Daughter of Pan, queen of ev'ry joy,
Hygeia!—O descend,
Thou cheerful Guardian of the rolling year!—
Without thy cheerful active energy
No rapture dwells the breast, no poet sings,
No more the Maids of Helicon delight.
Come then with me, O Goddess beauteous gay!
Begin the song, and let it sweetly flow.—
——With thy aid the secret wilds I trace
Of Nature, and with daring steps proceed
Thru' paths the Muses never trod before.

Art of Health.

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London:
Printed for C. COOKE, No. 17, PATERNOSTER-ROW,
And sold by all the Book-sellers in
Great Britain.