;
So far indulge: it is fit beſides that man,
To change obnoxious, be to change inur'd:
But ſtay the curious appetite, and taſte 195
With caution fruits you never try'd before:
For want of uſe the kindeſt aliment
Sometimes offends, while cuſtom tames the rage
Of poiſon to mild amity with life.
So Heav'n has form'd us to the gen'ral taſte 200
Of all its gifts, ſo cuſtom has improv'd
This bent of Nature, that few ſimple foods
Of all that earth, or air, or ocean, yield
But by exceſs offend. Beyond the ſenſe
Of light refection at the genial board 205
Indulge not often, nor protract the feaſt
To dull ſatiety, till ſoft and ſlow
A drowzy death creeps on, th' expanſive ſoul
Oppreſs'd and ſmother'd the celeſtial fire.
The ſtomach urg'd beyond its active tone 210
Hardly to nutrimental chyle ſubdues
The ſofteſt food; unfiniſh'd and deprav'd,
The chyle in all its future wand'rings owns.
Its turbid fountain, not by purer ſtreams
So to be clear'd but foulneſs will remain. 215
To ſparkling wine what ferment can exalt
Th' unripen'd grape? or what mechanick ſkill
From the crude ore can ſpin the ductile gold?

Groſs riot treaſures up a wealthy fund
Of plagues, but more immedicable ills 220
Attend the lean extreme; for phyſick knows
How to diſburden the too tumid veins,
Ev'n how to ripen the half-labour'd blood;
But to unlock the elemental tubes
Collaps'd and ſhrunk with long inanity, 225
And with balſamick nutriment repair
The dry'd and worn-out habit, were to bid
Old age grow green and wear a ſecond ſpring,
Or the tall aſh long raviſh'd from the ſoil
Thro' wither'd veins imbibe the vernal dew. 230
When hunger calls obey, nor often wait
Till hunger ſharpen to corroſive pain;
For the keen appetite will feaſt beyond
What nature well can bear, and one extreme
Ne'er without danger meets its own reverſe. 235
Too greedily th' exhauſted veins abſorb
The recent chyle, and load enfeebled pow'rs
Oft' to th' extinction of the vital flame.
To the pale cities by the firm-ſet ſiege
And famine humbled may this verſe be borne; 240
And hear ye hardieſt Sons that Albion breeds,
Long toſs'd and famiſh'd on the wintry main!
The war ſhook off, or hoſpitable ſhore
Attain'd, with temp'rance bear the ſhock of joy,
Nor crown with feſtive rites th' auſpicious day; 245

Such feaſt might prove more fatal than the waves,
Than war or famine. While the vital fire
Burns feebly heap not the green fuel on,
But prudently foment the wand'ring ſpark
With what the ſooneſt feeds its kindred touch: 250
Be frugal ev'n of that; a little give
At firſt, that kindled add a little more,
Till by delib'rate nouriſhing the flame
Reviv'd with all its wonted vigour glows.
But tho' the two (the full and the jejune) 255
Extremes have each their vice, it much avails
Ever with gentle tide to ebb and flow
From this to that; ſo nature learns to bear
Whatever chance or headlong appetite
May bring. Beſides, a meagre day ſubdues 260
The cruder clods by ſloth or luxury
Collected, and unloads the wheels of life.
Sometimes a coy averſion to the feaſt
Comes on while yet no blacker omen lowers;
Then is a time to ſhun the tempting board 265
Were it your natal or your nuptial day:
Perhaps a faſt ſo ſeaſonable ſtarves
The latent ſeeds of wo, which rooted once
Might coſt you labour: but the day return'd
Of feſtal luxury the wiſe indulge 270
Moſt in the tender vegetable breed;
Then chiefly when the ſummer beams inflame
The brazen heav'ns, or angry Sirius ſheds

A fev'rish taint thro' the still gulf of air;
The moist cool viands then, and flowing cup 275
From the fresh dairy-virgin's lib'ral hand,
Will save your head from harm tho' round the world
The dreaded causos * roll his wasteful fires.
Pale humid Winter loves the gen'rous board,
The meal more copious, and a warmer fare, 280
And longs with old wood and old wine to cheer
His quaking heart. The seasons which divide
The empires of heat and cold, by neither claim'd,
Influenc'd by both, a middle regimen
Impose. Thro' autumn's languishing domain 285
Descending Nature by degrees invites
To glowing luxury; but from the depth
Of winter when th' invigorated year
Emerges, when Favonius, flush'd with love,
Joyful and young, in ev'ry breeze descends 290
More warm and wanton on his kindling bride,
Then Shepherds! then begin to spare your flocks,
And learn with wise humanity to check
The lust of blood. Now pregnant earth commits
A various offspring to th' indulgent sky, 295
Now bounteous Nature feeds with lavish hand
The prone creation, yields what once suffic'd
Their dainty sov'reign when the world was young,
Ere yet the barb'rous thirst of blood had seiz'd
The human breast.—Each rolling month matures
The food that suits it most; so does each clime. 301

* The burning fever.

Far in the horrid realms of Winter, where
Th' eſtabliſh'd ocean heaps a monſtrous waſte
Of ſhining rocks and mountains to the pole,
There lives a hardy race, whoſe plaineſt wants 305
Relentleſs earth, their cruel ſtepmother,
Regards not. On the waſte of iron fields
Untam'd, intractable, no harveſts wave;
Pomona hates them, and the clowniſh god
Who tends the garden. In this frozen world 310
Such cooling gifts were vain; a fitter meal
Is earn'd with eaſe, for here the fruitful ſpawn
Of Ocean ſwarms, and heaps their genial board
With gen'rous fare and luxury profuſe. 314
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 320
The lion burſts and ev'ry fiend that roams
Th' affrighted wilderneſs. The mountain herd
Aduſt and dry no ſweet repaſt affords,
Nor does the tepid main ſuch kinds produce,
So perfect, ſo delicious, as the ſhoals 325
Of icy Zembla. Raſhly where the blood
Brews fev'riſh frays, where ſcarce the tubes ſuſtain
Its tumid fervour and tempeſtuous courſe,

Kind Nature tempts not to ſuch gifts as theſe:
But here in livid ripeneſs melts the grape, 330
Here finiſh'd by invigorating ſuns
Thro' the green ſhade the golden orange glows,
Spontaneous here the turgid melon yields
A gen'rous pulp, the coco ſwells on high
With milky riches, and in horrid mail 335
The criſp ananas wraps its poignant ſweets,
Earth's vaunted progeny! in ruder air
Too coy to flouriſh, ev'n too proud to live,
Or hardly rais'd by artificial fire
To vapid life: here with a mother's ſmile 340
Glad Amalthea pours her copious horn;
Here buxom Ceres reigns; th' autumnal ſea
In boundleſs billows fluctuates o'er their plains:
What ſuits the climate beſt, what ſuits the men,
Nature profuſes moſt, and moſt the taſte 345
Demands. The fountain edg'd with racy wine
Or acid fruit bedews their thirſty ſouls;
The breeze eternal breathing round their limbs
Supports in elſe intolerable air,
While the cool palm, the plantain, and the grove
That waves on gloomy Lebanon, aſſuage 351
The torrid hell that beams upon their heads.
Now come ye Naiads! to the fountains lead;
Now let me wander thro' your gelid reign;
I burn to view th' enthuſiaſtick wilds 555
By mortal elſe untrod. I hear the din

Of waters thund'ring o'er the ruin'd cliffs;
With holy rev'rence I approach the rocks
Whence glide the ſtreams renown'd in ancient ſong.
Here from the deſert down the rumbling ſteep 360
Firſt ſprings the Nile, here burſts the ſounding Po
In angry waves, Euphrates hence devolves
A mighty flood to water half the eaſt,
And there in Gothick ſolitude reclin'd
The cheerleſs Tanais pours his hoary urn. 365
What ſolemn twilight! what ſtupendous ſhades
Inwrap theſe infant floods! thro' ev'ry nerve
A ſacred horrour thrills, a pleaſing fear
Glides o'er my frame. The foreſt deepens round,
And more gigantick ſtill th' impending trees 370
Stretch their extravagant arms athwart the gloom!
Are theſe the confines of ſome Fairy world,
A land of Genii? Say beyond theſe wilds
What unknown nations? if indeed beyond
Aught habitable lies; and whither leads, 375
To what ſtrange regions or o 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 Pow'rs of Health, 380
Command) to praiſe your cryſtal element,
The chief ingredient in Heav'n's various works,
Whoſe flexile genius ſparkles in the gem,
Grows firm in oak, and fugitive in wine,

The vehicle, the ſource, of nutriment 385
And life to all that vegetate or live.
O comfortable Streams! with eager lips
And trembling hand the languid thirſty quaff
New life in you; freſh vigour fills their veins.
No warmer cups the rural ages knew, 390
None warmer ſought the fires of humankind:
Happy in temp'rate peace their equal days
Felt not th' alternate fits of fev'riſh mirth
And ſick dejection: ſtill ſerene and pleas'd
They knew no pains but what the tender ſoul 395
With pleaſure yields to and would ne'er forget:
Bleſt with divine immunity from ails
Long centuries they liv'd; their only fate
Was ripe old age, and rather ſleep than death.
Oh! could thoſe worthies from the world of gods
Return to viſit their degen'rate ſons, 401
How would they ſcorn the joys of modern time,
With all our art and toil improv'd to pain!
Too happy they! but wealth brought luxury,
And luxury on ſloth begot diſeaſe. 405
Learn temp'rance Friends! and hear without diſdain
The choice of water. Thus the Coan ſage *
Opin'd, and thus the learn'd of ev'ry ſchool:
What leaſt of foreign principles partakes
Is beſt; the lighteſt then what bears the touch 410
Of fire the leaſt, and ſooneſt mounts in air;

* Hippocrates.

The moſt inſipid the moſt void of ſmell.
Such the rude mountain from his horrid ſides
Pours down, ſuch waters in the ſandy vale
For ever boil, alike of winter froſts 415
And ſummer's heat ſecure. The cryſtal ſtream
Thro' rocks reſounding, or for many a mile
O'er the chaf'd pebbles hurled, yields wholeſome, pure,
And mellow draughts, except when winter thaws,
And half the mountains melt into the tide. 420
Tho' thirſt were e'er ſo reſolute avoid
The ſordid lake, and all ſuch drowſy floods
As fill from Lethe Belgia's ſlow canals,
(With reſt corrupt, with vegetation green,
Squalid with generation and the birth 425
Of little monſters) till the pow'r of fire
Has from profane embraces diſengag'd
The violated lymph. The virgin ſtream
In boiling waſtes its finer ſoul in air.
Nothing like ſimple element dilutes 430
The food, or gives the chyle ſo ſoon to flow:
But where the ſtomach, indolent and cold,
Toys with its duty, animate with wine
Th' inſipid ſtream, tho' golden Ceres yields
A more voluptuous a more ſprightly draught, 435
Perhaps more active: wine unmix'd, and all
The gluy floods that from the vex'd abyſs
Of fermentation ſpring, with ſpirit fraught,
And furious with intoxicating fire,

Retard concoction, and preſerve unthaw'd 440
Th' embody'd maſs. You ſee what countleſs years,
Embalm'd in fiery quinteſſence of wine,
The puny wonders of the reptile world,
The tender rudiments of life, the ſlim
Unravellings of minute anatomy, 445
Maintain their texture and unchang'd remain.
We curſe not wine; the vile exceſs we blame,
More fruitful than th' accumulated board
Of pain and miſery; for the ſubtile draught
Faſter and ſurer ſwells the vital tide, 450
And with more active poiſon than the floods
Of groſſer crudity convey pervades
The far remote meanders of our frame.
Ah! fly Deceiver! branded o'er and o'er,
Yet ſtill believ'd! exulting o'er the wreck 455
Of ſober vows!—But the Parnaſſian Maids
Another time perhaps ſhall ſing the joys,
The fatal charms, the many woes, of wine,
Perhaps its various tribes and various pow'rs *.
Mean-time I would not always dread the bowl,
Nor ev'ry treſpaſs ſhun. The fev'riſh ſtriſe 461
Rous'd by the rare debauch ſubdues, expels,
The loit'ring crudities that burden life,
And like a torrent full and rapid clears
Th' obſtructed tubes. Beſides, this reſtleſs world
Is full of chances, which by habit's pow'r 466

* See Book IV.

To learn to bear is eafier than to fhun.
Ah! when ambition, meagre love of gold,
Or facred country, calls with mellowing wine
To moiften well the thirfty fuffrages, 470
Say how, unfeafon'd to the midnight frays
Of Comus and his rout, wilt thou contend
With Centaurs long to hardy deeds inur'd?
Then learn to revel, but by flow degrees;
By flow degrees the lib'ral arts are won 475
And Hercules grew ftrong. But when you fmooth
The brows of Care indulge your feftive vein
In cups by wellinform'd experience found
The leaft your bane, and only with your friends:
There are fweet follies, frailties, to be feen 480
By friends alone and men of gen'rous minds.
Oh feldom may the fated hours return
Of drinking deep! I would not daily tafte,
Except when life declines, ev'n fober cups.
Weak with'ring Age no rigid law forbids 485
With frugal nectar fmooth and flow, with balm,
The faplefs habit daily to bedew,
And give the hefitating wheels of life
Gliblier to play: but youth has better joys;
And is it wife when youth with pleafure flows 490
To fquander the reliefs of age and pain?
What dext'rous thoufands juft within the goal
Of wild debauch direct their nightly courfe!
Perhaps no fickly qualms bedim their days,

No morning admonitions ſhock the head; 495
But ah what woes remain! life rolls apace,
And that incurable diſeaſe old age,
In youthful bodies more ſeverely felt,
More ſternly active, ſhakes their blaſted prime,
Except kind Nature by ſome haſty blow 500
Prevent the ling'ring Fates: for know whate'er
Beyond its natural fervour hurries on
The ſanguine tide, whether the frequent bowl,
High-ſeaſon'd fare, or exerciſe to toil
Protracted, ſpurs to its laſt ſtage tir'd life, 505
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 510
Condens'd to ſolid chords) a firmer tone,
Suſtain, and juſt ſuſtain, th' impetuous blood:
Here ſtops the growth. With overbearing pulſe
And preſſure ſtill the great deſtroy the ſmall,

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

Still with the ruins of the ſmall grow ſtrong: 515
Life glows mean-time amid the grinding force
Of viſcuous fluids and elaſtick tubes;
Its various functions vig'rouſly are ply'd
By ſtrong machin'ry, and in ſolid Health
The man confirm'd long triumphs o'er diſeaſe. 520
But the full ocean ebbs: there is a point
By Nature fix'd whence life muſt downward tend;
For ſtill the beating tide conſolidates
The ſtubborn veſſels, more reluctant ſtill
To the weak throbs of th' illſupported heart: 525
This languiſhing, theſe ſtrength'ning, by degrees
To hard unyielding unelaſtick bone,
Thro' tedious channels the congealing flood
Crawls lazily, and hardly wanders on;
It loiters ſtill, and now it ſtirs no more. 530
This is the period few attain, the death
Of Nature. Thus (ſo Heav'n ordain'd it) life
Deſtroys itſelf; and could theſe laws have chang'd
Neſtor might now the fates of Troy relate,
And Homer live immortal as his ſong. 535
What does not fade? The tow'r 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 540
Deſcend. The Babylonian ſpires are ſunk;
Achaia, Rome, and Egypt, moulder down.

Time ſhakes the ſtable tyranny of thrones,
And tott'ring empires ruſh by their own weight.
This huge rotundity we tread grows old, 545
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 thro' the lifeleſs gloom
Extend his arm to light another world, 550
And bid new planets roll by other laws:
For thro' the regions of unbounded ſpace,
Where unconfin'd Omnipotence has room,
Being in various ſyſtems fluctuates ſtill
Between creation and abhorr'd decay; 555
It ever did, perhaps and ever will:
New worlds are ſtill emerging from the deep,
The old deſcending in their turns to riſe. 558

THE

ART OF PRESERVING HEALTH.

BOOK III. EXERCISE.

THRO' various toils th' advent'rous 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 practis'd in th'Aonian arts: 5
Yet not in vain ſuch Labours have we try'd
If aught theſe Lays the fickle Health confirm.
To you ye Delicate! I write, for you
I tame my youth to philoſophick cares.
And grow ſtill paler by the midnight lamps. 10
Not to debilitate with tim'rous 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 beſtow'd 15
Who would with warm effeminacy nurſe
The thriving oak which on the mountain's brow
Bears all the blaſts that ſweep the wintry heav'n.
Behold the lab'rer of the glebe, who toils
In duſt, in rain, in cold and ſultry ſkies: 20
Save but the grain from mildews and the flood
Nought anxious he what ſickly ſtars aſcend.

He knows no laws by Æſculapius giv'n,
He ſtudies none; yet him nor midnight fogs
Infeſt nor thoſe envenom'd ſhafts that fly 25
When rapid Sirius fires th' autumnal noon.
His habit pure with plain and temp'rate meals,
Robuſt with labour, and by cuſtom ſteel'd
To ev'ry caſualty of vary'd life,
Serene he bears the peeviſh eaſtern blaſt, 30
And uninfected breathes the mortal ſouth.
Such the reward of rude and ſober life,
Of labour ſuch. By Health the peaſant's toil
Is well repaid, if exerciſe were pain
Indeed and temp'rance pain. By arts like theſe 35
Laconia nurs'd of old her hardy ſons,
And Rome's unconquer'd legions urg'd their way
Unhurt thro' ev'ry toil in ev'ry clime.
Toil and be ſtrong. By toil the flaccid nerves
Grow firm, and gain a more compacted tone; 40
The greener juices are by toil ſubdu'd,
Mellow'd, and ſubtiliz'd, the vapid old
Expell'd, and all the rancour of the blood.
Come my Companions! ye who feel the charms
Of Nature and the year; come, let us ſtray 45
Where chance or fancy leads our roving walk;
Come while the ſoft voluptuous breezes fan
The fleecy heav'ns, inwrap the limbs in balm,
And ſhed a charming languor o'er the ſoul;
Nor when bright Winter ſows with prickly froſt 50

The vig'rous ether in unmanly warmth
Indulge at home, nor ev'n when Eurus' blaſts
This way and that convolve the lab'ring woods.
My lib'ral walks, ſave when the ſkies in rain
Or fogs relent, no ſeaſon ſhould confine 55
Or to the cloiſter'd gall'ry or arcade.
Go climb the mountain; from th' ethereal ſource
Imbibe the recent gale. The cheerful morn
Beams o'er the hills; go mount th' exulting ſteed:
Already ſee the deep-mouth'd beagles catch 60
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 deſp'rate deer,
And thro' its deepeſt ſolitudes awake 65
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 prolifick ſtream
Affords. The cryſtal rivulet that o'er 70
A ſtony channel rolls its rapid maze
Swarms with the ſilver fry: ſuch thro' the bounds
Of paſt'ral 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, 76
Liddal, till now, except in Dorick lays,
Tun'd to her murmurs by her loveſick ſwains,

Unknown in ſong, tho' not a purer ſtream 79
Thro' meads more flow'ry or more romantick groves
Rolls toward the weſtern main. Hail ſacred Flood!
May ſtill thy hoſpitable ſwains be bleſt
In rural innocence, thy mountains ſtill
Teem with the fleecy race, thy tuneful woods
For ever flouriſh, and thy vales look gay 85
With painted meadows and the golden grain!
Oft' with thy blooming ſons, when life was new,
Sportive and petulant, and charm'd with toys,
In thy tranſparent eddies have I lav'd,
Oft' trac'd with patient ſteps thy Fairy banks, 90
With the wellimitated 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 obſcur'd the ruffled pool, 95
And from the deeps call'd forth the wanton ſwarms.
Form'd on the Samian ſchool or thoſe of Ind
There are who think theſe paſtimes ſcarce humane:
Yet in my mind (and not relentleſs I)
His life is pure that wears no fouler ſtains. 100
But if thro' genuine tenderneſs of heart,
Or ſecret want of reliſh for the game,
You ſhun the glories of the chaſe, nor care
To haunt the peopled ſtream, the garden yields
A ſoft amuſement, an humane delight. 105
To raiſe th' inſipid nature of the ground,

Or tame its ſavage genius to the grace
Of careleſs ſweet ruſticity that ſeems
The amiable reſult of happy chance,
Is to create, and gives a godlike joy 110
Which ev'ry 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 115
Attain'd, and equal to his mod'rate mind,
His life approv'd by all the wiſe and good,
Ev'n envy'd by the vain) the peaceful groves
Of Epicurus from this ſtormy world
Receive to reſt, of all ungrateful cares 120
Abſolv'd, and facred from the ſelfiſh crowd!
Happieſt of men! if the ſame ſoil invites
A choſen few, companions of his youth,
Once fellow-rakes perhaps, now rural friends,
With whom in eaſy commerce to purſue 125
Nature's free charms, and vie for ſylvan fame;
A fair ambition, void of ſtrife or guile,
Or jealouſy or pain to be outdone;
Who plans th' enchanted garden, who directs
The viſto beſt, and beſt conducts the ſtream, 130
Whoſe groves the faſteſt thicken and aſcend,
Whom firſt the welcome ſpring ſalutes, who ſhews
The earlieſt bloom, the ſweeteſt proudeſt charms
Of Flora, who beſt gives Pomona's juice

To match the ſprightly genius of Champaign. 135
Thrice happy days in rural bus'neſs paſt!
Bleſt winter nights! when as the genial fire
Cheers the wide hall his cordial family
With ſoft domeſtick arts the hours beguile,
And pleaſing talk that ſtarts no tim'rous fame, 140
With witleſs wantonneſs to hunt it down,
Or thro' the Fairyland of tale or ſong
Delighted wander, in fictitious fates
Engag'd, and all that ſtrikes humanity,
Till loſt in fable they the ſtealing hour 145
Of timely reſt forget. Sometimes at eve
His neighbours lift the latch, and bleſs unbid
His feſtal roof, while o'er the light repaſt
And ſprightly cups they mix in ſocial joy,
And thro' the maze of converſation trace 150
Whate'er amuſes or improves the mind.
Sometimes at eve (for I delight to taſte
The native zeſt and flavour of the fruit
Where ſenſe grows wild and takes of no manure)
The decent, honeſt, cheerful, huſbandman 155
Should drown his labours in my friendly bowl,
And at my table find himſelf at home.
Whate'er you ſtudy, in whate'er you ſweat,
Indulge your taſte. Some love the manly foils,
The tennis ſome, and ſome the graceful dance; 160
Others more hardy range the purple heath
Or naked ſtubble, where from field to field

The founding covies urge their lab'ring flight,
Eager amid the rifing cloud to pour
The gun's unerring thunder; and there are 165
Whom ftill the meed * of the green archer charms.
He chufes beft whofe labour entertains
His vacant fancy moft: the toil you hate
Fatigues you foon, and fcarce improves your limbs.
As beauty ftill has blemifh, and the mind 170
The moft accomplifh'd its imperfect fide,
Few bodies are there of that happy mould
But fome one part is weaker than the reft;
The legs perhaps or arms refufe their load,
Or the cheft labours: thefe affiduoufly 175
But gently in their proper arts employ'd
Acquire a vigour and fpringy activity
To which they were not born: but weaker parts
Abhor fatigue and violent difcipline.
Begin with gentle toils, and as your nerves 180
Grow firm to hardier by juft fteps afpire.
The prudent ev'n in ev'ry mod'rate walk
At firft but faunter, and by flow degrees
Increafe their pace. This doctrine of the wife
Well knows the mafter of the flying fteed. 185
Firft from the goal the manag'd courfers play
On bended reins; as yet the fkilful youth
Repref their foamy pride; but ev'ry breath

* This word is much ufed by fome of the old Englifh poets, and fignifies reward or prize.

The race grows warmer, and the tempeſt ſwells
Till all the fiery mettle has its way 190
And the thick thunder hurries o'er the plain.
When all at once from indolence to toil
You ſpring, the fibres by the haſty ſhock
Are tir'd and crack'd before their unctuous coats
Compreſs'd can pour the lubricating balm. 195
Beſides, collected in the paſſive veins
The purple maſs a ſudden torrent rolls,
O'erpow'rs the heart and deluges the lungs
With dang'rous inundation; oft' the ſource
Of fatal woes, a cough that foams with blood, 200
Aſthma and ſeller peripneumony *,
Or the ſlow minings of the hectick fire.
Th' athletick fool, to whom what Heav'n deny'd
Of ſoul is well compenſated in limbs,
Oft' from his rage or brainleſs frolick feels 205
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.
Purſu'd prolixly ev'n the gentleſt toil 210
Is waſte of Health: repoſe by ſmall fatigue
Is earn'd, and (where your habit is not prone
To thaw) by the firſt moiſture of the brows.
The fine and ſubtile ſpirits coſt too much
To be profus'd, too much the roſcid balm: 215

* The inflammation of the lungs.

But when the hard varieties of life
You toil to learn, or try the dusty chase,
Or the warm deeds of some important day,
Hot from the field indulge not yet your limbs
In wish'd repose, nor court the fanning gale 220
Nor taste the spring. O by the sacred tears
Of widows, orphans, mothers, sisters, sires,
Forbear! no other pestilence has driv'n
Such myriads o'er th' irremeable deep.
Why this so fatal the sagacious Muse 225
Thro' Nature's cunning labyrinths could trace;
But there are secrets which who knows not now
Must ere he reach them climb the heapy Alps
Of Science, and devote sev'n years to toil.
Besides, I would not stun your patient ears 230
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 235
Charybdis rages in th' Ionian wave,
Whence those impetuous currents in the main
Which neither oar nor sail can stem, and why
The rough'ning deep expects the storm as sure
As red Orion mounts the shrouded heav'n. 240

In ancient times, when Rome with Athens vy'd
For polish'd luxury and useful arts,
All hot and reeking from th' Olympick strife

And warm paleſtra, in the tepid bath
Th' athletick youth relax'd their weary limbs; 245
Soft oils bedew'd them, with the grateful pow'rs
Of nard and caſſia fraught, to ſooth and heal
The cheriſh'd nerves. Our leſs voluptuous clime
Not much invites us to ſuch arts as theſe.
'Tis not for thoſe whom gelid ſkies embrace 250
And chilling fogs, whoſe perſpiration feels
Such frequent bars from Eurus and the north,
'Tis not for thoſe to cultivate a ſkin
Too ſoft, or teach the recremental fume
Too faſt to crowd thro' ſuch precarious ways; 255
For thro' the ſmall arterial mouths that pierce
In endleſs millions the cloſe-woven ſkin
The baſer fluids in a conſtant ſtream
Eſcape, and viewleſs melt into the winds:
While this eternal this moſt copious waſte 260
Of blood, degenerate into vapid brine,
Maintains its wonted meaſure all the pow'rs
Of Health befriend you, all the wheels of life
With eaſe and pleaſure move; but this reſtrain'd
Or more or leſs, ſo more or leſs you feel 265
The functions labour: from this fatal ſource
What woes deſcend is never to be ſung;
To take their numbers were to count the ſands
That ride in whirlwind the parch'd Libyan air,
Or waves that when the bluſt'ring north embroils 270
The Baltick thunder on the German ſhore.

Subject not then by ſoft emollient arts
This grand expenſe on which your fates depend
To ev'ry caprice of the ſky, nor thwart
The genius of your clime; for from the blood 275
Leaſt fickle riſe the recremental ſteams,
And leaſt obnoxious to the ſtyptick air,
Which breathe thro' ſtraiter and more callous pores:
The temper'd Scythian hence half-naked treads
His boundleſs ſnows nor rues th' inclement heav'n,
And hence our painted anceſtors defy'd 281
The eaſt, nor curs'd like us their fickle ſky.
The body moulded by the clime endures
Th' equator heats or Hyperborean froſt,
Except by habits foreign to its turn 285
Unwiſe you counteract its forming pow'r.
Rude at the firſt the winter ſhocks you leſs
By long acquaintance: ſtudy then your ſky,
Form to its manners your obſequious frame,
And learn to ſuffer what you cannot ſhun. 290
Againſt the rigours of a damp cold heav'n
To fortify their bodies ſome frequent
The gelid ciſtern, and where nought forbids
I praiſe their dauntleſs heart: a frame ſo ſteel'd
Dreads not the cough, nor thoſe ungenial blaſts 295
That breathe the tertian or fell rheumatiſm;
The nerves ſo temper'd never quit their tone;
No chronick languors haunt ſuch hardy breaſts:
But all things have their bounds; and he who makes

By daily uſe the kindeſt regimen 300
Eſſential to his health ſhould never mix
With humankind 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. 305
Beſides, the pow'rful remedies of pain
(Since pain in ſpite of all our care will come)
Should never with your proſp'rous days of Health
Grow too familiar; for by frequent uſe
The ſtrongeſt med'cines loſe their healing pow'r, 310
And ev'n the ſureſt poiſons theirs to kill.

Let thoſe who from the frozen Arctos reach
Parch'd Mauritania or the ſultry weſt,
Or the wide flood that laves rich Indoſtan,
Plunge thrice a day, and in the tepid wave 315
Untwiſt their ſtubborn pores, that full and free
Th' evaporation thro' the ſoften'd ſkin
May bear proportion to the ſwelling blood;
So may they 'ſcape the fever's rapid flames,
So feel untainted the hot breath of hell. 320
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, ev'n did it not conduce 325
(As much it does) to Health, were greatly worth
Your daily pains: it 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 330
Are loathſome: this the venal Graces know,
So doubtleſs do your wives; for marry'd 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. 335
But now the hours and ſeaſons when to toil
From foreign themes recall my wand'ring ſong.
Some labour faſting, or but ſlightly fed,
To lull the grinding ſtomach's hungry rage.
Where nature feeds too corpulent a frame 340
'Tis wiſely done; for while the thirſty veins,
Impatient of lean penury, devour
The treaſur'd oil, then is the happieſt time
To ſhake the lazy balſam from its cells.
Now while the ſtomach from the full repaſt 345
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 labours pleaſe 350
Of limbs or mind; for now the cordial pow'rs
Claim all the wand'ring ſpirits to a work
Of ſtrong and ſubtle toil and great event,
A work of time; and you may rue the day
You hurry'd with untimely exerciſe 355

A half-concocted chyle into the blood.
The body overcharg'd with unctuous phlegm
Much toil demands, the lean elastick less.
While winter chills the blood and binds the veins
No labours are too hard: by those you 'scape 360
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! 365
But from the burning Lion when the sun
Pours down his sultry wrath, now while the blood
Too much already maddens in the veins,
And all the finer fluids thro' the skin
Explore their flight, me near the cool cascade 370
Reclin'd, or saunt'ring 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 375
Invite; but while the chilling dews descend
May nothing tempt you to the cold embrace
Of humid skies, tho' it is no vulgar joy
To trace the horrours of the solemn wood
While the soft ev'ning saddens into night, 380
Tho' the sweet poet of the vernal groves
Melts all the night in strains of am'rous wo.
The shades descend, and Midnight o'er the world

Expands her ſable wings; great Nature droops
Thro' all her works; now happy he whoſe toil 385
Has o'er his languid pow'rleſs limbs diffus'd
A pleaſing laſſitude; he not in vain
Invokes the gentle deity of Dreams:
His pow'rs the moſt voluptuouſly diſſolve
In ſoft repoſe; on him the balmy dews 390
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? 395
Oppreſs not nature ſinking down to reſt
With feaſts too late, too ſolid, or too full,
But be the firſt concoction half-matur'd
Ere you to mighty indolence reſign
Your paſſive faculties. He from the toils 400
And troubles of the day to heavier toil
Retires whom trembling from the tow'r 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. 405
Not all a monarch's luxury the woes
Can counterpoiſe of that moſt wretched man
Whoſe nights are ſhaken with the frantick fits
Of wild Oreſtes, whoſe delirious brain, 409
Stung by the Furies, works with poiſon'd thought,
While pale and monſtrous painting ſhocks the ſoul,

And mangled Conſcioufneſs bemoans itſelf
For ever torn, and chaos floating round.
What dreams preſage, what danger theſe or thoſe
Portend to ſanity, tho' prudent ſeers 415
Reveal'd of old and men of deathleſs fame,
We would not to the ſuperſtitious mind
Suggeſt new throbs, new vanities of fear:
'Tis ours to teach you from the peaceful night
To baniſh omens and all reſtleſs woes. 420
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 425
What ſeaſon you to drowſy Morpheus give
Of th' ever-varying circle of the day,
Or whether thro' the tedious winter gloom
You tempt the midnight or the morning damps.
The body freſh and vig'rous from repoſe 430
Defies the early fogs, but by the toils
Of wakeful day exhauſted and unſtrung
Weakly reſiſts the night's unwholeſome breath.
The grand diſcharge, th' effuſion of the ſkin,
Slowly impair'd, the languid maladies 435
Creep on, and thro' the ſick'ning functions ſteal;
As when the chilling eaſt invades the ſpring
The delicate Narciſſus pines away
In hectick languor, and a ſlow diſeaſe

Taints all the family of flow'rs, condemn'd 440
To cruel heav'ns. But why, already prone
To fade, ſhould Beauty cheriſh its own bane?
O ſhame! O pity! nipt with pale quadrille
And midnight cares the bloom of Albion dies.
By toil ſubdu'd the warriour and the hind 445
Sleep faſt and deep; their active functions ſoon
With gen'rous ſtreams the ſubtile tubes ſupply,
And ſoon the tonick irritable nerves
Feel the freſh impulſe and awake the ſoul.
The ſons of Indolence with long repoſe 450
Grow torpid, and with ſloweſt Lethe drunk
Feebly and ling'ringly return to life,
Blunt ev'ry ſenſe and pow'rleſs ev'ry limb.
Ye prone to ſleep! (whom ſleeping moſt annoys)
On the hard mattreſs or elaſtick couch 455
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 bury'd Bacchanal
Exhales his ſurfeit in prolixer dreams. 460
He without riot in the balmy feaſt
Of life the wants of nature has ſupply'd
Who riſes cool, ſerene, and full of ſoul.
But pliant Nature more or leſs demands
As cuſtom forms her, and all ſudden change 465
She hates of habit ev'n from bad to good.
If faults in life or new emergencies

From habits urge you by long time confirm'd,
Slow may the change arrive, and ſtage by ſtage,
Slow as the ſhadow o'er the dial moves, 470
Slow as the ſtealing progreſs of the year.
Obſerve the circling year, how unperceiv'd
Her ſeaſons change! behold by ſlow degrees
Stern winter tam'd into a ruder ſpring,
The ripen'd ſpring a milder ſummer glows, 475
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 th' important year, 480
Are in their firſt approaches ſeldom ſafe:
Funereal Autumn all the ſickly dread,
And the black Fates deform the lovely ſpring.
He well advis'd who taught our wiſer ſires
Early to borrow Muſcovy's warm ſpoils 485
Ere the firſt froſt has touch'd the tender blade,
And late reſign them, tho' the wanton Spring
Should deck her charms with all her ſiſter's rays;
For while th' effluence of the ſkin maintains
Its native meaſure the pleuritick Spring 490
Glides harmleſs by, and Autumn, ſick to death
With ſallow quartans, no contagion breathes.
I in prophetick numbers could unfold
The omens of the year, what ſeaſons teem
With what diſeaſes, what the humid ſouth 495

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,
Skill'd to correct the vices of the ſky, 500
And taught already how to each extreme
To bend your life. But ſhould the publick bane
Infect you, or ſome treſpaſs of your own,
Or flaw of nature hint mortality,
Soon as a not unpleaſing horrour glides 505
Along the ſpine thro' all your torpid limbs,
When firſt the head throbs, or the ſtomach feels
A ſickly load, a weary pain the loins,
Be Celſus call'd: the Fates come ruſhing on;
The rapid Fates admit of no delay. 510
While wilful you, and fatally ſecure,
Expect to-morrow's more auſpicious ſun,
The growing peſt, whoſe infancy was weak
And eaſy vanquiſh'd, with triumphant ſway
O'erpow'rs your life. For want of timely care 515
Millions have dy'd of medicable wounds.
Ah! in what perils is vain life engag'd!
What ſlight neglects, what trivial faults, deſtroy
The hardieſt frame! Of indolence, of toil,
We die; of want, of ſuperfluity. 520
The allſurrounding heav'n, the vital air,
Is big with death: and tho' the putrid ſouth
Be ſhut, tho' no convulſive agony

Shake from the deep foundations of the world
Th' impriſon'd plagues, a ſecret venom oft' 525
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 ſlaughter'd ſons and lonely ſtreets!
Ev'n Albion, girt with leſs malignant ſkies, 530
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 535
Her legions in inceſtuous murders mix'd
And daily horrours, till the Fates were drunk
With kindred-blood by kindred-hands profus'd,
Another plague of more gigantick arm
Aroſe, a monſter never known before, 540
Rear'd from Cocytus its portentous head:
This rapid Fury not like other peſts
Purſu'd a gradual courſe, but in a day
Ruſh'd as a ſtorm o'er half th' aſtoniſh'd iſle,
And ſtrew'd with ſudden carcaſſes the land. 545
First thro' the ſhoulders, or whatever part
Was ſeiz'd the firſt, a fervid vapour ſprung;
With raſh combuſtion thence the quiv'ring ſpark
Shot to the heart, and kindled all within,
And ſoon the ſurface caught the ſpreading fires: 550
Thro' all the yielding pores the melted blood

Gush'd out in smoky sweats; but nought assuag'd
The torrid heat within, nor aught reliev'd
The stomach's anguish. With incessant toil,
Desp'rate of ease, impatient of their pain, 555
They toss'd from side to side. In vain the stream
Ran full and clear; they burnt and thirsted still.
The restless arteries with rapid blood
Beat strong and frequent: thick and pantingly
The breath was fetch'd, and with huge lab'ring sheav'd.
At last a heavy pain oppress't the head; 561
A wild delirium came: their weeping friends
Were strangers now, and this no home of theirs.
Harass'd with toil on toil the sinking pow'rs
Lay prostrate and o'erthrown: a pond'rous sleep 565
Wrapt all the senses up. They slept and dy'd.
In some a gentle horrour crept at first
O'er all the limbs: the sluices of the skin
Withheld their moisture, till by art provok'd
The sweats o'erflow'd, but in a clammy tide, 570
Now free and copious, now restrain'd and slow,
Of tinctures various, as the temp'rature
Had mix'd the blood, and rank with fetid steams,
As if the pent-up humours by delay
Were grown more fell, more putrid, and malign. 575
Here lay their hopes, (tho' little hope remain'd)
With full effusion of perpetual sweats
To drive the venom out: and here the Fates
Were kind, that long they linger'd not in pain;

For who ſurviv'd the ſun's diurnal race 580
Roſe from the dreary gates of hell redeem'd,
Some the ſixth hour oppreſs'd, and ſome the third.
Of many thouſands few untainted 'ſcap'd,
Of thoſe infected fewer 'ſcap'd alive;
Of thoſe who liv'd ſome felt a ſecond blow, 585
And whom the ſecond ſpar'd a third deſtroy'd.
Frantick with fear they ſought by flight to ſhun
The fierce contagion. O'er the mournful land
Th' infected City pour'd her hurrying ſwarms:
Rous'd by the flames that fir'd her ſeats around 590
Th' infected Country ruſh'd into the Town.
Some ſad at home, and in the deſert ſome,
Abjur'd the fatal commerce of mankind.
In vain; where'er they fled the Fates purſu'd.
Others with hopes more ſpecious croſs'd the main,
To ſeek protection in far diſtant ſkies; 596
But none they found. It ſeem'd the gen'ral 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 600
In foreign climes; nor did this Fury taſte
The foreign blood which England then contain'd.
Where ſhould they fly? the circumambient heav'n
Involv'd them ſtill, and ev'ry breeze was bane:
Where find relief? the ſalutary art 605
Was mute, and ſtartled at the new diſeaſe
In fearful whiſpers hopeleſs omens gave.

To Heav'n with ſuppliant rites they ſent their pray'rs;
Heav'n heard them not. Of ev'ry hope depriv'd,
Fatigu'd with vain reſources, and ſubdu'd 610
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 horrour ran from face to face 615
And pale deſpair. 'Twas all the bus'neſs then
To tend the ſick and in their turns to die.
In heaps they fell; and oft' one bed they ſay
The ſick'ning, dying, and the dead, contain'd.
Ye guardian Gods! on whom the fates depend 620
Of tott'ring Albion, ye eternal Fires
That lead thro' heav'n the wand'ring year! ye Pow'rs
That o'er th' encircling elements preſide!
May nothing worſe than what this age has ſeen
Arrive! Enough abroad, enough at home, 625
Has Albion bled. Here a diſtemper'd heav'n
Has thinn'd her cities from thoſe lofty cliffs
That awe proud Gaul to Thule's wintry reign,
While in the Weſt beyond th' Atlantick foam
Her braveſt ſons, keen for the fight, have dy'd 630
The death of cowards and of common men,
Sunk void of wounds, and fall'n without renown.
But from theſe views the weeping Muſes turn,
And other themes invite my wand'ring ſong. 634

THE

ART OF PRESERVING HEALTH.

BOOK IV. THE PASSIONS.

THE choice of Aliment, the choice of Air,
The uſe of Toil and all external things,
Already ſung, it now remains to trace
What good what evil from ourſelves proceeds,
And how the ſubtile principle within 5
Inſpires with Health, or mines with ſtrange decay
The paſſive body. Ye poetick Shades,
Who know the ſecrets of the world unſeen,
Aſſiſt my ſong! for in a doubtful theme
Engag'd I wander thro' myſterious ways. 10
There is they ſay (and I believe there is)
A ſpark within us of th' immortal fire
That animates and moulds the groſſer frame,
And when the body ſinks eſcapes to heav'n,
Its native ſeat, and mixes with the gods: 15
Mean-while this heav'nly particle pervades
The mortal elements, in ev'ry 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 pow'r 20
Wields at its will the dull material world,
And is the body's Health or malady.

By its own toil the groſs corporeal frame,
Fatigues, extenuates, or deſtroys, itſelf.
Nor leſs the labours of the mind corrode 25
The ſolid fabrick; for by ſubtile parts
And viewleſs atoms ſecret Nature moves
The mighty wheels of this ſtupendous world:
By ſubtile fluids pour'd thro' ſubtile tubes
The natural vital functions are perform'd: 30
By theſe the ſtubborn aliments are tam'd,
The toiling heart diſtributes life and ſtrength;
Theſe the ſtill-crumbling frame rebuild, and theſe
Are loſt in thinking, and diſſolve in air.
But 't is not thought, (for ſtill the ſoul 's employ'd)
'Tis painful thinking, that corrodes our clay. 36
All day the vacant eye without fatigue
Strays o'er the heav'n and earth, but long intent
On microſcopick arts its vigour fails.
Juſt ſo the mind, with various thought amus'd, 40
Nor akes 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 ſubtile miniſters of life, 45
And ſpoil the lab'ring functions of their ſhare:
Hence the lean gloom that Melancholy wears,
The lover's paleneſs, and the ſallow hue
Of Envy, Jealouſy, the meagre ſtare

Of ſore Revenge: the canker'd body hence 50
Betrays each fretful motion of the mind.
The ſtrong-built pedant, who both night and day
Feeds on the coarſeſt fare the ſchools beſtow,
And crudely fattens at groſs Burman's ſtall,
O'erwhelm'd with phlegm lies in a dropſy drown'd,
Or ſinks in lethargy before his time. 56
With uſeful ſtudies you and arts that pleaſe
Employ your mind; amuſe but not fatigue.
Peace to each drowſy metaphyſick ſage,
And ever may all heavy ſyſtems reſt! 60
Yet ſome there are ev'n of elaſtick parts
Whom ſtrong and obſtinate ambition leads
Thro' all the rugged roads of barren lore,
And gives to reliſh what their gen'rous taſte
Would elſe refuſe; but may nor thirſt of fame 65
Nor love of knowledge urge you to fatigue
With conſtant drudgery the lib'ral ſoul.
Toy with your books; and as the various fits
Of humour ſeize you from philoſophy
To fable ſhift, from ſerious Antonine 70
To Rabelais' ravings, and from 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 exercis'd improves its ſtrength, 75
And quick vibrations thro' the bowels drive
The reſtleſs blood, which in unactive days
Would loiter elſe thro' unelaſtick tubes.

Deem it not trifling while I recommend
What poſture ſuits: to ſtand and ſit by turns, 80
As Nature prompts is beſt; but o'er your leaves
To lean for ever cramps the vital parts,
And robs the fine machin'ry of its play.
'Tis the great art of life to manage well
The reſtleſs mind; for ever on purſuit 85
Of knowledge bent it ſtarves the groſſer pow'rs:
Quite unemploy'd, 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, 90
To ſickly muſing gives the penſive mind:
There madneſs enters; and the dim-ey'd fiend,
Sour Melancholy, night and day provokes
Her own eternal wound: the ſun grows pale,
A mournful viſionary light o'erſpreads 95
The cheerful face of Nature, earth becomes
A dreary deſert, and Heav'n frowns above:
Then various ſhapes of curs'd illuſion riſe:
Whate'er the wretched fears creating Fear
Forms out of nothing, and with monſters teems 100
Unknown in hell. The proſtrate ſoul beneath
A load of huge imagination heaves,
And all the horrours that the murd'rer feels
With anxious flutt'rings wake the guiltleſs breaſt.
Such phantoms Pride in ſolitary ſcenes 105
Or Fear on delicate Selflove creates.

From other cares absolv'd the busy mind
Finds in yourself a theme to pore upon;
It finds you miserable or makes you so:
For while yourself you anxiously explore 110
Timorous Selflove, with sick'ning Fancy's aid,
Presents the danger that you dread the most,
And ever galls you in your tender part:
Hence some for love, and some for jealousy,
For grim religion some, and some for pride, 115
Have lost their reason; some for fear of want
Want all their lives; and others ev'ry 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, 120
That trembles at impossible events,
Left aged Atlas should resign his load,
And heav'n's eternal battlements rush down.
Is there an evil worse than fear itself?
And what avails it that indulgent Heav'n 125
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. 131
Serene, and master of yourself, prepare
For what may come, and leave the rest to Heav'n.

Oft' from the body, by long ails mistun'd,
These evils sprung the most important Health, 135
That of the mind, destroy; and when the mind
They first invade the conscious body soon
In sympathetick languishment declines.
These chronick Passions, while from real woes
They rise, and yet without the body's fault 140
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 tam'd 145
To soft distress or friends untimely fall'n!
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, 150
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 pow'r, or fame, the wish
Of nobler minds, and push them night and day, 155
Or join the caravan in quest of scenes
New to your eyes, and shifting ev'ry hour,
Beyond the Alps, beyond the Apennines,
Or, more advent'rous, rush into the field
Where war grows hot, and raging thro' the sky 160
The lofty trumpet swells the madd'ning 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, 165
And bravely by reſiſting conquer Fate,
Try Circe's arts, and in the tempting bowl
Of poiſon'd nectar ſweet oblivion ſwill.
Struck by the pow'rful charm the gloom diſſolves
In empty air, Elyſium opens round, 170
A pleaſing frenzy buoys the lighten'd ſoul,
And ſanguine hopes diſpel your fleeting care,
And what was difficult and what was dire
Yields to your prowefs and ſuperiour ſtars:
The happieſt you of all that e'er were mad, 175
Or are or ſhall be, could this folly laſt.
But ſoon your heav'n is gone; a heavier gloom
Shuts o'er your head, and as the thund'ring ſtream
Swoln o'er its banks with ſudden mountain rain
Sinks from its tumult to a ſilent brook, 180
So when the frantick 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 184
You laviſh'd more than might ſupport three days.
A heavy morning comes; your cares return
With tenfold rage. An anxious ſtomach well
May be endur'd, ſo may the throbbing head;
But ſuch a dim delirium, ſuch a dream,

Involves you, ſuch a daſtardly deſpair 190
Unmans your ſoul, as madd'ning 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 unnat'ral mixture firſt 195
Who dar'd to violate the virgin wine,
Or on the fugitive Champaign you pour
A thouſand curſes, for to heav'n it rapt
Your ſoul to plunge you deeper in deſpair:
Perhaps you rue ev'n that divineſt gift, 200
The gay, ſerene, good natur'd, Burgundy,
Or the freſh fragrant vintage of the Rhine,
And wiſh that Heav'n from mortals had withheld
The grape and all intoxicating bowls.
Beſides, it wounds you ſore to recollect 205
What follies in your looſe unguarded hour
Eſcap'd. For one irrevocable word,
Perhaps that meant no harm, you loſe a friend;
Or in the rage of wine your haſty hand
Performs a deed to haunt you to the grave: 210
Add that your means, your health, your parts, decay;
Your friends avoid you; brutiſhly transform'd
They hardly know you; or if one remains
To wiſh you well, he wiſhes you in heav'n.
Deſpis'd, unwept, you fall, who might have left 215
A ſacred, cheriſh'd, ſadly-pleaſing, name,
A name ſtill to be utter'd with a ſigh.

Your laſt ungraceful ſcene has quite effac'd
All ſenſe and mem'ry of your former worth.
How to live happieſt, how avoid the pains, 220
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. Tho' old he ſtill retain'd
His manly ſenſe and energy of mind. 225
Virtuous and wiſe he was, but not ſevere:
He ſtill remember'd that he once was young;
His eaſy preſence check'd no decent joy.
Him ev'n the diſſolute admir'd, for he
A graceful looſeneſs when he pleas'd put on, 230
And laughing could inſtruct. Much had he read,
Much more had ſeen: he ſtudy'd from the life,
And in th' original peruſ'd mankind.
Vers'd in the woes and vanities of life
He pity'd man, and much he pity'd thoſe 235
Whom falſely-ſmiling Fate has curs'd with means
To diſſipate their days in queſt of joy.
"Our aim is happineſs; 't is your's, 't is mine,"
He ſaid; "it is the purſuit of all that live;
"Yet few attain it, if 't was e'er attain'd: 240
"But they the wideſt wander from the mark
"Who thro' the flow'ry paths of ſaunt'ring joy
"Seek this coy goddeſs, that from ſtage to ſtage
"Invites us ſtill, but ſhifts as we purſue:
"For not to name the pains that pleaſure brings 245

" To counterpoiſe itſelf, relentleſs Fate
" Forbids that we thro' gay voluptuous wilds
" Should ever roam; and were the Fates more kind
" Our narrow luxuries would ſoon grow ſtale: 249
" Were theſe exhauſtleſs Nature would grow ſick,
" And cloy'd with pleaſure ſqueamiſhly complain
" That all is vanity, and life a dream.
" Let Nature reſt: be buſy for yourſelf
" And for your friend; be buſy ev'n in vain
" Rather than teaſe her ſated appetites. 255
" Who never faſts no banquet e'er enjoys;
" Who never toils or watches never ſleeps.
" Let Nature reſt; and when the taſte of joy
" Grows keen indulge, but ſhun ſatiety.
" 'Tis not for mortals always to be bleſt, 260
" But him the leaſt the dull or painful hours
" Of life oppreſs, whom ſober Senſe conducts
" And Virtue thro' this labyrinth we tread.
" Virtue and Senſe I mean not to disjoin;
" Virtue and Senſe are one: and truſt me ſtill 265
" A faithleſs heart betrays the head unſound.
" Virtue (for mere Goodnature is a fool)
" Is ſenſe and ſpirit with humanity:
" 'Tis ſometimes angry, and its frown confounds;
" 'Tis ev'n vindictive, but in vengeance juſt. 270
" Knaves fain would laugh at it; ſome great ones dare;
" But at his heart the moſt undaunted ſon
" Of Fortune dreads its name and awful charms.

" To nobleſt uſes this determines wealth;
" This is the ſolid pomp of proſp'rous days, 275
" 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 280
" The vulgar eye: the ſuffrage of the wiſe,
" The praiſe that 's worth ambition, is attain'd
" By Senſe alone and dignity of mind.
" Virtue, the ſtrength and beauty of the ſoul,
" Is the beſt gift of Heav'n, a happineſs 285
" That ev'n above the ſmiles and frowns of Fate
" Exalts great Nature's fav'rites, a wealth
" That ne'er incumbers nor can be transferr'd.
" Riches are oft' by guilt and baſeneſs earn'd,
" Or dealt by Chance to ſhield a lucky knave, 290
" 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 ſupply'd)
" This noble end is to produce the ſoul, 295
" To ſhew the virtues in their faireſt light,
" To make Humanity the miniſter
" Of bounteous Providence, and teach the breaſt
" That gen'rous luxury the gods enjoy."
Thus in his graver vein the friendly ſage 300
Sometimes declaim'd. Of right and wrong he taught
Truths as refin'd as ever Athens heard,

And (ſtrange to tell!) he practis'd what he preach'd.
Skill'd in the Paſſions, how to check their ſway
He knew, as far as Reaſon can control 305
The lawleſs pow'rs. But other cares are mine:
Form'd 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 310
Supports the mind ſupports the body too:
Hence the moſt vital movement mortals feel
Is hope, the balm and lifeblood of the ſoul:
It pleaſes and it laſts. Indulgent Heav'n
Sent down the kind deluſion thro' the paths 315
Of rugged life to lead us patient on,
And make our happieſt ſtate no tedious thing.
Our greateſt good and what we leaſt can ſpare
Is hope; the laſt of all our evils fear.
But there are Paſſions grateful to the breaſt 320
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-tam'd ruffian and pale uſurer
(If Love's omnipotence ſuch hearts can mould)
May ſafely mellow into love, and grow 326
Refin'd, humane, and gen'rous, if they can.
Love in ſuch boſoms never to a fault
Or pains or pleaſes: but ye finer Souls!
Form'd to ſoft luxury, and prompt to thrill 330

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 cheriſh'd poiſon in your breaſt 335
Ferments and maddens, ſick with jealouſy,
Abſence, diſtruſt, or ev'n with anxious joy,
The wholeſome appetites and pow'rs of life
Diſſolve in languor: the coy ſtomach loathes
The genial board; your cheerful days are gone; 340
The gen'rous bloom that fluſh'd 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
Toy'd into care your unſuſpecting heart; 345
It found a liking there, a ſportful fire,
And that fomented into ſerious love,
Which muſing daily ſtrengthens and improves
Thro' all the heights of fondneſs and romance;
And you 're undone, the fatal ſhaft has ſped, 350
If once you doubt whether you love or no:
The body waſtes away, th' infected mind,
Diſſolv'd in female tenderneſs, forgets
Each manly virtue, and grows dead to fame.
Sweet Heav'n! from ſuch intoxicating charms 355
Defend all worthy breaſts! not that I deem
Love always dang'rous, always to be ſhunn'd;
Love well repaid, and not too weakly ſunk
In wanton and unmanly tenderneſs,

Adds bloom to Health, o'er ev'ry virtue ſheds 360
A gay, humane, a ſweet, and gen'rous, grace,
And brightens all the ornaments of man:
But fruitleſs, hopeleſs, diſappointed, rack'd
With jealouſy, fatigu'd with hope and fear,
Too ſerious or too languiſhingly fond, 365
Unnerves the body and unmans the ſoul.
And ſome have dy'd for love and ſome run mad,
And ſome with deſp'rate hands themſelves have ſlain.
Some to extinguiſh, others to prevent,
A mad devotion to one dang'rous fair 370
Court all they meet, in hopes to diſſipate
The cares of love amongſt an hundred brides.
Th' event is doubtful; for there are who find
A cure in this, there are who find it not.
'Tis no relief alas! it rather galls 375
The wound to thoſe who are ſincerely ſick;
For while from fev'riſh and tumultuous joys
The nerves grow languid and the ſoul ſubſides,
The tender fancy ſmarts with ev'ry ſting,
And what was love before is madneſs now. 380
Is Health your care, or luxury your aim?
Be temp'rate 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 385
To deeds above your ſtrength, impute it not
To Nature; Nature all compulſion hates.

Ah! let nor luxury nor vain renown
Urge you to feats you well might sleep without,
To make what should be rapture a fatigue, 390
A tedious task, nor in the wanton arms
Of twining Lais melt your manhood down;
For from the colliquation of soft joys
How chang'd you rise! the ghost of what you was!
Languid and melancholy, and gaunt and wan, 395
Your veins exhausted and your nerves unstrung.
Spoil'd of its balm and sprightly zest the blood
Grows vapid phlegm; along the tender nerves
(To each slight impulse tremblingly awake)
A subtile fiend that mimicks all the plagues 400
Rapid and restless springs from part to part:
The blooming honours of your youth are fall'n,
Your vigour pines, your vital pow'rs decay,
Diseases haunt you, and untimely age
Creeps on, unsocial, impotent, and lewd. 405
Infatuate, impious, Epicure! to waste
The stores of pleasure, cheerfulness, and Health!
Infatuate all who make delight their trade,
And coy perdition ev'ry hour pursue.
Who pines with love, or in lascivious flames 410
Consumes, is with his own consent undone:
He chuses to be wretched, to be mad,
And warn'd proceeds and wilful to his fate.
But there is a Passion whose tempestuous sway
Tears up each virtue planted in the breast, 415
And shakes to ruins proud Philosophy:

For pale and trembling Anger rushes in
With falt'ring speech, and eyes that wildly stare,
Fierce as the tiger, madder than the seas,
Desp'rate, and arm'd with more than human strength.
How soon the calm, humane, and polish'd, man 421
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 ling'ring to the shades; 425
But he whom anger stings drops if he dies
At once, and rushes apoplectick down,
Or a fierce fever hurries him to hell:
For as the body thro' unnumber'd strings
Reverberates each vibration of the soul, 430
As is the Passion such is still the pain
The body feels or chronick or acute;
And oft' a sudden storm at once o'erpow'rs
The life, or gives your reason to the winds.
Such fates attend the rash alarm of fear 435
And sudden grief, and rage and sudden joy.
There are mean-time to whom the boist'rous 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, 440
And each clogg'd function lazily moves on,
A gen'rous sally spurns th' 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, 445
Wave all diſpute; be cautious if you joke;
Keep lent for ever, and forſwear the bowl;
For one raſh moment ſends you to the ſhades,
Or ſhatters ev'ry hopeful ſcheme of life,
And gives to horrour all your days to come. 450
Fate arm'd with thunder, fire, and ev'ry 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. 455
While choler works, good Friend! you may be
Diſtruſt yourſelf, and ſleep before you fight: [wrong;
'Tis not too late to-morrow to be brave;
If Honour bids to-morrow kill or die.
But calm advice againſt a raging fit 460
Avails too little; and it braves the pow'r
Of all that ever taught in proſe or ſong
To tame the fiend that ſleeps a gentle lamb
And wakes a lion. Unprovok'd and calm
You reaſon well, ſee as you ought to ſee, 465
And wonder at the madneſs of mankind;
Seiz'd with the common rage you ſoon forget
The ſpeculations of your wiſer hours:
Beſet with Furies of all deadly ſhapes,
Fierce and inſidious, violent and ſlow, 470
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 ſubtile or impetuous pow'rs,
I would invoke new Paſſions to your aid; 475
With indignation would extinguiſh fear,
With fear or gen'rous pity vanquiſh rage,
And love with pride, and force to force oppoſe.
There is a charm, a pow'r, that ſways the breaſt,
Bids ev'ry Paſſion revel or be ſtill, 480
Inſpires with rage, or all your cares diſſolves,
Can ſooth diſtraction, and almoſt deſpair:
That pow'r is muſick; far beyond the ſtretch
Of thoſe unmeaning warblers on our ſtage,
Thoſe clumſy heroes, thoſe fat-headed gods, 485
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 Heav'n! we praiſe them; we with loudeſt peals
Applaud the fool that higheſt lifts his heels, 491
And with inſipid ſhew of rapture die
Of idiot notes impertinently long.
But he the Muſe's laurel juſtly ſhares,
A poet he and touch'd with Heav'n's own fire, 495
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 thro' your thrilling breaſt, 500

Or melts the heart with airs divinely ſad,
Or wakes to horrour the tremendous ſtrings.
Such was the bard whoſe heav'nly ſtrains of old
Appeas'd the fiend of melancholy Saul;
Such was, if old and Heathen fame ſay true, 505
The man who bad the Theban domes aſcend,
And tam'd the ſavage nations with his ſong;
And ſuch the Thracian whoſe melodious lyre
Tun'd to ſoft wo made all the mountains weep,
Sooth'd ev'n th' inexorable pow'rs of hell, 510
And half redeem'd his loſt Eurydice.
Muſick exalts each joy, allays each grief,
Expels diſeaſes, ſoftens ev'ry pain,
Subdues the rage of poiſon and the plague;
And hence the wiſe of ancient days ador'd
One pow'r of Phyſick, Melody, and Song. 516

OF BENEVOLENCE.

AN EPISTLE TO EUMENES.

First printed in the Year 1751 †.

KIND to my frailties ſtill Eumenes, hear;
Once more I try the patience of your ear.
Not oft' I ſing: the happier for the Town;
So ſtunn'd already they 're quite ſtupid grown
With monthly, daily—charming things I own. 5
Happy for them I ſeldom court the Nine;
Another art, a ſerious art, is mine.
Of nauſeous verſes offer'd once a week
" You cannot ſay I did it" if you 're ſick.
'Twas ne'er my pride to ſhine by flaſhy fits 10
Amongſt the daily, weekly, monthly, wits:
Content if ſome few friends indulge my name,
So ſlightly am I ſtung with love of fame,
I would not ſcrawl one hundred idle lines—
Not for the praiſe of all the Magazines. 15
Yet once a moon perhaps I ſteal a night,
And if our ſire Apollo pleaſes write.
You ſmile; but all the train the Muſe that follow,
Chriſtians and dunces, ſtill we quote Apollo:

† This little piece was addreſſed to a worthy gentleman, as an expreſſion of gratitude for his kind endeavours to do the Author a great piece of ſervice.

Unhappy ſtill our poets will rehearſe 20
To Goths, that ſtare aſtoniſh'd at their verſe,
To the rank tribes ſubmit their virgin lays;
So groſs ſo beſtial is the luſt of praiſe!
I to ſound judges from the mob appeal,
And write to thoſe who moſt my ſubject feel. 25
Eumenes, theſe dry moral lines I truſt
With you, whom nought that is moral can diſguſt:
With you I venture in plain homeſpun ſenſe
What I imagine of Benevolence.
Of all the monſters of the humankind 30
What ſtrikes you moſt is the low ſelfiſh mind.
You wonder how without one lib'ral joy
The ſteady miſer can his years employ,
Without one friend, howe'er his fortunes thrive,
Deſpis'd and hated how he bears to live. 35
With honeſt warmth of heart, with ſome degree
Of pity that ſuch wretched things ſhould be,
You ſcorn the ſordid knave.—He grins at you,
And deems himſelf the wiſer of the two.—
'Tis all but taſte howe'er we ſift the caſe; 40
He has his joy, as ev'ry creature has.
'Tis true he cannot boaſt an angel's ſhare,
Yet has what happineſs his organs bear.
Thou likewiſe mad'ſt the high ſeraphick ſoul
Maker Omnipotent! and thou the owl: 45
Heav'n form'd him too, and doubtleſs for ſome uſe,
But Cranecourt knows not yet all Nature's views.

'Tis chiefly taſte, or blunt, or groſs, or fine,
Makes life inſipid, beſtial, or divine.
Better be born with taſte to little rent 50
Than the dull monarch of a continent.
Without this bounty, which the gods beſtow,
Can Fortune make one fav'rite happy?—No:
As well might Fortune in her frolick vein
Proclaim an oyſter ſov'reign of the main. 55
Without fine nerves, and boſom juſtly warm'd,
An eye, an ear, a fancy to be charm'd,
In vain majeſtick Wren expands the dome,
Blank as pale ſtucco Rubens lines the room,
Loſt are the raptures of bold Handel's ſtrain, 60
Great Tully ſtorms ſweet Virgil ſings in vain;
The beauteous forms of Nature are effac'd,
Tempe's ſoft charms, the raging wat'ry waſte,
Each greatly wild each ſweet romantick ſcene
Unheeded riſes, and almoſt unſeen. 65
Yet theſe are joys with ſome of better clay
To ſooth the toils of life's embarraſs'd way;
Theſe the fine frame with charming horrours chill,
And give the nerves delightfully to thrill.
But of all taſte the nobleſt and the beſt, 70
The firſt enjoyment of the gen'rous breaſt,
Is to behold in man's obnoxious ſtate
Scenes of content and happy turns of fate:
Fair views of Nature, ſhining works of art,
Amuſe the fancy, but thoſe touch the heart. 75

Chiefly for this proud epick ſong delights,
For this ſome riot on th' Arabian Nights.
Each caſe is ours; and for the human mind
'Tis monſtrous not to feel for all mankind.
Were all mankind unhappy who could taſte 80
Elyſium, or be ſolitar'ly bleſt?
Shock'd with ſurrounding ſhapes of human wo
All that or ſenſe or fancy could beſtow
You would reject with ſick and coy diſdain,
And pant to ſee one cheerful face again. 85
But if life's better proſpects to behold
So much delight the man of gen'rous mould,
How happy they, the great the godlike few,
Who daily cultivate this pleaſing view!
This is a joy poſſeſs'd by few indeed! 90
Dame Fortune has ſo many fools to feed
She cannot oft' afford, with all her ſtore,
To yield her ſmiles where Nature ſmil'd before.
To ſinking worth a cordial hand to lend,
With better fortune to ſurpriſe a friend, 95
To cheer the modeſt ſtranger's lonely ſtate,
Or ſnatch an orphan family from fate,
To do, poſſeſs'd with virtue's nobleſt fire,
Such gen'rous deeds as we with tears admire,
Deeds that above ambition's vulgar aim 100
Secure an amiable a ſolid fame;
Theſe are ſuch joys as Heav'n's firſt fav'rites ſeize;
Theſe pleaſe you now, and will for ever pleaſe.

Too ſeldom we great moral deeds admire;
The will, the pow'r, th' occaſion, muſt conſpire: 105
Yet few there are ſo impotent and low
But can ſome ſmall good offices beſtow:
Small as they are, however cheap they come,
They add ſtill ſomething to the gen'ral ſum;
And him who gives the little in his pow'r 110
The world acquits, and Heav'n demands no more.

Unhappy he who feels each neighbour's wo,
Yet no relief no comfort can beſtow!
Unhappy too who feels each kind eſſay,
And for great favours has but words to pay, 115
Who ſcornful of the flatt'rer's fawning art
Dreads ev'n to pour his gratitude of heart,
And with a diſtant lover's ſilent pain
Muſt the beſt movements of his ſoul reſtrain!
But men ſagacious to explore mankind 120
Trace ev'n the coyeſt paſſions of the mind.

Not only to the good we owe good-will;
In good and bad diſtreſs demands it ſtill:
This with the gen'rous lays diſtinction low,
Endears a friend and recommends a foe. 125
Not that reſentment never ought to riſe,
For ev'n exceſs of virtue ranks with vice;
And there are villanies no bench can awe,
That ſport without the limits of the law.
No laws th' ungen'rous crime would reprehend 130
Could I forget Eumenes was my friend:

In vain the gibbet or the pill'ry claim
The wretch who blasts a helpless virgin's fame.
Where laws are dup'd it 's nor unjust nor mean
To seize the proper time for honest spleen. 135
An open candid foe I could not hate,
Nor ev'n insult the base in humbled state;
But thriving Malice tamely to forgive—
'Tis somewhat late to be so primitive.
But I detain you with these tedious lays, 140
Which few perhaps would read and fewer praise.
No matter, could I please the polish'd few
Who taste the serious or the gay like you.
The squeamish mob may find my verses bare
Of ev'ry grace—but curse me if I care. 145
Besides, I little court Parnassian fame;
There is yet a better than a poet's name.
'Twould more indulge my pride to hear it said
That I with you the paths of honour tread
Than that amongst the proud poetick train 150
No Modern boasted a more classick vein,
Or that in numbers I let loose my song
Smooth as the Tweed and as the Severn strong. 153

TASTE.

AN EPIST. TO A YOUNG CRITICK.

First printed in the Year 1753.

Proferre quæ sentiat cur quisquam liber dubitet?—Malim, Mercule, solus insanire, quam sobrius aut plebis aut patrum deliberationibus ignaviter assentari. AUTOR ANONYM. FRAGM.

RANGE from Tow'rhill all London to the Fleet,
Thence round the Temple t' utmost Grosvenorstreet,
Take in your route both Gray's and Lincoln's Inn,
Miss not be sure my Lords and Gentlemen,
You 'll hardly raise, as I with Petty* guess, 5
Above twelve thousand men of Taste, unless
In desp'rate times a Connoisseur may pass.
" A Connoisseur! what 's that?" 'Tis hard to say;
But you must oft' amidst the fair and gay
Have seen a wou'd-be rake, a flutt'ring fool, 10
Who swears he loves the sex with all his soul.
Alas vain Youth! dost thou admire sweet Jones?
Thou be gallant without or blood or bones!
You 'd split to hear th' insipid coxcomb cry
" Ah charming Nanny! it is too much! I die!"— 15
" Die and be d——n'd," says one; " but let me tell ye
" I 'll pay the loss if ever rapture kill ye."
'Tis easy learnt the art to talk by rote,
At Nando's it will but cost you half a groat;

* Sir William Petty, author of The Political Arithmetick.

The Bedford ſchool at threepence is not dear Sir; 20
At White's—the ſtars inſtruct you for a teſter:
But he whom Nature never meant to ſhare
One ſpark of Taſte will never catch it there—
Nor no where elſe, howe'er the booby beau 24
Grows great with Pope, and Horace, and Boileau.

Good native Taſte tho' rude is ſeldom wrong,
Be it in muſick, painting, or in ſong:
But this as well as other faculties
Improves with age and ripens by degrees.
I know my Dear, it is needleſs to deny 't, 30
You like Voiture; you think him wondrous bright;
But ſev'n years hence, your reliſh more matur'd,
What now delights will hardly be endur'd.
The boy may live to taſte Racine's fine charms
Whom Lee's bald orb or Rowe's dry rapture warms:
But he enfranchis'd from his tutor's care, 36
Who places Butler near Cervantes' chair,
Or with Eraſmus can admit to vie
Brown of Squabhall, of merry memory,
Will die a Goth, and nod at Woden's* feaſt 40
Th' eternal winter long on Greg'ry's† breaſt.

* Alluding to the Gothick heaven, Woden's Hall, where the happy are for ever employed in drinking beer, mum, and other comfortable liquors, out of the ſkulls of thoſe whom they had ſlain in battle.

† Pope Gregory VI. diſtinguiſhed by the name of St. Gregory, whoſe pious zeal in the cauſe of barbarous ignorance and prieſtly tyranny exerted itſelf in demoliſhing to the utmoſt of his power all the remains of Heathen genius.

Long may he ſwill this patriarch of the dull
The drowſy mum—but touch not Maro's ſkull!
His holy barb'rous dotage ſought to doom,
Good Heav'n! th' immortal Claſſicks to the tomb!—
Thoſe ſacred lights ſhall bid new genius riſe 46
When all Rome's ſaints have rotted from the ſkies.
Be theſe your guides if at the ivy crown
You aim, each country's claſſicks and your own;
But chiefly with the Ancients paſs your prime, 50
And drink Caſtalia at the fountain's brim.
The man to genuine Burgundy bred up
Soon ſtarts the daſh of Methuen in his cup.
Thoſe ſov'reign maſters of the Muſes' ſkill
Are the true patterns of good writing ſtill: 55
Their ore was rich and ſev'n times purg'd of lead;
Their art ſeem'd Nature, it was ſo finely hid.
Tho' born with all the pow'rs of writing well
What pains it coſt they did not bluſh to tell.
Their eaſe (my Lords!) ne'er lowng'd for want of fire,
Nor did their rage thro' affectation tire; 61
Free from all tawdry and impoſing glare
They truſted to their native grace of air:
Rapt'rous and wild the trembling ſoul they ſeize,
Or ſly coy beauties ſteal it by degrees: 65
The more you view them ſtill the more they pleaſe.
Yet there are thouſands of ſcolaſtick merit
Who worm their ſenſe out but ne'er taſte their ſpirit,
Witneſs each pedant under Bentley bred,
Each commentator that e'er commented: 70

(You ſcarce can ſeize a ſpot of claſtick ground,
With leagues of Dutch moraſs ſo floated round)
Witneſs—But Sir I hold a cautious pen,
Leſt I ſhould wrong ſome honourable men.
They grow enthuſiaſts too—'Tis true! 't is pity! 75
But 't is not ev'ry lunatick that 's witty.
Some have run Maro—and ſome Milton—mad;
Aſhley once turn'd a ſolid barber's head:
Hear all that is ſaid or printed if you can,
Aſhley has turn'd more ſolid heads than one. 80
Let ſuch admire each great or ſpecious name,
For right or wrong the joy to them 's the ſame.
"Right!" Yes, a thouſand times.—Each fool has heard
That Homer was a wonder of a bard.
Deſpiſe them civilly with all my heart— 85
But to convince them is a deſp'rate part.
Why ſhould you teaſe one for what ſecret cauſe
One dotes on Horace or on Hudibras?
'Tis cruel Sir, 't is needleſs, to endeavour
To teach a ſot of Taſte he knows no flavour. 90
To diſunite I neither wiſh nor hope
A ſtubborn blockhead from his fav'rite fop:
Yes—fop I ſay, were Maro's ſelf before 'em,
For Maro's ſelf grows dull as they pore o'er him.
But hear their raptures o'er ſome ſpecious rhyme
Dubb'd by the muſk'd and greaſy mob ſublime; 96
For ſpleen's dear ſake hear how a coxcomb prates
As clam'rous o'er his joys as fifty cats:

" Muſick has charms to ſooth a ſavage breaſt,
" To ſoften rocks and oaks,"—and all the reſt : 100
" I 'ave heard"—Bleſs theſe long ears!—" Heav'ns,
" what a ſtrain!
" Good God! what thunders burſt in this Campaign!
" Hark, Waller warbles! Ah! how ſweetly killing!
" Then that inimitable Splendid Shilling! 104
" Rowe breathes all Shakeſpeare here!—That ode of
" Is Spenſer quite! egad his very fire!— [Prior
" As like?—Yes, faith! as gumflow'rs to the roſe,
Or as to claret flat Minorca's doſe;
As like as (if I am not groſsly wrong)
Erle Robert's Mice to aught e'er Chaucer ſung. 110
Read boldly, and unprejudic'd peruſe
Each fav'rite modern ev'n each ancient Muſe.
With all the comick ſalt and tragick rage
The great ſtupendous genius of our ſtage,
Boaſt of our iſland, pride of humankind, 115
Had faults to which the boxes are not blind;
His frailties are to ev'ry goſſip known,
Yet Milton's pedantries not ſhock the Town.
Ne'er be the dupe of names however high,
For ſome outlive good parts ſome miſapply. 120
Each elegant Spectator you admire,
But muſt you therefore ſwear by Cato's fire?
Maſks for the court, and oft' a clumſy jeſt,
Diſgrac'd the Muſe that wrought the Alchemiſt.
" But to the Ancients."—Faith! I am not clear, 125
For all the ſmooth round type of Elzevir,

That ev'ry work which lasts in prose or song
Two thousand years deserves to last so long:
For not to mention some eternal blades
Known only now in th' academick shades, 130
(Those sacred groves where raptur'd spirits stray,
And in word-hunting waste the livelong day)
Ancients whom none but curious criticks scan,
Do read Messala's * praises if you can.
Ah! who but feels the sweet contagious smart 135
While soft Tibullus pours his tender heart?
With him the Loves and Muses melt in tears,
But not a word of some hexameters.
"You grow so squeamish and so dev'lish dry
"You 'll call Lucretius vapid next." Not I: 140
Some find him tedious, others think him lame,
But if he lags his subject is to blame.
Rough weary roads thro' barren wilds he try'd,
Yet still he marches with true Roman pride;
Sometimes a meteor, gorgeous, rapid, bright, 145
He streams athwart the philosophick night.
Find you in Horace no insipid odes?—
He dar'd to tell us Homer sometimes nods;
And but for such a critick's hardy skill
Homer might slumber unsuspected still. 150
Tasteless, implicit, indolent, and tame,
At second-hand we chiefly praise or blame:

* A poem of Tibullus's in hexameter verse, as yawning and insipid as his Elegies are tender and natural.

Hence it is, for elſe one knows not why nor how,
Some authors flouriſh for a year or two,
For many ſome; more wondrous ſtill to tell 155
Farquhar yet lingers on the brink of hell:
Of ſolid merit others pine unknown;
At firſt tho' Carlos * ſwimmingly went down
Poor Belvidera fail'd to melt the Town:
Sunk in dead night the giant Milton lay 160
Till Somer's hand produc'd him to the day;
But thanks to Heav'n and Addiſon's good grace
Now ev'ry fop is charm'd with Chevy Chaſe.
Specious and ſage the ſov'reign of the flock
Led to the downs, or from the wave-worn rock 165
Reluctant hurl'd, the tame implicit train
Or crop the downs or headlong ſeek the main:
As blindly we our ſolemn leaders follow,
And good, and bad, and execrable, ſwallow.
Pray, on the firſt throng'd ev'ning of a play 170
That wears the *facies Hippocratica* †,
Strong lines of death, ſigns dire of reprobation,
Have you not ſeen the angel of ſalvation
Appear ſublime, with wiſe and ſolemn rap
To teach the doubtful rabble where to clap?— 175

* Don Carlos, a tragedy of Otway's, now long and juſtly forgotten, went off with great applauſe, while his Orphan, a ſomewhat better performance, and what is yet more ſtrange his Venice Preſerved, according to the theatrical anecdotes of thoſe times, met with a very cold reception.

† The appearance of the face in the laſt ſtage of a conſumption, as it is deſcribed by Hippocrates.

The rabble knows not where our dramas ſhine,
But where the cane goes pat—"By G—that 's fine!"
Judge for yourſelf, nor wait with timid phlegm
Till ſome illuſtrious pedant hum or hem. 179
The lords who ſtarv'd old Ben were learn'dly fond
Of Chaucer, whom with bungling toil they conn'd:
Their ſons, whoſe ears bold Milton could not ſeize,
Would laugh o'er Ben like mad, and ſnuff and ſneeze,
And ſwear, and ſeem as tickled as you pleaſe:
Their ſpawn, the pride of this ſublimer age, 185
Feel to the toes and horns grave Milton's rage,
Tho' liv'd he now he might appeal with ſcorn
To lords, knights, 'ſquires, and doctors, yet unborn,
Or juſtly mad to Moloch's burning fane
Devote the choiceſt children of his brain. 190
Judge for yourſelf, and as you find report
Of wit as freely as of beef or port.
Zounds! ſhall a pert or bluff important wight,
Whoſe brain is fancileſs, whoſe blood is white,
A mumbling ape of Taſte, preſcribe us laws 195
To try the poets, for no better cauſe
Than that he boaſts *per ann.* ten thouſand clear,
Yelps in the Houſe, or barely ſits a peer?
For ſhame! for ſhame! the lib'ral Britiſh ſoul
To ſtoop to any ſtale Dictator's rule! 200
I may be wrong, and often am no doubt,
But right or wrong with friends with foes 't will out.
Thus 't is perhaps my fault if I complain
Of trite invention and a flimſy vein,

Tame characters, unintereſting, jejune, 205
And paſſions dryly copy'd from Le Brun * :
For I would rather never judge than wrong
That friend of all men gen'rous Fenelon.
But in the name of goodneſs! muſt I be
The dupe of charms I never yet could ſee? 210
And then to flatter where there is no reward—
Better be any patron-hunting bard,
Who half our lords with filthy praiſe beſmears,
And ſing an anthem to all miniſters,
Taſte th' Attick ſalt in ev'ry peer's poor rebus, 215
And crown each Gothick idol for a Phœbus.
Alas! ſo far from free, ſo far from brave,
We dare not ſhew the little Taſte we have.
With us you 'll ſee ev'n vanity control
The moſt refin'd ſenſations of the ſoul. 220

* Firſt painter to Lewis XIV. who, to ſpeak in faſhionable French Engliſh, called himſelf Lewis the Great. Our ſovereign lords the paſſions, Love, Rage, Deſpair, &c. were graciouſly pleaſed to ſit to him in their turns for their portraits, which he was generous enough to communicate to the publick, to the great improvement no doubt of hiſtory painting. It was he who they ſay poiſoned Le Sueur, who without half his advantages in many other reſpects was ſo unreaſonable and provoking as to diſplay a genius with which his own could ſtand no compariſon. It was he and his Gothick diſciples who with ny ſcratches defaced the moſt maſterly of this Le Sueur's performances, as often as their barbarous envy could ſnugly reach them. Yet after all theſe achievements he died in his bed! a cataſtrophe which could not have happened to him in a country like this, where the fine arts are as zealouſly and judiciouſly patroniſed as they are well underſtood.

Sad Otway's ſcenes, great Shakeſpeare's, we defy:
"Lard, Madam! it is ſo unpolite to cry!—
"For ſhame, my Dear! d' ye credit all this ſtuff?—
"I vow—Well, this is innocent enough?"
At Athens long ago the ladies—(marry'd) 225
Dreamt not they miſbehav'd tho' they miſcarry'd
When a wild poet with licentious rage
Turn'd fifty Furies looſe upon the ſtage.
They were ſo tender and ſo eaſy mov'd,
Heav'ns! how the Grecian ladies muſt have lov'd!
For all the fine ſenſations ſtill have dwelt 231
Perhaps where one was exquiſitely felt:
Thus he who heav'nly Maro truly feels
Stands fix'd on Raphael, and at Handel thrills.
The groſſer ſenſes too, the taſte, the ſmell, 235
Are likely trueſt where the fine prevail:
Who doubts that Horace muſt have cater'd well?
Friend, I 'm a ſhrewd obſerver, and will gueſs
What books you dote on from your fav'rite meſs.
Brown and L'Eſtrange will ſurely charm whome'er
The frothy pertneſs ſtrikes of weak ſmall beer. 241
Who ſteeps the calf's fat loin in greaſy ſauce
Will hardly loathe the praiſe that baſtes an aſs;
Who riots on Scotcht collops ſcorns not any
Inſipid, fulſome, traſhy, miſcellany; 245
And who devours what'er the cook can diſh up
Will for a claſſick conſecrate each biſhop *.
But I am ſick of pen and ink, and you
Will find this Letter long enough. Adieu. 249

* See Felton's Claſſicks.

IMITATIONS.

Advertisement from the Publisher.

THE following Imitation of Shakespeare was one of our Author's first attempts in poetry, made when he was very young: it helped to amuse the solitude of a winter past in a wild romantick country; and what is rather particular, was just finished when Mr. Thomson's celebrated poem upon the same subject appeared. Mr. Thomson soon hearing of it had the curiosity to procure a copy by the means of a common acquaintance. He shewed it to his poetical friends Mr. Mallet, Mr. Aaron Hill, and Dr. Young, who it seems did great honour to it, and the first mentioned gentleman wrote to one of his friends at Edinburgh, desiring the Author's leave to publish it, a request too flattering to youthful vanity to be resisted: but Mr. Mallet altered his mind, and this little piece has hitherto remained unpublished.

The other Imitations of Shakespeare happen to have been saved out of the ruins of an unfinished tragedy on the story of Tereus and Philomela, attempted upon an irregular and extravagant plan at an age much too early for such achievements: however they are here exhibited for the sake of such guests as may like a little repast of scraps.

IMITATIONS

OF SHAKESPEARE.

Now Summer with her wanton court is gone
To revel on the south side of the world,

And flaunt and frolick out the livelong day,
While Winter rising pale from northern seas
Shakes from his hoary locks the drizzling rheum; 5
A blast so shrewd makes the tall-body'd pines
Unsinew'd bend, and heavy-paced bears
Sends growling to their savage tenements.
Now blows the surly north, and chills thro'out
The stiff'ning regions, while by stronger charms 10
Than Circe e'er or fell Medea brew'd
Each brook that wont to prattle to its banks
Lies all bestill'd and wedg'd betwixt its banks,
Nor moves the wither'd reeds; and the rash flood
That from the mountains held its headstrong course,
Bury'd in livid sheets of vaulting ice, 16
Seen thro' the shameful breaches, idly creeps
To pay a scanty tribute to the ocean.
What wonder? when the floating wilderness
That scorns our miles, and calls Geography 20
A shallow pryer, from whose unsteady mirror
The high-hung pole surveys his dancing locks,
When this still-raving deep lies mute and dead,
Nor heaves its swelling bosom to the winds.
The surges baited by the fierce north-east, 25
Tossing with fretful spleen their angry heads
To roar and rush together,
Ev'n in the foam of all their madness struck
To monumental ice stand all astride
The rocks they wash'd so late. Such execution, 30
So stern, so sudden, wrought the grisly aspect

Of terrible Medusa ere young Perseus
With his keen sabre cropt her horrid head,
And laid her serpents rowling on the dust,
When wand'ring thro' the woods she frown'd to stone
Their savage tenants; just as the foaming lion 36
Sprung furious on his prey her speedier pow'r
Outrun his haste; no time to languish in,
But fix'd in that fierce attitude he stands
Like Rage in marble.—Now portly Argosies 40
Lie wedg'd 'twixt Neptune's ribs. The bridg'd abysm
Has chang'd our ships to horses; the swift bark
Yields to the heavy wagon and the cart,
That now from isle to isle maintain the trade,
And where the surface-hunting dolphin led 45
Her sportive young is now an area fit
For the wild schoolboy's pastime.

Mean-time the ev'ning skies, crusted with ice,
Shifting from red to black their weighty skirts,
Hang mournful o'er the hills, and stealing night 50
Rides the bleak puffing winds, that seem to spit
Their foam sparse thro' the welkin, which is nothing
If not beheld. Anon the burden'd heav'n
Shakes from its ample sieve the boulted snow,
That flutt'ring down besprinkles the sad trees 55
In mockery of leaves, piles up the hills
To monstrous altitude, and chokes to the lips
The deep impervious vales that yawn as low
As to the centre, Nature's vasty breaches,

While all the pride of men and mortal things 60
Lies whelm'd in heav'n's white ruins.—
The ſhiv'ring clown digs his obſtructed way
Thro' the ſnow-barricado'd cottage door,
And muffled in his homeſpun plaid encounters
With livid cheeks and rheum-diſtilling noſe 65
The morning's ſharp and ſcourging breath to count
His ſtarving flock, whoſe number is all too ſhort
To make the goodly ſum of yeſter-night:
Part deep ingurgitated, part yet ſtruggling,
With their laſt pantings melt themſelves a grave 70
In Winter's boſom, which yields not to the touch
Of the pale languid creſcet of this world,
That now with lean and churliſh huſbandry
Yields heartleſsly the remnants of his prime,
And like moſt ſpendthrifts ſtarves his latter days 75
For former rankneſs. He with bleary eye
Blazons his own diſgrace, the harneſs'd waſte
Rebellious to his blunt defeated ſhafts,
And idly ſtrikes the chalky mountains' tops
That riſe to kiſs the welkin's ruddy lips, 80
Where all the raſh young bullies of the air
Mount their quick ſlender penetrating wings,
Whipping the froſt-burnt villagers to the bones,
And growing with their motion mad and furious,
'Till ſwoln to tempeſts they outrage the thunder, 85
Winnow the chaffy ſnow, and mock the ſkies
Ev'n with their own artillery retorted,
Tear up and throw th' accumulated hills

Into the vallies: and as rude hurricanes
Diſcharged from the wind-ſwoln cheeks of heav'n
Buoy up the ſwilling ſkirts of Araby's 91
Inhoſpitable wilds,
And roll the duſty deſert thro' the ſkies,
Choking the liberal air, and ſmoth'ring
Whole caravans at once, ſuch havock ſpreads 95
This war of heav'n and earth, ſuch ſudden ruin
Viſits their houſeleſs citizens, that ſhrink
In the falſe ſhelter of the hills together,
And hear the tempeſt howling o'er their heads 99
That by and by o'erwhelms them. The very birds,
Thoſe few that troop'd not with the chiming tribe
Of am'rous Summer, quit their ruffian element,
And with domeſtick tameneſs hop and flutter
Within the roofs of perſecuting man,
(Grown hoſpitable by like ſenſe of ſuff'rance) 105
Whither the hinds, the debt of the day diſcharg'd,
From kiln or barn repairing, ſhut the door
On ſurly Winter, crowd the clean-ſwept hearth
And cheerful ſhining fire, and doff the time,
The whilſt the maids their twirling ſpindles ply 110
With muſty legends and ear-pathing tales
Of giants and black necromantick bards,
Of air-built caſtles, feats of madcap knights,
And ev'ry hollow fiction of romance,
And as their rambling humour leads them talk 115
Of prodigies and things of dreadful utt'rance
That ſet them all agape, rouſe up their hair,

And make the idiot drops ſtart from their eyes;
Of churchyards belching flames at dead of night,
Of walking ſtatues, ghoſts unaffable 120
Haunting the dark waſte tow'r or airleſs dungeon,
Then of the elves that deftly trip the green,
Drinking the ſummer's moonlight from the flow'rs,
And all the toys that Phantaſy pranks up
T' amuſe her fools withal.—Thus they laſh on 125
The ſnail-pac'd Hyperborean nights till heav'n
Hangs with a juſter poize, when the murk clouds
Roll'd up in heavy wreathes low-bellying ſeem
To kiſs the ground; and all the waſte of ſnow[dropſy
Looks blue beneath 'em, till plump'd with bloating
Beyond the bounds and ſtretch of continence 131
They burſt at once; down pours the hoarded rain,
Waſhing the ſlipp'ry winter from the hills,
And floating all the vallies. The fading ſcene
Melts like a loſt enchantment or vain phantaſm 135
That can no more abuſe; Nature reſumes
Her old ſubſtantial ſhape, while from the waſte
Of undiſtinguiſhing calamity
Foreſts, and by their ſides wide-ſkirted plains,
Houſes and trees, ariſe, and waters flow, 140
That from their dark confinements burſting ſpurn
Their brittle chains, huge ſheets of looſen'd ice
Float on their boſoms to the deep, and jar
And clatter as they paſs; th' o'erjutting banks,
As long unpractis'd to ſo ſteep a view, 145
Seem to look dizzy on the moving pomp.

Now ev'ry petty brook that crawl'd along
Railing its pebbles mocks the river's rage
Like the proud frog i' the fable. The huge Danube,
While melting mountains rush into its tide, 150
Rolls with such headstrong and unreined course
As it would choke the Euxine's gulfy maw,
Bursting his crystal cerements. The breathing time
Of peace expir'd that hush'd the deaf'ning scenes
Of clam'rous indignation, ruffian War 155
Rebels, and Nature stands at odds again:
When the rous'd Furies of the fighting winds
Torment the main, that swells its angry sides
And churns the foam betwixt its flinty jaws,
While thro' the savage dungeon of the night 160
The horrid thunder growls: th' ambitious waves
Assault the skies, and from the bursting clouds
Drink the glib lightning, as if the seas
Would quench the ever-burning fires of heav'n:
Straight from their slipp'ry pomp they madly plunge
And kiss the lowest pebbles. Wretched they 166
That 'midst such rude vexation of the deep
Guide a frail vessel! better ice-bound still,
Than mock'd with liberty thus be resign'd
To the rough fortune of the froward time, 170
When Navigation all a-tiptoe stands
On such unsteady footing. Now they mount
On the tall billow's top, and seem to jowl
Against the stars, whence (dreadful eminence!)

They ſee with ſwimming eyes (enough to hurry round
In endleſs vertigo the dizzy brain) 176
A gulf that ſwallows viſion with wide mouth
Steep-yawning to receive them; down they duck
To the rugged bottom of the main, and view
The adamantine gates of vaulted hell; 180
Thence toſs'd to light again, till borne adrift
Againſt ſome icy mountain's bulging ſides
They reel, and are no more.—Nor leſs by land
Ravage the winds that in their wayward rage
Howl thro' the wide unhoſpitable glens, 185
That rock the ſtable-planted tow'rs, and ſhake
The hoary monuments of ancient Time
Down to their flinty baſes, that engage
As they would tear the mountains from their roots,
And bruſh the high heav'ns with their woody heads,
Making the ſtout oaks bow.—But I forget 191
That ſprightly Ver trips on old Winter's heel.
Ceaſe we theſe notes, too tragick for the time,
Nor jar againſt great Nature's ſymphony,
When ev'n the bluſtrous elements grow tuneful 195
Or liſten to the concert. Hark! how loud
The cuckoo wakes the ſolitary wood!
Soft ſighs the winds as o'er the greens they ſtray,
And murm'ring brooks within their channels play.

PROGNE'S DREAM,

Darkly expreſſive of ſome paſt Events that were ſoon to be revealed to her.

———Laſt night I dream'd,
(Whate'er it may forbode it moves me ſtrangely)
That I was rapt into the raving deep:
An old and rev'rend ſire conducted me;
He plung'd into the boſom of the main, 5
And bad me not to fear but follow him.
I follow'd; with impetuous ſpeed we div'd,
And heard the daſhing thunder o'er our heads.
Many a ſlipp'ry fathom down we ſunk,
Beneath all plummets' ſound, and reach'd the bottom.
When there I aſk'd my venerable guide 11
If he could tell me where my ſiſter was?
He told me that ſhe lay not far from thence,
Within the boſom of a flinty rock,
Where Neptune kept her for his paramour 15
Hid from the jealous Amphitrite's ſight,
And ſaid he could conduct me to the place.
I begg'd he wou'd. Thro' dreadful ways we paſs'd,
'Twixt rocks that frightfully lower'd on either ſide,
Whence here and there the branching coral ſprung. 20
O'er dead men's bones we walk'd, o'er heaps of gold [and gems,
Into a hideous kind of wilderneſs,
Where ſtood a ſtern and priſon-looking rock,
Daub'd with a moſſy verdure all around,

The mockery of paint. As we drew near 25
Out ſprung a hydra from a den below,
A ſpeckled Fury; fearfully it hiſs'd,
And roll'd its ſeagreen eyes ſo angrily
As it wou'd kill with looking. My old guide
Againſt its ſharp head hurl'd a rugged ſtone--- 30
The curling monſter rais'd a brazen ſhriek,
Wallow'd, and dy'd in fitful agonies.
We gain'd the cave. Thro' woven adamant
I look'd, and ſaw my ſiſter all alone:
Employ'd ſhe ſeem'd in writing ſomething ſad, 35
So ſad ſhe look'd. Her cheek was wondrous wan;
Her mournful locks like weary ſedges hung.
I call'd—ſhe turning ſtarted when ſhe ſaw me,
And threw her head aſide as if aſham'd.
She wept, but would not ſpeak—I call'd again: 40
Still ſhe was mute—Then madly I addreſt,
With all the lion-ſinews of deſpair,
To break the flinty ribs that held me out,
And with the ſtruggling wak'd.— 44

A STORM,

Raiſed to account for the late return of a Meſſenger.

———The ſun went down in wrath,
The ſkies foam'd braſs, and ſoon th' unchained winds
Burſt from the howling dungeon of the north,
And rais'd ſuch high delirium on the main,
Such angry clamour, while ſuch boiling waves 5

Flaſh'd on the peeviſh eye of moody night,
It look'd as if the ſeas would ſcald the heav'ns:
Still louder chid the winds, th' enchafed ſurge
Still anſwer'd louder, and when the ſickly Morn
Peep'd ruefully thro' the bloated thick-brow'd eaſt
To view the ruinous havock of the dark 11
The ſtately tow'rs of Athens ſeem'd to ſtand
On hollow foam tide-whipt: the ſhips that lay
Scorning the blaſt within the marble arms
Of the ſea-chid Portumnus danc'd like corks 15
Upon th' enraged deep, kicking each other,
And ſome were daſh'd to fragments in this fray
Againſt the harbour's rocky cheſt: the ſea
So roar'd, ſo madly rag'd, ſo proudly ſwell'd,
As it would thunder full into the ſtreets, 20
And ſteep the tall Cecropian battlements
In foaming brine: the airy citadel,
Perch'd like an eagle on a high-brow'd rock,
Shook the ſalt water from its ſtubborn ſides
With eager quaking: the Cyclades appear'd 25
Like ducking cormorants.—Such a mutiny
Outclamour'd all tradition, and gain'd belief
To ranting prodigies of heretofore.
Sev'n days it ſtorm'd, &c. 29

AN IMITATION

OF SPENSER,

Written at Mr. Thomson's desire, to be inserted into The Castle of Indolence.

I.

FULL many a fiend did haunt this house of rest,
And made of passive wights an easy prey.
Here Lethargy, with deadly sleep oppreſt,
Stretch'd on his back a mighty lubbard lay,
Heaving his sides, and snored night and day: 5
To stir him from his trance it was not eath,
And his half-open'd eyne he shut straightway:
He led I ween the softest way to death,
And taught withouten pain or strife to yield the breath.

II.

Of limbs enormous, but withal unsound, 10
Soft-swoln and pale, here lay the Hydropsie;
Unwieldy man! with belly monstrous round,
For ever fed with watery supply,
For still he drank, and yet he still was dry.
And here a moping mystery did sit, 15
Mother of Spleen, in robes of various dye;
She call'd herself the Hypochondriack Fit,
And frantick seem'd to some, to others seem'd a wit.

III.

A lady was ſhe whimſical and proud,
Yet oft' thro' fear her pride would crouchen low; 20
She felt or fancy'd in her flutt'ring mood
All the diſeaſes that the ſpitals know,
And ſought all phyſick that the ſhops beſtow,
And ſtill new leaches and new drugs would try:
'Twas hard to hit her humour high or low, 25
For ſometimes ſhe would laugh and ſometimes cry,
Sometimes would waxen wroth, and all ſhe knew not [why.

IV.

Faſt by her ſide a liſtleſs virgin pin'd
With aking head and ſqueamiſh heart-burnings;
Pale, bloated, cold, ſhe ſeem'd to hate mankind, 30
But lov'd in ſecret all forbidden things.
And here the Tertian ſhook his chilling wings;
And here the Gout, half tiger half a ſnake,
Rag'd with an hundred teeth, an hundred ſtings.
Theſe and a thouſand Furies more did ſhake 35
Thoſe weary realms, and kept eaſe-loving men awake.

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From the APOLLO PRESS,
by the MARTINS,
Dec. 22. 1781.

THE END.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

EDMUND SMITH.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

CONTAINING HIS

POEM TO MEM. OF J. PHILIPS,
ODE FOR THE YEAR 1705, AND
OTHER ODES,

CHARLETTUS PERCIVALLO,
PERCIVALLUS CHARLETTO,
POCOCKIUS,

&c. &c. &c.

Ev'n I, tho' slow to touch the painful string,
Awake from slumber and attempt to sing. TO MEM. OF J. PHILIPS.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.
Anno 1781.

EDMUND SMITH.

THIS diſtinguiſhed poet was ſon of an eminent merchant, one Mr. Neal, by a daughter of Baron Lechemere. The year of his birth is unknown, but he was born at Handley in Worceſterſhire, the ſeat of the Lechemeres. Some misfortunes of his father, which were ſoon followed by his death, occaſioned our Author's being left very young in the care of a near relation (one who married Mr. Neal's mother, whoſe name was Smith.)

This gentleman treated him with as much tenderneſs as if he had been his own child, and placed him at Weſtminſter-ſchool under the care of Dr. Buſby. After the death of his generous guardian (whoſe name in gratitude he thought proper to aſſume) he was removed to Chriſt-Church in Oxford, and was there by his aunt handſomely ſupported till her death, after which he continued a member of that learned ſociety till within five years of his own. Some time before his leaving Chriſt-Church he was ſent for by his mother to Worceſter, and acknowledged by her as a legitimate ſon. We chuſe to mention this circumſtance in order to wipe off the aſperſion which folly and ignorance caſt upon his birth.

In honour to Mr. Smith it ſhould be remembered, that when he ſtood a candidate for one of the univerſities at the Weſtminſter election he ſo peculiarly diſtinguiſhed himſelf by his conſpicuous performances that there aroſe no ſmall contention between the repreſentative electors of Trinity-College in Cambridge and Chriſt-Church College in Oxon which of thoſe two illuſtrious ſocieties ſhould adopt him as their own: but the electors of Trinity-College having the preference of choice that year they reſolutely elected him; but being invited at the ſame time to Chriſt-Church, Mr. Smith choſe to accept of a ſtudentſhip there.

He paſſed through the exerciſes of the college and the univerſity with unuſual applauſe; and though he often ſuffered his friends to call him off from his retirement, yet his return to his ſtudies was ſo much the more paſſionate, and his love of reading and thinking being ſo vehement, the habit grew upon him, and the ſeries of meditation and reflection being kept up whole weeks together, he could better arrange his ideas, and take in ſundry parts of a ſcience at one view, without interruption or confuſion. Some of his acquaintance who were pleaſed to diſtinguiſh between the wit and the ſcholar extolled him altogether on account of the firſt of theſe excellencies, but others who were more candid admired him as a prodigy in both. He had acquired reputation in the ſchools both as a philoſopher

and polemick of extenſive knowledge and deep penetration, and went through all the courſes with a proper regard to the dignity and importance of each ſcience †.

Mr. Smith had a long and perfect intimacy with all the Greek and Latin Claſſicks, with whom he had induſtriouſly compared whatever was worth peruſing in the French, Spaniſh, and Italian, and all the celebrated writers in his own country. He conſidered the Ancients and Moderns not as parties or rivals for fame, but as architects upon one and the ſame plan, the art of poetry. If he did not always commend the compoſitions of others it proceeded not from ill nature, (for that was foreign to his temper) but a ſtrict regard to juſtice would not ſuffer him to call a few flowers elegantly adorned, without much art and leſs genius, by ſo diſtinguiſhed a name as poetry. He was of Ben Johnſon's opinion, who could not admire

——Verſes as ſmooth and ſoft as cream,
In which there was neither depth nor ſtream.

Mr. Smith's Bodleian Oration has ſhewn the world how great a maſter he was of Ciceronian eloquence.

† We muſt obſerve in this note, notwithſtanding of what is ſaid in the text, that the indecency of Smith's behaviour, while only a Bachelor, drew upon him, Dec. 1694, a publick admonition, preparatory to his expulſion; that he took his Maſter's degrees 8th July 1696; that on 24th April 1700 the Dean and Chapter declared his place void; and that with all his fooleries he was endured till 20th Dec. 1705, when the ſentence was put in execution.

"Since Temple and Roſcommon (ſays Mr. Oldiſworth) "no man underſtood Horace better, eſpecially as to "his happy diction, rolling numbers, beautiful ima-"gery, and alternate mixture of the ſoft and ſublime. "His friend Mr. Philips's Ode to Mr. St. John, after "the manner of Horace's Luſory or Amatorian Odes, "is certainly a maſterpiece; but Mr. Smith's Pocock-"ius is of the ſublimer kind, though like Waller's "writings upon Cromwell it wants not the moſt de-"licate and ſurpriſing turns peculiar to the perſon "praiſed."

He was an excellent judge of humanity, and ſo good a hiſtorian that in familiar converſation he would talk over the moſt memorable facts in antiquity, the lives, actions, and characters, of celebrated men, with amazing facility and accuracy. As he had carefully read and diſtinguiſhed Thuanus's works, ſo he was able to copy after him; and his talent in this kind was ſo generally confeſſed that he was made choice of by ſome great men to write a hiſtory which it was their intereſt to have executed with the utmoſt art and dexterity; but this deſign was dropped, as Mr. Smith would not ſacrifice truth to the caprice and intereſted views of a party †.

† There was once a deſign to have made Smith uſeful. One evening as he was ſitting with a friend at a tavern he was called down by the waiter. Having ſtaid ſome time below he came up thoughtful, and after a pauſe ſaid to his friend, "He that want-

Our Author's poem condoling the Death of Mr. Philips is full of the nobleſt beauties, and pays a juſt tribute to the venerable aſhes of that great man. Mr. Smith had contracted for Mr. Philips the moſt perfect friendſhip, a paſſion of which he was very ſuſceptible, and whoſe laws he conſidered as ſacred and inviolable.

In the year 1707 Mr. Smith's tragedy called Phædra and Hippolitus was acted at the theatre-royal. This play was introduced upon the ſtage at a time when the Italian opera ſo much engroſſed the attention of the polite world that ſenſe was ſacrificed to ſound. It was dreſſed and decorated at an extraordinary expenſe—and inimitably performed in all its parts by Betterton, Booth, Barry, and Oldfield, yet it brought but few and ſlender audiences.—To ſay truth it was a fine poem, but not an extraordinary play. Notwithſtanding the intrinſick merit of this piece, and the countenance it met with from the moſt ingenious men of the age, yet it languiſhed on the ſtage, and was ſoon neglected. Mr. Addiſon wrote the prologue, in which he rallies the vitiated taſte of the

" ed me below was Addiſon, whoſe buſineſs was to tell me that " a Hiſtory of the Revolution was intended, and to propoſe that " I ſhould undertake it. I ſaid, What ſhall I do with the cha- " racter of Lord Sunderland? and Addiſon immediately re- " turned, When, Ragg, were you drunk laſt? and immediately " went away."

publick in preferring the unideal entertainment of an opera to the genuine ſenſe of a Britiſh poet *.

Mr. Smith had indeed ſome defects in his conduct, which thoſe are more apt to remember who could imitate him in nothing elſe †. Amongſt the blemiſhes of an innocent kind which attended Mr. Smith was his extreme careleſſneſs in the particular of dreſs: this oddity procured him the name of Captain Ragg. His perſon was ſo well formed, and he poſſeſſed ſo much natural gracefulneſs, that notwithſtanding the diſadvantage of his appearance he was called by the ladies The Handſome Sloven.

It is to be wondered at (ſays Mr. Oldiſworth) that a man under poverty, calamities, and diſappointments, could make ſo many friends, and thoſe ſo truly valuable. He had indeed a noble idea of the paſſion of friendſhip, in the ſucceſs of which conſiſted the greateſt if not the only happineſs of his life. He was ſerene and cheerful under the diſpenſations of Providence; he avoided having any dealings with mankind

* Lintot, who bought this play, advanced the price from fifty guineas, the current price, to ſixty, and Lord Halifax accepted the dedication, which Smith's indolence kept him from finiſhing till Lintot threatened to publiſh without it; it was therefore written, and Halifax, looking for the Author and his book, had prepared to reward him with a place of 300 *l.* a-year; the infatuated Author neglected to attend his patron, and thus miſſed reward by his indolence in neglecting to ſolicit it.

† See note, p. vii.

in which he could not be juſt, and therefore refuſed to embrace ſome opportunities of amending his fortune†.

Upon Mr. Smith's coming to Town no man was more ſurrounded by all thoſe who really had or pretended to wit, or more courted by the great men who had then a power and opportunity of encouraging arts and ſciences. Mr. Smith's character grew upon his friends by intimacy, and exceeded the ſtrongeſt prepoſſeſſions which had been conceived in his favour. A few years before his death Mr. Smith engaged in ſome conſiderable undertakings, in all which he raiſed expectations in the world which he lived not to gratify. Mr. Oldiſworth obſerves that he had ſeen about ten ſheets of Pindar tranſlated into Engliſh, which he ſays exceeded any thing of that kind he could ever hope for in our language. He had drawn out a plan for a tragedy of Lady Jane Gray, and had written ſeveral ſcenes of it, a ſubject afterwards nobly executed by Mr. Rowe. His greateſt undertaking was Longinus, which he executed in a very maſterly manner. He propoſed a large addition to this work of Notes and Obſervations of his own, with an entire ſyſtem of the art of poetry in three books, under the title of Thoughts, Action, and Figure. In this work he propoſed to reform the art of rhetorick, by reducing that confuſed heap of terms with which a long ſucceſſion

† See note, p. viii.

of pedants had incumbered the world to a very narrow compaſs, comprehending all that was uſeful and ornamental in poetry under each head and chapter. He intended to make remarks upon all the Ancients and Moderns, the Greek, Latin, Engliſh, French, Spaniſh, and Italian, poets, and to animadvert upon their ſeveral beauties and defects.

Mr. Smith died in July 1710, in the forty-ſecond year of his age, at the ſeat of George Ducket, Eſq*. called Gartham, in Wiltſhire, and was buried in the pariſh church there†. We ſhall give the character of

* This Mr. Ducket communicated to Mr. Oldmixon the hiſtorian an account, pretended to have been received from Smith, that Clarendon's Hiſtory was in its publication corrupted by Aldrich, Smalridge, and Atterbury, and that Smith was employed to forge and inſert the alterations. Oldmixon publiſhed this ſtory, which was denied by Atterbury, and was afterwards fully refuted by Dr. Burton of Eaton, the teſtimonies which he has collected having convinced mankind that either Smith or Ducket were guilty of falſehood. Mr. Gilbert Walmſley, late Rector of the Eccleſiaſtical Court of Litchfield, who was acquainted both with Smith and Ducket, declared that if the tale concerning Clarendon were forged he ſhould ſuſpect Ducket; "for Ragg was a man of great veracity."

† It is ſaid that at Mr. Ducket's houſe Smith indulged too freely in eating and drinking, and that reſolving to eaſe himſelf by phyſick he wrote to an apothecary in the neighbourhood a preſcription of a purge ſo forcible, that the apothecary declined furniſhing it till he had given warning of its fatal tendency. Smith treated the notice with contempt, and ſwallowed his own medicine, which brought him to the grave at the place and in the month above-mentioned.

this celebrated poet in the words of Mr. Oldiſworth. —"He had a quickneſs of apprehenſion and vivacity "of underſtanding which eaſily took in and ſurmount-"ed the moſt knotty parts of mathematicks and me-"taphyſicks: his wit was prompt and flowing, yet "ſolid and piercing; his taſte delicate, his head clear, "and his manner of expreſſing his thoughts perſpi-"cuous and engaging: an eager but generous emu-"lation grew up in him, which puſhed him upon ſtri-"ving to excel in every art and ſcience that could make "him a credit to his college; and it was his happineſs to "have ſeveral contemporaries and fellow ſtudents who "exerciſed and excited this virtue in themſelves and "others: his judgment, naturally good, ſoon ripened "into an exquiſite fineneſs and diſtinguiſhing ſagaci-"ty, which as it was active and buſy ſo it was vigorous "and manly, keeping even pace with a rich and ſtrong "imagination always on the wing, and never tired "with aſpiring. There are many of his firſt eſſays in "oratory, in epigram, elegy, and epick, ſtill handed "about the univerſity in manuſcript, which ſhew a "maſterly hand, though maimed and injured by fre-"quent tranſcribing. As his parts were extraordinary "ſo he well knew how to improve them, and not "only to poliſh the diamond but enchaſe it in the "moſt ſolid and durable metal.

"Though he was an academick the greateſt part "of his life yet he contracted no ſourneſs of temper,

"no tincture of pedantry, no itch of disputation, or "obstinate contention for the old or new philosophy, "no assuming way of dictating to others, which are "faults which some are insensibly led into who are "constrained to dwell within the walls of a private "college." Thus far Mr. Oldisworth, who has drawn the character of his deceased friend with a laudable fondness. Mr. Smith no doubt possessed the highest genius for poetry, but it is certain he had mixed but too little in life. He was upon the whole a good-natured man, a great poet, a finished scholar, and a discerning critick.

A Poem to the Memory of

MR. JOHN PHILIPS.

INSCRIBED TO THE HON. MR. TREVOR †.

SIR,

SINCE our Isis silently deplores
The bard who spread her fame to distant shores,
Since nobler pens their mournful lays suspend,
My honest zeal if not my verse commend;
Forgive the poet and approve the friend. 5
Your care had long his fleeting life restrain'd;
One table fed you and one bed contain'd:
For his dear sake long restless nights you bore,
While rattling coughs his heaving vessels tore;
Much was his pain, but your affliction more. 10
Oh! had no summons from the noisy gown
Call'd thee unwilling to the nauseous Town
Thy love had o'er the dull disease prevail'd;
Thy mirth had cur'd where baffled Physick fail'd:
But since the will of Heav'n his fate decreed 15
To thy kind care my worthless lines succeed;
Fruitless our hopes tho' pious our essays,
Your's to preserve a friend and mine to praise.
Oh might I paint him in Miltonian verse
With strains like those he sung on Glo'ster's hearse! 20
But with the meaner tribe I 'm forc'd to chime,
And wanting strength to rise descend to rhyme.

† This poem has been printed with those of J. Philips, Mr. Smith's intimate friend, but being of no great length is here repeated to complete Mr. Smith's poems.

To follow ours now Tuſcan bards deſcend,
From Philips borrow tho' to Spenſer lend;
Like Philips too the yoke of rhyme diſdain;
They firſt on Engliſh bards impos'd the chain, 84
Firſt by an Engliſh bard from rhyme their freedom [gain.
Tyrannick rhyme! that cramps to equal chime
The gay, the ſoft, the florid, and ſublime.
Some ſay this chain the doubtful ſenſe decides,
Confines the fancy and the judgment guides:
I 'm ſure in needleſs bonds it poets ties, 90
Procruſtes like the axe or wheel applies
To lop the mangled ſenſe or ſtretch it into ſize:
At beſt a crutch that lifts the weak along,
Supports the feeble but retards the ſtrong,
And the chance thoughts when govern'd by the cloſe
Oft' riſe to fuſtian or deſcend to proſe. 96
Your judgment Philips! rul'd with ſteady ſway,
You us'd no curbing rhyme the Muſe to ſtay,
To ſtop her fury or direct her way;
Thee on the wing thy uncheck'd vigour bore 100
To wanton freely or ſecurely ſoar.
So the ſtretch'd cord the ſhackled dancer tries,
As prone to fall as impotent to riſe;
When freed he moves the ſturdy cable bends,
He mounts with pleaſure and ſecure deſcends, 105
Now dropping ſeems to ſtrike the diſtant ground,
Now high in air his quiv'ring feet rebound.
Rail on ye Triflers! who to Will's repair
For new lampoons, freſh cant, or modiſh air;

Rail on at Milton's ſon, who wiſely bold 110
Rejects new phraſes and reſumes the old:
Thus Chaucer lives in younger Spenſer's ſtrains,
In Maro's page reviving Ennius reigns,
The ancient words the majeſty complete,
And make the poem venerably great: 115
So when the queen in royal habit is dreſt
Old myſtick emblems grace th' imperial veſt,
And in Eliza's robes all Anna ſtands confeſt.

A haughty bard, to fame by volumes rais'd,
At Dick's and Batſon's and thro' Smithfield prais'd,
Cries out aloud—"Bold Oxford Bard! forbear 121
"With rugged numbers to torment my ear."
Yet not like thee the heavy critick ſoars,
But paints in fuſtian or in turn deplores,
With Bunyan's ſtyle profanes heroick ſongs, 125
To the tenth page lean homilies prolongs,
For far-fetch'd rhymes makes puzzled angels ſtrain,
And in low proſe dull Lucifer complain;
His envious Muſe, by native dulneſs curſt,
Damns the beſt poems and contrives the worſt. 130

Beyond his praiſe or blame thy Works prevail,
Complete where Dryden and thy Milton fail;
Great Milton's wing on lower themes ſubſides,
And Dryden oft' in rhyme his weakneſs hides.
You ne'er with gingling words deceive the ear, 135
And yet on humble ſubjects great appear.
Thrice happy Youth! whom noble Iſis crowns,
Whom Blackmore cenſures and Godolphin owns.

So on the tuneful Margarita's tongue
The lift'ning nymphs and raviſh'd heroes hung, 140
But cits and fops the heav'nborn muſick blame,
And bawl, and hiſs, and damn her into fame:
Like her ſweet voice is thy harmonious ſong,
As high, as ſweet, as eaſy, and as ſtrong.
Oh! had relenting Heav'n prolong'd his days, 145
The tow'ring bard had ſung in nobler lays
How the laſt trumpet wakes the lazy dead,
How ſaints aloft the croſs triumphant ſpread, 148
How op'ning heav'ns their happy regions ſhow,
And yawning gulfs with flaming vengeance glow,
And ſaints rejoice above and ſinners howl below.
Well might he ſing the day he could not fear, 152
And paint the glories he was ſure to wear.
Oh! beſt of friends! will ne'er the ſilent urn
To our juſt vows the haplefs youth return? 155
Muſt he no more divert the tedious day,
Nor ſparkling thoughts in antick words convey?
No more to harmleſs irony deſcend,
To noiſy fools a grave attention lend,
Nor merry tales with learn'd quotations blend? 160
No more in falſe pathetick phraſe complain
Of Delia's wit, her charms, and her diſdain?
Who now ſhall godlike Anna's fame diffuſe?
Muſt ſhe when moſt ſhe merits want a Muſe?
Who now our Twyſden's glorious fate ſhall tell, 165
How lov'd he liv'd, and how deplor'd he fell?

How while the troubled elements around,
Earth, water, air, the ſtunning din reſound,
Thro' ſtreams of ſmoke and adverſe fire he rides,
While ev'ry ſhot is levell'd at his ſides? 170
How while the fainting Dutch remotely fire,
And the fam'd Eugene's iron troops retire,
In the firſt front amidſt a ſlaughter'd pile
High on the mound he dy'd near great Argyle?
Whom ſhall I find unbiaſs'd in diſpute, 175
Eager to learn, unwilling to confute?
To whom the labours of my ſoul diſcloſe,
Reveal my pleaſure or diſcharge my woes?
Oh! in that heav'nly youth for ever ends
The beſt of ſons, of brothers, and of friends. 180
He ſacred Friendſhip's ſtricteſt laws obey'd,
Yet more by conſcience than by friendſhip ſway'd;
Againſt himſelf his gratitude maintain'd,
By favours paſt not future proſpects gain'd;
Not nicely chuſing tho' by all deſir'd; 185
Tho' learn'd not vain, and humble tho' admir'd;
Candid to all, but to himſelf ſevere;
In humour pliant as in life auſtere;
A wiſe content his even ſoul ſecur'd,
By want not ſhaken nor by wealth allur'd; 190
To all ſincere; tho' earneſt to commend
Could praiſe a rival or condemn a friend.
To him old Greece and Rome were fully known,
Their tongues, their ſpirit, and their ſtyles, his own.

Pleas'd the leaſt ſteps of famous men to view 195
Our authors' works, and lives, and ſouls, he knew;
Paid to the learn'd and great the ſame eſteem,
The one his pattern and the one his theme.
With equal judgment his capacious mind
Warm Pindar's rage and Euclid's reaſon join'd. 200
Judicious phyſick's noble art to gain
All drugs and plants explor'd, alas! in vain;
The drugs and plants their drooping maſter fail'd,
Nor goodneſs now nor learning aught avail'd;
Yet to the bard his Churchill's ſoul they gave, 205
And made him ſcorn the life they could not ſave.

Elſe could he bear unmov'd the fatal gueſt,
The weight that all his fainting limbs oppreſt,
The coughs that ſtruggled from his weary breaſt?
Could he unmov'd approaching death ſuſtain, 210
Its ſlow advances and its racking pain?
Could he ſerene his weeping friends ſurvey,
In his laſt hours his eaſy wit diſplay,
Like the rich fruit he ſings delicious in decay?

Once on thy friends look down lamented Shade!
And view the honours to thy aſhes paid: 216
Some thy lov'd duſt in Parian ſtones enſhrine,
Others immortal epitaphs deſign
With wit and ſtrength that only yield to thine.
Ev'n I, tho' ſlow to touch the painful ſtring, 220
Awake from ſlumber and attempt to ſing.
Thee Philips! thee deſpairing Vaga mourns,
And gentle Iſis ſoft complaints returns,

Dormer laments amidſt the war's alarms,
And Cecil weeps in beauteous Tufton's arms, 225
Thee on the Po kind Somerſet deplores,
And ev'n that charming ſcene his grief reſtores,
He to thy loſs each mournful air applies,
Mindful of thee on huge Taburnus lies,
But moſt at Virgil's tomb his ſwelling ſorrows riſe.
But you his darling friends lament no more, 231
Diſplay his fame and not his fate deplore,
And let no tears from erring Pity flow
For one that 's bleſt above immortaliz'd below. 234

ODE FOR THE YEAR 1705.

I.

JANUS, did ever to thy wond'ring eyes
So bright a ſcene of triumph riſe?
Did ever Greece or Rome ſuch laurels wear
As crown'd the laſt auſpicious year?
When firſt at Blenheim Anne her enſigns ſpread, 5
And Marlb'rough to the field the ſhouting ſquadrons [led,
In vain the hills and ſtreams oppoſe,
In vain the hollow ground in faithleſs hillocks roſe;
To the rough Danube's winding ſhore
His ſhatter'd foes the conq'ring hero bore. 10

II.

They ſee with ſtaring haggard eyes
The rapid torrent roll the foaming billows riſe;

Amaz'd, aghaſt, they turn, but find
In Marlb'rough's arms a ſurer fate behind.
Now his red ſword aloft impends, 15
Now on their ſhrinking heads deſcends:
Wild and diſtracted with their fears
They juſtling plunge amidſt the ſounding deeps;
The flood away the ſtruggling ſquadrons ſweeps,
And men, and arms, and horſes, whirling bears. 20
The frighted Danube to the ſea retreats,
The Danube ſoon the flying ocean meets,
Flying the thunder of great Anna's fleets.

III.

Rooke on the ſeas aſſerts her ſway,
Flames o'er the trembling ocean play, 25
And clouds of ſmoke involve the day:
Affrighted Europe hears the cannons rore,
And Africk echoes from its diſtant ſhore.
The French, unequal in the fight,
In force ſuperiour take their flight. 30
Factions in vain the hero's worth decry,
In vain the vanquiſh'd triumph while they fly.

IV.

Now Janus with a future view
The glories of her reign ſurvey,
Which ſhall o'er France her arms diſplay, 35
And kingdoms now her own ſubdue.
Lewis, for oppreſſion born,
Lewis in his turn ſhall mourn,

While his conquer'd happy ſwains
Shall hug their eaſy wiſh'd-for chains. 40
Others enſlav'd by victory
Their ſubjects as their foes oppreſs;
Anna conquers but to free,
And governs but to bleſs. 44

ODE.

ORMOND's glory, Marlb'rough's arms,
All the mouths of Fame employ,
And th' applauding world around
Echoes back the pleaſing ſound:
Their courage warms, 5
Their conduct charms,
Yet the univerſal joy
Feels a ſenſible alloy!

Mighty George†! the ſenate's care,
The people's love, great Anna's pray'r, 10
While the ſtroke of Fate we dread
Impending o'er thy ſacred head
The Britiſh youth for thee ſubmit to fear,
For her the dames in cloudy grief appear.

Let the noiſe of war and joy 15
Rend again the trembling ſky,
Great George revives to calm our fears,
With proſpects of more glorious years;

† George Prince of Denmark, huſband to the Queen.

Deriv'd from Anne's auſpicious ſmiles
More cheerful airs refreſh the Britiſh Iſles. 20

Sound the trumpet, beat the drum;
Tremble France, we come, we come!
Almighty force our courage warms,
We feel the full the pow'rful charms
Of Ormond's glory and of Marlb'rough's arms! 25

ODE IN PRAISE OF MUSICK.

COMPOSED BY MR. CHARLES KING, IN FIVE PARTS,

For the Degree of Bachelor of Muſick; performed at the Theatre in Oxford on Friday the 11th of July 1707.

MUSICK! ſoft charm of heav'n and earth,
Whence didſt thou borrow thy auſpicious birth?
Or art thou of eternal date,
Sire to thyſelf, thyſelf as old as Fate?
Ere the rude ponderous maſs 5
Of earth and waters from their chaos ſprang
The morning Stars their anthems ſang,
And nought in heav'n was heard but melody and love.

Myriads of ſpirits, forms divine,
The ſeraphin, with the bright hoſt 10
Of angels, thrones, and heav'nly pow'rs,
Worſhip before th' eternal ſhrine,

Their happy privilege in hymns and anthems boaſt,
In love and wonder paſs their blisful hours.

Nor let the lower world repine 15
The maſſy orb in which we ſluggards move
As if ſequeſter'd from the arts divine;
Here 's Muſick too,
As ours a rival were to the world above. 19

CHORUS, FIVE VOICES.

Hark how the feather'd choir their mattins chant,
And purling ſtreams ſoft accents vent,
And all both time and meaſure know.
Ere ſince the Theban bard, to prove
The wondrous magick of his art,
Taught trees and foreſts how to move 25
All Nature has a gen'ral concert held;
Each creature ſtrives to bear a part,
And all but Death and Hell to conq'ring Muſick yield.

But ſtay, I hear methinks a motley crew,
A peeviſh, odd, eccentrick race, 30
The glory of the art debaſe;
Perhaps becauſe the ſacred emblem 't is
Of Truth, of Peace, and Order too;
So dang'rous 't is to be perverſely wiſe.
But be they ever in the wrong 35
Who ſay the prophet's harp e'er ſpoil'd the poet's ſong.

GRAND CHORUS, FIVE PARTS.

To Athens now my Muſe! retire,
The refuge and the theatre of wit,

And in that ſafe and ſweet retreat
Amongſt Apollo's ſons inquire, 40
And ſee if any friend of thine be there;
But ſure ſo near the Theſpian ſpring
The humbleſt bard may ſit and ſing:
Here reſt my Muſe, and dwell for ever here. 44

CHARLETTUS PERCIVALLO SUO.

Hora dum nondum ſonuit ſecunda,
Nec puer nigras tepefecit undas,
Acer ad notos calamus labores
Sponte recurrit. 4
Quid priùs noſtris pótiúſve chartis
Illínam? Cuinam vigil ante noctem
Sole depulſam redeunte Scriptor
Mitto ſalutem? 8
Tu meis chartis, bone Percivalle,
Unicè dignus; tibi pectus implet
Non minor noſtro novitatis ardor;
Tu quoque Scriptor. 12
Detulit rumor (mihi multa defert
Rumor) in ſylvis modo te dediſſe
Furibus prædam, mediumque belli impune ſtetiſſe. 16
Saucius num vivit adhuc Caballus
Anne? Ierneis potiora Gazis,
An, tua vitâ Tibi chariora,
Scripta ſuperſunt? 20

Cui legis noſtras, religiſque chartas?
Cui meam laudas generoſitatem?
Quem meis verbis, mea neſcientem,
Mane ſalutas. 24
Scribe Securus, quid agit Senatus
Quid Caput ſtertit grave Lambethanum,
Quid Comes Guildford, quid habent novorum
*Dawkſ*que *Dyer*que, 28
Me meus, quondam tuus, è popinis
Jenny jam viſit, lacrimanſque narrat,
Dum molit fucos, ſubito peremptum
Funere Rixon. 32
Narrat (avertat Deus inquit omen)
Hoſpitem notæ periiſſe Mitræ;
Narrat immerſam prope limen urbis
Flumine cymbam. 36
Narrat—at portis meus Hinton aſtat,
Nuncius Pricket redit, avocat me
Sherwin, et ſcribendæ aliò requirunt
Mille tabellæ. 40

PERCIVALLUS CHARLETTO SUO.

QUALIS ambabus capiendus ulnis
Limen attingit tibi gratus hoſpes
Quum ſacras primum ſubit aut relinquit
Iſidis arces, 4
Qualis exultat tibi pars mamillæ
Læva, quùm cantu propriore ſtrident

Missiles et jam moneant adesse
Cornua, chartas, 8
Tale per nostrum jecur et medullas
Gaudium fluxit, simul ac reclusis
Vinculis vidi benè literati
Nomen amici. 12
Obvios fures, uti fama verax
Rettulit, sensi pavidus tremensque;
Sed fui, sumque, excipias timorem,
Cætera sospes. 16
Scire si sylvam cupias pericli
Consciam, et tristes nemoris tenebras,
Consulas lentè tabulas parantem
Te duce Colum. 20
Flebilis legi miseranda docti
Fata pictoris, sed et hôc iniqua
Damna consolor, superest perempto
Rixone Wildgoose. 24
Quæ tamen metram mulier labantem
Fulciet? munus vetulæ parentis,
Anna præstabit, nisi sors Ierni
Hospita Cygni. 28
Lætus accepi celeres vigere
Pricketi plantas, simùl ambulanti
Plaudo Sherwino, pueroque Davo
Mitto salutem. 32
Jenny, post Hinton, comitum tuorum
Primus, ante omnes mihi gratulandus,

Qui tibi totus vacat, et vacabit,
Nec vetat Uxor. 36
Hæc ego lusi properante Musâ
Lesbiæ vatis numeros secutus,
Si novi quid sit, meliùs docebit
Sermo pedestris. 40

P. S.

" Cœnitant mecum Comites Iernæ,
" Multa qui de te memorant cuculios
" Inter, et pulli, vice literarum,
" Crus tibi mittunt." 44

POCOCKIUS.

Dum cæde tellus luxuriat Ducum,
Meum Pococki barbiton exigis.
Manésque Musam fastuosam
Sollicitant pretiosiores. 4
Alter virentum prorumpat agmina
Sonora Thracum, donáque Phillidi
Agat puellas, heu decoris
Virginibus nimis invidenti. 8
Te nuda Virtus, te Fidei pius
Ardor ferendæ, sanctáque Veritas
Per saxa, per pontum, per hostes
Præcipitant Asiæ misertum: 12
Cohors catenis quà pia stridulis
Gemunt onusti, vel sudé trans sinum

Luctantur actâ, pendulíve
Sanguineis trepidant in uncis. 16
Sentis ut edunt ſibila, ut ardui
Micant dracones, tigris ut horridos
Intorquet ungues, ejulátque
In madido crocodilus antro 20
Vides lacunæ ſulphure lividos
Ardere fluctus, quà ſtetit impiæ
Moles Gomorrhæ mox procellâ
Houſta rubrâ, pluviiſque flammis: 24
Quòd iſta tellus ſi ſimiles tibi
Si fortè denos nutrierat Viros,
Adhuc ſtetiſſet, nec vibrato
Dextra Dei tonuiſſet igne. 28
Quin nunc requiris tecta virentia
Nini ferocis, nunc Babel arduum,
Immane opus, creſcentibúſque
Vertice ſideribus propinquum. 32
Nequicquam: Amici diſparibus ſonis
Eludit aures neſcius artifex,
Linguáſque miratur recentes
In patriis peregrinus oris. 36
Veſtitur hinc tot ſermo coloribus,
Quot tu, Pococki, diſſimilis tui
Orator effers, quot viciſſim
Te memores celebrare gaudent. 40
Hi non tacebunt quo Syriam ſenex
Percurrit æſtu raptus, ut arcibus
Non jam ſuperbis, et verendis

Indoluit Solimæ ruinis, 44
Quis corda pulſans tunc pavor hauſerat
Dolor quis arſit non ſine gaudio,
Cum buſta Chriſti provolutus
Ambiguis lachrymis rigaret! 48
Sacratur arbos multa Pocockio,
Locóſque monſtrans inquiet accola.
Hæc quercus Hoſeam ſupinum,
Hæc Britonem recreavit ornus. 52
Hîc audierunt gens venerabilem
Ebræa Moſen, inde Pocockium
Non ore, non annis minorem,
Atque ſuam didicere linguam. 56
Ac ſicut albens perpetuâ nive
Simul favillas, et cineres ſinu
Eructat ardenti, et pruinis
Contiguas rotat Ætna flammas; 60
Sic te trementem, te nive candidum
Mens intus urget, mens agit ignea
Sequi reluctantem Iëolem
Per tonitru, aëreáſque nubes 64
Annon paveſcis, dum tuba pallidum
Ciet Sionem, dum tremulum polo
Caligat aſtrum, atque incubanti
Terra nigrans tegitur ſub umbrâ? 68
Quod agmen! heu quæ turma ſequacibus
Tremenda flammis! quis ſtrepitantium
Flictus rotarum eſt! O Pococki
Egregie! O animoſe Vatis 72

Interpres abſtruſi! O ſimili ferè
Correpte flammâ! te, quot imagine
Crucis notantur, te, ſubacto
Chriſticolæ gravis Ottomannus 76
Gemens requirit, te Babylonii
Narrant poëtæ, te pharetris Arabs
Plorat revulſis, et fragoſos
Jam gravior ferit horror agros. 80
Quà Geſta nondum cognita Cæſaris,
Quà nec Matronis ſcripta, Pocockius
Ploratur ingens, et dolenda
Neſtoreæ brevitas ſenectæ. 84

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THE END.