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3324

HEALTH,

A

POEM:

By E. B—d, M. D.

*Mullaque Desipit.*

To which are added, *Jones's Odes.*

C A U T I O N S

A G A I N S T

The *immoderate* Use of Snuff:

By Dr. J. HILL.

W I T H

T W O L E T T E R S

C O N T A I N I N G

*Remarks on the said Pamphlet.*

\*\*\*\*\*

B R I S T O L :

Printed and Sold by E. W A R D, opposite  
the POST-OFFICE.

[PRICE SIX-PENCE.]

*See the next poem - it is  
the same as this*



(4)



T H E  
P R E F A C E.

*I* *T* was a usual Saying of the great Lord  
*Verulum*, That not one Man of a  
thousand died a natural Death; and  
that most Diseases had their Rise and Origin  
from Intemperance. Therefore,

*might  
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*Boenph. ye.  
or does not  
see 20.  
of the  
Muscular Motion.*

Unerring Nature learn to follow close,  
For Quantum sufficit is her just "Dose"; 1  
Sufficient, clogs no Wheels and tires no Horse,  
Yet briskly drives the Blood around the Course;  
And hourly adds unto its Wastes, Supplies,  
In due Proportion to what's spent and dies, 2  
Whilst surfeiting corrupts the purple Gore,  
And Bankrupts Nature of her long liv'd Store; *Alex.*  
And thus the Soul is from the Body "tore" 3  
Before its Time----- *applicable to the present*  
Which by a temperate Life, in a clean Cell,  
Might full a hundred Years with Comfort  
dwell }  
And drop, when ripe, as Nuts do slip the Shell. } 4  
Trust not to Constitution, 'twill decay,  
And twisted Strength, its Fibres wear away; } 5  
Muscular Motion.

*thinks the vice dose, of the Doctor dies. vid.*

As close wove *Garments* of a strong spun  
Thread

The *Woof* frets out and tears away the *Web* :  
So *Soul* and *Body* tho' ne'er so well conjoin'd,  
The longer that they wear the more they  
grind,

Then the crackt *Organ* must impair the *Mind*.  
All finite Things tend to their own undoing,  
But Man alone's industrious to his Ruin ;  
For what his *Riot*, *Delicates* and *Wine*,  
Turns *Pioneer* himself to undermine.

Besides the hidden *Snares* laid in our *Way*,  
The sudden *Deaths* we hear of every *Day*,  
The smoothest Paths have unseen *Ambuscades*,  
And *Insecurity Security* invades ; [Event,  
For no Man knows what's the next *Hour's*  
*Manlives* as he does *die* by Accident.

How soft is *Flesh*, how brittle is a *Bone* !  
Time eats up *Steel* and Monument of *Stone*,  
And from his *Teeth* art thou exempt alone ?  
What Warrant hast thou that thy *Body's Proof*  
Against the Anguish of an aching *Tooth* ?

How soon's a *Fever* rous'd by acute Pains ?  
The smallest *Ails* have all their Partizans ;  
And in intestine Wars they may divide,  
And *Life's* Deserters list on the wrong Side.  
Diseases, like true Blood-hounds seize their Dam,  
And prey upon the *Carcase* whence they sprang.  
Be always on thy Guard, watchful and wise,  
Left *Death* should take thee napping by *Sur-  
prize*.

vice.

*sign*  
*knowledge*  
*spite*  
*expensive*  
*hasolate*  
*word*

*Drunkenness and Gluttony steal Men off silently and*  
*ingulatum, whereas Sword and Pestilence do it*  
*by the Lump; but then Death makes a Halt, and*  
*comes to a Cessation of Arms, but the other knows*  
*no Stop nor Intermiffion, but perpetually jogs on*  
*and depopulates insensibly and by Degrees; and*  
*tho' this is every Day experienced, yet Men are so*  
*enslaved by Custom and a long Habit, that no Ad-*  
*monition will avail: So true is that Saying, That*  
*he that goes to the Tavern at first for the Love of*  
*the Company, will at last go thither for the Love*  
*of the Liquor: and therefore 'twas excellent Ad-*  
*vice the ingenious Dr. Baynard gave his Godson.*

Pass by a Tavern Door, my Son,  
 This sacred Truth write on thy Heart;  
 'Tis easier, Company to shun,  
 Than at a Pint it is to part,

For one Pint draws another in,  
 And that Pint lights a Pipe;  
 And thus in th' Morn, they tap the Day,  
 And drink it out e'er Night:

Not dreaming of a sudden Bounce,  
 From Vinous Sulphurs stor'd within;  
 Which blows a Drunkard up at once,  
 When the Fire takes Life's Magazine.

An Apoplexy kills as sure  
 As Cannon-Ball, and oft as soon;  
 And will no more yield to a Cure,  
 Than murd'ring Chain-shot from a Gun.

Why shou'd Men dread a *Cannon Bore*,  
 Yet boldly 'proach a *Pottle Pot* ?  
 That may fall short, shoot wide, or o'er,  
 But *Drinking* is the surer *Shot*.

How many *Fools* about this *Town*,  
 Do quaff and laugh away their *Time* ?  
 And Nightly knock each other down,  
 With *Clarret Clubs*, of no *Grape Wine* !

Until a *Dart* from *Bacchus Quiver*,  
 As *Solomon* describeth right,  
 Does shoot his *Tartar* through the *Liver*,  
 Then (*Bonus Nocius*) *Sot*, *good Night*.

*Good Wine* will *kill* as well as *bad*,  
 When drank beyond (our *Nature's*) *Bounds*;  
 Then *Wine* gives *Life* a mortal *Stab*,  
 And leaves her *welt'ring* in her *Wounds*.

Wounds ! that no *Phyick Art* can heal,  
 And very rarely that they feel  
 The *Stroke*, the *Moment* it does kill. }

*Many a Soul with great Difficulty lugs on a weak  
 and worn-out Carcase to its daily Rendezvous, who  
 perhaps for many Years has been nothing else but  
 the Vintner's Conveniencer to carry his Liquors  
 between the Hoghead and the Pifs-Pot.*

But when alas ! Men come to die  
 Of *Dropsy*, *Jaundice*, *Stone* and *Gout*,  
 When the black *Reckoning* draws nigh,  
 And *Life* (before the *Bottle*) 's out :

When (low-drawn) Time's upon the Tilt,  
 Few Sands and Minutes left to run ;  
 And all our (past gone) *Years* are spilt,  
 And the great Work is left undone.

When restless *Conscience* knocks within  
 And in *Despair* begins to bawl,  
 Death like a Drawer then steps in,  
 And asketh, Gentlemen ! d'ye call ?

I wish that Men would, timely, think  
 On this great Truth in their full Bowls,  
 Both I and Will. of *Ludgate-Hill*,  
 And all our Friends round Pauls.

*When a Man's Distempers stare him in the Face,  
 and he is summon'd to lay down his Dust, he alas !  
 then sees the Folly of his Ways, and what a misera-  
 ble Purchase he has made with his mis-spent Time,  
 Health and Money ; and like a Malefactor at  
 the Gallows, makes some short Speech of Warning  
 to his Companions, who give him the Hearing,  
 and perhaps are drunk with his own Claret at his  
 Funeral.*

*But alas ! the Destruction of himself is the least  
 Part of the Tragedy, the Mischief is struck deeper,  
 and entails Hereditary Diseases on his innocent  
 Posterity, to the eternal Infamy of his Name and  
 Family, when the poor Off-spring of his wretched  
 Carcase inherits nothing but the Schedule of his  
 Distempers, and dwindles away a miserable Life  
 in Pills, Plaisters, and Potions. I wish that  
 Men may think of this, and prize and preserve a*

*good Constitution and Stock of Health before it be too late.*

*I cannot better close this Epistle, than as the same Author observes the old Romans to have done, to their Friends.*

*Cura ut Valeas* for Health once gone  
 All Comforts perish with it, and are none ;  
 Riches and Honour, Musick, Wine and Wit,  
 Wax flat and tasteless with the Loss of it.  
 Cou'd Youth but see with gouty old Mens  
     Eyes,  
 One stretch upon their Back would make  
     'em wise,  
 And Drunkenness (the damn'd first Cause)  
     despise.  
 But such is giddy Youth's unhappy Fate,  
 When crippl'd and nail'd down are wise too  
     late.

Unhappy Man! that drinks his own undoing  
 As tho' his Business were, to pledge his Ruin.  
 And that brave Texture his found Parents knit,  
 With *Pipe* and *Pot* he does unravel it.  
 As if the Gods, in Anger gave him Wealth,  
 To sacrifice to *Bacchus*, Youth and Health.  
 Health of all earthly Blessings 'tis the best,  
 Which most is valued, when 'tis least possess'd.







A N  
E S S A Y  
T O A

# *Rule of Health.*

## *The Definition.*

**H**EALTH is a free, easy, and perfect Enjoyment, of all the Faculties of *Mind* and *Body*, to due Performance of the *Animal Functions*, without any Impediment, Pain or Molestation.

*Et tibi mittit, quod non habet ipse, Vale*  
Which is thus to be attain'd, *Ovid. Trin.*

**I**F twice Man's Age you would fulfil,  
Let *Reason* guide you, not your *Will* :  
Let all the *Passions* of the *Soul*  
Be subject unto her Controle ;  
She checks all Rashness, and gives Time,  
To think, and re-think each Design :  
Those that do thus, before they act,  
'Tis rarely seen, repent the Fact :  
This makes an easy, quiet *Mind*,  
(The greatest Blessing of Mankind ;)   
And he that in this Bliss does share,  
Enjoys a Ray of *Heaven* here.

Fly all Excess, and first take Care,  
 Of *Wine* and *Women* to beware.  
 Sport, dally and tattle with 'em rarely,  
 And marry not a *Wife* too early ;  
 Stay 'till you're grown, and Joints are knit,  
 And you have *Money* got, and *Wit* :  
 For he that *weds* before he's wife,  
 Is shackled by a Fool's Advice ;  
 Alas! then he may see his Fate,  
 And feel it too, when 'tis too late.

In single Life live pure and chaste,  
 Left from your Face your *Nose* you cast.  
 And is it not a great Disgrace,  
 To lose the Boltsprit of your Face?  
 Tho' Tears and Pray'rs may atone for th' Sin,  
 Yet Howling brings no *Nose* again :  
 So never touch forbidden Fruit,  
 But think on *Nose*, when tempted to't.  
 'Till *Hunger* pinches never eat ;  
 And then, on plain, not spiced Meat.  
 Desist before you eat your Fill,  
 Drink to dilute, but not to swill,  
 So no Ructations you will feel.

Let *Supper* little be, and light ;  
 But none, makes always the best Night ;  
 It gives sweet Sleep without a Dream,  
 Leaves Morning's Mouth sweet, moist and clean.

A little *Breakfast* you may eat,  
 But not so as to satiate :  
 But *Dinner* then, you must postpone,  
 'Till farther in the Afternoon ;  
 For never load fresh Food upon  
 Your Stomach 'till the former's gone ;  
 For whatfo'er is swallow'd thus,  
 Turns *putrid* and *cadaverous*.

And taking more than *Nature* needs,  
Of most Distempers, are the Seeds.

Accustom early in your Youth  
To lay Embargo on your *Mouth* ;  
And let no Rarities invite,  
To pall and glut your Appetite :  
But check it always, and give o'er,  
With a Desire of eating more.

For where one dies by *Inanition*,  
A thousand perish by *Repletion*.

To miss a *Meal*, sometimes is good,  
It ventilates and cools the Blood,  
Gives *Nature* Time to clean her Streets  
From Filth and Crudities of Meats,  
For too much Meat the Bowels furr,  
And Fasting's *Nature's* Scavenger.

When as your Stomach nauseates,  
And kecks at Smell or Sight of Meats :  
By Vomit fetch away the Load  
Of Phlegm and undigested Food,  
And do it soon, before it dwells  
So as to tinge its Tunicles ;  
And breed sow'r Ferment, which begets  
Unfavoury Belches and sick Fits,  
And Streams, which taint the Mouth and Gums,  
With foetid Smells, like ulcer'd Lungs :  
And after *Vomits*, always use  
Emollients soft, to cool and smooth :  
For Reaching makes the Stomach sore,  
Which Lenitives will best restore.

Bleed only, when you find the Blood  
Abound, or stagnate, then 'tis good ;  
Which you may very eas'ly guess,  
By heavy, stiff Unwieldiness,

Short *Breath*, high *Pulse*, & *cætera*,  
 Then quickly take some Blood away :  
 But more especially in Stitches,  
*Pleuretic* Pains, and pungent Twitches ;  
 Then out of Hand without Delay,  
 Take a good Quantity away.

For *Purging* I shall give no Rule,  
 But after Glutt'ny and cramming full,  
 'Tis good to empty, and to cool ;  
 Tho' forc'd *Evacuations* are,  
 Such as we ought to use with Care,  
 Since 'tis not known what we can spare :  
 For *Physick* drives off with the Blood,  
 Some Parts of the substantial Good,  
 And if you'd keep the *Ballance* even,  
 Dame *Nature* must be led, not driven :  
 By Methods mild, and by Degrees,  
 We should relieve her Grievances :  
 As Fasting, Exercise, and Time,  
 And Water heals the Wounds of *Wine*.  
 But where the Fever's peracute,  
 It won't admit of long Dispute ;  
 When *Life's* chief Fortrefs is attack'd,  
 Quickly consult, and quickly act :  
 For many a Life hath slipt away,  
 By careless Trifling and Delay.  
 So when the Case is very urging,  
 Spare neither Vomiting, nor Purging ;  
 Provided that your Judgment's tight,  
 And take the Indication right ;  
 Ev'n then be not the only Agent,  
 Lest a dead Corps shou'd prove your Patient ;  
 But call in *Docters* of more Skill  
 Who may you cure, or help you kill,  
 Then let it happen as it will,

You can't be found *Felo de se*,  
If slain in learned Company.

When struck in Years, strong *Drink* forbear,  
Especially of Wine beware ;

Old Men of Moisture want Supplies,  
And Wine of all Sorts, heats and dries,  
Twitches and Cramps, their Tartars give,  
Hence they step short, and straddle stiff ;

For vinious Spirits prey upon  
Nutricious Juice, and vital Balm ;

This makes 'em tabid, lean and thin,  
With loose and flabby, wrinkled Skin.

*Water* and *Whey*, of Drinks are first,  
They cool, dilute, and quench the Thirst ;

And next to those is good small Beer,  
Not sow'r, but smart, and brisk and clear.

Not that in general I condemn,

A Glass of gen'rous now and then ;

When you are faint, your Spirits low,

Your String relax'd, 'twill bend your Bow,

Brace your Drum-head, and make you tight :

Wind up your Watch and set you right :

But then again the too much Use

Of all strong Liquors is th' Abuse ;

'Tis *Liquid* makes the *Solids* loose,

The *Texture* and whole *Frame* destroys,

But Health lies in the *Equipoise*.

The greatest Part o'th' World's content

With *Adam's Ale*, pure Element ;

And who so strong, and does more Work,

Than doth the *Water* drinking *Turk* ?

And when the Stomach's out of Order,

No Cordial's like a Glass of *Water* ;

This, this has baffled all the *Slops*

Of Ladies Closets, and the Shops.

As *Water's* best, so 'twas the first  
 Of *Liquors*, made to quench the *Thirst*,  
 Of Men, of Beasts, of Plants and Trees ;  
 From whence they all have their Encrease  
 Its Uses are too manifold,  
 And marv'rous great e'er to be told ;  
 Its Particles constituent,  
 Are too minute an Element.  
 Its Make and Texture, Crâsis, Grain,  
 Are too stupendiously fine  
 For Virtuoso's to descry,  
 Tho' Glasses come t'assist their Eye.  
 Cease! then, vain Search! let that alone,  
 Hid, with all Essences unknown ;  
 But be content that the *Creator*,  
 Has blest the World with so much *Water*.  
 It works itself (as being thin)  
 Into all the Pores and Parts within ;  
 Helps all *Secretions* in their Uses,  
 And sweetens sharp and sow'r Juices ;  
 Tempers hot *Bile*, thins viscid Phlegm,  
 And moderates in each Extreme ;  
 Damps the fierce *Æstus* of the Blood,  
 Abates the Fever's boiling Flood ;  
 Dilutes the *Salts*, melts off their Points,  
 And acrid Particles disjoins ;  
 And is the only *Liquor* that  
 Never grows eager, sharp or flat :  
 Give it but Motion, Room, and Air,  
 Its Purity will ne'er impair :  
 Experience daily shews it true,  
 That *Water* only this can do.  
 All other *Liquors* made by *Art*,  
 Grow rancid, vapid, sour, and tart.

Chuse *Water* that is cool, and thin,  
 Such as feels smooth, and soft to th' *Skin*,  
 Looks clear, and bright, and crystalline :  
 The lightest *Water* is the best,  
 That is, without or *Smell* or *Taste* :  
 Which standing long, yields few Contents  
 Of *Scum*, or *Clouds*, or *Sediments* ;  
 Such as will lather cold with Soap,  
 Tho' ne'er was fainted by the *Pope*,  
 (As *Bridget*, *Anne*, and *Winifred*,)  
 For 'tis the *Water* does the *Feat*,  
 The *Saints*, the *Varnish*, and the *Cheat* ;  
 And he that has a *Spring* like this,  
 Has with good *Air* a double *Bliss*.

Never give way to Sloth and Ease,  
 For Laz'ness is a great Disease,  
 And when it has Possession got,  
 It makes the Man a stupid Sot :  
 When Sleep does first desert you, rise ;  
 Next, wash the Gum from off your *Eyes* :  
 Cold *Water* pure will clear the Sight,  
 Comfort the *Eyes*, and keep them bright.  
 Indulge not Drowsiness, unless  
 It does proceed from Weariness.  
 Without some Fatigue, there's no sound Sleep,  
 'Tis eating without Appetite ;  
 For those that start in *Sleep*, or shake,  
 Find small Refreshment when they wake :  
 And when you *rise*, approach not near  
 A *Fire*, except the Cold's severe ;  
 And then, at distance take the Heat,  
 Because it does *inhabit* ;  
 And Sloth, and Sluggishness induce,  
 And spoil your natural Rest by Use.

This Custom, Students must avoid, }  
 For Memory is by Heat annoy'd  
 And by hard Drinking quite destroy'd: }  
 For Ceminiscence is strong where,  
 The *Head's* serene, and cool and clear ; }  
 This Truth is seen in Regions cold,  
 There what they *read* they always hold.  
 But 'tis the Nature of a *Wit*,  
 Soon to invent, soon to forget ;  
 For from the *Brain* that's hot and dry,  
 The slight Impressions quickly fly :  
 Whereas in *moist* and phlegmy Brains,  
 The Stamp's struck *deep* and long remains,  
 Tho' 'tis allow'd there are some few  
 That have good Wits, and Mem'ry too.

Rise early with the Summer's *Sun*,  
 Especially when you are young ?  
 For he that early walks the Fields,  
 Takes all the Sweets that *Flora* yields ;  
 Just as the *Sun* unlocks the Blooms  
 Of all their fragrant, rich Perfumes ;  
 Besides, with Morning *Air* he's treated,  
 Not by the Sun-beams over-heated ;  
 Which cools the *Lungs*, and fans the *Blood*, }  
 And makes the Spirits brisk and good ; }  
 After a bad Good-fellow-Hood ;  
 Had left their springy Parts uncurl'd,  
 Like a loose *Sail* that is unfurl'd,  
 Those Air and Action buckle up,  
 When ruffled by a Midnight's Cup.  
 After an idle drunken Bout,  
 Walk and take Air, ne'er sleep it out,  
 By which you will avoid the Harms  
 Of *Head-ach*, and sick Stomach *Qualms* :



For sleeping with a Load of *Wine*,  
 Does all its Fumes within confine ;  
 Which are of dang'rous Consequence,  
 For *Apoplexies* spring from hence.  
*Palsies*, and *Tremors*, and the rest,  
 Which mostly Drunkards do infest,  
 From *Ferments* in the Body pent,  
 Which early rowzing may prevent ;  
 For *Gouts*, and *Stone*, and such Diseases,  
 Dwell most where Luxury and Ease is :  
 Such a Torment never rages  
 'Mong *Whey*-drinkers in poor Cottages,  
 Who live in Health till mighty Ages ;  
 And to the *Grave* at a hundred Years  
 Carry their Mem'ry, Eyes and Ears.  
 Who then in *Ale*, or worse brew'd *Wine*,  
 Wou'd drown his Health, and so much Time ?  
 For whilst Men tittle, prate and lie,  
 Life on smooth Skeets slides swiftly by.

In walking let your *Cloaths* be thin,  
 But not too tight, or strait to th' Skin,  
 That cool fresh *Air* may close the Pores,  
 This oftentimes that Health restores,  
 Which too much Warmth turn'd out of Doors :  
 For loss of Strength declares what Hurt  
 Those get that wear a *Flannel* Shirt :  
 For thro' a constant Dilatation,  
 The Spirits spend by Perspiration.  
 In Bed lie *warm*, but not too hot,  
 Nor yet too *soft*, for that's a Fault ;  
 Soft Feathers have Attraction such,  
 As draws the natural *Heat* too much,  
 The Flesh makes slabby, loose and weak,  
 The Countenance dead, and pale and bleak.

Of *Heats* and *Colds* take special Care,  
 Windows, and Doors, that let in *Air* ;  
 A Crack, or Crevice, in the Wall,  
 Hurts more than doth an open Hall :  
 And safer 'tis to stand i'th' Street,  
 Than where two Doors or Entries meet.

Walk to be warm, but not to sweat,  
 Or by Degrees take down your Heat,  
 Drink not untill you're very *cool*,  
 And gently move to get a Stool,  
 Yet sometimes let your Feet be *wet*,  
 But in your wet *Shoes* never sit ;  
 For while you're running in the Dirt,  
 The Action keeps you from the Hurt :  
 And often wash your *Skin* all o'er,  
 It gives a Spring to every Pore ;  
 Returns the *Heat* upon the Blood,  
 Which makes all bad Digestions good.

Lodge not fine *Youth* with aged Bones,  
 Nor much converse with Pains and Groans  
 For Bodies, that are old, and dry'd,  
 From juicy Youth, will be supply'd ;  
 These such their *Spirits*, make 'em *pale*,  
 So *vital* Vigour needs must fail ;  
 For th' aged, thro' the young ones Pores,  
 His own decrepit *Limbs*, restores ;  
 For what by Contract, what by Sweats,  
 What the *Youth* loses, t'other gets :  
 This makes, 'em pallid, thin and weak,  
 As if Hag-ridden in their Sleep.  
 And on the other Hand, it's naught  
 To lye with one that's over *fat*,  
 Such sweat, and over-heat the Child,  
 By which a good, cool *Habit*'s spoil'd ;

For in a moderate Temperature,  
The Welfare of the Child's secure,  
In short, observe the tender Young,  
Shou'd be well *nurs'd*, but laid alone.

But above all ! take special Care,  
How *Children* you affright and scare,  
In telling Stories of Things seen,  
*Sprite, Dæmon, and Hobgoblin* ;  
Hence they'll contract such *Cowardice*,  
As ne'er will leave them, all their Lives,  
And then th' *Ideas* of their Fears,  
Continued, unto riper Years,  
Can by no Reason be suppress'd,  
But of it they'll be so possess'd ;  
They'll sweat, and quake, and start, and stare,  
And meet the Deyil ev'ry where.  
Terrors have changed some Men grey,  
Took Limbs, and Speech, and Sense away ;  
Have toply-turvy'd Brains in Sculls,  
Turn'd some Men mad, and some Men Fools :  
Have made a Soul skip like a Sprite,  
And leave the Body bolt upright :  
Start staring ghastly, dead and stiff,  
Like *Lot's* sad monumental Wife.

*Anger* avoid, and also *Grief*,  
They both are Enemies to *Life*,  
And fatal often in Extremes,  
To which side e'er the *Passion* leans.  
In both let *Reason* mitigate,  
She will the Fury soon abate,  
If she's consulted not too late.  
For I have seen fierce *Anger* checkt,  
By seeming Deafness, and Neglect ;  
Take off the *Fewel*, th' Fire will die,  
Silence alone will put it by,  
If not blown up, by a *Reply* :

Let it blow o'er, if you can bear,  
 In at one, but out at t'other *Ear* ;  
*Storms* hurt not in a thoroughfare.

Late *Watching* does much Injury,  
 To *Nature's* whole Oeconomy ;  
 Impedes, or wholly doth defeat  
 The making of her Work complete ;  
 For all *Secretions* are made best,  
 I'th' quiet State of *Sleep* and *Rest* ;  
 When all the Faculties of the *Mind*,  
 Are to their (soporal) *Cells* confin'd ;  
 Then all the vital Functions are,  
 ('Cause not disturb'd by mental Care,)  
 Each to his Office to repair ;  
 And mend the *Breaches* and *Decays*,  
 Made by Disorder any ways,  
 In Life's vast *Labyrinth* and *Maze* ;  
 Which thro' unknown *Mæanders* run  
 And circulates to where't begun,  
 And restless in its Course keeps on.

For th' *Heart* clacks on, and is a Mill,  
 That's independent of the Will,  
 And like an *Engine* squirts the Blood ;  
 Forcing up Hill the purple Flood,  
 A constant *Fountain* that displays  
 Its *Rivulets* ten thousand ways ;  
 Mov'd by a secret *Power* unknown,  
 And yet that *Power* is not its own ;  
 Restless from the first *Stroke* it gives,  
 To the last *Moment* that it lives ;  
 Its Office is to *Mesb* and *beat*,  
 And make the *Chyle* consimulate,  
 With balmy Blood and nitrous *Air*,  
 (All have i'th' Work their proper Share)  
 Which Inspiration does prepare.

That *Air*, again the *Lungs* explode,  
 When robbed of its *nitrous* Load ;  
 This grinds *Life's Grist*, yet takes small Tole  
 For carrying of it thro' the whole,  
 And lodging at each *Office Door*,  
 Sufficient for their daily Store.

And here I'd ask, what human Tongue  
 Can praise enough that wond'rous one,  
 That made this great *Automaton* !  
 Here let the *prostrate* World adore,  
 His infinite *Goodness, Wisdom, Power.*

Of *Exercifes*, *Swimming's* best,  
 Strengthens the *Muscles* of the *Chest*,  
 And all their *fleshy Parts* confirms,  
 Extends and stretches *Legs* and *Arms* ;  
 And with a nimble retro *Spring*,  
 Contracts and brings them back again.  
 As 'tis the best so 'tis the Sum  
 Of *Exercifes* all in one :  
 And of all *Motions* most complete,  
 Because 'tis vi'lent without *Heat*.

And next to *Swimming*, *Riding's* good,  
 It shakes the *Bowels*, stirs the *Blood*,  
 And gives a *Motion* to a *Stool*,  
 But bad to *ride* with *Belly* full ;  
 For shaking does precipitate,  
 E'er you've digested half your *Meat* ;  
 Besides, your *Guts*, if fat, it squelches,  
 And causes *Fumes*, and low'r *Belches* :  
 'Tis also in hard *Livers* naught,  
 Or when oppress'd with *Wind & Thought*  
 It stirs up *Flatus Hypochon* :  
 If so, desist from *riding* on,  
 For't makes it fly into the *Head*,  
 Where *Dizziness*, and *Fumes* are bred ;

Then Life's in Danger if you totter,  
 Be your *Horse* Pacer, or a Trotter :  
 So let the *Rider* take a Care,  
 Left from a stumbling *Horse* or *Mare*,  
 He don't take *Earth* in taking *Air*.  
 But the true Benefit in *riding*,  
 Is much and long i'th' *Air* abiding ;  
*Fasting* and always jogging on,  
 And drinking nothing that is strong ;  
 But guzzling on a Journey's wrong :  
 And then perhaps, you'll gain your Point  
 If your *Horse* keeps your *Neck* in Joint.

In dry consumptive *Coughs* beware,  
 They always grow much worse in *Air* ;  
 For Places *high*, and *Air serene*,  
 Are for *thin Bodies* found too keen :  
 For all the *Air*, on Heights and Hills,  
 'Cause robb'd of watry Particles ;  
 Holds Nitre *naked*, and not sheath'd,  
 And so are naught, for all short *breath'd* :  
 As well as *Airs* too thick with Smoaks,  
 One pricks and tickles, t'other choaks :  
 But where it's clear, and not too high,  
 With Mixture due of *moist* and dry,  
 'Tis there the Lungs have Liberty,  
 To play their Fan most pleasantly.  
 The *Air* is best on rising Hills,  
 Also near grav'ly running Rills ;  
 For where the *Soil* is hard and dry,  
 The *Air* is good, whether low or high,  
 The watry *Stems* will take off Heats,  
 And much abate nocturnal *Sweats*.  
 In *Holland*, where 'tis all low Ground,  
 Habitual *Coughs* are rarely found ;  
 But when *Catarrhs* and *Rheums* infest,  
 Warm and dry *Airs* are surely best.

For if *Consumptions* cur'd can be,  
 (Which is a mighty Rarity)  
 Three Things in chief you need prepare,  
*Milk, Traumatiks,* and Change of *Air*.  
 And if with these, Cold *Baths* you get,  
 To temper down the hectic Heat,  
 He may go bare foot, as a *Goose*  
 Who lives in hope of dead *Mens* Shoes.

Tho' *riding* is extremely good,  
 Yet *Health* lies more in choice of *Food* ;  
 A gen'ral Rule we may go by,  
 Is eating such things 'specially,  
 As are least apt to putrefy.

New *Milk* and *Rice, Bread, Corn,* and *Roots,*  
 Fresh *Sallets,* and fresh gather'd *Fruits,*  
 Sweet *Butter, Oil,* and well made *Cheese* ;  
 For those who mostly feed on these,  
 Live long and gently wear away  
 Perceiving not their own Decay,  
 To th' utmost Point o'th' fatal Day.  
 Then without *Pain* like Lamps expire  
 With the last *Spark* of vital *Fire*.

For *Life's* a Lamp, its Oil well spent,  
 Leaves when't goes out a fragrant *Scent* :  
 Thrice happy *he,* whose virtuous *Name,*  
 Is *Incense,* and perfumed *Flame,*  
 On th' Altar of immortal Fame.

So *Reader* if thou art so *wise,*  
 To put in Practice this *Advice* ;  
 The World shall wonder to behold  
 Thou look'st so young, and art so old.





## *Abstract of a Pamphlet*

By Dr. J. HILL,

ENTITLED,

Cautions against the immoderate Use of Snuff, founded on the known Qualities of the Tobacco Plant.

**T**OBACCO is a Narcotic with a peculiar Acrimony. 'Tis such a Body as Art might prepare by mixing Opium with Euphorbium. The Herb itself is so nearly poisonous, that no Physician gives it inwardly. When by Accident it has been swallow'd, or, from external Use on a wounded Part, has made its Way into the Body, the first Effort is that of extreme Irritation; and after this come on the worst Effects of Opium, outrageous Vomiting and Purgings; and afterwards deep Sleep, but not without Convulsions.

The dried Leaves of Tobacco, ground, rasped, beaten, or otherwise reduced to Powder, make what we call Snuff.

To judge of the Effects this Powder may produce on being taken into the Nostrils, we should acquaint ourselves with the Structure of all the Parts which it may reach. There is no Part of the human Frame more delicately sensible than the Nostrils; they are covered, in a Manner, with Branches of Nerves; and those so thinly guarded, that the Brain itself may be said to lie almost naked there. This Construction was necessary for the delicate Sense of Smelling. The Nerves are easily irritated, and easily destroyed. When Snuff is taken, by a Person unaccustom'd to it, the Irritation is extreme, and then follows Sneezing: This is the Effort Nature uses to throw



off the offending Matter. A plentiful Discharge of a watery Fluid, succeeding, washes away every Remain of it. In this Case therefore the Snuff acts by its Acrimony only, there is not Time for it to exert its other Qualities.

This is the Effect on a Person wholly unused to Snuff; but Custom gets the better of Nature's Abhorrence in those accustomed to Snuff, who no longer sneeze on taking it. The Powder which was at first thrown off so violently, is permitted to lodge, and to exert all its Force. The Nerves are thus corroded and destroyed, the Sense of Smelling is impaired, and, in the End totally lost.

Snuff, thus received and retained in the Cavity of the Nostrils, tinctures the Fluid which the Glands of the Nose naturally discharge; and some of this will make its unopposed Way, with the Saliva or proper Liquor of the Mouth, drawn into the Stomach.

The Saliva assists the Juice of the Stomach in the Digestion of our Food; It cannot be increased without Hurt, nor altered without Mischief. The Acrimony of Snuff increases the Quantity of this, by stimulating the Glands which discharge it; and alters its very Nature by the Tincture which it gives, and which must be, from the Quality of the Plant, narcotic and acrimonious.

Narcotics, we know, weaken the Stomach, destroy the Appetite, and prevent Digestion: A Habit of taking Snuff must therefore bring on Disorders of the Stomach, and all the Mischiefs that attend a bad Digestion: But there is yet to be considered the Œsophagus, the Passage from the Mouth to the Stomach, through which it must go down: This is of a Construction as delicate and as sensible of Injuries, even as the Membrane of the Nostrils; and there is this farther dreadful Consideration, that its Injuries are beyond the Reach of Art. It has, like the Stomach, a great Number of Nerves, very sensible of Irritation; but, beside these, its inner Coat are villous, and by the Vessels opening there, it receives a great deal from the Tincture of the Snuff, even before that Tincture reaches the Stomach. This delicate and downy Substance of the Lining of the Œsophagus, while it receives the Virtues of the Saliva, strongly impregnated with Snuff, may also detain a Portion of it on some unlucky Occasion;

and, from its Irritation, when lodged upon a Part so tender, and so largely supply'd with Blood Vessels, there will naturally arise such an Inflammation as no Hand can reach, with an Extension of the Injur'd Part, whose Progress nothing can stop, and whose End must be fatal.

We see therefore, in the Eye of Reason, what are to be expected, as the Effects of forcing an acrimonious and narcotic Powder up the Nostrils for a Length of Time. The Acrimony of Snuff is able to produce in those Parts, with which it immediately or accidentally comes in Contact, Swellings and Excrescences, which, in some Kinds, require the severest Operations of the Surgeon to extirpate them; and in others become fatal, because they lie beyond his Reach: And the Tincture which it gives to the Juices of the Mouth and Throat, may prevent and impair the Actions of the Stomach, to such a Degree as to bring on many Diseases.

About eight Years since, there used to come to a Coffee-House near the Exchange an elderly Gentleman, who could not breathe but with his Mouth open; and from whose right Nostril there hung the End of a Polypus, or fleshy Tumour; the Remainder of which filled the Cavity on that Side. This prevented his breathing through that Nostril; and he could make very little Use of the other from a like Cause. Nothing appeared externally on that Side, but he was sensible of the same Swelling within. It is not easy to conceive how much this unfortunate Person suffered; yet to himself the greatest Distress of all was, that he could no longer take Snuff, to which he had been accustomed.

Some Time after I saw him so perfectly at his Ease, that he scarce appeared to be the same Person: A Surgeon of Eminence had undertaken to cure him after many had declined it; and by attacking, from within his Mouth, what could not be got at by the Way of the Nostrils, he made a perfect Cure. The greatest Advantage of all was that his long Disuse of Snuff, with the Sense of the Mischief it had done him, prevented his returning to the Custom.

A Gentleman, of somewhat more than the middle Time of Life, having been early accustomed to Snuff, and be-

ing very fond of the Irritation it caused, thought himself unhappy, that from the constant and long Use of it, he felt less and less of that Effect: He applied for stronger and more acrimonious Kinds; and at length met with a Sort which gave him the highest Satisfaction. Whether it was from a peculiar Management of the Tobacco, or by Means of some Addition of other Ingredients, is not known; but the Suuff was so acrid thar few besides himself could bear it.

The Pleasure he found in it was but short-lived; for, after a little Time, he perceived two Swellings of a fleshy Substance in one of his Nostrils, and one in the other; they grew so quick, that, in eight or ten Days, one of them hung a considerable Way out of his Nose, and the other began to be visible in the Opening of the other Nostril.

The larger Swelling, which occupied the right Nostril alone, having grown out beyond the End of the Nose forward, began to spread the other Way; and forcing itself back thro' the Aperture of the Nostril into the Mouth, and increasing there very fast, reduced him to a miserable Condition: He breathed and swallowed with great Difficulty, and could scarce speak intelligibly.

The Swellings were of a deep Crimson, and very painful. His Friends terrified him with the Notion of a Cancer; but, a Surgeon of Eminence being sent for, he was soon released from that Fear; tho' not from the real Disorder without great Pain. The Swellings had arisen only from an Inflammation raised by the Acrimony of the Snuff; but there was no Possibility of resolving them, or any other Way freeing him from them, but by cutting them out. The Operation was performed very successfully; and the Blood that followed the Instruments prevented any farther Inflammation. The Operation was of immediate Necessity to Life; for that Part of the larger Polypus, which had extended itself into the Mouth, increased so fast, that the Patient was in Danger of Suffocation.

With Respect to Cancers of the Nose, which are as dreadful and fatal as any others, it is certain, that Snuff must be, of all Things in the World, the most dangerous, where there is a Disposition toward them; for, in such

Cases, what we are most of all to attempt is to keep the Parts quiet ; and what we are most to fear is to irritate them. This is the Voice of Reason, and the universal Rule learned from Experience ; and nothing can be conceived so irritating, in such a Case, as Snuff.

An Instance of Disorders of the Throat, occasioned by Snuff, is recorded in the *Acta Eruditorum*.—A Person who took a great deal of Snuff, perceived, after some Time, a Disorder in his Throat, which occasioned a Difficulty of Swallowing : No Medicines reached the Cause ; and, when he thrust an Instrument down his Throat, it stuck at a certain Place, and neither Art nor Violence could get it farther : He became unable to swallow solid Foods, and in the End even Liquids ; by this Means he gradually wasted, from a corpulent Man to a mere Skeleton, and at length died famished, being able to swallow nothing. He was opened by the Surgeons, and in his Throat was found a Polypus, just like those formed in the Nostrils, which filled up the whole Passage of the *Œsophagus*, and ran down it from the Place of its Origin to the Length of several Inches. These are Disorders, the Causes of which are latent ; but perhaps they happen oftener than we imagine.

From the *Œsophagus* the Passage is open and immediate into the Stomach ; thither therefore the very Powder itself may accidentally be conveyed. There is nothing that requires so delicate a State both of the Parts and Juices as Digestion ; and, in this Case, the inner Coat of the Stomach is injured by the continual Application of this acrimonious Substance ; and the Juices which should operate in Digestion are terribly altered ; from mild they are grown acrid, and from Dissolvents they have acquired a Degree of Power of hardening what comes in their Way in the Stomach. Experiments shew, that an Infusion of Tobacco Leaves in Water has, in some Degree, the Quality of that Infusion of Oak Bark which is used by Tanners to harden Animal Substances ; Such an Infusion, made to a considerable Strength, is of the Colour of the red Water which lies on Bogs, and which also has, in some Degree, the Qualities of Tan. If Flesh be put into any of these Liquors, instead of softening

ing, and by Degrees dissolving, as it would do in common Water, it grows tough and hard. The Bodies of Persons who have unfortunately perished in Bogs, have, after length of Time, been taken up not at all soft and corrupted, but intire, and firmer by far than human Flesh in its natural Condition. All know the Effect of Tan upon Leather, which is the hardening of it to a great Degree; and an Intusion of Tobacco will have a parallel Effect.

The first Effect of Indigestion is Wind; for this is naturally produced by Food which is not properly managed by the Powers of the Stomach; and the very worst, most obstinate, and incurable Flatulencies arise from Snuff, on this Principle. More than half the Diseases that torment and destroy Mankind have their Origin from a bad Digestion; therefore indulging in the Custom of Snuff is laying a voluntary Foundation for the worst Disorders, since it vitiates and depraves that Juice without which good Digestion is impossible.

It has been observed, in commendation of Tobacco, that it reduces Corpulence, and will render the fattest People lean. This is in some Degree true; but it is on that Principle of spoiling the Digestion, that it acts. I knew a Gentleman of a good Constitution, and fond of Exercise, but upon whom Fat grew, notwithstanding all his Toils; he chewed Tobacco, according to the Directions of a rash Person in whom he confided; and he certainly grew thin, and got rid of an almost lethargic Drowsiness, which had hung upon him a considerable Time: But the Effect did not stop where he desired; his Digestion was quite enfeebled; his Flesh continued to waste; he became subject to terrible bilious Vomiting, and died in spite of all Assistance, after having been reduced to a Skeleton.

If to those immediate Effects of Snuff upon the Stomach we add those natural Consequences which attend an impaired Digestion, we shall take into the Account, in a Manner, all chronic Diseases; and lay upon this idle Custom a Charge so great, that it would appear as if we exceeded the Bounds of Reason: But it is well known to Physicians, that the first Seeds of Diseases in general are laid in the Stomach, and are to be attributed to Faults in

the Digestion. That Power resides in the Stomach ; and it is there capable of being by Degrees impaired, and at length utterly destroyed, by Snuff.

The miserable Consequences of indulging in this Custom are plain ; and, happily, the remedy is as obvious : There needs no Medicine to combat the Effects of Snuff, nor is any of Power to do it ; the sole Cure, and the certain Cure, is to leave off the Custom : This will take Effect at any Time, and usually even in the worst Cases, at least so far as I have seen ; and, if the Parts which have been corroded and destroyed cannot be restored, yet the Ravage will be prevented from extending farther ; and, though some delicate Sensations may be lost, Life will remain secure.

One Thing there is yet farther to be observed of Snuff, which would appear more terrible than all, but that happily is not universal : This is the Effect it makes upon the Understanding. In some Persons, it evidently dulls the Apprehension, and, by a long Course, brings on a Condition of absolute Stupidity, a Torpor of the Faculties, and as it were, a lethargy of the Mind.

What is the immediate Seat or Source of Genius and Imagination, or how the Soul is connected with the Body, we are not permitted to know ; therefore we cannot say why it is, that what are called the rational Powers are impaired greatly in some, and less in others, by the Effect of Snuff ; or why some, as is really the Case, lose them totally, and sink into a State of absolute Idiotism, from its Effect ; while others seem altogether unhurt by it. But thus much we are able to affirm, that Things which immediately affect the Brain are capable of disturbing the Operations of the Mind, and, in some Cases, of absolute obstructing, or even irrecoverably destroying, its Faculties.

Let none object, that Snuff has an Effect contrary to what is here considered ; that it assists instead of impairing the Imagination ; and that those who write and speak find great Assistance from its immediate Efficacy : Though we allow the Truth of the Remark, the Argument is nothing in their Favour ; but may, perhaps, be greatly in reality against them.

The immediate Effect of a Pinch of Snuff, in quickning the Imagination, is like that of a Glass of Spirituous Liquor

in giving Chearfulness; it is a false Fire in both; it is most perceived by those who are least accustomed to the Things; and Use wears it off. Those who are habituated to Snuff feel no such Effect from it; and, for the rest, all that deserves Consideration is, that we are sure, by this, Snuff can Affect the Brain.

I do not pretend to reason them out of the Custom; all I have attempted is to lead them to think; and, if the Instances here recited alarm and caution those, who by the same Custom run themselves into like Danger, they will see the Importance of controuling their Inclination in this Point; and they may have the Comfort to be assured, that those Mischiefs which have arisen, or may arise from this Cause, though no Medicine can relieve them, will in a great Degree, if not intirely, cease, on leaving off the Practise which occasioned them.





T W O L E T T E R S

CONTAINING

REMARKS on the foregoing ABSTRACT.



S I R,

I AM much obliged for your Present of Dr. Hill's Pamphlet, and much more for your kind Intention in sending it, which was, I presume, to deter me from the farther Use of that pleasing titillating Powder, which the Doctor has at last discovered to be so very noxious to the human Constitution. But as I have for near 70 Years past indulged myself in this Species of Luxury, without any apparent Detriment either to my Nostrils, Œsophagus, Stomach, or Brain, I must have some more convincing Reasons than what this Author has produced, to persuade me to surrender up a Pleasure hitherto unbalanced by Pain.

One mistaken Inference appears to run through the whole System of our Author's Reasoning, which is, that because some Persons, who were afflicted with the particular Diseases he mentions, took Snuff, therefore Snuff was the Cause of those particular Diseases. This, for ought I know, may be *physical*, but I will venture to pronounce it is no very *logical* Conclusion. Might not these very Diseases proceed from various other Causes? All that this Author has advanced in Disfavour of this Plant, will prove very little satisfactory, unless he is farther able, by his superior Skill in Physic and Botany, to



prove that there is actually some Quality in it, which when applied to the Nerves, has a Tendency to hurt and destroy them. It is not sufficient to say, that it has an irritating Quality, since every Thing we eat, drink, or smell, operates on the Senses by Means of this very Irritation ; and without which we could neither Taste or smell at all. Would our Author then prescribe a total Abstinence from all Kinds of Nourishment, upon the Principle of their having an irritative Quality, and may therefore produce Inflammation, Disease, and Death itself ?

If I might be allowed to oppose Experience to this new Doctrine, I should avail myself of this Circumstance, that notwithstanding a seventy Years Application of this destructive Powder to my olfactory Nerves, I yet find myself in no Danger of losing two of my five Senses, altho' we are told, that, *the delicate Sensation, which may be called the Taste of Flavours,* will be destroyed by it.

Let us but remark, at a publick Entertainment, the most learned and ancient Professors of Law, Physic, and Divinity, exhaling the rich Odour of a reeking Haunch or sparkling Glass, and can we reasonable conclude they have totally lost this delicate Sensation, the Taste of Flavours, because the Vacuum of their Meal (occasioned by the exchange of Courses) is generally filled up with a copious Pinch of this pulverized Poison ? And then, the fresh Vigour with which they frequently return to the Attack, may at least induce us to doubt, whether, the lamentable Evils of this Pandora's Box (which the Doctor so pathetically describes) has yet reached the Region of their Stomachs.

Of all Conditions of Men, it is observable that none are so lavish in this Indulgence of the Nose, as the Physical Gentlemen themselves ; and were they of the same Opinion with their Brother, is it to be supposed they would voluntarily take Poison, only conscientiously to put themselves upon a Par with their Patients ? I have heard, indeed, that the Author himself is too apt to sin against Knowledge in this Point, and has not Self-denial sufficient to refrain from even an *immoderate* Gratification of his Nostrils ; but when by his Works, I find him so totally

free from those Symptoms, which he says attend the use of Snuff, viz. *a Condition of absolute Stupidity, &c.* I can by no Means give Credit to so improbable a Report.

Ask the Medical Gentlemen, why they so generally use Snuff and Tobacco? They immediately inform you, because it is the best Antidote, they know of, against Infection; and, indeed, their Judgment was confirmed by what happened some Years since at the Old-Bailey, when the Lord-Mayor, several Aldermen and Counsellors, more than Half the Jury, and Numbers of other Persons, died; while those who used Tobacco, generally escaped the Contagion. It is likewise recorded, that no Tobacconist died in London, during the Plague in 1665; and no one I believe will deny that every populous City and Town is subject to be more or less infected with bad Air, according to the Number and Situation of the Buildings and Inhabitants; this together with its being the most approved Antiscorbutic, is the Reason why Tobacco is so universally and so successfully used aboard our Ships.

There is yet another Reason, which is rather political than physical, why a Person ought to be well assured of the noxious Qualities of this Plant, before he attempts to alarm the Public to a total Disuse of it; for should this be the Case, some of our most flourishing and advantageous Colonies would become depopulated. Numbers of Merchants and Mariners, together with a much greater Number of industrious Tradesmen, Manufacturers and Shopkeepers, would be ruined, and one of the best Branches of the public Revenue be annihilated. Did this Plant really contain the pernicious Poison our Author pretends, all these, I confess, would be unavailing Arguments in its Favour; but should it not, an Alarm of this Nature may be productive of the most dangerous Consequences.

S I R,

I Was much pleased on hearing that there was lately published, a Pamphlet, intitled, *Cautions against the immoderate Use of Snuff*; but cannot say my Expectations were answered when I saw the Performance. Instead of the certain Consequences attending the immoderate Use of Snuff, we are entertained with an accidental Case or two.

Polypusses in the Nose are frequently met with ; I have seen many, but not one that arose by Snuff-taking. The constant Application of acrimonious Bodies, should seem rather tending to destroy, than excite those fungous Excrescences, tho' an occasional Use of Snuff might encourage them in Habits prone to their Production, and sooner in the Throat than in the Nose ; because the Acrimony of the Snuff must be so spent, ere it reach the Throat, that it can there act only as a weak Stimulus.

Nothing but a Caustic can long remain to stimulate the Glands of the Nose : The Effort of sneezing, attended with Rheum, discharges all light Substances that are not Caustic. Euphorbium is a potential Caustic, which affects the Glands of the Nose with an intolerable burning ; and upon the wanton Abuse of it, as Snuff, I have known it bring on strong Convulsions. Tobacco is a Plant, *sui generis*, there being no other publickly known, possessed with the same Qualities. 'Tis aromatic, stimulant, and narcotic ; 'tis a very warm detergent, but not properly corrosive : Used as Snuff, 'tis a most grateful Cephalic, relieving and cheering the Brain instantaneously, and is often a Cure for the Head-ach, to those who are not accustomed to it. To smoak it, produces the most agreeable, and oft-times the most useful Effect, with those who can bear it. It so becomes useful in all rheumatic Cases, that are not attended with a Fever ; and in Dropsies, if they will forbear drinking after it. A Pipe of it in a Morning is very useful in gross Habits ; and the Support it affords the Spirits, longer than any one Thing else, by chewing it plainly proves it a very high Cordial, which like many other Cordials, will intoxicate those who are not accustomed to them. Its narcotic Quality I take to be accidental, and in Habits that cannot well bear it ; for the Spirits being thereby exalted and rarified to a very high Degree, fly off, and necessarily leave the Body sluggish and sleepy. 'Tis very useful to old People in general, dissipating and discharging that Rheum wherewith they abound, in proportion to the Decay of natural Heat.

To young People it can be but very rarely useful, mostly prejudicial. To the Young Ladies, I offer the following Observations :

Being once in Company, where, amongst a Number of Ladies, the Toast was a Snuff-taker, who was admired by all the Gentlemen, and, as I observed, more particularly by a young Gentleman of my Acquaintance; the next Time I saw him, I asked him about it, and he owned he had been smitten; but waiting the Opportunity for a Kiss, proved his Cure, her Breath smelt so abominably strong of Tobacco. There is another ill Effect of Snuff-taking, worthy their Notice, that it tends to disfigure a pretty Face with a very large Nose, which is occasioned by the frequent squeezing and pulling it with the Handkerchief. Moreover, the Glands of the Nose, by frequent Irritation, soon become distended, so as to render the Voice broad and masculine, together with a disagreeable snuffing in the Nose. Let them also observe, that blowing the Nose, hawking, and spitting, are ever in some Measure offensive.

A Gentlewoman, for whom I had Respect, came on a Visit to spend a few Days with us; but the continual Sounds of her loud coughing, hawking, spitting, sneezing, &c. became so disagreeable, as cured the whole Family of taking Snuff for a Month after.

There yet remains a superior Consideration, of general Importance, that by irritating the Glands to a constant Discharge, they anticipate the Infirmities of old Age; which, if ever they live to see, will so oppress them with accumulated Loads of Phlegm, that the Continuance of their Lives will depend on the continual Exercises of coughing, hawking, and spitting, which will terminate their Days with Misery to themselves, and all that are about them, and probably conclude with being choaked by Phlegm in their Sleep.

I confess myself too fond of Snuff, and have often considered the ill Consequences of it. I find that an idle Amusement prevails more than any real Occasion for it; that it gives me more Pleasure by the Flavour than its Stimulus. So I get the richest flavour'd Snuff, and to every Ounce add half a Drachm of Saffron, carefully dried and powdered, which makes it very rich, and much less of it answers my Purpose. I allow myself the free Use of it in the Morning before Breakfast, which I find useful to me; but no more afterwards the Day throughout.

F I N I S.

Lately published, and sold by E. WARD,

A P I O U S

# MEDITATION,

Composed in the last Century,

By JOHN WHITSON, Esq;

Alderman of BRISTOL, and a Member in  
several Parliaments.

Collected from the Author's Manuscripts.

PRICE SIX - PENCE.

\* \* \* The Author among other Passages, says, Page 24,  
‘ How can I sufficiently praise God for his Goodness,  
‘ in that he has vouchsafed to bless me from my very In-  
‘ fancy, and to be with me from my Cradle? He has prof-  
‘ pered all my Travels and Endeavours, and raised me from  
‘ the Dust of Poverty to a Fortune much greater than my  
‘ Fathers. He has guided me in the Course of my world-  
‘ ly Affairs, as he did *Jacob*; and as wonderfully has been  
‘ pleased to increase me from a small Beginning. So that  
‘ the thankful Acknowledgment which that holy Patriarch  
‘ took up, would well become me to rehearse: *With my*  
‘ *Staff*, said he, *passed I over this Jordan, and now I am be-*  
‘ *come two great Bands*: For I may truly say, and profess  
‘ to the Glory of God, That with my Staff I passed  
‘ over this River *Severn*, and now am I risen to a weal-  
‘ thy Portion. God has enriched me with great Abund-  
‘ ance, and comforted me on every Side. He has given  
‘ me Wealth, and the Power to use it; Honour, and the  
‘ Happiness to value it. And now what have I more to  
‘ desire of him? But with *David*, that he would vouch-  
‘ safe to stand by me, and *not forsake me in my old Age,*  
‘ *when I am grey-headed, ’till I have shew’d his Strength to*  
‘ *this Generation, and his Power to those that come after me.*  
‘ I desire no longer Continuance here than to testify my  
‘ Thankfulness to him in the Sight of the Living; and  
‘ then welcome that blessed Hour, whenever he shall ap-  
‘ point to fetch me hence.’