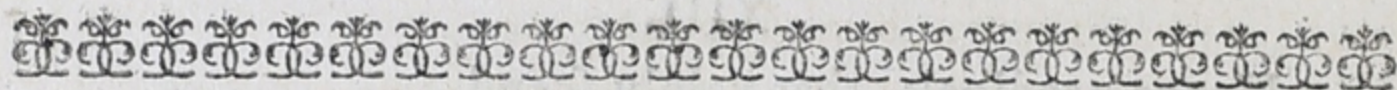


To medals there and books of taste  
 Those moments you consign,  
 Which barren minds ignobly waste  
 On dogs, or cards, or wine.

## XVIII.

Whilst I 'mid rocks and savage woods  
 Enjoy these golden dreams;  
 Where Avon winds to mix her floods  
 With Bladud's healing streams.



## P A N A C E A:

Or, The Grand RESTORATIVE.

By the Same.

**W**ELCÔME to Baiæ's streams, ye sons of spleen,  
 Who rove from spa to spa — to shift the scene.  
 While round the steaming fount you idly throng,  
 Come, learn a wholesome secret from my song.

Ye fair, whose roses feel th' approaching frost,  
 And drops supply the place of spirits lost:  
 Ye 'squires, who rack'd with gouts, at heav'n repine,  
 Condemn'd to water for excess in wine:  
 Ye portly cits, so corpulent and full,  
 Who eat and drink 'till appetite grows dull:

Claverton near Bath, 1750.

For

For whets and bitters then unstring the purse,  
 Whilst nature more oppress'd grows worse and worse:  
 Dupes to the craft of pill-prescribing leaches:  
 You nod or laugh at what the parson preaches:  
 Hear then a rhyming quack,—who spurns your wealth,  
 And gratis gives a sure receipt for health.  
 No more thus vainly roam o'er sea and land,  
 When lo! a sovereign remedy at hand:  
 'Tis Temperance—stale cant!—'Tis Fasting then;  
 Heaven's antidote against the sins of men.  
 Foul luxury's the cause of all your pain:  
 To scour th' obstructed glands, abstain! abstain!  
 Fast and take rest, ye candidates for sleep,  
 Who from high food tormenting vigils keep:  
 Fast and be fat—thou starveling in a gown:  
 Ye bloated, fast—'twill surely bring you down.  
 Ye nymphs that pine o'er chocolate and rolls,  
 Hence take fresh bloom, fresh vigour to your souls.  
 Fast and fear not—you'll need no drop nor pill:  
 Hunger *may* starve, excess is *sure* to kill.

