

H E A L T H,

A

P O E M.

SHEWING HOW TO

PROCURE, PRESERVE, and RESTORE IT.

To which is annexed,

The DOCTOR'S DECADE.

By EDWARD BAYNARD, M. D.

A NEW EDITION, CORRECTED.

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The P R E F A C E.

*I*T was a usual Saying of the great Lord Verulam,
That not one Man of a Thousand dies a natural
Death; and that most Diseases have their Rise and
Origin from Intemperance. Therefore,

Unerring Nature learn to follow close,
For *quantum sufficit* is her just Dose:
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;
Whilst *surfeiting* corrupts the purple Gore,
And bankrupts Nature of her long-liv'd Store:
And thus the *Soul* is from the *Body* tore
Before its Time. —

Whilst 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*,

}

Trust not to *Constitution*, 'twill decay,
And twisted *Strength*, its *Fibres* wear away.
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;
He, what with *Riot*, *Delicates*, and *Wine*,
Turns *Pioneer*, himself to undermine.

}

Besides the hidden *Snares* laid in our way,
 The sudden *Deaths* we hear of ev'ry Day,
 The smoothest Paths have unseen *Ambuscades*,
 And *Insecurity*, *Security* invades.
 For no Man knows what's the next Hour's *Event* :
 Man *lives* just as he *dies*, by Accident.
 How soft is *Flesh*, how brittle is a *Bone* !
 Time eats up *Steel*, and Monuments 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 a *Fever's* 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 *Carcass* whence they came.
 Be always on thy Guard, watchful and wise,
 Lest *Death* should take thee knapping by *Surprize*.

Drunkennes and *Gluttony* steal Men off silently
 and singulatum, 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 Intermillion, but perpetually jogs on and
 depopulates insensibly and by degrees ; and though this
 is every Day experienced, yet Men are so enslaved by
 Custom and a long Habit, that no Admonition 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 an excellent Advice our ingenious Author 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 the *Morn* they tap the *Day*,
 And drink it out ere *Night* :
 Not dreaming of a sudden *Bounce*,
 From *Vinous Sulphurs* stor'd within ;
 Which blows the *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 *murdring Chain-shot* from a *Gun*.
 Why should 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 *Claret Clubs*, of *NO-GRAPE WINE* ;
 Until a *Dart* from *Bacchus' Quiver*,
 As *Solomon* describeth right,
 Does shoot his *Tartar* thro' the *Liver*,
 Then (*Bonos Noctios Sor*) *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 *weltering* in her *Wounds*.
 Wounds ! that no *Physic 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 Carcass to its daily Rendezvous, who
 perhaps for many Years has been nothing else but the

*Vintner's Conveyancer to carry his Liquors between
the Hoghead and the Pils-Pot.*

But when, alas! Men come to die
Of Dropfy, 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 *Paul's*.

*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 miserable
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 Poste-
rity, to the eternal Infamy of his Name and Family;
when the poor Off-spring of his wretched Carcass in-
herits nothing but the Schedule of his Distempers, and
etwinkles away a miserable Life, in Pills, Plaisters,
and*

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, Music, Wine and Wit,
 Wax flat and tasteless with the loss of it.
 Could Youth but see with gouty *old Men's* Eyes
 One stretch upon their Back wou'd 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, they're wise too late.

Unhappy Man ! that driuks his own Undoing,
 As tho' his Business were to pledge his Ruin.
 And that brave *Texture* his sound 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 is the best,
 Yet most 'tis *valu'd*, when 'tis least *possess'd*.

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AN
E S S A Y
TO A
R U L E O F H E A L T H.

The Definition.

Health is a free, easy, and perfect enjoyment of all the Faculties of *Mind* and *Body* to the due Performance of the *Animal Functions*, without any Impediment, Pain, or Molestation :

Which is thus to be attained.

IF 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 *Controul* ;

She

She checks all Rashness, and gives Time
 To think, and re-think each Design:
 They who 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, 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 wise,
 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,
 Lest from your Face your *NOSE* you cast.
 And is it not a great Disgrace,
 To lose the *Boltsprit* of your Face?
 Tho' Tears and Prayers may atone for th' Sin,
 Yet Howlings bring 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 Rustations 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,
 Yet not so as to fatiate :
 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 whatsoe'er is swallow'd thus,
 Turns *putrid* and *cadaverous* :
 And taking more than *Nature* needs,
 Of most Distempers sows 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 sur,
 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

And do it soon, before it dwells
 So as to tinge its Tunicles;
 And breed four Ferment, which begets
 Unfavoury Belches, and sick Fits,
 And Steams which taint the Mouth and Gums
 With fœtid Smells, like ulcer'd Lungs:
 And after *Vomits*, always use
 Emollients soft, to cool and smooth:
 For Retching 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 Unweildiness,
 Short *Breath*, high *Pulse*, & *cætera*:
 Then quickly take some Blood away;
 But more especially in Stitches,
Pleuritic 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 * *Physic* drives off with the Blood
 Some Parts of the substantial Good;

* Neque impune posse administrari, cum omnia præter naturam sint, ob idque naturales facultates infestent; nec possint adeo morbosas causas rescindere, quin una illis, aliquid etiam benignæ substantiæ rapiant. *Galen. lib. de febribus prope finem.*

And if you'd keep the *Balance* 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 when the *Fever's* peracute,
 It won't admit of long Dispute ;
 When Life's chief *Fortress* 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 ;
 E'en then be not the only Agent,
 Lest a dead Corpse shou'd prove your Patient ;
 But call in *Doctors* 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 Men step short, and straddle stiff ;
 For vinous Spirits prey upon
 Nutricious Juice, and vital *Balm* :
 This makes them 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 sour, but smart, and brisk, and clear.
 Not that in gen'ral 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;
 For 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 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 Increase:
 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, Crasis, Grain,
 Are too stupendiously fine

For

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'd the World with so much *Water*.
 It works itself (as being thin)
 Int' all the Pores and Parts within;
 Helps all *Secretions* in their Uses,
 And sweetens sharp and sour Juices;
 Tempers hot *Bile*, thins viscid *Phlegm*,
 And moderates in each Extreme;
 Damps the fierce *Astus* 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's 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 the *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 Saint's 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,
 'Thout 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 *debilitate* ;
 And Sloth and Sluggishness induce,
 And spoil your natural Rest by Use.
 This Custom Students must avoid,
 For Mem'ry is by Heat annoy'd,
 And by hard Drinking quite destroy'd.
 For Reminiscence is strongest 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

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;
 It 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,
 Dire *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:

* Dr. *Loeuer* de motu cordis.

Such a Tormentor never rages
 'Mong *Whey*-Drinkers in poor Cottages
 Who live in Health till mighty Ages ;
 And to the *Grave* at 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 tipples, prate, and lie,
 Life on smooth Skates 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.
 Their loss of Strength declares what hurt
 They get who 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 flabby, loose and weak,
 The Count'nance 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

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 fit;
 For while you're running in the *Dirt*,
 The Action keeps you from the *Hurt*.
 Wash frequently your *Skin* all o'er,
 It gives a Spring to ev'ry *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 suck their *Spirits*, make'em *pale*,
 So *vital Vigor* needs must fail.
 The *Aged*, thro' the *Young* one's *Pores*,
 His own decrepid *Limbs* restores;
 And what by *Contact*, what by *Sweats*,
 What the *Youth* loses, t'other gets:
 This makes them *pallid*, thin and *weak*,
 As if *Hag-ridden* in their *Sleep*.
 And, on the other *Hand*, it's naught
 To lie with one that's over *fat*;
 Such sweat and over-beat the *Child*,
 By which a good cool *Habit's* spoil'd;
 For in a mod'rate *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 *fear*,
 In telling *Stories* of Things seen,
 Of *Sprite*, *Dæmon*, and *Hobgoblin*:

Hence

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 them they'll be so possess'd,
 They sweat, and quake, and start, and stare,
 And meet the Devil ev'ry where.
 Terrors have changed some Men grey,
 Took Limbs, and Speech, and Sense away;
 Have topsy-turvy'd Brains in Skulls,
 Turn'd some Men mad, and some Men Fools;
 Have made a Soul skip like a Sprite,
 And leave the Body bolt upright,
 Stark 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 *Fuel*, 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, out at t'other *Ear*;
 Storms hurt not in a Thoroughfare.

Late *Watching* does much Injury
 To *Nature's* whole Oeconomy;

Impedes

Impedes, or wholly doth defeat
 The making of her Work compleat :
 For all *Secretions* are made best
 I'th' quiet State of Sleep and *Rest* ;
 When all the Faculties of th' *Mind*
 Are to the (sopor) *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 many Ways
 In Life's vast *Labyrinth* and *Maze*.
 Which thro' unknown *Mæanders* run
 Winding return where they begun,
 And restless in their Course keep 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 *mesh* and *beat*,
 And make the *Chyle* assimilate
 With balmy Blood and nitrous *Air*,
 (All have i'th' Work a proper Share)
 Which Inspiration does prepare.
 That *Air* again the *Lungs* explode,
 Disburthen'd of its *nitrous* Load ;
 This grinds Life's *Grist*, yet takes small Toll
 For carrying of it thro' the whole,

And

And lodging at each *Office Door*,
 Sufficient for their daily Store,
 Here let us 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 Exercises, *Swimming's* best,
 Strengthens the Muscles of the Chest,
 And all the 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 *Exercises* all in one:
 And of all Motions most compleat,
 Because 'tis violent 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 four Belches.
 'Tis also in hard *Livers* naught,
 Or when oppress'd with Wind and 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 'tis *clear*, and not too high,
 With Mixture due of *Moist* and *Dry*,
 The Lungs have their due Liberty
 To play their Fan most pleasantly.
 The *Air* is best on rising Hills,
 Also near grav'ly running Rills ;
 For where the *Soul* is hard and dry,
 The *Air* is good, or low or high.
 The watry *Streams* 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, Traumaticks, 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 *Men's 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*.

* *Uterius phthisis perfecta rarissimè potest curari: vita interim diutissimè potest conservari, per hæc tria:*

1. Per legitimum usum lactis.
2. Per usum vulnerariorum, &c.
3. Per mutationem Aëris.

Denique quoad legitimum usum lactis:

In omni atrophîâ, tabe phthisi commodissimè observatur, quod lactis usus, seu legitimus potus, in quibusdam casibus multum possit: sed parum proderit, quoties atrophia est à colluvie cujusdam visceris, aut ubi atrophia est ex vitio stomachi, nisi hic prius sit correctus. *Mich. Etmullerus de Nutritione; partium lesa pag. 282.*

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'ft so young, and art so old.

The Doctor's Decade, Or the Utenfils of his Trade.

For in *Ten* Words the whole Art is compris'd;
For some of the *Ten* are always advis'd.

V I Z.

Pifs, Spew, and Spit,
Perspiration, and Sweat;
Purge, Bleed, and Blister,
Issues, and Clyster.

THESE few Evacuations
Cure all the Doctor's *Patients,*
If rightly apply'd
By a wise *Physic Guide;*
For an Error in these,
Is worse than Disease;
So can't be too wary,
Where *Cases* do vary;
For a Dose of't too much,
Turns *PUG* o're the *Perch,*
What more they advance,
Is all done by *Chance;*

Even

Even *Steel* and the *Bark*
 Do tilt in the Dark:
 Tho' *Opium*, alas!
 May put by a Pass,
 And lull a *Disease*
 By a seeming false Peace;
 Yet these *Physic Allies*
 Use such Falacies,
 And fail us so common,
 We can't depend on 'em;
 So as to a Cure,
 There's none can be sure.
 Most other *Specifics*
 Have no visible Effects,
 But the getting of *Fees*,
 For a Promise of Ease;
 (Much like the South-S——)
 Tho' our *Glasses* of late
 Have furnish'd the *Pate*
 With *Philosophical Prate*;
 As to read learned Lectures
 On a T—— and its Textures;
 And can see in the Sp——m,
 Generations to come:
 Like Tadpoles a swimming
 To the Land of the Living,
 Yet for all this *fine Show*,
 No more do we know,
 Than did old *Quid pro Quo*;
 That famous Compounder,
 And first *Physic Founder*.
 In those Days their Blunders
 Were esteem'd as *Wonders*,
 And admired as much
 As some do *H—h C—h*:

For Physic then took,
 Much more by the Look,
 Than by the Success,
 Which is the best *Test*.
 To look *big, grave, and dull,*
 And talk half like a *Fool,*
 Denotes a wise Skull. }
 To be *deaf,* and half *blind,*
 Were Perfections of Mind ;
 For all such Defects
 Were to *Folly* as Checks ;
 And few were thought wise,
 That saw with both *Eyes*.
 Yet none of these *Blinckers*
 Were accounted *Freethinkers,*
 As is seen by the *Treacle*
 Where *Health* lay in Pickle :
 That ancient *Farrago,*
 Exploded long ago
 Yet 'tis such a Med'cine,
 Once had the *Pope's* Blessing ;
 And so is *Catholic,*
 Tho' not *Apostolic* :
 For't has not a Mission
 From *Luke* the *Physician*.
 But why do we them blame,
 When we play the same *Game* ?
 And make up strange Mixtures
 Of different *Textures,*
 Which fret and ferment,
 'Till their *Fury* is spent ;
 And in our *Guts* jar,
 And there raise a War.
 From a *Het'rogen* Med'cine,
 The Strife is intestine ;

But

But where the Ingredients
 Are mix'd with Experience
 Of their *Homogeneity*,
 They'll never disquiet ye.
 Ill Compounds are owing
 To our *Simples* not knowing;
 For their Virtues, unless
 The Plants will confess,
 We must all acquiesce,
 And Practise by Guess,
 'Till the College reveals
 What their Prudence conceals.
 The *Arcanas* of Art,
 To none they impart;
 Those sacred *Archives*,
 Which enrol all our Lives,
 Are lodg'd on high *Shelves*,
 Out o'th' Reach of themselves;
 And when they fall *sick*,
 What they gave upon Tick,
 The *Doctor's* ne'er take,
 For fear of Mistake;
 But always mistrust,
 What they believe at first;
 Whilst the practising *Youth*
Swallows all for a Truth,
 For whatever they read,
 They believe as their *Creed*;
 But will find when they *try*,
 That *Authors* will lye;
 And in *Physic* there's *Legion*,
 As well as *Religion*;
 Thus the *older* they grow,
 The less they will know;
 For, being oft out,
 Creates in 'em *Doubt*:

So themselves they'll ne'er kill,
 By *Potion* or *Pill*;
 No *Powders* nor *Bolus*,
 Nor *Issues* o'th' *Shoulders*,
 Nor *enseared* in *Blisters*;
 Those *Shrouds* of the **Sisters*,
 Which old *Nick* did contrive
 To slay Men alive;
 As if the Sick didn't feel,
 When skinn'd like an *Eel*.
 Then a *Plaster's* apply'd
 To th' Remains of the Hide,
 Which tears off the rest,
 Next time it is dress'd
 By some little *Hell-Cub*,
 Or Spawn of old *Belz'bub*,
 Or *Mellilot* his Master,
 With a whole Sheet of *Plaster*,
 To shroud him compleat,
 From the *Head* to the *Feet*;
 Sent by his *Physician*,
 To manage th' *Inquisition* :
 For, one half that dies
 Are pur-gall'd by his *Flies*,
 And slay'd out of their *Lives*.
 But the *Devil* a *Doctor*
 Will slay his own *Back sore* ;
 What his *Patients* endure,
 He'll avoid to be sure :
 Their *Groans* and their *Aking*,
 Do fright him from taking ;
 Nor shall any *Slops*,
 But *Wine*, wet his *Chops* :

He

* *The three Ladies of Destiny* ; *Clotho*, *Lachesis*, and *Atropos*.

He all *Med'cines* defies,
 As he does *Spanish Flies*.
 From experienc'd *Opinion*,
 There's little *Help* in 'em.
 But as *Death* does draw near,
 Their *Art* is their *Fear*;
 Trusting more to *Small-Beer*,
 A *Hoise* and fresh *Air*,
 Than to *Physic* and *Prayer*.
 From whence I suggest,
 They're too *wise* for the *rest*.

F I N I S.

Med. Hist.

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