

CIBUS SCANSORUM, OR, BELLY-CHEER.

A Treatise on the right Feeding and Dyeting of Those who ascend the great Mountains; with a Discursus on Drinks.

THE antient Apothegm, "Venter Magister Artis," were never more pithy than when spoken of that Art which hath of late grown to such an Head among our Youth—I mean the Art of Climbing. And certain it is, that the weak Man who doth rightly order his Belly, may accomplish beyond measure more than the strong Man who neglecteth it. Nowe, by "rightly order" I would not have you to understand that unnatural, overcareful pampering, perpetual doctoring and physicking, wherewith some do cherish their inward Parts to the neglect of all else; running greedily after strange new Meats and Foods; who at every Borborygmus* believe that their end is near, and at the least Discontentment do so torment their Bowels with filthy quackish Drugs and silly Nostrums, that their Belly doth at last become their Bully, and will not let them work by day nor sleep by night. Beware of such in small crowded Inns, for they are no comfortable bed-fellows, I warrant you.

Neither by "neglect" do I intend "starve"; for he who over-feedeth is guilty of as great a Neglect as he who eateth not enough. (And truly he who eateth not enough is but seldom found among those who take their Exercise and Pleasure upon the mountains; howbeit I grant you the feathered Archer hath smitten many a bold Fellowe in his Belly, who had before-time been a mighty Eater.)

Nowe, as there are among us in these Dayes greedy stuff-gut Fellowes who will fill themselves at all seasons with whatsoever is laid before them, so also there be those of such queasy niceness that they will only taste that

* "Borborygmus—a rumbling or croaking in the guts." Bayley.

which falleth in with their Phantasy or with the last new Scheme of Dyet which they have obtained from some Quacksalver or Empirick.

Of the first, you shall find them asleep before the Fire after Dinner, stertorations; yet they cannot sleep o' nights for strange horrid Dreams and Nightmares; heavy and lethargick o' mornings, rising late and feigning excuses from their Bath; sulky and wheezy on a Grass-slope; uncertain on a Climb, swearing much, and marvellous heavy on the rope; churlish if dinner be served but a few minutes late; fond of Easy Dayes. Their converse is of their past Meals, of Schnitzel, Delicatessen, French Plums and the Persian Poets; and they had rather dye than be late to dinner.

Of the other Sort are those who can endure no Salt; who eat no meat; who love their Porridge made with chopped straw; who leave the Table if Kidneys be brought on; mightily afraid of Draughts (I mean Draughts of Winde) and damp Sheetes; who cannot sleep with their heads to the East. These are either fainting for lack of Food, or altogether without Appetite; carrying the whole Pharmacopœia either in their Pocket or in their Paunch; wearers of Cholera belts and Chest-protectors; always ready for hard work when there is no necessity for it; players of Fives after supper, who yet cannot walke up Brown Tongue next morning. They are Merry Andrews one hour and Agelastics the next; and their Stomach is turned for the Daye if their Nose do but come within wind of a dead Sheep. They also run out at much length concerning their Humours, Megrims, and internal Grievs; their talk likewise is of Aperients, Gastric Juices, Walls of the Stomach, Appendicitis, Pills and the last new Food; moreover they are much given to unprofitable Disputation and Wrangling by the way, and do greatly affect Monkish Tayles* and Romances.

Nowe I would have the Climber eschewe both these

* Monkish Tayles. Perhaps a reference to a contemporary author. Query, for "Monkish" read "Mankish," *i.e.* Manx. (Ed.)

Wayes, for the one doth lead to Corpulencie, Apoplexie and Gout; and the other bringeth on Melancholie, Wasting and Cholerick Humours. But chiefly I would have him refrain from all new and wonderful Foods, Dyets, Condiments and Alimentary Preparations, which are so much cryed nowadays by Empiricks; for such have been the undoing of many a tall fellowe, which was never yet said of good Beef, Bread and Ale. For, in good sooth, we are a Nation which doth love a Quack, if he do but bawl loud enough, and there be many such who think no shame to crye their Wares with as much indecent Clamour, outrageous Barbaritie, and damnable Iteration, as the peoples of the Western Main,* as Travellers do tell.

But I would have the Climber cleave to plain Vyands, well cooked withal, and leisurely devoured. For what saith the sage Epictetus, *Simplex Cibus optimum est pueris*. And this is true, but in a greater sense, of *men* also, which Philosophers do hold to be but a Species of large Boyes somewhat marred in the making; and truly, if the Childe be Father of the Man, he hath begotten but a sorry family.

He who regardeth his Belly wisely, and considereth well his Bowels, doth sleep sound and riseth betimes; he hath a chearful Face in the morning, yea, and after dinner he is merry also. He writeth no letters before he setteth out, and doth seldom think it will rain, or, if it be raining, that it will continue. At all times he is the first who is ready to take the Road, yet it irketh him not to tarry for others. He hath no fear of fainting by the way, and taketh no strong waters with him, neither doth his Rück-sack gurgle as he goeth. Yet he scorneth not to carry good store of Meat and Bread in his pouch. To such a one you may safely trust your life, though it be never so precious, for in time of Peril neither his Head nor his Limbs will fail him.

Nowe in the matter of Drinks, true it is that every man hath libertie to drink whatsoever and whensoever he doth

* Obscure. Perhaps the barbarous tribes then inhabiting the American coast. (Ed)

desire. Yet if he would be strong and lustie he will forbear some at all seasons and all at some seasons. For if we do rightly consider it, the purpose of Drinking is to quench our Thirst. Nowe never man did quench his Thirst with Aqua-Vitæ or Sloe Gin. And as I hold not with such as think it a sinful thing to drink these and other Cordials on any occasion, yet so also do I aver that their frequent use, whether on the Hills, or at the Inn; whether to avoid a Rheum, or for fear of foul water, is an unnecessarie thing, and that he will be most fitt for his work or playe who eviteth them altogether.

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Note.—Dr. Thomas Brugis was a seventeenth century Army Surgeon who wrote two small books on medicine. Climbing would seem to be an older art than is generally supposed.